
WICKED HORMONES

Part 14 - 15



CHAPTER 14

Mists of moist vapor wafted wispily up towards the steadily humming ceiling fan as it exhausted the steam clouds still lingering in the hotel bathroom. Beneath the droning vent, Karen also hummed softly as she sat on the tub's edge in wistful bliss, her supple lips and subtle hands sucking and stroking her son's throbbing penis with a steady, motherly, tender care.

Karen had just showered and was dressed in a casual, light summer dress for the return trip home from Atlanta. She'd been in the bathroom doing her hair and applying some makeup when Jacob approached her from behind and asked her for assistance with another one of his painful erections. Since Robert left to go to the downstairs lobby to checkout, the dutiful mother reckoned there'd be enough time to relieve her son and agreed to help.

"Wow, Mom...that feels awesome!" Jacob grunted several minutes into her blowjob. "I'm almost...there!"

Karen tightened her grip on her boy's swelling shaft and began bobbing her head determinedly at a faster tempo, causing her long ponytail to swish side-to-side across her back.

Jacob placed his hands on his mother's shoulders and bellowed, "Oh yeah, Mom!! Here it...here it...coommmeesss!!!"

Karen moaned with delight as Jacob's cock violently twitched and blasted his thick, morning load of seed into her hungry mouth. She greedily gulped down the syrupy sweet cock-concoction produced by her son's oversized, pulsing testicles until she felt her belly sufficiently filled.

Once the flow had subsided, Karen pulled back to find that some of her high-protein liquid breakfast had escaped her mouth and dribbled onto the swells of her boobs hidden underneath her yellow cotton dress. After licking the sticky residue from her red-painted lips, she looked up at Jacob and asked softly, "Feel better, Sweetie?"

Sporting a goofy grin, Jacob nodded and replied, "Yes, ma'am... much better!"

Karen smiled and whispered, "Good boy." She then pinched the shaft of Jacob's cock right beneath the glans and lapped up the last pearly drops of cum that oozed from its slit. After swallowing, she looked up at her son and added, "You'd better go back to your room and get dressed now...your dad could be back up here any minute!"

Before Jacob could reply, Robert's voice called out from just outside the bathroom door. "Karen? Karen!!"

Suddenly the sleeping mother jerked awake. Karen looked around, a bit confused to find herself in the front passenger seat of their Ford Expedition, the world outside a bright, sunny blur as it sped by along the highway. Once her eyes adjusted, she then quickly glanced down and felt relief to see that there was no

evidence of any semen stains on her yellow dress...it had all been just another crazy dream.

With concern, Robert asked again, "Honey? You alright?"

"Yes, Sweetheart," Karen replied as she tried to gather her thoughts and wipe any traces of drool from her painted lips. "I'm...I'm fine...I was just umm...having a dream...I think."

Robert responded with a slight chuckle, "A dream? With the way you were moaning and gripping my hand, I'd say it was more like a nightmare. What was it about?"

Karen looked down to find that her left hand was holding Robert's, with their fingers interlocked. She replied, "It was about uhh...Jake."

"Jake?" Robert asked with curiosity.

"Yes..." she replied, with a nod. Trying to think up a fib, Karen looked over her left shoulder to the rear seats. There, she saw their son sitting in the seat behind Robert, wearing his noise-canceling headphones as he played a video game, oblivious to the world. She looked back to her husband and continued, "...it was from years ago, when I'd dropped him off for his first day of kindergarten. He was so scared that morning, and his little hand held onto mine with a death grip. It was so heartbreaking...I think I was crying in my dream."

Robert looked back to the road and shook his head. "This is about last night... isn't it?"

"Last night?" Karen asked cautiously with some apprehension hoping that her husband's memory from the previous evening at the hotel had still been a blur. "What about last night?"

Robert shrugged. "Well, I guess I should say the entire weekend, really. It's pretty obvious that this trip's made you realize that Jake'll be going off to college the year after next. However, you still see him as your vulnerable baby boy, and the thought of him going off on his own scares you to death."

With relief that Robert's memory appeared to be none the wiser, Karen sighed and looked down. "He'll always be my baby no matter what, but I guess you're right." Turning her gaze back to her husband, she added, "It's just so hard letting go."

"Tell me about it," Robert replied. "I went through the same thing with Rachel. For years she was 'Daddy's Little Princess' and it ripped my heart out to watch her leave." He then added, chuckling, "Of course, she then had to go and betray me and stomp my heart out when she decided to attend Georgia and not Georgia Tech!"

Karen scoffed and rolled her eyes. "Honey...Rachel didn't betray you. You're her father...she'll always love you. She simply felt that Athens would be a better fit for her...the same as it was for me."

Robert looked up into the rearview mirror and caught a glance of his son in the seat behind him. "Well, hopefully, Jake'll follow in his father's footsteps and join the list of Mitchell men who've graduated from Tech." He turned to Karen and asked, "He did seem to enjoy the whole visit, don't you think?"

Karen nodded and answered emphatically, "Yes, I think he did very much." She then added, "In fact, I overheard Jake tell the Bishops' son Jimmy at dinner last night how impressed he was with the campus, the facilities, and the professors he met with."

Robert smiled, "Really? Well, that's good to hear. Maybe for once, things'll swing in my favor."

Squeezing Robert's hand, Karen stated, "Now, Honey...I want you to promise me that you won't impose any unnecessary pressure on Jake concerning which college he ought to attend. You should be a neutral party regarding this, the same as I am." Even as the loving wife said these words, deep in her heart, she still hoped Jacob would choose Georgia, like his sister.

His smile dropping to a frown, Robert replied, "And what about Rachel? She's been pushing Jake towards Georgia for months now."

Karen nodded. "I've already discussed this with our daughter, and she's agreed to lay off. You both need to understand that the choice is Jake's and Jake's alone. He must choose what's best for him." She shook her head and added, "I must say, this competition between you two is getting way out of hand."

Staring straight ahead at the road, Robert grumbled, "I know...it's just that it'd be nice not to be outnumbered for once. Plus, I remember how proud my dad was when I decided to attend his alma mater, and I was hoping to experience that same kind of pride with at least one of our kids."

Karen replied, "Honey, there's still a good chance you will...we'll just have to be patient, trust the good Lord, and see."

Robert turned his head to the right and found Karen staring at him intently, and quickly got lost in her warm, hazel eyes. His loving wife was giving him 'the look', which never failed to disarm him and make him feel like everything would be alright. He turned back straight and mumbled with a sigh, "Okay...okay! I guess you're right...as always."

After a few seconds of silence, Karen scooped over in her seat to get closer to her husband. "Here's an idea...how about I make you a deal?"

Looking at Karen from the corner of his eye, Robert asked, "A deal? What kind of deal?"

Karen leaned in towards Robert and whispered seductively, "The kind of deal where I agree to do that...thing." She then bit her bottom lip and arched her eyebrow.

To ensure he understood his wife correctly, Robert cut his eyes and asked with growing interest, "What thing exactly?"

Tracing her index finger along Robert's forearm, Karen answered innocently, "You knooooow...the thing. You've been bugging me to do it for years now, but I've always refused." For a split second, her gaze turned back to Jacob seated behind them, to make sure he was still oblivious as to what his parents were up to up front.

Robert's eyes went wide with disbelief. "You're joking!" He turned his head towards Karen and asked, "Aren't you?"

Karen shook her head. "No...I'm not joking...not one bit."

"Wait a second," Robert responded. "The last time that I brought it up with you, you said just the mere thought of doing that made you...and I think your exact words were...'sick to my stomach!'"

Karen replied, "Oh, believe me...it still does." Seeing the look of dejection on her husband's face, she quickly added, "However, in this instance...and because I love you so much...I'd be willing to do it."

A smile crept on Robert's face. "So let me get this straight. If I agree not to pressure Jake on his decision, you'd be willing to pull for Georgia Tech against Georgia in this year's football game?"

"Uh-huh!" Karen replied with a nod.

"And you'll even wear a Georgia Tech jersey?" Robert asked, hopefully.

Karen sighed and closed her eyes, "Yes, Sweetheart...I'll even wear a jersey." The former Bulldog cheerleader felt as if she was making a deal with Satan himself.

"Sounds good to me!" Robert replied with a goofy grin and a nod.

"But!" Karen emphasized while holding up her index finger, "You also have to promise me that if Jake ultimately chooses Georgia, you'll be happy and support him in his final decision. That includes no grumbling...no complaining...of any kind."

Robert thought for a few seconds and then said, "Okay...you drive a hard bargain...but you got yourself a deal!"

With a big smile, Karen replied, "Deal!" Satisfied with that matter finally settled, she looked outside the window for the first time since waking from her nap and

suddenly realized they were on a two-lane country road. Confused, she asked, "By the way...where are we?" Looking back at Robert, she added with some concern, "Shouldn't we be on the interstate?"

Robert answered, "Normally, yes, but while you were napping, we ran up on a bad car wreck that had traffic backed up for miles. Luckily, I was able to get off at the nearest exit. I decided on taking the back roads for the rest of the way home."

"Do you even know where we are?" Karen asked, looking out the window and seeing no signs of civilization.

Robert nodded, "Yes, of course." He pointed towards the tree line on the right side of the road and continued, "About ten miles that way is a lake my dad used to take us fishing to when I was a kid. We spent many weekends there camping and catching lots of catfish and white bass."

"I bet you were quite the little fisherman back in the day," Karen said with a smile as she turned to face forward.

"I did alright," Robert replied. "My dad was the real angler in the family. Fishing was his passion."

Karen shifted around in her seat and grimaced a bit. Noticing his wife's discomfort, Robert asked, "You okay?"

"Yeah," Karen replied. "I've had a slight twinge in my back since I got up this morning. I think falling asleep in this seat may have aggravated it even more; now I feel it even lower—" She caught herself mid-sentence before she revealed more than she wanted.

Luckily, Robert cut her off, "Could be from that hotel mattress. I tell ya...the older I get, the more I prefer to be home, sleeping in our own bed!"

Karen felt her cheeks blush as she squirmed some more in her seat and pulled the hem of her skirt that had ridden up her legs over her knees. Little did her oblivious husband know, but the source of the discomfort in her back (and rear end) was not the hotel bed...at least not entirely. It was mainly due to the fact that their son had bent her nearly in half while thoroughly pounding her into the said mattress with his insanely oversized, ramrod of a cock. Jacob's enthusiastic spanking of her behind had also left her butt sore and, hopefully, she thought, hadn't left too much of a mark.

The illicit yet foggy memory of the previous night's debauchery caused a slight quiver in Karen's still-aching vagina that even now was still leaking Jacob's virile seed into her panties. All of her husband's talk of fishing put the disconcerting picture in Karen's mind that, at that moment, millions of their son's 'little tadpoles' were deep inside of her, swimming around looking for her egg. Unable to look Robert in the eye, all Karen could reply was, "Yeah...I have to agree with you on that."

Looking over at Karen, Robert offered, "You know...I still have some of that Naproxen in my bag. There's a convenience store not far from here. If you want, we can stop over there and get you something to drink."

"How much longer 'til we get home?" Karen asked as she shifted again. The mention of the chief cause of last night's insanity wasn't helping her unease, hitting so close to home as it did.

Robert answered, "Going this way? Most likely an hour and a half...maybe two."

Karen sighed. "I may just have to take you up on that." She really didn't want to take any blue pill, Naproxen or otherwise, and was hoping to change the subject.

"Alright," Robert replied. "I wouldn't mind getting a snack myself."

"A snack?" Karen asked with surprise (and relief that Robert had shifted the conversation). "We just had lunch before we left Atlanta."

"Did someone say snack?" Jacob called out from the back seat. "I could go for something to eat!"

Robert looked in the rearview mirror and asked, "Jake...How on earth did you even hear that? I thought those were noise-canceling headphones!"

Karen looked over at Robert and replied, "What'd you expect? He's a teenaged boy, and they all have some sort of superhuman radar hearing whenever the subject of food is mentioned! Don't forget that you yourself were that age once."

Robert chuckled, "That's true."

A while later, as Robert parked the Expedition by the fuel pump, he commented, "I may as well go ahead and fill 'er up while we're here...the tank's getting pretty low."

Karen leaned forward as she looked out the front windshield. Seeing the rustic look of the place, with only one other vehicle around, she asked, "Honey...is this place even open?"

"Yeah, of course, it's open," Robert replied, putting the vehicle in park and shutting off the ignition.

Jacob scoffed, "Uh...Dad. I think the director of that old film 'Deliverance' called, and he wants his movie set returned." The comment caused Karen to giggle.

"Hardy har-har!" Robert replied sarcastically as he unbuckled his seat belt. "I'll have you know this is a great place. We used to stop by here when I was a kid before heading out to the lake. It may be a bit dated, but 'The Crowdaddy' has all kinds of cool stuff that you just don't see anymore. In fact...it looks like it hasn't changed a bit since the last time I saw it."

The old establishment was more than a bit dated and dilapidated-looking. Its appearance was like that of a log cabin, and it had been built sometime in the 1960's. It was an old-fashioned combination of a grocery store, gas station, bait, tackle, and gift shop...a throwback to a simpler and more innocent time. Robert couldn't help but feel a wave of nostalgia washing over him as memories of his childhood came flooding back.

Karen grabbed her purse and commented, "Well, I'm going to the lady's room while we're here." She then turned to Robert and asked, "They do have restrooms, I hope?"

"Sure, they do," Robert replied as he unlocked the doors for her to exit.

"Good, because I need to go, too," Jacob stated as he also debarked the vehicle.

"That's fine," Robert responded. "But you'll need to get the key first."

"The key?" Jacob asked, a bit confused.

"Yeah...the key." Robert nodded. "These older places always have the restrooms on the outside of the building, and since they keep 'em locked, you'll need a key to get in. Just go ask the cashier. I'll meet y'all inside the store when I'm finished out here."

As mother and son walked side by side toward the old building, Jacob commented, "Mom? Let me know if you hear any 'duelin' banjos'."

Karen giggled as she put her arm around Jacob's shoulder, "Very funny!" She then pulled her son tight to her side and joked in an exaggerated Southern accent, "But we best stay close together, ya hear? Just to be safe..." They both broke out into fits of laughter.

The restroom was just what you'd expect from an establishment of that era: a small room with one toilet, sink, wall mirror, and a single light bulb hanging from the ceiling...accompanied by a weird, musky smell. Being as old and simple as it was, Karen found it satisfactory to meet her immediate needs but still far below what she would deem to be modern standards. She resigned herself to the fact that, in this situation, beggars couldn't be choosers.

Hitching up her light summer dress skirt, Karen pulled her panties to her knees and squatted...taking the opportunity to sneak a quick glance at the gusset of her underwear. Sure enough, the tell-tale stains of her son's semen that had been leaking out of her all morning were there. Guilt mixed with pleasure as Karen eased her bladder, at the same time feeling a slight quiver in her vaginal canal from the thought of Jacob's seed that was still inside her. After perfunctorily answering nature's call, Karen brushed aside the worrying thoughts that lingered in her mind and now threatened to bubble up. She ignored the unmistakable *plop!* of what she knew to be another wad of her son's sperm that had oozed out of her and dropped into the toilet bowl and quickly flushed her pee and Jacob's wicked bodily fluids evidence away. Wishing to escape the dingy restroom as soon as possible, Karen wiped herself off, pulled her panties back up, and let her skirt down— only to be annoyed by the fact that

there was no soap or towels at the sink and thus had to make do rinsing her hands in the dubious water from the faucet.

Just as she opened the door to leave, Karen was shocked to find Jacob standing right outside. "Oh, my goodness!!" the startled mom gasped. "Jake...you scared the living daylight out of me! What are you doing here?"

"Nothing, Mom...just waiting for my turn," Jacob replied.

"Your turn?" Karen asked. "Jake...in case you hadn't noticed...this is the lady's room."

Jacob nodded. "I know., but the guy behind the counter said that the men's room was out of order, and I'd have to use this one."

Karen shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, okay...well then, I'll leave you to it and go meet up with your father." She held out the restroom key and asked, "Would you mind returning this when you're done?"

"Actually..." Jacob said as he stepped in closer, preventing his mother from exiting the restroom. "I don't really need to go right now...that was sort of a cover."

"A cover?" Karen enquired, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Yeah," Jacob replied. "Here's the thing, Mom...I could really use your help right about now..." He glanced down at the lump that had formed in the crotch of his shorts.

Karen's eyes widened when she saw the twitching bulge. "Oh, my goodness! Jake...you have got to be kidding me!" Trying to keep her voice down, she added, "I helped you finish like six times last night...you should've been good for at least the next couple of days!"

Jacob shrugged, "I don't know, Mom. Maybe there's still a little bit of those... 'vitamins' in my system. Besides...you know how this thing is...it has a mind of its own."

Karen huffed, then responded, "Yes...I'm well aware." She crossed her arms underneath her big boobs and added, "But Jake...this would be way too risky. Maybe you could take care of that thing yourself when we get home."

Jacob replied, "You heard what Dad said...we're still two hours away from the house, and it's already starting to hurt... I can't wait that long!" He then pleaded, "Come on, Mom...please??"

Karen chewed her bottom lip as she contemplated on how to proceed. She had to decide whether to degrade herself and risk getting caught 'relieving' her son in a backwoods gas station restroom, or roll the dice and hope Robert wouldn't notice the incredibly large bulge in his son's pants.

Karen uncrossed her arms, poked her head outside the restroom, and looked in the direction of the gas pumps. "Where's your father right now?" She asked softly.

"He's still filling up the Expedition," Jacob replied with hope. "He might be taking a while...you know that thing has a fuel tank the size of Lake Blackshear!"

Karen reluctantly made her decision. She ignored the thought that probably right after her husband Robert finished filling up their huge SUV, their son Jacob would be filling her up with another one of his huge loads. Taking one last look around to ensure that the coast was clear, Karen whispered, "Okay." She then moved aside to allow Jacob's entry into the restroom. "Get in here, but we have to make this quick...and be quiet!!"

A few moments later, Jacob stood leaning against the locked door with his shorts and underwear around his ankles. He watched as his kneeling mother sucked on his cock while stroking the entire length of his shaft with her right hand. Karen's lewd slurping noises reverberated and were greatly amplified by the cinder block walls that enclosed the small, dimly lit restroom. Jacob grunted, "That feels great, Mom!"

"Are you about to finish?" Karen asked in a whisper before she began licking and sucking on Jacob's testicles in a desperate effort to help coax the churning load out of his swollen balls. With each passing moment, the level of her anxiety about getting caught increased...along with unwanted sexual arousal.

"Not yet," Jacob replied. "Maybe we should try something different? You know...to help speed things along."

Karen pulled back, releasing Jacob's nutsack from her mouth, and causing a loud *pop!* noise in the process. While continuing to jack off her son, she looked up at him and replied in a low tone, "Jake...we're not going to do that right now."

"Why not?" Jacob asked. "The door's locked."

"Well, for starters..." Karen replied, "This is a gas station bathroom, and I simply refuse to lie down on this nasty floor. Plus, unless you've forgotten...we're all out of condoms."

"No problem!" Jacob responded a little too eagerly. "We can do it standing up...and as far as condoms go...I can pull out, before I finish."

Karen scoffed, "You mean like how you promised to pull out, last night?"

Jacob quickly replied, "But Mom...that'd been your idea...remember? You told me I could stay inside."

Karen couldn't deny that what Jacob said was true. As more fuzzy details from the previous night became clearer, she remembered it had ultimately been her decision for him to unleash the torrential tsunami from his bloated testicles and flood her vulnerably unprotected womb with his virile and potent man seed. On

top of all that, she'd had him do it not just once, but twice. Karen blamed her rash choice of action on being under the influence of the radical hormones and overindulgence in wine from dinner. What she didn't yet know was that on top of all these factors, her sister Brenda's trial birth control pills that she'd taken had drastically increased her libido.

Karen sighed and nodded, "Well, that may be true, but trust me...I have other reasons for why you can't put your thing inside me right now." Seeing the confusion on her son's face, she huffed and added, "Look...if you must know...I'm still quite sore...down there." Her face reddened as she whispered, "Your mother's mommy-bits are gonna need a break...if you know what I mean." That she was even confessing this to her son caused another spasm in Karen's pussy, as her 'mommy-bits' leaked both her uncontrollable arousal and Jacob's lingering spunk from her vaginal lips.

Jacob couldn't help but feel a sense of pride surging within him, knowing that he'd given his smoking-hot mother such a thorough fucking. He then asked with a sly grin, "So...I take it that Dad won't be getting any 'action' for the next day or so?" He immediately regretted his statement as soon he saw the displeased look on his mother's beautiful face. Trying to skirt away from danger, the teenager quickly diverted the conversation, "I have an idea...how about using your boobs? That always works!"

Karen continued slowly stroking Jacob's rigid cock as she weighed her options. It was bad enough that she was giving her son a blowjob whilst locked inside an old, dank, gas station restroom, but now she was actually considering taking off her clothes for him. Never in her wildest dreams did the strait-laced Christian wife and mother think that this would be situation in which she'd ever find

herself. However, she also knew time was now of the essence. With a huff, she mumbled, "Okay...fine!"

Now seated on the old, porcelain toilet seat, Jacob watched as Karen stood before him and reached behind her back. The teenager smiled when he heard the faint sound of the little zipper going down. He felt his cock twitch as his mother pulled her arms out of the dress and allowed the garment to slide down to her waist, exposing her mouthwatering breasts encased in a lacy, white brassiere.

Karen stared at Jacob's throbbing penis as she reached behind her with both hands and unfastened the overburdened hooks to her bra. She then pulled the loosened straps off of her shoulders and tossed the undergarment onto the nearby sink. Her big round mommy boobs dropped and wobbled perkily and perfectly-shaped on her chest. Fortunately, the soreness in her nipples from earlier that morning had lessened quite a bit.

Wasting no time, Karen reluctantly squatted down, making sure to gather the hem of her skirt and avoid the dirty bathroom floor. She then wrapped her soft, pillowy breasts around the length of Jacob's glistening wet tool, and began slowly pumping up and down along his thick, veiny shaft. The combination of her spit and his slimy pre-cum that had mixed together created an excellent make-shift lubricant.

Over the next few minutes, Karen got into a steady rhythm. With each downward plunge, Jacob's cockhead would pop out from the top of her cleavage and make contact with the heart-shaped pendant containing Rachel and Jacob's baby photos that Karen wore around her neck.

Jacob was in total awe of the current situation. The fact he was getting a titty fuck from his conservative mother in, of all places, a gas station restroom soon had him teetering on edge. "Wow..." he whispered, whilst staring at the glimmering gold locket bouncing around from tit to tit during Karen's movements. "You're the coolest mom, ever!"

Without slowing down, Karen replied suspiciously, "Coolest ever, huh?" She glanced down at her chest, then scoffed and added, "Gee...I wonder why?" She then looked up at her son with her beautiful hazel eyes and added, "Now, come on...no more fooling around. You need to hurry up and finish before your father comes looking for us!"

Jacob nodded, "Yes, Ma'am! I'm getting pretty close...just keep going...like that!" After a couple of moments, Jacob grunted, "Mom...I'm almost there! Can I finish...on your...tits?"

"Jake!" Karen replied in shock, but without slowing down her mammary-ministrations. "Watch your mouth! I must say, your language has been quite horrible this past weekend...that too, is a filthy practice that had better stay in Atlanta!" She then added with a softer tone. "And no, you can't finish on my breasts...not this time. It'll make too much of a mess."

With a shaky voice, Jacob responded, "But I was hoping that you could...ride the rest of the way home...with my stuff on your...BOOOOOOBS!"

Karen let go of her breasts and grabbed a hold of Jacob's pulsing monstrosity with both of her hands. As she furiously jacked him off, she whispered, "Sorry to disappoint you, Sweetie, but you can't always get what you want." She then stared up sexily at Jacob and added with a knowing smirk, "You'll just have to be satisfied knowing that I'll be sitting up front with your father the rest of the way home, with all of your little babymakers swimming around in my belly..."

"OHHHH...MYYYY...GOSSSSHHH...MOMMMMM!!!" Jacob yelled, lifting his butt off the toilet seat and grabbing Karen by the elastic band that held her ponytail together.

Karen wrapped her lips around the crown of her son's cock, just in time for it to blast rope after rope of his huge, creamy load deep into her waiting mouth and down her gullet, before settling in a thick deposit in her stomach.

Moments later, Jacob sat back against the toilet's water tank catching his breath. Karen remained squatted on her haunches as she continued sucking and licking on her son's steadily depleting penis, trying to get every last tasty drop. Her right hand kept stroking on his shaft, while her left hand that had been holding up her skirt had somehow wandered beneath its hem and was now rubbing along her still sore, but thoroughly wet, panty-covered pussy mound.

"Wow, Mom...that was awesome!" her satisfied teenage son whispered huskily.

Suddenly, there was an unwelcome loud knock at the door.

"Karen?" Rob called out. "Honey? You in there?"

Frightfully startled, Karen pulled back from Jacob's cock, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand and giving her son an admonishing 'See, I told you so!' look on her face. Before she could reply to her husband, Jacob called out to his father, "It's just me, Dad!"

Karen's eyes went wide with shock, and she mouthed, "What on earth are you doing?!" She then popped up from her hunched, squatting position and quickly (and quietly) grabbed her bra from the old porcelain sink.

"Jake?" Robert responded, with a chuckle. "What the heck are you doing in the lady's room?"

"The men's room was out of order, so the guy at the counter told me to use this one."

"Oh, okay," Robert replied. "Say, have you seen your mom? I thought she'd be the one that was in there."

Standing up, Jacob began pulling up and zipping his shorts. "She was, right before me, but I think she went inside the station to go looking for you."

"Huh...Guess I must've just missed her, somehow." Robert then continued, "Well, anyway, if you're interested, there's some really cool stuff in the store that I'd like to show you."

As she fastened the hooks to her bra, Karen nodded emphatically to her son as a sign for Jacob to agree. "Uh....yeah sure, Dad!" he responded with forced enthusiasm. "How about I meet you inside in a few minutes?"

"Excellent!" Robert replied. "You know what? They even make their own beef jerky here...I think we should go and try some."

Jacob called out. "Sounds great, Dad...I'll be right out!"

Robert's voice faded as he walked away, "Okay... I'm gonna go back and try to find your mother."

Karen and Jacob both breathed a sigh of relief. Sliding her arms into the sleeves of her dress, Karen turned her back to Jacob and whispered, "Quick, zip me up."

Jacob stepped forward and replied, "Yes, ma'am."

Holding her long ponytail up and out of the way, Karen scolded, "Once again, we've cut it way too close, young man!"

"I'm sorry, Mom," Jacob apologized as he ran the zipper up the back of his mother's dress.

Karen turned to face Jacob and said, "Well, not near as sorry as you'd be if your father ever catches us!" Straightening and smoothing out the skirt of her dress, she added, "Now...you need to get inside that store and keep your father occupied, while I freshen up a bit."

Jacob nodded, "No problem...I can do that."

Karen stepped over and opened the door just a crack. After seeing that no one was around, she looked back to Jacob and whispered, "I think the coast is clear." She took one last peek, opened the door wider, then said, "Okay...go!"

Before stepping out of the tiny restroom, Jacob said, "Oh Mom, before I forget...thanks for your help, again."

"You're welcome, Sweetie...now goooo!!" Karen then swatted Jacob on his rear end in order to further motivate him to leave. She then watched him jog away and disappear around the corner to the front of the store.

After closing and locking the restroom door, Karen opened her purse that sat on the edge of the sink. She then pulled out some cosmetics to touch up her face...and especially her lips, since all of her lipstick had worn off from sucking on her son's cock.

As Karen reapplied her makeup, her body continued humming uncontrollably in an arousal that was now further enhanced by the adrenaline from having nearly gotten caught by her husband. The fact that she'd relieved her son in a dingy convenient store restroom while just outside her husband pumped gas was making her feel naughty...a little dirty even. She contemplated whether to tell Brenda of her roadside misadventure, giving her younger sister a big shock (and maybe even something to be jealous of).

After completing the touch-up, Karen put her cosmetics back into her purse. The loving wife stepped back and looked in the mirror to ensure her appearance was the same as before she entered the restroom. The reflection staring back at her was acceptable, considering the low lighting she had to work with. However, now there was one other issue to deal with...the constant buzzing in her wet and leaking vagina was not going away.

Karen caught a sight of the toilet. Just a few minutes before, she'd been squatting, half-naked, in front of the old piece of plumbing and using her pillowy, soft boobs to relieve her teenaged son. Now it was her tingling pussy that desperately needed some attention and relief, and her family was still two hours away from home.

A wicked idea then entered her mind.

Karen looked behind her and double-checked to make sure that the door was locked. Then hesitantly, she reached under her dress and pulled her white,

bikini-cut panties down her long legs. After carefully stepping out of the dainty garment, she draped her damp underwear over her purse.

Holding the hem of her dress up to her waist, Karen then sat on the toilet. A soft moan escaped her throat as her fingers slid in between the slick folds of her dripping, wet vagina. Her repainted red lips curled into a faint smile as soon as her exploring digits found her blood-hardened and engorged clitoris.

Suddenly Karen remembered where she was, and a wave of self-loathing washed over her. She whispered to herself, "Karen...what in heaven's name are you doing?" However, the disgust she felt wasn't enough to keep the conservative, Christian housewife from rubbing herself to a much-needed, spine-tingling orgasm. Luckily, there was no one outside the door who could hear her squeals of delight that reverberated inside of the enclosed and dingy space of the tiny restroom.

After Karen had cleaned herself up, she stepped back into her underwear, pulled the cotton panties up her long legs, and adjusted the garment onto her curvy hips. As the repulsed mother smoothed out her dress again, she told herself this particular lewd episode would be one that she'd keep private. It would forever remain embarrassing moment that she would never share with her sister, or anyone else for that matter. It'd be a dark secret she would keep to herself...well, herself and that dingy old restroom which had witnessed her momentary little scene of depraved debauchery.

Later, the Mitchells all climbed back into their huge Expedition and settled in for the remainder of their journey home. Jacob called out from the back seat,

"Dad...good call on getting the beef jerky." He then tore off another bite with his teeth and added, "This stuff's great!"

After sipping on some water and swallowing a tablet of Naproxen, Karen softly scolded her son, "Jake, Honey...how many times do I have to remind you...don't talk with your mouth full."

"Sorry, Mom," Jacob replied, then took a gulp of Coca-Cola to wash down the savory meat snack.

As he fastened his seat belt, Robert said, "Glad you like it, Sport! Just so you know...I also bought plenty of extra for us to have at home." The Atlanta Braves were scheduled to play on TV later that night, and Mr. Mitchell already had plans to watch the game from his beloved La-Z-Boy recliner whilst enjoying some beef jerky, along with an ice-cold beer.

After cranking the ignition, Robert glanced over at Karen. Seeing his wife with nothing more than her bottle of water, he asked, "Don't you want anything to eat, dear? Try some of the jerky...it's really good!" He then put the SUV in gear and pulled away from the gas pumps.

Karen replied, "Thank you, Sweetheart, but I think I'll be fine until dinner." After fastening her seatbelt, she took a quick glance back at Jacob and felt her cheeks blush before adding, "Besides, my stomach's quite full at the moment."

On Thursday, after seeing Robert and Jacob off each respectively to work and school, Karen spent the rest of her morning doing some household chores. Once her tasks had been completed, she decided to take advantage of the beautiful October weather and go outside for a run before lunch.

Most days, whenever Karen jogged through her quiet suburban neighborhood, she'd be wearing jogging pants and a simple T-shirt. However, today the conservative mom decided to don a black pair of booty-clinging yoga running shorts and a red, form-fitting cropped tank top with 'GEORGIA CHEERLEADING' emblazoned in big, black, block letters across her chest.

Usually, the reserved Christian housewife would never have dared to wear something so risqué in public. However, today, she felt oddly emboldened. The compliments that she'd received the previous weekend from Robert and Jacob had helped to boost her confidence to the point that she decided to be a bit bolder and wear a revealing outfit that normally she'd only ever wear around the house. Karen felt a naughty thrill coursing down her spine when she noticed several men stop and stare at her as she passed by.

The gorgeous MILF chuckled to herself when she saw the shocked, mouth-agape look on Mrs. Caldwell's face as she waved 'hello' to her childhood piano teacher. The elderly lady (who also happened to have been one of Karen's late mother's best friends) was sweeping the front walk that led to her house. Karen knew then and there that the busybody church pianist would be gossiping madly about her suggestive apparel at her first opportunity the following Sunday morning.

When Karen made it back home after her run, she spotted Melissa's car parked along the curb beside her lawn. As she walked up her driveway, the lovely housewife waved at the young attorney still seated in her vehicle.

As soon as Ms. Turner got out of her car, Karen noticed that her friend was wearing a stylish blouse, heels, and a pencil skirt...evidently this was an official court visit. When she got closer, Karen called out, "Hi there! I wasn't expecting to see you today."

As Melissa grabbed her briefcase from the back seat, she replied, "I know, and I'm sorry for showing up so unannounced."

Karen waved her off, "Oh, don't be silly...you know you're welcome to stop by, anytime."

Melissa closed the car door and turned around. "Woah!" she remarked, as she took in the sight of the middle-aged mom. Karen wasn't wearing her usual conservative attire, and Melissa was caught off guard by the sexy vision standing up-close before her.

Seeing the look of astonishment on Melissa's face, Karen asked, "Is something wrong?"

"Uh...no!" Melissa replied, as she watched a bead of sweat roll down Karen's chest, and disappear into the deep cleavage created by her supportive sports

bra. Looking back up into Karen's eyes, she added, "It's just that I'm not used to seeing you dressed in this fashion."

"Do you think it's too much?" Karen asked, now beginning to feel a little self-conscious about her choice of wardrobe. She twisted her hips, looked over her shoulder down at her butt, and added, "Or maybe too little, I should say."

Melissa put up her left hand and replied, "No! Don't say that." The young lawyer couldn't help but admire the juicy shape of Karen's fleshy, flared buttcheeks that were encased within her skin-tight yoga shorts. "I mean...you look good...really good!"

Karen smiled, "You think so?"

Melissa nodded and replied, "Oh yes...definitely." The young lawyer's eyes traveled up and down Karen's lusciously curvy body. "Honestly, Karen...you look absolutely fabulous!"

Karen's smile widened, "Awwww...thank you!!" She genuinely appreciated the compliments which she'd received from her husband and son, but to hear those same types of remarks from another woman, especially one so young and fit, was truly validating.

"You're welcome," Melissa responded. "It's easy to see that all your hard work's definitely paying off."

After wiping her brow with the back of her hand, Karen said, "Well, I've still got a ways to go, but I do feel like I'm on the right track." She then put her hands on her hips and continued, "But enough about me. I'm curious to know to what I owe this unexpected pleasure of your visit."

With her briefcase in hand, Melissa stepped in closer and said, "Well, I probably could have just called, but...I decided to take the rest of the day off so I could deliver this particular bit of news in person."

Karen's eyes went wide, "News?" She leaned in closer to the lawyer and asked cautiously, "Has there been a breakthrough regarding the case?"

Melissa nodded and replied, "Yes, there has." A smile crept over her face as she added, "And overall, I think you're going to be quite pleased with what I'm about to tell you."

Karen motioned towards the house and said, "Well then, let's go inside where we'll be more comfortable."

After seating themselves at the kitchen table, Melissa proceeded to divulge the case's latest developments. Ms. Turner explained that Michael Grant and the state had reached a plea bargain in which he agreed to give up all information concerning the WICK-Tropin program, including an antidote that he promised (under penalty of perjury) would completely reverse the hormone's side effects. Despite his relatively lenient sentencing, the maverick doctor would lose his

license to practice medicine of any sort for the rest of his life. The defendant would also be required to pay substantial restitution to all the patients who had participated in the program. On top of all these, he would also be required to give up the identities of all of his financial backers.

For the most part, Karen was delighted with the outcome. The only drawback was that Dr. Grant would not see any prison time as long as he made good on his promise to comply with the court's demands. This fact somewhat dampened Karen's spirits, but not enough to outweigh the joy of knowing that her son could soon be cured of his unfortunate affliction.

Karen couldn't help but smile. "I can't tell you how many times that I've prayed for this day and for how long...and now finally some good news has come. Thank you so much for all that you've done!"

Melissa reached across the table and grabbed Karen's hand, "You're most welcome. I only wish it could have been sooner."

After taking a drink of water, Karen replied, "I know that you did the best that you could. I'm just grateful that the finish line is finally in sight, and maybe this nightmare will all soon be over." Sitting back in her chair, Karen asked, "So, what happens next?"

Melissa shrugged, "Now we wait for the official documents of the plea agreement to be drawn up and processed through the court."

"How long will that take?" Karen asked.

"Probably a few weeks, or so," Melissa replied nonchalantly, before taking a sip of iced tea.

Karen huffed. "A few weeks? Why so long?"

Melissa chuckled, "Unfortunately, the wheels of justice sometimes don't turn as quickly as we'd like."

Karen cocked her head and asked, "Well, what about Dr. Grant? Where is he while we wait for justice to run its course?"

"He's still in jail," Melissa responded. "And since the judge has deemed him to be a flight risk, that's where he'll remain until after all legal proceedings have been processed and finalized."

"Then what?" Karen inquired.

Melissa replied, "After that, he'll go into the witness protection program and disappear forever."

Karen scoffed, "Witness protection?" She threw up her hand and added, "Oh, that's great! You mean he gets off scot-free and starts a whole new life, fully paid for by the hard-working taxpayers?"

Melissa nodded, "Unfortunately...yes." The young lawyer noticed Karen's frustration. "It was all part of the plea bargain because once he gives up the names of his financial backers, many bad men will come looking for him. His life has basically become forfeit. I can't divulge everything, as now we're venturing into the territory of 'national security', but Dr. Grant has now essentially become an intelligence asset and informant of the government. He's had dealings with rogue elements and shady biolabs in Eastern Europe and the Middle East, and as you know, with all the wars going on there right now..." Gesturing with her hand, Melissa indicated that she couldn't reveal more.

With venom in her voice, Karen responded, "He should've thought about all that before he conducted these evil experiments on innocent people...especially my son!" In frustration, the irate mother sat back in her chair and crossed her arms. She knew it was not a proper way for a Christian woman to think, but this mama bear was easy to rile up when it came to protecting her cubs.

With a calming tone, Melissa spoke, "I know that you're upset, and you have every right to be, but you need to focus on the positives. First, of all...this jerk will never be in a position to do this to anyone else ever again. He'll also have to live the rest of his life continuously looking over his shoulder and never feeling safe or secure." She leaned forward and continued, "Plus, you have to remember...he's agreed to turn over the antidote that will promise to reverse the effects. After all, that's the most important thing...helping Jake...right?"

As Karen continued to fume, she stared at a photo held onto the refrigerator by a magnet. It was a snapshot of her family taken a few years before at Disney World, in Orlando. Seeing her family's smiling faces in the picture helped Karen to realize that Melissa was correct. The most important thing was to get the antidote from Dr. Grant and finally cure her son so that life could go back to normal.

Turning her eyes back to Melissa, Karen sighed, "You're right. You're absolutely right ...I should let God, or the universe, deal with that slimy scumbag." After uncrossing her arms, she added, "My main concern now is Jake's well-being."

Melissa nodded with a smile. "How is Jake, by the way?" Melissa asked with curiosity before taking another sip of her cold beverage.

Karen nodded. "Other than the obvious, he's good." She smiled, then added, "He's got himself a little girlfriend."

Melissa's eyes went wide, "A...a girlfriend?"

"Well..." Karen corrected herself. "Jake says that she's not his girlfriend...yet. However, they have been spending a good amount of time together over the past few weeks. It may not be official, but things seem to be headed in that direction."

Melissa grinned and said, "Well, good for him!" Her smile faded when she asked, "Does she know anything about his, umm...?"

Karen shook her head, "No...thank Heavens! And that's a good thing since her mother, Donna, is one of my close friends, and her husband just happens to be the pastor of our church."

Melissa giggled, "Hold on a second...he's dating a preacher's daughter?"

Karen nodded in affirmation.

Melissa's giggle turned into full-blown laughter. "Oh, my goodness...what a scandal that could cause!"

"Tell me about it," Karen replied. "That's why I so badly want Dr. Grant to give up the antidote as soon as possible. We've done a good job so far of hiding his condition, but with Jake and Sara spending more and more time together, I fear it's just a matter of time before our luck runs out."

Leaning forward in her chair, Melissa asked, "So...I assume you've been continuing to 'help' Jake, as before?"

Even though it wasn't a secret that Karen kept from Melissa, the middle-aged mother couldn't help but blush as she answered, "Yes...it's the only way to keep his affliction under wraps until he can get the treatment that he needs and finally be rid of that...abomination." The mere mention of her son's 'abomination' suddenly caused a flutter to take place deep in Karen's vagina.

At that exact moment, Melissa's mind suddenly drifted, and she began imagining illicit scenes of Karen and Jacob together. The young lawyer could feel her heart skip a beat at the thought of the conservative mom committing sinful and immoral acts with her teenaged son. Even though Karen's motives and actions were done out of a sense of sacrifice and motherly duty, the unholy images now flooding Melissa's brain caused her pussy to moisten and ignited her own salacious desires.

