



What Happened

A Wife, her son and his friends

Chapter 1

There's no way to start, but from the beginning.

I knew something was going on, I just couldn't say what. Several times, my wife and son had acted nervous around me. Especially, my son Chris. Loving and trusting Sharon, I couldn't imagine what was happening, was happening. But, once it unfolded, my perverted mind took over.

Anyway, one day, I got to work, only to be sent home. The office was shut down by a major power failure, within the building. One that wouldn't be fixed for a couple of days. I returned home, barely an hour after I left.

Chris had classes and Sharon was working at the Senior Center. As I approached the house, I noticed something between the shrubs and steps. It was a black camera bag, laying upside down, so it had obviously rolled off the steps.

At first, I thought it belonged to Chris. This one wasn't labeled and all of his stuff had his name plastered all over it. I opened it, and even the camera was plain. Chris always engraved his name on everything.

'Who the hell does this belong to?' I thought as I emptied the contents of the bag on the kitchen table. There was a card in the camera and a bunch of them in the bag, so I figured I'd look at one to see who was on it. That should tell me who owned the camera.

Sharon was in the video, walking around town. 'Ah, it is Chris,' he's filming his mother shopping.' Then I got a shock. Sharon flashed her bare ass, in public, for the camera. Then she turned and pulled her sweater up. Her tits swaying in full view. 'What the fuck! What the hell's going on?'

The bare ass shot flashed in my mind, so I backed it up. Sure enough, when I looked closely, I could see her pussy. Sharon was exposing herself to our son, in public. At least, I hoped it was our son. No, I didn't! I damn sure didn't want it to be another man, either.

I turned it off and sat back, shaking. I couldn't think and pulled the card from the computer. I wanted to get rid of it and everything else in that bag. But, I couldn't. I had to see what else was on the card, what was on all of them. What else had they done? My wife and our son, or, whoever was holding the camera.

After a few minutes of mental turmoil, I put the card back into the computer. The entire thing was, Sharon shopping

and flashing the camera. She was doing it all over town. I never thought my wife would do something like that. Giving the camera full views, even in closeup, of her ass, pussy and tits. I fast-forwarded to the end and it was always the same activity.

I spotted a card that had Tim, written on it. I thought, 'Surely not, Timmy from next door.' I put it in and Sharon was doing dishes. Someone came in and it was Timmy. They exchanged 'Hi' and small talk. Then he walked over and pinned Sharon against the sink, from behind, as he reached around and grabbed her tits.

"Tim!" Sharon exclaimed. 'Yeah, that's it. Now turn around and slap the little shit.'

"Ya know what I need, Mrs. Thomas." He said as he pushed against her and went after her tits.

"Not now, Tim!" Sharon said as she tried to push back. "Can't you wait, until I finish the dishes?" 'What the fuck! What's this, can't you wait, shit?'

He jerked her blouse up, then her bra, exposing her tits and quickly grabbed them. "Aw, shut up and enjoy it, Mrs. Thomas. Ya know, ya want it."

He began pulling her nipples and she put her hands on the ledge to brace herself. Laying her head back, she moaned. He kissed her on the ear.

"Ya want me to fuck ya. Right here, Right now. Don't ya, Mrs Thomas?"

'WHAT! NO! FUCK HER! That little son-of-a-bitch! We've known him since he was born. Babysat him, changed his diapers. He grew up with our son, Chris, for Christ sake.'

He was already pulling her skirt up. "Say it, Mrs Thomas. C'mon, say it!" Sharon moaned and he slapped her ass. "SAY IT!" 'He's mine!'

Sharon weakly said, "Yes." As he pulled her panties down.

"Yes, what."

"I ... I want you to fuck me. Right here, right now."

"That's more like it, Mrs. Thomas." He said as he dropped his pants. "?Yur, m'slut, aren't ya?" He growled as he dry humped her asscheeks.

Sharon dropped her head, without saying anything.

"Ur my slut. Aren't ya? Huh?"

"Yes, Yes. I'm your slut." Sharon moaned wantonly.

Timmy moved back slightly and rubbed his cock on Sharon's pussy. "Ready. Tell me ta fuck ya, Mrs. Thomas. Tell me ta fuck ya."

"Fuck Me, Timmy. Fuck Me." Sharon moaned out loudly and pushed her ass back. The boy entered her to the hilt, in one movement. "Yes Baby, Yes. Fuck your slut."

'Shit, I've never heard Sharon talk like that.' He began thrusting into her as she pushed back to his pounding. Minute after minute after minute, he kept thrusting into her as she pushed back in response. 'Damn, I remember when I could fuck like that.'

After several minutes, the camera angle changed. It showed her juice running down her legs and dripping off his swinging balls.

"Gonna cum, Mrs Thomas. Ya want yur hot pussy fulla boy cum, don't ya, Mrs. Thomas?"

"Yes, yes, yessss. Give it to me. Gimme your cum."

His balls tightened as he slammed against her, filling her pussy with cum. Sharon began shaking harder than she had throughout the whole time.

"Oh God Yes, Timmy!" Sharon cried out.

When the boy finished twitching, he pulled out of Sharon's pussy and wiped his cock on her ass.

"Woo Hoo, that was a good fuck, Mrs Thomas. See ya, next time, I need ta get off." Then he kissed her bare butt and left.

It went black. The damn thing was over. 'Jesus Fucking Christ! I can't believe this shit.' Even though I was pissed as hell, I had a damn hardon. It turned me on, watching that young kid, fuck my wife as if he owned her.

I felt betrayed. I mean, how could she? If she walked in right now, I'd fuck her just like he just did. Son-of-a-bitch, this is turning me on. AND, Who The Fuck Is Holding The

Camera!?! My mind is telling me, it's our son, Chris. Is he fucking her too? Is our son, fucking his mother? I guess, if he is, it'll be on one of these cards.

The next card, I saw, had Jack on it. 'Jack? Jack? Jack, who? Jack, her boss? Jack, at the grocery store? Jack, at church? Jack, who?' I put it in.

Sharon was sitting on the couch, crocheting. I could hear the front door followed by footsteps. Then hands appeared on her shoulders.

Sharon glanced up, smiled and cheerfully said, "Hi there."

"Hi, Mrs Thomas. Guess you heard the door, huh?"

"Yes Jack, you weren't very quiet."

He came around and stood next to Sharon's legs. He was only visible from the waist down.

"What are you up to, Jack?" Sharon said, without stopping her crocheting.

"Well, Mrs. Thomas, you owe me something."

"And, what might you be referring to?"

"Come on, Mrs. Thomas. You said, you'd do something, if I graduated. I graduated top of the class. I even beat Chris and that bitch, Stephanie."

Sharon looked up. "Yes Jack, you did. And, I'm very proud of you. You went from almost failing, one year, to top of the class, the next."

He unzipped his jeans and pulled his half-erect cock out. "Well Mrs. Thomas. It's time you paid up and suck me off, like you said you would."

"Jack! You don't have to be so crude. Now, put that away, and sit down. We need to talk."

"Naw, the talkin was done, when you said you'd do it." He reached out and pulled her head to his cock. "Now, get to suckin me off, like ya said."

I recognized the voice. It was Jack Peterson from down the street. His family moved here, when Chris was six. 'When did kids get aggressive like this. I mean, shit, when I was their age, I never woulda done that.'

"C'mon, Mrs. Thomas."

I could barely hear Sharon. Her voice was muffled from being pulled against the young man. "Jack. You have to let go, so I can."

Sharon moved back, took his cock in her hand and looked up at him. "Jack, can't we talk a little, relax and work up to it?"

"It's all I've thought about, since graduation, last week. Now, I want what you promised, not to talk."

"OK, OK! You'll get what I promised." Sharon said half-heartedly, as she stroked his now fully hard cock.

"Then, Do it, Mrs. Thomas! Suck me off, like ya said."

Sharon put his cockhead in her mouth and started one of her, very familiar to me, blowjobs. Her lips moving up and down his shaft, gripping tightly. Her tongue massaging as she moved her head back and forth. Tickling his balls, with her fingertips. Man, I could feel it myself.

"Oh God, Mrs. Thomas. That feels good. I hope ya didn't lie. I really hope, ya didn't lie, about lettin me cum in your mouth. ... Oh, Jesus, Mrs. Thomas. That feels, really good!"

I noticed Sharon had moved her free hand between her own legs. She was rubbing away, getting herself off, as she sucked his young cock.

"Oh God, Mrs ..." The boy didn't finish. He grabbed Sharon's head and jammed his cock deeper in her mouth as he started cuming. His head fell forward as he grunted loudly while his body jerked in orgasm.

Sharon was having an orgasm of her own. Her lips were milking the boys spewing cock as her hand was buried in her pussy causing her to shake. As Jack's orgasm subsided, Sharon gripped his cock and sucked hard to get every drop of cum.

Letting his cock out of her mouth, Sharon leaned back and pulled her fingers out of her pussy. Jack's jaw dropped as he watched. She quickly licked and sucked her juices from her hand. Suddenly, Jack grabbed her legs and pulled them up, pinning her down.

"Damn, Mrs. Thomas! You ain't wearin panties!"

"Jack! Please! Let me go!" Sharon objected and squirmed to get free. "I've kept my promise. Now, let me up."

"Ooooh, I don't think so, Mrs. Thomas. Yur pussy's all wet. And it ... it looks all red and swollen." He moved forward, touching his still hard, young cock to her pussy. "Bet a cock'd feel better n yur hand."

"Don't! Jack!"

He was moving his hips, rubbing his cock up and down her pussy. "You sure bout that, Mrs. Thomas? Yur pussy's gettin wetter and it sure feels hot. Ya sure, ya don't want me to?"

"No-o." Sharon said weakly with her eyes closed.

He pressed harder against her and began moving faster. His hard young cock was parting her pussylips and rubbing across her clit. Her hips began moving as she was responding to his movements.

"No, what, Mrs. Thomas? Ya want me to, don't ya?"

Sharon' breathing increased as her own movements matched his. She moaned, "Yes."

"Ya want me ta fuck ya, Mrs. Thomas? Do ya? Ya want fucked?"

It looked like she was trying to out move him with her hips and get his cock inside her. "Yessss! Fuck me."

He had a sly smirk. "Remember when I was little and you always made me say the magic word?"

"Yes, Please."

"Please, what, Mrs. Thomas?" He stopped moving but she was still trying to find the end of his cock, with her pussy. "Please, what?"

Sharon opened her eyes with a frantic look. "Oh God, Please! Jack! Please, Fuck Me!"

"That's better. You can put my cock in yur pussy, now." He said, as he let go of her legs and straightened up.

Sharon grabbed his cock with one hand and opened her pussy with the other, like a streetwalking whore. 'Oh, Shit! I shouldn't be thinking my wife's a whore.' Wiggling her ass and pulling on his cock, she got the head in. She squirmed around and looked at him, pleadingly. But, he didn't move.

"Oh, God, Jack, Fuck me. We don't have much time." She was begging.

"Time? What ya mean, Mrs. Thomas?"

"My husband'll be home." She moaned as she wiggled around on the head of his cock, trying to urge him on.

"Yeah, Shit, we don't want your ol' man catchin us." He said as he pushed his cock into my wife' pussy and started pounding away.

Sharon closed her eyes and started moaning with her head back as the boy pounded his cock into her pussy. 'Shit! He can fuck!' She was getting wetter and wetter making the noise of their slapping together louder and louder.

"Show me yur tits, Mrs. Thomas. I wanna see them tits."

Without hesitation, Sharon pulled her top and bra up, in one motion. Her tits bouncing up and down, to the boys pounding cock.

"God, they're nice! Not saggy and wrinkled, like my moms." He said as he reached for them. "These things feel as good as my girlfriend." Sharon moaned loudly and began shaking, obviously having an orgasm.

The boy began grunting as he mauled her tits and jackhammered his cock into her pussy. Sharon was having multiple orgasms. I could tell from her flushed face and chest, along with her breathing, moaning and shaking.

I don't know what gave the boy his stamina. The beginning blowjob, youth, or a combination of both. But, for almost twenty minutes, it was rapid, full-length, blinding fast, thrusting into my wife. I have to admit, I haven't fucked her like that, for some time and was envious.

"Gonna cum."

"Not in me! PULL OUT!"

"Ohhhh!" He grunted. "Gawd! Too late."

"Oh Shit! Do it Jack. Do it." Her legs wrapped around him as she grabbed his ass. "Unload your balls, Baby. Give it to me."

He looked like he was having a spastic fit, jerking around, as he dumped his load in her pussy. As he stopped cuming, he slowed down but kept thrusting, slowly, and fell on top of her.

Breathing heavily, he gasped, "Was I good, Mrs. Thomas? Was I good?"

"Oh My God, Yes! Jack! You were fantastic, baby, Fantastic!" She replied as she kissed all over the side of his face. There was the sound of traffic, outside. "Shit! Charlie's home! ... Get out the back, quick!"

Jack jumped up. Pulling his pants up, he hurried toward the kitchen and back door. Sharon, moved a little slower, but still went quickly toward the bathroom. And, this card video went black.

I had to take a break. I couldn't believe, I had a painful hardon from watching my wife fuck two neighbor boys. Damn, this was the hottest porn, I've ever watched. I just didn't like it being my wife. At the same time, I was never more turned on in my life. My perversion had me wanting her fucking our son, next.

I needed a drink, and I don't drink much. I fixed myself a big one and walked around, mumbling to myself. The perversions in my mind, went into overdrive. I knew the cameraman had to be Chris. And, if he's recording his mother doing these things, well, he must be tapping it too.

I was into my second glass when I started thinking about our daughter, Sherry. Fuckin her. Hell, everybody, fuckin her. Mostly, I thought about my wife and those boys. And, our boy. Was there a video of it? There were a few left to watch. 'Jesus, I hope so.' I thought.

The next two were more of one or the other boy taking charge of Sharon. Like she had no choice in the matter. She was going to suck them off or fuck them, no matter what she was doing. She didn't really resist much, it seemed. Just letting them do what they wanted.

They fucked her, in the kitchen, the living room, bathroom and back yard. I got a start at the end of the last one.

The camera was looking into the kitchen from the outside. A hand came up, tapping on the window. Sharon looked out and smiled, then she turned and looked back. There I was, sitting in the living room, watching TV.

Sharon dried her hands and went outside. As soon as she was out the door, she unbuttoned her blouse and pulled it open. She was braless as she was a lot, in the evenings. The camera swung to Jack' smiling face. Then the camera swung back up to show me.

Sharon walked over to Jack, wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. As they kissed, the camera went back and forth, showing me and then her with her young lover. After several minutes of kissing and Jack playing with her tits, she slid down in front of him.

She began undoing his pants and again the camera showed me. When it went back to them, she was already stroking his hard cock. Then she began blowing him. She put her hands on his hips and slowly took his entire length in her mouth.

A mouth only, blowjob. Slowly in, slowly out, keeping her hands on his hips. Every couple of minutes, the camera would go up to show me and back down to her sucking Jack. Several minutes passed as I watched this panning back and forth. I tried to think of when it could have happened.

When Jack put his hands on her head, I knew he was going to cum. Sharon moved her hands to his asscheeks and pulled him to her face. 'God, I love it when she does that.' When Jack

finished cuming, she let his soft cock out of her mouth with a smile.

Slowly she stood and kissed him again and his hands went to her tits, like magnets. Jack pushed her back and bent to suck her tits. She held his head as he suckled each one several times. When he straightened, they kissed quickly and she went inside. The camera showed her sideways, facing me and buttoning her blouse, before going black.

'What's next? Fuckin her in the kitchen, with me in the background!' I fixed myself another drink. 'Better slow down dumbass, before you get drunk.'

I went back and put the last card in. I had to focus, the shot was from outside the kitchen window, again. There was Sharon and I, sitting on the couch, watching TV. To the side, stood Chris. I shook my head and focused again. Sherry was on her knees, sucking Chris' cock.

'Holy Shit!' I didn't expect that one. Sherry was only home for a couple of days, before starting summer classes. But, there she was, sucking her brother' cock. 'Wait a fucking minute! If that's all of us, who's holding the goddamn camera!?' (I found out later, no one was. Chris had it on a tripod.)

There Sherry was, going after her brother' cock, like her mother had. With her mother and I in the background. 'Shit! Everybody's gettin some, but me!'

Sherry stood and bent over, sticking her ass toward Chris. She was watching her mother and I as Chris entered her from behind. Chris fucked her for a bit, then she went back to her knees and sucked his cock. Evidently, she liked the taste of her pussy on his cock, cause she kept doing that rotation, until Chris unloaded in her mouth.

I was hoping this last one would show the ultimate, Chris fucking his mother. But, it didn't. The only other thing on this card, was Sharon giving a no hands blowjob to an unidentified young man. The young man was holding the camera. 'It's gotta be Chris.' I thought. 'It's gotta be.'

One thing was certain, Sharon was giving this young man's cock, special treatment. The irritating part was the camera bouncing around. Still, I could see her cheeks suck in as she pulled her pursed lips up his shaft. Her tight lips didn't break contact as she'd slowly go back down it's full length. As her head twisted from side to side, I could see that she was massaging his shaft with her tongue.

Ever so often I saw her tongue dart out and go side to side on his cock. Which always made the camera bounce around.

The camera really moved around when the boy started cuming. Still, he somehow managed to keep Sharon getting a mouthful in frame. It might have been in one of the four corners, but he got the shot.