After taking another sip of iced tea, Melissa replied, "Well, hopefully, you won't have to wait much longer, and we can put an end to this madness once and for all."

With a sigh, Karen commented, "From your lips to God's ears, I pray for it to be so."

As she gazed at the middle-aged MILF sitting across the table from her, Melissa could feel the embers of her arousal growing hotter. With a devious motive in mind, the young attorney decided to steer their conversation elsewhere. "By the way...how was your run earlier?"

Nodding, Karen said, "Pretty good, if I do say so." She then looked down at the Fitbit attached to her left wrist and added, "I actually shaved another two minutes off my previous time."

Arching her brow, Melissa replied, "Wow...that's pretty impressive!" She then joked, "Planning to participate in the Boston Marathon?"

Karen scoffed, "Yeah, right! You're hilarious, you know that?" After a sip of water, she added, "Seriously though, I'd be happy just to drop a few more extra pounds."

Shaking her head, Melissa replied, "I don't think that's necessary, Karen. I was honest about what I said earlier...you look fantastic!"

Karen couldn't help but smile, "Awwww! That's so sweet of you to say, but believe me...I still have a ways to go yet before I reach my personal goal." With a grimace, the beautiful housewife added, "I just wished getting into shape didn't hurt so much."

Melissa chuckled, "Let me guess...sore glutes and hamstrings?"

Karen gave an affirmative nod.

"Did you remember to stretch before running this time?" Melissa inquired, with a motherly tone.

Karen nodded again. "Yes, I did, but... perhaps I didn't stretch enough."

After a sigh, Melissa said, "Okay...you know what that means."

"No...what does that mean?" Karen replied, somewhat confused.

Melissa stood up and added, "It means that you need another one of my signature deep-tissue massages!"

With a weak smile and waving her hand, Karen replied, "Oh Melissa...thank you, but that...that really isn't necessary!"

Putting a hand on her hip, Melissa countered sternly, "Yes, it is. A thorough rubdown will greatly reduce muscle pain and speed up your recovery. If I recall correctly, you said it had been a big help last time."

Karen's thoughts returned to the previous week. She had to agree...Melissa's talented hands had worked wonders on her aching muscles and brought her incredible relief. However, the lovely housewife also distinctly remembered how the 'thorough rubdown' had quickly been derailed from a simple, therapeutic massage and started her down a path toward wickedness and decadent immorality.

"Well...am I right?" Melissa inquired, when her friend didn't reply.

Karen snapped out of her daydream. She looked up at Melissa, nodded in agreement, and replied softly, "Yes...you're right...it had been a tremendous help."

"Okay then...so what's the problem?" Melissa asked.

"Well, for starters..." Karen held out her right hand toward Melissa. "It's evident by how you're so nicely dressed, you hadn't come here today with doing that in mind."

Melissa shrugged her shoulders. "So? I've got nothing else planned for the rest of the day...do you?"

Karen replied hesitantly, "Well...no, not really, but..." She then looked down at herself and added, "I'm still dirty and sweaty from my run earlier. I'm pretty sure I smell awfully ripe right about now!"

Melissa picked up her glass, walked around to Karen's side of the table, and replied, "If it bothers you so much, just go take a shower." She put a hand on her hip and continued, "Besides...as I seem to recall, last time we'd been rudely interrupted before we had a chance to finish. I seriously believe you'd find it very beneficial to experience the complete massage." Before her friend could think up of another feeble excuse, Melissa leaned over and picked up Karen's water bottle. She said, "Now go on ahead and freshen up, while I take care of getting everything ready." Melissa then turned and walked over to the sink.

It was plain for Karen to see that the young attorney wouldn't accept 'No' for an answer. Seeing no way to win the argument or extricate herself from her predicament, Karen relented with a sigh and said, "Okay, counselor." She then stood up from the kitchen table, held up her hands in mock surrender and conceded, "I guess you win."

After placing the bottle and glass into the sink, Melissa turned to her friend and leaned back against the counter. With a cheeky grin, she replied, "More times than not, I do." With a giggle, she added, "Believe it or not, my poor Donnie never wins whenever we argue...even when I'm wrong!"

With a slight chuckle, Karen responded, "Oh, I can believe that!"

Melissa stepped forward and asked, "So, I take it we can use the guest bedroom the same as last time?"

Without thinking, Karen nodded and replied, "Umm...sure...I don't see why not." Suddenly, she remembered the last time that they'd been alone in the guest bedroom or, as Melissa referred to it, their 'cocoon'. The memory of the warm and cozy environment and the improper, yet heavenly, sensations brought on by the young attorney's talented hands caused Karen's stomach to flutter with nervous anticipation.

With a big smile, Melissa responded, "Great!" She moved closer to Karen and added, "Now, you go on upstairs and shower, while I get everything set up." She then started towards the back door, her heels clicking against the tiled kitchen floor as she walked.

"Where are you going?" Karen asked, a bit perplexed.

Before opening the door, Melissa stopped and turned back. "I'll be right back...I'm just going out to the car to get my gym bag."

Now more confused, Karen replied, "But you left all your things over here last week, remember?" She stepped towards Melissa and added, "You'll find everything safe and sound in the guest bedroom closet."

Melissa shook her head, "Not everything...there are still a few items in the bag from last time that I need to get."

"What kind of items?" Karen asked with a curious tone as she loosened her ponytail.

Smiling as she pulled open the door, Melissa responded, "Just something that will...enhance the overall experience of your massage." Seeing a slight look of bewilderment on her friend's face, the young lawyer added, "Trust me...you're gonna love it!"

A while later, Karen stood naked and freshly showered in front of the full-length mirror of her master bedroom. As she clipped her luscious brown hair up into a bun, the reflection of the woman which was staring back at her caused her to feel a strong sense of pride.

Karen turned and twisted her body to view herself from various angles. She couldn't help but appreciate the eye-catching curves of her hourglass figure. It reminded her of the voluptuous and beautiful starlets from a bygone era of classic Hollywood. Risking vanity, the usually humble middle-aged mother agreed with her younger friend's remarks from earlier...all of her hard work was definitely paying off, and she did indeed look fabulous.

Karen stepped over to the king-sized bed to find the old bra and panty set she had laid out earlier to wear for her massage session. As she picked up her conservative cotton underwear, Brenda's words suddenly came to mind. The week before, her baby sister had suggested that she should try to relax more and not be so rigid...at least while she navigated through this temporary period of (as Brenda put it) 'insanity'.

"Have some fun, you say?" Karen whispered, replying to Brenda's exact words. The memory from the previous week of sharing a bubble bath with her younger sister came to the forefront of her mind. She then remembered the unsolicited, yet very satisfying, orgasm that had been given to her by her naughty sibling. The flashback caused her nipples to harden and begin tingling instantly. After a few more seconds of contemplating Brenda's outrageous suggestion, the conservative mom relented with a heavy sigh, "Oh, why not!" Then she dropped her panties back onto the bed and picked up the nearby pink, satin robe.

After slipping her arms inside, Karen wrapped the silky garment around her shapely nude body and then tightly cinched it closed. As she left the bedroom and walked down the hall to join Melissa, Karen could feel her naked, unsupported breasts gently roll from side to side on her chest. Each step caused

her sensitive nipples to scrape against the silky, soft material, sending tiny sparks of excitement down to her moistening vagina.

Upon entering the guest bedroom, Karen found the ambiance to be much the same as their previous session. Melissa had closed the blinds and drawn the curtains to block out the afternoon sun from outside. The flickering, warm glow of scented candles and the soft, soothing new-age music filtering throughout the room helped to complete the 'cocoon'-like environment.

"Well, there you are..." Melissa acknowledged her friend while unfolding a clean sheet and laying it out across the bed.

"Yep...here I am," Karen replied as she closed the door. After turning around, she quickly noticed that Melissa had changed outfits. No longer was she wearing her professional-looking blouse, skirt, and heels from earlier. Now, the young attorney was barefoot, with her long dark hair tied up in a ponytail and donning a skimpy, gray pair of Roadbox yoga shorts along with a matching sports bra.

Karen stared as her young friend bent over the bed to straighten out the sheet. The housewife couldn't help but admire Melissa's fit and curvy body, greatly accentuated by her form-fitting attire, which appeared to Karen to be a size too small. Her eyes traveled up the attorney's toned and silky long legs before eventually settling them on her perfectly-shaped bottom, clad as it was in those skin-tight gym shorts.

"Karen? You still with me?" Melissa's voice suddenly pulled the daydreaming housewife out of her admiring reverie.

"Huh? I-I'm sorry...did you say something?" Karen replied, trying to gather her wits and hoping to God that Melissa hadn't caught her staring. She chided herself for allowing impure thoughts about another woman to once again come seeping into her mind.

Melissa chuckled, "You alright?" She stepped in closer to Karen and continued, "I asked, how was your shower? Do you feel better?"

"Oh," Karen replied with a smile. "Yes...very much...thank you. I can't tell you how much better it feels now to be clean and out of those sweaty clothes!" Her eyes inadvertently drifted downward and settled on Melissa's sports bra and the incredible cleavage that it created. The skimpy garment appeared to be having some trouble containing the young woman's bountiful breasts.

Noticing Karen's line of sight, Melissa looked down at her chest and the deep, dark valley running between her big, round boobs. Looking back up, she chuckled, "Oh yeah. I hope you don't mind, but I figured my work clothes would be much too restrictive to wear in order to give you a proper massage." As she readjusted the bra strap on her shoulder with her right thumb, she added, "Unfortunately though, this outfit doesn't seem to fit as well as it used to...in fact, I haven't worn this since uhhh..." Glancing back down at her chest again, she continued, "...my 'girls' unexpectedly grew a bra size."

Mirroring her friend, Karen looked down at her own chemically-enlarged breasts that were hidden beneath the soft, satiny material of her robe and replied jokingly, "Believe me...I know exactly what you mean." Both women locked eyes and simultaneously snickered.

After a few seconds, Melissa asked, "So...you ready to get started?"

Karen nodded in response and said, "As ready as I'll ever be."

"Okay, then!" Melissa replied in an upbeat tone. She motioned toward the bed and added, "You know the routine...go ahead and take off that robe, then lie down while I get my supplies together." Turning away from Karen, she then turned her attention to the nearby nightstand.

As Karen faced the bed and untied the sash to her robe, she asked out of curiosity, "Are those the same supplies that you were so eager to get from your car earlier?"

Melissa smiled, as she answered, "Yeah...well, one of them anyway." After pulling a plastic bottle out of the oil warmer, she continued, "For this session, I wanted to heat the massage oils because I think you'll find it to be--" The young attorney stopped midsentence as soon as she turned around, just in time to watch Karen slide her pink, satin robe off of her shoulders and down her back. Melissa's jaw dropped upon discovering that the conservative, middle-aged MILF was now completely naked.

"I'll find it to be what?" Karen asked, as she draped her robe over the back of a nearby chair. She then turned her head to find Melissa staring back at her. Thanks to the radical hormones, the usually prim and proper housewife now felt emboldened and couldn't help but sense a slight thrill knowing that she'd

apparently turned the tables on her younger friend. Trying not to smile, Karen innocently asked, "Is something the matter?"

Melissa was totally caught off-guard. She'd expected to find Karen donning her usual plain and boring 'Mom' underwear. But now she was the one lost in a daze as she blatantly gawked at the reserved mother in all of her nude glory. "Uh...no...nothing's wrong." Melissa finally responded as Karen climbed onto the bed. Attempting to gather her bearings, she added, "I'm just a bit surprised that you'd be comfortable enough to start off...uh...you know...naked."

While positioning herself facedown onto the crisp, clean sheet, Karen replied glibly, "Well, you did say last time that in order to massage me properly, I needed to take everything off."

As she began unfolding a second clean sheet, Melissa confirmed, "Yes...that's right."

Karen then rested her head on her forearm and continued, "So, I just kind of figured that this would help save us some time and make things...easier." After taking a deep breath and exhaling, Karen closed her eyes and added, "Besides...you've already seen me in my birthday suit, and like you said last week...it's just us girls anyway."

"Exactly..." Melissa replied with a slight giggle as she draped the sheet over Karen's naked body.

"Oh my...that feels nice..." Karen whispered, with a slight smile on her face, as her body was enveloped in the warmth and softness of the Egyptian cotton bedding.

"Glad that you like it," Melissa replied, pulling the covering down and exposing Karen's smooth, delicate back to where the swells of her buttocks began. "While you were in the shower, I took the liberty of running the sheets in your clothes dryer for a few minutes...I hope you don't mind."

"Nope...not at all." Karen responded, with a deep sigh. The warm and relaxing atmosphere had already caused her freshly-showered body to go limp like a wet noodle.

Melissa increased the music's volume on her phone just a bit and checked to ensure that the ringer was off, hoping that there'd be no risk of any interruptions this time around. She then pressed down on the nozzle of the plastic bottle and pumped several globs of the heated massage oil into her left hand. As she spread the warm, fragrant lubricant onto Karen's upper back and shoulders, she commented, "If you're okay with it...what I'd like to do is start off with a relaxing rubdown, then work on your problem areas with a deep-tissue massage...sort of like we did last time."

"Mmmmm...sounds good to me..." Karen responded dreamily as Melissa's warm hands, now slick with oil, began to explore her back with deep yet gentle strokes. "Do whatever you think is necessary..." the married mother added in a breathy murmur.

Melissa arched her brow and replied, "Really?"

Karen nodded and responded innocently, "Uh-huh."

Melissa paused the massage and wiped her hands with a nearby towel. "Karen? Do you trust me?" she asked, as she reached into her gym bag, and pulled out a black sleeping mask.

Without lifting her head, Karen once again nodded in response, "Yes...of course."

"Well...do me a small favor...and lift your head up for a second." Melissa requested while stretching the mask's elastic band.

Karen opened her eyes, somewhat perplexed, and replied, "Uh...sure," going along with her friend's request. Even more confused, she asked, "What's this all about?" as Melissa slipped the mask into position and completely covered Karen's hazel-brown eyes.

Melissa explained professionally, "In order for you to get the maximum benefit from this massage, I need you to concentrate solely on the gentle sounds and physical sensations. This mask will help you to block out all unnecessary and extraneous sensory distractions."

Karen cocked her head to the side and asked, "Does that actually work?"

"Oh yes," Melissa quickly replied. "It's a known fact that when you lose one of your senses, the others greatly intensify in order to compensate. Believe me...it will make a big difference." After making one final adjustment to the mask, she added reassuringly, "Besides...if it makes you uncomfortable...you can always just take it off."

Even though she was somewhat skeptical, Karen nodded and replied, "Okay...let's give it a try...after all, what have I got to lose?" She then laid her head back down and wiggled into her former position.

"Exactly!" Melissa responded with a devilish grin as she grabbed the bottle of massage oil.

After a while of administering the gentle effleurage massage technique along Karen's shoulders and back, Melissa could hear her friend beginning to moan softly. She smiled when she felt Karen's body shudder as she ran her fingertips along the housewife's buttery, soft skin. "You okay?" Melissa asked, delighting in the fact that her ministrations were having such a positive effect on the super-hot MILF.

Karen muttered in response, "You bet! Let's just say...that if I were a cat, I'd be purring right about now." After a long sigh, she added, "I know that I've told you before, but...you are soooo good at this."

Melissa's smile broadened. "Thanks...I'm glad to be of help." With a chuckle, she continued, "It's also good to know that I've got a backup skill if ever my career as an attorney doesn't work out." She shrugged her shoulders and joked, "Who knows? Maybe I could follow in my aunt's footsteps, and open up my own spa."

"Oh yes..." Karen replied. "You can sign me up as a life-long customer."

Melissa giggled as she pulled the sheet up to expose her friend's long legs and adjusted the covering to keep Karen's juicy round bottom concealed. She leaned down and whispered teasingly in Karen's ear, "And I'd be sure to put your name at the very top of my 'VIP client' list." She then gave her 'client' a quick, little peck on the cheek.

Karen gasped in shock as Melissa's warm breath caressed her neck, and a shiver ran down her back as the young lawyer's long, dark hair brushed against her exposed shoulder. The surprised mother could feel her bald pussy getting wet and her hardening nipples pressing into the soft mattress. She had to agree with Melissa...wearing the mask was definitely causing her other senses to heighten beyond belief.

As Melissa positioned herself at the foot of the bed, she stated softly, "Now...how about we move on to something else?" She then pumped more oil into her hand and began massaging the soles of Karen's dainty feet.

"Ohhhhh," Karen groaned aloud as Melissa manipulated her sensitive erogenous zone. The heavenly sensations danced along the nerve endings of Karen's feet and up her leg before settling deep into her vagina. The housewife could sense

more of her natural lubricant seeping out from in between her puffy vaginal lips. She lifted her head and whispered with a smile, "I simply love how you do that!"

Melissa grinned and replied, "I remember how much you liked it last time."

"Oh, I do..." Karen sighed with a husky breath. "And just so you know...I'd be perfectly willing to pay good money just for you to do that all afternoon."

Melissa smiled and replied, "Don't worry...I'll continue rubbing your feet for you, but I need you to lay your head back down. I want you to relax, breathe deeply, and let me take care of you."

Karen complied with Melissa's request, laid her head back down, and replied, "Yes, counselor...I can do that."

Melissa chuckled, "Besides...I wouldn't dare ever to charge my most valuable client." She then pressed the pads of her thumbs deeper into the oil-slickened sole of Karen's foot. Melissa proceeded to run her slender digits back and forth along the tender arch between the ball and heel while occasionally sliding her fingers in between each of Karen's toes, motivating the middle-aged wife to moan even louder. Seeing how her 'client' was so quickly responding to the massage was causing Melissa's arousal to blossom, and soon her vagina lubricated with her own womanly essence.

For the next several minutes, Melissa continued with her therapeutic massage, and as promised, she spent a good deal of time working on Karen's soft and

dainty feet. During this phase, the young lawyer didn't speak a word...she was focused solely on getting the blindfolded mother to fully relax and experience nothing but the seductive sounds of the soothing music and the titillating physical sensations of her sensual touch. From the continuous moaning and occasional whimpering of "Oh, yes..." escaping Karen's mouth, Melissa soon realized that she was succeeding in accomplishing her mission.

Slowly and methodically, Melissa worked her way from Karen's feet and ankles and then up her long shapely legs, applying more of the scented oil as her hands ventured steadily upwards. The young lawyer used her talented fingers to massage Karen's tired, tight, and sore hamstrings as she patiently inched closer and closer to her ultimate target.

Karen mewed from the overwhelming relaxation brought on by the combination of soft music and her thoroughly talented masseuse. She felt as if her body would melt into the mattress at any moment. Unlike the previous session, the married mother felt less embarrassed by her body's natural reaction this time. She reminded herself that it was all part of the massage. Perhaps the strange sense of anonymity she was experiencing from wearing the mask was giving her added comfort as her sister's advice suddenly came springing back to mind... "Don't be so rigid... have some fun!"

Melissa was pleasantly surprised when Karen wiggled her hips and voluntarily spread her legs, giving the masseuse an unfettered view of her completely hairless sex. It shocked Melissa when she realized that the conservative, strait-laced mother had actually taken the plunge and waxed her privates!

Melissa opened her mouth to comment but then thought better of it and chose to remain silent. She decided it was best not to risk saying anything which could potentially embarrass her 'client', or alter in any way the positive direction that she and her gorgeous MILF friend were heading towards in their relationship. What Melissa did decide to do was take the unsolicited move of spreading Karen's thighs apart as a not-so-subtle suggestion for them to continue. She then applied additional scented lubricant to her hands and resumed the massage. The slow yet steady march of Melissa's nimble fingers northward towards the apex of Karen's silky-smooth legs was eagerly enjoyed for all its worth by both women.

As she massaged the upper portion of her friend's inner thighs, Melissa's hands were now mere centimeters away from Karen's weeping vagina. She could feel the housewife's growing excitement collecting on her fingers each time her knuckles "accidentally" brushed up against Karen's soaking-wet pussy lips.

The sheet used to provide Karen some modesty had now worked its way up to expose the bottom half of her round and juicy butt. Melissa then noticed the subtle side-to-side rocking of her friend's wide and curvy hips, along with her shallow and labored breathing. "Are you okay?" she softly asked her 'client'.

Meanwhile, a drowsy Karen drifted along on a euphoric cloud. Her relaxed body felt downright sedated, yet every nerve ending from head to toe was wide awake and tingling. Her sopping-wet vagina was now aching and begging for attention...she secretly wondered whether her masseuse would be willing to help her attain the much-needed 'release' that she'd been so rudely denied during their last session. Somehow, Melissa's words broke finally through the fog, and the blindfolded housewife silently nodded her reply of affirmation without so much as lifting her head.

Karen's dream-like state was suddenly interrupted when she felt the mattress slightly rock and decompress. Knowing that Melissa had left the bed, she raised up and asked, in a somewhat disappointed tone, "Is that it? Are we done?"

Now positioned beside the nightstand, Melissa chuckled and replied, "No...not yet." She then picked up two bottles of massage lube from the warmer and, as she read the labels, added, "We still have to work on your glute muscles... I'm just getting some more oil ready...and I have a different one this time that I wanna try."

"Different? How?" Karen asked, with some curiosity.

"Don't worry...you're gonna like it...trust me." Melissa then spoke in a heavy whisper, wishing to not ruin the mood. "Now be a good girl and put your head back down."

A thin smile appeared on Karen's face. "Yes, counselor..." she replied with slight sarcasm, as she returned to her former position.

After smell-testing both oils, Melissa decided on the lavender-scented version, which also just happened to include an extra warming agent. She then placed the other bottle on the nightstand and gazed longingly at the sight of the beautiful, blindfolded wife lying before her, face down on the bed. The young lawyer's eyes drank in Karen's gorgeously long legs, and traveled up and over the steep rounded swell of her half-exposed fleshy bottom, before finally

bringing her gaze to the dramatic dip in the curvature of Karen's soft and feminine back. Overcome by the panoramic view, Melissa could feel her arousal intensify and the gusset of her panties becoming increasingly moist.

It just made no sense at all...Melissa currently had plenty of gorgeous female friends, but she never experienced any desire for them sexually. Not since her one-time lesbian affair with her best friend, Laura, back in college had she experienced such feelings of lust for another woman.

Originally, the plan had been to seduce Karen in order to bring about Jacob's horny, teenaged quest for a hot threesome among them, but now something had changed. Perhaps it was due to the chemically-laced hormones also surging through Melissa's bloodstream, or maybe it was the dark, life-altering secrets that she and Karen now shared, but she couldn't help but feel a special connection to this married mother. Now, just like years ago in college, Melissa yearned to touch and be touched by another female...namely, this stunning creature that currently lay before her.

After a few seconds, Karen lazily asked, "Is everything alright? I thought we had to work on my glutes?" She then gave her half-hidden backside a playful little shimmy.

"Oh...yeah...we do," Melissa quickly replied, dragging herself out of her daydream. She then stepped to the bed and joked, "Sorry...just trying to come up with a plan of attack."

Feeling the mattress slightly rock as Melissa returned to the bed, Karen asked, "I take it now that you've come up with one?"

"Mmm-hmmm...I guess you could say that..." Melissa replied with a girlish grin, as she slowly and carefully slid the bed sheet upwards to the small of Karen's back. With her beautifully rounded bottom finally fully-revealed, Karen's entire body was now exposed, except for the bunched-up sheet that lay across her lower back. The housewife's only response was a dozy, soft moan which Melissa took as a confirmation that her friend was primed and ready for them to proceed.

With her right hand, Melissa turned the plastic bottle over and gently squeezed, pelting her client's naked backside with a steady drizzle of the heated, scented massage oil. A stream of the syrupy lubricant flowed down through the deep valley in between Karen's pillowy buttcheeks, mixing with the existing juices that were present there and had leaked from her pussy. The unexpected yet pleasant sensation of the viscous liquid's warmth trickling over her sensitive, virgin rosebud was soon causing the conservative mother to moan ever so slightly.

After securing the cap back onto the bottle, Melissa tossed the plastic container to the foot of the bed. She then glanced down at Karen's exposed bottom. The sight of the MILF's glistening, oil-covered bum caused a wave of excitement to surge throughout her body. Anxious to move along with the massage, she leaned in and whispered into Karen's ear, "Shall we continue?"

An equally anxious Karen hummed her response, "Mmm-hmmm..."

Taking that as a green light, Melissa resumed the massage. She aggressively worked the area between Karen's glute muscles and upper, inner thighs...ensuring that her hands frequently brushed up against her client's weeping vagina. Each time that her fingers made contact, Melissa could detect a soft mewling of delight escaping from her friend's lips.

Karen once again found herself enveloped in a cloud of euphoria. Along with wearing the blindfold and the warm and cozy environment, Melissa's amazing hands were working their magic and lulling the housewife back into a drowsy state of relaxation and heightened arousal.

Unlike the previous week's session, Karen noticed that Melissa was paying much more attention to her round and matronly bottom. The married mom whimpered from the unexpected pleasure of her 'masseur' squishing and stretching the meaty flesh of her juicy backside. The young lawyer would also trace her thumb along the deep cavern of her buttcrack, grazing across her virgin asshole, sending sparks directly to her buzzing clit and causing her to gasp out loud. Karen wondered if she ought to say something in protest to Melissa's inappropriate touching of her off-limit orifice but quickly decided to let it go. A little voice in her head reminded her again that it was all just part of the massage: "Don't be so rigid...have some fun!"

A few moments later, Karen cried aloud, "Ouch!!" tensing up when Melissa unexpectedly found a tender, sore spot where her leg met her buttcheek.

"Sorry," Melissa whispered in apology. As she gently stroked the sore area of Karen's bottom, she added, "But as you recall...I did warn you that these deep tissue massages can get pretty intense."

Lifting her head slightly, Karen replied, "Yeah, I remember from last time."

Melissa's hand roamed around Karen's naked bottom in circles as if trying to coax and soothe her friend. "I'll try to be more careful and gentle, or...if you prefer...we could always stop?"

"NO!!" Karen quickly replied, shaking her head. Worried that she may have sounded a bit too desperate and anxious, she lowered her voice and continued, "I mean...no...it's okay...you can keep going."

Happy with her client's response, Melissa smiled. As she got back into position to continue her massage, she added with a soothing tone, "Just so you know...you're doing great. Now, remember to relax and breathe deeply...I promise you; it's gonna be worth it all in the end."

Karen nodded and, with the blindfold still in place, laid her head back down. As she felt Melissa's talented hands resume their magical touch, she cracked open a smile and whispered, "That's what I'm counting on."

Minutes later, "Remember...deep breaths," Melissa reminded Karen as she manipulated the tender areas of her inner thighs and plump derriere. The young lawyer took the fact that Karen was fighting to control her breathing as a sure sign that her friend was nearing the edge. Melissa felt her own arousal spike when she noticed Karen's body shudder and her hips rise up off the mattress whenever her nimble fingers rubbed against the housewife's increasingly wet vagina.

Karen had been touched and teased to the point that her entire body hummed from the extreme arousal brought on by her sensual, sensory overload. The middle-aged mother whimpered and moaned as the pressure built deep within her core like a tightening spring. Her hands grasped at the bedsheet as she mindlessly raised the lower half of her body up higher off the bed. Karen's hips swayed side-to-side, as if seeking more contact with Melissa's fingers. Those talented...wonderful fingers.

Melissa knew without a doubt what Karen wanted...even if she wouldn't admit it herself. The prim and proper housewife didn't have to. Her trembling body and dripping, wet snatch was already telling the entire story. Karen was at the precipice, ready once again to fall from the cliff and splash headlong into a much-needed orgasm. However, Melissa wasn't prepared to give her friend the final push...not yet, anyways.

Melissa paused the massage, prompting a groan of frustration from Karen...her hips continuing to rotate slightly, as if seeking out the lost source of her stimulation. Sensing her friend's disappointment, Melissa took the bold liberty of gently patting the smooth, pliable flesh of Karen's shapely buttocks. "Okay...time to flip over."

Karen raised her head and responded, "Flip over?" Her voice once again tinged with disappointment, after being denied her much-anticipated 'release'.

Melissa replied, "Yes...due to our interruption last time, we hadn't gotten this far." She then lifted the sheet from Karen's back and added, "In order to

experience the full benefit from the massage, I need to work on the rest of you from the front."

Following Melissa's request, Karen lifted up and used her left arm to cradle and support her free-hanging big boobs. As she twisted her body around, she responded, "Okay...if you say so."

Watching the gorgeous naked mother turn over and reposition herself, Melissa replied, "Trust me...it'll make a world of difference. Now...ready to continue?"

Even though Karen was still blindfolded, being totally nude and now positioned on her back had stripped away the comforting sense of anonymity that she had felt earlier, lying on her stomach. Feeling overly exposed, she now used both arms to cradle and hide her breasts in an attempt at preserving her modesty. She took a deep breath and said, "Do you think maybe I could have the sheet back for this part?"

"Of course," Melissa replied, draping the covering over Karen's beautiful, naked body. She adjusted the sheet to conceal her from her breasts down to her upper thighs; she asked, "How's that? Any better?"

Karen smiled, "Yes...much better, thanks! Now you may continue."

Melissa retrieved the massage oil from the foot of the bed. As she squeezed the bottle and applied the warm fluid onto Karen's long legs, she commented,

"Okay...we're now in the home stretch. However, I want you to lay there and let me take care of you. You trust me...right?"

Karen nodded and replied with a whisper, "Yes...I trust you."

Melissa resumed her massage and teased Karen for the next few minutes, mercilessly stimulating her senses with her talented hands. She used all her experience and every trick in the book to arouse the middle-aged mother even further. Once again, the masseuse worked her fingers to within millimeters of Karen's saturated pussy. She watched longingly as the housewife's bountiful bosom rose and fell in time with her quickened breath. Underneath the cotton sheet on her chest, Karen's hardened nipples tented up as if trying to poke through the thin covering of modesty.

Anxious to test the waters, Melissa lightly brushed her oil-coated fingers against the smooth lips of Karen's hairless vagina. The calculated move caused her client to whimper and flinch. She leaned in close and whispered, "Is that okay...?"

"Yes..." Karen gasped. "It's okay."

Without speaking, Melissa pressed lightly against Karen's inner thigh. Giving little to no resistance, the housewife allowed the masseuse to open her legs even further. Feeling emboldened, Melissa then ran her middle finger along the entire length of Karen's juicy slit, drawing out another soft whimper from her aroused client. "Is that okay...?" she asked again, soliciting permission to continue.

Hidden by the cotton sheet, Karen's hands were down at her sides, clutching once more at the soft bedding. The married mother found herself at a crossroads. Should she once again give in to sin and permit another woman to touch her in such an inappropriate way? With regards to the bathtub incident the previous week with her sister Brenda, she'd blamed her slip-up on the expensive wine that they'd consumed that afternoon.

Today though, Karen couldn't use alcohol as an excuse— she was stone-cold sober. However, she was under the influence of those evil WICK-Tropin hormones and, of course, Melissa's wonderful and talented hands. She repeated to herself again and again that it was just a part of the massage. In a husky whisper, she complied, "Yes..."

No longer concerned with the deep tissue portion of the massage, Melissa began to stroke the soft lips of Karen's sopping-wet vagina. Parting them a little, then back to the outside, Melissa traced Karen's labia with her fingertips until they were thoroughly coated with plenteous amounts of her client's natural fluids.

"Oh my..." Karen squeaked. For the sake of decorum, she had wanted to remain silent. However, this was feeling just way too good. The combination of the radical chemicals flowing in her bloodstream and Melissa's expert manipulation of her body had virtually vanquished all sense of propriety. Karen reminded herself again that this was just an innocent massage after all, then slowly opened her legs wider.

It thrilled Melissa to see her client willingly spread her legs wider. She quickly noticed the glistening folds of Karen's vagina opening up like the soft petals of a blooming flower, and her blossoming womanhood proudly displaying her blood-engorged clitoris. Assuming that she'd received a green light, Melissa immediately slid her fingers across the little pink pearl, causing Karen to twitch and cry out from the intense shock of pure, unsolicited pleasure.

"Oh my! Oh my...goodness!" Karen mumbled as she squirmed underneath the bedsheet. As her curvy hips undulated off the mattress, she felt the thin cover sliding up her legs, exposing her naked bottom half. At that moment, she didn't care...all that mattered to the Christian housewife was for Melissa to continue strumming her vibrating sex with the soft pads of her fingertips— those wonderful fingertips. Without being prompted, she whispered to her masseuse, "It's okay...Keep...keep go—going."

Melissa continued to stroke Karen's gushing, wet pussy, sliding the sheet along her friend's soft tummy until it bunched up to right below her big tits. Karen could feel the mattress shift as her masseuse took position on all fours between her splayed-open legs. Without thinking, she pulled her knees up and spread them even further, fully exposing herself and granting her friend better access.

For Melissa, this was the invitation that she'd been waiting for. She swiftly lowered her head, then dragged the tip of her tongue along the saturated channel in between Karen's bald pussy lips, before proceeding to delicately lap at her hardened clit.

Karen's body lurched from the sudden and unexpected burst of pleasure. Confused by the new sensation she was feeling, she quickly lifted onto her

elbows and slipped the blindfold up her forehead. "Wh—what are you doing??" the housewife questioned in panicked horror, once she had peered down through the 'V' of her legs and found Melissa's beautiful face in between her shapely thighs.

Grudgingly, Melissa paused and lifted up, replying, "Just trying to finish up your massage...you're doing great, by the way."

Raising up higher on her elbows, Karen scoffed, "That's not a massage! You...you're supposed to just use your hands, not your...mouth!!"

Still on all fours, Melissa crawled up along the bed until she was face to face with Karen. Staring into her friend's hazel-brown eyes, she spoke softly, "Karen...a massage can be performed in many different ways."

Karen huffed, "That's a weird 'way', if you ask me."

Melissa tilted her head to the left and added, "There are no set rules. Frankly, the way I see it, as long as both consenting parties are in agreement with the methods and the client is ultimately satisfied...what's the harm?"

Karen retorted, "'In agreement with the methods'?" She scoffed and asked, "Is that the masseuse, or the lawyer, talking?"

Melissa smiled, "Perhaps both." After a slight pause, she then asked seductively, "So how about it...should I resume, and finish what I started?"

Karen suddenly noticed that her legs remained splayed wide open. Her vagina was still wet and tingled from the brief attention it had received from Melissa's soft tongue. She had to admit though that it had felt good, but in her opinion, it was deplorable for a woman to do that to another woman. "I don't know..." she replied softly. "Me allowing you to do that to me would be very inappro— " Before the housewife could finish her sentence, Melissa quickly leaned in, and pressed her moist lips against Karen's.

Taken totally by surprise, Karen instinctively reciprocated Melissa's soft kiss. However, after several seconds, her brain caught up. Her eyes shot open as soon as she realized their unseemly show of affection, causing her to quickly recoil from her friend.

Not to be denied, Melissa swiftly grabbed the back of Karen's head and pulled her in for another kiss. Being a bit more aggressive, she slipped her tongue into her friend's sultry mouth.

Even though the act was sinful, Karen couldn't help but find the soft, silky warmth of Melissa's mouth and the titillating taste of her invading tongue to be downright enthralling. Instead of being morally outraged and once again pulling away, Karen reluctantly gave in and slowly closed her eyes. A guttural moan escaped her throat as a sign of her defeat and surrender to sin.

Whilst the two beautiful women continued making out, the sheet covering Karen's chest slid down to her waist. Melissa took the opportunity and, with her slender hand, cupped Karen's exposed left breast, gently kneading the soft, heavy globe.

Karen's eyes popped open once she felt Melissa's thumb flick across her rubbery nipple, the shocking sensation instantly snapping the housewife out of her reverie. Remembering how improperly she was acting, Karen quickly separated from Melissa.

The two women stared into one another's eyes for a moment, their lips still glistening with each other's saliva. Karen couldn't believe that she had just kissed another female. She was horrified at their act but also strangely excited, with her heart pounding in her chest. Finally, Karen spoke, "Melissa...I...I think— "

"That's the problem...you think too much." Melissa quickly interjected. "For once...don't think...just go with it." She then pulled Karen back in for another Sapphic kiss.

After a few seconds, Karen pulled back and shook her head. "Melissa...I'm not a lesbian. I can't do things with another woman...it's just...wrong." She pulled the sheet back up to cover her naked breasts, before adding, "And I'm afraid that includes kissing."

Looking into her friend's eyes, Melissa detected mixed emotions. There was a look of fear and confusion, but also curiosity, and...desire. Melissa sighed. "Karen...I'm not a lesbian either, and I don't expect you to do anything that

you're not comfortable with." Putting a hand on Karen's shoulder, she continued, "I'm here to take care of you. Remember what I said...there are no set rules...anything that I do is strictly for your benefit. Whatever happens in our 'secret cocoon' will stay here. It's all just part of the massage...I promise."

After pondering a few seconds, Karen arched her eyebrows and asked, with a hint of suspicion, "You promise? It's all just part of the massage?"

Melissa shrugged her shoulders and shook her head, "That's all...I swear." The young lawyer then leaned in and whispered, "Don't worry...it won't turn you into a lesbian." Seeing a slight smile appear on Karen's face, she added, "After all...you did say that you trust me...right?"

Karen nodded and, with a sigh, replied, "Yes...I trust you."

As Melissa slid the blindfold back into place to cover Karen's eyes, she said, "Okay then...do as I say, and lay back down."

After a deep breath, Karen replied, "Yes, counselor..." As she wiggled back into her former position, she added, sarcastically, "I guess this means that you've won another argument."

Melissa chuckled and replied, "I guess it does." She then went against Karen's wishes and gave her blindfolded friend a quick peck on the lips, whispering, "Now, just relax, and...don't be so rigid!"

Hearing her sister's words coming out of Melissa's mouth instantly caused Karen to cock her head to the side. Underneath her breath, she muttered, "What did you say?" before losing her train of thought as Melissa reclined her back into a relaxing position.

Moments later, due to Melissa's well-utilized massage talents, Karen found herself once more in a state of heightened bliss. The aroused housewife felt the slight undulation of the mattress as her masseuse had once again positioned herself in between her splayed-open legs.

Karen questioned her sanity once she felt the end of Melissa's ponytail brush across her thighs. Would she really allow this to happen?

She shuddered from the sensation of Melissa's warm breath as it caressed her bald vagina. Could this be considered cheating on Robert? She then told herself that maybe allowing it just once would be okay...it was after all, just a 'part of the massage'.

Karen gasped when Melissa began planting little kisses on the smooth, tender skin of her inner thighs. Her pulse raced as her friend's mouth drew closer and closer to her drooling sex. She told herself that there was still time to stop this madness before things spiraled out of control, but then again...did she really want it to stop?

Slight disappointment washed over Karen when Melissa's trail of kisses ended right at the sensitive juncture where her leg met her crotch. She could sense her friend had pulled her head back. What was she waiting for...trying to be a tease? Waiting for her permission? Or...perhaps the young lawyer wanted her to beg.

Neither spoke a word as they found themselves at a standoff. Besides the soft and soothing music, the only sound in the room was that of two women breathing heavily. Each one seemed to be waiting for the other.

Karen thought about removing the blindfold but then decided against it. She preferred the temporary sensory loss it provided. This way she thought, it would help with the guilt, and she could at least pretend it was Robert between her legs...not another woman.

As more and more time passed, Karen could feel her anxiety growing, as well as her excitement. It was as if she were standing at the end of a high diving board, just waiting to take the big plunge, but still too timid to make the final jump. Suddenly Brenda's words rang aloud in her head once more... "Don't be so rigid...have some fun!" As she hesitantly pulled her knees back and spread her legs wider for a sign of surrender to her friend, she wondered...was it, in fact, her sister's voice she was hearing in her head, or possibly something more sinister. Could it be that...of the devil himself? Karen would have very little time to ponder the possibility.

Not giving the Christian housewife a chance to change her mind, Melissa took quick advantage of the opportunity and swiftly planted her face into her friend's obscenely-displayed vagina. With her wide-opened mouth, Melissa covered the whole of Karen's weeping pussy and sealed her lips to her silky-smooth flesh.

Her tongue darted and probed in between her flowering pussy lips licking up the warm cunt cream drooling from the depths of Karen's fuck channel.

"Oh, my!" Karen gasped, shuddering from the sudden, intense pleasure and quickly noticing a remarkable difference. Melissa's lips felt so much softer, and her exploring tongue hit every pleasure spot with pinpoint accuracy. Unlike with her husband and son, there was no need to guide her movements. This woman knew her way around a pussy...and exactly what to do.

Karen still couldn't believe she had once again ignored her Christian morals and allowed her young friend to do this. She had definitely slipped to a new low. In a last, feeble attempt to ease the guilt, she tried to pretend that it was her husband's mouth working feverishly on her pubic mound. However, she couldn't completely trick her mind, even with the blindfold on. Karen loved Robert, but even in his heyday, he'd never been able to eat her out quite like this. It was as if Melissa was a seasoned concert violinist, and she was playing her pussy masterfully like a Stradivarius.

As the building heat between her legs began to spread throughout her body, Karen instinctively grabbed a hold of her sensitive breasts through the thin cotton sheet. She squeezed and caressed her throbbing nipples as Melissa's tongue continued to explore her soaking wet vagina and buzzing clitoris.

Melissa was quite pleased with the results as Karen moaned louder and spread her legs even wider. The young lawyer's mind drifted back to her college days with her roommate Laura. She remembered all those nights in the privacy of their dorm room and how much she'd enjoyed feasting on her best friend's yummy pink pussy. However, she had to admit...this married, Georgia peach was the sweetest thing that she'd ever tasted!

Using the tip of her tongue, Melissa delved deeper in between the tender folds of Karen's savory cunt. She then took the blood-engorged clit between her lips and mercilessly teased Karen's hardened nub, causing her friend to squirm about and get even louder by the second.

"Ohhhhhh!" Karen whined, arching her hips and reaching back to grab the headboard. "Oh my!! That feels so...good!" The conservative mom began rotating her hips, increasing the contact with her friend's wiggling tongue...that wondrously, wonderful tongue.

Overcome by her desire to please the gorgeous MILF, Melissa decided to take it up a notch. The young lawyer began sucking on Karen's little pink pearl for all she was worth.

"Goodness...gracious!!" Karen gasped aloud. She reached down and put her hands on the back of Melissa's head, forcing more contact between her vagina and her friend's sucking mouth...that wonderful, sucking mouth. "That feels...really good!!"

Melissa could sense Karen's body trembling as she neared climax. Along with sucking on her friend's vibrating clit, she began vigorously flickering her tongue across the hypersensitive little bead of pleasure.

"Oh my gosh!!" Karen cried out. "Right...right there!!" She pulled Melissa's face tighter to her as the intense pressure continued to build. The temperature in the

room had suddenly seemed to increase, until finally the heat became unbearable. Without thinking, Karen pulled the sheet from off her oil and sweat-sheened body, exposing her glistening nakedness in all of its glory.

"Yes...YES...YESSSSSS!!!" Karen continued. The mask covering her eyes no longer provided any pretense of anonymity. The born-again Christian housewife finally gave in, and stopped trying to pretend that it was her husband in between her legs. She was well aware now that she was about to climax from another woman performing sinful oral sex on her...and she shamefully welcomed it.

"Oh, Melissa!!" Karen moaned. "I'm...I'm almost..."

The masseuse decided it was time now to end her client's unbearable suffering and give her the release which she so desperately needed. Melissa dragged two fingers of her right hand along the silky flesh of Karen's inner thigh, coating them with the massage oil. She then quickly positioned the lubricated digits at the entrance of her friend's pussy and slid them inside Karen's fiery depths, up to the hilt.

Beneath the mask, Karen's eyes widened with surprise from the unexpected penetration. Her shoulders lifted off the mattress as she called out in shock, "Oh my...GAAHHHHHHH!!!"

Melissa sped up the pace, finger fucking Karen's pussy whilst suckling hungrily on her buzzing clit.

Karen arched her hips high up into the air. "OHHHHH!!!" squealed the middle-aged MILF. "I'm gonna...oh, Melissa!!!! You...you're gonna...make MEEEEEE..."

Melissa raised above Karen and pulled the mask off. As she continued with her Sapphic finger-fuck, Melissa stared deeply into her friend's warm, hazel eyes and whispered, "Do it!" With her face just inches away from Karen's, she added, "Release all that tension, and let it flow out of you!"

Looking up into Melissa's angelic face, Karen lost herself in the young lawyer's beautiful, dark, brown eyes. "Oh yes!!!" she squeaked, "I...I want...to..."

"Do it, Karen! Do it!!" Melissa commanded. She then curled her slender fingers upwards and began stimulating her friend's G-spot. "Cum...cum for me...NOWWWW!!!"

"Oh, yes...I'm...I'm doing it...Melis...it's...happening!! Meliss—AAAAAHHHHHH!!!" Karen shouted, as the dam gave way. Her upper torso shuddered in a violent paroxysm and her abdominal muscles contracted, forcing Karen's body into a sit-up. The climax became so intense that her legs automatically clenched around Melissa's thrusting hand.

"That's it...good girl!" Melissa cooed softly, as her friend convulsed and moaned and rode out the ebbing ripples of her euphoric wave. Melissa's eyes widened in fascination, and she whispered "Wow!" under her breath, as she witnessed small geysers of breast milk jetting from Karen's rock-hard nipples. As difficult as it was, the young lawyer resisted the temptation to wrap her lips around a pink nub and sample some of Karen's creamy, life-sustaining fluid. Melissa

comforted herself with the knowledge that that could be a delicacy she could taste soon, some other day.

As her climax slowly waned, Karen's muscles relaxed, and she laid back flat on the bed. A smile crept across her beautiful face, and a satisfied moan escaped her throat as she drifted back down to earth. Her entire body went limp as she basked in the warmth of her post-orgasmic high.

After a short while, Melissa spoke softly, "So, tell me..."

Karen slowly opened her eyes and found Melissa looking down at her with a big grin on her face.

"How was the massage?" Melissa inquired. "Did it meet all of your expectations?"

Karen nodded and replied breathlessly, "Yes...I haven't felt this relaxed in quite a while..." She then added jokingly, "I think that my legs may be too weak to stand!"

Melissa chuckled, then asked, "Should I go ahead and book you for another appointment?"

Staring back up at her masseuse, Karen bit her bottom lip. Then, without saying a word, she reached up, grabbed the back of Melissa's head and pulled her

down, smashing their luscious lips together in a passionate kiss. Caught off guard by this uncharacteristically aggressive act of the married mom, Melissa couldn't help but giggle as she tongue-wrestled with her hitherto morally conservative friend.

For the next several moments, the two gorgeous women made out like two horny teenagers on a Saturday night. They communicated their mutual pleasure with loud moans as they licked one another's lips and sucked on each other's soft, twirling tongues. Karen found the sweet, lingering taste of her own female essence on another woman to be oddly titillating.

Finally, Melissa pulled back from their hot, Sapphic kiss and said, "I suppose I should take that as a 'yes'. However, I must say...I'm a bit shocked that you've broken your own rule."

Karen's eyes went wide with shock as soon as she recalled the rule that she'd previously laid down of strictly of no kissing. "Oh my gosh!" she gasped, as she sat up some. "I'm so sorry...I...I don't know what's come over me!"

"Don't apologize on my account..." Melissa replied, as she grabbed a nearby towel and began wiping her hands. "I enjoyed it very much...you're a great kisser by the way!"

Feeling her cheeks blush, Karen responded meekly, "Thanks...I guess...but it's still highly inappropriate."

Melissa tossed the towel aside and put her hands on Karen's delicate shoulders. "You shouldn't feel at all ashamed...that was just a natural, physical response. You were simply lost in the moment."

"Still..." Karen said, shaking her head. "I'd appreciate it if no one..."

"Say no more..." Melissa quickly cut her off. "You have my word...no one will ever find out." She then continued, in a reassuring tone, "I promise...what happens in our cocoon...stays in our cocoon."

Melissa's uncanny reference to the corny Las Vegas TV ads quickly sobered Karen up. She remembered that both she and Jake had used a very similarly adapted phrase the previous weekend, in order to justify their eventual evening-long night of debased debauchery at the hotel in Atlanta. The memory of how her drunken self had spent nearly the entire night sinfully fornicating with her son in his bed came flooding back to Karen. She justified her shameful actions as the only way she could've helped Jacob with a horribly painful condition that she had inadvertently inflicted on him. However, she'd also experienced an unexpected benefit from the unseemly event, in that she undoubtedly had some of the best sex of her entire life that night...all while her oblivious, intoxicated husband slept mere feet away in the very next room.

Now, she was beginning to feel that she had horribly failed Robert all over again. At least in Atlanta, she'd had the excuse that she was 'helping' her son. This time however, no matter how hard she tried to put a spin on it, was a true act of infidelity. Because of the evil chemicals coursing throughout her bloodstream, she had basically cheated on her husband with another woman. Karen's main dilemma confronting her now was that she felt guilty for not feeling more guilty.

Was it possible that her current lack of remorse could also be linked to the effects of those wicked hormones?

As her post-massage euphoria faded away, Karen could feel its warm contentment replaced by an impending sense of dread and confusion. Sitting up fully straight, she grabbed the bed sheet that she'd discarded earlier and held the covering up to her chest to meekly conceal her nakedness.

Sensing Karen's internal struggle, Melissa again tried to reassure her friend, "Karen...you did nothing wrong. It was just us girls having a little fun. I was only trying to give you a little 'stress reliever'...please don't feel bad!"

After pondering for a few seconds, Karen shook her head and replied, "To be perfectly honest...I don't feel bad. In fact...I feel great...you did a wonderful job." She then shrugged and added softly, "I'm just trying to...process everything."

Trying to lighten the mood, Melissa responded, "Well, now...since I did such a great job...how about I go ahead and pencil you in for same time, next week? I might even be able to give you a discounted rate!"

Karen chuckled, "Discounted rate, huh? Well, counselor...don't be surprised if I decide to take you up on that!"

Melissa leaned in close to Karen and whispered seductively, "I really hope that you do..."

The two women stared into each other's eyes for what seemed like the longest moment. Karen once again lost herself in the deep, dark, brown pools of Melissa's eyes. She could feel the gap between their faces slowly closing in when suddenly, the spell was broken and she noticed the time on the alarm clock. "Oh, my goodness!" she yelled and stood up from the bed, clutching the bedsheet to her chest.

"What's wrong?" Melissa asked in confusion, still sitting on the edge of the mattress.

As Karen wrapped the whole bedsheet around her naked body, she replied, "I hadn't realized it was getting so late!"

"So?" Melissa replied, shrugging her shoulders. "You have somewhere to be?"

"No..." Karen responded as she blew out one of the scented candles. "But I do need to get cleaned up and get started with dinner soon." She then went on to blow out the rest of the candles.

Melissa glanced over at the alarm clock and nonchalantly stated, "Oh, you're right...it is getting late." She then turned to Karen and added, "Time sure flies when you're having fun!"

Karen scoffed, as she opened the blinds, "Ha-ha...very funny."

Melissa stood up, walked over, and collected Karen's robe. "You mind if I hang around a little longer? I'd like to be here when you give Jake the good news."

Stepping up to Melissa, Karen replied, "Of course. In fact, you can tell him yourself if you'd like. I'm sure he'll have plenty of questions that you'd be better suited to answer, anyhow."

"Probably..." Melissa responded with a smile. "Besides...I think I owe him a 'visit' since I had to leave in such a hurry, the last time I was here."

Karen immediately understood what the term 'visit' meant. "You know...you don't have to do that every time you come over."

"Oh, I know that..." Melissa said, smiling and nodding her head. "But the thing is...Donnie's been pulling such long double shifts all week at the hospital that I haven't even seen him since Saturday. When he is home, the poor man's so tuckered out that all he has the energy to do is to eat and then go straight to bed."

Karen shook her head and said sympathetically, "I'm sorry...that must be quite frustrating...for both of you."

Melissa took a deep breath and sighed, "Yeah, it is...but unfortunately, that's the way of life for an ER resident." She then handed Karen her robe and added with

a cheeky grin, "So, as you can probably understand...I need to work off a little uh...'stress' of my own." She then gave Karen a knowing wink.

Karen shook her head and giggled, "You know...you're beginning to remind me of my younger sister."

"Oh really?" Melissa replied, arching her eyebrows. "I'd love to meet her someday."

"Perhaps we should arrange that. I've got a feeling that you two would get along splendidly." Still wrapped in the bedsheet, Karen walked to the door and added, "In the meantime...I'm going to go take a shower."

Melissa responded, "Okay...while you're doing that, I'll go ahead and straighten up in here." Before Karen could walk out the door, the young lawyer put her hand on her hip and added, "Or...if you'd prefer, I could join you, and ummm...wash your back for you?"

Karen stopped in her tracks and chuckled as she realized what her friend was suggesting. Permitting Melissa some liberties as she conducted massages on her in their 'cocoon' was one thing. However, taking it any further than that was a step that the conservative wife wasn't yet prepared to contemplate. She turned and replied, "I appreciate the offer, but I think I can handle this one on my own."

Melissa shrugged, "Okay, well...maybe next time, then?"

Karen didn't answer the question. Instead, she dropped her head and sighed. "Now I'm convinced. You and my sister would definitely get along...like two peas in a pod!" She then turned and made her way down the hall toward the master bedroom, calling back over her shoulder, "I shouldn't be but a few minutes."

"Take your time!" Melissa hollered back. "I've got this covered." Her imagination began to run wild as she watched Karen gliding down the hall, wrapped in nothing but the bedsheet. The aroused attorney's mind then drifted off into a daydream, in which she and the statuesque MILF shared a steaming-hot shower...their slippery, naked bodies pressed against one another, wet and glistening with scented soap, as they made out feverishly beneath a splattering cascade of water.

The naughty little fantasy continued playing itself out in Melissa's mind as she began putting the massage supplies back into her duffle bag when, suddenly, a realization popped into her head. She gasped aloud, and her eyes widened as it dawned on her. "Huh!" she whispered, looking back down the empty hallway. "She didn't say 'no' about next time!"

"Thank you, precious Lord!" Karen whispered, as she gazed down at the early-pregnancy test displaying those two beautiful words: NOT PREGNANT. She felt a wave of relief washing over her, having once again dodged another bullet after her night-long ordeal of hormone and alcohol-fueled sex with her teenaged son at the hotel in Atlanta. It had been almost a week ago, but Karen had been

anxiously nervous over the entire time since that night, and now she felt a huge burden lifted off of her shoulders. Even though she had willingly allowed Jacob to flood her womb numerous times with his potent sperm and chemically-supercharged young semen, the experimental birth control drug Midoxinol, which she'd only begun taking shortly prior to that wild night of forbidden fornication with Jacob, seemed to have worked like a charm...just as Brenda had promised.

Karen had spent an entire morning earlier that week, anxiously driving to and from LaGrange, a sleepy, leafy town just as far away as Macon, but further west and closer to the Alabama border. She didn't want another awkward encounter with Darlene, that nosy cashier from last time, and so decided a change of scenery and entirely different drug store was warranted (even if it meant a slightly longer drive). Fortunately, her cash purchase of another EPT went without a hitch and, just like in Macon, she hadn't recognized anyone, nor had anyone recognized her.

Back home at her bathroom sink, Karen looked up and glanced at her reflection staring back at her in the mirror. After several seconds, a strange sense of nostalgia overwhelmed her as she gazed at the more mature, but still beautifully buxom woman in the reflection. Karen absentmindedly loosened the sash of her robe and allowed the silky garment to fall open in front, partially exposing her naked body. Her eyes traveled down along her feminine curves and succulently hormone-enhanced breasts, before finally settling on her stomach.

Fixing her gaze in the mirror, Karen turned sideways, then held the robe back and ran her left hand slowly over her soft tummy. Her mind drifted back to the two previous times when her mostly flat torso had proudly displayed a gloriously

ripened baby bump, each time that she'd carried her two precious, unborn children.

Karen always felt that the privilege of being a mother was one of the Lord's most precious and sacred gifts. The ability to conceive, give birth, and nurture a child was a true honor and a blessing. In her mind, it was a way for women to continue God's plan and participate in bringing forth to fruition His miracle of life into the world. She then remembered a verse from the Bible, Psalms 127:3— "Behold, children are a heritage from the Lord, the fruit of the womb a reward".

Looking back down at the EPT sitting on the countertop, Karen reread the words: NOT PREGNANT. As happy and relieved as she was with the result, a small part of her still felt a tinge of regret and disappointment. The middle-aged mother couldn't help but feel a slight sense of melancholy at the realization that she'd likely never again experience the thrill and excitement of a new life growing inside of her womb.

"Mom!" Jacob's voice rang out from the hallway.

Suddenly pulled from her daydream, Karen quickly closed and re-tied the sash of her robe.

"Mo—ooooom?" Her second-born called out once again, as he entered the master bedroom.

"In—in here, Jake," Karen replied, as she snatched the EPT from the countertop. She then slid it into the pocket of her satin robe for safekeeping, until she could dispose of it properly and above all, prevent Robert from ever catching sight of it.

When Jacob arrived at the bathroom doorway, he found his gorgeous mother brushing her hair in front of the mirror. "Mornin' Mom!"

"Good morning, Sweetie," Karen replied, as she continued to run the brush through her silky-smooth, dark-brown locks.

Jacob leaned against the door frame and asked, "I heard the garage door closing earlier...did Dad leave already?"

Continuing to face the mirror, Karen replied with an exasperated sigh, "Yes...he's already left. Another early morning meeting at the office." Still feeling guilty about the previous Saturday night at the hotel, the lovely housewife had tried to entice Robert for sex for the past several days, including that morning for some pre-dawn bedroom fun. However, the loyal, hard-working husband somehow always declined (though not without reluctance) due to a lack of time or just plain exhausted from the ever-growing demands of his job.

Sensing Karen's frustration, Jacob said, "Sorry, Mom." Stepping into the bathroom, he added, "It's easy to see Dad's promotion is wearing heavily not just on him...but also you."

Karen stopped brushing her hair and spoke to Jacob's reflection in the mirror. "Yes, it is. But this normally happens as one climbs the corporate ladder and takes on more responsibilities. Your father's always worked very hard to take good care of us. However, along with that often comes the sacrifice of not being able to spend as much time as he'd like with his family."

"Well, like I've told you before, Mom," Jacob offered, "I'm always here for you...for anything."

Karen smiled and replied, "Thank you, Baby...that's nice to know, and I really appreciate it." Putting the hairbrush down on the countertop, she added, "Are you heading to school early today?"

Jacob shook his head, "No...not today...why do you ask?"

"Well..." Karen said coyly, as she turned to Jacob. "You had plans to meet up with a certain lab partner the last time when I didn't have to come and wake you up for school." She then crossed her arms and leaned her hip against the counter, "So...what's up this time?"

"What's up?..." Jacob replied with a slight chuckle, as he stepped forward and opened his bathrobe. "This!"

Karen's eyes immediately locked onto the huge bulge tenting inside Jacob's boxer shorts. She stood up straight and whispered, "Ohhhhh my...I see." Already, she could feel her body reacting to her son's sweet and pungent aroma.

Her pussy, which had already been moist from her abortive attempt at tempting Robert that morning, lubricated itself anew in irrepressible anticipation...Karen re-crossed her arms on her chest, and at once she could feel her nipples stiffening atop her breasts beneath her satin robe and rubbing against its silky material.

"I must say, I'm a little surprised. I thought that after all of the time you spent with Ms. Turner yesterday, you'd be good for at least a day, or so." Karen wondered lasciviously whether Melissa had gotten her fill of Jacob's one-eyed monster the day before. Her son had gone through several condoms in the process of helping the young lawyer work out some of her 'stress'.

Jacob shrugged, "I thought so too, but as you know, this thing has a mind of its own." He continued, "And before you ask, yes, I've already tried taking care of it myself this morning, but I wasn't having much luck. So, since Dad's left early for work, I was hoping you could maybe...help me finish...before I go to school?"

"Well..." Karen replied, calmly. "I don't see how I can say no, seeing as your dad's not here...and obviously, I can't let you leave the house in that condition."

Karen heard herself speaking what seemed to be logical and sensible words, but deep down she knew it was her body making her decisions...looking for any excuse to rationalize what she was about to do, where only a few months before she would've been morally outraged at the mere thought of doing anything sexual with her son.

Jacob smiled, "Thanks, Mom!"

"But let's try and make it quick, okay?" Karen held out her hand for Jacob to take. "I've got quite a bit of errands that I need to run today, before I meet up with your sister."

As Jacob allowed Karen to lead him over to the bathtub, he asked inquisitively, "What are you and Rachel doing today?"

Taking a seat on the tub's wide edge, Karen replied, "Well...since she and Scott have finally moved into their new house, she wants to host this year's Halloween get-together as a housewarming party. Rachel and I are going to spend part of today shopping for food, supplies, and decorations."

"Cool!" Jacob replied, exuberantly. Staring down at this mother, he asked, "Say Mom...would it be okay if I invited Sara to the party?"

Karen shrugged and said, "Fine by me..." as she began sliding her son's underwear down his skinny legs. She couldn't help but feel a slight twinge of jealousy once again grip at her heart from Jacob's mention of the beautiful blonde teenager and preacher's daughter.

"Oh my!" Karen softly gasped, as her son's hardened cock bounced up just inches away from her face. Even though she'd seen the ghastly thing plenty of times by now, it was still an overwhelming and impressive sight each time to behold.

Karen grabbed Jacob's massive member with both of her hands and began to slowly jack him off. Using her tongue, she instinctively lapped up a long, pearly string of precum that was hanging downward from its tip. The sweet, exotic flavor ignited her taste buds and a primal hunger for another load of her little man's delicious baby batter to once again fill her empty belly.

As Karen tightened her grip on Jacob's throbbing shaft, more droplets of his tasty nut juice began to trickle from its slit. Looking up into her son's eyes, the dutiful mother whispered, "Okay...let's get you taken care of quick, because I still need to go take a shower."

"Oh yeah! That's the stuff!" Jacob grunted, once Karen had wrapped her plump, dick-sucking lips around the spongy helmet of his cock and began twirling her tongue around its sensitive tip. He watched as his mother's hands slid back and forth along the length of his aching cock...the diamonds of her wedding and engagement rings sparkling in the bright bathroom lighting. He then closed his eyes and smiled, proclaiming, "Wow, Mom...you're the best!!"

Karen couldn't help but feel a sense of triumph at her son's acclamation. Perhaps it was the hormones, or perhaps it was the knowledge that she knew for a fact she was helping Jacob in a way that Sara could not. Even if her methods were highly irregular and unorthodox, she knew that until Jacob was cured of this affliction, it was her motherly duty to give her son the best care possible. The fleeting envy she had felt in her heart was suddenly replaced with a sense of purpose.

"Holy crap!! That's awesome!!" Jacob exclaimed, as his eyes shot wide open. His knees buckled, forcing him to place his hands on Karen's shoulders for support.

"Mmmmmm-Hmmmmmm!!" Karen shook her head, in moaning disapproval of Jacob's colorful language. Usually, she would've pulled back instantly and voiced her annoyed grievance, but since she had quickly found the perfect rhythm and tempo, Karen wanted to continue blowing her son's mind while at the same time she blew his magnificent cock.

"Sorry...Mom!" Jacob whimpered, realizing at once that Karen was displeased. "It just feels so...amazing!!" The teenager was astonished by his mother's early-morning exuberance. He couldn't remember a time when she'd ever shown this much enthusiasm whilst giving him a blow job. It was as if she was trying to suck the living meat right out of his boner and, at this rate, Jacob knew he wasn't going to last very long. He could already feel his re-filled, aching nuts churning up another big load. When it came to sucking dick, his strait-laced mother was giving his Aunt Brenda a real run for her money. "This might be...the best blowjob...ever!!!" Jacob groaned, his legs trembling as he felt the familiar tingling in his balls in prelude to his sperm's ejaculation.

A motivated Karen tightened the grip of her hands and lips, bobbing her head back and forth faster, determined to swallow as much of her son's delicious meat stick as possible. Her freshly-brushed, glistening, chestnut hair bounded from side to side across her back atop her satin robe. As Jacob began grunting wildly like a beast, she took her left hand and gently massaged his bloated nut sack, hoping to coax his creamy seed to boil over and surge up through his expanding shaft.

"Ohhhh, Mom!" Jacob bellowed. "Oh yeah! It's cumming....get ready, Mom!! Oh yeah!! Mom...Mom...Ohhh, Moommmmm...AAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!" It took

every fiber of his being for the teenager not to collapse from the extreme onrush of pleasure now overwhelming him. Jacob's eyes literally crossed as huge, thick ribbons of steaming-hot cum blasted from the piss-slit of his oversized dick and straight into his mother's eagerly waiting mouth.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm..." Karen moaned, as she gulped and hungrily engulfed each mouthful of Jacob's warm and sticky hormone-infused ejaculate, feeling its heat filling her belly. Her hands furiously pumped at his quivering shaft, determined to empty her teenaged son's pulsing testicles, whilst her mouth sucked nonstop to ensure Jacob filled her up with every last, precious drop of his hot, healthy seed.

"Dannng!!!" Jacob gasped in bewilderment, as he backed away and leaned against the counter for support, his knees still a little shaky. He quickly corrected his language, "I mean...WOW! Mom...where did that come from? Not that I'm complaining, or anything." He then looked down and noticed that his cock was almost completely deflated. "Look at that...my erection's gone. Mom, you're the absolute best!!!"

Karen replied, as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. "Just doing my motherly duty." She couldn't help but beam with a sense of pride at the result of her blowjob: a one-and-done. Her mind drifted back briefly to a similar comment regarding her oral talents that her husband Robert had paid her recently...and the unsettling, eerily identical phrasings of father and son weren't lost on her. Karen then stood up and collected the bath towels which she had laid out on the counter. "Well, now that your problem's been resolved, you need to go and take a shower. If you wanna wait around until I get ready, I can then drop you off at school...that way, you won't be late again."

"Oh yeah, that reminds me..." Jacob commented, as Karen stepped into the large, glass-paneled walk-in enclosure and turned on the water to warm it up for her shower. "You think maybe I could take a shower with you this morning?"

As she exited the cubicle, Karen shook her head and replied emphatically, "No, absolutely, you may not."

"C'mon, Mom!" Jacob whined.

"Jake...I said, NO!" Karen replied. "We don't have time for any shenanigans this morning. I've got a lot of things that I need to do, and you need to get to school."

Jacob tried to argue his point, "But Mom...that's the reason why I'm asking. It'll save us a lot of time, and keep me from being late for school."

"How will that save us time?" Karen scoffed, asking with a hand on her hip. "You do realize you have a perfectly good shower right down the hall?"

"Not today, I don't...it's messed up again." Jacob replied, shaking his head.

"What do you mean 'messed up again'?" Karen asked, a bit confused. "I thought your dad was finally able to get it fixed?"

"Well...yeah, he repaired the leak..." Jacob confirmed. "But now, there's no hot water."

Karen dropped her head and sighed exasperatedly. She looked up and said, "I love that man with all my heart, but your father can be so hardheaded sometimes. Why he doesn't just call a plumber, like I suggested in the first place, is beyond me!"

Jacob chuckled and shrugged. "You know Dad...always trying to save a buck or two!"

"Maybe so, but now his spend-thriftiness is gonna cause us to be late." Karen placed her left hand against the shower partition and tapped her manicured fingers against the glass panel. After a few seconds of deliberation and pondering, she took a deep breath and relented, "Okay..." She then opened the shower door and added, "Let's go."

"Really?" Jacob asked, pleasantly surprised and with a big smile on his face.

"Yes, really..." Karen replied, with a hint of frustration. "Because if we're ever going to do anything on time this morning, I really don't see any other viable option."

"Cool..." Jacob commented, as he began taking off his T-shirt.

Karen began untying the sash on her robe and said, in a serious tone, "Now, Jake...remember that we're only doing this out of necessity, to save time."

"Gotcha!" Jacob replied, now standing before Karen totally naked, giving her a 'thumbs up' in agreement. He was excited to see his gorgeous mother once again in nothing but her birthday suit. To him, it never got old seeing her completely naked...every time seemed just as amazing as the first.

"I mean it, Jake." Karen reaffirmed. "We get in... we shower...and we get out." She glanced down and felt relieved to see that his 'thing' was still flaccidly dormant. Hopefully, she thought, the blowjob that she'd given him would be enough to keep it that way. Slipping her robe off of her shoulders, Karen added, "That means absolutely none of your...monkey business...understand?"

"Yeah, sure..." Jacob replied softly, only halfway hearing his mother's statement. He was too busy gawking at her beautifully curvy, nude, MILF body.

"Young man...did you hear me?" Karen asked sternly, as she hung her robe onto a nearby hook.

The tone of Karen's voice snapped Jacob out of his distracted reverie. He looked up and saw the seriousness on his mother's angelic face, then gave her a mock salute and said, "Yes, Ma'am! Loud and clear...all business...no monkey." He then proceeded to enter the shower.

Karen rolled her eyes and shook her head. As she followed Jacob into the large glass enclosure, she muttered, "Why do I feel like I'm making a big mistake?"

For the next couple of minutes, things went according to Karen's plan. She and Jacob each took turns underneath the giant showerhead as they went about their bathing routines, chatting nonchalantly about the day ahead.

After rinsing the shampoo out of her hair, Karen stepped aside and bent down slightly so she could pump a large amount of conditioner into her hand. She then began applying the thick and creamy hair care product, carefully running her fingers through her long, brown hair to ensure each strand received adequate coverage.

Having finished his shower sooner, Jacob now stood behind Karen and rewarded himself by enjoying the view. His mom's glistening-wet, curvy body was a delectable feast for his young eyes, as she went about her ablutions beneath the steaming cascade of hot water. To him, every simple move by his beautiful mother seemed somehow fluid and sensual. From the slight jiggle of her butt cheeks as she bent over, to the side-to-side wobble of her bountiful breasts as she stood back up...each of her movements was pure art. The erotic scene of watching Karen as she innocently showered in front of him, oblivious to his leering stare, was soon causing Jacob's sleeping leviathan to reawaken. A devious idea suddenly popped into his head, when he spotted a container of Karen's body wash.

"While I'm out with Rachel today," Karen said over her right shoulder, "I'm gonna do some grocery shopping. Any ideas for tonight's dinner?"

Jacob was still standing behind Karen, lecherously feasting his eyes on her sexily sleek and saturated body. As he squeezed a copious amount of body wash into his left hand, he watched several tiny streams of conditioner-infused hot water trickle down along his mother's tapered back, then run across the curves of her wide hips. Mindlessly following his gaze downwards to the swell of her delectably-round bottom, Jacob was mesmerized by one particular stream of the heavily-scented conditioner water, as it disappeared into the inviting crack of Karen's perfectly-shaped butt. "How about a nice, juicy rump roast? Your rump's always the best, Mom..." the horny teen replied, distractedly.

Not catching on to her son's blatant sexual inuendo, Karen replied, "Thank you Sweetie, but something like that would probably be better suited for when I have some more time." As she continued running her fingers through her wet hair she continued, "I was thinking for tonight, perhaps something a little simpler, like say...spaghetti or maybe some tacos?"

Another dirty thought ran through the teenager's raunchily racing mind. He remembered the previous weekend, at the hotel in Atlanta, when he had dined for the first time on that sweet and savory, hairless 'taco' in between his beautiful mom's silky-smooth legs. The memory of how her deliciously forbidden sex had felt and tasted on his insatiably invading tongue caused a slight jerking movement in his rapidly swelling penis, until it stood fully at attention and pointed directly at Karen's invitingly naked rear end.

Putting the bottle of body wash quietly back on the shelf, Jacob replied, "Then definitely tacos Mom...I absolutely love your taco..." his voice trailed off,

purposely leaving off the plural, as Jacob's lustful attention was focused solely on stealthily stepping up to get closer behind his mom.

Once again, Karen missed Jacob's shamelessly sexual hint. "Okay...Mexican it is," she replied with a smile. "I'll be sure to pick up a— Jake?! Just what do you think you're doing back there?" Karen asked suspiciously, rubbing the water out of her eyes and trying to look over her shoulder as soon as she felt her son's hands rubbing all along her back, hips, and sides.

"Nothing, Mom..." Jacob responded innocently, as he commenced slathering the back side of Karen's soft and supple skin with her lavender-scented body wash. Never one to miss an opportunity, Jacob smiled as he also made sure that his fingers just happened to 'accidentally' graze his Mom's sideboobs. "Just thought that it would, you know...save us some time if I helped you wash."

"Oh, okay..." Karen replied, sighing with some relief at what seemed to be her son's innocently benign intentions. Her mind then drifted back nostalgically to when Jacob was still in preschool, years before. Because of her often-busy schedule, it wasn't unusual for Karen to decide to save time by having Jacob take a bath with her. She remembered fondly how her baby boy always seemed so eager to help her wash up...especially when it came to her breasts. Even back then, Karen suspected that her 'little man' would eventually grow up to be a big 'boobie hound', just like his father.

Snapping out of her little daydream, Karen said, "Well, if you really wanna help..." She then took her loofa sponge hanging from a nearby hook on the tiled wall and held it out for Jacob. "How about using this?"

Jacob took the loofa from Karen and, just like the previous time they'd spent together in the shower, the teenager washed his mother enthusiastically with the soapy sponge. As he used his left hand to scrub her back and shoulders, Jacob's empty right hand slid down over Karen's hip, before settling onto her juicy, rounded backside. He waited for an expected rebuke, but instead all Jacob heard was a soft and sexy moan escaping from his Mom's throat.

After a few moments, Karen froze when she suddenly felt something all-too-familiar poking at her inner thigh. She promptly asked, "Jake? What is that?"

"Nothing, Mom..." Jacob replied, too distracted to even attempt at sounding innocent.

"Well, it doesn't feel like 'nothing'!" Karen retorted. After a few seconds of continued poking and still no reply from Jacob, she stated exasperatedly, "Young man...I asked you a question."

"It's uhhh..." Jacob fumbled, thrusting his hips heedlessly forward, before finally throwing caution to the wind and sliding his now fully-erect cock in between Karen's thighs. Leaning in, to where his mouth was now near her left shoulder, he whispered, "My monkey..."

Karen bent forward and looked down past her slightly rounded tummy, to find several inches of Jacob's hardened penis lewdly sticking out from between her legs. "Oh, for goodness sake..." she sighed, aghast, instinctively clenching her

thighs together around her son's probing shaft. "Jake... I told you before...we don't have any time for this!" Squeezing her legs tighter, Karen unintendedly caused a dollop of Jacob's precum to leak profusely from the tip of his cock. The mere whiff of her son's intoxicating scent entering her nostrils instantly sparked the week-long frustrated mother's unsought-for arousal.

"Sorry, Mom..." Jake responded as he dropped the loofa sponge and placed his hands on Karen's curvy hips. "But like I've told you before...this thing just seems to have a mind of its own." He then pulled back and slowly thrust forward again, grunting from the pleasure of the friction on his pulsing shaft that Karen's reluctantly clutching thighs provided. "Plus...taking a shower with the hottest mom on the planet isn't helping any, either." Receiving no reprimand from his mother, Jacob then duplicated the move, only this time the vice-like grip of Karen's legs eased slightly. Taking this as an unspoken signal, Jacobs immediately angled his cock upward, attempting to gain entrance into the heavenly opening of his mother's quickly moistening vagina.

"Jake, that's very sweet of you to say..." Karen replied to his compliment, though still facing away from him. "But as I also said earlier...we really don't have any time for— Ahhhh!!!" The middle-aged mom squeaked in shock from the sudden contact of the top of Jacob's rigid cockshaft sliding up against her sensitive clit. Instinctively, she leaned forward and placed her hands against the glass panel.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jacob concurred. "But you also said before...you could never let me leave the house in this...uggghhh...condition!" The teenager grunted again, as he thrust his pelvis forward with a bit more force, now tightening his grip on her wide and fleshy hips with both of his hands.

"Ohhhhh!!" Karen moaned, as the length of Jacob's rock-hard dick again hit its mark. With a shaky voice, she replied, "Yes...I'm well aware of what I said before, however..." She then dropped her head in frustration and whispered to herself, "I knew this was a bad idea!" Biting her bottom lip, another moan escaped Karen's throat as the ridged edge beneath the tip of her son's stiff and rigid cock scraped achingly once more across her tingling clitoris.

"Sorry..." Jacob apologized half-heartedly, his mind elsewhere as he continued his persistently probing, methodical movements. Because Karen had yet to move away or tell him to stop, he felt hopeful in breaking her stubborn reluctance and asked, "So, Mom? What do we do now? Should I go to my room and go get a condom?"

Because of their lack of time and not to mention her growing arousal, Karen knew there was only one possible solution. "No..." her voice trailed off. "That would be pointless and a waste of time..." she thought to herself, the moral and rational part of her brain no longer in control...something more primal had taken over her. Running a quick calculation in the one logical corner of her mind still functioning, Karen adduced that today was the time of the month when she normally entered her fertile period and ovulated. Perhaps that might explain the overwhelmingly strong female drive she was now experiencing, though Karen had never known it in the past to cause her to be this reckless. Luckily though, she reckoned with confidence that the Midoxinol she'd recently begun taking rendered her perfectly safe, as proven by that morning's EPT result. "Thank you, Brenda!" she silently exclaimed.

Her misgivings assuaged, Karen figured it was once again probably those wicked hormones (and her recent lack of sex that week) that were the main culprits in directing the sinfully immoral and insane thing she was about to let happen.

Unbeknownst to her however, Brenda's trial birth control pills were also now a factor in affecting and clouding her better judgment. As a white flag of surrender to her fate, the dutiful mother reached back resignedly with her left hand and took a hold of her son's raging erection. Karen found that his thing was already slick with a coating of her own natural lubricant, no doubt mixed with Jacob's profusely oozing precum.

Jacob's eyes widened as soon as Karen's fingers wrapped around his swollen shaft and gave it a few quick, encouraging tugs, before holding her grasp at its base, poised and ready to point it directly at what they both knew (and wanted) to be its only possible target. A victorious smile spread across his face as he watched his mother widen her stance and lower herself to his level, proffering her forbidden mommy-entrance unashamedly to him in open invitation to take her from behind.

As Karen positioned the tip of Jacob's cock at the yearning threshold of her hairless vagina, she stated matter-of-factly answering her son's previous question, "Apparently, we don't have much of a choice...do we?"

"No, Mom...I guess we don't..." Jacob grunted. He then pushed forward, sinking half of his gigantic phallus into his mother's warm love tunnel with one powerful stroke.

"Unnnngghhhhhh!!!!" Karen yelled, in a mixture of pain and pleasure, her face wincing from her son's unceremonious intrusion. To catch herself from falling over, she slammed the palm of her left hand flat against the shower enclosure...the engagement and wedding bands on her ring finger making a loud 'click' as they came into contact with the cubicle's fogged-up glass.

Normally, Karen would have scolded Jacob sternly for such a sudden and rough penetration. However, today she secretly welcomed it. Due to her having needed some time to recuperate from the previous Saturday night, (as well as other obstacles that came up during the week,) she and her son hadn't had a chance to have sex since that marathon session they had at the hotel in Atlanta. For Karen, it felt absolutely glorious and fulfilling to have her baby boy's monster invading her insides once again.

With both of his hands holding onto Karen's shapely, wide hips, Jacob quickly found his pace and a good rhythm. He relished in the heavenly tightness gripping at his shaft each time he steadily plunged his throbbing penis in and out of the warm clutches of his mother's welcoming, wet vagina...eagerly thrusting in deeper and deeper with each stroke.

Even though Jacob absolutely loved having sex with the other four women in his life, to him, nothing still compared to the kinky thrill of doing the nasty with his squeaky-clean, conservative mother. Especially raw. It was simply...out of this world! "Oh, Mom..." he smiled, before exclaiming, "You're absolutely...the very best!"

"Oooohhhhhh!!!" was Karen's only response, quickly reaching a fast-approaching climax. "Unnnngggggghhhhhh!!!" she moaned, as the onrushing orgasm rapidly rolled all across her convulsing body.

Moments later, they remained coupled in the same position, with Karen bent over at the waist, her face still grimacing in sublime ecstasy. Her legs shaking,

she was supporting herself gingerly with both of her hands flat against the glass wall, as she desperately sought to catch her breath. Jacob remained standing behind his mother, holding onto her hips with his cock still embedded deep inside the confines of her juicy cunt. Though his thrusting had momentarily stopped, he kept his pelvis pressed tightly against her round, cushiony backside, reveling for as long as he could in the exquisite feeling of his Mom's pussy walls thrumming in obvious orgasm around his dick.

Remembering that they were short on time, Jacob only reluctantly resumed his thrusts, slowly pulling back until just the tip of his cock remained lodged inside Karen's vagina. He then gently pushed his hips forward, sliding his entire length back into the warm, welcoming depths of his mother's hairless sex.

"Mmmmmmmmm..." Karen hummed, as the pleasant sensation of Jacob's ridged, veiny shaft reawakened long-dormant and neglected nerve endings deep inside of her core. Instinctively, she began rolling her hips and pushing back to meet her son's gentle, probing thrusts in an unspoken signal for him to penetrate her deeper and faster.

Taking Karen's reaction as a green light, Jacob smiled once again and slid his hands further upwards to her tapered waist, promptly increasing his tempo to a steady and leisurely rhythm. Soon, the glass-enclosed cubicle echoed with the lewd slapping sound of flesh on flesh each time Jacob's skinny, pubescent pelvis slammed relentlessly into Karen's wide and quivering, mature and matronly rear end. Enthralled by the undulation of his mom's juicy backside, without warning the horny teenager playfully slapped her right butt cheek, creating little waves and ripples in her soft and pliable flesh. Hearing another approving moan of delight escape from Karen's throat, Jacob repeated the action, only this time

much harder, causing a loud 'smack!' to reverberate inside the shower's tiled enclosure, joining in the clapping chorus of their carnal mating.

"Ohhh!!" Karen squealed in surprise, the sudden, burning sting in her behind swiftly shooting upwards and causing her nipples to tingle. Lashing her wet hair over her shoulder, she turned her head to scold her son. "Careful, Jake...not so rough!"