(I found out much later, it was Chris, Sharon sucked off. It was the first time, Chris got his mother to let him use the camera, when they did something. AND, they had been fucking for some time.)

I got another drink, and I shouldn't have. I wished I had a much clearer head for what I was about to discover. Feeling depressed, about not finding a video of Chris fucking Sharon, I started to put everything away. I noticed something white, in the bottom of the bag.

I tried pulling on it, but it wouldn't come out. That's when I noticed four little hooks holding the bottom. I got them loose and lifted the bottom out of the bag. The white thing, was the corner of an envelope. 'Very Private,' was written on the envelope. In the envelope were two cards. One marked, 'M n M,' under that, 'got an A.' And the other, marked, 'M n M 2.'

My hands were shaking as I put the M n M card in. Hoping I'd struck gold, I hit play.

Sharon was sitting on the couch, looking all prim and proper.

"Ready Mom?"

"Ready." Sharon said as she messed with her clothes.

"Remember, no names. Don't want him putting the two of us together. He needs to think it's me and the older woman I've been filming. Not, who we really are. OK."

"Yes, Honey! I know!" Sharon said as she rolled her eyes.
"Quit messing with the camera and get over here."

Chris came into view and sat down. They began their little act. Him sipping a coke and her drinking something else. She was telling him about what she wanted him to do around the house. Then.

"I need you to fix some things." She said looking seductively and placed her hand on his leg.

Chris hum-hawed.

"I need you to fix me."

"Huh! What? Fix you."

Sharon began rubbing his leg. "Yes dear, fix me. I haven't had a man in a long time. ... And I need that fixed. ... Can you do that for me? Can you help me with my problem?"

"What ... um ... I don't know ... I uh I"

Sharon caressed his face, "Shhhh. Don't blow a gasket." She whispered as she got close to his face. She kissed him softly and continued in a whisper. "Just relax and do what comes naturally." She kissed him again and again, until he loosened up and they began making out.

'Well, here it is. I'm watching my son and his mother (my wife) making love. And, Jesus, I'm getting short of breath, sprouting a hardon and turned on as all hell.'

I emptied my glass and watched as the kissing and holding continued for minutes that seemed like hours. "Jesus Christ! Fuck her already!" I yelled out. It was the booze talking and I shook my head. 'Oh shit! Get a grip.'

I shut everything down and went outside for fresh air. I needed to clear my head and walked around until the

numbness in my face went away. Calmed down and the booze effects cleared up, I went inside.

This time, I got myself a cup of coffee. As I headed for the computer, I heard noises out front. As I opened the door, Chris was digging around in the shrubs, next to the steps.

"What ya doin, boy?"

Chris jumped up, with a scared-caught look on his face. He didn't know I was home. Acting real nervous, he finally told me he had lost a school project. He thought he might have dropped it leaving the house.

I offered to help look for it and he got even more nervous. Finally, he started backing away, saying he must have left it somewhere else and besides he had a class to get to. 'Yeah, you should be nervous.' I couldn't help but chuckle to myself as I went back to the 'evidence.'

Calmer now, I restarted, M n M. I thought far to much time was spent showing them making out, but then again, this wasn't supposed to be just porn.

Finally, Sharon put his hand on her tit and the intensity of their kissing increased. From there, it only took seconds for

Chris to start unbuttoning her blouse. He wasn't fast enough and Sharon helped. With the blouse undone, Sharon quickly shrugged it off.

Chris buried his face between her tits as he kneaded them. Sharon caressed his head for a few seconds and then unhooked her bra. She hugged him briefly then pushed him back to remove her bra.

Chris had a hungry look on his face as his mother's tits came swaying into view. His hands went to them and he again buried his face between them.

Sharon grasped his head and pulled him up into a kiss before guiding his mouth to her nipple. As he began to suck, her head fell back and she moaned.

"Oh yes, Honey, yes. That feels good." Then she moved him to the other one. "Mmmm." She moaned several times. After a couple of minutes, she moaned, "Bite them. Suck hard and bite them."

Chris did. I saw him suck hard, before his lips parted and his teeth clamped her nipple.

"Ahhhh, Yessss!" Sharon moaned loudly and thrust her chest forward.

Chris raised his head, stretching her nipple and pulling her tit into a cone shape. Sharon shivered. Chris opened his mouth and her tit fell back, jiggling. Again he sucked her nipple into his mouth to begin the process again.

He did this many times to both tits and had his mother gasping, moaning, and wiggling beneath him. Sharon pulled his shirt off and jerked his head back to her tit so he could continue sucking and biting her nipples.

Breathing heavily, she began fumbling with his pants. Finally, with a look of pure lust on her face, she pushed him up. She jerked his pants down, exposing his hard cock. Precum, oozing from the tip.

She moved rapidly. Her hand barely closed around his cock before she licked the tip. A string of precum hung from her tongue to his cock. His cock was in her mouth. She moved so fast, the camera only caught a blur. Her head bobbed as she sucked him, like mad.

With his head back and his eyes closed, his mother's mouth on his cock had him shuddering from the exquisite sensations. 'Oh God, I know that feeling. Woo! Do I ever!'

Sharon was sucking her son' cock like she always does mine, her tits swinging wildly, beneath her. It was really something to watch.

In a couple of minutes, he began pulling his ass back, gasping, "Oh! Oh!"

Sharon knew he was going to cum. So did, I. She put her arm between his legs and grabbed his ass, keeping him from pulling away.

"Oh, God!" He cried out, as he shuddered and jerked. He was cuming.

Sharon was sucking down her son' cum on video and I came in my pants, watching it. 'Whoa! Damn, I wanted to see it. But, I didn't know, it would make me cum in my pants. Shit Fire! What'll watching them fuck, do to me!?' I quickly changed and just as a precaution, put a washcloth in my shorts.

I walked around a bit and damn if I didn't stay as hard as a piece of rebar, just thinking about Chris, fucking his mother. Going back, I just stared at the screen for a minute, before hitting play.

As they kissed, Sharon wiggled out of her skirt. Leaving her clad in garter-belt, hose, heels and my favorite, her lavender panties. She lay back, pulling the skirt off and dropping it. Spreading her legs, she ran her hands down her thighs to her covered pussy. Nothing was said. She lay there inviting him as she continued to rub her hands up and down her thighs.

I expected the boy to go right to it. But, he surprised me by picking up her leg and kissing her ankle. He kissed her around her ankle several times before kissing his way to her pussy. Once again, he didn't just go at it. He kissed, licked and nibbled her covered pussy as she moaned and wiggled.

With a smile, he pulled her soaked panties part way down and said, "I'm going to suck your pussy before I fuck you real hard."

"OoooH, I like tha-at. Go ahead, big boy, show me what ya can do."

Chris removed her panties and once again slowly kissed his way to the prize. Sharon played with her tits. He kissed the bend of her legs, on each side of her pussy several times, before licking right up the middle, from asshole to clit. Rolling her hips, Sharon moaned and shivered.

Watching Chris lick and suck his mother' inner and outer pussylips, had me trembling. Sharon was moaning, shaking and rolling her hips. I moaned along with Sharon as Chris moved up to lick and suck her clit.

Gasping and shaking, Sharon clamped her legs against Chris' head as she had an orgasm.

Chris shifted down a little bit and sucked just below her clit as he darted his tongue in and out of her pussy. Sharon began having rolling orgasms. And, damn, if I didn't feel like I was going to cum again.

Chris didn't let up on his mother, he kept licking, sucking and tongue fucking her flowing pussy.

I lost count of the number of times Sharon clamped her legs together or grabbed his head as she orgasmed.

"Oh ... God ... Please ... I ... can't ... take ... any ... more ... Fuck ... Me ... Please." Sharon gasped each word weakly.

Chris raised his head. His face was soaked. Sharon' cum was dripping from his chin. Smiling, he said, "That's what I've been waiting for. Say it again."

Sharon opened her eyes. "Please, please, I need your cock. Dear God, Please! Fuck Me, Now!"

She grabbed his ears and began pulling him up.

His ass came into view, followed by his balls with his cock sliding between her asscheeks. When his glans came to her still open wet pussy, he pushed forward, sinking completely into his mother.

"Yessss! Oh God, your cock feels hot. Fuck me, like you said. Give it to me, hard."

Chris started, full length strokes. Slamming into her with a soft thud, repeatedly. It was an almost unbelievable sight. Minutes passed and I couldn't imagine how he was keeping up that pace. Then I remembered, he was a distance runner, in high school.

Wham, wham, wham. He repeatedly slammed his cock into his mother and she was moaning and whimpering with each thrust. Her ass wiggled and bounced until it began jerking around. I knew then, she was having an orgasm, which was also evidenced by the noise she made.

Over and over and over, he brought her to orgasm with his pounding cock. 'God, this is better than any porn, I've ever seen. Shit, Fire, he can fuck.'

I noticed Sharon' cum ran down the crack of her ass, to pool up on the couch. 'Yeah, I remember that wet spot. Damn. Damm. ... That was three weeks ago. Jesus! How long have they been doing this?'

Sharon' hands appeared on his driving ass, she was pulling him. "C'mon baby. Gimme your cum. Let me feel your cum." Chris hit overdrive, slamming into her faster. A blur on the screen. "Yessss, Baby, Yessss. Do it! Do it! Cummmmm!"

Chris slammed into his mother, quivering in place as he came deep in her pussy. He slowed to barely moving as his cock softened. But, Sharon wouldn't let go of her son' ass. She held him in place, making sure he emptied his balls in her womb. (That, I learned, was the birth of Sharon' fantasy.) 'Holy Shit!' I came in my pants again. 'I don't think, I can watch the other one. Not after cuming three times from this one.'

It ended with his soft cock slipping from her pussy. Then, both of her hands came down rubbing and pressing the lips together.

I couldn't watch anymore, not then, anyway. So I copied the cards and put everything in the bag. Then I put the bag, downstairs, in the bottom of my gunsafe.

That evening was murder. I was still reeling from my discovery. Chris was nervously searching for his camera bag. Sharon was discreetly trying to help him find it. There was an undescrivable tension in the air.

The next day, I found out one of the reasons Chris wanted to find that bag. He had a three week evaluation, coming up, for his application to Juilliard and part of his portfolio was in the bag. I had the stuff copied so I looked around the front steps to see if I could slip it out there. There was a space, big enough for the bag to fall through, on the garage side.

I took the bag out, rolled it over into that hole and reached down to tap it so it rolled under the steps. "That should work."

That day Chris got his confirmation letter and he needed to catch a flight to New York, in three days. I heard him tell his mother that it would be useless to go now, since his portfolio was incomplete. "But, Mom! You don't understand! They don't like, 'Halfway.' My work has to be complete!"

I walked in. "What's going on? Did I hear you say, you aren't going? After all the work you've done."

"Dad! You don't understand! They won't take me with an incomplete portfolio! ... And, I've lost part of mine!"

The pain on his face and in his voice, made my knees weak. I made him tell me about this bag. He explained, how he had to put his stuff down on the steps, then pick it up in sequence so he could carry it to school. Only, when he got to school, that bag was missing.

After getting a flashlight and handing it to him, he looked again. He looked in the one place he hadn't looked, because he couldn't remember putting anything down over there. You should have seen the expression on his face, when he spotted the bag.

"Well, now that you found it. Show us what's in it."

Sharon let out a little gasp and the color drained from Chris' face. I thought he was going to faint. He recovered quickly. "Aw, dad, it's just that artsy fartsy stuff you always moan about."

"If that's what it is, I don't see why those schools cost so much." I replied in my 'Dad' way. And, I went on in the house. Then I found out, I was getting an unexpected paid vacation. The insurance company was going to cover our lost wages while repairs were made at work. Now I would be home until Chris left.

Those last few days, Chris was gone most of the time, finishing an abstract film composition. What little time he was home, I made sure the two of them weren't alone for more than a few seconds at a time.

I did, however, spot a few intimate touches, between them. Chris, with his hand on Sharon's ass. Chris' upper arm, brushing across his mother's chest. Sharon's hand on his crotch. I knew the two of them wanted to do something before he left.

The night before we were to take Chris to the airport. Sharon and I went to bed. When my breathing steadied, Sharon slipped out of bed. I watched as she slipped off her panties and tip-toed out the door.

I looked down the hall as Sharon entered his room. I followed. As I looked through the door hinge gap, I saw Sharon standing there, kissing our naked son.

"Oh, God, Mom! I want to fuck you, soooo bad." He moaned.

Sharon put her fingers to his lips. "Shhhh. That's what I'm here for. Your dad's home, we have to be quiet." They kissed again. "It has to be a quickie ... and you can't cum in me."

"AW, Mom!"

Sharon's hand quickly covered his mouth. "I can't go back to bed with your dad after you cum in me, now!" They began kissing passionately. Both sets of hands, going everywhere. Sharon pushed away. "Make it quick, and when you're ready, pull out. You can cum in my mouth."

I expected Sharon to lay on the bed. But she didn't, she turned around, bent and put her hands on her knees. Chris pushed his cock down and stepped to his mother. He rubbed his cock around a little and Sharon wiggled her ass. With one hand on her ass, Chris stepped forward, sinking his cock into her.

Sharon moved her hips and moaned, "Mmmmm, Yessss, Baby." As she began fucking his cock, she looked over her shoulder. "Make it fast, baby. And pull out. You can cum in my mouth." Then she moaned again as she lowered her head and increased her movements.

Chris didn't move at first, he caressed her ass with both hands. Moving his hands to his mother's hips and he began pouring it on.

Sharon dropped her head and moaned. "Oh God Yes, baby. Fuck me, fast."

The sound of their slapping together seemed loud. I went back to our bedroom door and I could still hear them. I went back to continue watching my wife and son fucking. Live, not on the computer. Sharon's hand was in her mouth, I guess to keep herself quiet. Chris' ass was a blur, he was hitting it as fast as he could.

Suddenly, Chris pushed himself back. He was looking up at the ceiling. Sharon spun around and barely got his cockhead in her mouth before he started jerking as he came. Chris had held out to the very last second before pulling out. But, he did pull out, just as his mother asked.

Sharon released his soft cock from her mouth and stood, slowly. For a split second they looked into each other's eyes. Then Sharon wrapped her arms around his neck and they began kissing hungrily.

I hurried back to bed. It seemed like I barely got there, before Sharon returned. She got in bed, lay there for a few seconds then turned against me. Her arm came over me and she snuggled into me.

"Did you like what you saw?" My eyes flew open and my heart fluttered. I barely managed to not move or respond. She kissed my neck. "Answer me." I stirred a little and groaned. She moved her hand down to grab my hard cock. Squeezing it, she said, firmly, "John Calvin Thomas! I know you're not asleep. I saw you. Now answer, me."

I let out a deep sigh before turning to look into her eyes. "Yes and No."

"Explain."

"No, I didn't like seeing you with someone else. Yes, I liked what I saw."

"You didn't like it, but you liked it. You didn't say anything about it being our son. That didn't bother you?"

I grimaced. "No. That's the part, I liked."

"How long were you watching?" I didn't answer, she squeezed my cock hard. "HOW LONG!"

"I followed you."

"What! Seriously? What made you do that?" Again, I didn't say anything. This time she jerked my cock upward, very hard.

I yelped, "Easy!" And tried to retreat into the bed. She widened her eyes and moved her head as she tightened her grip. "OK! OK! ... I found Chris' bag the other day."

"Oh! My! God! And ... and the videos were in it?"

"Yes."

"But, why did you suspect me and Chris?"

"You two on video."

"WHAT! That little shit! He was supposed to keep those hidden."

"They were hidden. I just happened to find them. In fact, the envelope was marked, 'Very Private.'"

"So, then. You know about me, Chris, Timmy, Jack and Paul."

"Paul! Paul who? There wasn't any Paul."

Sharon climbed up on top of me and kissed me. "We can talk about that later. Right now, I need to know what you are going to do."

"Do? What do you mean?"

"Well, you didn't get violent. You're not going on about divorce. Am I going to have to stop? Can I continue? Or, are you going to join in?"

"Stop, continue, Join in?"

Sharon kissed me again. "Yeah. Join in, honey. I really would like to continue, with you."

It all began running quickly through my mind. Yeah, I wanted her to continue. And, yeah, I wanted to be part of it. And, I wanted her to explain why she would let these boys

control her. Plus, that little thought, deep in my mind, about fucking our big titted daughter.

My trance was broken by Sharon kissing me again. "You're thinking about it aren't you?"

"Yeah, yeah, I am."

She raised up. "For ... or against?" She asked softly with a questioning look.

"For."

She came down on me, hugging and kissing. "I want you to show me what you saw."

"Show you?"

"Yes. Show me what you saw Chris do." I got out of bed and stood in the middle of the room. Sharon got up and came to me. "Why aren't you naked?"

I took off my t-shirt and shorts, Sharon wrapped her arms around my neck and began kissing me.

"I know you heard what was said, as well. So, you have to pull out and cum in my mouth, too." Then she turned around, just like she did for our son.

What I saw, flashed through my mind and I imagined what our son felt as he was presented his mother's ass and waiting pussy. My cock grew harder and throbbed. Just as our son did, I put my hand on her ass as I pushed my cock down and stepped forward. I too, moved my cockhead around before stepping forward and entering her hot wet pussy.

Sharon moaned, just as she did when our son entered her and began fucking me. I too caressed her ass with my hands, before taking hold of her hips. I paused, letting the feeling of her silky smooth pussy fill my mind as she squirmed.

"Oh God, Honey! Please, Fuck Me!" She blurted out, loudly.