Jacob stopped thrusting his hips and replied in confusion, "But Mom...I thought you liked it rough. At least that's what you nodded 'yes' to... on Saturday night."

"Jake...I wasn't exactly in my right frame of mind that night," Karen replied, her cheeks blushing with embarrassment. "Besides..." she continued, "After we arrived home on Sunday evening, your father walked in on me as I was changing clothes in the bedroom and just happened to notice a faded handprint on my backside..."

For Jacob, the thought of his dad seeing any incriminating evidence of the wild, all-night mother-son fuck session he'd had with his mom was exciting, yet equally terrifying. Pausing his thrusting for a moment, he asked with caution, "Well, what happened? I mean...did he suspect anything?"

Shaking her head, Karen replied, "No, thank heavens! I was able to convince him it was actually his handprint...left over from our 'wild romp' that night."

Jacob smiled. "So, Dad thinks you two 'did it' Saturday night at the hotel when actually, it was me you had sex with?" The teenager scoffed and said, "That's so cool!" He chuckled, the momentary edge that he'd lost in his erection quickly returning with a vengeance once he realized that he and his mom had basically (and wickedly) pulled one over on his father.

"NO...not 'cool!'" Karen retorted, annoyed, though her body couldn't help but respond to the sudden surge she felt in Jacob's member by clenching her cunt tighter around his shaft. "We just happened to get very lucky that your dad has no memory of anything which took place after dinner that night, and he bought my explanation...this time, at least." She turned her head towards the glass panel and added, "And...since your father's not much into spanking, you'd best take it easy back there, and not leave any more marks for him to discover!"

"Well, Dad may not be into spanking, but you are...right, Mom?" Jacob posed, rhetorically. "In fact, I think you're starting to like it a little...rough." He accentuated the word 'rough', as he leaned into her and slammed his hips forward once again, planting himself balls deep inside Karen's welcoming vagina.

"Unnnngghhhh!!" Karen moaned, her eyes widening, as she gasped from the sudden blast of pleasure and felt once more the tip of her son's cock smashing eagerly at the entrance to her womb. The conservative mother had to admit...her son wasn't wrong, though she couldn't yet bring herself to tell him so. As she felt her boy's plunging member once more piston in and out of her, Karen's mind wandered off and returned to the events that took place that Saturday night in Jacob's hotel suite.

Even though some of the details remained a bit fuzzy, Karen vividly remembered the mixed feelings that she'd experienced when Jacob had aggressively bent her legs back to where her knees almost touched her shoulders. The memory of being obscenely folded nearly in half by her son while he mercilessly pummeled her pussy into submission was downright degrading...yet also strangely exciting. She began to wonder if perhaps there was a way to get her sweet and gentle husband to be a bit more boisterous and rowdier in the bedroom...just like their son.

Jacob snapped Karen out of her space-out with another smack to her gloriously round and fleshy backside, "Mom, if I were dad, I'd spank your big, beautiful butt every chance that I got!" Getting back into a relentless rhythm of humping his mother with deep thrusts, he added, "Let's face it, Mom...for being such an 'intelligent' guy...dad can be a real...MORON...sometimes!"

"You shouldn't...unghh!...disrespect your...ohh!...father like that!!" Karen rebuked Jacob in response, her cunt once again clutching tight around his cock each time in between each thrust as her son degraded her husband.

"Sorry, Mom...but it's true," Jacob replied, pausing his pounding to keep himself from cumming too soon, before continuing cautiously. "He's always too busy working...and when he is home, he's not taking care of your needs...the way he should."

Once again, Jacob hit close to home and was in fact, correct. However, this was neither the time nor place to scrutinize the less-than-stellar sex life she shared with her husband— least of all, with of all people, her own son, as his 'thing' sinfully screwed her from behind...hitting close to another home.

"Alright, Jake...no more talk about your dad," Karen gasped, her eyes shut in shame and anguish at the wicked sinfulness of it all.

Jacob added, "But Mom, you basically said so...yourself."

Karen looked back over her shoulder and snapped, "Jake, that's enough! Not another word...I mean it!"

Hearing the seriousness in his mother's voice, Jacob softly relented, "Okay, Mom."

"Now..." Karen stated, softening her tone, as she widened her stance a bit more. "We need to hurry up and finish...you're already probably late for school as it is, which means I'll have to sign you in..."

Jacob watched as Karen shifted her position, which caused her juicy round bottom to shimmy. "Yes, Ma'am...you don't have to tell me twice!" he replied, with a smile.

Moments later both mother and son grunted in unison from the mutual pleasure of their sinfully forbidden mating. The lewd sound of wet skin slapping against wet skin as their genitals eagerly copulated was once again greatly amplified inside the shower's glass enclosure. It was as if both of them were in a frantic race to the finish, earnestly thrusting forward and pushing back at one another

in perfect timing, ramping up the pace of their carnal coupling. No words were spoken amidst their fleshly fornicating, only the feral moans and groans of a mother and son focused solely on bringing their frenetic, familial fuck to its inevitable cum-consummated conclusion.

Jacob grasped tightly onto his mother's waist as he pistoned his pulsing rod in and out of Karen's sin-aroused pussy with machine-like precision. With her head hanging downward, Karen watched as her big round boobs swung in and out of her line of sight. The gold, heart-shaped locket containing Rachel and Jacob's baby photos that hung around her neck occasionally tapped against her chin each time she felt her teenaged boy's scrawny pelvis mash against her plush behind, the tip of his monstrosity tapping searchingly at the entrance to her womb.

Raising her head back up, Karen narrowed her eyes as she peered through the shower's fogged-up glass door, and could just barely make out a distorted reflection in the bathroom mirror across the way. It was the immoral and sinful sight of a happily-married mother, bent over at the waist, and willfully allowing her own teenaged son to plunder her sacred womanhood from behind with his ungodly sex organ as they engaged in unbridled, forbidden fornication.

Karen then remembered a magazine article that she'd read recently: how the sexual performance peak and height of libido for males was their late teenaged years, while for women it was their late-30's to early 40's. Now, it seemed a prime example of what that dangerous combination of youthful exuberance and mature experience, perfectly matching one another as they energetically engaged in heedless and wanton sexual mating, played itself out right before her very eyes— though horribly corrupted by the fact it was a 43-year old mother and her 18-year old son.

Karen should have recoiled away in horror and found the wicked scene of incestuous debauchery assaulting her eyes an abhorrent abomination. However, at that moment it was her younger sister's words that once again crept into her mind and drowned away all of her logical thinking and shattered morals: "Don't be so rigid...have some fun!"

As she gave in fully lascivious lust and pushed back aggressively at Jacob, Karen felt a strange desire to relive the previous Saturday night and relinquish some control to her impetuous son. Her secret longing to be treated a little rough...manhandled...maybe even dominated, was once again bubbling to the surface, even as another impending, tsunami-like orgasm threatened to overwhelm her.

Feeling too embarrassed to ever ask her son to treat her in such a fashion, Karen decided to take a more subtle approach. "Jake?" she asked, her warm, hazel looking yearningly into Jacob's as she eased up on her butt's movements, "Are you...close?"

"Not yet... Mom..." Jacob replied, as he continued his steady and methodical pace. Their time-crunch be damned, he wanted to enjoy this hot and wet, glorious, mom-son fuck for a long as possible.

"C'mon sweetie...we're running...late..." Karen said, again pushing her plump posterior back at Jacob and trying to motivate him.

After the previous day's ball-draining session with Ms. Turner, and the epic, world-class blowjob his mother had performed on him earlier that morning, it was taking Jacob a little bit more time than usual to build up another load. "I know Mom..." Jacob responded, with a hint of frustration, his eyes closed in earnest concentration. "I'm...trying!"

Karen began pushing her hips back harder, meeting Jacob's thrusts head-on until the junction of their colliding genitals once again clapped aloud in wanton depravity. "You're not trying...hard enough. I told you...we don't have time...to fool around...and dawdle!" The horny mother then demanded, "You need to...hurry up now...and...finish!!" Each time she paused in her commands, Karen punctuated her urgency by squeezing the muscles of her vaginal walls, hoping to coax the elusive, but no doubt, effusive ejaculation out of her son.

Taking his mother's words as a direct challenge, Jacob moved his hands from her tapered waist and grabbed a desperate hold of her flared, undulating hips. The sexy way she looked so helpless bent over beneath him, tightening her hot mommy-hole around him, egging him on in what seemed to be the closest his mom would ever come to in talking 'dirty' to him, soon spurred the frantic batch of baby-making sperm in Jacob's balls to start churning.

"Okay, Mom...if you want me to finish...then I'm gonna...finish!!!" the teenager warned, in an almost menacing growl. He then began plowing the full length of his pole into his mother's yielding pussy with an animalistic and ruthless, total abandon.

"AAAAAIIIIIEEEEE!!!" Karen yelled in exquisite pain and pleasure, as the tip of Jacob's cock once again hit bottom, scraping and tapping relentlessly at the

entrance to her womb and smashing achingly against her cervix. Pleasure overwhelmed pain as she closed her eyes and tilted her head back, her enflamed estrous and heightened female libido finally being satiated. A smile crept onto Karen's lovely face, the words "Oh, yessss...that's it!!!" escaping her lips, as she plunged herself fully into the depths of debauched depravity with her son. It was as if a hard-to-reach itch that had been frustrating her all week was finally being scratched away at with maximum satisfaction, as Jacob ravaged the depths of her vagina.

Jacob was like a man on a mission. He had found the perfect pace as he relentlessly drilled his unnaturally-large babymaker in and out of Karen's quivering sex. He could feel his mom's warm and sweet cunt butter slathering all around his churning column of flesh as it stuffed her thrumming birth canal over and over, until her loving nectar trickled all along down his shaft and onto his bloated testicles.

The more viciously Jacob slammed into Karen, the louder her plaintive cries of submissive surrender became. The enraptured mother's church choir voice was soon belting out notes of blissful, ecstatic joy that echoed off the tiling as she drew nearer and nearer to the pearly gates of orgasmic heaven.

Suspecting that his mother was actually enjoying the rough treatment he was giving her, Jacob grabbed a fist full of Karen's wet hair with his left hand. He then firmly pulled her head back, causing her spine to arch obscenely and the twin hefty mounds heaving atop her chest to jut out proudly.

With his right hand, Jacob slapped Karen's curvy butt cheek again, making her silky-smooth flesh quiver and shake. Hearing no complaints from his mother,

only her continued high-pitched wails, he spanked her round bottom several more times, saying appreciatively, "Dang, Mom...your ass is so awesome!"

Rather than cringing in disgust whenever she heard Jacob's colorful comments, Karen instead winced pleurably as she felt the delicious stinging sensation left by his hand each time it made contact with the sensitive skin of her shapely backside. She considered rebuking Jacob as she normally did for his usual offenses, but quickly chose against it. At the moment, the debased and dominated housewife was too wrapped up reveling in her own debauched euphoria to concern herself with admonishing her son and so decided to let it slide...this time.

Meanwhile, Jacob continued his unrelenting hammering away at his mother's sopping-wet pussy. His violent thrusting eventually forced Karen to teeter forward, so that her incredible boobs were soon mashed up against the shower enclosure's wall. The cool condensation on the glass sliding across her smashed areolae quickly made her erect, pink nipples harden even more.

A constant stream of "Oh my...gosh! Oh my...gosh! Oh my...gosh!" spilled forth from Karen's mouth each time Jacob viciously plunged the entire length of his wicked pussy-pleaser inside of her. His violent thrusts were also pressing her amazing breasts harder and harder against the shower enclosure's wall, until Karen felt them swell with the familiar pressure signaling her imminent climax. The knuckles of her manicured fingers turned white as she attempted in vain to gain a grip on the slick glass, only to find herself continually sliding downwards.

Noticing Karen's difficulty, Jacob grabbed her by the right elbow. He then pulled on her arm, along with the fistful of her hair that he had in his left hand, causing his mother to stand upright.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!" Karen shrieked from the masochistic thrill of being absolutely manhandled by her teenaged son. The salaciousness of the moment swiftly sent the conservative and pious housewife spiraling into a tailspin. "Ohh!!! Ohh!!!" she exclaimed, with each slap of Jacob's hand slamming against her rounded butt cheek. Once again, Karen's temporary pain was outweighed by the sheer raw and dirty excitement that her son was eliciting from her. Very quickly, Jacob's spanking turned the once pristine and soft, creamy flesh of her ample behind to a fiery, glowing pink.

Karen soon felt a second, and more powerful, climactic wave about to crest over her. "Oh! I'm...I'm...almost— " she called out, desperate for its arrival. "Oh yes! You...you're gonna...make meeeeeeee!!!"

After a few more thrusts of Jacob's hips, Karen's climax crescendoed to its absolute peak until finally, the torrential tide of its onrushing deluge came rolling in.

"AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!" Karen wailed, in a piercing, hymn-like note as her entire nervous system flooded with the exultant joy of pure and unabashed ecstasy.

Throughout his mother's rapturous orgasm, Jacob continued his relentless assault on Karen's twitching vagina. The exquisite feeling of her clenching cunt

muscles clasp all around his pistoning cock soon pushed him closer and closer to his own climactic finish.

"OHHHHH...MYYYYYYYY!!!" Karen cried out. The aching pressure inside of her magnificent tits finally gave way, releasing powerful jets of warm, creamy breast milk that erupted from her burning nipples and splattered onto the shower's glass partition.

"OHHHHH, YES!!! YEESSSSSS...JAAAAKKKE!!!!" Karen shouted, as more and more of her life-nourishing liquid ejected from her luscious mommy-boobs, intensifying her already toe-curling orgasm.

The glorious sight of his hot, MILF, mom expelling her hot, mommy-milk out of her huge, MILF, tits finally pushed Jacob over the edge. He loved nothing more than filling up her hot mommy-hole when she came hard on his cock like this, and he knew he was about to do it...again. Grabbing her by her wide, child-bearing hips, he jammed his bloated shaft up to hilt, just as Karen's spasming pussy tightened in a final, vice-like death grip onto the base of his cock. Jacob repeated the process several more times until soon, he felt the familiar tingling sensation deep in his nuts that he knew were his balls about to boil over.

"Mom...I'm almost...THERRRRRE!!!" Jacob warned, grunting in between each final thrust as he stuffed his pulsating pussy-pleaser to the very depths of Karen's hot and horny love tunnel. The only response from Karen was a series of mewling moans as she whomped her bouncing butt back onto his slamming pelvis and rode out the fleeting echoes of her own glorious climax. Karen was running purely on instinct— her not-so-subtle and inviting move seemed the only natural thing to do to bring her beloved boy to his final finish...inside of her.

Karen's motion caused the buried tip of Jacob's dick to rub directly onto the ravished surface of her cervix— the bubbling pre-cum leaking from his piss-slit providing a nourishing precursor lubricant which anointed her well-plowed field in preparation for the oncoming, invading sowing of her son's seed.

Seeing his mother's round and juicy rear end jiggling as she pressed her wet, meaty ass back against his crotch was the final, triggering spark that lit the dangerously potent, explosive fuse in Jacob's churning balls. "Oh yeah...Oh yeah, Mom...I'm...I'm...CUMMMMMMMMMIIIIINNNNNNNGGG!!!" Throwing his head back, Jacob clenched his skinny butt tightly as he got on his tiptoes and rammed his hormone-fueled monster all the way home.

A fresh batch of hot, healthy sperm rocketed up Jacob's cock as he grunted savagely, erupting violently from the tip of his glans in thick, white spurts that deposited deep inside Karen. With each guttural growl, Jacob kept firing off his spunk...rope after rope of it splashing against her cervix as he filled up his mom, so much so, that it felt as if his clenching balls would never stop. After his afternoon-long romp with Ms. Turner the day before, and his mom's mind-blowing blowjob that morning, Jacob thought it impossible that he could've built up such a big load so soon after. Yet, here he was, pumping his gorgeously hot, super-MILF of a mom full of his little babymakers...again. Jacob recalled again his ranking of his sex partners, and among them all, none could ever top his mom as the one he most loved to do the 'nasty' with and fill up with his stuff...especially without a—

Condoms! Jacob realized that for once, his strait-laced mother hadn't sternly insisted that he use them...barely even mentioning for him to go grab one before they got down to business in the shower. Awesome! Not only would it be great if his mom made him use the stupid things less and less, but she also hadn't even

seemed to whine like she usually did about finishing inside of her. Not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, Jacob was glad there wasn't any drama this time around on that end.

"Speaking of 'end'..." Jacob mused. In addition to the other nice developments, it seemed his mom was beginning to like getting it from behind. Where only a few weeks prior, she'd always been so uptight and moralistic about that 'dirty' position that was 'only fit for animals', now his mother readily offered herself that way. Again, awesome! Taking her that way had always been one of Jacob's deepest, secret fantasies, one that he even sometimes played out with his other partners— like the last round with Ms. Turner the other day, though instead of Melissa's hot pussy, Jacob had instead imagined it was his mom's dark, forbidden rear hole he was fucking, as he pounded Ms. Turner/imaginary 'mom' from behind...that hot, shapely behind. Taking his mother's untarnished and pristine final virginity was still his ultimate goal.

Breaking out of his raunchy reverie, Jacob refocused back on the present and his still-firing cannon. Strangely, his mom hadn't continued her wailing screams as he continued filling her up, like she did that one night in Atlanta. This time around, Karen merely arched her back as soon as Jacob rammed home into her, her mouth open and agape in a voiceless scream, while the muscles in her pussy milked Jacob's monster of his seed again and again and again for all she was worth as he fired off into her. Confident in Brenda's pills and no longer worried that her son was going to put a baby into her (making a total mess of their family tree), Karen finally lived out her sister's mantra to 'have fun!' to the fullest...and then some.

By the time Jacob broke out of his little daydream, the inside of Karen's vaginal canal was a sloppy mess, yet still, Jacob's cannon kept firing. Karen, with eyes

closed and legs still shaking, kept up her end of the deal as she flexed the walls of her pussy around his plundering phallus, hoping to coax as much of his energetic little swimmers into her as possible. A slick, white coating of Karen's pussy butter combined with Jacob's thick, white baby batter, slathered the entire length of his shaft as he slowly pulled most of it out her slit, leaving only the pulsing head of his cock at Karen's vaginal threshold.

As he stared in admiration at the awesome sight of his mom's quivering, round, Georgia peach rump, with just the tip of his dick lodged inside of it, Jacob took hold of each of Karen's buttcheeks, playfully squeezing the meaty globes. Something that had been brewing in the back of his mind then popped into his head, an idea that he'd had for a while but had been saving for the next time when he had condomless sex with someone...preferably his Mom, with her big, 'bodacious' ass. Finally pulling his cock from the warm and wet confines of Karen's cunt, Jacob grasped its base with his right hand and aimed it squarely at her backside.

"Oh yeah, Mooooommm!!!" Jacob bellowed in triumph, as he jacked himself off, "I'm gonna dump the rest of my load...all over...your...BIG...beautiful...ASSSS!!!"

More huge ropes of thick, teenager spunk suddenly erupted from the tip of his dick, the seemingly never-ending geyser bathing the entirety of Karen's butt and back in blast after blast of hot semen and sperm. A good amount of Jacob's basting even reached all the way up to her shoulder blades.

"NOOOOOOOOOO!!! Jake! Keep it inssiiiiiiiiiiiiide!!!" Karen pleaded, turning her head to look back at her son admonishingly. A last, moralistic vestige tucked

away in a corner of her frenzied mind recalled the story of Onan in the Bible, in Genesis chapter 38, whom the Lord smote for 'wasting his seed'— a grave sin which displeased God. Considering the past times Karen had allowed Jacob to 'waste his seed' on her chest, and the even graver sin that they were still actively committing, Karen quickly brushed away the silly notion in her head. "I just showered...and you're making a MESSSSSSSSS!!!" Karen then added, momentarily reverting back into 'Mom mode', while at the same time expressing a thinly-veiled excuse to explain her inadvertent outburst of desire for her son to keep pumping her full. Falling back a little, her jutting butt bumped up against Jacob's hand as it flailed up and down the underside of his cock. Her gaping hole, oozing her son's sperm obscenely down both sides of her legs, sought in vain to make contact once again with the tip of Jacob's spluttering monster and plug up her hollow sense of emptiness once again with his fullness.

Using both hands for support, Karen leaned against the shower partition as she felt the unending hot streaks of Jacob's semen splattering all over her back side. While catching her breath, she watched several residual drops of her breast milk slowly roll down the pane of glass.

Jacob stood behind Karen admiring his latest, and arguably greatest, 'work of art'. The teenager found himself mesmerized by how his sticky semen trickled along the curvature of his mother's spine and gathered in the dip of her lower back, with one particular stream of his thick, white spunk slithering onto and kinkily coating her pink, virginal butthole fixating his attention. He then took notice as the giant globs of his virile ejaculate slid out from in between the crack of his mom's curvy bum before joining the viscous cascade of sperm oozing out of Karen's ravished vagina and running down the back of her sexy, long legs.

"Wow, Mom..." Jacob gasped, still a little out of breath. "Your ass looks freakin' fantastic like this!"

"Alright, Jake...time to ease up on the language," Karen replied, fully reverting back to 'mom mode'. "I know I've let it slide so far, but now you need to reel it back in." The post-coital euphoria that she had felt had steadily ebbed away, replaced by a calm clarity...though strangely, Karen thought, there wasn't as much of the usual deep remorse or angst that she usually felt after having sex with her son. Despite this, it still made her cringe to hear such crude curse words coming out of her little man's mouth.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jake responded before asking with an impish grin, "But would it be okay if I took a picture of this?"

"What?!" Karen replied. Once she finally understood what her son was asking, her whole body stood up straight, pulling her glazed butt out of the clutches of Jacob's grasping hands. Shaking her head, Karen then stated emphatically, "NO!"

"C'mon, Mom...just one?" Jacob pleaded impetuously, as he watched more and more of his gooey baby batter travel down Karen's lower back, before disappearing into that tantalizing, deep crevice between the rounded globes of her asscheeks. He wanted nothing more than a memento of this epic morning of hot, shower room ball-busting fun that he could keep forever. Desperate for a trophy of his latest triumph, Jacob added, "I promise not get your face in the photo."

"Jake... I said no, and I mean NO!" Karen replied in a huff, shaking her head incredulously as she hunched over and cupped her right hand over her gaping vagina to stem the leaking flow of Jacob's sperm spilling out of her. Even though she seemed to be cross, Karen couldn't help but feel a small sense of pride as she squirmed her legs around her fingers. After all, what middle-aged woman wouldn't be at least somewhat flattered, knowing that a teenager (least of all her son!) wanted racy photos of her. Still, it wouldn't be a good idea to allow Jacob to carry even one picture like that of her on his phone. Such evidence would be way too dangerous...and tempting disaster.

Karen straightened back up and turned to face Jacob. After seeing that his flaccid penis now dangled harmlessly in between his skinny legs, she cupped his chin with her hand and said, "Now that we've gotten you taken care of, we need to rinse off and finish up, then get out of here..." Stooping down slightly Karen brought her head to level with Jacob's and, after a brief moment of hesitation, planted her lips on his for a sultry, but all-too-brief, post-sex, mother-son kiss. After teasing a little tongue, Karen pulled away quickly before Jacob could reciprocate more fully, or more importantly, their kiss reawakened the slumbering monster in between his legs. Twirling around, Karen stepped back to the showerhead, "You need to get to school, and I have a long list of things I need to do today..."

Joining his mother beneath the steaming stream of cascading hot water, Jacob decided to remind her of something she seemed to have forgotten. "Mom...you still remember our deal...don't you?"

"What deal?" Karen asked, genuinely stumped, as she bent down and picked up her loofa sponge from the shower floor.

"You know..." Jacob insisted, "The deal that if I bring home a 'straight-A' report card, you'll pose for some pictures."

"Oh, that?" Karen quipped, as she picked up her bottle of body wash. "Well...as I seem to recall correctly...the exact agreement was that I would think about it...I never promised that I would pose for anything." Karen knew for a certainty that Jacob had been struggling with his Spanish class all semester. Therefore, she felt extremely confident that her son's goal of getting all A's and cashing in on his 'reward' was, if anything, a real long shot. She then asked, "Besides...when exactly are report cards due to come out?"

"I'm not sure which day," Jacob replied, "But it's supposed to be during the week of Halloween." He then pleaded, "Mom...will you promise to at least think about it?"

Karen nodded, "Sure...I'll think about it. However, until you do bring home a straight-A report card, there's really nothing for me to think about, is there?" Holding out the loofa sponge, along with the shower gel to Jacob, Karen then added, with a motherly smile, "Now...be a good boy, and clean off that mess you made on Mommy's backside!"

It was way past late morning when Karen finally got Jacob off to school and was able at last to begin taking care of her seemingly myriad list of errands for that

day. Even though she was running late, she was still in a fantastic mood as she drove her car through the leafy, suburban streets of her town. The autumnal weather outside was beautiful, the volume of her car radio was turned up, and she was looking forward to spending the entire afternoon shopping with her daughter, Rachel.

To top it all off, Karen had received wonderful news the day before from assistant DA Melissa Turner. It seemed the prosecution and defense had finally reached an agreement. The defendant, Dr. Michael Grant, had agreed to turn over the antidote which would cure Jacob and the other WICK-Tropin program participants from the terrible side effects of those wicked, ungodly hormones. The dutiful mother felt such a sense of relief, knowing that the craziness of the past few months would finally be coming to an end. Oddly, Karen felt a small sense of sadness too, only realizing she was feeling this way when one of her hands absentmindedly drifted off the steering wheel, to caress her hormone-augmented breasts causing her sensitive nipples to instantly pucker. Even though her beloved son would finally be cured, Jacob returning to normal would also mean a final end to the chemically-laced, hormone-fueled and increasingly mind-blowing orgasms she experienced whenever she 'helped' her son.

With a poignant sigh, Karen placed her hand back on the steering wheel, though not before she had to squirm in her seat again, as she felt another glob of Jacob's semen leaking out and onto the gusset of her cotton panties. Karen silently thanked her younger sister Brenda again, having made sure to take another one of her Midoxinol birth control pills, right before she and Jacob set out for his school that morning. Gulping the pill down with water, Karen prayed for its continued efficacy in preventing Jacob's sperm and her egg from ever combining and mixing their DNA...and sinfully creating an incest baby, resulting in the abomination of giving birth to her own grandchild.

Smiling warmly as she drove around town in her Jeep Grand Cherokee on that glorious October morning, Karen soon found herself tapping her fingers on the steering wheel and humming along with the music blaring through her radio's speakers.

Usually, if Katy Perry's 'I Kissed a Girl' came on the radio, Karen would change the station immediately in moral outrage and disgust. The ultra-conservative, Christian housewife had always judged that song wildly inappropriate, with its suggestive lyrics of girl-on-girl homosexuality.

Surprisingly however, today Karen found the decadent and unbecoming tune to be quite catchy. Perhaps it was because less than twenty-four hours earlier, she herself had engaged in kissing a girl...namely, her attractive young friend, Melissa Turner. As highly inappropriate and sinful as what they had done might be, there was no denying that, just like the girl in the popular hit song, Karen had liked it.

Suddenly, Karen's cell phone began to ring. Recognizing it was Rachel's home phone number on the other end, she quickly lowered the radio's volume and answered the call on her hands-free. "Hi, Honey Bear...how are you?"

"Fine, thanks," Rachel replied. "How about you, Mom?"

"I'm great!" Karen cheerfully responded. "Just out and about, taking care of errands...however, I'm running a bit behind schedule."

"Oh yeah?" Rachel asked, with piqued curiosity. "What happened?"

Karen scoffed, rolling her eyes, before not even hesitating to state, "Jake...that's what happened." She then shifted her position again in the driver's seat, feeling the lingering, burning sensation on her right butt cheek, from when her teenaged son had repeatedly spanked her that morning in the shower.

After putting on her bra and panties, Karen just happened to look at her reflection in her bedroom vanity mirror. That's when she noticed the bright pink handprint on her right ass cheek and had huffed, "Well, that simply won't do!" The half-naked housewife then decided to remove the skimpy, bikini-cut garment she had planned on wearing and instead replaced it with a pair of more conservative underwear, which provided her blemished derrière with fuller coverage.

Reexamining herself in the mirror, Karen was relieved to see Jacob's handprint now completely hidden beneath the cotton fabric and no longer visible. She grudgingly accepted the trade-off of having to resort to wearing 'granny panties' for the time being and changing her clothes in the dark for the next couple of days, if it meant preventing any possibility of her husband Robert ever discovering the new markings left by their son on her plump and juicy behind.

"Oh really? What did that..ohhh...twerp of a little brother of mine do now?" Rachel responded, her voice somewhat shaky.

Hearing her daughter gasp into the phone, Karen asked with concern, "Rachel honey...are you okay?"

"Y—yeah Mom..." Rachel replied. "I'm fine...just uhhh...stubbed my toe on the carpet." She then continued, "So, what did Jake do again?"

As she turned her Jeep into the bank parking lot, Karen explained, "Oh you know, just being a typical teenaged boy...dragging his feet and procrastinating!" Steering her SUV into the drive-thru lane, she added, "That's why I'm running so late this morning with my errands...I had to take him to school and sign him in again."

"I totally understand...," Rachel responded. "Scott did the same thing...took me forever to get him up and moving this morning. It's a wonder he ever gets to work on time, if it wasn't for me."

Karen giggled as she placed her checks and deposit slip into the transaction drawer of the bank's drive-thru window, "They never grow up, men...they see us wives as a replacement for their mothers!" After a period of silence, she asked, "So...should I stop by your place after I finish with my errands?"

After a few more seconds, Rachel finally responded, "Well, that's sort of why I called you up. I wanted to see if you'd be okay if we postponed and went shopping tomorrow, instead of today."

Caught a little off guard, Karen replied, "Why of course, Sweetheart...is everything alright?"

"Uh-huh...everything's fine," Rachel responded. "Something...unexpected just came up, and I'd prefer to deal with it today."

After collecting her receipt from the teller window's drawer, Karen agreed, "Well, sure...that's no problem. In fact, a raincheck probably works out better for me, too." Pulling out of the drive-thru line, she continued, "Since I'm running so far behind on my errands, that'll allow me to finish up all my chores today, that way you and I can have the whole day to ourselves tomorrow, to do our thing."

"Sounds great, Mom...thanks!"

After pulling back onto the highway, Karen asked, "Did Scott go to Tuscaloosa today?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Rachel confirmed. "He won't be back until...late tonight."

"You want to come over for dinner later?" Karen asked, with a smile in her voice. "It's gonna be Mexican night!" The doting Mother knew her firstborn child couldn't resist or turn down her tacos.

"Oh, yummy..." Rachel exclaimed, with excitement. "Count me in!"

Karen giggled, "I figured you'd say that! So, see you around...6 o'clock?"

After a pause, Rachel answered with a question of her own, "Hey, Mom...here's an idea. How about I pick up Jake after school and just come over then? That way, I can help you out with dinner. That'll also free up some extra time for you to go run your errands, and not feel pressured."

"Sounds good to me!" Karen replied, with enthusiasm. She was more than happy to accept Rachel's gracious and timely offer to pick up her younger brother after school. In fact, this windfall now afforded Karen a great opportunity to drive up to Statesboro and pick up another box of 'Excalibur' condoms that she had on order for Jacob. Hopefully, she mused, this would be the last time she would ever have to do so...that is, so long as Dr. Grant followed through on his end of the plea bargain and relinquished the WICK-tropin antidote.

When she had placed the order for more of the condoms, Karen had purposely chosen another pharmacy in an entirely different town altogether, just as she'd done when obtaining her early pregnancy tests from LaGrange. The prior convenience and anonymity that she'd enjoyed when doing business with the Smith Pharmacy over in Macon was now far too compromised and outweighed by the risk of running into that nosey clerk, Darlene, again.

"Great then, it's settled!" Rachel said on the other end of the conversation. "I'll pick Jake up after school, and then we'll be home around 3:30, or so."

"Sounds wonderful!" Karen replied, beaming. "Thank you, Honey Bear...love you!"

"Love you too, Mom!"

As she drove down the highway to begin taking care of her own 'secret mission' over in Statesboro, Karen could only smile in contentment and satisfaction. Her prospects for the rest of that day had now significantly improved, and she had both of her beloved children to thank for it. Even though Rachel had lightened the burden of her chores for that afternoon, Karen couldn't help but feel that her precious boy had just as equal a claim in making her feel happy and satisfied at that moment...if not more so. Her weeklong ordeal of uncertainty and frustration had seemingly melted away instantly that morning, when she and Jacob torridly had sex in her master bath shower, and her son had filled her up again with his chemically-enhanced sperm. Squirming her legs together once more, Karen let out a deep sigh, determined now to tackle the rest of her day...blushing with the secret knowledge that as she went about hither and thither around Georgia, doing her errands, she would have Jacob's little swimmers swirling around inside of her, keeping her warm...

Jacob walked into his Spanish class, surprised to find himself the first person to arrive. As soon as he sat at his desk, he heard the unmistakable sound of a lightsaber powering up from his bookbag— it was a text alert. Since his Spanish teacher, Señora Pérez, had yet to arrive, he quickly fished his cell phone out from his satchel.

Looking at the screen, Jacob saw that it was a text from his sister, Rachel.

Rachel: Hey squirt...whatcha doin'?

Jacob: Nothing much...you?

Rachel: Same here. Scott's gone to Tuscaloosa for the day and won't be home 'til late tonight. Wanna come over & hang out?

Jacob: Rach...Unless you've forgotten...I'm @ school.

Rachel: I know that, Doofus! I'll come over there to sign you out. We can use the old 'doctor's appointment' excuse.

Jacob: Wait...I thought you & Mom were going shopping today.

Rachel: We were, but then we decided to wait 'til tomorrow. So, what'll it be...you in?

Jacob: Just curious...when you say hangout...do you mean to 'hangout', or to 'negotiate'?

Rachel: Look, Dork...u wanna come over or not?

A few seconds passed, and a smile spread across Jacob's face when he read:

Rachel: Negotiate.

Jacob's smile widened even more when he saw the little smiling devil emoji 🤩 pop up on his screen.

Jacob: Awesome!! I'm in!!

Rachel: Cool...I'll come down there to get you for your 'endocrinologist appointment' around lunchtime.

At noon, Jacob was sitting in the lunchroom with his best friends at their usual hangout table. While the group of boys ate lunch, they discussed possibly attending the upcoming Comic Convention in Atlanta. The main topic of their debate was their chronic teenaged issue of finding a means of transportation to the event (or any event, for that matter).

Jacob's oldest friend, Matthew Johnson, took a sip of his beverage and suggested, "Hey, maybe Steve could drive us...he's got a license, and access to a car."

Steve Sutton was the newest member to the group of geeks known as the 'Pitiful Little Band'...a Star Wars reference that the drama teacher, Mr. Gunter, had come up for them last year. Steve's family had just moved into town a few months prior, when his dad a sheriff's deputy accepted a transfer to the local sheriff's office.

Steve shook his head, "No way, guys...that's my sister's car...she just lets me borrow it from time to time. If anything ever happened to it, I'd for sure be dead meat! Besides, if my mom ever found out I drove to the 'red zone', she'd probably ground me for life."

Jacob scrunched his face and asked, "Red zone? That sounds lame. What the heck's that?"

Steve replied, "It's one of the areas I'm not allowed to drive to." Noticing the blank stares on his friends' faces, he further explained, "See, my mom's got this whole elaborate mapping system broken down into 'acceptable' and 'unacceptable' driving zones. For instance, anywhere around town's considered the green zone, and I can come and go as I please. Any of the outlying areas are considered yellow which means I have to clear it with her before I go. The red zone however, which includes all of Atlanta, is strictly off— holy crap!!!" He lowered his voice and added, "Check out the babe coming this way!"

The other four boys turned in their seats and saw a young woman confidently gliding across the lunchroom, headed towards their direction. She was a tall, gorgeous, busty blonde wearing a knee-length, form-fitting cotton dress. The garment was a floral print, with buttons down the front and a scooped neckline that exposed just an appropriate hint of cleavage.

"Who do you think she is?" Steve asked the rest of the group. "She can't be a student...do you think maybe she's a substitute teacher? I would kill to be in her class."

Mike turned to Steve and answered him with a big grin, "That my friend is Jake's older sister, Rachel."

Steve looked at Jacob and asked in disbelief, "She's your sister?"

Matthew chimed in, "You mean you haven't met his family yet?"

Steve shook his head in reply.

"Oh, man..." Matthew said, with a chuckle. "Wait 'til you get a load of his mom!"

Mike added, "Rachel was a cheerleader here in high school, and at the University of Georgia."

Steve's eyes went wide in awe, "A college cheerleader?" He sat back in his chair and whispered, "Wow...the holy grail!"

"Hey, Squirt...you ready to go?" Rachel asked Jacob, once she arrived at the table and took off her sunglasses. "Your doctor's appointment's at 1 o'clock...and we don't wanna be late."

"Yeah, yeah, I know...just let me get my stuff together," Jacob replied, as he began gathering his things.

"Hey, Rachel...what's up?" Mike asked, in an egotistical tone. "You're looking as fine as always rockin' that lovely dress... is that new?"

Rachel put a hand on her hip, and replied to Mike, "Well, if it isn't the 'King of the Nerds' himself, being a douche as always!" Of all of Jacob's friends, Mike Tarver was Rachel's least favorite. He was brash, crude and arrogant for someone who was considered an outcast and could never attain membership to any of the 'popular' cliques like she did. Despite this, for years the scrawny, pimply, overconfident boy had lived under the delusion that Rachel had a 'thing' for him.

Rachel's disdain for the kid had begun years ago, when she was a freshman in college. She was home for the summer and just happened to be sunbathing out by the pool one hot and sunny afternoon. Thinking that no one was around, the 18-year-old blonde beauty had untied the straps of her bikini top in order to prevent any tan lines.

Suddenly, out of the blue, several volleys of cold water splashed onto Rachel's naked back. Squealing from the icy chill splattering all over her, Rachel instinctively raised herself up, only to find Jacob and Mike just a few feet away,

blasting each other with the 'Super Soakers' that Jacob had gotten for his birthday, just the week prior.

"Hey, you two...watch it!!" she shouted.

Hearing Rachel barking at them, Jacob and Mike stopped firing the water guns at each other and looked in her direction. The two boys' eyes bulged out in shock...and that's when the annoyed cheerleader remembered her unfastened bikini top. She quickly looked down to see that her perky C-cups were fully exposed to the leering view of the pre-teen little twerps.

"YOU LITTLE FREAKS!!!" Rachel yelled, out as she grabbed her bikini top and used both of her arms to cover her naked breasts. "Y'all did that on purpose...I know you did!" she continued to rant. "Just wait 'til Mom and Dad get home, Jake...you're gonna be in for it so much, you little pervert!!"

Mike stepped forward and acted innocent. "I'm really sorry, Rachel...it was all my fault. I'm the one who hit you with the water, not Jake. It was purely an accident...I swear."

Even though Mike's words sounded sincere, Rachel could see from a certain glint in the boy's eyes something that made her doubt his sincerity. Even the subtle, evil little smirk on his face gave him away. Though she couldn't prove it, Rachel knew then without a doubt that what the creepy little nerd had done had been deliberate.

"Awwww please, Rach...don't tell Mom and Dad," Jacob pleaded. "I'm supposed to be going to Six Flags with Mike and his family this weekend. If you tell 'em, they're gonna ground me for sure!"

Rachel pondered for a few seconds. The prospect of having her annoying little brother gone all weekend would certainly be a nice respite. That way, she could have the backyard pool all to herself without the nuisance of Jake and his little 'nerd herd' hanging around and bothering her.

"Pleeeeeease, Rachel?" Jacob whined again. "Don't say anything!"

After a few more seconds contemplating, Rachel sighed and finally relented, "Alright, Dweeb... consider this your lucky day. I won't tell Mom and Dad... this time."

"Awesome! Thank you!!" Jacob replied, relieved.

As Rachel laid back down on the pool lounge, she waved a finger ominously at her little brother and added, "But just you remember this...you owe me BIG TIME, Buster!!"

"You got it," Jacob happily replied, before adding, "Thanks again, Rachel...you're the best!"

As Rachel put on her sunglasses, she responded, "Yeah, yeah...I know. Now, y'all go to the other side of the yard...and stay there!" Watching to make sure that Jacob and Mike walked a proper distance away, she rolled her eyes and shook her head, sighing, "Ugh...boys!"

Back in the present-day, Mike asked, "So Rachel... you still married?"

Disdainfully not even looking at him, Rachel held up her left hand and wiggled her fingers, showing off her glimmering engagement and wedding rings to Mike. She replied indifferently with one word, "Happily."

"It's a shame to see that you settled for less..." Mike stated, arrogantly. "But just remember, I'll be here waiting...whenever you come to your senses."

Rachel scoffed and rolled her eyes. "Dream on, dork-meister, dream on!" she mocked.

After being introduced to Steve and speaking with Matthew briefly, Rachel noticed the fifth group member. "Hi, Kev...how are you?" she asked, with a smile.