I began slamming into her as hard as I could. Just as our son had done, a little earlier. Unlike our son, I had the luxury of being able to take as long as I needed. And if I could, I wanted to fuck her dry.

As we fucked, her whimpers became cries. And those cries got louder and louder. If Chris was awake, I knew he had to hear his mother being fucked.

I was at the point, when I heard Sharon softly beg. "Dear God! ... Honey, Please ... please Cum!"

I was there and she didn't have to beg for it, but hearing it made me feel great. I stepped back. Sharon came around, grabbed my hips and took my cock completely in her mouth. I erupted so strongly, my breathing stopped and my mind went blank.

When I opened my eyes, Sharon was on her knees, looking up at me with my softening cock in her mouth. She let my soft cock slip from her lips and slowly stood. Wrapping her arms around my neck and touching noses, she paused before kissing me.

Her tongue entered my mouth and I could taste the tanginess. It's not like I haven't tasted my cum before. Hell, I've eaten her pussy many times after fucking. Not just after. I love eating pussy, before, during and after sex.

The shock of my mouth being filled with it, made me pull back. Trapped, I couldn't get away. I tried to give it back to her, but she blocked me. 'What the hell.' I thought and

swallowed it. When I did, Sharon increased the intensity of her kissing.

When Sharon slowed down and finished her kissing, we once again touched noses. "You didn't know, that's what I did to Chris earlier. Did you?"

"No. No, I didn't."

"Don't be mad."

"I'm not mad."

"Well. Now you know what it's like. Oh, I know you've tasted it before. But, now you know what a mouthful, is like."

We went back to bed. Sharon snuggled tightly against me. We lay quietly, for a few minutes.

"How are we going to do this, Honey?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Chris is terribly afraid of you finding out. That's why he's been so nervous around you. Especially since starting his film project."

A really perverted idea entered my head. I whispered it in her ear.

"Oh My God! Really! You'd do that!?"

"Yeah, I'd like to."

"Fuck Yeah, then! Let's do it! It'll completely blow him away."

The next morning, I remained semi-hard just thinking about what we were going to do. Sharon and I fixed breakfast as Chris packed and repacked again. At breakfast Chris went on and on about Juilliard and how he would graduate with two degrees, instead of one.

The time arrived for the trip to the airport and the beginning of my idea. Sharon remained inside while Chris and I loaded the car. When she came out, she was wearing her night-on-the-town halter-top, mid-thigh dress and spike high-heels.

Our son's eyes bugged out and his jaw dropped. Sharon gave a slight wiggle, accentuating the fact that she was braless. Chris shivered as she sashayed past us and got in the backseat. I knew he'd want to sit in the back, so he could lean over and look down her dress.

He closed his eyes and shook his head, before reaching for the front door. I stopped him and pushed him back as I opened the back door. "Your Mom wants you to sit with her." I said smiling.

Chris leaned down and started getting in. Suddenly, he yelled out, "Mom! Oh Shit!" Straightening up he smacked his head as he came back out of the car. He had a bewildered, wide-eyed look.

I grabbed his arm. "Take it easy, boy. Your Mom wants to give you a special, Good Bye." I winked. "Now, go ahead. Enjoy it." Then I helped him back in. I saw why he jumped. Sharon had pulled her halter top aside, exposing her tits. Smiling, I took my position as chauffeur.

I turned around to see as I backed out of the driveway. Looking at Chris, I said, "You and your mother have until we get to the airport, to say goodbye." It would be over an hour. Sharon smiled and put his hand on her tit, then turned his face to kiss him.

As I drove down the street, I adjusted the rearview mirror so I could see. Sharon already had his cock out, stroking and kissing it. She winked and mouthed, "Thank You," before putting it in her mouth.

A couple of blocks down the street, Sharon' knee stuck up in the air. I twisted the mirror to see Chris' hand rubbing her pantyless exposed pussy. His head was laid back and his eyes were closed.

Before we reached the freeway, Sharon was on top of him, facing away. I imagined him sucking her tits as she bounced up and down. But, I couldn't see anything. Her dress was in the way. Finally, Chris pulled her dress up, to hold her ass. I could see her pussy pull out along his cock, as she bounced up and down.

Shit, it's hard to drive and watch two people fuck through the rear view mirror. I heard her moans and whimpers getting louder, until she pushed down on him and trembled. I don't know if Chris came or not, but Sharon sure as hell did.

When I looked again, Sharon was sucking his cock again. I noticed a car staying beside us. Moving the mirror, I saw Sharon' bare ass in the air. Chris must have been playing

with her pussy, cause I could see something moving. The car next to us, had a clear view.

The car didn't come on around until Sharon dropped her ass. As it did, I looked to see a woman, smiling and giving me a thumbs up.

Sharon again straddled her son. Only this time she was facing me. Her tits were flying up and down as he held her waist. And this time I could fully see his cock going in and out of her pussy. Pulling the lips out and rolling them back in on each bounce.

Sharon gasped out, "I love you, for this. Thank You J C." J C, my initials, that's what she calls me when she's pleased.

Chris had his mother lay on the seat, so he could eat pussy. I couldn't see a lot, because her leg kept getting in the way. What I did see of him licking his mother' pussy and sucking it into his mouth, was an absolute turn-on.

The airport sign came up. "Better finish saying Goodbye, we're almost there."

"Which do you want, Baby? Pussy or mouth?"

"Your pussy, Mom. God, you know I want to cum in your pussy." He said almost pleading.

"It's a good thing, I put panties in my purse. Otherwise, the people at the airport would see your cum, running down my legs." She chuckled. "Get your cock in there and fill me up."

Chris started to get on top of her, but she said, "Wait! We need to turn sideways, so your father can see."

Sharon moved and Chris took his place. I had a perfect view as he buried his cock in his mother's pussy. "Fuck me hard, Baby. Fill mommy with boy cum."

I was swerving more, watching them finish. Hell, I swerved a lot during that drive. Chris pounded away into his mother's pussy, bringing her to almost screaming. We were almost to the parking lot before he came.

"Oh, Yessss. That's it, cum in mommy." Sharon moaned loudly as Chris emptied his balls. I thought I was going to cum in my pants, when I heard her.

We were at the gate. It's a good thing a machine dispenses the ticket. An attendant would have seen them.

As Chris pulled out, Sharon said, "Let me suck you clean, Baby." My view was blocked by him going up against the car roof.

Sharon put her panties on and straightened herself up, before we went in the airport. I had another nasty idea and retrieved her emergency panties from the glovebox.

In the airport, I kissed Sharon and whispered, "Put these on and give Chris the pair you're wearing," as I put the clean panties in her hand.

Sharon glanced at them and smiled real big, before hurrying off to the bathroom. Just before Chris entered the security check, Sharon hugged and kissed him. Then she took his hand and gave him the panties.

"Here's a souvenir of our saying goodbye." She said in her sexiest voice.

Chris looked at the panties and his face lit up as he smiled from ear to ear. Then he hugged me harder than ever. "Thanks Dad. You're the greatest." He walked away.

Sharon and I hung around and watched the plane take off. As it did, she caressed my face, kissed me and whispered, "Having his baby, is next."

Chapter 2

"What'd you do?"

"They were in the throws of passion. Close to finishing. I backed out and went to Sherry' room, to wait for her. We had a very long, emotional talk. And she confessed something that had me upset for a while."

" They began with oral sex, progressed to intercourse." Sharon chuckled. "Sherry blames her big tits on Chris."

"What? How does she figure that?"

"Chris was constantly sucking them. For hours and all night a few times. He sucked them so much, he had her producing milk and that scared the hell out of her. She made him stop until they dried up. Even now, if her boyfriends suck them

much, the milk starts flowing. So, she's really careful about it."

My mouth watered as I thought of sucking my daughter's 'Dolly Parton' tits. All I know is, my daughter has bigger tits than anyone in the family. Really big, for her size, and she doesn't like showing them. In fact, except at home, she dresses to de-emphasize and hide them.

"What did she upset you with."

"Her secret was what changed my mind about having sex with Chris."

And, What ... was ... this ... secret?"

"This is how it went. At the end of our talk she said there was something she would tell me when she left for school. I was on pins and needles, thinking she was going to tell me Chris got her pregnant and she had an abortion, or something."

"That ... wasn't it, was it?"

"No. That wasn't it. Here's what she said, word for word, 'I'm fucking Chris, instead of Daddy. And, some day, I'm going

to.' Then she walked out and left for school. I was dumbfounded and dropped in disbelief."

Sharon told me how that bothered her at first and made her own bad thoughts grow. That was also when Chris' film class intensified. He looked worried all the time and acted sullen. She said she tried to talk to him about it, but he wouldn't tell her anything. That is, until she sat him down and demanded an explanation.

He slipped past her and rushed out of the room. Sharon decided to go after him and they ran into each other in the doorway. Chris had only ran to get his class assignments, to show her.

"This is why I'm going to end up failing." He said as he shoved the papers into her chest.

Sharon said the top paper had a big red zero on it. She couldn't understand it because all of his grades were 3.5 to 4.0 and she said, "How? How in the world did you get a zero?"

She said he was almost crying when he said, "Those are my assignments, Mom. Read them! I don't have any way to do them."

Sharon said the very first sentence said, 'No subjects under the age of thirty allowed.' She asked him what that meant and he answered, "Just read them, Mom, and you'll see." He sounded so pitiful she almost hugged him.

Sharon began reading. 'Mature woman posing - work, home, about town. Mature woman dressing - different outfits. Mature woman undressing - different outfits.' Then she said, her eyes got big, as she read, "Mature woman - exposed."

She said she asked Chris, "What does this mean, exposed?"

His reply was, "Exposed! You know, exposed. Nude! No clothes. Au natural. That's not all, Mom. Read the rest. I don't know how ... or anyone ... to do those. I'm sunk."

She continued reading, 'mature woman - exposed in public.' Sharon asked if that meant flashing or walking around nude. Chris told her flashing would do as long as it was in a public place.

Her stomach sank and churned as she read the next page. 'Mature woman, young man/. Mature woman teasing, young man/. Mature woman, touchy feely - making out, young man/.' She said she thought, 'This is just too much!'

The third page. 'Mature woman, young man/ - sex.' She said her heart began pounding and she wondered how they could require such a thing for a university class. Chris explained, "It is photographic art and that is the class title."

Sharon continued reading, 'mature woman, young man/ - oral - her/him - him /her - 69.'

Chris could tell from the expression on her face how she felt and he said, "You see, Mom. How the hell am I supposed to do that? I don't know how ... or who ... to talk to about that."

"Well, um, maybe I can help." Sharon said she told him.

She said, Chris replied, "You better read the last one, Mom. You better read the last one. I don't see how you can help."

She read on, 'mature woman, young man/ - intercourse - various positions, various places - explore the aspects of love, control and abuse (abuse: relating to bondage and degradation) The final sentence was in big bold type, 'REMEMBER - DO ABSOLUTELY NOTHING WITHOUT 'SIGNED FULL CONSENT/DISCLOSURE FORMS' AND PROOF OF AGE'

Sharon said she hugged him and told him to let her see what she could do. Next came her confession.

"Honey, I had already had fantasies about our son. And, at that moment, I knew I would go to bed with him." That reverberated through me.

Sharon said, she thought about the opportunity, handed her. She wanted their experience to be out of love not something he had to do for his degree. There was only one answer, of course. She was going to be, the mature woman, for Chris. There would have to be another young man, first. To draw Chris in, she would have to turn him on, watching her with someone else. Her first thought, not what happened.

Sharon said she waited a couple of days before telling Chris, since she couldn't find anyone, she'd do it.

She said Chris just stood there looking at her for a long time, before he said, "Are you sure, Mom?" She replied, "I'm sure, Honey." He immediately said, "It means, you're gonna have to get naked. And ... and have sex. Sex with someone, not dad."

Sharon said, she hugged him and whispered, "Don't think about that. I'm doing it for you. I'm doing it. For you."

Chris was hung up on the sex part and Sharon had to bring him back to his assignments. As she posed for him dressed, in stages of dress, flashing and finally nude, they talked. She said that during the flashing and nude shoots, she commented about him being turned on by his mother.

"Oh, Honey! He got so embarrassed. After a nude shoot, I walked up to him from behind, and put my arms around him. As I slid my hand down to his bulge, I whispered, 'Are you thinking about me? Huh?' He began trembling and said, he wasn't. As I squeezed his cock, I whispered sexily, 'This says different.'"

She said she moved around in front of him and kissed him, ready to give her son a blowjob. Her hand once again went to his hard cock as she asked him, "Do you want me to take care of this? Hmmm? I want to, but you have to say so." She was rubbing his hardon. "Seeing me, exposed, has made you horny for momma, hasn't it? Tell me, do you want mommy to suck your cock?"

She said he began shaking and she thought he might be cuming in his pants. He quit shaking and cleared his throat. He mumbled, barely audible, "Would you? Really? God, Yes! I want you!"

She kissed him and said, "I want you too, baby. But, I'm just going to suck your cock. Okay. I want to feel it in my mouth and taste your cum." As she slid down in front of him and undid his pants, he was shaking again.

His freed cock was oozing and the end was coated in pre-cum. It was evident that he had been on the verge of release. Stroking his cock and looking up at him Sharon smiled. Chris trembled and gasped when she stuck out her tongue and licked the end of his cock. She wondered what would happen when she put it in her mouth. 'Would he cum immediately?'

Keeping eye contact, she stuck out her tongue and opened her mouth. His cock slid up her tongue to her parted lips. As her lips closed around his cock head, his legs trembled and he moaned loudly. " Oh God, Mom!" But he didn't cum, he just shook and almost hyperventilated.

Sharon moved her lips tightly down his cock. Chris shook and repeatedly said, " Oh God." She had barely been sucking his cock for a minute before he erupted, filling her mouth with a massive load of sperm. " Oh Jesus! Shit! Is this real? Did you really!?" Chris was still shaking as Sharon stood and hugged him.

Chris was completely blown away. His mother had just given him a blow job in the living room. And the best part, was that he came in her mouth. Not on her chest like a girlfriend made him do.

Sharon made Chris go take care of his editing as she cleaned up, before I got home. He stayed in his room all evening. She figured, he was so nervous about what happened that afternoon, he couldn't face me.

A few days later, Chris got his grades for the latest work. He received a 3.9 and four 4.0 grades plus a 4.0 bonus. He said his professor really liked his model and wanted to meet her. Sharon liked his compliment and appreciation.

They talked about the next phase, 'sex with a younger man.' Who would it be? It couldn't be Chris, because he had to take the pictures and movie. They settled on Jack and would talk to him about it when that part of the assignment came up. First came them together, them kissing and touching, her flashing him and them nude.

Jack agreed after talking to Chris first and then Sharon. As things progressed, Sharon couldn't stand the idea of having sex with Jack before Chris. So, she decided to delay the shoot with Jack. I was going to be gone overnight and she decided to fuck Chris then.

Sharon said that when I left that morning, she knew they would have until five o'clock the next day. Her plan was to keep herself worked up for sex all day as Chris was at his classes. She would be dressed sexily, but not whorish, when he got home.

She prepared a nice meal and talked about how much she liked posing for him. Admitting it was hard at first, but once she got into it, it turned her on immensely. Chris asked her about that and she told him, "Because it's for you and I love the way you look at me."

Chris became a little embarrassed, but perked up when She told him she wanted him to take some pictures. By now all she had to do was act naturally as Chris clicked away with the camera. Chris didn't give instructions until she started flashing.

She noticed he wasn't photographing her, but her body parts. Knowing by the angle of the camera and how close he got.

Things were going as she wanted and she was excited. It was time for nudity and she told Chris, he had to remove an article of clothing each time she did. He looked surprised and then asked, "Are you serious?"

Her reply was, "Why yes, turn-a-bout is fair play." He became nervous and she quickly added, "Your father won't be back until tomorrow afternoon." She said she could see the wheels turning.

Then she said, he said, real low, "Well, uh, OK. I guess. Um, blouse first."

She began unbuttoning her blouse as he took pictures. When it was unbuttoned, she stopped and didn't move. A silent minute passed until he said, "Why'd ya stop?"

"Your turn." Sharon replied. "Article for article, remember."

Chris unbuttoned and removed his shirt. Sharon smiled, then opened her blouse, exposing her lace cup quarter-bra. Her nipples already hard and protruding. Slowly, she slipped it from her shoulders. Several pictures, standing, sitting, couch, chair, window.

The skirt was next. Sharon unzipped and said, "Well." Chris kicked his shoes off. Sharon said, "Uh, uh." Chris replied, "They're clothes." She shot back, "Not for this."

Chris unzipped his pants and stopped, looking at her. Sharon pushed the skirt down a little. Chris pushed his pants down a little. She thought, 'The little shit's playing games with me.'

She wiggled. He wiggled and smiled real big. She dropped her skirt. He dropped his pants.

Sharon moved around so he could take pictures. Couch, chair, doorway, window, coffee table, floor. Chris followed, barely able to walk, with his pants around his feet. Finally, she stopped moving, long enough for him to remove his pants.

Wanting to build him up, she went to him. She paused briefly and looked him in the eyes, before wrapping her arms around his neck for a kiss. Slowly, his arms went around her. She made sure he felt her hunger, before she broke the kiss and returned to the couch.

Unhooking her bra, she cocked her head and looked at him. His t-shirt was off in a flash. Sharon settled back and took the bra off. Pausing, she let him take several pictures, before cupping her tits in her hands.