Kevin Wheeler was the younger brother of Rachel's high school friend, Christine, and was the total opposite of Mike Tarver. He was intelligent, polite, and very cute...but painfully shy around girls. She always thought that the introverted bookworm would make a great boyfriend someday for some lucky girl, if he ever came out of his shell.

When Rachel still lived at home, anytime that Kevin was over at their house, she could never resist engaging in some innocent flirting with the bashful boy. She loved to see how many shades of red she could make his cheeks turn whenever she tormented the poor lad. Despite how frequently she'd teased him in the past, Kevin definitely remained Rachel's favorite out of all of Jacob's friends.

"Hi, Rachel," Kevin replied meekly. "I'm fine, thanks."

Rachel stifled a giggle once she noticed Kevin's cheeks blush, as he quickly buried his face back into his book.

"Okay..." Jacob announced, throwing his book bag over his shoulder. "I'm ready...do we need to go by the office?"

"Nope..." Rachel replied. "Already signed you out...you're good to go."

Over the years, it wasn't unusual for Jacob's big sister to sign him out of school for his regular trips to the endocrinologist. In the eyes of the front office staff, Rachel had grown to be more like his 'second mom'. Therefore, they never questioned her or suspected anything amiss whenever she showed up unannounced to pick him up. Rachel mused at how shocked the school secretary, Mrs. Anderson, would be if she ever discovered the unspeakable true intentions that the married former student had for her younger brother that afternoon!

On the drive over to Rachel and Scott's new house, Jacob gave her a full update on his test results and the legal case against Dr. Michael Grant. His older sister was genuinely happy to hear the welcome news about the antidote and that Jacob would soon be cured of his affliction, so that things could get back to normal. Still, the married sibling couldn't help but feel a touch of disappointment, realizing that their days of 'negotiating' would soon be coming to an end.

As Rachel pulled her car into the garage, Jacob asked, "Have you and Scott finally finished getting moved in?"

After shutting off the ignition, Rachel replied, "Yep, last weekend...while y'all were up in Atlanta." Unfastening her seatbelt, she continued, "There's still some decorating left over that I want Mom's help me with, but other than that we're basically all finished. Come on in, and I'll give you the grand tour."

For the next half-hour, Rachel played the 'tour guide' for her younger brother. She proudly showed him around her new home, including the spacious backyard with an inground pool that included an adorable Doherty pool house. When they finally made it upstairs, the young housewife prioritized showing him the spare room next to her and her husband's master bedroom. It had already been designated as the nursery room for her and Scott's future babies.

"And finally...the master bedroom!" Rachel proudly presented, with her arms held out.

"Wow!" Jacob remarked, as he walked into the massive suite. Standing beside his sister's new king-sized bed, he marveled at the expanse of the room and commented, "I think it's even larger than Mom and Dad's bedroom."

With a smile Rachel affirmed, "It is...by a little bit." She then turned and walked into the master bath and continued, "Our bathroom isn't as nice as theirs though, but obviously, they've spent a good deal of money remodeling theirs, adding a jacuzzi tub and that huge, walk-in shower...I'd love to do something like that for ours down the road, but for now....this is great...don't you think?"

Hearing no reply from Jacob, Rachel turned around. She assumed her little brother was had been standing right beside her. However, now he was nowhere to be seen.

"Jake?" she called out, somewhat perplexed.

"Jake? Where are y—?" Rachel stopped mid-sentence as soon as she reached the doorway. There, she found Jacob lying on her and Scott's new, king-sized bed, with his back resting against the upholstered headboard. He was totally naked, save for his 'Captain America' T-shirt. The rest of his clothes lay in a heap on the floor, next to her husband's side of the bed.

Rachel stood transfixed, as she watched Jacob's hand sliding slowly up and down the shaft of his fully-erect cock. A faint whiff of her brother's scent entered her nostrils, instantly igniting her arousal. Crossing her arms and leaning against the door frame, Rachel then stated, "Being a bit presumptuous...don't you think?"

Jacob shrugged and replied, "Not really...I like to think of this as just me being confident."

Rachel giggled, "Confident?"

Jacob nodded and asked, "Yeah...isn't that what you suggested I do...show more confidence?"

Rachel stepped into the bedroom and walked up to the foot of the bed. The closer that she got to Jacob, the more his exotic scent permeated around her, intensifying along with it...her arousal. Putting her hands on her hips, Rachel chided her younger brother, "I don't think I'd call what you're doing 'confidence'. I mean, here you are...naked, in my marital bed and openly pleasuring yourself. If you ask me, what you're doing is just being downright arrogant."

Jacob shrugged again, "Well, you can call it whatever you want...but I'm just doing this until you decide to take over."

Rachel rolled her eyes, "Until I decide take over?" She then scoffed, "Damn, Squirt...you got some balls on you today!"

Jacob sneered, as his oozing pre-cum coated his fingers and shaft, "Yeah, I do...and they're really swollen and starting to ache." He then added with a sly

grin, "So...whenever you're ready...I could really use some of my lovely big sister's help."

Continuing their teasing, playful banter, Rachel commented, "Hmmm...I don't know...looks like you're handling yourself pretty well on your own. Maybe you don't even need my help, after all."

Now exhibiting a little impatience, Jacob grumbled, "C'mon, Rach...quit wasting time! After all, you did say in your text that we were gonna 'negotiate'."

In a slow, calculated, sultry tone, Rachel confirmed, "Ohhhhh, you're right...I did say that...didn't I?"

"Yes..." Jacob nodded, "Yes, you did."

"Well..." Rachel said with a relenting sigh, as she reached with both hands under the hem of her floral-printed dress. Hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her thong panties, she pulled the flimsy underwear down off of her curvy hips, adding coyly, "Since I did agree..."

The smile returned to Jacob's face as he watched Rachel slide her undies off her shapely thighs and then allowed them to flutter down her legs in a silky pool around her feet.

"I guess it's settled then..." Rachel continued, stepping out of her panties and picking them up off the floor. Putting her left hand on her hip, she held her right hand out to her side with the skimpy little garment dangling from her index finger, twirling it playfully, "Let's negotiate."

"Now you're talkin'!" Jacob exclaimed exuberantly.

"But! Before we do..." Rachel said, holding up her left hand. "I need you to answer me one question."

"One question? Sure!" Jacob eagerly replied. He'd be willing to put up with playing any type of silly little game, if it meant he got to do the nasty with his smokin'-hot, ex-cheerleader sister in her brand-new, marital bed.

Kicking off her shoes and climbing onto the bed, Rachel added, "And I need you to be totally honest with me...can you do that?"

Anxious to move things along, Jacob nodded, "Heck yeah...no problem. Ask me anything you want." He felt his excitement ratcheting up as his gorgeous sister slowly crawled on top of him.

Suddenly, the look on Rachel's face took on a serious turn as she straddled her baby brother's scrawny legs. Beneath the skirt of her cotton dress, Rachel's sopping-wet and saturated pussy drooled in enflamed anticipation at the bombshell that she was about to drop on her brother.

Narrowing her sparkling green eyes, Rachel looked down at Jacob, pinning his skinny chest with her clenched right hand that held her bunched-up panties. Holding him down, Rachel finally asked, in almost a growl...

"Okay, tell me something, Nerd... how long have you and Mom... been FUCKING?!?"

CHAPTER 15

"Okay, tell me something, nerd...HOW LONG...HAVE YOU AND MOM...BEEN FUCKING?!?"

Rachel's words stung like lightning out of the blue, with each emphasized word steadily crushing his heart as Jacob processed the bombshell news slowly being dropped upon him. His eyes bulged from the revelation that his older sister now knew all about him and his Mom...and their sinful, wicked secret. For the moment, Jacob could find no words to answer Rachel; his whole body was numb except for the stinging sensation he was feeling in his chest. Only then did he realize that it was from Rachel burying her knuckles painfully into his sternum, with her bunched-up panties still in her clenched right hand, as she pressed her fist down on him.

Rachel had him totally pinned with nowhere to escape, her legs clasped in a vice-like grip atop his slender frame as she impatiently waited for her dumbstruck brother's reply. Her looming presence on top of him was bad enough, but what

cowered Jacob most of all was the fiery glare in his older sister's eyes staring menacingly down at him.

Resignedly, Jacob let out a deep sigh, flopping his head back down onto Scott's pillow-- his former feeling of ultimate triumph over his sister's husband having by now rapidly dissipated to nothingness, just like his once rampant, recent erection...

Meekly and like a lamb about to be slaughtered, Jacob could only silently repeat to himself the words that he'd once uttered to Mrs. Miller.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh...crap."

*** Earlier that morning.... ***

Sipping on a steaming cup of coffee, Rachel stood at the threshold of the open front door of her and Scott's brand-new house, located in the exclusive new community of Pine Hills. She was wearing her favorite fluffy pink bathrobe, as she watched the sun rising into a cloudless blue sky. Bird-song harmonies welcoming the promise of a new day filtered in through the fluttering tree branches whose leaves were just recently tinged with the reddish-golden shades of fall. In between sips, Rachel relished in the crisp, fresh air as she watched a V-shaped formation of geese flying high above her en route southwards from Canada. All these signs of nature hinted at the long-awaited change to autumn after a sweltering, hot summer in the Deep South.

"SCO-OTT!!!..." the young housewife called out to her husband, who was running late...as usual.

From upstairs, Scott answered back, "YEAH??"

Rachel replied, "YOU'D BETTER HURRY UP...IF YOU WANNA BEAT THE TRAFFIC!!"

Scott yelled back again, "I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND MY BRIEFCASE...HAVE YOU SEEN IT ANYWHERE?"

Rachel held out the mislaid, desperately sought-for item in her left hand and shouted, "YEAH, IT'S RIGHT HERE SWEETHEART...WAITING FOR YOU DOWNSTAIRS!!"

A few seconds later, Scott came bounding down their staircase. He was wearing his favorite dark-blue business suit, with its freshly-pressed jacket draped over his left arm. The frantic husband approached Rachel and took the briefcase with his right hand.

"Thank you!" he exclaimed with a sigh of relief. "I'd be dead if I somehow lost those contracts. My hope is to finally get our newest client to sign on the dotted line today and close the deal." Gazing at his beautiful wife, he added, "Once again, my lovely guardian angel has saved me...I honestly don't know where I'd be without you!"

Rachel rolled her eyes and scoffed, "Most likely the unemployment line!"

With a nod, Scott agreed, "You're probably right about that."

Rachel chuckled, "There's no 'probably' about it...I know I'm right." Noticing his necktie was a bit crooked, she began to straighten the silky garment out and added, "Just promise me that you'll be careful on the road this morning."

"I will," Scott replied in a reassuring tone. "You don't have to worry, Rach...you know I'm a safe driver."

With concern, Rachel commented, "It's not your driving skills that I'm worried about. It's the fact that you have to travel through that horrible Atlanta traffic, with all those nutjobs on the Interstate that don't give a damn! I'm so glad we left the city when we did and moved back home." She then joked, "Grandpa George says that town hasn't been right ever since General Sherman burned it down!"

Scott chuckled, then said with an exaggerated Southern accent, "Well then, darlin', I don't reckon there's much danger of me runnin' into any Yankee troops today...but I'll be darned sure to keep a lookout!"

Rachel rolled her eyes and sighed exasperatedly, "Just be sure to call me the minute you get there."

"Yes, Ma'am!" Scott replied, continuing with the accent and giving his wife a mock salute. In his normal voice, he then commented, "You know, I've noticed something lately...you're starting to sound an awful lot like your Mom!"

Rachel's eyes bugged out. "I am NOT my Mom!!" she replied emphatically, remembering that her younger brother Jacob had made a similar statement not too long before.

Scott put up his hands, "Whoa...whoa...take it easy!" He then added with sincerity, "Honey...you've got a wonderful mother...I didn't mean any offense...I was only trying to pay you a compliment."

Scott's mother, Diane, had passed away when he was just a teenager, and he still missed her terribly. Ever since Mrs. Morgan's untimely death all those years ago, Karen Mitchell had been the first woman who could somewhat fill that hole in his life. She had been very empathetic to him, having lost her own mother (though Karen had been older with a family already) about a decade ago. Even though no one could ever replace his actual mom, Scott loved his mother-in-law as if she were his own.

"Yeah?" Rachel replied with a smile, now feeling somewhat honored by the comparison.

"Yeah!" Scott nodded and reaffirmed. "Our kids will be blessed to have you for their mother and Karen for a grandmother."

Rachel scoffed and rolled her eyes, "You know she's gonna spoil them rotten!"

Scott replied, "Oh, I'm sure she will...without a doubt!"

After a quick laugh between them, Scott asked, "Speaking of Mom...are you still planning on hanging out with her today?"

"Yes, I am." Rachel replied as she began straightening out the collar of Scott's dress shirt. "We're meeting up later in Sandy Springs to go shopping in Buckhead Village for the Halloween party." She added with glee, "I'm so excited that this event's gonna be our first chance hosting something at our new place!"

Barring Christmas, Halloween was Rachel's favorite holiday. So much so that even though she was a fully-grown and married adult, she'd still go trick-or-treating if she could (and if it weren't so frowned upon). Rachel already had plans to beg her Aunt Brenda to allow her to take her little cousin Daniel around the neighborhood on Halloween night and collect all sorts of treats and goodies.

Looking at his wife, Scott offered, "Well, just let me know if I can be of any assistance."

Rachel replied matter-of-factly, "Well, now that you mention it...a certain 'party committee' member did volunteer you for the decorating crew."

Bewildered by this information, Scott questioned, "Me? Volunteer? What 'committee'? And which member?"

Trying to look all cute and innocent, Rachel pointed at herself, "This member!"

A knowing smile crept across Scott's handsome face. He knew there was no use in arguing with his lovely wife...he could never tell her no. With a deep sigh, he relented, "Well, if that's the case...then I guess I'm on the decorating crew."

Rachel squealed with delight, "Yay!! Thank you, honey!!" She then added, "Oh, and by the way...you'll be working mainly with Dad."

Scott arched his eyebrow and asked, "Does he know about this so-called 'decorating crew'?"

"No..." Rachel answered with a giggle. "Mom hasn't told him yet."

Scott huffed, "Let me guess...Mom's also on this 'party committee'?"

"Mmmm-hmmm...she happens to be the founder and chairwoman, actually." Rachel confirmed as she leaned in and gave Scott a kiss. After pulling back, she patted her husband on his chest and continued, "Now, you'd better get going, or you're gonna be late!"

Looking at his wristwatch, Scott agreed, "Shoot! You're right...I'd better get moving." He then gazed into Rachel's bright, green eyes and added, "I'll see you tonight...love you!"

"I love you too." Rachel concurred, as the married couple gave each other one last quick kiss. Crossing her arms, the young wife leaned against the door frame as she watched her husband walk to his car parked in the driveway. As Scott opened the driver's side door, she called out, "Good luck at the meeting, and don't forget-- "

"I know...I know..." Scott raised his hand, interrupting Rachel before she could finish her statement. "I'll call you as soon as I get there."

Rachel smiled and waved at Scott as he backed out of the driveway and headed off to meet with his client in Tuscaloosa. After watching her husband's car disappear out of sight, she thought, "Well, since I'm already up, might as well get dressed and head on over to Mom's early. I'm just dying for a cup of her coffee!"

An hour or so later, Rachel pulled into the driveway of her parent's home and parked her car. Seeing that the garage door was down, she wasn't sure whether anyone had left yet, so she used her key to enter through the front door.

As Rachel made her way through the house, she couldn't help but notice the tempting aroma of her Mother's fantastic, freshly-brewed coffee. "Mom?" she called out when she arrived in the kitchen, only to find no one there. She thought it strange because usually, this would be when her family would eat breakfast.

Rachel shrugged it off, assuming everyone was still preparing for the day upstairs. She then grabbed a mug and helped herself to a cup of coffee. After taking a sip, she muttered, "Mmmmmm...damn, that's some good stuff! I'm gonna have to beg Mom to tell me her secret."

Gazing out of the kitchen window, Rachel enjoyed her steaming hot beverage for the next few minutes. She took notice of the many improvements and upgrades her parents had recently made to their backyard patio and pool area. Rachel soon began coming up with a bucket list of all sorts of landscape ideas for her and Scott's brand-new property.

After finishing up the delicious cup of coffee, and with still no appearance by any of her family members, Rachel's unease and curiosity began to spike. Placing her empty cup in the dishwasher, she then began to make her way back through the eerily quiet house.

As Rachel ascended the staircase, she called out, "Mom? Dad?" However, there was no response as she continued up to the second floor. As she made her way down the hall, she noticed that her parent's bedroom door was slightly ajar. Lightly knocking as she entered through the doorway, she called out once more, "Mom?" Still, there was no reply.

Walking across the large master bedroom, Rachel could hear the loud *hisssss* of the running shower. She was about to call out to her Mother again when the unmistakable sounds of sex began to filter out from the bathroom.

Rachel could easily make out the lewd noise of wet flesh slapping against wet flesh and Karen's high-pitched squeals as she approached her climax. The married daughter stifled a giggle at the thought of her conservative, middle-aged parents being adventurous and getting busy in the shower so early in the morning. "Way to go, Dad!" Rachel mumbled with amusement, in awe that her overworked father could still have the stamina to satisfy his beautiful wife sexually.

At first, Rachel thought it would be best if she snuck out quietly and gave her parents their privacy. However, for some unknown reason, an irresistible curiosity caused her to stay put. With her back against the bedroom wall, she remained hidden as she listened in on the erotic soundtrack of her parent's early-morning coupling.

Strangely, Rachel's body began to hum with a sudden sexual arousal. She reckoned it most likely stemmed from not having received the attention she'd needed from Scott earlier that morning. The young wife had eagerly made plans to seduce her husband for a quick 'roll 'round the hay' before his business trip to Alabama. However, Scott had forgotten to set his alarm clock, and waking up so late meant he had to regretfully decline his wife's tempting offer.

Without thinking, Rachel placed her right hand underneath her skirt and slid her fingers across her panty-covered mound. She found that its thin, cotton gusset was already moist with her excitement.

Rachel was surprised when she heard the loud *whack!* of her father's hand slapping against Karen's round, matronly backside. She was pressing her fingers harder against her tingling vagina when she heard her Mother call out, "Oh! I'm...I'm...almost...Oh yes! You...you're gonna...make...meeeeeeee..."

The sounds and mental visions of her father causing Karen to climax in the shower soon had Rachel quickly approaching her own orgasm. Suddenly, her blood turned cold like ice water in her veins when she heard her Mother cry aloud, "OHHHHH...YES!! YEESSSSSS...JAAAAKKKE!!!!"

Horrified by what she'd just heard, Rachel immediately stopped mid-stroke in her self-pleasuring. Too scared to look but unable to resist, she slowly peered around the corner into the bathroom and was utterly shocked by what she saw. There, inside the large shower cubicle, was her married Mother lurching about in obvious orgasm whilst being savagely taken from behind by her younger brother. Both of them were coated with a sheen of water, their hair wet and matted, with a primal, determined look on their faces. Faint fumes of Jacob's scent soon filtered through amidst the foggy shower's wafting mist and entered Rachel's lungs, quickly inflaming her arousal even more.

Rachel stood transfixed as if frozen to the spot just outside of her parents' master bathroom door. Time stood still, and her rapid pulse thrumming within her eardrums was all Rachel could hear as she processed the mind-numbing spectacle of forbidden, incestuous debauchery happening right in front of her. She watched aghast as her naked and buxom, middle-aged Mother threw her head back, with a faint smile of satisfaction on her mouth, whilst her grimacing, teenaged younger brother slapped her behind repeatedly with his hand.

"She's not actually gonna...?" Rachel incredulously asked herself, only to have her query immediately answered. Her eyes bulged as she watched her Mother arch her back, her mouth agape and her legs quivering spasmodically in the obvious climactic throes of utter ecstasy, while at the same time, her younger brother lunged upwards on his tiptoes. Rachel's jaw dropped as she watched Jacob take his hands, which had been tightly grasping at their Mother's hips, and reach up to absolutely manhandle Karen by the arms as he pulled her towards him and rammed himself home.

"What are they thinking?!" the utterly aghast daughter and sister screamed to herself, helplessly watching the unspeakable, horrifying sight unfolding before her. Still, she stared on, watching her brother's skinny abs flex and twitch as he pushed his pelvis right up against their Mother's plump, upturned butt. Rachel couldn't even bring herself to put words together and describe what she knew she was seeing, but it was quite obvious what was happening. There was no doubt about it, from the way her Mom and brother were quivering and the ecstatic look on both their faces, that they were engaged in a sickening sexual exchange of bodily fluids. Rachel could only feel disgust well up inside her as they shamelessly lingered on and on conjoined together, relishing carelessly in the consummation of their taboo coupling. To her ultimate horror, it was then that Rachel realized that she didn't even know whether her Mother was still on birth control, nor could she see if Jacob was even wearing a condom.

Before Rachel could fully process the dire implications of this realization, something altogether new blindsided her once more.

"Oh, my God!" Rachel mouthed, having turned her gaze back to Karen and seeing what could only be described as breastmilk spouting forth from her Mother's diamond-hard nipples. As it splattered onto the shower's glass wall, the visual image of its creamy-white ejection made it abundantly clear to Rachel that at that exact same moment, her brother's young and potent, virile sperm was likely ejaculating directly from his bare, rock-hard cock and straight into the walls and depths of their Mother's possibly unprotected womb! The startled daughter felt her own pink nubs involuntarily pucker inside her bra as if yearning to lactate in unison to the sight of this forbidden, familial fornication that she was witnessing. To stifle a scream, Rachel put her right hand over her gaping mouth...and immediately the sweet, pungent aroma of her wet pussy nectar permeated from her slender, manicured fingers and into her nostrils.

As she spied more and more of her Mother and brother's depraved debauchery, Rachel began to feel weak in the knees. Spinning around and placing her back against the wall for support, her eyes just happened to catch sight of her parent's framed wedding photo on Karen's nightstand. For what seemed like forever, she could only listen (her normal hearing having returned) to the primitive grunts and moans echoing from the tiled shower as she overheard her brother continuing to fill up her Mother...and her Mother mewling in wanton approval at the seemingly endless insemination her own son was giving her. Rachel felt an overwhelming pity and sympathy for her innocent father as she stared at his smiling, oblivious face, looking back at her from the wedding photo. When she heard Jacob finally bellow out in triumph, "Oh yeah, Mooommm!!! I'm gonna dump the rest of my load...all over...your...BIG...beautiful...ASSSS!!!" thus bringing a conclusion to her Mother and brother's animalistic copulation and unholy union, Rachel knew then and there that her entire world had been shattered. Crouched on the carpet and clutching her golden cross necklace over her pounding heart, Rachel wondered with ominous foreboding whether she'd

just witnessed the conception of her very own sibling..."or should it be, nephew/niece??"

Due to her shock and anger, Rachel desired nothing more than to storm into the bathroom and confront the diabolical duo with their wicked, incestuous adultery. The loyal daughter wanted to scold them royally and especially scrutinize her formerly-faithful Mother, "Mom? How...HOW COULD YOU?! How could you do this...TO DAD?!" However, her feet never moved, and she held back. Her more logical side won out, and she decided against a knee-jerk reaction. It would be better to wait, she thought, until she had cooled off and could digest this newly-discovered information more fully.

Over the next few minutes, Rachel tried to listen in on Karen and Jacob's post-coital conversation. However, because of the running shower and their soft, muted voices, she couldn't make out much of what they were saying.

When she heard the water suddenly shut off, the unnerving silence caused a sudden fear of getting caught to overwhelm Rachel, and she quickly snuck out of the bedroom to return downstairs. She then quietly exited the house, got in her car, and peeled out of the driveway in a mad dash to get home.

During the entire drive back to Pine Hills, Rachel's mind was a whirlwind of emotions and questions. She kept asking herself, "How long has this been going on with those two? Was it the first time or the hundredth? Are there any other women Jacob is fooling around with? And what the heck is the deal with Mom's lactating breasts? OH MY GOD!! Is she already pregnant? With her own grandchild?!?"

As soon as Rachel arrived home, she dashed inside and went straight upstairs to her master bedroom. There, she rummaged around in the bottom drawer of her nightstand and pulled out the 8-inch dildo which she kept carefully hidden away from Scott.

The fact that Rachel had purchased the fake penis a few weeks earlier wasn't a black mark, she felt, against her husband or the quality of their sex life. Rather, it was more due to the hormonal changes she'd undergone, which had caused her libido to recently skyrocket. Her poor husband Scott, due to factors beyond any of his control, simply couldn't hope to keep up with his wife.

Rachel stepped out of her shoes and tossed her 'store-bought lover' onto the bed. She then slipped out of her cotton dress and peeled the bright, yellow panties off of her curvy hips. After stepping out of her skimpy underwear, the horny housewife tossed the dainty garment toward the clothes hamper. Whether she hit the target or missed it entirely, at the moment, Rachel couldn't care less.

A weird combination of emotions flowed throughout Rachel's body. She felt seething anger, overwhelming arousal, but also a burning sense of jealousy. She couldn't quite decide which of her relatives she was more envious of: her Mother or her brother...perhaps both of them. She figured if she could at least satisfy her own immediate physical need, maybe it would allow her to think clearly enough to decide how to handle this newfound revelation more logically.

Now dressed in only a bright yellow demi bra, Rachel climbed onto her marital bed. Once comfortably ensconced on her mattress with her head resting on a

soft pillow, she took hold of her store-bought silicone lover, dug her heels into the plush comforter, and spread her long, silky legs open.

"Mmmmmmm..." Rachel moaned as she ran the flared tip of the fake penis across her hardened clitoris and in between the glistening folds of her sopping-wet vagina. "Ohhhh...yesss!" the young wife whimpered with relief after the vibrating substitute phallus hummed to life and penetrated her tight opening...sliding deeper and deeper into her slippery, dripping love tunnel.

Several minutes and a much-needed orgasm later, Rachel continued to lay in bed with her legs splayed open. With her eyes closed, she curled her lips in a slight smile as she drifted back down to earth after her incredible and much-needed climax.

Finally catching her breath, Rachel's thoughts returned to Karen and what she had witnessed earlier. She asked herself, "How could Mom betray Dad and her marriage like that?" The young housewife then basically answered her own question. She remembered how easily she'd fallen victim to her brother's hormones and had betrayed her faithful, loving husband in the exact same manner. Regaining some clarity, she began to understand her Mother's plight with much more sympathy and seriously doubted there was any woman alive who could resist the overwhelming temptation brought on by those wicked hormones.

After a few more moments of contemplating, Rachel held up her right hand to find that it was still clutching onto her freshly-used dildo. The somewhat satiated housewife chuckled to herself as she examined the fake penis glistening with a generous coating of her 'freshly-squeezed' female secretions.

"Thanks, little buddy...good job, as always."

Rachel placed her 'little buddy' down on the bed beside her, then rolled over and picked up her slimline phone from its charging base on her nightstand. She then sat up and positioned herself with her back against the headboard. With her mind now a bit clearer and her anger towards her Mother much abated, she hit the speed dial.

"Hi, Honey Bear...how are you?" Karen's voice asked from the other end of the line.

"Fine, thanks," Rachel replied. "How about you, Mom?"

The two ladies then began discussing their mornings up to that point. The shrill and cheery tone in Karen's voice soon caused images of the incestuous shower scene from earlier that morning to flash into Rachel's mind. As a sexually-active young wife, Rachel knew that tone of voice all too well-- it was the sound of a well-pleased and sexually-satisfied woman who, without doubt, had just been thoroughly fucked that morning.

Visions of Karen shuddering through a powerful climax as she threw herself back onto Jacob's thrusting, cumming cock quickly caused Rachel's arousal to suddenly resurface. The tormented look of sheer, sweet bliss on Karen's face when her nipples ejaculated breastmilk onto the foggy glass shower panel was ample evidence of the pure, unbridled ecstasy that must've been wracking her

body and mind at that moment. The married daughter couldn't help but feel a twisted sense of curiosity and a yearning, primal hunger bubbling up inside her. Rachel wondered what it would be like to taste her Mother's creamy liquid and nurse from Karen's succulent teats once more, just like she'd done when she was a baby.

Along with this warped sense of nostalgia, Rachel also felt a deeply suppressed, devious envy rearing its ugly head. She knew exactly what it was and from whence the depraved desire stemmed, but couldn't yet bring herself to face it--so she quickly buried it. For now, Rachel could only vicariously imagine the wonderfully mind-blowing ecstasy her Mother must've felt when she appeared to carelessly let her own son flood the depths of her womb with thick, potent sperm from his huge, hormone-enhanced cock. She reckoned her Mom had to have been on some sort of birth control to even risk being so wantonly reckless in tempting fate...an indulgence Rachel, having so recently gone off the pill, now jealously begrudged her Mom. A wild thought came to Rachel just then, which absolutely blew her mind: millions of her little brother's babymaking swimmers were quite possibly swirling around inside of their Mother at that very moment... desperately searching for Karen's egg, all while she drove along in her Jeep and cluelessly spoke over the phone with her knowing daughter.

While the mundane morning conversation with Karen continued, Rachel had mindlessly placed her hand back in between her legs and slid her fingers along the slippery folds of her still extremely wet vagina. Absentmindedly, Rachel replayed the vivid scene in her head of her Mother and brother's fervidly feral copulation earlier in the shower. An involuntary gasp escaped her mouth when she rubbed her exploring digits a little too high, and they came into contact with her buzzing, hard clitoris.

Hearing her daughter gasp into the phone, Karen asked with concern, "Rachel, honey...are you okay?"

"Y-yeah, Mom," Rachel replied. "I'm fine...just uhhh...stubbed my toe on the carpet." Wishing to steer the conversation away from danger, she inquired, "So, what did Jake do again?" As Karen continued speaking on the other end of the line, Rachel thought of an idea. She picked up her cell phone from the nightstand and began texting back and forth with her brother. Her legs squirmed over her fingers as she juggled the triple tasks of speaking with her Mother, texting her brother, and pleasuring herself with her left hand...all while her mind wandered and she wondered about the possibility of what her brother had actually done. A shiver ran up Rachel's spine as her imagination ran wild again, and she pictured one of Jacob's potent little swimmers wriggling itself energetically into Karen's fertile egg. The insanely-hot thought of her beautiful Mother and handsome brother wickedly and secretly combining their Mitchell genes and making a little incest baby instantly caused Rachel's pussy to gush once more.

Rachel kept an eye on her cell phone whilst she and Karen proceeded to reschedule their planned Mother-daughter outing in Buckhead Village from that afternoon to the following day. As they discussed Karen's 'Mexican night' dinner plans, Rachel waited with bated breath for Jacob's answer to her offer of signing him out of school early, coming over to her house, and 'hanging out' with her for the afternoon. A wide smile broke out on her face when she read his eager reply of, "Awesome...I'm in!!"

At the same time that Rachel texted Jacob her plan of coming by his school around lunchtime, she asked her Mother, "Hey, Mom...here's an idea. How about I pick up Jake after school and just come over then? That way, I can help

you out with dinner. That'll also free up some extra time for you to go run your errands and not feel pressured."

"Sounds good to me!" Karen replied, with enthusiasm.

"Great then, it's settled!" Rachel confirmed, as she stood up from the bed. "I'll pick Jake up after school, and then we'll be home around 3:30."

"That sounds wonderful!" Karen said with a chipper tone. "Thank you, Honey Bear...love you!"

As Rachel padded over to her large walk-in closet to pick out a dress to wear, she replied over the phone, "Love you too, Mom."

Flopping back down onto her marital bed after hanging up, Rachel decided to postpone her choice of dress for the moment as she reached again for her 'store-bought lover'. Reckoning she still had plenty of time before heading over to Jake's school, the semi-nude housewife spent the better part of the late morning satiating the burning lust she now felt. By the time her well-used 'little buddy' was once more discarded on her mattress, Rachel had brought herself to several more toe-curling orgasms...all of them heightened by images of her brother pumping his thick loads deep into their potentially already-pregnant Mother.

*** Back to the present... ***

As Jacob looked up into Rachel's beautiful green eyes, he could see that their usual mischievous sparkle was gone. Now, all he could see was the flickering flames of his sister's simmering rage. He tried his best to think of a reply, but in his panicked state, all he could get out was a pitiful, "Huuuuuhhhh?"

"You heard me, twerp...I wasn't stuttering!" Rachel responded angrily, as she climbed off of her brother and stood at the bedside. Her right hand was still clutching her cotton panties tightly in her fist. She asked again, this time more methodically with almost a sneer, "How long...have you been...fucking...our Mother?"

Noticing the 'deer caught in the headlights' look on her brother's face, Rachel knew Jacob was trying to devise some slick answer to wrangle himself out of trouble. Before he could reply, she warned, "And don't you dare lie to me...you little shit!!" As she accentuated the word 'shit', she threw her balled-up panties in his direction. However, the delicate garment fluttered harmlessly down onto the bed without so much as reaching her dumbstruck brother. The irate sister wished it had been a rock, but unfortunately, it was all that she had at the moment.

Seeing no way out of the situation he found himself in, and with little hope of escaping unscathed, Jacob surrendered himself to his fate. "Rachel, I...I won't lie to you..."

"You'd better not lie to me...if you know what's good for you!" She cut him off, crossing her arms before adding, "Because if you do...I'll rip those oversized balls of yours clean off, and shove them straight down your throat!"

Jacob knew well enough that Rachel's words were no mere empty threat, and she wasn't joking. Hoping to keep all of his body parts intact, he sat up straight and replied, "I promise Rachel...I would never lie to you."

Resigned to whatever fallout he was about to suffer, Jacob sighed and asked, "What do you wanna know?"

Mockingly, Rachel mimicked her brother's weary tone, "What do I wanna know?" Uncrossing her arms, she answered him with utter exasperation, "How about...everything!"

"Okay...everything it is." Jacob agreed, contemplating how best to commence his 'tell-all' as delicately and truthfully as he could. One gnawing thing, however, was flummoxing his ability to think clearly. The teenager was totally perplexed as to how his big sister could have ever found out about his Mother 'helping' him. He tried to think of any possible slip-ups recently that might've given them away, but nothing immediately came to mind. Finally, sensing Rachel's impatience growing again, he cautiously inquired, "But first, can I just ask...how did you find out?"

Rachel scoffed and rolled her eyes, "Hmmpfh! Gee, I dunno...did you enjoy your shower this morning?"

Jacob's eyes widened, "You...you were in the house?"

"Well, duh!!" Rachel replied sarcastically, before adding with disdain, "I arrived just in time to hear you 'dump your load' all over Mom's 'big, beautiful ass!'" The pornographic images from her Mom and brother's salacious shower once again replayed in Rachel's mind. Along with Jacob's lingering scent, they brought on a fresh wave of arousal that began to erode her anger like the relentless tide washing away sand from the beach. Having rendered her brother speechless, Rachel continued, "Now, answer my question. How long have you and Mom been having sex?"

Jacob replied cautiously, "Since...the beginning."

Rachel recoiled and was incredulous, "Since the beginning?!"

"Well..." Jacob backtracked. "Now that I think about it...it was actually a couple of weeks after this had all started." He nodded slightly down to his genitals. "At first, Mom had limited everything to just handjobs and blowjobs, but over time she-- "

"Wait, wait, wait...hold on just a minute." Rachel held up her hand, interrupting her brother. She then asked jadedly, "Do you mean to tell me, that on the day I found out about this...Mom had already been helping you?"

Jacob nodded in reply.

Rachel looked away and huffed in disbelief. After a moment, she turned back to Jacob and asked, "Were you ever gonna tell me?"

Looking up at his sister, Jacob wasn't sure how to answer. He simply shrugged his shoulders in response.

Rachel sat down on the side of the bed, "What do you mean you don't know? For God's sake, Jake! I've been risking my marriage all this time just to help you...the least you could've done was to be open and honest with me!" The older sister could see traces of sadness and remorse in her brother's eyes. Rachel continued with a softer tone, "You know, over the years, we've argued, bickered and been a pain in each other's ass like any normal brother and sister do, but underneath it all, I've always believed that you and I had each other's back and could trust one another. I felt that we shared a special bond, especially with all that's happened recently regarding you and your...situation."

Jacob spoke up, "We did! I mean...we do. We still do!" He then pleaded with sincerity, "I'm sorry, Rach...I truly am. Honestly, you're the best big sister a guy could ever ask for. I know I've said that a lot lately, but you really are!"

Jacob could see the expression on Rachel's face soften. There was even just the slightest hint of a smile now. He continued, "Looking back on it, you're absolutely right...I should've trusted you more. I wish I'd told you everything that day, when you first learned about my condition. I guess...I guess I was just being a moron as usual, and not thinking clearly."

Rachel remembered that day vividly. She had burst into Jacob's bedroom unannounced (as usual) to see if he wanted to come down to the pool and join her for a swim. She instead found him at his computer, jacking off his 'condition'

to some online porn. At first, Rachel had been horrified by her unintentional, newfound discovery. However, the nagging fascination of it soon got the better of her. Shortly afterward, the young wife decided to sneak out of bed and away from her sleeping husband that very night in order to return to Jacob's bedroom and satisfy her tantalized curiosity. Eventually, she succumbed to the effects of his hormones and gave her baby brother a world-class blowjob, thus turning their 'special bond' into something...extra special.

Rachel noticed that her growing arousal had by now pretty much overtaken the anger she'd once felt toward Jacob. The older sister knew without a doubt how the rest of this afternoon would play out. She was going to shamelessly give in to her desires once more, and have a go or two with her little brother's big, throbbing cock. However, she didn't want Jacob to know that...not yet, at least.

Rachel softly chuckled and replied to Jacob's comment, "Oh, you were thinking alright, moron...just with the wrong head!" She ended her statement by flicking the tip of her brother's towering penis with her index finger.

"Ouch!" Jacob exclaimed, as he grabbed a hold of his swaying phallus. Slowly stroking the shaft, he exclaimed, "Dang it, Rach...that hurts, you know!"

Rachel scoffed, then said, "Well, little brother...consider yourself lucky." She narrowed her eyes and added, "You deserve much worse!"

With a heavy sigh, Jacob nodded and agreed solemnly, "Yeah, I know...you're absolutely right." He then inquired, "But tell me...what can I do to make it up to you?"

With a smirk, Rachel replied, "Oh, don't you worry...I have quite a few ideas in mind, but first..." The older sister then leaned in and continued, "I need to know that from here on out, you're gonna be totally honest with me and never hide anything from me, ever again."

"I won't!" Jacob quickly agreed while shaking his head. "I'll tell you everything from now on...I promise."

"I don't want your promise!" Rachel then held out her right hand with her pinky finger extended. "I want you to swear it."

Hoping the solemn gesture would help get him back into his sister's good graces, Jacob happily hooked his pinky finger around Rachel's and said, "I'll double swear it! I'll tell you everything!" He then eagerly took her left hand and was relieved when Rachel allowed him to seal his pledge with their rarely-used 'double-pinky swear'.

Feeling somewhat better about his prospects, Jacob finally decided to proceed, "So, uh...what do you wanna know?"

Rachel coyly placed the pad of her index finger against the pee slit of Jacob's cock. As she lazily smeared his pre-cum all around and coated the spongy tip of his glans, she replied, "Well, for starters...I want you to tell me all about how you and this monstrosity of yours corrupted our dear, sweet, innocent Mother."

Looking deep into her brother's eyes, she added, "And don't you dare leave anything out! I wanna know every...sordid...detail."

"Every detail?" Jacob replied.

"Uh-huh," Rachel confirmed with a naughty grin. "Every...last...one."

"Okay..." Jacob agreed, staring back into his sister's beautiful, green eyes. He felt relieved to notice the disturbingly furious glare that Rachel had displayed earlier, which so cowered him, had now receded into a combined look of curiosity and mischief. "Where do you want me to start?"

Rachel leaned back a little and replied with a slight chuckle, "Well, squirt, just like any good story...start from the very beginning, of course."

As he slowly resumed stroking his aching cock, Jacob did just as Rachel requested. He recounted in full the complete tale of how their Mother had first commenced 'helping' him with his unfortunate 'condition'. From memory, the teenager described each sinful exploit in great detail, starting from the day when his straitlaced Mother had first reluctantly given him a handjob in his bedroom, all the way up to their illicit shower scene which Rachel had stumbled upon earlier that morning.

Rachel was utterly flabbergasted to hear how their heretofore squeaky-clean Mom had 'relieved' Jacob with a blowjob inside a fitting room at the local mall, as well as their wicked tryst which had taken place in the church basement nursery during the annual rummage sale. She was shocked beyond belief when

her younger sibling recounted all the previous times when he had fucked their loving Mother, often from behind: in the laundry room right before she took him to school, and their first time in the shower. Each salacious anecdote seemed to top the next, such as the time when Jacob had pounded Karen in her bikini as she was bent over the kitchen sink, whilst they watched her clueless husband blissfully working away in the backyard.

However, Rachel's arousal spiked off the charts when Jacob recited the sinfully depraved events that had taken place the previous Saturday night at the hotel in Atlanta. Her brother spared her none of the raunchy details: From how Karen had given him the wrong medication to how, in performance of her 'motherly duties', Karen had finally fully surrendered to her primal desires and had 'helped' Jacob again and again, before they both finally passed out from sheer and utter exhaustion. The wicked thought of her prim and proper mother, Karen Mitchell, using her beautiful mouth and curvaceous, MILF body to desperately drain her own son's bloated testicles six times during a single night, all while her inebriated dad slept cluelessly mere feet away, caused Rachel's naked vagina to literally gush with excitement. It took every bit of self-control for the horny big sister not to jump her little brother then and there.

Somehow, over time and without thinking, Rachel found herself taking over for Jacob's ministrations. Her left hand slowly pumped up and down her little brother's throbbing penis, causing more of his sticky precum to bubble from its tip, until it trickled down his veiny shaft and collected on her tightly-grasping fingers. As Rachel continued to leisurely jack off her baby brother, she inquired, "So, answer me something else, squirt...what can you tell me about Mom's breasts?"

"What do you mean?" Jacob responded absentmindedly. His attention was now solely focused on Rachel's soft, manicured hand as it made the long, slow trip up and down his rigid stalk of flesh. The wedding bands on her ring finger became increasingly soiled from the pearly beads of his precum dribbling lewdly onto her sensuously slender digits.

Rachel paused her handjob to get Jacob's attention and replied, "C'mon Jake...don't try and play dumb with me! I saw what happened in the shower this morning. Her big, bouncing tits were squirting breastmilk all over the place. How is that even possible?!" Rachel then asked in a curious whisper, "She-- she isn't pregnant...is she??"

Jacob looked up into his sister's green eyes and replied emphatically, shaking his head, "NO! I mean...no, she's not pregnant. At least, not that I'm aware of..." The teenager stopped short of revealing the fact to his sister that, until recently, he was usually obliged to wear a condom whenever he and his Mother engaged in sexual intercourse...normally. He did not want to put the notion into Rachel's head, which could result in her requiring him to use the awful things with her, too.

Rachel resumed her languid handjob and concurred, "No? Well, hopefully you're right about that. From what I remember, she's been taking birth control for years now."

Jacob shrugged since he pretty much assumed the same as well, despite the fact that Karen had often warned him at first about the risk of him getting her pregnant if he came inside of her. Promises aside, he thought it wise if Rachel wasn't divulged of that particular detail, and did his best to avoid the issue. Who

knew how his sister would react had he told her that not only that morning, but more often than not these days, he was cumming inside of their Mother? Rachel for sure didn't need to know how he recently noticed that he was cumming much harder, and pumping much bigger and thicker loads, whenever he knew he was gonna do it inside of his Mother...and that Karen also now seemed to be getting more and more into it. "Maybe that's why her boobs are shooting a lot more milk now?" Jacob mused.

Thankfully, his curious sister moved on with her intrigued inquisition, "So, if Mom's not pregnant, then how in the world can she be lactating? Has she been doing that the whole time?"

Jacob shook his head, "No...at least not in the beginning. It started not long after her boobs started getting bigger, and it seems to happen now whenever I-- she cums really hard. At first, it was just small spurts here and there, but over time the frequency and volume have increased quite a bit...as you saw earlier in the shower." The teenager then added, "According to Ms. Turner, the lactating seems to be another weird side effect of the WICK-Tropin hormone."

Rachel glanced down at her own chemically-enhanced boobs tucked away underneath her cotton dress. She instantly recalled how her previously youthful breasts had suddenly and without warning expanded an entire cup size not long after she'd begun ingesting Jacob's hormone-laced semen. Looking back to her younger brother, Rachel asked, slightly concerned, "My tits got bigger too...remember? Does that mean mine could start doing that?"

Surprisingly, the older sister didn't feel petrified with fear about the possibility. After all, from the earlier expression on her Mother's face, Karen seemed to

greatly enjoy the rather uncontrollable experience. She then wondered if the same thing did happen to occur to her, how Scott would react should her inflated tits all of a sudden begin to express breastmilk whenever she experienced an orgasm. Shaking her head incredulously at the prospect, Rachel reminded herself that since her husband was a typical guy...more than likely, he'd love it.

Jacob shrugged as he answered Rachel's question, "Not sure...I mean, it's possible." He then added, "From what I've been told enlarged breasts, heightened arousal, and extremely powerful orgasms seem to be quite common. However, some of the other side effects and their severity can differ from woman to woman."

"Like what?" Rachel asked with a hint of suspicion.

"Well..." Jacob began as he leaned back against the headboard. "Some women, like Mom, for instance, begin to lactate. Others can experience a combination of side-effects like enhanced sensitivity, squirting orgasms, multiple births, and in some cases enlargement of other...body parts."

Rachel furrowed her brow, "Which body parts?"

"The clit, mainly," Jacob replied.

"Really?" Rachel whispered in response.

Jacob nodded and added, "Yeah...I overheard Ms. Turner tell Mom all about this unfortunate woman up in Roswell. It seems the hormones caused her clit to grow three times its normal size, so that it eventually resembled a miniature penis."

Rachel's eyes widened, and she gasped. "Three times?!?"

"Uh-huh." Jacob nodded again. "Apparently, she couldn't even walk normally without getting constantly turned on because it got so sensitive. According to Ms. Turner, the lady had to stop wearing panties altogether because the fabric rubbing against her pussy was keeping her in a continuous state of arousal."

Rachel suddenly stopped stroking her brother's throbbing cock. "You've got to be kidding!"

Jacob shook his head. "I heard the lady got so frustrated, that one day she lost control and ended up having sex with her neighbor's teenaged son."

"No way!" Rachel softly exclaimed, as she resumed casually jacking off her brother.

"That's not the worst of it!" Jacob said with a chuckle. "The woman's poor husband just happened to come home early that same day from work to surprise her and take her out for her birthday. Ironically, he's the one who got a big surprise-- when he walked in to find his wife butt-ass naked, bent over their

dining room table, and getting plowed from behind by the same kid who'd just finished mowing their lawn!"

"Oh, my God!" Rachel whispered. "What ended up happening to them?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders. "Not sure about the neighbor's kid, but according to Ms. Turner, the married couple is currently seeing a marriage counselor. The wife feels horrible and swears up and down that she only slipped up due to the WICK-Tropin hormone's side effects of enlarging her clit and causing her to have uncontrollable lust."

"Holy shit...that's crazy!" Rachel mumbled in amazement. She suddenly became very self-conscious of her own little 'magic button', even though, thankfully it hadn't become abnormally-enlarged yet, like that of the poor wife in Jacob's story. All the sex talk, however, whilst she continued to breathe in her brother's pheromones, did seem to have Rachel's clit buzzing like there was no tomorrow. Her leaking vagina had become quite a swampy mess and was absolutely begging for attention.

Rachel glanced at the alarm clock on Scott's nightstand and noticed that the afternoon was quickly slipping away. Releasing her grip on Jacob's cock, she stood up from the bed, determined to make the most of the time that she and her younger brother had left before she needed to get him back to their parent's house. Motioning with her hand, she instructed Jacob, "Scooch down, and lay flat on your back."

Jacob immediately complied with his sister's request. Once in the proper position, he asked with hopeful curiosity, "Okay...now what?"

As she took off her thin cotton dress, Rachel replied, "Well, earlier...I believe you'd asked how you could make it up to me?"

Seeing Rachel's near-naked body caused Jacob's pulse to quicken. He instinctively took a hold of his raging erection and distractedly confirmed, "Yeah...I sure did."

After draping her dress onto the back of a nearby chair, Rachel reached behind her back and began to unfasten the hooks of her bright, yellow demi-bra. Looking back at her brother, she added, "So, I guess now's as good a time as any to start...don't ya think?" She then dropped the sexy undergarment on top of her discarded dress and stood before her baby brother as naked as the day she was born.

Even though he had seen Rachel naked several times by now, Jacob's eyes still widened with an appreciative fascination. Her beautiful, former-cheerleader body was still textbook perfection: flawless skin, long, shapely legs, curvy hips, a flat and taut stomach. Topping it all off, she now sported chemically-enhanced, rounded D-cup tits which proudly defied gravity and sat high and perky atop her chest. If he hadn't known any better, Jacob could swear his older sibling wasn't at all human but was actually created in some secret laboratory...like the ones he read about in his sci-fi comic books.

Jacob couldn't help but smile as his gorgeous sister got back onto the bed and began to climb on top of him. His eyes were drawn to the shiny, golden cross pendant swinging from her neck, which glimmered each time it was hit by the rays of afternoon sun filtering in through the window. With eager anticipation, Jacob suddenly felt his cock twitch at the thought of being balls-deep in his third different pussy of the past two days. He was definitely on a roll!

However, Jacob was a bit confused when, instead of straddling him 'cowgirl' style as he expected, Rachel swung her leg around and mounted him in the opposite direction. As he lay there, his sister crawled backward on her hands and knees until her hairless vagina was directly above his face. The sweet and pungent aroma emanating from his sister's dripping, wet snatch entered his lungs and caused a dirty thrill to race throughout his skinny, teenaged body.

Rachel took a hold of Jacob's towering erection and began slowly dragging her pink tongue along the slick dome and piss-slit of his weeping cock. After swallowing its syrupy discharge, she noted casually, "Mom told me on the phone earlier that we're gonna have Mexican food for dinner tonight."

Somewhat perplexed by Rachel's out-of-the-blue comment about that evening's meal, Jacob replied with a hint of confusion, "Um, yeah...that was the plan anyway. In fact, it was sorta my idea."

"Oh, really now?" Rachel quipped, as she widened her knees further apart, bringing her dripping-wet vagina to within inches of Jacob's face and giving him a direct view of the glistening inner folds of her yearning sex. "Well, could I perhaps interest you in an appetizer?" she added with a giggle. Before giving him a chance to reply, the horny sister dropped her hips and planted her saturated

pussy squarely onto her brother's lips. She then wrapped her sucking mouth around Jacob's tasty meat stick, and the two of them proceeded to commence with a sensuous, incestuous sibling sixty-nine.

"Mmmmmmm..." Rachel moaned from the pleasure of Jacob's tongue darting in between her tender folds and sliding across her engorged clit. She couldn't help but praise herself for having taught him this invaluable 'life skill'. The young wife hated to admit it, but her inexperienced baby brother was definitely better at the art of cunnilingus than even her loving husband. She then raised her head and licked the gooey mess of spit and Jacob's precum from her lips. "That's it...just like I taught you!" she grunted, rotating her curvy hips and smearing more of her sweet, womanly essence all over Jacob's face.

With her body vibrating from the hormone's effects, it took little time for the aroused housewife to reach her first climax of the afternoon. "Oh yeah...like that...eat it...eat your big sister's taco...you nasty...little...MOTHER...FUCKER!!!" Rachel closed her eyes and cried out, "AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!" as her pussy exploded in orgasm.

Jacob tightened his grip on Rachel's shapely thighs as he vigorously licked his sister's climaxing vagina. He himself began to groan as his lapping tongue collected the tasty treat of Rachel's sweet and creamy 'taco' sauce that was dripping from her quivering quim.

While Rachel recovered from her toe-curling orgasm, she resumed licking and sucking on her brother's massive cock. She also noticed Jacob's attention to her still-tingling pussy had waned. Removing her mouth from the tip of his pulsing

manhood, she looked over her shoulder back towards Jacob and asked, "What's going on? Why'd you stop?"

Jacob strained his neck, trying to look at Rachel's face. However, it was mostly blocked by her big, beautiful butt staring him straight in the face. "My jaw hurts...I think I'm gonna need a break."

Rachel scoffed. "A break?!"

Jacob nodded, "Yeah...just a couple of minutes."

Rachel tightened her grip on Jacob's veiny shaft and resumed jerking him off. "C'mon, squirt....we haven't got all day! Remember...I still have to 'pick you up from school' at 3:30, and then take you home."

Glancing over at the alarm clock on the nightstand, Jacob saw that they still had plenty of time. However, as much as he enjoyed feasting on Rachel's tasty, married pussy, he was very eager to move on to the next course. Namely, that of stirring up his big sister's sweet honey pot with his big, thick meat stick that now just happened to be aching much more than his jaw. He offered optimistically, "Well, if you're worried about time, then we could always move on to something else..."

Rachel scoffed and shook her head, "Nuh-huh...I don't think so!" Even though she couldn't see the expression on Jacob's face, she could sense from his cock

her brother's disappointment. She continued, "Besides, as I seem to recall, you said you wanted to start making it up to me...right?"

"Well...yeah...of course I did..." Jacob answered while looking up at his beautiful sister's hairless crotch that was hovering just above him. He couldn't help but notice a clear droplet of Rachel's 'excitement' dangling from the tender folds of her aroused vagina.

"Okay then..." Rachel quickly cut him off. She then began to sway her hips from side to side and added, "So go ahead, little brother...stop dawdling around and get back to work!" At that very moment, the clinging drop surrendered its hold and fell, landing on Jacob's upper lip.

A while later, Rachel remained on all fours above Jacob. Her right hand held onto her brother's cock with a death grip as she quickly approached her third climax of the afternoon. She called out words of encouragement to her little brother as the orgasmic wave continued to swell, "Oh yeah, squirt...right there...that's the spot!!" She then began to grind her hairless crotch harder against Jacob's face.

Jacob found it somewhat difficult to breathe, with his mouth tightly sealed against Rachel's ripe and juicy twat and his nose buried inside the deep cavern in between her cushiony buttocks. However, he found the heady combination of his sister's natural, musky scent and the coconut-sandalwood body wash she'd used in the shower that morning to be downright intoxicating.

On top of his lack of oxygen and the possibility of passing out, Jacob's jaw ached fiercely, and his tongue began to tire. However, like a man hell-bent on

accomplishing a mission, he powered through his discomfort, determined to satisfy his sister's ravenous need and appetite...and hopefully solidify his place back in her good graces.

Sliding his hands up from Rachel's thighs to her flawless rear end, Jacob dug his fingers into the firm, yet yielding, flesh of her round and meaty bottom. He then latched on to her engorged clitoris with his lips and began sucking on his sister's juicy cunt as if it were a sun-ripened Georgia peach.

The effects were instant and intense.

"Ohhhh...SHIT!!!" Rachel called out, as her baby brother feasted on her hairless twat. She couldn't help but squirm around on top of Jacob as he ate her out as if he were starving for pussy. "Oh yeah...suck it! Suck on my clit!!" she commanded with a growl, as she ground her hips down even harder, totally cutting off Jacob's air supply.

Undaunted by his inability to breathe, Jacob continued with an all-out oral assault on his sister's 'magic button', sending her into a screaming climax. Rachel threw her head back and called out, "Oh yes! Eat it...you little twerp!! Ohhhh yeeesssss!!! Eat meeee!!! Ohhhhhh...FFFFUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK!!!!!"

Even though he was bordering on asphyxiation, Jacob was still lucid enough to lap up all the sweet girl cream dripping endlessly from the lips of his sister's quivering pussy.

Moments later, both siblings were breathing heavily. Rachel fought to catch her breath after experiencing a fourth, body-shaking climax brought on by her brother's talented mouth. Jacob, on the other hand, was struggling to refill his lungs due to the fact that he'd been virtually suffocated by his married sister's big, beautifully-round butt. However, he dared not complain, because the teenager could easily think of much worse ways for a guy to depart this world for the hereafter than to die with his face buried in a gorgeous woman's cushiony backside...especially his hot, ex-cheerleader sister's!

After sitting up straight, Rachel swung herself around to face Jacob again, straddling his skinny legs while taking a hold of his raging boner with her right hand. She quickly noticed her brother's face was covered from nose to chin in a glistening, gooey sheen of her womanly secretions. The older sibling couldn't help but chuckle, "Hey, squirt...I think you've got something..." She then scraped his chin with her index finger and added, "...riiiiiight there!"

Using his hand to wipe the sweet and sticky goo from his mouth, Jacob replied, "Yeah? Well, it's no wonder, seeing as how my crazy-assed sister insisted on sitting on my face, and almost smothered me to death with her big ol' butt and soppin' wet pussy!"

Planting her left hand on her husband's pillow, Rachel leaned down to where her face was mere inches away from Jacob's. She could feel her big, firm breasts flattening against her brother's scrawny chest. With a snarky grin, she commented, "Oh my...where on earth did you ever learn such nasty language? Do you kiss your Mother with that mouth?"

Jacob scoffed and confidently replied, "As a matter of fact, yes...yes I do!"

Rachel could see something else now in Jacob's eyes, along with his sneering smirk...a brash, cocky pride. Taken aback and sitting straight up again, she asked, somewhat aghast, "You're kidding me...aren't you? I mean...you've actually kissed Mom?!"

Jacob replied with a simple nod.

Rachel continued, "Just so we're clear...we aren't talking about the chaste, motherly kisses she gives us all the time...right?"

Jacob replied again by shaking his head.

"HOLY CRAP!" Rachel whispered in disbelief to herself. The thought of her piously Christian Mother allowing her own son to kiss her in such an inappropriate way was mind-blowingly hot. She began to wonder that if these hormones were strong enough to induce the heretofore prim and proper Karen Mitchell to cross all kinds of sinful boundaries with her very own son...then what else would she be willing to try?

As Jacob stared up at his gorgeous, naked sister, he could tell she was pondering something. Still unsure about where he stood at the moment, yet unable to resist the temptation any longer, he tentatively reached up and cupped her left breast with his right hand. Whilst gently groping his older sibling's soft and perky D-cup, he added, in almost a boast, "Oh...and just so you know...she kissed me first."

Hearing that fact caused a shiver to run up Rachel's spine. Her right hand instinctively tightened its grip on her brother's throbbing cock. Looking down into Jacob's eyes, she asked, "Really? She kissed you first??"

"Yep...and she slipped me the tongue!" Jacob brazenly responded.

Receiving no repercussions for his aggressive action, Jacob decided to be a bit bolder and used his left hand to take a hold of Rachel's other breast. As he squeezed and fondled both of his sister's world-class tits, he offered up, "Would you like me to go into more detail about that, too?"

Rachel was very intrigued and wanted to hear all about Jacob's romantic kissing episodes with their conservative Mother. However, she felt there were more pressing issues to take care of at the moment. The appetizer of having her brother perform oral sex on her had been great, but now the older sister's drooling pussy was hungrily craving for the main course: Jacob's monster meat stick.

Looking back down at her baby brother, Rachel replied, "Yeah, I do wanna hear all about it...but maybe later." The young wife then raised up and positioned the tip of Jacob's rock-hard penis straight at the yearning entrance to her married vagina, mixing his slick precum with her slippery secretions.

Jacob couldn't help but smile as he tweaked both of Rachel's hardened, pink nipples between his thumbs and index fingers. "Oh, yeah! Now we're talking..." he commented. "It's about dang time, Rach...I could really use some relief!"

Rachel stopped with her teasing and looked down with a slight scowl on her face. "Just 'cos we're about to do this...don't get any silly ideas that you're totally out of the woods yet, dork!" She then grabbed both of Jacob's wrists and pulled his hands away from her young and supple titties. Pinning his skinny arms down by his side, she continued, "Remember...you're still making it up to me!"

Rachel once again hovered her womanhood right above Jacob's throbbing tool, before dropping her hips abruptly down onto her brother's pelvis, eliciting a moan and a groan from each of them as they made connection. At once the fat, spongy head of his drooling dick slid tightly past the glistening lips of her hyper-aroused sex, followed by the rest of Jacob's stiff shaft stuffing her up to the fullest. It was at this moment when Rachel remembered that she was no longer taking birth control. She recalled the incredulous horror she'd felt that morning, watching her brother seemingly pumping their Mother full of sperm, and didn't want to risk getting pregnant with her own nephew or niece. Pulling herself back until Jacob's fleshy spear was just at the entryway into her love box, she warned, "Oh...and don't you dare shoot your stuff inside of me...you hear?"

Jacob wisely nodded in agreement, though not without some scarcely-concealed disappointment.

"Okay!" Rachel then continued, in a motherly tone, "Now...just lay there, like a good little boy...until I'm done." She then lowered her hips once more and gasped when the head of her brother's cock penetrated her sexy body all the way again, straight to the threshold of her womb. As she slowly increased her tempo with each impaling thrust downwards onto Jacob's mighty staff, she

added, right before another orgasm overwhelmed her, "Just remember...today...is all about...meeeeEEEEEE!!!"

Rachel took her time breaking in her brand-new marital bed, as she eagerly used Jacob like a human dildo. With both her hands planted on his skinny chest, the older sister shamelessly rode her little brother like there was no tomorrow, bringing herself to multiple spine-tingling orgasms until she ultimately lost count. Having learned the news that a probable cure for Jacob's condition was not far off, the married sister reasoned that she'd better get her fill of her brother's monster cock as much as she can...while she still could.

Jacob lay there flat on his back beneath Rachel as his big sister used him, happily going along for the ride while clutching for dear life at her soft and fluffy bed comforter. He watched in total awe as she bounced up and down relentlessly on his aching cock. Her honey-blond hair flounced wildly about her angelic face, while several strands stuck to her sweat-matted brow and cheeks. In Jacob's eyes, his typically well-groomed and pristine-looking older sister was actually becoming sexier and sexier the more she became disheveled.

Jacob had no problem with Rachel using him as her personal sex toy...in fact, he rather enjoyed it. However, the pain in his swollen genitals was once again becoming a looming problem. Ever since they'd begun their session of 'negotiating' that afternoon, he had yet to ejaculate even once. Jacob could sense that he'd generated another thick, loaded batch of sperm in his balls since that morning's fun in the shower with his Mom. Now, nearly 6 hours later, the pressure inside his swollen testicles was becoming quite uncomfortable.

Downstairs, the entire interior of the Morgans' newly-purchased home had been deathly quiet, except for the slight squeaking of the master bed mattress springs and the increasingly rhythmic thumping of its headboard resounding from upstairs. Soon, Rachel's high-pitched wails joined in on the chorus, as it echoed down the hall and throughout the house, signaling the impending arrival of yet another of her body-wracking climaxes. Her back was arched, her eyes were clenched shut, and her mouth was wide open in a voiceless scream. "Oh yes! It's...coming! Oh, God!! It's...it's..." she was finally able to utter.

Jarringly, the house phone suddenly rang. Its untimely and rude interruption startled Rachel from her impending euphoria and, in the process ruined what was certain to be her most intense orgasm of the afternoon. The irritated housewife glared with annoyance at the ringing handset stationed on the nightstand beside her. She was all set to ignore it and whoever the caller was on the other end when suddenly, she remembered a promise made to her that morning and her eyes widened.

"OHHHHHHHHH...SHIT!!!" Rachel exclaimed in horror, once it dawned on her who was probably on the other end of the line. Unceremoniously dismounting her brother, she frantically crawled across the king-sized bed and snatched the handset from its charging base, knocking the framed wedding photo of her and Scott off the nightstand in the process. To her relief, it survived its fall, thudding softly onto their brand-new plush carpeting.

Somewhat confused by all the sudden drama, Jacob raised up on his elbows and asked, "What's going on?"

After taking a quick glance at the caller ID, Rachel brought her index finger to her lips and shushed her brother, replying tersely in a sharp whisper, "Gotta take this call!" Finally pressing the 'answer' button, Rachel put the receiver up to her ear, slightly peeved at herself for having allowed it to ring much longer than usual.

"Hey there, handsome!" she greeted Scott, feigning a happy tone in her voice and nervously twirling a strand of her disheveled hair with her finger. In an attempt to get her breathing back under control, and to stem the rising guilt she felt, Rachel grabbed a nearby pillow and held it to her chest. It was all she could do to diffuse the otherwise awkward situation of talking on the phone with her husband, while at the same time laying butt-ass naked in their marital bed with her younger brother. Putting her index finger back to her lips, she again signaled to Jacob for him to keep quiet.

Jacob nodded and flopped back onto his brother-in-law's pillow, giving his sister a disenchanted 'thumbs up' to indicate he understood her message.

"Oh, you were? I'm so sorry, sweetheart..." Rachel replied to her husband. "I must've left my cell phone downstairs." After a few seconds, she answered Scott's questions with questioning answers of her own, "I sound out of breath? What am I doing?" She motioned with a dumbfounded gesture of her hand over to Jacob, who was sitting with his back against the headboard and still nude from the waist down. Slowly stroking his raging boner, all the jaded little brother could do was shake his head and shrug his shoulders as his sister wordlessly appealed for help.

Annoyed at getting no assistance whatsoever from Jacob, Rachel tried to think of a plausible lie she could tell Scott. Knowing she could never reveal to her innocent husband the ugly, sordid truth that she'd just spent the better part of the past hour riding her baby brother's cock like a cheap harlot, she finally came up with a believable fib. "Oh, nothing much. Just unpacking a few more of the boxes from the garage. That's why I'm so out of breath...toting those heavy things up all the stairs has just about worn me out!"

With a sigh of relief, Rachel smiled and said, "No...we decided not to go shopping today. Instead, Mom and I plan on going tomorrow." Dropping the pillow away from her chest, she rolled over and lay flat on her tummy. "Well..." she replied to Scott, "Mom had so many errands to run today that we thought it'd just be better to postpone 'til tomorrow. In fact, later on, I'm gonna go pick Jake up after school to help her out."

Rachel could sense the empty yearning in her pussy returning, stemming from the rudely unfulfilled climax she'd just been denied. The constant tingling in her nether regions caused her to squeeze her thighs together in an attempt to ease the tension...at least until she could wrap up the intrusive conversation with her husband. Unfortunately, that task was going to take a little longer than expected due to Scott informing her that his meeting had been pushed back by an hour.

Thinking back to earlier that morning, Rachel now regretted not telling Scott to just text her when he arrived for his meeting in Tuscaloosa, instead of calling. It was beginning to feel awkward discussing the subject of her brother with her husband on the phone, while that same brother was lying totally nude next to her in their marital bed.

Desperate to steer the conversation elsewhere and, without suspicion, hopefully bring it to a natural close, Rachel asked, "So, tell me babe...how was your drive over there?"

As Rachel patiently listened to Scott mundanely describe his long-distance morning commute over to Alabama, Jacob continued to slowly jack off his aching cock. Very quickly, he was openly ogling his naked sister while she lay temptingly prone on the bed beside him. His feasting eyes traveled all along the sensuous curves of her tight and flawless, former-cheerleader body. Finally, Jacob's focus honed in on the bubbly, bountiful shape of her feminine backside.

Jacob couldn't help but notice that every so often, Rachel's cute, moon-shaped ass would teasingly shimmy from side to side. Likely, it was a residual old habit of what she used to do as a teenaged girl, when she'd always be gossiping or flirting on the phone. With the way Rachel was flaunting her goods however, Jacob soon began to wonder if she was actually doing it on purpose. With a devilish grin, he convinced himself this was just another one of the ways his older sibling felt she could torment and antagonize her younger brother.

Earlier, Rachel had mentioned that the afternoon's 'negotiating' was 'all about her' and was a way for Jacob to begin making restitution for hiding the fact from her that he'd been boinking their Mother. It had been almost an hour now since the siblings had begun their 'negotiation' session, and Rachel had been the fortunate recipient of many toe-curling orgasms. However, Jacob for his part had yet to ejaculate even once, though it wasn't from any lack of effort by his sister. All the 'help' that he'd been getting over the past couple of days had apparently lengthened his fuse, not helped by the unwelcome interruption of his brother-in-law's phone call.

The massive load inside Jacob's swollen testicles continued to build. The familiar ache that he'd begun to feel just prior to Scott's rude intrusion had intensified again. It now felt similar to the pain which he'd suffered the previous Saturday night in Atlanta, when his Mother had mistakenly caused him to ingest his father's 'vitamins'. Jacob was getting to the point now where he seriously needed some relief, and it seemed that Rachel wasn't in any particular hurry to end her annoyingly inane phone call with her husband.

With his eyes fixated on his sister's juicy, round bottom, Jacob reached over and ran his hand along the silky-smooth skin of Rachel's right butt cheek, giving it a gentle squeeze. Without so much as looking in Jacob's direction, the married sister swatted at her brother's wandering hand that was pawing at her glorious derrière, as if shooing away an annoying housefly. All the while, she was able to maintain the hum-drum conversation she was having over the phone with Scott.

Undeterred by his sister's slight rejection and desperate now more than ever to unload the thickly-brewing burden inside of his nutsack, a devious idea suddenly came to Jacob's mind. Quickly getting off the bed, he stepped over to Rachel's nightstand without her even noticing. Glancing back over to his sister, she was still flat on her stomach resting on her elbows and deeply immersed in her boring conversation with her husband.

Fondly recalling their last round of 'negotiating', Jacob pulled open the top drawer and rummaged around until he found the object which he sought-- the bottle of lube. The small plastic container of slippery fluid appeared to be the same one from a few weeks back, when Rachel had first introduced him to the mind-blowing pleasures of anal sex. The illicit memory of that afternoon flashed

back to the teenager's raunchily racing mind. The thought of once again plundering his sister's sweet and curvy ass and then dumping a huge load of his spunk deep in her tight and forbiddingly-married butt made his aching cock twitch, and his overfilled balls throb even more.

Rachel barely even noticed when Jacob climbed back onto the bed with her, nor when he took position and straddled the back of her shapely thighs. She did, however, react when she felt the weight and heat of her brother's giant penis plop down and nestle into the snug confines of her buttcrack.

Twisting herself around and looking back over her shoulder, Rachel threw her hand up and mouthed to Jacob, "What are you doing?!"

Jacob whispered back, "Giving you a massage!"

Rachel cocked her head in confusion. She then said into the phone, "Uh, honey...can you hang on a sec?" Carefully placing her palm over the mouthpiece, she asked softly, "What did you say?"

Speaking a little bit louder, Jacob reiterated, "I said...I'm gonna give you a massage. I thought I could give you a back rub, as part of my 'making it up' to you."

After pondering for a few seconds, Rachel smiled and replied, "Oh...okay...that actually sounds kinda nice." With a more serious look, she added, "But remember, I'm on the phone...so be quiet!"

Jacob responded with a mock salute.

Turning away from Jacob, Rachel resumed her position lying on her stomach, and said to Scott, "Sorry 'bout that, sweetheart...I thought I heard the doorbell ringing. Now, what were you saying?"

Jacob flipped open the top of the bottle and drizzled the clear lubricant onto the lower part of Rachel's back. He could sense his sister's body slightly clench as the cool liquid came into contact with her warm, slightly-tanned skin. However, receiving no negative response, the teenager closed the top, dropped the bottle onto the bed beside them, and proceeded with his back rub.

During the next few minutes, Jacob took his limited experience with rubbing Karen's tired feet and applied it to massaging Rachel's lower back. The results were just as positive as he'd gotten with his Mother. Occasionally, inadvertent moans of delight would escape his sister's mouth. Rachel desperately hoped and prayed that her oblivious husband on the other end of the line wouldn't pick up on her soft mewlings of pleasure that she was experiencing at the hands of her baby brother.

Eager to move things along, Jacob slowly crept backward on his knees as his hands worked their way from the dip in Rachel's lower back and up the curvy swell of her soft yet firm, youthful tushy. With his sister seemingly still engrossed in conversation with her husband, he once again opened the bottle of lube and poured a generous amount of the viscously clear liquid all over the twin globes of Rachel's flawlessly-shaped ass.

Rachel couldn't help but giggle audibly when the cold, slippery fluid made its way down the deep cavern in between her meaty buttcheeks and trickled across her super-sensitive, pink little bunghole. To hide her misstep, she said into the phone, "Oh nothing, sweetheart...just a silly commercial on TV."

Jacob spent the next couple of minutes massaging Rachel's upturned backside. Actually, it was less 'massaging' and more like lecherous groping. Using his youthful hands, he rubbed and squeezed his sister's juicy rump...occasionally peeling apart the fleshy cheeks to glimpse at the ultimate target of his lust: Rachel's glistening rear passage.

Suddenly, Rachel felt the tips of Jacob's fingers slide down the cleft in between her asscheeks and graze back and forth across her puckered starfish. The pleasant, yet unexpected sensation, caused her to swing her head around again and peer back at her brother over her right shoulder. "Not now, you dork..." she mouthed explicitly, pointing. "I'm on the phone!"

However, Jacob didn't stop. Instead, he used the trick which Rachel had taught him and gently massaged her crinkly orifice with the pads of his thumb and index finger. Increasing the pressure, he noticed his sister's eyes slowly narrow until they closed, and she bit her bottom lip in an attempt to stifle a moan. When Rachel didn't rebuke him any further, Jacob used additional pressure until the tip of his lubricated finger slipped inside his sister's tight little hole up to the first knuckle.

Rachel's eyes immediately shot open, and an unintentional gasp escaped her mouth. Remembering in horror that her husband was on the other end of the

line, she turned back around and replied, "Sorry, honey...I got distracted. There's this uhhhh...horrible news story on TV."

Rachel closed her eyes and bit harder into her bottom lip as Jacob's exploring digit burrowed deeper and deeper into her clutching anus. The incredible sensations caused her to raise her pelvis off the mattress, then slide her left hand underneath her belly down to her crotch to begin strumming her blood-engorged clit.

The yearning quest for the orgasm which Scott had unknowingly denied Rachel earlier was quickly rebuilding, and she knew she needed to end the call with her husband as soon as possible. Trying her best to keep her voice from shaking, Rachel asked, "So, ummmm...how much longer 'til your meeting? If you need to hang up now, I...I totally understand!" The young housewife was becoming desperate...more and more she was finding it harder to hide the risky lilt in her voice as she spoke. Rachel knew she couldn't in good conscience remain on the phone with her husband while diddling herself to a climax and, at the same time, having her baby brother's finger jammed up her tight little pooper.

Jacob then upped the ante even further by adding more lube and a second digit to the anal-fingering assault he was giving to his sister's greasy asshole. The additional stimulation caused an accidental shriek to slip past Rachel's lips, "Oh, shhhit!!"

With as much control as she could muster, Rachel explained her outburst to Scott. "Sweetie...I just noticed the time. I need to start getting ready, so I can pick up...mmmmmm...Jake from school. So, I'm gonna...oh jeeze...get off now... I mean, get off...the phone...oh my God...okay??" Again, she desperately

hoped that the frantic tone in her voice wasn't misconstrued by her husband, or that he caught on to the actual cause of her frenetic desire to end their phone call.

As the climactic wave of a thunderously approaching orgasm continued to build, Rachel mindlessly raised her hips up higher in the air to assist Jacob and his angle of attack. The teenager's wildly thrusting fingers were mere seconds away from bringing the busty, honey-blonde beauty to a screaming anal orgasm. Beginning to panic that she might lose total control, the loving wife abruptly ended the call with her oblivious husband, "Okay, sweetheart...see you tonight...love you!"

Not even waiting to hear Scott's reply, Rachel hit the 'end call' button (or at least she hoped she did) and tossed the phone aside, landing with a soft 'thud' on the carpeted floor next to her wedding photo. Now unfettered with the freedom to fully express her joy, Rachel called out, "Oh yes...yesss...YESSSSSSS!!!" However, the rising tide of her desperately-sought for tsunami abruptly receded when Jacob removed his pistoning digits from her butt, and she was once again denied her glorious orgasm.

Feeling disappointed by the sudden, empty void in her ass, Rachel whined pitifully in denied arousal and frustration, "Awww, Jake! W--why...did you stop?" Her complaint was quickly assuaged when she felt the spongy tip of her brother's monstrous cock press up against her well-lubricated back door.

At first, Rachel considered denying Jacob's advances. After all, their original deal had been that he could only have her ass again when he finally announced his official choice of schools-- namely, The University of Georgia. However, the powerful, inebriating effects that the wicked hormones were having on her, and

having been edged to the precipice of orgasm twice now with no relief, was causing Rachel to strongly reconsider that former agreement.

As the delicious pressure against her sensitive rosebud intensified, Rachel thought back to the previous 'negotiating' session which she'd had with her brother. It was during a stormy afternoon at the rental house, when she had first experienced Jacob's fleshy beast pillaging her most intimate orifice. Afterwards, it had taken almost an entire week for her battered rectum to fully recover from the vicious assault she'd received. However, the incomparable pleasure Rachel had experienced from the entire, excruciating ordeal had, in the end (pun intended), made it all worth the while to her.

Feeling Jacob's grip tighten on her curvy hips, Rachel finally waved the white flag of surrender. The horny older sibling stretched her arms forward and thrust her rear end high up in the air, entering an obscene-looking extended 'young puppy' yoga pose. With the side of her face resting on the mattress' silky comforter, she softly instructed, "Remember, bro...take it slow."

Even after having used multiple fingers to loosen up Rachel's tight little asshole, Jacob found his sister's rubbery anal ring somewhat reluctant to allow him entry. As he pulled on her fleshy hips and applied more pressure to the stubbornly resisting orifice, he grunted, "Don't worry, sis...I know exactly what to do." Once he felt the glans of his cock pierce through the final barrier and ensconce snugly in the threshold of Rachel's rectum, he added, "Now...it's my turn!"

"OHHHHHHHHWWWWWW SSSHHHHIIITTTT!!" Rachel yelled, her eyes bulging out as Jacob's massive fuckpole barged its way in one swift thrust several inches into her butt. "Watch it, dork!" she scolded her brother. "What part of 'take it

slow' don't you understand??!" Fortunately, her body remembered from their last go-around to immediately re-adjust, and the sharp pain quickly faded.

Jacob half grinned. "Sorry, Rach!" he replied, and pulled back to where only the bulbous head of his throbbing cock remained just inside of his sister's stretched-out anus. He then teased, "Do you want me to stop?"

Now that the initial pain and discomfort she felt had totally vanished, Rachel's animalistic arousal returned with a vengeance, and along with it, a sinful, feral desire to be completely filled and thoroughly fucked by her little brother. "Nooooo!" she whimpered in response, "Don't-- "

Before Rachel could even finish her statement, Jacob thrust his hips forward, sliding the entire length of his greased-up, veiny shaft with violence deep into his sister's upturned ass.

Now fully overcome by the wicked hormones and the utter depravity of it all, Rachel grunted with an almost primal growl and moaned, "Ohhhhh, yessss...FUCK MEEEEEEEE!!!!!"

"You got it, sis!" Jacob happily responded, and did exactly as Rachel requested. The eagerly-horny teenager quickly began buttfucking his beautiful sister with full, steady strokes, increasing his tempo as the aching load in his testicles continued to build.

Rachel remained in the same yoga position with her hands tightly clutching fistfuls of her marital bed's soft comforter, as she held on for the ride. She constantly cried aloud with each ass-stretching plunge of her brother's impossibly-sized dick plundering the depths of her bowels, until finally she reached the onset of her long-awaited climax. "Yes...YESSSSSSS!! I'm...I'm gonna...CUMMMMMMM!!!"

Lifting her head from off the mattress, the married sister ordered her brother, "Don't stop, dork! Don't you dare!! Oh Yes!! I'm...I'M...CUMMMMINNNNGGGG!!!! AAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!"

Rachel needn't have been worried. The word 'stop' simply wasn't in Jacob's current vocabulary. He continued plowing into her backside while she lurched about, utterly consumed by her thunderous orgasm. At the same time, he was enjoying the enthralling view. The cushiony flesh of Rachel's perfect, bubble-shaped behind rippling each time he slammed into her ripe and juicy bum was truly a sight to behold!

When one of Rachel's shrieks of rapturous ecstasy hit a particular note, Jacob's thoughts suddenly wandered. He'd previously toyed with a similar idea the other day with Ms. Turner, but this time the illusion was triggered unexpectedly...almost naturally. In that moment, Rachel sounded eerily like Karen and in his mind's eye, he was no longer violating his gorgeous, married sister. Instead, it was his piously-conservative Mother's wide, curvy hips he held on to, as he furiously pounded her from behind. His cock suddenly felt like it grew another 10 inches, as he imagined himself reaming his Mom through her formerly straitlaced, uptight asshole and taking her final and forbidden anal virginity.

Spurred on by this new, lewd image lustfully seared into his psyche, and fueled by his desperate need to relieve the pressure in his painfully-swollen nuts, Jacob's legs and hips went into overdrive. He began mercilessly pounding his throbbing manhood in and out of Rachel's sensitive rear passage, hell bent on finally lighting the fuse and igniting the explosion of the heavy load that he'd been brewing all day in his balls.

Thanks to the vicious fucking she was receiving from Jacob's relentless ass-buster, Rachel was quickly approaching another mind-scrambling orgasm. With the palms of her hands pressed flat against the upholstered headboard, Rachel vainly attempted to steady herself, grunting in between each gut-wrenching plunge, "Jake...unghh! You think...you could...unghh!! Maybe...slow down...unghh!!! Just a...bit??"

Two more words that simply weren't in Jacob's vocabulary at the moment: 'slow' and 'down'. Instead, he got into a crouched standing position and began pummeling Rachel's quivering ass with wild, total abandon. Using his legs for leverage, the determined young teen resembled an untamed, savagely mating monkey. Nothing was going to stop him now, as he steadily felt the painful load in his testicles coming to a boil. He was dead set on emptying the entire contents of his broiling nutsack deep inside his imaginary 'Mom's' hot and forbidden, married ass, consequences be damned! The teenager's hips became a blur, as he growled in response, "Can't...gotta...FINISSSHHHHHH!!!"

"Oh, shhhhhhhhit!!!" Rachel hissed, as she clawed in desperation at the soft, linen-upholstered headboard of her and Scott's brand-new, king-sized Marseille bed. "Jake!! Oh my God...pleeeeeeeeeease!!!" The young housewife was about to

climax, and once more it was surely going to be epic. However, this time, she sensed something was different.