She said, sexily, "You like mommy' titties, don't you? ... Why don't you come and suck on them, so the nipples 'll stick out

for your pictures." She said he had a look of hard lust as he moved toward the couch.

When he got to the couch, he knelt, placed his hands on each side of her and stared at her tits. She leaned forward and as she kissed his forehead, put his hands on her tits. He went after them like they were the only ones on earth.

She held and kissed his head before saying, "Slow down, Baby. You'll have them again. They aren't going anywhere." He slowed down. Still sucking greedily, he began moaning. She understood that her son got off on nursing. That explained why he sucked his sister' tits, like she said he did.

More than stimulated enough, her juices flowing between her legs, she pushed him up. He had a bewildered expression on his face. Sharon told him, "Take the pictures to show what you've done."

Grabbing the camera, he clicked away, in closeup, to capture her red, swollen wet nipples. Slowly, he backed away to get all of her again. That is, until he noticed the wet spot on her panties. She said he was almost panting as he zoomed in, between her legs.

Hell, sitting there listening to her tell the story, had me turned on as much as watching them. No, shit, MORE. I had

a hardon that was bent double in the confines of my pants. Shifting, I tried to relieve some of the pressure.

Sharon saw me and put her hand on my thigh. Moving her hand up between my legs she softly asked, "Something wrong?"

"It's bent."

"And, Hard." She moved her hand up and pushed it into my pants. "Pull over, someplace."

"Pull Over?"

"Yes. Pull ... Over ... And ... Fuck ... Me!" I looked at her and she had a mischievous look. "I want you to fuck me, with our son' cum in my pussy. So, pull over." She had a hold of my cock and squeezed to emphasize, 'pull over.'

I took the exit and luckily there was a little road, lined with bushes. I headed for it as Sharon undid my pants. When I got stopped, she opened the car door and turned sideways, saying, "Get around here!"

Man! I haven't seen her like this, since we dated, years ago. I was like a dog going after a bitch in heat. My brain was in my cock and being drawn to a dripping pussy. 'Shit, what have I become? What have we ...' My thought was broken by Sharon saying, "God, JC! I can't believe what I've become."

I stopped thrusting and looked down at her. "Don't stop, Honey, Please! Finish fucking me." I picked it up again, knowing that I wouldn't last long. I had almost come in my pants, twice, watching them on the way to the airport. Then her story was turning me on. My release built quickly and I thrust hard as it shot into her.

"Oh God, Yes! My husband ... and son ... both in me." She was gasping. Slowly she calmed down. Still in her and shrinking her pussy squeezed my cock. "JC what have I become? I'm married. Teenage children. PTO. I teach Sunday school. And ... and ... and I'm fucking three teenage boys. One is my son."

It was like she was having a battle in her mind.

"Heaven help me, I Love It. I Love You! I don't want it to stop, Honey. ... I don't ... want it ... to stop." The pleading sincerity in her voice reinforced the fact that I wanted it too. Then she did something, she hasn't done in a while. She pushed me back and cleaned my cock, with her mouth.

"Mmmm, mmmm, yes. I can taste you both." She said as her tongue circled her lips.

I dropped to my knees, hugged and kissed her. I was as drawn into this as she was. Getting through this, with her, was all I wanted. We stayed like that for a couple of minutes, until a car honked. A cop stopped to see if we had car trouble. I don't know, how long he'd been there.

"I'm sorry, officer. It's my fault. I just had to have my husband."

He nodded his head and smiled. "Be careful folks. ... Some people aren't as understanding as I am." We got in the car and he watched, smiling, as we left.

We sat in silence for a few minutes as I drove slowly. Sharon put her hand on my thigh and softly asked, "Want me to continue?" In a daze, I didn't respond, but I heard her. She squeezed my thigh. "Well?"

I looked at her, "Huh?"

"Do you want to hear more?" 'Hell Yes! I want to hear everything!'

"Uh, yeah."

"You sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure. Talk."

"Where was I?" We both thought for a minute. But, I'm sure she knew right where she left off.

"Uh, Chris was taking pictures after sucking your tits." Out of the corner of my eye, I saw her smile. She was testing me.

"Yes, well. I began moving around the house, posing. Making sure he could get shots of both my tits and pussy. When I sat back down on the couch, I rubbed myself. Then I asked him, 'Don't you think it would look better, glistening wet?' He almost dropped the camera."

"I bet. I'd drop the damn thing too."

"Then I said, 'I think you should do to my pussy what you did to my nipples.' The camera came out of his hands, but he caught it before it hit the floor. I could see the hunger in his face as he licked his lips."

She said, half moaning, he said, "Really Mom, Really! You want me to do that?"

Sharon said she rubbed herself and scooted to the edge as she said, "Yes, Baby, I want you to do that. Mommy wants your mouth on her pussy. You have to get it ready."

Chris dropped to his knees and she knew from the expression on his face, he finally understood, he was going to fuck his mother. He crawled over and looked her in the eyes. She smiled and he closed his eyes as he kissed her between the legs.

Sharon said he kissed and sucked every inch of her pussy as hungrily as he had her tits. Giving her rolling orgasms. His lustful hunger left five hickeys on her pussy. When she couldn't take it anymore, she grabbed his head and pulled him up.

She said she kissed him passionately before licking her cum from his face. While she did so, she could feel his cock touching her pussy. "Time to fuck me, if you want to, Baby." His eyes got big and he flinched. "Go ahead, Chris. Push your cock in my pussy and fuck me, like you want to."

He kissed her hungrily and pushed his cock in at the same time. She was so wet and ready, there wasn't any resistance.

When he bottomed out, he moaned out loudly, "Oh God, Mom. Mom! Oh Mom ... I Love You!"

She didn't know it at the time, but she was his first. He had been jerked off and sucked by girls. But, his mother's pussy was his first. Sharon chuckled, "Ya know, it's funny. I gave him birth and fucked him first."

He didn't move, except for shaking. Sharon discovered that was how he kept from cuming. He was concentrating and letting his body shake.

"Mmmm, you feel good, Baby. Do you like being back where you came from? I li ... Love it!" She whispered in his ear.

As Chris began moving his ass up and down, he moaned, "God! It's so warm and soft."

"Yes, Baby. And you're so hard and hot." She whispered back.

Sharon didn't know how long he'd last. She hoped he'd give her a good fucking, but she wasn't sure. A slight disappointment ran through her, when she felt him cuming, after a few short minutes. She wanted it to last. But, Chris

didn't stop thrusting his cock into her. He kept going as he kissed and sucked her neck.

Sharon began fucking him back and had rolling orgasms. 'I'm fucking my son. ... Oh, God, I'm fucking Chris! And, his cock feels so-o good.' She repeatedly thought as he kept pistoning into her.

Then she startled me. Squeezing my thigh she said, "Honey, that first time with Chris gave me the strongest orgasm, I ever had." She just went right on with her story.

"I felt him cum again and I went into a hard shaking orgasm. But, he didn't stop! He kept going and the sound of him fucking me was sloppy wet and loud. My orgasms got stronger and stronger, making me light headed."

Sharon squeezed my leg and was breathing hard. Remembering and telling me about her first time with our son, was turning her on.

"My body began to tingle and shake. A big one was coming. I was loudly moaning, 'Oh, God, Chris! Please! Please!' Over and over. My mind wanted him to finish and let me stop having orgasms. As my last orgasm began to peak, Chris slammed into me, hard, as he came. I guess his body couldn't take any more either. I passed out from pleasure. We both passed out."

There was a pause and Sharon shivered. "You just got off thinking about it, didn't you?"

I glanced at her and she was looking down as she meekly answered, "Yes."

Taking a deep breath, she said, "John, I don't understand this. I just wanted to help Chris. I knew I had to have sex with someone else. I had to cheat on you, to help our son. That little fantasy took over and I fucked my son. From that point on, I wanted it all."

There was a long, tense pause. "You're not saying anything." She began to cry. "I don't want to lose you, Honey. I Love You!"

I put my arm around her and pulled the car over. Hugging her and kissing the top of her head, I said, "I Love You! And, I'm not going anywhere."

We sat and hugged for a few minutes, until Sharon said, "Get us home."

Chapter 3

The rest of the drive was in silence, holding each other. At the house, Sharon wouldn't let go of me to get out of the car. It was arms around each other into the house.

I tried stopping at the couch. Sharon kept us moving. Through the bedroom and into the bathroom. Sharon removed my clothes, then hers and pulled me into the shower. Hell, I always have liked showering together.

We washed each other with lots of kissing and hugging. We dried each other, and yeah, I always like that too. I went to get dressed and Sharon said, "Let's stay in our towels." With a sexy smile.

"What else do you want to know?" She said as we went down the hall. "I can talk as we fix something to eat."

"I want to know all of it. I want to know how those boys are making you have sex."

"They're not making me, Honey. That's for the assignments."

"Well, I believed it."

"Thank You. I guess. Hmmmm, I guess, I need to finish telling about our son, Huh."

"Yeah, You do."

"Well, let's see. Oh, yeah. Chris was blown away by what we did. I took him to the shower and as we cleaned up, I told him we would continue, but it would have to be discrete. He didn't understand, at first. I explained the conditions and then he settled down.

After the shower, she asked him, "What do you want me to wear?"

"Could you just wear garter belt, hose and heels?" He replied.

She smiled and said, "I want you naked." Then she put on a set.

They small talked for a while as Chris took a few more pictures. After a while, they decided on a movie. But, not just any movie, Sharon got one of my hidden X-rated. Frequently, kissing and fondling each other.

Chris got it through his head that his mother was letting him do whatever he wanted. He spent a lot of time sucking her tits as she cradled him in her arms. Sharon said as he suckled, she remembered him as a baby. After a while, she remembered what Sherry said about him sucking hers until she lactated and she made him stop. She didn't want to have to explain why she was producing milk.

She said Chris was hell bent on sucking something and moved between her legs. She already had hickeys there and he gave her hickeys, hickeys. She said that after that night, her pussy was so bruised looking from Chris sucking it and maybe the pounding he gave it with his cock, she was worried for a while.

"J C, He sucks my pussy until I can't take anymore and pass out. Not just my pussy but my tits too. I honestly have to make him stop."

I smiled to the thought and image of that, in my head.

Then Chris started fucking her. All night and all the next day, it was fuck, rest a while and fuck again. She was absolutely amazed at how his cock kept getting hard. Her pussy was hurting by the time I came home and she was wondering what kind of demon she had stirred up.

She said she barely had time to clean up and get dressed, before I walked in the door. I remembered, Chris barely said, 'Hi,' before disappearing into his room.

About an hour after supper, I went to bed. She said, Chris came to her wanting more, and ended up fucking her four more times as I slept. Sharon told him, that, could never happen again. Not with me at home and the only reason she let him, was because she saw me take a pill.

She was so sore, she had to delay the shoot with Jack for two days. She wouldn't let Chris fuck her, but she sucked him off, several times.

The shoot had to be done. Chris would barely have time to edit things before turning it in. Sharon was nervous about having sex with him. And, Jack was nervous about having sex with his best friends mother, as he watched. A woman he'd known since the first grade, even if he was nineteen.

Everything went fine, until the moment of penetration. Jack froze. Sharon had to get him in. She grabbed his hard shaft and balls as she started moving her pussy on his glans. His eyes were great big and he remained unmoving until her hot pussy slid down his shaft.

She said Jack closed his eyes let out a big sigh and moaned. Sharon found out after, that she was his first as well. In fact, she was the first female to see or touch his genitals, in any way.

Once Jack got going, he was like the energizer bunny, he just kept going and going. Position after position, he pounded away at her pussy. Kissing, biting, feeling her entire body. After over twenty minutes, she was on her back. Spreading her legs wide, she reached around and fondled his balls.

Jack thrust hard, grunted, and unloaded deep in her womb. Sharon said she could feel his cock throb and the force of a half dozen spurts of sperm. Then he began shaking wildly and collapsed on top of her.

Jack got real nervous and quickly left. She barely wiped herself off before Chris was between her legs, licking away. He got her off again before crawling up to give her a hard fucking. That's the way it went, from then on. After she fucked one of the others, Chris would fuck her, long and hard. She got to where she wouldn't clean up, she'd just spread her legs and wait for Chris.

Chris was getting pushy and trying things, even with me in the house. Sharon said, one day, she grabbed him by the ear and marched him into the bathroom. "Enough, young man!

I am happily married, and want to stay that way. When your father is in the house, you respect that and stop groping me! Besides, It's not like we're not doing anything." Then she walked out and Chris sulked for a couple of days.

The next shoot with Jack, he was more relaxed. He even ate pussy and got her off, several times. And, he fucked her three times, really getting into it. That's when he first started saying Mrs. Thomas, during the shoots. Chris picked up on it and developed an idea for a situational theme shoot.

The third time with Jack, was the suck me off like you promised video. I said I'd seen it and Sharon went on.

The fourth time with Jack, Sharon was nervous because it involved bondage. It was about an older woman, tied up and blindfolded by her young lover. "I really don't know about doing something like that. I mean. What if your father comes home and finds me like that?" She asked Chris.

They put it off for one of my out-of-town inspection days. Again cutting it close, for Chris, to get it turned in, for review and grading. They talked about the idea of Jack calling Sharon, Mrs. Thomas, and being forceful. That would lead to him tying her up and blindfolding her before they fucked. Sharon knew Chris wouldn't allow her to be hurt. Still, she insisted on having a couple of drinks, first.

The following is a transcript and description, of that video. My shock, was recognizing the narrators voice. It was our daughter, Sherry. 'They're all in it but me. I'm the odd man out.'

"Wow! You look great, Mrs. Thomas." Jack said, as Sharon answered the door.

"Why, Thank You." She said smiling.

As they turned toward the living room, Jack fondled her ass.

"Ja-ck! Be good, now." She yelped.

"I'm always good, Mrs. Thomas. You know that." He said as he continued to touch her.

She turned to face him. "What's in the bag?"

"Something for later. You'll like it. I know, I will."

She cocked her head as she looked at him. He quickly kissed her. She let him but didn't kiss back. She turned and walked on in to the living room.

(She hesitated, hoping he'd sit and she could sit elsewhere to delay the inevitable.) He nudged her backward with his thigh. Having no choice, she plopped on the couch. He sat against her.

(Trying to distract him, she leaned forward to get the TV remote. His hand touched her lower back, sending a wave of excitement through her. She didn't understand, why she let this happen. Why, she let her son's best friend control her like he did. She loved it and wished he would make it slow and passionate, some of the time.)

As she sat back, his hand came around and cupped her tit. "Jack, Honey. Please! Can't you slow down? We have plenty of time." (Her verbal surrender, letting him know, she wanted it too.)

(Jack wanted it his way, not hers. To him, she was his. He was going to do what he wanted.) He began kissing her neck. As he licked up her neck and kissed her ear, he began unbuttoning her blouse.

"I like your perfume, Mrs. Thomas. Make sure you wear it more." He said as his hand went in her blouse, under her bra to her tit. Kissing her, he squeezed her soft pliant flesh hard, causing her to moan and try to retreat.

She reached for his head. (Thinking maybe she could slow him down, with kissing. He wasn't going to be slowed down. He wanted to do something and there was no stopping him. After all, she was his. He's fucked her many times since that, reward blowjob.)

He pulled away. "Get your clothes off, Mrs. Thomas. Get 'em off, now." He growled, while pulling his shirt off.

She lowered her eyes and resigned herself to it, with a sigh. (No matter what she wants, it is going to be his way. And she thought, 'I can't help myself. I love him treating me this way.')

(Naked, she stood before him, her moist pussy tingling in anticipation. She knew he would give her a hard fucking, with his young cock.) Taking something from the bag, he stood. She couldn't see it. Pinning her arms to her sides, his arms went around her, pulling her tightly against him.

He kissed her, forcefully, hungrily and forced her arms behind her back. (She felt something slip up her arms and

tighten, drawing them together.) "Jack! What are you doing!" She exclaimed while struggling to free her arms. "Don't do this! Honey, Please! Don't do this!"

He kissed her, to shut her up. (She knew, he was going to do what he wanted.)

Playing with her tit, he whispered in her ear. "I'm going to blindfold you and tie you to that table. So I can take my time fucking your mouth and pussy. I'll leave you like that, if you give me any more shit."

(As his words sunk in, she realized the futility of resistance. Besides, she wanted it. She wanted everything Jack did to her.)

He pulled the blindfold out of the bag. As he put it over her eyes, he asked, "You don't want me to leave you for your family to find, do you?"

(The thought of that, raced through her mind, causing her stomach to churn.) "No. Please! Do anything you want."

Sitting her on the table, he tied her legs. Then he freed her arms, laid her down and retied her arms to the table. He

jerked her forward, so that her head fell from the table and looped a rope over her neck, to keep her from moving.

He paused briefly to kiss her as he mauled her tits. Pinching and pulling her nipples, causing her to cry out through the kisses.

He moved around, freed her legs to raise them up and tie her thighs and calves together. Then he tied them down. Opening her up like a clam.

(Helpless now, she wanted his cock. Her pussy flowed as she licked her lips.)

"Fuck Me." She moaned. He slapped her pussy. "Oh God, Please Jack. Baby. Fuck me hard."

He rubbed her mound with his hand as he moved forward and touched his cock to her pussy.

She rolled her head and moaned, "Yes! Oh Yes, Baby. Fuck, your slut."