With each of Jacob's brutal downstrokes, Rachel could feel a strange pressure building up deep inside of her empty vagina. She began to fear what this new and unusual sensation meant, and pleaded with her inattentive brother, "Jake! Something's...wrong!! Pleeeeeeeassssse...slow down!!!"

Jacob ignored his sister's desperate pleas because, in his mind, he was about to reach his ultimate goal and bust a nut deep inside of their prim and proper Mother's glorious butt. Cinching his eyes tightly shut and gritting his teeth, he grunted his response, "Sorry...but I gotta...CUUUUMMMM!!!" With one final, violent thrust and a savagely feral growl, the teenager buried himself balls-deep inside the tight clutches of his sister's rectum. "AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!" he threw back his head and bellowed in relief as the floodgates finally opened, and he released the entire afternoon's pent-up load of his thick and sticky jism straight into the fiery depths of his sister's battered bowels. The extra motivation of imagining it was his Mom's ass he was violating caused his flopping nuts to clench up extra tight each time they grinded out hot, streaming ropes of his sperm to deposit deep inside Rachel's ravished ass.

"Holy shit!!! I'M...CUMMMIINNNGGGG...AGGAAAINNNNN!!!!" Rachel squealed in response, as the powerfully-thick blast of her brother's white-hot spunk plastered the ravaged depths of her ass...its soothing heat sparking off another mind-numbing anal orgasm. Suddenly, the pressure inside of her quivering pussy released a torrential gush of hot girl-cum that erupted from her cunt, splashing onto Jacob's wildly-swinging balls, and giving Rachel her first ever squirting orgasm.

Rachel could feel the otherworldly throes of her climax echoing in both her ass and pussy for what seemed like forever. The electrifying sensations dancing throughout her central nervous system had her body wildly convulsing from sheer sensory overload. The agonizing pleasure was so great that the young housewife began to fear the excruciating euphoria would never end, and that her brother would quite literally 'fuck her brains out'. She began to blabber incoherently, as if speaking in tongues, but somehow in her state of utter delirium she was able to get out four cognitive words: "Dear Lord...help meeeeeeeeeeee!!!" Suddenly, everything went dark.

Minutes later, Rachel lay face down on her stomach after having passed out cold. Eventually, the housewife's eyes fluttered open as she slowly came to, trying to comprehend where she was and what day of the week it was. Her memory suddenly returned when she noticed the weight of her sweaty, naked little brother lying flat atop her prone and equally-nude, clammy body.

The side of Jacob's face was pressed against Rachel's left shoulder, and she could hear the gentle sound of him snoring. Evidently, they had both blacked out and collapsed in total exhaustion from their latest round of 'negotiating'.

As Rachel lay there, allowing the fog in her mind to clear, she sensed an unusual, bloated feeling in her abdomen. It was only then when she realized that Jacob's semi-rigid penis was still jammed up deep inside of her freshly-fucked rear passage. Her tender orifice instinctively clutched at the foreign invader lewdly ensconced within the confines of her ravaged rectum. Flexing the sore muscles of her poop-chute in a mixture of both annoyance and lingering pleasure, Rachel at once felt the warmth of what she knew to be more of her brother's hormone-

laced semen spluttering into her, adding to the distension she could still feel in her stomach. With a moan, Rachel flopped face-down onto her mattress and dozed off for a short snooze, before turning her head sideways with the curl of a smile on her lips.

A ray of warm, October sun shining on her face finally caused Rachel to lift her head back up, just enough to make out the time on Scott's alarm clock. Upon seeing that it was already nearing 3:00 p.m., Rachel gasped. Pushing upwards with her elbows, she whispered sharply, "Jake...wake up! We gotta get going!" The only response from her slumbering little brother was a groan of annoyance, as he gently squeezed one of her soft breasts. Somehow or another, the teenager had managed to snake his right hand underneath Rachel's chest for a naughty reach-around while they slept.

Shrugging aggressively with her shoulders, Rachel tried once again, this time more sternly, "C'mon twerp...get off of me!"

Lifting his head, Jacob said, "Okay...okay...I'm up." He then smiled and added, "Dang Rach...that was a good nap!"

It was in fact, the best that he'd slept in quite a while. The only time better had been in Atlanta with Karen after their marathon fuck 'session', when he'd passed out whilst suckling on his beautiful Mother's tit, and then peacefully slept the night away with his face buried in her pillowy bosom.

Raising back up again onto her elbows, Rachel replied, "Yeah, well...glad you enjoyed it, but unfortunately naptime's over. It's getting late, and we both need to go take a shower before I take you home."

Jacob agreed, "Yeah I definitely need one...especially after you pissed on me earlier."

Rachel asked with confusion, "'Pissed on' you? What are you..." She then scoffed, "I didn't pee on you moron...you made me...uhhhh...squirt."

Jacob couldn't help but smile with pride and ask, "Really?? Was that your first time doing that?"

Now feeling a bit embarrassed, Rachel nodded while looking down at the comforter.

"Well..." Jacob commented, "I guess now we know what your 'hormone superpower' is!"

"Superpower?" Rachel asked, cringing slightly at the nerdy notion.

Jacob nodded, "Yeah...Mom has her squirting tits and you have a squirting pussy. Sounds like the making of an awesome Mother/daughter super-heroine comic book!"

Rachel groaned and shook her head, "Oh my God...you are such a dork!!" She still had trouble understanding how Sara Miller could possibly be attracted to her nerdy brother.

Suddenly an idea then popped into Jacob's head. Leaning into his older sister's ear, he whispered, "So, whatd'ya say 'Squirt'...how 'bout we shower together? I think I'm gonna need another go." Grinning goofily, he ended his statement by playfully groping again at his sister's round and juicy boob.

Looking back over her shoulder, Rachel replied emphatically, "NO!" Her tone sounded strangely familiar to that of their Mother's. "And don't call me that, nerd! That's my nickname for you!"

"Well, why not?" Jacob asked, ignoring her last comment. "You said it yourself...we both need to shower." He then whispered, "Maybe I could try and make you squirt again."

"Jake...I said no, and I mean NO!" Rachel responded, sounding even more like Karen Mitchell. Now somewhat sobered from the hormone's effects, the young housewife once again felt the pangs of guilt tugging at her heartstrings as she caught sight of her and Scott's wedding photo fallen on the carpet. "I'm gonna use the shower in here, and you can go use the bathroom down the hall..." she sternly added, while pointing in that direction.

Deciding it was best not to keep pushing his luck, Jacob relented with a disappointed sigh, "Oh, alright."

Rachel then thought to herself, "Could Scott and Jake be onto something? Am I starting to sound a lot like Mom??" She then began to feel bad for having scolded Jacob in that manner, merely for asking if they could shower together. As she felt Jacob's weight lessen on her back when he began to rise up, she turned her head and said over her shoulder, "Hey..."

Leaning back down, Jacob replied, "Yeah?"

Rachel whispered, "Look...about the shower. Maybe some other time...okay?"

Jacob knew his sister well enough to know that this was her way of expressing regret for her outburst. He smiled and replied. "Okay!"

As Jacob began to move again, Rachel was quickly reminded that they remained very much coupled together. Even though her brother's cock was only half-erect, it still felt like she had a huge buttplug up her ass. "Easy, Jake," she warned him. "I'm a bit sore back there. So, when you pull out...do it...slowly."

Rachel grimaced with gritted teeth as Jacob's enormous 'snake' slithered its way out of the depths of her bowels. "Ohhhhh..." she moaned in a strange mixture of pain and relief. With an audible *plop*, her brother's fleshy monster exited her throbbing rectum, and at the same time eased the uncomfortable pressure in her abdomen.

Jacob sat back on his haunches and watched in awe, as a torrent of his cum gushed out from his sister's yawning butthole. The flood of semen poured like a slimy waterfall from her gaping-wide cavity and oozed all over the lips of Rachel's leaking-wet vagina. Mingling with her secretions, the nastily kinky mixture finally flowed onto the dark blue comforter, staining it with a frothy, white, cascade of brother-sister cream.

"Oh my God..." Rachel moaned. "That just feels so... weird."

"I think it's...cool!" Jacob responded, gazing with pride at his handiwork whilst gently squeezing the right cheek of his sister's beautifully-round butt, as if encouraging it to expel more wads of his thick and potent sperm.

Rachel scoffed, "You would...dork!" Laying her head back down wearily onto her folded arms, she added, "We need to leave soon, so go ahead and take your shower. When you're done, make sure to come straight back here, so you can help me change the bedding. Also, remind me that we need to grab a few boxes from the garage and bring them upstairs."

"Okay...Mom!" Jacob replied sarcastically, as he got up off the bed.

Kicking in exasperation at her brother with her right foot, Rachel retorted emphatically, "I am NOT Mom!!!"

As Jacob gathered his clothes from off the floor, he chuckled, "Okay, Rach...whatever you say!" He was barely able to dodge a pillow flung at him as he made his way to the door.

Still totally nude, Jacob left the bedroom, toting his clothes as he headed down the hallway to the other bathroom. Halfway down, Rachel called out to her brother, "AND DON'T YOU DARE DRIP ANY OF YOUR NASTY GUNK ON MY FLOORS! IF YOU DO...MAKE SURE YOU CLEAN IT UP!!"

"YOU TOO!!!" Jacob countered back with a laugh, before slamming the bathroom door shut.

After chiding herself for walking right into that clever response, Rachel gingerly rolled over and then sat up on the side of the bed. Still wincing as she braced herself to stand up off of her sore butt, after a few seconds she was struck by a sudden and horrible realization. Her eyes widened and both her hands grabbed at her forehead. In her mind, Rachel screeched, "Oh my God!! I AM MOM!!!"

A short while later, having both showered, dressed and changed the bedding, Rachel and Jacob brought some of the moving boxes from the garage and placed them in the spare room/future nursery upstairs. They then got into her car to start the short drive back to their parent's house in Sandy Springs. After a few minutes of pondering, Rachel broke the awkward silence of the drive and turned to her brother, asking out of curiosity, "So...I gotta know something. And remember...you have to be totally honest with me."

Jacob turned to look at Rachel, but her radiant green eyes were hidden behind a pair of dark sunglasses as she focused ahead on driving. With her hair done-up in a stylish ponytail and clad in a simple, cotton dress, he couldn't help but notice how much she resembled a younger, honey-blonde version of their Mother.

"Okay...hopefully, I have an answer," he joked nervously in response, hoping to ease the tension.

Still gazing straight ahead to the road, Rachel asked, "Since all this began...have you, by chance...received any 'help' from anyone else?"

Jacob chuckled, "Why do you ask? Could it be that my big sister...is jealous?"

"NO, dork!" Rachel responded emphatically. "I'm just curious, that's all. Because..."

"Because of what?" Jacob cut her off.

Rachel huffed, "Because of how easily Mom and I gave in...especially Mom! I'm still having a hard time believing that...whatever that was I saw this morning, actually happened."

After a few seconds of silence, Rachel asked, "So answer me...have you?"

In the spirit of his agreement to be totally honest, Jacob nodded his affirmation.

A naughty grin slowly crept over Rachel's beautiful face, "Really? Who??"

"Aunt Brenda." Jacob replied, with a slight shrug.

Rachel scoffed, "Of course. To tell you the truth...I'm not at all that surprised."

"You're not?" Jacob asked.

"Nope." Rachel replied, shaking her head. "After all, you did say that the good doctor 'examined' your abnormality. And now, knowing how easily Mom gave in to you, it only makes sense that a woman like Aunt Brenda would find it very difficult to resist."

Jacob chuckled, "Yeah...she did give in pretty quick."

"Plus, she's a total MILF...in her late 30's. That's like every teenaged boy's 'kryptonite'!" Rachel added, and they both laughed.

Rachel then asked, "Well then, now that you've seemingly conquered every female member of the family...has anyone else that you're not related to, been exposed?" Quickly stealing a glance into her brother's eyes, she could already tell his answer. "There is, isn't there? Come on, Jake...tell me!"

After a few seconds of hesitation, Jacob meekly answered, "Ms. Turner."

Rachel immediately pulled her sunglasses to the top of her head and replied in total shock, "You mean Ms. Turner...the attorney? That Ms. Turner??" After Jacob nodded his confirmation, she exclaimed, "Holy shit!!"

Jacob spent the next few minutes giving Rachel a full account of how he'd purposefully exposed Ms. Turner to his hormones in a clumsy attempt at blackmailing her. His reasoning at first had been to both protect the secret of his condition, but also, more importantly, to hide the fact that his Mom had been 'helping' him. He then went into great detail about how easily Ms. Turner also gave in, and how she now comes by the house on occasion to 'check-up' on him, along with regularly updating their Mother on the progress of the state's case against Dr. Grant.

After hearing everything, Rachel commented, "Wow...I still can't believe Mom is okay with all of this." Still perplexed, she continued, "So, you're telling me that she actually sits there and watches you, her precious little man, have full-blown, pre-marital sex with an engaged assistant district attorney? An officer of the court? In her own house?!"

Jacob nodded, "Yep...and sometimes, she watches me do it with Aunt Brenda, too."

Rachel's jaw dropped, "I wanna know what the heck's happened to our real Mother. I mean, this can NOT be the same Karen Mitchell that gave birth to and raised us!"

Jacob laughed, "I know...right?"

As they neared the house, Rachel asked, "Okay now, Don Juan Casanova...any more conquests that you wanna share with me?" Before Jacob could answer, she reminded her brother, "And remember...you're under a solemn double-oath to be totally honest."

No one (not even Karen) knew of the unholy 'pact' that he and Mrs. Miller had sworn, and Jacob desperately wanted to keep it that way. He had hoped that his candid confession about his exploits with their Aunt Brenda and the assistant DA would have been sufficient enough to satisfy Rachel's deviant curiosity. However, due to their double-pinky swear and his loyalty to his sister, he grudgingly decided to break his promise to the preacher's wife and divulge their agreement to Rachel.

Staring off at the street ahead, Jacob slowly said, "There is one more..."

With a smile, Rachel asked instantly, "Yeah...who is she?"

Jacob turned to his sister and pleaded, "Rach, before I tell you who she is...you gotta promise me you won't tell anyone about this!"

Rachel scoffed, "Pshhh! Jake...who am I gonna tell?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders, "No one, I guess...but this one has to stay a secret. I mean, Mom doesn't even know about her."

Now intrigued even more, Rachel's face lit up, "Oh, my! The plot thickens!!"

"I mean it, Rach," Jacob added, with exasperation.

As Rachel pulled the car into her parent's driveway, they both quickly noticed the liftgate was up on Karen's Jeep Grand Cherokee. Seeing their Mother bent over and unloading grocery bags from her SUV's cargo area, Rachel commented, "Well, there's Mom...guess we're gonna have to wait and talk some more, later."

With what she'd witnessed earlier that morning, Rachel initially felt awkward being around her Mom as some of her feelings of anger and confusion returned. However, being bombarded with the usual overabundance of hugs and kisses from her Mother quickly reminded Rachel just how much Karen Mitchell loved her and her brother, and that there was nothing in the world which she wouldn't do for either of them.

Helping Karen to carry the groceries into the house, Rachel noticed that the negative, icy feelings which she'd been harboring since earlier were rapidly melting away. Now, there was only warmth in her heart for the woman who had

given her life, along with a renewed sense of reverence for the strong, upstanding lady who was literally the glue that held their family together. Simmering beneath those feelings, Rachel again felt a strange, primal craving returning for her Mother's milk, which she had witnessed spouting so abundantly that morning. Along with that hunger, the daughter's perverse curiosity piqued again, once her gaze turned from Karen's amply-augmented bosom to her matronly, mature behind as she followed her Mother into the kitchen. Watching Karen's butt swaying sexily in yoga leggings just ahead of her, Rachel's mind wandered once more with a kinkily nasty thought. A chilling thrill went up her spine as she wondered naughtily whether her baby brother's busy little swimmers were still all up in there, probably trying their darndest best to do their dirty deed deep inside of their loving Mother...

"Oh, my goodness, honey...that's wonderful news!!" Rachel exclaimed with delight into her cell phone. Walking over to the dining room table where her family was already seated, she continued her conversation with Scott, as she pulled out her chair. "Yes...we're just now sitting down to dinner. I'll be sure to tell everyone!"

As soon as Rachel sat down, her face slightly grimaced from the stabbing pain in her tender bottom and she immediately shifted her weight to try and ease the discomfort. The excitement of her husband's good news had temporarily caused the housewife to forget her delicate condition. However, the uncomfortable feeling in her butt quickly reminded her of the events that had occurred earlier that afternoon with her little brother...and the main reason her married ass throbbed like it did.

Rachel then felt a tickling sensation from the remnants of Jacob's recently-deposited load leaking from her brutally-ravished anus and into the gusset of her pink, bikini-cut cotton panties. It was a sinful reminder of the ungodly mind-scrambling pleasure she had experienced mere hours before in her marital bed, and which had brought about her current pain and suffering. Her cheeks blushed and her pussy quivered as she embarrassingly admitted to herself: "It had definitely been worth it!"

Just before finishing the conversation, Rachel beamed again, "Sweetheart...I am so proud of you! Please be careful on the road." After a few seconds, she replied to Scott, "I love you too...see you when you get home!" A big smile swept across Rachel's beautiful face, as she swiped off her cell phone.

"Well?" Karen asked, in suspense. "What's the big news??"

Rachel turned to her Mother sitting at the end of the table and squealed with joy, "SCOTT GOT THE CONTRACT!!"

The entire family immediately broke out into cheers and applause around the table, upon hearing Rachel's exciting announcement. Karen then spoke up, "Oh, Honey Bear...that is wonderful news! I remember you saying that they'd been trying to get that client to sign for quite a while, now."

Rachel nodded and replied, "Yes, Ma'am...for over six months, to be exact." She then added proudly, "Normally, a branch manager wouldn't deign to be involved

in such contract negotiations, but since all three prior agents had failed so miserably, the firm decided that Scott was their best chance to finally land this new account."

"Looks like he was the right man for the job," Robert interjected, feeling pride for his son-in-law. "I'm happy for you both, sweetheart!"

"Thanks, Daddy!" Rachel replied with a smile. She then continued, "Oh, by the way...Scott wanted me to let y'all know that we're taking everyone out to dinner tomorrow night, in celebration."

Karen rebutted, "Oh, baby...you don't have to do that. After all, you two just bought that new house in Pine Hills, and are trying to start your own family. I'm sure you have more important things to spend your money on."

Rachel shook her head and said, "Don't worry about the money, Mom. The bonus Scott will receive for landing this new client will be almost enough to pay off the entire balance on our mortgage!"

Robert chuckled aloud, then said, "Dang...maybe I'm working in the wrong business!"

Hearing his son-in-law's comment, Grandpa George guffawed and said, "You're probably right about that, son!"

Noticing her son trying to sneak a taco from the serving platter, Karen called out, "JACOB MITCHELL!!"

Startled by Karen's outburst, Jacob swung his head around and answered his Mother, "Ma'am?"

"Put that back, young man!" Karen commanded, sternly. "You know perfectly well we have yet to say, 'Grace'."

"But Mom..." Jacob whined, placing the taco back down. "I'm starving over here...I haven't even had lunch today!" The teenager then kicked himself for having revealed his unintentional confession. Earlier that day, before leaving the lunch room with Rachel (and remembering how much Matthew Johnson also loved his Mom's meatloaf), he had ended up tossing the brown lunch bag containing the sandwich to his best friend on his way out.

Karen replied with confusion, "No lunch? You mean to tell me you didn't eat the sandwich that I packed for you this morning?"

Reluctantly, Jacob shook his head.

Karen cocked her head to the side and asked, "Why not, Jake? It was one of your favorites...meatloaf."

Karen's fabulous meatloaf was in fact, one of Jacob's all-time favorites. However, the sole reason he hadn't gotten to enjoy the delicious sandwich just happened to be sitting right across the table from him, and there was no way he could ever tell his dutiful Mother that sordid truth! That truth being, that rather than eating the lunch she'd so lovingly prepared for him, he had instead spent the entire afternoon with his older sister on her marital bed, dining on a veritable feast of incestuous delights.

Trying to think of a plausible excuse, Jacob looked to Rachel for some assistance. He received none. Instead, his 'helpful' sister paid him back for earlier, when she'd been on the phone with Scott and was in a tight spot looking for help. Like her brother had done to her, she simply shook her head and shrugged, nonplussed.

Knowing he was on his own, Jacob finally replied to his Mother's question, "I was really busy working on an important project at school, and I guess time just...sort of...slipped by on me."

With a knowing smile Karen sighed, "Slipped by?" She then added with motherly concern, "Jake, no project is that important that you should ever skip meals...that's not good young man. Remember last weekend in Atlanta, when you decided to forgo lunch and got that terrible headache afterwards?"

Karen then remembered how, in an attempt to help cure her son's headache, she had inadvertently given Jacob his father's Viagra instead of Naproxen. The consequences of this resulted in her having to spend most of that night in her son's bed, desperately using her sultry mouth and curvy, MILF body to rectify the worsened situation. As she gazed at her honorable and loving husband

sitting at the other end of the dining room table, she couldn't help but feel once again the accusing shame of guilt gnawing away at her. However, along with that, the devoted Mother also couldn't decide whether it was from sneaking off and deceiving Robert, or the fact that she had enjoyed the night of wickedly sinful sex with her son so much, that she now squirmed in her seat and felt her vagina moistening once more. Feeling her cheeks burn with shame, she quickly concluded, "So...don't go making it a habit...you hear?"

Jacob nodded and replied, "Yes, Ma'am...loud and clear."

Karen looked to her father and asked, "Daddy? Would you mind saying the blessing, before my second-born child here falls over due to hunger?"

"It would be my honor, sweetheart," George replied, with a smile.

Later, as Karen and Rachel brought out dessert and coffee for everyone, Robert turned to Jacob, "So, sport...we've spent most of the evening talking about your sister's big announcement. Do you have anything that you'd like to share with the family?"

Jacob thought for a second, until his eyes suddenly widened. "Actually, there is!"

With all of the excitement and commotion over Scott's big business deal, Jacob had nearly forgotten all about his important news. Well, important to him at least.

Standing beside George as she poured her father a cup of coffee, Karen asked, "So, sweetie...what's your big announcement?"

Jacob replied, "It's in my bookbag...up in my room. May I be excused for a minute?"

Karen smiled, "Of course, honey."

Before his Mom could even finish her reply, Jacob pushed away from the table and bounded upstairs. After a few moments, the teenager reentered the dining room and returned to his seat next to Grandpa George. Noticing a piece of paper in his grandson's hand, the elderly gentleman asked with a wry grin, "Whatcha got there, kiddo?"

Looking at his grandfather with a big smile, he replied, "My report card!"

In a joking tone, Rachel rolled her eyes and asked, "Oh, Lord...how bad is it this time, nerd?"

Jacob then held up the official document for all to see...especially Karen. "Straight A's!!" the teenager proudly announced.

Cough!...cough! Karen nearly choked on her coffee, as everyone else at the dinner table cheered aloud for Jacob and his achievement.

Noticing his wife's distress, Robert called out from the opposite end of the table, "Honey...are you alright?"

Holding up her right hand, Karen nodded and replied, "I'm okay...*cough...cough*!!" Trying to regain her breath, the nearly asphyxiated Mother regretfully remembered the so-called 'deal' that she had made with Jacob a while back. Their agreement had been, if he brought home a straight 'A' report card, she would seriously consider allowing her son to take some racy, nude photos and perhaps even a video of her.

Being the parent of course, Karen maintained that she had the final say on the matter and whether she would ever actually pose for Jacob, or not. However, she was well aware of how persistent her son could be, especially when he really wanted something. Now that it appeared that Jacob had lived up to his end of the deal, the conservative Mother chided herself for even entertaining such a crazy notion.

Robert then asked, with a chuckle, "Is the fact that our son received such a good report card that much of a shock to you?"

Patting her chest as she cleared her throat, Karen clarified with a nervous chuckle, "*A-hem!!* No...not at all! My coffee just went down the wrong pipe." She then looked perplexedly at Jacob and asked, "I thought report cards weren't due to come out 'til next week?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Originally, that's what they told us...but I guess they decided to hand them out early this quarter, for some reason."

Curious to see for herself, Karen reached out her hand and asked, "Didn't you say you were struggling in Spanish class?"

"I was..." Jacob replied, as he stretched across the table and handed his report card to Karen. As his Mother meticulously scanned the document with some suspicion, he added, "But luckily, Mrs. Pérez has been very generous with extra credit this semester."

"Extra credit?" Rachel whined. "Since when did 'Señora' Pérez start handing out extra credit?" The older sister crossed her arms and huffed in jealousy, "To me, that doesn't seem fair...I had to work like a puta--..dog just to get a 'B' in her class!"

With a snarky tone, Jacob teased, "Maybe she just likes me better."

Her kid's taunting banter caused alarm bells to go off inside Karen's head. She had known Andréa Pérez for quite some time because, not only had she been Rachel's Spanish teacher during high school, but they'd both served on the PTA board together for many years.

Outside of school, Mrs. Pérez was known as a kind, loving wife and mother. However, Karen also knew that inside the classroom, the gorgeous and fiery

Colombian native was a passionate and no-nonsense educator, who didn't hand out 'A's' so easily. Could it be possible that the curly, dark-haired Latina beauty had somehow become the latest woman to fall 'victim' to those wicked hormones and Jacob's extraordinary condition? And could it also be possible that her son was now keeping secrets from her?

Horrible, dark thoughts began to creep into Karen's mind about how Jacob may have 'earned' all that extra credit from the married mother of three. She began to wonder if he had actually been telling the truth to her, whenever he'd supposedly stayed after school to work on his 'chemistry project' with Sara.

A wave of fear and dread suddenly washed over Karen. She now worried that if Jacob had somehow ensnared Mrs. Pérez into their 'inner circle', his reckless actions might drastically increase the chances of their possible discovery. If that ever happened, and the wrong person was to find out about the awful secrets that she had fought so hard and for so long to keep hidden, Karen knew without a doubt that the life which she loved and cherished so much would be irreparably shattered.

As her mind raced, Karen kept staring blankly at the capital 'A' marked beside the subject line 'SPANISH'. She was suddenly pulled out of her trance when she heard Robert's voice calling out to her. Looking up from the report card, Karen locked eyes with her husband, "Sorry?"

Robert chuckled, "I said, aren't you proud of our boy here? I'm sure he worked extremely hard to earn such high marks."

Karen forced a smile. "Oh...well, of course I am!" She then reached out to Jacob and handed the report card back to him. "I couldn't be any prouder of our little genius."

"Thanks, Mom," Jacob replied, with a big grin.

Whilst the family resumed chatting and eating dessert, Karen and Jacob exchanged a quick, knowing glance. Even though he hadn't mentioned anything about a 'reward' at the dinner table, she could already tell by the look in his eyes that he was scheming some sort of plan to convince her to follow through with their diabolical 'deal'.

Thinking once more upon it, Karen scolded herself again for having ever agreed to contemplate such a sordid proposition. She found the idea of Jacob possessing nude (or even semi-nude photos of her for that matter), to be extremely scandalous and dangerously reckless, not to mention downright immoral.

However, the normally pious and scrupulous Mother couldn't help but feel intrigued by a deeply-suppressed interest in the unconscionable notion. As she sat at the dinner table with her precious family, Karen began to imagine herself as some sort of glamour model (like her good friend Donna Miller had been, back in the day) being photographed whilst wearing some sexy lingerie, a skimpy set of underwear, or even...nothing at all. The latter picture was the worst she could foresee, judging by how enthusiastically Jacob had proposed it to her that morning. Doubtless, it'd be his ultimate and triumphal trophy...a visual memento, that would forever document their wickedly sinful union.

As her imagination continued to run wild, Karen soon realized that her dissolute daydream was undoubtedly being fueled by those dreadful hormones racing through her bloodstream. The salacious thought of it: putting herself on permanent photographic or video record, with her body splattered in Jacob's semen and her vagina lewdly leaking her son's sperm, caused her pink nipples to harden and her bald pussy to start tingling. Trying to clear her mind of the impure thoughts, the reserved housewife unwittingly uttered, "STOP IT!"

Everyone at the table ceased talking, and Karen looked up to find that suddenly, all eyes were upon her. Trying to escape the awkward moment in the spotlight, she picked up her coffee cup and quickly sipped the hot beverage, setting the cup back down slowly to steady her nerves. Scanning the table sheepishly, her eyes were then inextricably drawn to Jacob's. With a nervous smile, and a raised right hand, she finally asked, "So...who wants some more creampi--creamcakes?"

After dinner, Jacob was sitting at his desk in his darkened bedroom...the only light coming from the glowing computer monitor as he played his latest 'Star Wars' video game. After hearing a soft knock, and the faint creak of the door opening, he turned in his chair to find Rachel standing in the doorway. The bright light from the hallway accentuated his sister's lovely and curvaceous silhouette.

"Hey...you busy?" Rachel asked, as she stepped into the bedroom, the door making a soft 'click' sound as she closed it behind her.

"No...not really," Jacob replied, appreciative of his big sister's newfound habit of knocking first, instead of just barging right in like she used to do in the past. Pausing his game, Jacob set the controller down on his desk.

"Good!" Rachel happily responded, hopping onto her brother's bed. Sliding nearer on the mattress towards Jacob, she added, "I was hoping we could finish our talk from earlier in the car."

Trying to shirk the conversation, Jacob responded softly, "You really think we should be discussing that now? It's kinda dangerous with everyone else around...you know?"

Rachel shrugged, "Don't worry...it's safe. There's no one here."

"No one's here? Really?" Jacob asked, somewhat surprised.

"Nope." Rachel replied, shaking her head. "Mom just left to take Grandpa George home."

"Uhhhh...what about Dad?" Jacob countered.

"Pfft!" Rachel scoffed, waving her hand. "He's down in his man cave, watching the Braves playoff game." Rolling her eyes, she added, "You know as well as I do,

he'll be down there for the rest of the night. Especially since they're playing the stupid 'Chokers'...I mean, Dodgers." The curious sister then leaned in and said softly, "Now come on, be a good boy and spill the beans...I'm just dying for you to tell me who this mystery woman is!"

Jacob replied with concern, "Rach, I really meant what I said earlier. You have to promise me you won't tell anyone!"

Rachel huffed, "Jake, I swear on my life that I won't tell another soul. Besides, like I told you earlier...'Who am I gonna tell?'" When Jacob ignored her statement, she slyly commented, "Alright, if it makes you feel any better...I'm pretty sure I have it figured out who she is, anyway."

"Oh really?" Jacob responded.

Rachel replied confidently, "Yeah, really. I mean, come on...it has to be Sara Miller, right?"

Jacob slowly shook his head, "Nope."

The self-assured, Cheshire Cat smile faded from Rachel's face. "What do you mean, 'Nope'? She's the most logical candidate...I mean, with you dating her, and all. I just figured, with all that 'Jedi training' I've been teaching you...you must've finally been putting it to good use!"

Jacob shrugged and responded, "Sorry to disappoint you Rach, but it's not Sara." Taking a deep breath, he slowly continued, "However...you are...very...close."

Rachel furrowed her brow, pondering the enigma, her finger tapping at the side of her chin. "It's not Sara...but I'm 'very close'..." After a few seconds of staring at each other blankly, the older sibling's eyes suddenly bulged out in shock, and she screamed, "OH MY GOD!!!!"

"Ssshhhhhhh!!!" Jacob tried to hush his big sister. "Keep it down, will ya??" Glancing over to his closed bedroom door, he added, "You want Dad to hear you?"

Rachel lowered her voice, "Holy shit!! You mean to tell me...you've been banging your girlfriend's MOM???" After Jacob sheepishly nodded in affirmation, she added, chuckling, "Damn, Jake! Fucking the preacher's wife?? That's totally insane!! What a scandal and disaster that would cause if news of it got out, or anyone ever found out...Oh man, especially Mom. She'd most likely kill you!"

"I know, right?" Jacob nervously laughed, "That's why you gotta keep this to yourself...please!!"

Rachel held out her right hand, with her pinky finger extended and smiled, "Don't worry, squirt...your secret's safe with me." After Jacob hooked Rachel's extended digit with his own, she continued, "I must say, little brother...I'm quite impressed! Now...how about you go ahead and tell me all about this sordid little affair that you've been having with Pastor Miller's wife."

Jacob sighed wearily, "I guess...you wanna know every detail, huh?"

"Oh yes..." Rachel giggled, reverting back to a gossipy, teenaged girl. "Every last, juicy one!"

Over the next several minutes, Jacob did just that. He began with the unfortunate discovery of his used condom from the restroom wastebasket in the church basement nursery and his eventual confession to Mrs. Miller about his 'condition'. Skirting the issue of how the condom came to be filled and discarded there in the first place, Jacob truthfully specified that the preacher's wife knew nothing about his Mom 'helping' him.

Jacob then recounted how things quickly snowballed from there. He divulged every 'juicy' detail to his sister, from how Mrs. Miller had given him a handjob in her SUV behind the old abandoned restaurant, to their full-blown fuck session in the married former-model's home office...the same day that he had set up Sara's new computer.

Jacob ended the erotic tale with an explanation of how he and Mrs. Miller had entered into a mutually agreed-upon pact. The particulars for the sinful and immoral arrangement being that: In return for keeping their affair a secret, the pastor's wife would agree to 'help' him on occasion. She would also allow Sara to continue seeing him...that is, so long as he promised not to corrupt her teenaged daughter's chastity with his ungodly affliction.

"Wow!" Rachel whispered. "That's one committed mother. I mean, I can somewhat understand our Mom doing what she's doing...you're her son, after all. But to desecrate your own marriage vows, just so your daughter stays a virgin...that's some real dedication!"

"Yeah, it is..." Jacob responded. He then added with a sly grin, "Or maybe...there's some truth to what you told me that day at your house, during the thunderstorm."

Trying to recall, Rachel scrunched her face and asked, "The day during the storm? What do you mean? What did I say?"

Jacob chuckled, "That secretly, preacher's wives are some of the biggest sluts you can ever come across."

Jacob's mention of her previous comment caused Rachel's mind to suddenly drift. She began to imagine the pious, Bible-thumping churchlady unabashedly sucking on her barely-legal brother's monster dick until it blasted a huge load of his chemically-laced cum down her sanctimonious gullet. She then envisioned the pastor's wife flat on her back, her heavenly church-choir voice screaming instead like some wantonly cheap harlot while Jacob, in between her widely-splayed legs, pounded orgasm after orgasm from Mrs. Miller's 'holier-than-thou' married cunt. The thought of such shamelessly deviant debauchery caused the beautiful blonde sister's pussy to instantly quiver with excitement.

Scooching closer to her brother, Rachel could easily detect Jacob's familiar scent wafting to her nostrils. This in turn ratcheted up her own arousal and caused her

tingling vagina to flood with eager anticipation. Seeing the unmistakable lump in the crotch of her brother's cotton sleep pants, the married sister placed her hand on his thigh next to his growing bulge and whispered sultrily, "So...earlier at my house, I think you mentioned you were in need of another 'go'. Do you still need my help? I don't think we gotta worry about Dad coming up here."

Jacob glanced back at the bedroom door and responded hesitantly, "But what about Mom? Aren't you worried she could come back home any minute, and catch us?"

Rachel stood up from the bed, smoothed out her short skirt, and replied, "I seriously doubt that. Remember, even though Grandpa George lives close by in Smyrna, it always takes her more than an hour to drive him home and get him settled in for the night." Looking over to Jacob's alarm clock, she added, "So, with that in mind...I'd say we oughtta be good for least the next 40 minutes." Rachel then put her hands on her hips, lifted her skirt slightly, and asked coyly, "So...what do you say?"

Rolling his chair back from the desk, Jacob responded enthusiastically, "I say...Heck yeah!!" He couldn't help but be thrilled with how things were working out. Not only was he about to receive some more 'help' from his smoking-hot, married sister, but she also seemed to be well on her way to forgiving him for keeping the improper relationships that he'd been having with four other women from her...especially the one that he'd been carrying on with their Mom.

Standing in front of her seated brother, Rachel added, "Now, since my lady bits- and butt...have yet to fully recover from our earlier round of 'negotiating', and with Scott coming home later tonight, we're gonna have to skip any forms of

penetration this time around." Seeing the look of disappointment on Jacob's face, Rachel leaned over with her recently-enhanced boobs and placed her hands on his gaming chair's armrests. Staring into his eyes, she chuckled, "Don't worry, little brother. I've got something extra-special planned, that I think you're gonna like..."

A little while later, Jacob was once again seated at his PC, playing his 'Star Wars' video game. He was deeply immersed in the middle of another intense X-wing fighter mission. It was in fact his favorite part of the game, one that he'd been constantly going at for the past couple days. There was just something about deftly eluding the Death Star's deadly defenses, navigating its forbiddingly-cavernous trenches, and attempting to penetrate that increasingly tight, tubelike shaft at the very end with his powerful proton torpedoes that seemed strangely and inappropriately erotic...almost symbolic. It then dawned on Jacob that this was the very same game that his Mom had bought him as his 'reward' a few months back for doing so well on his SAT's, in lieu of the two games which he'd originally wanted (since the video game store had been out of them). With a grunt, his renewed determination to accomplish his 'mission' now took on a whole new level of meaning...

Suddenly, and without warning, his bedroom door flung open and the room was flooded with light from the hallway. The startled teenager looked back over his shoulder to find his father standing in the doorway. With ragged breath, the teenager pulled off his headset and groaned in frustration, "Danggit, Dad! You scared the living crap out of me!"

Robert apologized, "Sorry, sport...I know I should've knocked first. Thing is, I've been looking all over for your sister, and I thought she might be in here with

you..." Stepping into the darkened room and taking a quick look around, he added, "But apparently, she's not."

"No sir." Jacob responded, shaking his head and discreetly easing his rolling gaming chair back into his desk. Before he could turn back to the computer screen, his eyes just happened to catch sight of a small lump of something smack-dab in the center of his bed. A wave of fear washed over the teenager, once he realized that the 'lump' was actually his sister's panties!

Jacob quickly recalled the events that had taken place only moments earlier. After positioning herself on the bed, he remembered Rachel had removed the sodden undergarment and dropped it on the comforter beside her. Jacob had then eagerly crawled in between Rachel's long and shapely legs to commence dining on his third delectable dessert of that evening: his sister's sweet and juicy twat.

Evidently, after enjoying two spine-tingling orgasms courtesy of Jacob and his talented tongue, Rachel had carelessly forgotten to put her panties back on. Now, the balled-up, skimpy pink garment lay incriminatingly in the middle of the teenager's bed, like 'exhibit A' of a crime scene, just waiting to be found. With Robert just a few feet away from his bed, Jacob prayed the room was still dark enough that his Dad wouldn't accidentally discover the damning piece of evidence left so haphazardly behind by his naughty 'partner-in-crime'.

Robert took another step into the room and said, "Well, if you do happen to see her, tell her that I'm looking for her, will ya? I just thought she might wanna know that Atlanta just took the lead in the top of the 8th inning over those 'stupid

Dodgers'! If they can somehow hang on, the Braves are gonna win the National League pennant and finally go back to the World Series!"

Back when Rachel had lived at home and was still 'Daddy's Little Princess', she used to watch plenty of sports with her father, especially baseball and college football. Unlike her indifferent and nerdy younger brother, Rachel filled-in more often than not as a sort of surrogate 'son' for their father, as far as anything sports or athletics were concerned. She had in fact, been pretty much a 'tomboy' up until junior high school, playing organized softball and volleyball. Once her body had finally blossomed however, and she began to notice boys (and they definitely started noticing her), freshman athletics eventually gave way to cheerleading by her junior year.

Eager for his father to leave the room, Jacob turned back to the computer monitor. "I will, Dad...but now, come to think of it, maybe she went with Mom to take Grandpa George home? You know how Mom hates driving back alone at night."

"You know..." Robert replied, "You're probably right. Rach's car is still in the driveway...I didn't think of that!" Turning to leave, he added, "Well, I'll let you get back to your game, while I go back to mine. Goodnight, sport!"

"Night, dad! GO BRAVES!"

After hearing the door close and his Dad scampering back down the stairs, Jacob breathed a huge sigh of relief.

"Is he gone?" Rachel's soft voice whispered sharply into the darkened room.

Jacob pushed his chair away from the desk a little and looked underneath. There, he found his massive erection encased in between both of Rachel's succulent, big boobs, with her soft, pink tongue slithering all over the thick, purple crown of his dick.

"Yeah...he's gone." Jacob stated, adding with some annoyance, "Luckily, he didn't see your underwear that you left right on my bed. Oh, and on top of that...you forgot to lock the door!"

After taking another lick of delicious precum leaking from the mushroom-shaped tip of Jacob's cock, Rachel's mischievous green eyes looked up at her brother from beneath the desk as she giggled, "Oops...sorry!"