With a scowl on his face, he shoved his cock into her. She yelled out, "AaaaH!" And he began slamming his cock into her as hard as he could.

"How's that, huh? Like ... that ... do ... you?" Saying a word on each brutal thrust.

She moaned and rolled her head around. (Yes! You stupid boy! She thought. I love it! Why else do you think, I let you control me!)

He was breathing hard and sweating from his exertion and slowed to a stop. But, not before she had a body shaking orgasm. Pulling his cock from her pussy, he walked around and shoved it in her mouth. Licking and sucking, she willingly accepted it.

(Yes, Yes, feed me your cock. Let me taste my pussy on it.)

Satisfied, he stepped back, taking her treat away. Her lips and tongue searching for it.

"Whew, Mrs. Thomas. I thought you wuz gonna get me off there for a sec'n. I'll cum when I'm ready, Mrs. Thomas. Mouth, pussy or both. When I'm ready." And he walked away.

Licking her lips, she squirmed a little.

(She wanted his young hard cock and would do anything to have him ravage her. God, I wish he'd come back and fuck me!)

Jack came back and began wiping his soft cock across her face. She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, knowing not to do anything more, unless he said so. Reaching for her tits, he gently played with them and said, "Catch it, Mrs. Thomas. Get my cock in your mouth." He twisted her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers as she did so.

She did her best to bring him to full hardness as he played with her tits. (Moaning and getting into it she thought he might fill her mouth with his first load.)

Jack abruptly stepped back, grabbed and squeezed his cock. (She had obviously brought him to the brink. But, he wanted her pussy. He loved cuming in this woman, he's known most of his life.)

Walking around, he rubbed his cockhead up and down her pussy. She moaned and wiggled.

"Please, quit teasing and Fuck Me!" She begged, rolling her head from side to side.

Jack was doing what he wanted, not what she wanted. "When I'm ready, Mrs. Thomas. When I'm ready." His voice, firm but soft.

He took his time working the head of his cock into her. When she felt her pussy slip over the flange she squeezed his cock. "That's it, Mrs. Thomas. Work your pussy."

(He didn't have to tell her to. It was automatic, for her pussy to try and hold on to a cock.)

When she began moaning, he pushed into her. She gasped and moaned out, "Yessss! Oh God, finally." Even though restrained, she tried fucking him. He smiled and began slow thrusts.

Her breathing became more rapid and her moans got louder.

[This is where Chris and Jack got a surprise interruption. No one had locked the front door. Timmy was standing in the doorway. His mouth open and his eyes bugged out from

seeing Sharon tied up while Jack fucked her and Chris filming it.

He had seen Jack coming over and decided to see what was going on. Timmy didn't need to knock at our house, he was like family. Hell, we've known him since he was born, being one week older than Chris.

Chris kept the camera going and went to talk to Timmy.

Jack had stopped, frozen by being caught. Sharon moaned out loudly, "Don't stop baby! Please keep fucking me!" Jack's cock deflated.

Sharon didn't know what was happening and she kept begging. "Please baby, please. Don't stop. I need your cock, Baby. PLEASE!"

A hand motioned Jack to continue and he moved slowly. Then the camera circled again, going around beside Jack, to look up to Sharon's head. Timmy came into view. Again the hand motioned. Timmy unzipped his pants.

As Timmy pulled his cock out, Jack apprehensively said, "Got a surprise for ya, Mrs. Thomas."

Again the hand came out and Timmy touched his now erect cock to Sharon' mouth. She gasped and flinched. Then she opened her mouth, thinking it was Chris. The hand again and Timmy moved forward, sinking half his cock in Sharon' mouth.

Sharon isn't stupid. It didn't take her long to figure out the cock in her mouth, didn't belong to her son. She liked being plugged at both ends and went with it for the enjoyment.

Most of this was edited out.]

The movie picked back up with, "Got a surprise for ya, Mrs. Thomas." And Timmy' cock entering her mouth.

She sucked it, like she knew who it was.

"Ya don't care whose cock is in your mouth, do ya, Mrs. Thomas?" Jack said as he continued slowly fucking her.

"No." She mumbled with it sliding back and forth in her mouth.

"And, I ain't tellin ya. Not now anyway. Maybe next time, I tie ya up, I'll let ya see who it is."

(She didn't care. She loved getting it from both ends. The way they see-sawed, it was like one cock passing all the way through her. Pleasuring both her mouth and pussy.)

In his excitement, Timmy was tensing as he neared the point of cuming. Jack noticed and asked, "Ya want him to cum in your mouth, Mrs. Thomas?"

The look on Timmy' face was priceless, as she said, "Yes," with his cock in her mouth.

"Pull out and let her tell ya." Jack said. As Timmy pulled his cock from her mouth, Jack said, "Tell him, Mrs. Thomas. Tell him where you want him to cum."

Through excited gasping she said, "In my mouth. ... I want you to cum in my mouth."

"See. She's m'slut. Give it to her. Cum in her mouth, like she said."

With his eyes wide, with excitement, Timmy put his throbbing cock back in her mouth.

(He wanted to cum in her mouth, from the start. Now, he was free to do so, without guilt. Relaxing, he went for it. Never having done something like this, shooting his load down her throat was going to be a great, first experience.)

His face took on the look. He began jerking. She began gulping. "That's it man, yeah. Coat her tonsils." Jack spurred him on as she increased her suction.

His first blowjob and she was giving him the full treatment. He doubled over and began quivering because her warm sucking mouth was causing all of those sensitive nerves to fire at once.

Jack started slamming into her. "Now it's my turn, Mrs. Thomas. Gonna fill your pussy, with boy cum."

Timmy' cock fell from her mouth, trailing cum across her cheek. She began rolling her head and moaning loudly.

Jack slammed into her as he came, making her yelp. "There y'are, Mrs. Thomas. Nuther load a boy cum, for my slut."

After Jack pulled out, Timmy disappeared. Jack freed her legs and put her panties on. Then he freed her arms and removed the blindfold. She started to get up.

"Uh, uh! Lay there, I'll get your clothes." Jack got her clothes and helped her get dressed.

She started to get up and Jack pushed her back down. "I need to clean up, before my husband gets home." She said meekly.

"Nah, I want you like that."

She tried to get up again. "But!"

He pushed her down, grabbed a tit and kissed her.

(She knew it would be Jack' way. She would kiss her husband, "Hello," with Jack' cum inside her.)

Jack had another nasty thought. "It's gonna be a few minutes. Scoot up, you can suck my cock, while we wait."

She looked at him, pleading, but complied.

"Yeah, that's it. You like sucking my cock, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Good. You can suck it, till I hear him come in the door. That way, you'll kiss him after sucking my cock."

(Yes, she thought. Yes, I'll kiss my husband after sucking your cock and with your cum in my pussy. Yes. Yes. Yes.)

After several minutes, there was the sound of a car. A minute passed and the front door, opened and closed. Jack left.

She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, sat up and got off the table.

This was how Timmy entered the picture and when Sharon found out it was him, she was elated. She had wanted Timmy instead of Jack, because she liked him more. Feeling guilty about what was being done behind my back, she insisted no more people be involved.

But, Chris needed one more assigned theme.

Chapter 4

I wanted to know more about these boys' crude treatment of Sharon. Manhandling her. Her saying, she is their slut. It worried me. Sharon told me that it was just a segment of assignments.

"How many?" I asked.

"A dozen or so." She replied.

Her reply echoed in my mind and I thought, 'How many of these things have they made?'

"I have to admit, that it is a little thrilling. But, I don't want to be thought of like that, or treated that way, all the time."

She went to Chris' room and came back a couple of minutes later. Smiling, she said, "I know a couple of his hiding places," as she held up a card. It was labeled, 'They control her.' The card was full of short film clips.

The first was Sharon in the back yard, working in her flower bed. She looks up and smiles as Timmy says, "Hi'ya, Mrs. Thomas."

"Hi-e." She replied, sweetly.

"What'ya doin?" He asked as he walked over to her.

"Spreading these out a bit. They've gotten root bound."

"I think my root's a little bound, too." He said rubbing his crotch.

"Tim-my! Must you always be so crude?"

"Aw, you know you love it, Mrs. Thomas." He said as he unzipped his pants. "Now, how about takin care a my root?"

She looked up and smiled. "Wait'll we go inside."

"You're takin care a roots, Mrs. Thomas. So, take care a mine. Now!"

Smiling meekly, she turned toward him and reached for his exposed cock.

As she stroked it, he said, "Get to it, Mrs. Thomas. Suck it. Unbound my cock, Mrs. Thomas."

She leaned forward and took him in her mouth. Right there, in broad daylight, in the backyard.

"Yeah, that's it. Suck my cock like a good slut, Mrs. Thomas. That's what ya are, you know. My slut." He closed his eyes as her lips went tightly up and down his cock.

Then it was a couple of minutes, of Sharon bobbing her head on his cock.

"Before I come in your mouth, tell me what you are, Mrs. Thomas."

Sharon grasped his cock, moved her head back and looked up at him with lust filled eyes. "I'm your slut, Baby. Your ... Slut. I wanna eat your cum."

"Get back at it, slut. Go for the gold. I'm ready ta feed ya."

Sharon went back to sucking him off. In less than a minute, he grabbed her head and jammed his cock down her throat. She gagged and gulped as he emptied his balls. He let go of

her head and his spent cock slipped from her mouth. She licked her lips and smiled.

"Oooo, Weee, Mrs. Thomas. Ur one good cock sucker. Tell ya what. I'm gonna come back this afternoon for a fuck. I want ya in heels, no panties. And, when I walk in, you bend over for it."

Sharon looked down and meekly said, "OK."

"What's gonna happen this afternoon, Mrs. Thomas?"

"I'm going to wear heels. No panties. And, as soon as you walk in, I'm to bend over to be fucked."

"Yeah, that's right, Mrs. Thomas. See ya later." He left and the camera went back to Sharon, kneeling there smiling.

The next scene was the follow up. Timmy came in the house. They said, "Hello." Then Sharon turned around and presented herself for fucking. No foreplay, just here's my pussy, fuck me.

He entered her unready pussy forcefully, causing her to cry out. Without a word, he fucked her hard and fast. After cuming, he wiped his cock on her ass and left.

The ending shot was her bent over with cum dripping down her legs from her pussy.

Another, was Sharon in the basement, doing laundry.

"Hey, Mrs. Thomas. Where ya at?" Timmy called out from upstairs.

"Down here." Sharon replied.

Timmy came bouncing downstairs. They smiled at each other.

"Wow Mrs. Thomas! You look good, even when ya work."

"Why, Thank You, Timmy."

"Yeah, I can almost see them tits a urs, through that dress."

"Timmy! The 'compliment' was ruined, when the 'redneck' started."

"Aw, you always say that stuff, but you know ya like it. An I can see them puppies movin round." Sharon smiled. "Ya wearin panties? I can't tell."

"Yes! I'm wearing panties. Now, can't you talk about something else?"

He had made his way behind her. Quickly, he reached out and grabbed her from behind. His hands on her tits, he pulled her back and kissed her neck. She closed her eyes and moaned.

"Get them panties off. I wanna taste ur pussy."

"Timmy, Honey. Let me finish, and we can go up to bed."

"Get them panties, OFF SLUT! I wanna taste ur pussy, RIGHT NOW!" He was still kissing her neck and nibbling her ear. She sighed, pulled her dress up and wiggled out of her panties.

"Can we, please, go to bed, Honey?"

"Shut up, slut! N git on that washer!" He growled, spun her around and lifted her up. "Ya want me ta eat ur pussy, for I fuck ya. Don't ya, Slut?" He said, as he pushed her legs apart.

"Yes, yes, use your slut, baby. I'm yours, use me."

"That's right, Mrs. Thomas. Ur mine ta use. Ain't nobody, been in there today, have they? Don't want no surprises, when I stick my tongue in that hot hole a urs." He said as he leaned in to smell her pussy.

"No, baby. Nobody's been there." Sharon softly said, waiting for him to do as he wanted. She wanted it too, because he very seldom took care of her instead of making her service him in some way. She caressed his head.

He licked the length of her pussy, sending a shiver through her. He smiled, and began licking all over, in earnest. Sending continued shivers through her body. He began sucking her inner and out lips, into his mouth, between licks causing her to tremble and hold his head.

It wasn't until he moved to her clit, that she shook violently, causing her tits to dance under the dress.

"Damn, Mrs. Thomas! Ya got a hair trigger, today. I'm gonna let ya have another one a those before I fill ur pussy with boy cum." After a couple of licks, he looked up and said. "Git that dress off. I wanna look up n see them tits."

Sharon pulled the dress off, leaving her completely naked with tits swaying. Timmy looked up, smiled and began licking her pussy again. He was watching her tits jiggle as she trembled from the sensations his mouth was giving her pussy.

He stayed at it longer, this time, before he tongued her g-spot and nosed her clit, for the final push to her orgasm. She was gasping and shaking so much, her bouncing tits were a blur.

His tongue came out. The tip touching the bottom of her pussy. Curling up, it parted her lips and entered her vagina. Continuing upward, it curled around to her g-spot as his nose rubbed her clit. He did this several times.

Sharon was really shaking. Her fingers curled through his hair as she gripped his head. She was having a long hard orgasm.

Finally, his head continued up. His tongue lifted her protruding, hard, throbbing clit and he sucked it into her mouth.

That was it for Sharon. She was having a massive orgasm. Her legs clamped against his ears as she doubled over, shaking violently and pulled his head against her pussy. The only thing Timmy could do was keep tonguing and sucking while she had this orgasm of orgasms.

When her whimpers and shaking subsided, Sharon released Timmy' head. He looked up smiling and said, "Da-um, Mrs. Thomas, ya had a bigun! I had ta swallow fast, ta keep from drownin on ur cum."

Sharon' eyes were closed and she continued shaking as he stood. She was still dazed by her orgasm, when Timmy pulled her off the washer and spun her around.

"Time ta fuck ya." He said as he pushed her head down on the washer. With one hand on the small of her back, he rubbed his cockhead all over her pussy. "What ya want, Mrs. Thomas? Huh? What ya want?"

"Fucked." Sharon moaned.

"Huh, what's that?"

"Fucked! I want fucked!"

"Why's that, Mrs. Thomas?"

"Cause I'm a slut. I'm your (he slammed into her, causing her to cry out) SLUT."

Holding her hips, buried completely in her, he asked, "Whadaya, say?" "Please."

"No-o!"

"Fuck Me! Fuck Your Slut!"

Smiling, he started full length, rapid thrusts. Pulling back on her hips with each forward lunge. Sharon was moaning and holding on to the washer to keep from being driven forward by his hard thrusts.

Looking down, he watched her pussy pull out along his cock and fold back in with it, repeatedly. Her tits, swung wildly, beneath her. Each time he drove it home, she moaned or whimpered as he grunted.

He kept at it, never slowing up, until Sharon cried out, "Oh, God, Baby! Please cum. Cum in your slut. ... Oh God, Please Cum In Your Slut. Give It To Me!"

I don't know if it was her words or if he was ready, but, with a grimace on his face, he slammed into her hard.

Sharon cried out, "Yesssss!"

"There Slut ... Fillin ... your ... cunt ... with ... boy ... cum." Each word emphasized with a hard push into her.

Moaning and gasping whimpers, Sharon writhed on his spewing young cock. He held himself against her as all movement came to a stop.

"Pick up ur panties and put 'em on. Don't want my cum runnin down ur legs, when I pull out."

Sharon obeyed. As he pulled out, she pulled her panties up.

"Clean my cock off, slut. I can't go to school smellin like your cunt." Sharon got on her knees and began licking him clean. "Don't forget my balls. You juiced them up too." Once again, she did exactly as he said.

Satisfied, he pulled his pants up and left. It ended with Sharon on her knees. She licked her lips and wiped her face with her hand.

All of these were basically the same. One or the other, would come in, grab her tits, ass or pussy and either fuck her or have her suck them off. With total indifference. Calling her a slut and having her say she was. Making her do the nasty clean up.

Yes, it was a turn on, watching it. But, I still didn't like her being treated that way. Sharon explained, they were through with that. And, Chris got double grades from the review committee, the class, and the professor.

My further shock was yet to come, after Sharon sucked and fucked me. She told me about her and Sherry. Chris needed a Mother/Daughter theme and since he was fucking both of them, he wanted them to do it.

"I'd never eaten pussy or messed with a woman. And, besides, honey, I'd rather do it with Sherry than some unknown girl."

I'd find out about that, later. It sank in that they were all having sex and I wasn't getting shit. I mean, hell, Sharon wasn't fucking me any more than normal. And, Sherry sure as hell wasn't giving me any, not even looks at her voluptuous body. My son was getting more pussy than a porn star, from his mother and sister. I was getting pissed about being the dumbass husband, supporting the family fucking, and Sharon could feel my mood change.

"What's the matter, Honey?"

"I think you know! Until I found that bag, I was just the idiot husband, whose family was fucking behind his back!"

Without giving her a chance to respond, I got up and left. I had to resolve this new found conflict in my mind. I quickly dressed and left the house. Knowing better than to drive, I walked and thought. Thought about what a dumbass I was for all of this fucking going on under my nose.

I love Sharon and never would have thought of any of this. The idea of her fucking someone else, irritated me. Yet, I liked watching it, especially with our son. And, the tiny thought of Sherry had grown into a full out desire to fuck and suck her pussy dry. But, I wasn't getting any!

I just walked and thought, walked and thought, until my cell rang.

"J C, Honey. Where are you?"

"Uh, don't know." I said, looking around. I really didn't know where I was. I was just walking and thinking.

"J C, Please tell me where you are. You've been gone almost two hours. Let me come and get you!"

I looked around and realized, I had almost walked to the next town, eight miles away. "Uh, take the cemetery road, west, I'll wait here."

"How far?"

"Just take the road!" I hung up and sat down.

It seemed to take longer than I thought it should, for her to get there. When I finally saw the car, I thought, 'What'd she do, fuck one of her boys first!' But, she didn't, she got me something cold to drink, on the way. I was bitter, because I wasn't getting any. That was going to change and it was Sharon who was bringing it about.

She pulled up and I sat there. Looking at her, I couldn't help but smile. 'Son-of-a-bitch! I still love her!' She got out of the car and brought me the ice-tea. Without saying anything, she let me drink. When I stood up, I almost dropped the tea, when she hugged and kissed me.

I let her drive. After we got going, she said, "You know, I think I know what's bothering you."

"Oh?"

With a big smile, she said, "Yeah, and I've taken care of that."

"And, just how have you taken care of what's bothering me?"

"I called, Sherry. She's on her way home."

"But, she'll miss classes."

"It won't hurt. Besides, she's wanted what I asked her to do, for a long time."

'Now what? I gotta watch my daughter fuck somebody!'
"OK, just what did you ask her to do?"

Her foot came off the gas as she looked at me smiling. "Why, Fuck You, Of Course!"

I got lightheaded and dizzy, "What! You asked her to come home and have sex with me. And, and, she's coming!"

"Sure! That is your problem, isn't it? Everybody's getting some, but you. Now, I can watch you and Sherry. Like you watched, me and Chris."

The realization of it sank in. 'Damn! I'm really going to make love with my 'Sexy Little, Big Titted, Daughter!' I got weak again.

We didn't talk, the rest of the way home. I sat there thinking about what I'd do, and how I'd do it. All fantasy. And in this case, reality turned out to be much, much better.

Since it was going to be several hours before Sherry got home from school, I wanted to know about this Paul fella. I couldn't think of any Paul that we knew or the kids knew.

"So, tell me. Is that Paul, the other man, I have to worry about?"

Sharon looked down. "Oooo, yes and no. He is the other man." That was a punch in the gut. "But, you don't have to worry about him."

"WELL! Who is he?"

Still looking down she softly said, "Paul Finley."

'Paul Finley ... Paul Finley.' I thought. "I don't know a Paul Finley."

"Yes you do. Him and his wife, used to live behind us."

"So, the two of you've been at it for a long time."

"No-o!" She said, exasperated. "We only did it twice, for Chris. Besides, you know he's old enough to be my father."

That's when it hit me, who he was. 'Fin ... Ol' Fin.' "You mean, Ol' Fin and his wife Lu something or other?"

Her eyebrows shot up to make a point. "LU ANN! Her name was Luann and his name is Paul."

"She ..."

"Died of cancer and he moved to an apartment."

"So how did you two ..."

"Get together? Well, Chris needed a Father/Daughter shoot. He wasn't about to talk to you about it, so he asked me to think of something. At first I couldn't, then I remembered what Luann told me about Paul."

"What's, he hung?"

"OOOOOOO!" Sharon growled in irritation. "Why are you men always worried about someone having a bigger cock than you do?"

"Maybe, cause you women are always slobbering over them."

"Oh, we are not! As long as it gets hard, a cock is a cock."

"And, Tits are tits. Don't get upset when I look."

"OK, OK! Now can I get back on subject?" I nodded, yes. Sharon shook her head and rolled her eyes. "Luann told me Paul had an ejaculation problem."

When Sharon said that, I thought 'premature ejaculation' and said that. "No-o. He has a hard time ejaculating. To the point that often, he doesn't. He would go at it for hours, until she would go dry and get raw. She had to buy lubricant, by the box. Any way, I asked her one time, if she ever helped him with oral sex. And, she said, 'Oh, No. Never!'

"You saying, she never gave him a blowjob?"

"That's right. I found out, for sure from Paul. She never sucked his cock or let him eat pussy. She considered it, 'Just Plain Nasty,' to do that sort of thing."

"Whoa! I thought, everyone performed a little oral."

"Not, LuLu, as Paul called her. Anyway, I figured he was an old man who didn't live around here and was alone for a while. I looked him up and gave him a call. He agreed to meet me for lunch, one day."

"So, you just, up and asked him to fuck you."

"No-o! Stop the smartass!"

"Yeah, OK. Sorry."

"You will be, if you keep it up. ... We small talked and I found out he wasn't involved with someone. Then I told him about Chris' studies. He wasn't offended by it, so I told him about needing someone for a Father/Daughter shoot."

"What'd he say?"

"He just looked at me. I put my hand on his and said, 'I'm asking you to be my father, for it.' And, his eyes got big."

"And?"

"After a long pause, which had me thinking he wouldn't, he smiled and said, 'Really! You want me to be in a love scene, with you?' I squeezed his hand and said, 'Not a love scene, an intercourse scene. He said, 'Goddamn, you're serious, aren't you?' I said I was and he agreed to wait for my call."

Sharon said she made the arrangements with Chris and called Paul. When he got to the house, he was nervous, because he'd never done anything like that before. They took it slow. Chris had them posing in and out of the house, doing things.

Then Chris had them bumping into each other, inside. When Chris told Paul to put his hand on Sharon' ass, he slowly did it. Sharon said, she caressed his cheek and then kissed him. But, he didn't loosen up until she put his other hand on her tit.

Sharon said, she said, "Do you understand now, dad, that I want to help you with anything. Anything at all. Now that mom's gone." Then she turned into him, wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him.

He loosened up more and his hands began to roam. They moved down to the small of her back and paused before one moved to her ass and squeezed. She wiggled and leaned back, his hands came up and began fumbling with her blouse.

She helped him remove it, and then took his hands and put them on her sides, and said, "Undo my bra."

"You shoulda seen the look on his face, when I shrugged my bra off and put his hands on my tits."

"I can imagine. If someone did that to me, I'd have a look too."

"A tit hound, like you wouldn't. You'd just start in on 'em."

"Anyway, he just played with 'em for a bit. Until I pulled his head down to them. Then he went nuts, licking, kissing and sucking them."

"I bet! It's not everyday an otherwise strange woman, does that for a guy."

"Yeah, you'd love it." I smiled, cause I would.

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"I put a hand between his legs. He was hard, so I began taking off his pants. He didn't stop going after my tits, until they dropped. Then his head shot up and he looked at me, in surprise.

I kissed him, dropped to my knees and pulled his shorts down. I looked up and smiled as I took his cock in my hand. He said, 'Ah, um, uh. You sure you want to do that?'

'Uh huh, I'm sure, dad.' I said, before I licked the underside of it. A shiver ran through him. When I put it in my mouth, his whole body jerked and he moaned, 'OH God!'

His legs started trembling. I didn't know if he was going to stay on his feet, because the more I sucked, the more his legs shook.

His hands went for my head, several times, until I put them there. That helped him quit bobbing up and down so much. He moaned out, loudly, 'Dear God! This is fantastic! Oh, My!' And he really started shaking.

I'd only been sucking his cock for about five minutes, when it got harder, signaling he was about to cum. He tried pulling back and stepped back. But, I stayed with him and kept sucking. I tickled his balls and his cock throbbed as the first spurt blasted into my mouth.

'Aaaaaaaah, Gaaawd!' He cried out and began shaking, uncontrollably.

Boy did he cum a lot, it was all I could do to get it all. He was grunting and gasping as he shook all over. I couldn't understand it, Luann said he had a hard time ejaculating, yet here he did it like the rest of you. 'Build Up and Blast Off.'

Chris had to stop filming. Paul just wouldn't stop thanking me for what I'd done. He had never come in a woman's mouth before. Or, had a blowjob, for that matter.

Since, I did what I did, he wanted to do the same thing. But, the only pussy he'd tasted was Luann' after he played with her. In fact, she saw him lick his fingers one time and wouldn't kiss him for days.

He was apprehensive about it and didn't want to look like a fool on camera. So, Chris left the room. We both finished undressing and I began kissing him to loosen him up again. His hands went everywhere, my tits, my ass, my pussy, all over.

After a couple of minutes, I whispered in his ear, 'Are you ready to taste my pussy?' He shivered and softly said, 'Yes.' I settled into the big chair, raised and spread my legs, and said, 'Do anything you want, Paul. Anything, at all.'

Slowly he got on his knees and ran his hands over my legs. Then he looked at me and said, 'You know. I always wanted

to eat Lulu' pussy. She never would let me.' Then he leaned forward and buried his face in my pussy.

For the longest time, he stayed like that. Then slowly, he began kissing. Then he began licking and moaning. I think he wanted to eat pussy, so much, for so long, that he was in heaven at being able to.

He was doing great, and I told him so. He licked and sucked every inch, from asshole to clit and leg to leg. He even tried getting his tongue as far into me as he could, wiggling it around. I let him give me a strong flowing orgasm. He didn't flinch at the flow, in fact he hungrily lapped it up.

I made him quit and he pouted. When I called Chris back in and told him Paul was ready for his pussy eating scene, his expression changed. Paul is one pussy eating hound. In fact, the second shoot, has him eating my pussy more than anything else.

Chris got him giving me several strong orgasms as his hands roamed all over my body. He even played with and pulled my nipples during the last and strongest orgasm. An orgasm that had me writhing and almost screaming. I had to take a break and recover, so we cuddled and kissed a while. Then remaining naked, we snacked.

We were back on the couch and I rubbed Paul's leg. He already had a hardon. Kissing him, I whispered, 'You want something else, don't you Daddy?' He groaned and I grasped his cock. 'You want to fuck me, don't you?' He shuddered and thrust his hips. 'I want that too, Daddy. I want you to fuck me.'

Slowly, he got up and between my legs. He had a look of pure lust on his face as I rubbed his cockhead all over my pussy. He began breathing heavily and I whispered, 'Go ahead, daddy. Fuck your little girl.'

He pushed in a little and hesitated. My pussy was so wet and ready, he could have buried himself to the hilt, if he wanted to. He took it slow. I don't know if he was savoring the feel of a pussy again or afraid of what he was doing.

Slowly, teasingly, he worked his cock all the way into my pussy, giving me an orgasm in the process. Once in he kissed me and softly asked, 'Are you sure about this, Honey?'

I wrapped my arms and legs around him and said, 'Yessss, Daddy, Yes. Fuck me. Fuck your baby girl, like you did, Mom.' He shuddered and began thrusting.

He did it beautifully. Hard thrusts, building in tempo, causing me to have rolling orgasms building to the big one.

Just as my orgasm peaked, causing me to moan loudly while my pussy spasmed on his cock, he almost came to a stop.

I knew he didn't cum, but he came normally when I sucked him off. After thirty minutes of this, with me having a dozen orgasms and beginning to dry out, I figured it out. I had him lube us up and I paid attention to him.

I could tell by his expression, he was concentrating on the fucking. Then as it was building in me, his expression would change. He was concentrating on the pleasure. When he did this, he would almost stop, losing the pleasure and have to start again.

It was something, I never would have guessed. His mind wouldn't let him feel the pleasure and do the act, at the same time. I watched him several more times. Not just to figure it out, but because I was having more orgasms than I've ever had. So many, they were draining me of energy.

I thought, if he can't fuck and get off at the same time. How about, if he is fucked instead. I pulled him down and whispered, so it couldn't be heard, 'I want to get on top and fuck you.' He started to pull out and I stopped him with my legs. 'Stay in and roll over.'

Once on top, I cowgirdled him and it was working. His expression was building lust since he was being fucked, instead of fucking. I pulled his face to my tits, inviting him to suck. That held him off for a while, letting me build to another strong orgasm.

'Yessss, Daddy, yes! ... Fill my pussy with cum, Daddy! ... Fill my pussy with cum!'

He did. Grabbing my ass he slammed into me, hard. I could feel his cock throbbing as his hot cum blasted into me.

Ooooh, God! Yes, Daddy! Yessss!' I almost screamed.

'Aaaaaah, God!' He groaned, loudly.

It really was intense, J C. One of the best fucks, I've ever had."

"Gee, Thanks! That makes me feel good."

"Damn It, J C! Don't do that! You know I love you, and I wouldn't tell you about it, if I didn't."

I was humbled, because I knew Sharon loved me as much as I loved her. The phone rang and she went to answer it.

I sat there, absentmindedly stroking my cock, and thinking. Not about what she had just told me, but, about her and her father, doing it. That will never happen, cause her parents are both gone.

She startled me a little, running her hands down my chest. She whispered, "That was Sherry. She'll be here in 15. She said she was starved, so I ordered pizza." She kissed my cheek. "Now, leave that thing alone and wait for your daughter."

I heard her, but, I was still kind of lost in a thoughtful daze. Sharon slapped my hand. "I Said, Leave That Thing Alone And Wait For Your Daughter!"

I stopped, turned to look at her and she kissed me. "C'mon, let's get dressed. Sherry and the pizza will be here soon."

I followed, loving the site of her naked backside in front of me.

Chapter 5

We dressed and went to the kitchen to get all the pizza extras ready. Neither of us heard Sherry come in. I caught movement and turned to look.

'Holy Fucking Shit!' My eyes bugged out and my jaw dropped. There stood Sherry, looking absolutely beautiful. I had never seen her dressed like that before, ever. She even accentuated her breasts.

Sharon noticed and said, "Oh, Hi, Hon. Wow, you should do that more often. Look what it's doing to your father."

She was right, I was almost panting. Mouth open, eyes bugged, I was taking in the beauty before me.

Sherry giggled. "Like my outfit, Daddy?" She giggled again and wiggled. "I got it for you. Just for you." She turned side to side.

I was blown away. My normally wrapped up little girl was a full blown voluptuous woman. She was wearing black thin strap high heels, lavender toenail polish. A snug, mid-thigh, light blue dress, that accentuated her body, especially her breasts. A diamond studded blue choker. Lavender lipstick

and very light lavender eye shadow. Her long dark hair pulled back and tightly braided.

"Turn around, Honey. Let him see all of you."

Looking at me sensually, Sherry did a slow turn. Oh, man, my mouth was watering. I couldn't believe my little girl was this beautiful.

No thought of societies morals. No thought of betraying my wife. No thought of wronging my daughter. My only thought was of fucking her tight, hot, wet pussy.

The doorbell rang. "Ah, pizza's here." Sharon chirped. I was in a daze and didn't care.

"Mom, wait a minute. Did you ask for Ryan to deliver?"

"Yes. And I'm curious as to why you'd ask for that peanut head."

"Shit-for-brains, super-jock got injured and lost his scholarship. Now the only thing he's good for, is delivering pizza. Him and his jock buddies made my life hell. Now, I want to show him what the 'frumpy ugo,' really looks like."

Her statement even brought me out of it, and we looked at her, like, "HUH!"

Sherry smiled, cupped her tits, and said, "I'm gonna be a little naughty, when I open the door."

We waited as she went to get the pizza. After a couple of minutes we heard the door slam and Sherry laughing loudly. She was still laughing, when she got back to the kitchen. We asked what happened.

"When I answered the door, his eyes bugged out as he saw me. I said, 'Now where did I put that money,' as I exposed my right breast. 'Oh, not there,' I said and exposed my left breast. 'Oops, not there, either,' I said and gave a little wiggle. He was trembling. I raised my dress and reached into my panties, 'Here it is!' I squealed.

He almost dropped the pizzas and I thought he was going to faint. I handed him the money, took the pizzas and said, 'Now you have something to get off with.' And, I slammed the door."

"That was really bad, Sherry!" Sharon said, seriously.

"It's comeuppance, for how he treated me, Mom. Believe me, him and his jock friends, deserve much worse. I'd like to cut their balls off, so dickheads like them can't procreate."

"Shit, I think, I would of passed out. If you did that to me."

With a sly sexy smile, Sherry cocked her head, and said, "OH, I'm gonna do much more than that to you, Daddy. Much more."

She was on me in a flash. Arms around my neck, she had me in a lip lock. And, damn, I felt that kiss, all the way to my feet.

"Alright, little lady! Back off now. There's plenty of time for that." Sharon said, kind of laughing.

My brains, immediately went to my hardon.

Sherry loosened her grip and gave me a couple of pecking kisses, before stepping away. She patted my cock and said, "Calm down, Daddy. Herbie's gonna meet his Love Bug, soon enough."

For a moment, my mind went totally blank. Then I thought, 'Damn! In a few short days, I've went from thinking I had a normal family. To, openly having, full family sex!'

Then Sharon came over and whispered, "Mmmm, J C. I think, she's gonna turn you every which way but loose."

We settled down to eat, with me trapped between two women. One of which, I couldn't stop looking at. After a few minutes of small talk, about the town, school and home, it got quiet for a minute.

Then sherry said, "Mom, I have to let you know something."

"What, Sweetie."

"You've been setup."

"Huh! What? What do you mean?"

"You encouraged Chris to do his photography. He chose film school, instead of college, like me. His plan was to get you to pose for him and then work you into bed."

"But, he was so innocent and embarrassed when it happened."

"All part of his plan, Mom. In fact, that night after you agreed to pose for him, he called me. He said, you'd agreed to pose. Then he said, 'I'll be fuckin' mom soon. Then we'll get you and dad together.' I made him promise to show me everything."

Sharon and I looked at each other, in surprise.

"It wasn't easy, driving back here to see everything at night. I missed a lot of sleep, but still managed to keep my classes up. And, most of what Chris had you doing, was my idea, not his."

"So, you're saying, the two of you manipulated all of this?"

"Well, actually ... ME. I knew from the beginning, that if I could get my brother and mother, together. Then, I could have what I wanted. Which was, Daddy."

"But, why?"

"Because, I'm in love with Daddy. So we started having sex and planning on how to have what we wanted. Or, so Chris, thought."

"Oh! And what if we end this, right now?"

"You won't, you like it too much."

"You're awful sure of things, little lady."

"Admit it Mom, you love what you've been doing. Once you posed, the only obstacle was Daddy. You sure as hell, didn't do anything, but, get more and more involved. ... And, right now, I'm betting, he wants to fuck me way too much to stop." Sherry paused, looking at me with a sly, coy smile. "I'm right, aren't I? You want to plow your little girls field."

"Yeah, yeah, I do. And, your mother's going to watch."

"See Mom, nobody has to pretend anymore. We can all have the sexual relationship we want."

Sherry kissed me and reached across to grab her mother's blouse. Pulling her to us, Sherry kissed her mother. "Now, let's take this to the livingroom and get more comfortable."

In the living room, Sherry put on some music and pulled me back up to dance. After a minute, she kissed me and looked at her mother.

"Aren't you supposed to have a camera, Mom? We don't want your lover to miss anything."

'Damn!' I thought. 'All of this has been manipulated by our daughter. Because she wants to fuck me, her father. ... Well, I'm going for it. Because, all of it has turned me on, like a son-of-a-bitch.'

I completely forgot about Sharon as Sherry and I dirty danced. Moving to the music, we kissed and groped all around the room. I haven't done that, since Sharon and I were first married. Pretty soon, Sherry started undoing my clothes. I started to reciprocate and she stopped me.

"Uh, uh! I'm stripping you. Then you're going to watch as I strip, for you."

She kept us dancing as she slowly removed my clothes. Then she pushed me down on the couch. She began a slow sensuous dance. She stopped and looked back over her shoulder.

"I went and learned how to dance in a strip club. This is just for you, Daddy. You're little girl wants to turn you on."

Pushing a button on the stereo, Sherry started her show. And, Damn, it was good. I've never been to a strip club, but I have seen stuff in porn. Her dance, sure as hell had that beat by a long ways.

My cock got hard quick. Especially, when her magnificent tits came into view. Shit, I believe, I got harder and longer than normal. Sherry noticed and her smile got bigger and bigger. I saw something, too. Her nipples had little white drops on them. I hadn't believed it, but she really was full of milk.

She was right in front of me and cupped her tits in her hands. "Like 'em, Daddy? They're all me. Nothin' fake about these babies." She leaned down. "Open wide. I got a surprise for you."

I opened my mouth as she brought her tits close to my face. Squeezing, she shot a stream from each tit, into my mouth. It surprised me, that she didn't miss.

"Don't be so surprised, Daddy. I've had plenty of practice, aiming these babies." She squirted into my mouth again. "Does it taste good?"

I licked my lips. "Yeah, yeah it does."

Sherry chuckled. "Well, from now on, you can suck 'em anytime you want."

She gave me a half dozen, rapid fire streams from each nipple, before sticking the left one in my mouth. Putting my hands on her back, I held her and sucked greedily, my mouth filling with her sweet nectar.

"Ummmm, yeah, Daddy, you do like it. God, it feels good, to finally have you sucking on them. Instead of having to fantasize all the time."

She cradled my head in her hand as she fed me each tit for several minutes. Moaning repeatedly she would pull my face against her each time.

I was sucking down my daughter's sweet milk hungrily. And, although well fed, I was light headed from the effort. Sherry pulled back, my mouth still sucking as she kissed me. My

mind was in a fog. Hell, I was high on a new drug, my daughter.

I didn't even realize she slipped on down, until she grasped, licked my cock and said, "My turn to suck something, Daddy." She briefly put the head of my cock in her mouth and twisted her head around. "Mmmm, yeah! The real thing." She put my cock back in her mouth and pushed her lips tightly all the way to the base of my shaft.

I trembled from the sensations and remembered the video of her sucking her brother' cock. She was moving slow, as if to savor the moment. With her tongue licking around, her lips moved tightly up to the head of my cock and then back down. God! She had me shaking.

It didn't take my talented daughter long, to bring me to the precipice, with her mouth. My cock hardened, painfully, preparing to deliver semen to her hungry mouth. She stopped, squeezing my balls and cock, with her hands.

"Uh, uh, Daddy! Your first load goes in my pussy. I'll drink cum, later. After you fill my pussy." She kissed the end of my cock and then dragged her tits up my body to kiss me. "You ready to fuck your little girl? Huh? You ready to pound your cock into your baby girl?"

I almost came, just from hearing her talk like that. "Yessss! Yessss!" I managed to say in a moaning mumble.

She raised up and I felt her rubbing the head of my cock on her pussy. Her lips parted and the end of my cock got very warm. "Feel how hot my pussy is, Daddy? It wants the cock that made it, real bad." She dropped, impaling herself on my cock and I felt her button pressing into my skin.

"God, Yes!" She almost screamed. Her huge tits danced around as her whole body shook while she was grinding against me.

Damn right, it felt good. Her pussy was hot and her uterus felt like a vibrator, gripping my cock. She began bouncing on me. Hissing, "Yes, Yes, Yes." Each time she slammed herself down on my cock.

She was going to bring me off quick. Her pussy was hotter and tighter than her mother.' Slamming down, hard, on me, she fell forward, moaning. She already had an orgasm. That stopped me from filling her pussy with cum. I began thrusting, as best I could with her pressing against me.

"Oh God, Daddy!" Sherry was moaning, wantonly, in my ear. "My fantasies were never this good."

"Not even with your brother?"

"Even with him, I thought about you. ... This is better. Lots, lots, better." She pushed up to start bouncing again.

"Oh, Jesus, Sherry." I moaned, due to her full length bouncing on my cock.

"Yes, Daddy, Yes! If I could, I'd get all of you inside me!" She reached down and pulled my head up, between her tits. "Fuck me, Daddy! Oh ... God ... I'm ... Gonna ... Cum ... A ... Gain."

As she shook violently, she was squeezing my head so tightly against her chest, I thought she was going to break my neck. When she relaxed, I gasped for air, while being slapped by her tits. She was off to the races again, and I thought, 'Damn! She's gone crazy.' All I could do was hang on for the ride.

I pushed sideways to suck a tit and she eased up a bit. 'Ah, sucking her tits, mellows her out.' So, I increased my suction and tonguing her aureole. It put her into a cantor, allowing me to thrust along with her.

"Yes, Daddy. I knew it'd be good. Jesus, you have no idea." She shuddered and the inside of her pussy got hotter. Especially that sleeve, rippling up and down my shaft.

I was wanting to cum, but just then, Sharon whispered in my ear. "I understand, now. I want this, too. All of it." She kissed me, passionately, as her words rolled around in my head and our daughter' pussy got hotter.

"Our son is going to breed me. Just like you are breeding our daughter." Sharon kissed me again as her words burned through my brain.

I couldn't hold back, my cock had a mind of its own becoming hard as steel as sperm rushed forth into Sherry' womb.

Sherry fell forward, shaking violently. "Yessss, Daddy! Oh, God! I feel your hot sperm filling me!" We were both gasping as Sharon caressed our heads.

When we both caught our breath, Sherry whispered, "How did you know, Mom?"

"You did everything for your lover. And, you're ovulating. It stands out, like a neon sign. Oh, yeah, I saw this months, unused birth control pack, in your purse."

"You don't care, Mom? Really?"

"The one you should ask, is your father. He is, after all, the one you were trying to trick."

I was in a fog. Here was my wife and daughter, casually talking about me getting my daughter pregnant. And, then, there was that, 'Our son is going to breed me,' statement. And, you know what? I didn't mind. In fact, I actually liked the idea.

"Is it, Okay? I mean, can I have your baby, Daddy?"

I hugged her and kissed her, before answering. "Yes, Baby, Yes. Let's have a baby." Then I whispered in her ear, "We can watch your mother and brother make one too."

"Oh, Ye-ah!" Sherry squealed as she wiggled against me. "Um, Daddy. You're still hard. Let's go again, so's you can give me some more sperm."

"OKAY, BABY. But, this time, I want on top."

Sharon kissed me. "How about, taking it to the bedroom, this time."

"Can you carry me in there, like this, Daddy? I want to keep your cock in my pussy."

I thought, 'Damn! I don't know. I haven't done that in a while.'

"C'mon, honey. Carry her in there, like you used to do me." Sharon whispered and kissed my ear.

It took a little effort, but I got up and started to the bedroom. She didn't seem that heavy, but after a couple of steps, I had to change the way I was holding her. Raising her up, I quickly moved my hands to her ass. She came down hard on my cock, moaned and tightened her arms around my neck.

Every few steps, she would shiver, her firm tits grinding their hard nipples into my chest. While her clit felt like a rock pushing into the base of my cock, her hot clenching pussy flowed like a spring. All while she chewed on my neck and ear while moaning louder and louder.

'Jesus Christ! My daughter is one orgasmic little lady! And, I Love It!'

Just as we entered the bedroom, she shook violently and exclaimed, "OH God, Daddy!" I was maneuvering to lay her on the bed. "Can you fuck me, like this, Daddy? Can you? Oh Please, this feels so good! Please, Please! Fuck me, like this, Daddy. PLEASE!"

At that moment, I'd of fought a grizzly, bare-handed. So, hell yes, I'd fuck her like that! I started and she began mewling immediately. It had been a while, since I fucked her mother like that. But, I guess, it's like riding a bicycle, you never forget.

Getting into the rhythm, I had her swinging out and back, the full length of my cock. I don't know what gave me the strength, but she felt light as a feather. Out she'd go, to come back against me with a loud slapping thud. Each time she would yelp and bite my neck or shoulder. And shake, yes, she was constantly shaking. Like she was having one continuous orgasm.

Suddenly with gasping breaths, she cried out, "Oh God! Daddy ... Daddy ... Please cum ... before I ... pass ... out."

I'd been trying to hold out and was more than ready. My cock stiffened and once again, I filled my daughter' pussy with the sperm, she wanted. Half way through my throbbing ejaculation, she screamed, biting my shoulder and went completely limp. It was all I could do to keep from falling down, but I managed to get us to the bed.

Lying there out of breath and in a daze, my mind was overwhelmed. It seemed forever, but was only a couple of minutes before my daughter moved, snuggling against me.

Reaching up, she turned my face toward her, and whispered, "I Love You. More than you know." Then she kissed me hungrily.

At that same time, Sharon moved between my legs and began licking my sex coated limp cock. 'Jesus, this is like a porn movie! I just fucked my daughter and my wife is cleaning my cock with her mouth.'

When Sherry quit kissing, she stayed nose to nose, caressing my face. Sharon crawled up over me and kissed her daughter. Sherry went after her mother' kiss, hungrily. Mom was letting daughter taste the sex she just had with her father.

After kissing Sherry, Sharon kissed me and said, "You two take a shower. I'm going to get a fresh battery and some snacks."

Of course, I've washed my daughter before, but this was the first time as a woman. A full grown, sexy, voluptuous woman. And I loved the feel of her, from head to toe. She though, got a first, washing her father, from head to toe. And, he loved it, believe me.

After our snacks, Sherry proceeded to keep me fucking until I passed out from exhaustion. I don't remember how many times, just that it was half the night. I was awakened by something warm on my already growing erection.

Looking down through slepy eyes, I saw Sherry pulling on my cock with her mouth. She smiled and then raised up.

"Breakfast's almost ready. But, first, I wanna drink cum."

'Damn! She's a little nympho.' 'Oh, Honey. I don't know if there's any left.'

"There is. Guys never run out. Now lay back and let me drink from your fountain."

My head fell back on the bed as she ran her mouth tightly down my cock to its base. 'Oh, man. She's gonna kill me.' Her mouth felt so good, I wanted to shoot a load down her throat. A couple of minutes later, I did and she didn't miss a drop.

Thankfully, she slowed down during the day. I did get to be on top, playing with her tits and pulling her nipples as I thrust spastically into her pussy. My favorite position used to be, Cowgirl. Now it's, Standing up. And, I do it, every chance I get. Both with Sherry and her mother.

Before she left to go back to school, for a few days, she sucked me off. She said, she wanted the taste of my cum, to tide her over, till she got back.

Chapter 6

Chris called and we found out he would be gone for three weeks, from that day. Sharon decided to have a private tryst or two with Timmy. I didn't mind because I knew he was just a fill in for her son. Every couple of days, Sherry would come home for a night of sex with me. It was on those nights that Sharon got together with her young stud.

A week and a half into our arrangement, Sherry came for the night and Sharon went out with Timmy. It was the first time she was gone all night. I did worry a little for her safety. The

next day at supper, she explained her night and said it was time to start her turn.

"What do you mean?"

"In a minute. First let me tell you about last night."

"Okay."

"Timmy took me to a Frat Party."

"He's not in school."

"Yeah, but all his friends are. Anyway, he took me to the party and it got pretty raunchy. There was sex, everywhere."

"And, So, What? You joined in?"

"No. Well, Yes. Kinda."

"Is that like a little pregnant?"

"I could tell, Timmy was hoping. But, no, I didn't let him fuck me there."

"Well? What was, kinda?"

"I sucked him off." (I chuckled.) "There was this room full of mostly, sorority girls, and I took him in there. Kissing and hugging him, I told them I was his mother and I was there to show them how to properly suck a mans cock."

"Whoa." I said as I imagined it.

"I got on my knees and sucked him off, making a big show of swallowing his cum. I stood up and kissed him, then I said, 'Now you young ladies know how to suck my son' or any other mans cock.' They were all open mouthed in shock. We left, got a motel room and fucked all night."

"Really! You did that?"

"Yes. Yes, I did. And, I'll tell ya. I thought about fucking him in front of everybody. Like the others. I even thought about letting some of them take turns. I just couldn't. Even though I'm doing what I'm doing, I'm not that kind of slut."

"But, still, you sucked him off, in a room full of people."

"I did it to shock their minds. Besides, I'll never see them again."

"Now they're thinking his mother sucked him off, in front of them. You better be careful about that sort of thing."

"They'll think it's a college prank. Anyway, last night was going to be Timmy's last for a while and I let him do whatever he wanted. He took it hard, at first. Then, he almost fucked me raw."

"Like Sherry does me, when she comes home?"

"Worse."

"Huh?"

"He took my ass!"

"He, What!"

"It wasn't rape. We got into that, Mrs. Thomas, thing. And, well, I wanted it to happen, too. God, it hurt! Shit, it still hurts."

"So, your young stud, got your virgin ass. Is he your ass fucker, now?"

"NO! Definitely, not! ... I, um, I want to again. But, not with him. And, most certainly, not for a while."

"Why not with him?"

"Well, I had been his Mrs. Thomas, for a while. It was early morning and he started pushing the limits. Using more force and talking to me in a degrading manner."

"Oh. Go on."

"He secured my wrists with his belt and tied it to the bed. He began fucking me from behind and slapping my ass. Much harder than normal. I noticed he was pulling out and rubbing his slick cock in my crack."

"Did you tell him, not to do you there?"

"No. I was getting turned on by the thought and wanted it. I thought he'd take it easy."

"But, he didn't."

"No, he didn't. He was fingering my ass, as he fucked me. Suddenly, without warning, he jammed his cock in my ass. I screamed, at the top of my lungs. He covered my mouth with his hand and said, 'Shut up, and take it, Bitch.' Then he grabbed my hips, for leverage."

"You couldn't get away?"

"I was pinned and had to take it. I begged him to slow down and take it easy. He kept giving me full length, hard thrusts and said, 'Since you're cutting me off, Mrs. Thomas. It's your ass, my way. So, shut the fuck up!' I decided to let him get it over with."

"Do you want me to do something about it?"

Sharon put her hand on mine, and said, "No J C. Please, just let it go. I was going to continue, occasionally, with him. But, not now. My ass, was the last thing he gets. Ever!"

"That was it? He didn't do anything else?"

"He didn't do anything else. Just came in my ass, roughly retrieved his belt and left me laying there. Crying and bleeding."

"I think, I ought'a beat his ass!"

Sharon put both hands on mine and squeezed. "No J C, No, Please! It's done. And, it's over for him."

"Yeah! Well, he's not welcome here, anymore! And the kids better go along with it."

"That might be a problem, with Sherry. They used to date. I called Chris, this morning. He won't guarantee, he won't punch him in the face. Or, kick him in the balls. Please, J C. That's all over. Let's just go on, together."

"Still think, I ought'a beat his ass! It's gonna be hard not to do something, if he comes around."

"He won't. His teenage brain, got even."

"Ok, Ok. That leaves, this turn of yours?"

"Well. I've went off birth control." I looked at her dumbfounded. "You know! For me and Chris."

"Oh! Yeah! Wow! I drew a blank."

"It means, the only pussy you get for a while, is our daughter."

That echoed in my head and I thought, 'Wow. My wife is telling me, I can only fuck our daughter. Whom, I am getting pregnant. Because, she is fucking our son, so she can get pregnant. ... Man! How twisted.'

"J C." My mind was still running through things and her voice was way off in the distance. "We can still have oral sex."

I shook my head, trying to clear the fog. For the next week, the routine was, fuck my daughter, get sucked off by my wife. I was having more sex than I ever had. Including my honeymoon.

Two days before Chris was to come home, Sherry arrived early. She gave me her usual, passionate hug and kiss. Then she walked over and handed her mother something. Sharon

looked at them, smiled real big and grabbed her in a bear hug.

"Congratulations, Mommy!" Then she winked at me. "You're a daddy again, J C."

My legs shook as I smiled and thought, 'Oh, Shit. I've broken the big taboo and got my daughter pregnant, for real. The hot fantastic sex is now the reality of life. There's no turning back, now.'

Sherry turned, looking at me, "Daddy?" She said with a questioning, coy, look. Smiling, I held out my arms. She came at me and jumped up locking her legs around my waist. "We did it! We did it! We did it!" She repeatedly exclaimed as she kissed me.

"Yeah, Baby! We sure did."

"Now it's moms turn. And, I can't wait, to watch." She whispered in my ear. She kissed me again and jumped down. "C'mon guys. Let's go out to eat. My treat."

The air among us felt strange. I asked Sharon if she was Okay. She kissed me and said, "I'm fine, J C. It's just that, now I'm nervous about me and Chris."

"Bad, nervous? Or, good?"

"Just, nervous."

"So, you want to back out?"

"Oh, No, No, No, No! I want to! My pussy's been tingling since I went off birth control. ... It's ... It's my age."

Sherry heard her. "Oh, Mom! You're not old. And. You have all of us."

"Hmmm. Guess, you're right, honey. ... I'll forget that, and complete our family. I Love All Of You. Now, let's just plan."

At the restaurant, all they could talk about was the coming babies and their respective fathers. I had to tone them down a couple of times, but, mostly they kept it low. I didn't think anyone heard, until the couple behind us started to leave.

The woman was talking through gritted teeth. "Don't get any ideas! Just because, I gave our son a blowjob. I, Am Not, letting him, Fuck Me!" They quickly left and I thought, 'At

least we're not the only perverts in town.' Then I thought, "Gee. I wonder how many mothers are doing their sons.'

We headed for the car with me sandwiched between two hot women. As we were walking, Sherry asked, "Mom, can you drive?" Her hand dropped between my legs.

"Sure, I guess. Why?"

"Until now, everything has been to get me pregnant. I want Da ... Um, Cal, in my mouth." (From that point on, she mostly called me Cal, short for my middle name, Calvin.)

Sharon stopped us and looked at our daughter, smiling. "Okay, Honey. I'll drive and you can suck your father off."

"Great! I can't wait for him to empty his balls in my mouth, so I can finally taste his cum."

"Oh, you are such a nasty girl." Sharon squealed.

"Hey! You two. I'm not a sex toy."

"No, but, you are ours." Sherry said sexily.

"Just like, we're yours." Sharon said, equally as sexy.

We arrived at the car and Sharon opened the back door with a big smile. "Mr. Thomas. Miss Thomas. I'm your driver, Mrs. Thomas." I chuckled at that as Sherry climbed in, then I followed. "Enjoy yourselves, Mr. and Miss Thomas." Sharon said as she patted my ass.

Sherry was fast. I didn't see her do it, but when I sat back, she was sitting there with her big dripping tits exposed. "Would you care for an after dinner, aperitif? Mr. Thomas."

"Isn't that supposed to be a drink, before the meal?"

"Since you ask. I've been drinking. You get a flavored drink after the fact. And, I get the meal."

"Oh. ... You are a smart one. Aren't you?" "Well," Sherry shook her shoulders, "you gonna turn them down?" Smiling, I leaned down and started sucking as she caressed my head. "Didn't think so." She moaned. 'Daughter feeding father.' I thought.

Sherry let me suckle each breast as she caressed my head, letting me get several mouth fulls of her warm sweet milk.

God, I love those tits. I measured once. Her aureole are a full three inches in diameter. Her nipples are five eighths of an inch in diameter and stick out a full inch. Suck hard and they're even longer.

She pulled away and kissed me. "My turn." Continuing to kiss me, she undid my pants. I didn't think, I could get any harder, but her mouth proved me wrong. The way she was working me over with her mouth and tongue, I was painfully hard. Like a piece of steel.

"Jesus, Sherry! Damn!" I moaned, trying to keep from cuming too quick.

I heard her hum, before raising her head. "Mom told me how you like it." She said as she rolled my balls in one hand and stroked me with the other. "When you're ready, I'm gonna suck it like a straw. I wanna taste it all, as you cover my tongue with cum. Then, I'm gonna roll it around in my mouth, before I swallow it." It was the sexiest voice she'd used.

Hearing her words almost sent me over the edge. I concentrated hard, because I wanted, no, loved her mouth. I held out for a couple of minutes, before my cock and body stiffened. Sherry pulled her mouth back to the tip of my cock

and stroked me with her hand as I erupted. Shit fire, it felt like I was shooting cannon balls.

The look on her face was incredible. I felt like I came a gallon, my cock pulsing and body jerking. After I settled down, I saw her swishing it around in her mouth before swallowing. The end of my cock never left her mouth. Sherry kept gently sucking, driving those sensitive nerve endings crazy.

"Bout home! I drove as slow as I could without being pulled over. Almost had a wreck at the finish." I thought Sharon was just trying to be funny, but she circled around and showed us the skid marks, where she almost hit somebody.

When we got in the house, Sherry rapidly maneuvered her mother to the couch and began eating her pussy. I stood dumbfounded for a minute before sitting. I barely settled when Sherry raised her head and wantonly said, "Fuck me, please. Fuck me." Sharon was laying back with her eyes closed.

Even watching our daughter eat her mother's pussy, after that blowjob, the most I could get was, half mast. But, I knew it'd come on with the right incentive. Moving behind her, I rubbed my cockhead up and down on her pussy. I got harder and thought, 'Yeah! I knew you'd rise to the occasion.'

Sherry rolled her ass to my movements. "Yes. Yes. Fuck me." She moaned, not taking her mouth from her mother' pussy. Hard again, her pussy seemed to pull me right in. Sherry moaned, loudly. And, so did her mother.

I didn't have to do much, my daughter was doing it all. Rolling her hips and hunching on my cock. With each forward movement, her mother would shiver and moan. As would Sherry.

I could tell Sharon had a lot of little orgasms and at least four, body jerking ones, that left her gasping. Sherry also did the same thing, her pussy going wild on my cock and her cum was running down my legs.

Without warning, Sherry did a nasty. She moved away from us and pulled her mother down in front of me. "Suck me off his cock, mom, and get his cum." Sharon was already moving to my cock with her mouth open. "Give it to her. Shoot it down her throat." Sherry said as she rubbed my chest and kissed me. I could taste her mother' pussy and shaking, I came, hard.

Later, Sharon and I were on the couch. She kissed me passionately. "I love you, J C. Please don't ever leave me."

"I ain't going anywhere, willingly."

"Then, you really don't mind if our son gets me pregnant?"

"Did you mind, me and Sherry?"

"No ... Yes ... No."

"Well, which is it?"

"I didn't mind the fantasy. At first, that's all this was. But, then, it became real and much, much better than fantasy. I have to admit though, I was jealous about you getting our daughter pregnant."

"Even though you thought about and wanted our son?"

"Yes."

"What changed?"

"I don't really know. When I watched you and our daughter, that first time, I thought of how you accepted me and our son. It just all fell into place and felt right. Now I'm consumed by it. I can't wait to see our daughter's stomach

grow with your baby. And, my stomach grow at the same time, from our son' baby."

I kissed her with all the passion I had and whispered, "Me Too."

The time passed quickly and Chris was due home. Sharon told me I was picking him up while they stayed home. I knew Chris would be disappointed that his lover mom wasn't there, and he was. They had been texting while he was gone and I mean some very nasty texts. Sharon kept the secret not mentioning the pregnancy plans.

On the way home we picked up take out for a quick meal. I knew Sharon was wanting to get her son between her legs as soon as possible. Chris was surprised to see his sister at the house. He was all excited, telling us as we ate about his trip. He was accepted and already had a mentor or something that was impressed with his work.

Something was in the works as both women were maneuvering us around. Sharon disappeared when we went to the living room, while Sherry kept us occupied. Sherry glanced down the hall and got us to go outside. She talked about a yard party that was news to me.

Going back in, Chris took the lead. Sherry pulled me into the hall, kissed me, put her finger to her lips then pointed at the living room. We peeked in. Sharon was wearing a silk robe, hose and high heels. Chris approached her and she held her hand up, stopping him.

Chris had his back to us as Sharon spoke softly. "Do you remember what you talked about?" Chris must have had a questioning look. "Your fantasy."

Chris' head turned and cocked to the right. There was silence for a minute.

"Your ... Ultimate Fantasy?"

Chris looked around and Sherry pulled me back, whispering, "Moms moment."

We peeked again as Chris whispered, "What about dad?"

Sharon smiled from ear to ear and said, "Your father knows and gives us his blessing."

"God! Really! You're not teasing me, are you, Mom."

Sharon still smiling and giggling, said, "No Baby, I'm not," as she slipped off the robe. There she stood, garter belt, hose, heels, ribbons and bows. Bows covered her nipples, held in place by a ribbon. And a bow covered her pussy also held in place by a ribbon.

"Wow!" Chris gasped. (I wish, I could have seen his face.)

"Well Baby. If you still want to be a daddy, unwrap your present. Mommy is fertile and ready."

Chris' legs were shaking and he stumbled on the first step toward his mother. His hands were shaking as he reached for the ribbon and bows at her breast.

"It's tied in back, Hon." Sharon said as she moved his shaking hands around. She kissed him as he untied the knot. He stepped back, the ribbon dropped, but the bows remained. She shook her shoulders. Her tits quivered, but the bows stayed put. "Remove them, gently. They're taped on."

Chris pulled gently on the bow, stretching his mother's tit out. Then he looked closely at it before slowly peeling it off as Sharon smiled. His face was still close and she pulled his mouth to her nipple. Smiling and moaning, she lay her head back.

Chris released his mother's nipple and again they kissed with hungry passion. The other nipple needed revealing and again Chris pulled slightly on the bow. He jerked the bow off with one fast movement.

"Ow-w! That hurt!" Sharon squealed. Chris immediately started kissing and sucking her nipple. She caressed his head and closed her eyes.

Sherry whispered in my ear, "I've got cameras set up, so it's all being recorded. I shivered, knowing I could watch it later.

They parted. Chris looked down at the lower bow. His hand slowly moved towards it. Sharon covered it with her hands causing him to look up.

"This one, you best remove gently! But not here." She paused for effect and it was killing me. "Carry me to your bed. I'll remain in, Your Bed, until you give me, Your Baby."

"But ... But Dad."

"Oh, Honey. Get it through your head. Your father has his. I can't fuck anyone but you, until you give me a baby. Do you understand, now?"

"Yeah. I just never thought it'd be like this."

"You thought it would be a sneak around."

"I guess so."

"No Baby. You get me exclusively, until I'm pregnant. Now, take me to your bed and breed me." Chris scooped her up in his arms and headed for his room. As he turned, he saw us and hesitated.

Sharon kissed his cheek, and said, "Your father and sister are going to watch you plant your seed. Go on, now, take me to your bed and breed me like your father has your sister."

'What the hell is going on? Was my daughter, a consolation prize because my wife, is indeed, in love with our son.' What followed, led me to believe that more.

Chris lay his mother on his bed and began to undress. Sharon caressed her body and watched him longingly. Naked with his erection straining, pointing upward she smiled.

"Did you do as I asked, this week?"

"Yes." He answered so low, I barely heard him.

Lustily, she said, "Good. That means you'll have more for my womb." Then she spread her legs and caressed her thighs. "Unwrap your gift, Baby. Moms pussy is yours."

Chris was visibly shaking as he looked at the bow between her legs. Slowly he got on the bed, between her feet. He paused again, staring at the bow, before reaching out and caressing her thighs. Sharon closed her eyes and let out a moaning sigh. The object of her surrender was finally taking possession.

She moved her hands out of the way giving him unencumbered access. As his hands reached the bow, he bent and kissed her inner thighs. She moaned and squirmed. His face moved in close as he slowly peeled the bow from his mother' pussy. As the bow came free, his mouth took its place.

"Sharon let out a loud, "YES!" And grabbed his head. "Oh, Yes, Yes, Yes! Suck my pussy. Get it ready for your cock. Oh! God! Yes! Get me ready to breed!"

I was weak kneed. The tone of her voice, her words, her expression. This was a woman, in love. I was seeing and hearing the same woman that made love to me, to have our children. One of which, was now making love with her, for the same purpose.

Sharon was reacting with rolling orgasms as her son pleased her pussy with his mouth. Kissing, licking, sucking and tongue fucking her until she was gasping, whimpering and shaking uncontrollably.

After bringing his mother to the point of passing out, Chris raised his head. Sharon moaned, her body and breathing slowly coming to rest. Chris kissed her pussy and slowly kissed his way up her body, briefly pausing at her tits. Sharon didn't rush him.

As mother and son kissed, Sharon grasped his cock with one hand and cradled his balls with the other. In a soft, sexy, wanton voice, she asked, "Are you ready, my love? Hmmmm? Are you ready to give yourself back to me and make your baby." His cock was trapped between her wrists as her hands caressed his balls.

"Ye-us! Yes, I want it, Mom." He moaned and sounded like he was begging.

Sharon placed the tip of his cock between her lips. "Do it, baby, do it. Plant your seed, in mommy." Slowly, Chris pushed his cock into her. "Oh, yes, Baby. Yes. Breed me." Chris didn't move, he was just kind of, shaking. "Fuck me, Baby. Please!" Sharon moaned as she began rolling her hips.

Slowly, Chris pulled his cock out of his mother' pussy and pushed back in again. Her arms were around his neck and her ankles were locked at his waist. Her expression was one I had seen, 18+ years ago and now the product of that fucking was giving it to her again.

After just a few strokes, Chris froze and started shaking. "Ooooh, God! Mom."

"Yes, Baby."

"Your pussy, it's ... it's"

"What, Baby?"

"It's so fucking hot! And, and, something inside is stroking my cock!"

"I know, Baby. I know. That's my uterus going for your sperm. All of me wants to drain your balls. Just let yourself go and fuck me." Her voice was soft, sensuous and yearning hot.

Sherry kissed me and said, "Let's watch, while I suck your cock and you finger my pussy." Without waiting for a response, she had me in her mouth and I played with her already wet slit.

Chris slowly began moving again. I think he liked the new feeling of her pussy and wanted to make it last. I also knew that feeling would cause him to fill her pussy, soon. He had more control than I gave him credit for and brought his mother to the highest peak of repeated orgasms.

Sharon had him locked in coital fertilization position. Arms and legs wrapped around him. Making it impossible to withdraw completely and keep him stroking into her uterus. I have felt that hot yearning uterus of hers milking the cum from my cock, so I knew my son was in heaven.

Anyway, Chris slowly increased the speed of his strokes until with a loud grunt, he slammed into his mother and began his orgasmic jerks. "Ungh, ungh, ungh." His mother was grinding her pelvis back against him.

"Yes, Chris, Yes! Empty your balls in mommy. Give it to me. Give it all to me." Sharon softly, wantonly whispered. Chris stopped moving and slowly tried to pull out. "No, Baby! Stay in me. You can go again. I know you can. You've done it before." She said as she nosed him before kissing him.

Again, I knew the feeling of her hungry pussy and smiled as I watched it clenching our son's cock. Chris was up to it and started the slow process again. In all, our young stud, did it five times before collapsing on top of his mother. Whose pussy was still clenching his spent young cock.

Sharon kept him there, unfazed by his weight. Holding his soft cock inside her, with no intention of letting him go. Sharon kept her son at the job, four more times, until she too, passed out. All total, her son fucked her 19 times straight, in five sessions, with short breaks, over four hours. He could have had enough sperm for it all and toward the end, must have been driving what was there deeper.

When they finally parted, not a single drop exited her pussy.

During all of this, Sherry didn't let me cum. She stopped at the crucial moment, driving me nuts. When mother and son passed out, Sherry brought me off. Her cum had soaked my hand and ran down my arm to the elbow, to drip on the love

seat. I came so hard after not being allowed to for four hours, that I almost passed out as well.

Sharon and Chris remained exclusive to each other for over a week. What I liked best, was Chris insisted that his mother wear only, garter belt, hose, and heels, while at home. They fucked like rabbits, all over the house. I heard Chris ask if she would suck him off once, and Sharon replied, "No, Baby. It all has to go in my womb, until you're a daddy."

Sherry came to the rescue and gave him the blow job he longed for, while Sharon was gone once. Every time Sharon left the house, she wore as little as possible. And, as soon as she came home, everything came off except what her son requested.

Most of the time, Chris bent her over and fucked her before she could get away from the door. The stuff she brought in would be scattered on the floor as he pounded his cock into his mother' pussy.

I knew the deed was done, when I went to bed one night, to find Sharon there. She was smiling and holding the pregnancy tests in the air. "I'm a mommy, Honey! You're wife is a mommy, again."

"Does Chris Know? And, Sherry?"

"Nope. He's turning some stuff in at school. Said he'd be back at midnight. I'll tell him then. Of course our daughter knows. She helped me with the tests. ... I've missed you so much! I want you to fuck me." She began kissing me like crazy. "I'll spend this last night with Chris. After I tell him. Then, your wife is yours again."

Sharon was on me like a teenager. No, we were on each other like teenagers.

Me and my daughter. My wife and our son. PARENTS. The new life journey began.

THE END