About a week and a half later was the afternoon of Halloween in the land of Dixie, which just happened to fall on a Saturday that year. The days had now grown even shorter, and the falling leaves had finally fully changed from the vibrant greens of midsummer to beautiful, warm autumn shades of red and gold. Combined with the brilliant blue of a cloudless October sky, Mother Nature was definitely doing her best at putting on quite a show. However, just like it always seemed in this part of the country, the daytime high temperatures still climbed

regularly into the balmy upper 70's to low 80's, making it feel more like Memorial Day rather than All Hallow's Eve.

The entire family was now gathered at the Morgans' new home to prepare for that year's Halloween evening party. Karen, Brenda, and Rachel were all in the kitchen, bustling with the busy chores of preparing food and snacks. Meanwhile Robert, Mark, and Scott were tasked outside putting the finishing touches on all the Halloween decorations, with Grandpa George supervising.

Jacob's primary duty that afternoon was to entertain Brenda and Mark's young son Daniel, and to prepare small bags of candy to hand out to all the trick-or-treaters later that evening. As the two boys sat side-by-side at the dining room table working on their little project, the preschooler not very subtly snuck in an occasional piece of chocolate. Even though Aunt Brenda had instructed her son 'no candy' before dinner, Jacob didn't see any harm in looking the other way a time or two.

After a while, Daniel looked up at his older cousin and asked cutely, "Jake? Can I have sumthin' to drink?"

Jacob turned to his little assistant with a smile and replied, "Well, I don't see why not...let's go to the kitchen!"

As the two boys stood at the kitchen door threshold, Jacob took a second to admire the three most important women in his life. His gaze was fixated on them working away, as he noticed they all happened to be dressed alike: wearing skin-tight black yoga leggings and black T-shirts with 'Happy Halloween!' emblazoned in orange script across their chests. It was like watching three culinary goddesses

orchestrated in perfect harmony and performing some sort of domesticated cooking dance, all choreographed to perfection. He also noted that outside of church every Sunday, it was probably the first time all three women had been in the same room together since the Labor Day cookout at Aunt Brenda's house nearly two months prior.

Karen pulled a batch of freshly-baked cookies from the oven and placed the hot baking sheet on the island. As she wiped her sweaty brow with the oven mitt on her right hand, she caught a glimpse of her son and little nephew standing in the kitchen doorway. "Well, howdy boys! Y'all finished bagging up all that candy?"

Jacob shook his head, "No, Ma'am...not yet. Danny here just needed a break."

"Auntie Karen...I'm thirt-sssy," Daniel added to Jacob's statement.

Taking off her oven mitts, Karen smiled, "Awww...you're thirsty?" She then continued in an extra sweet tone, "Well, we can't have that now, can we? I'm sure we can find you something cold to drink, however..." The adoring Aunt then held out her arms and added, "I'm gonna need something too!"

Daniel ran across the kitchen and into Karen's outstretched arms. The adorable blonde preschooler giggled, as his Aunt picked him up and covered his face with loving smooches.

After giving Daniel a long, tight hug, Karen joked, "You're so cute...I could just eat you right up!" Lifting up the little boy's shirt, she then proceeded to tickle him with her fingers.

Daniel laughed, "Auntie Karen...that's silly. You can't eat me...I'm a boy!"

Karen gasped. "Silly, am I?" she asked in mock astonishment, which brought another giggle from her nephew. After a few more exaggerated kisses, she asked, "How does some juice sound?"

Daniel nodded, "Yes, please!"

"But first...do you have something for me?" Karen asked.

Daniel leaned in and kissed his Aunt Karen's cheek, finishing it with a loud and wet 'raspberry'.

Karen giggled. "Oh...that was a good one! You know what I think?"

Daniel replied, his voice curious, "No...what?"

"I think...that you deserve..." Still clutching her little nephew tightly to her side, the playful Aunt turned and picked up a fully-decorated jack-o-lantern cookie from the nearby platter and continued, "...something sweet!"

Daniel's eyes lit up as he took hold of the freshly-baked homemade treat.

"Only one there, punkin'..." Brenda admonished her son, as she continued preparing hors d'oeuvres at the far side of the kitchen. "...you don't wanna spoil your appetite for dinner!"

"Okay, Mommy!" Daniel replied to his mother. He then looked back at Karen and said, "Thank you, Auntie Karen."

"You're welcome, munchkin!" Karen smiled and pressed her lips to Daniel's chubby, cherubic cheek, proceeding to give him a loud and wet 'raspberry' of her own. She then put her laughing nephew back down on his feet, gave him a loving swat on his bottom, saying, "Now go on back to the table, and Auntie Karen will bring you some juice."

Rachel smiled as she watched her little cousin scamper out of the kitchen with Jacob in tow. Placing her palm on her chest, she sighed, "Oh my gosh...Danny is sooooo cute. He just makes my heart...ooh!..and tummy ache!"

"Oh, I know what you mean..." Karen agreed with her daughter, once again feeling a nagging sense of nostalgia warming her heart, along with a slight flutter in her own, empty womb. She then asked her daughter jokingly, as she poured some apple juice into a plastic cup, "Well, you do know how to go about getting one of your own...don't you?"

Rachel rolled her eyes, "Yes, Mom...I know how. Believe me...Scott and I have been trying our best!"

Brenda looked over to her niece and, with a dramatic gasp, asked excitedly from the knowledge of the sudden, new development, "You and Scott are planning to have a baby?"

Rachel nodded, "Yeah...I just went off birth control a few weeks ago."

Brenda walked around the island and said, "What a coincidence...your Uncle Mark and I are gonna try for a second one, ourselves."

"You are?" Karen asked with confusion, as she placed the juice carton back into the refrigerator.

Nodding her head, Brenda replied, "Mm-hmm!" She then continued, "With Danny starting kindergarten next year, we figured now would be as good a time as any. Plus, my little punkin' told me the other day that he plans on asking Santa for a baby brother as his Christmas present this year."

"Awwwww...that's so sweet!!" Rachel gushed.

"Hold on a second..." Karen interrupted. "Brenda...I thought you were participating in that new trial birth control?"

Brenda nodded, "I am...but the Midoxinol trial run ends in December. My plan is to reduce my patient load after the first of the year. That way, I can devote more time to getting pregnant and planning for the new addition to our family."

Suddenly, Brenda's eyes went wide. Putting her hand on Rachel's arm she gasped, "Hey...wouldn't it be something if we got knocked up around the same time and could go through our pregnancies together?"

Rachel smiled, "Oh, wow...that would be wild!" She then turned to her mother and asked, "Wouldn't it, Mom?" For a split second, the knowing daughter made eye contact with her Mother, who didn't catch the suggestive glint in her naughty daughter's eyes.

Karen replied with a big smile, trying to match her daughter's seemingly innocent excitement, yet unable to mask her feigned delight, "Yes, Honey Bear...that would be wonderful!" As she watched her younger sister and daughter giggle and carry on about the possibility of them both being pregnant at the same time, the middle-aged mother couldn't help but feel somewhat left out and slightly envious. It was as if she was the redundant third wheel on a date.

Placing her hands onto the countertop with a sigh, Karen knew it was ridiculous to think this way. After all, she was now nearing her mid-forties, and with Robert's low sperm count, the chances of the two of them procreating another child were next to nothing, if not almost impossible. Even if by a miracle of God, her husband was able to impregnate her, the mere thought of starting all over again with a newborn infant seemed downright daunting at her age. However,

as she ran her left hand over the curvature of her slightly rounded tummy, Karen once again felt a strange aching sensation twinging away in her empty womb. Fighting off the tormenting urges, it was then she realized this had to somehow be tied to those wretched hormones messing with her body's chemistry and causing all this illogical yearning.

"Hey, Mom?" Jacob's voice suddenly jerked Karen out of her daydream-like state.

Karen looked around to find her second-born standing on the other side of the kitchen island. "Yes, sweetie?" she replied, trying to shake the ridiculous thoughts from her head.

Holding up his cell phone, Jacob replied, "Sara just texted me and said her parents won't be home for a while yet. She was wondering if we could pick her up in a couple hours?"

"Sure, we can!" Brenda interjected herself into the conversation. "In fact, I can take you."

"Why you?" Karen asked, somewhat annoyed, along with some mild curiosity. Rolling her eyes, she then answered her own question. "Let me guess...you just wanna get out of cooking!"

"Nooooo...Mommmmm!" Brenda replied, sarcastically. "It just so happens that I still need to go by the rental place and pick up our costumes for tonight."

Karen's eyes widened, "You still haven't gotten our costumes yet?" Putting a hand on her hip, she continued in her usual, exasperated, motherly tone, "Brenda...you were supposed to have done that last week!"

"I know... I know..." Brenda responded, waving her hands nonchalantly. "It's just that I've been really busy at the office lately, and I completely forgot."

Karen huffed, "You forgot? Well, I hope for our sakes that the costume shop's still open!" With a scoff, she handed the cup of juice to her younger sister.

"It is..." Brenda responded. "They don't close 'til 5 o'clock."

Karen replied, "Well then, y'all had better get going...it's all the way downtown, and the traffic's for sure gonna be crazy!"

Holding out the plastic cup of apple juice to Rachel, Brenda asked, "Will you be a dear, sweetie, and take this to your little cousin?"

"Yeah...sure," Rachel replied, as she took the cup from her Aunt and left the room.

Brenda then said to Jacob, "Could you tell your Uncle Mark I'm gonna be taking the car, hon? Then we can go."

"Okay..." Jacob replied, following his sister out of the kitchen. "I'll be by the front door whenever you're ready, Aunt Bren'."

All of a sudden, it became very awkward in the kitchen.

Seeing that they were now alone, Brenda leaned into Karen, who had resumed decorating the jack-o-lantern cookies, and whispered, "If it's okay with you...before we go pick up Sara, I'm gonna take Jake by my house."

While squeezing orange icing out of a tube and onto a pumpkin-shaped cookie, Karen replied, "Take him by your house?"

"Uh-huh," Brenda nodded in response.

"And why, may I ask, would you need to do that?" Karen inquired, her voice now dripping with suspicion.

"Because..." Brenda continued, in a whisper, "It'd be a perfect place and opportunity for Jake to provide another semen sample that I can send off to my colleagues."

Karen scoffed, "An opportunity for Jake to 'provide' a sample, or for you to 'extract' one, you mean?"

Brushing off the incredulous sarcasm in Karen's voice, Brenda shrugged her shoulders and chuckled casually, "Same difference."

Karen stopped icing the cookie and looked at her sister. She could see the naughty glint in Brenda's baby-blue eyes and immediately felt uneasy about her younger sister's proposal.

To date, whenever Jacob received any 'help' from either Brenda or Melissa Turner, Karen had always been in the house with them to oversee their 'sessions' and act as a chaperone. However, this time, her married sister would have full, unsupervised access to Jacob...and way on the other side of town, far away from her presence. The thought of Brenda having her way with her little man alone in her house brought on a sudden sense of panic, along with a wave of envy.

Her face flushed with annoyance, Karen continued, "Besides, is there really a need to continue sending these 'samples'? I mean...hopefully, in a couple of weeks Dr. Grant will give up the antidote, and we can put all of this insanity behind us."

Brenda responded, "Hopefully...yes, that's what we all want. But until Jake receives the antidote and is actually totally cured, it would still be in his best interest for us to continue monitoring his stats, in case of any unforeseen changes."

Keeping her voice low, Karen huffed, "Look...we don't have time for any shenanigans today. There's still a lot left to do before this evening, and we need your help here!"

Brenda took a glance around to make sure they were alone, "No 'shenanigans'... I promise! I'll get the samples and we'll be on our way back." Seeing that her sister still wasn't totally convinced, she added, "Remember...this is all to ensure that Jake's health hasn't been compromised in any way by all those crazy chemicals and hormones. We'll be quick, I promise. It'll be 'in and out', and--"

Karen cut her eyes at her sister and snapped up her hand, "Shhhhh!! If it's solely for Jake's benefit, then you don't have to keep selling me. 'In and out', huh? Brenda...you're horrible!"

Brenda replied with a coquettish, Cheshire Cat grin, "Just trying to be a caring doctor...as well as a loving Aunt and godmother!"

Karen resumed decorating the cookies as she mulled over her sister's proposition. Eventually, she relented and, with a heavy sigh, responded, "Fine...but you'd better be quick about it. Remember, you still need to go pick up Sara and then get your butt back here ASAP to help us out."

Suddenly, from behind Brenda, Daniel's voice rang out, "Mama?"

Brenda spun around to find her little boy holding his empty juice cup behind her. "Hey there, punkin'!" she replied as she bent down, picked her son up, and sat him on the countertop in front of her.

Daniel asked, "Mama...Jake said he's gonna go with you to the store, and then you're gonna pick up Sara."

Using her fingers to brush a few wayward blonde locks from Daniel's forehead, Brenda made a mental note to herself to take her son in for a haircut sometime the following week. "Yes, sweetie, that's right. Jake and I need to go stop by the costume rental shop, pick up Mommy and Auntie's Halloween costumes for tonight, and then we're gonna swing by to pick up Sara."

"Can I go with you tooooooo?" Daniel asked, his pleading voice full of innocence.

Brenda knew that taking Daniel with her could end up throwing a big monkey wrench into her plans of obtaining another semen 'sample' from Jacob. She sighed, "Baby...Mommy's not gonna be gone long." She glanced over at Karen and then back to her son. "Besides, don't you wanna stay here instead to help Auntie Karen and Rachel?"

Pouting, Daniel shook his head, "No, Mama...I need to go with you!"

Brenda chuckled, "You need to go with me...why?"

With a sweet smile, Daniel replied, "I'm your 'site-kick'...'member?"

'Sidekick' was a nickname that Brenda used for Daniel whenever she took him shopping or running errands with her around town. Such sweet, innocent moments with her little boy were ones which she relished, knowing the days were all too soon approaching when they would come to an end. For a moment, Brenda's eagerness to once again get her dainty hands and sultry mouth on her nephew's giant cock seemed to outweigh the motherly nostalgic instincts tugging at her heartstrings. After all, if things did go according to plan and Jacob was eventually cured, Brenda knew her chances of being able to 'help' her nephew would soon be quite limited, if not altogether over.

However, the look of pure love and adoration in her son's baby-blue eyes staring back into her own baby-blues quickly trumped any feelings of lust Brenda had burning in her loins. The loving mother knew with dread that there'd soon come a day when her little 'punkin' would no longer want to be her 'site-kick', so she'd better take advantage of those little moments with him while she still could.

Brenda smiled, "You know what? You're absolutely right...Mama does need her sidekick!" Kissing her beautiful boy on the forehead, she picked him up and set him back on the floor, "Now run along, and go get your stuff."

"Yaaayyy!!" Daniel exclaimed, as he bolted from the kitchen.

While continuing to decorate the cookies, Karen chuckled and asked with sarcasm, "So tell me, Doctor...just how do you plan on 'obtaining' those samples, now?"

Brenda huffed as she picked up a cookie from the platter on the counter. Taking a bite, she then replied, while chewing, "I dunno...but you know me...I'll think up of something."

At that moment, Mark entered the kitchen through the garage. Brenda asked her husband, "Hey, honey...how's the decorating going? Y'all just about done?"

Mark nodded, "Almost, but I need to go by the house...any chance I can take the car real quick? I'll be back before you know it."

Panicked and slightly annoyed at yet another obstacle thrown in her path, Brenda asked, "Go to the house? W-what for?"

Grabbing a bottled water from the refrigerator, Mark replied, while twisting off its cap, "I just found the perfect spot on the front porch for that spooky mechanical skeleton that we have. Unfortunately, I forgot to bring it...it's still at home."

Suddenly, an idea popped into the young doctor's head. "You know, honey..." Brenda began, "Jake and I decided to leave earlier than expected, and get a head start on those errands I told him to mention to you."

"Oh, really?" Mark asked, before downing several chugs of water.

Brenda smiled, "Yeah...I need to go by the costume shop before they close, and then we're gonna go pick up Sara for the party. Since the Millers don't live too far from us in Dunwoody, why not just let us swing by the house while we're out? That way, you can stay here and continue to help Rob and Scott with all the decorating."

"Sounds good to me...as long as you're sure?" Mark replied, with a shrug.

"Of course, I'm sure!" Brenda cheerfully replied, her plan now somewhat back on track. The situation of Daniel being with them still posed a predicament, but the smart and crafty doctor felt confident that she could figure something out.

"I gotta warn you, though..." Mark continued, "That skeleton's way up in the attic. It isn't too heavy, but hauling it down that ladder and all those stairs could prove to be a pain. I hope you're both prepared to break a sweat!". Chuckling, he downed the last of his water.

Stepping up to Mark, Brenda smiled and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. Sensually stroking his jawline, she slowly added, "Oh, don't you worry, my love. When it comes to physical exertion, I'm sure Jake and I will be able to do it...somehow."

Hearing a sudden cough, they both turned to the kitchen island.

"Sorry..." Karen replied, quickly holding up Brenda's discarded, half-eaten treat from the countertop. "Choked on a cookie."

After picking up the costumes downtown, Brenda drove with Jacob and Daniel to her and Mark's house in an exclusive, gated community located next to the Dunwoody Country Club. Once the trio had gone inside, they ended up in the den, where Brenda picked up the remote and turned on the television. "Now, punkin'..." she said to Daniel, as she scrolled through the channels, "Be a good boy, now. Jake and I are gonna go get some Halloween decorations down from that scary attic upstairs...so you stay in here and watch 'Blue's Clues', okay?"

Ignoring his mother's ominous warnings, Daniel instead replied with excitement and clapped, "Yay! 'Blue's Clues'...'Blue's Clues'!!!" He then pulled his little chair closer to the television and sat down, holding his stuffed version of the blue puppy from the show. Feeling confident that her son was now sufficiently settled in and preoccupied, Brenda led Jacob to the second floor and then to the attic.

Jacob walked a few steps behind Brenda as they ascended the grand staircase to the attic. His eyes were locked onto her shapely, round butt as it swayed side-to-side tantalizingly in front of him, encased in Brenda's skin-tight black yoga pants. The hypnotic vision soon caused the sleeping leviathan in Jacob's pants to stir anew.

As it turned out, Mark was correct. The mechanical skeleton, though light, was somewhat tricky getting to at the back of the attic. Working together however, Brenda and Jake were able to navigate the decoration from the dark and dusty spaces with relative ease, and haul it down the attic's ladder.

Once back down on the second floor, Jacob stood by and watched as Brenda dusted herself off. Seeing his gorgeous Aunt running her hands across her chest as she wiped off the cobwebs from her black T-shirt was mesmerizing. The sight of her mouthwatering tits wobbling beneath her form-fitting garment quickly caused his partial erection to go full-blown.

"Stuff gets everywhere!" Brenda complained, as she continued patting herself down. As soon as Jacob's familiar, exotic scent invaded her nostrils, the young doctor's nipples suddenly hardened within her lacy black bra. Upon looking back up, she caught her nephew red-handed, gawking at her chest. With a smile, she asked jokingly, "What are you staring at, stud? Did I miss some of it?"

Embarrassed that he'd been caught ogling, Jacob stammered in response, "Oh...ummmm...sorry, Aunt Brenda...didn't mean to stare."

Brenda giggled, "It's okay...I don't mind. To tell you the truth, I'll be more worried if ever the day comes when men stop looking!" Stepping up closer to Jacob, she continued, "You know...it's been over a month since I sent that last batch of your sperm samples to my colleagues for analysis. So, I figured since I have the storage unit here, and we have ample opportunity..." The beautiful doctor didn't finish her statement. Instead, she arched her brow in the hopes that her young nephew would take the hint.

Jacob's heart began to race. Normally, he'd never turn down a chance to fool around with his smokin' hot Aunt, particularly in that outfit she was currently wearing. However, he didn't expect her to be up to go at it today, especially in the same house she shared with her husband...and with her 5-year-old son just

downstairs. Though he was mainly thinking with his other 'head' at the moment, Jacob wasn't an idiot either. "Okay...sure...but what about-- "

Brenda cut him off, "Don't worry..." Turning, she then began walking down the hallway towards her master bedroom. "I've already gotten the clearance from your Mom." With a wiggle of her left index finger, Brenda gestured at her nephew, purposefully swaying her sexy, yoga pants-clad butt for him to follow her.

"No, that's not what I meant," Jacob quickly said, discarding the mechanical skeleton at the bottom of the ladder and following Brenda to her bedroom.

Eagerly closing her bedroom door, Brenda disappeared into her walk-in closet, and replied, "Oh? Well...what'd you mean?"

Jacob took a moment to scan the room, since he'd never been inside his Aunt and Uncle's bedroom before. In fact, it was only the second time he'd ever been upstairs in their house since they'd had it built three years before.

The master suite was somewhat similar to his parents': classy and spacious, with several large bay windows letting in plenty of sunlight. However, unlike his parents, the Sullivans' bedroom featured two walk-in closets and a vaulted ceiling. "Must be nice having a doctor AND stockbroker's salary!" Jacob thought to himself.

Jacob's eyes caught sight of a framed photo atop one of the nightstands-- he assumed on his Aunt's side of the bed. The picture was of Brenda, Uncle Mark, and little Daniel. As he contemplated the smiling faces of the picture-perfect, typical All-American, happy family, he responded, "I was actually referring to Danny...he's just downstairs, ya know."

"Yeah...I know." Brenda calmly replied. Exiting the closet, she carried out the same specimen storage container that she'd used the last time Jacob had 'provided' her with a semen sample. She then placed the rectangular-shaped box on the bed and opened the lid.

Jacob stepped up beside his Aunt and asked, "So...aren't you worried he might come up here while we're...you know...'extracting' my samples?"

Loosening the lids on the plastic jars, Brenda replied, "No, not really...Danny's just like his daddy...once he gets in front of the TV, nothing ever distracts him." With a giggle, she added, "In fact, I reckon World War III could be going on outside, and probably neither one of them would be none-the-wiser!"

Turning to Jacob, Brenda continued, "Besides...I promised your Mom, AKA 'The Overlord', that we'd be as quick as possible and there'd be no 'shenanigans' today." Rolling her eyes, she added, "So, in keeping with that promise, sadly no one's gonna get fully naked. All we're gonna do is pull down your pants, collect your samples and then go pick up Sara...okay?"

Jacob nodded and replied, with barely concealed disappointment, "Yeah...okay."

"Great." Holding up the plastic jars, with one in each hand, Brenda continued, "So...what do ya say we get those samples?"

Moments later, Jacob was sitting on the edge of his Aunt and Uncle's California king-sized bed. His pants were unbuckled and pulled partially down his thighs, while his exposed penis was now at full mast. Brenda was kneeling in front of Jacob, still fully clothed, with her sexy, shapely, yoga-pants clad butt sticking up in the air. Both her hands were tightly gripping her nephew's thick, pulsating shaft at its base. Poised to begin her sensual ministrations up and down the full length of Jacob's cock, Brenda could literally feel his blood pumping through its crisscrossing network of veins and arteries. With a renewed sense of awe, she whispered, "My God..."

Instinctively, the aroused doctor leaned in and planted a soft kiss on the spongy crown of her nephew's leaking cocktip. Pulling back, Brenda licked the syrupy pre-cum from her painted lips and savored the taste of her sister's son's manly essence. Right before wrapping her eager, juicy mouth fully around Jacob's mushroom-shaped tip, she added, "This thing...is a...miracle!!"

Several minutes later, the 'state of the art' specimen storage unit (now containing two plastic jars completely filled with Jacob's semen) sat at the foot of the Sullivans' marital bed. Wisps of dry ice vapor wafted from its vents--Brenda having neglected to place the unit in the small fridge she kept in her closet for her emergency vaccines and lab samples. Instead, the rectangular-shaped box now rocked slightly side-to-side from the rhythmic, squeaking undulations of the California king-sized mattress.

The young doctor was now totally naked, her discarded clothes a mere afterthought piled on the floor by Mark's side of their marital bed. She straddled her teenaged nephew's skinny waist while impaling herself on his unnaturally large penis, while her shoulder-length auburn-dyed hair flounced about her gorgeous face. Her slender fingers tightly gripped the dark cherry wooden headboard as she rhythmically slammed her round, pillowy buttocks down onto Jacob's lap, driving his amazing super cock deeper and deeper into her sopping-wet, married pussy.

Brenda originally had no intentions of things ever getting this far, especially in the same bed which she shared with her loving husband. She had truly meant to keep the promise that she'd made to her sister of strictly no 'shenanigans'. In fact, all the while Brenda was on her knees, stroking and sucking on her nephew's fleshy knob, she continually reminded herself, "Stay dressed...collect the samples...and go!" However, as soon as the powerful chemicals and radical hormones took their effect on her, causing Brenda's blood to boil with an unrestrained arousal...all bets were off.

"Ohhhh...FUCK!!!" Brenda threw her head back and called out to the heavens above, albeit a little louder than she wanted or intended. Even though the devoted Mom was quite confident that her young son was still downstairs and well outside of earshot, she still felt it best not to tempt fate. Biting down on her bottom lip to stifle her moans and hopefully prevent any further outbursts, Brenda frantically resumed bouncing her way towards a much-needed orgasm.

Other than his 'Avengers' T-shirt, Jacob wore nothing but a goofy grin. With his back resting against the steadily rocking headboard, he watched as his super-hot Aunt desperately rose and fell whilst fucking herself on his massive tool. With both of his youthful hands overflowing with the supple flesh of the doctor's

jiggling D-cups, he grunted, "Gosh, Aunt Brenda...you've got such a nice rack!!" He then proceeded to use his thumbs and forefingers to clamp down on Brenda's ultra-sensitive, rock-hard nipples.

"AAHHHHHH!!" Brenda shouted from the compliment, her pride and joy mixing with painful pleasure, whilst failing miserably at her attempt to remain silent. The exquisite sensations traveling along the nerve endings between her cosmetically-enhanced tits and overstuffed vaginal canal soon had the cheating wife and mother on the fast track towards another inevitable climax.

Suddenly, a soft voice called out from the other side of the closed bedroom door, "Mommy? Are you in there?"

The unexpected turn of events startled Brenda, but wasn't enough for her to stop completely. Instead, she wisely slowed her pace to prevent any unusual noises from the naughty 'shenanigans' taking place on her bed. Quickly turning her head to the left towards the closed bedroom door, she replied to her son, "Yes...baby...Mommy's...here." Brenda punctuated her voice with each deep, blissful plunge onto her nephew's thick, rigid dick. Still trying to keep her voice under control, she added, "What is it...punkin'?"

Daniel asked, "Mommy? Can I come in?"

Unable to recall whether she'd locked the bedroom door properly or not, panic at once set in, and Brenda quickly blurted out, "NO!!! I mean...no baby...just...just stay...out there." In her mind's eye, Brenda could see her precious baby boy just on the other side of the bedroom door. His floppy, blonde

hair was the same color as his mommy's (before she'd dyed it), and his adorable face with that cute, impish smile was just like his daddy's. More than likely, he was standing there with his stuffed 'Blue' puppy tucked underneath his arm.

Brenda could only imagine the horror on little Danny's face if her son were to walk in and find her like this. Daniel seeing his mother nude would be nothing new: it wasn't unusual for the two of them to share a shower if time was running short getting ready in the mornings. Even sharing an occasional bubble bath together during what Brenda warmly referred to as their 'bonding time' wasn't entirely out of the ordinary. However, the thought of having her little boy's innocent eyes witness his loving mom in her marital bed, bouncing nude on top of his half-naked older cousin's lap, would be an utter disaster that she simply wouldn't be able to explain away.

As she continued to slowly ride her teenaged steed toward her inevitable climax, Brenda put her left index finger to her lips, signaling for Jacob to remain silent. Looking her in the eyes with determination, Jacob nodded his understanding whilst moving his hands from groping his Aunt's big, round, pillowy breasts to her hips and grasping at her shapely, slowly-bouncing butt.

Inside her head, Brenda could hear a faint voice yelling at her to halt this insanity immediately, jump off the bed, and make sure her bedroom door was locked. Or better yet, throw her clothes back on, go out to her son and stop this craziness once and for all. However, her logical mind was no longer in control. The wicked hormones were now too fully in charge of the horny, cheating wife and mother, and her vibrating, MILF body simply wouldn't allow her to stop. "Wha-what do you need...sweetie?"

"'Blue's Clues' is over now," Daniel replied, with a tone of pitiful disappointment.
"It's now 'Peppa Pig'...I don't like that show!"

With her approaching climax continuing to build, Brenda desperately tried to keep her voice steady, "How about you...oohhh!...go find...mmm!...something else, baby? Mommy's...ungghhh!...kinda...busy...oh shit!...right now."

"Can I watch 'VeggieTales'??" Daniel asked obliviously, from the other side of the door.

"YES!!" Brenda cried out exuberantly, once the tip of Jacob's cock plowed up hard and came into contact with her G-spot, causing electric tingles to run up her spine. She quickly corrected, "I mean yes...yes, baby...'VeggieTales' is fine." For some strange reason, Brenda's mind suddenly drifted. At first, she thought about how it had become sort of a nightly ritual for her and Daniel to watch an episode of the Bible story-based cartoon whilst snuggled up in his bed. Suddenly, her sweet and innocent memory morphed into something unexpectedly dark, as she imagined that the rigid member currently stuffed in her cheating cunt and was about to get her off wasn't Jacob's penis, but instead was one of the cartoon's main characters: 'Larry the Cucumber'. Trying to clear the perversely twisted, sinister image from her mind, she asked, "Can you...operate the...ohhhh!...DVD p--player?"

"Yes, Ma'am...daddy showed me how!" Daniel confirmed proudly.

Brenda was dangerously close to achieving her climax as the tension in her core continued to swell. Her knuckles were now white from gripping the headboard

so tightly. Closing her eyes shut, she bit her bottom lip as she tried to concentrate, holding back the impending, orgasmic tide for as long as possible. Brenda wanted Daniel out of earshot before those waves crashed, as she knew remaining quiet would be otherwise downright impossible. Desperate to hurry her little boy along, she called out, "Alright...punkin'! Now, do as Mommy says...oh God!...and go back...oh shit!...downstairs."

After a few seconds, Daniel, being the ever-obedient son, replied softly, "Okay, Mommy!" His voice and the soft, thudding patter of his little footsteps on the carpet trailed off as he ran down the hallway and retreated back downstairs.

Brenda sighed with relief as she listened to the noises recede and it seemed she had dodged a huge bullet. With Daniel now heading back down to the den to watch his new video, she felt she could relax and enjoy being drowned in the sheer, orgasmic deluge she knew was about to come crashing down upon her.

Deeming it was now safe, Brenda resumed her original pace and, along with it, the erotic melody of her loud moaning-- along with her naked ass slapping loudly against Jacob's lap. Eager to get her nephew to pop, the beautiful doctor placed her hands on his shoulders and looked directly into Jacob's eyes, her mouth curled into a leering sneer as she whispered sultrily, "Okay, stud...hurry along now and pump that nice, big load of yours deep into your Auntie's hot, tight pussy...remember, we still gotta go pick up your little girlfriend for the party."

Normally, the combination of Brenda's tightly clutching vagina, the horny look on her face, and her sexily dirty statement would've quickly tipped Jacob over the edge. However, that edge had been somewhat dented by his little cousin's rude interruption and Jacob knew he was going to need one last push to get him

over the finish line. Even using the bouncy mattress for leverage as he pushed up with his butt to meet Brenda stroke for stroke merely served to bring the stiffness back to his cock and was quickly proving to not be enough. Grabbing onto his Aunt's gyrating hips, Jacob slapped her lightly on one of her buttocks as a signal for her to get off.

"Come onnnnn, Jake...ungh!..what's the matter?" Brenda moaned in frustration at her nephew, leaning into him as she smashed her 'nice rack' onto his chest and pinned him down harder. Her own race to the finish line was finally in sight, and the last thing she wanted was another unwelcome pause.

"I'm trying, Aunt Brenda...ugh!...but can we switch to another position?" Jacob groaned back, still jerking upwards as he grasped Brenda's bouncing hips, his eyes now clenched in concentration.

With an exasperated sigh, Brenda lowered her hands to her nephew's abs and raised herself up. Swinging her leg over Jacob, his cock disengaged from her with an unceremonious and audible *plop!* as it popped out of her gaping pussy and slapped lewdly back onto his abs.

"Lemme guess...doggie?" Brenda said slowly with a smirk, lashing her matted auburn hair over her shoulder as she looked back at her godson and assumed the said position at the foot of her bed.

Jacob didn't even bother with a reply as he got up off the headboard with a groan and eagerly took his place on his knees behind his smokin' hot Aunt, his usual goofy grin spread across his face. It was as if Brenda had read his mind.

Looking forwards once again and bracing her hands on her bed's footboard, the smirk on Brenda's face quickly faded as her focus honed in once more on her bedroom door. She could now clearly see that it was definitely unlocked and for a moment, she scolded herself for not having taken advantage of the brief respite's opportunity to pad over to the door and lock it. However, before she could say anything--

"OWWW!!!..you lil' shit!! Damnit, Jake, give a girl a warning next time!" Brenda chided, glaring back at her nephew over her shoulder. Jacob smiled, reminded of Rachel's similar, surprised scold from a couple weeks back. Just like his sister, Brenda's momentary anger quickly dissipated to a deeply fulfilling pleasure as Jacob's thick and massive shaft accommodated itself once more in her ravaged love canal. That pleasure soon mixed with trepidation from the lingering uncertainty that, at any moment, her little boy might return and inadvertently come barging in on them.

"Sorry, Aunt Bren', but like you said, we've gotta hurry along. Besides..." Jacob leaned in closer to where his lips were near his godmother's left ear, "I've been dying to tap that sweet butt of yours all day...ever since seeing you in those tight, hot, yoga pants!"

"Oh myyyyyy...you naughty boy!" Brenda moaned, raising herself up and turning her head towards Jacob so that their lips and tongues met in a wet and sloppy kiss. Leaning back down, she looked back over her shoulder and teased, "Let's be honest, though...I bet it wasn't just my butt that you've been staring at all day, hmm? Unnghh!!"

"I...dunno...what...you...meeeeeean!" Jacob groaned, emphasizing his words slowly, as he grabbed her tighter by the hips and methodically deep-stroked his Aunt. The loud sound of clapping flesh resounded each time his abs slapped up against her shapely ass, as he eagerly grinded himself into her.

"Oh, come on now..." Brenda continued, "...your Mom and sister were wearing the same type of tight leggings. Don't tell me you weren't eying them down too...you nasty...perverted...boy!" Meeting her nephew's thrusts in counterpoint, Brenda threw her ass back at him, the grip of her vaginal canal tightening on the shaft of Jacob's pulsating cock with each of her carefully-chosen, slowly-enunciated words.

"You're horrible Aunt Bren'...ya know that? Ughh!" Jacob grunted, feeling the tingling fuse in his refilled, heavily-swaying balls finally being triggered.

"So your Mom always says..." Brenda giggled, half smiling and half worried with concern as she maintained a careful watch on her bedroom door. "But seriously though, we've gotta wrap this up soon and get a move on. Unngh! Come on, stud...what's it gonna take for Auntie to get you off?"

"C-could you...ughhh...maybe, ya know...talk dirty to me again, Aunt Bren'?" Jacob groaned, as he leaned in again to Brenda's ear and plunged in her deeper, his pleading voice now a desperate and hoarse whisper.

"Talk dirty, hmm? What's the matter, young stud...unngh!...your Mommy doesn't do that for you back at home? he-heh...Don't answer that!" Brenda chuckled after an awkward pause, as they both already knew the answer to that question. "Al-righty then, you naughty...nasty...boy. You likin' the view from

back there? Your Auntie's hot...sexy...ass?...that ass you've been staring at all day? I bet you've been dying for a while now for a chance to pound it, haven't you, you lil' perv!"

Jacob's grunts and groans quickly grew louder and his hoarse breathing intensified. Soon, the slapping of flesh on flesh ramped up in tempo, increasing in pace and volume, along with the squeaking springs resounding in protest from Brenda's king-sized mattress. Throwing caution to the wind, Brenda decided to delve deeper into the depraved recesses of her psyche for her next, carefully-chosen words...as well as put some of the old 'Psychology 101' course that she'd taken way back in college to good use.

"You sick lil' monster, you..." Brenda continued, purposely tightening the clenching walls of her cunt even more on her nephew's invading monstrosity, "I bet it wasn't just me you wish you were pounding from behind right now, huh? I bet someone else's yoga pants got you all worked up too earlier, and you wouldn't mind it if that someone we know was also bent over on this bed in front of you, hmm? Ohh! I take that as a yes! Unngh! Yeah! Pound Auntie harder, stud...DEEEEPERRR!! FASTERRR!!! Come on, Jake...just imagine it...imagine if your Mom was also here...and you were tapping that sweet, gorgeous, forbidden behind that she has...HARRRD...makin' that BIG, beautiful Mommy ass of hers jiggle! And your sister...Rachel...mmm, with that hot cheerleader bod that she still has...don't tell me you've never thought about hittin' on that hottie, you sick, dirty boy! Mmmmm...just picture it Jake-- all three of us, on all fours, right here in front of you, offering our asses and open pussies for that big, stud cock of yours...begging for you to dump your huge loads into each of us! Pumpin' all three of us FULL...filling us up raw and dirty...Nutting in us like wild, breeding animals! You'd LOVE that, huh? Filling Mommy up...Filling your HOT SIS up...Filling AUNTIE up!! Nutting in us with your lil' babymakers!!! UNNGH!!!

Come on, Jake...don't make me beg for it any longer! I want that hot, thick load of yours DEEP inside me...keeping me warm all night...pump Auntie full! Remember, just a couple more months and your hot Auntie's gonna be getting off the pill...and you might be fully healed up by then...so that means no more foolin' around and havin' fun with your favorite Auntie...that means no more chances for us to have hot, risky sex...no more busting your nut and dropping your big, FAT loads deep inside me...so you'd better enjoy it while you can NOW...and make it...worth...all...that...GUILT!!! UNNNNGH!!!!"

"OOOHHHH...AUNT BRENDAAAAA!!!" Jacob recklessly called out, as his hips went into overdrive and his huge 'load' finally surged up the length of his cock's swollen shaft. Now grasping her by her shoulders, he leaned in hard once more, using his lower back muscles for leverage as he thoroughly plowed her from behind and prepared to bust his 'nut' deep inside her.

Worried that Jacob's voice was a bit too loud, Brenda quickly raised up and reached back with her left hand, pulling her godson by his hair to her face. Immediately, their mouths met, their lips latching on to one another's as they engaged in another soul-searingly sultry kiss. All too soon, the awkward angle and their movements pulled their lips apart and they were left to sate themselves with haphazardly sloppy necking, heavy breathing and the wild flickering of tongues. Throughout it all, their groaning and moaning continued apace before the tip of Jacob's cock finally mashed onto Brenda's cervix and blasted huge, massive ropes of his thick, teenaged spunk, depositing it deep into his naked godmother's clutching, quivering cunt.

"AHHHHHHH...YESSSSSS!!!!" Brenda mouthed in a voiceless scream, slamming her ass back at her nephew and arching her back, creating the perfect angle for her nephew's bursting insemination. A look of rapturous bliss spread on her face

as she closed her eyes and threw her head back in pure ecstasy. Sluice gates of unabashed orgasm quickly washed over her once more, as Jacob fully unleashed into her and she willingly allowed her nephew to flood her soon-to-be fertile womb with his chemically-enhanced, thickly-potent, hot and healthy family seed.

Suddenly, Brenda's eyes popped open and she snapped her head up to look at her bedroom door. From thence, she once again heard her son's faint and familiar voice, "Mommy? Is Jake in there with you?"

At that exact moment, the orgasmic bomb going off in Brenda's pussy imploded with sudden panic as the unlocked doorknob began to turn, dousing her inflamed passion with a cold dose of sobered-up reality. Sheer terror gripped her heart once she saw the door slowly starting to open. "OH GOD...NOOOO!!!" she screamed, her voice a mixture of absolute horror, mingled with the abating throes of her echoing, ebbing ecstasy, "NO!!! DANNNNNYYYYY...STOOOOPPPP!!!"

Brenda knew the door needed only to open a few more inches, and Daniel would immediately have a full and unadulterated view of what his sinful Mom and cousin had truly been up to. As her body continued to writhe, taunting her with a perverse pleasure and a suicidal wish to get caught, she cried out, "I told you...STAY...OUT...THERE!!!" It broke her heart to yell at her innocent son in this fashion, but the mere thought of her little punkin's uncorrupted eyes witnessing his mother being such a bad and nasty Mommy would've literally crushed her soul.

Whether it was by divine intervention or just pure luck, the bedroom door slowly creaked back on its hinges. Once she heard it shut and the faint 'click' of the latch finally engage, Brenda silently thought to herself, "Thank you, God!"

"Mommy? Are you okay?" Daniel asked, his soft voice now dripping with concern.

As she continued grinding her hips, riding out the final waves of her retreating orgasm, Brenda replied, "I-I'm fine...baby." Though a bit breathless, she continued, "It's Jake...he uhhhh...hurt his knee...earlier, up in the attic. I'm putting a bandage...on it now." Biting down on her lower lip, Brenda continued to slow down her motions, still feeling hot little spurts firing off in her spasming vaginal canal as Jacob churned his pulsing shaft inside her and her womb welcomed in his seed.

"Is it oozing?" Daniel asked.

"Huh?" Brenda thought, puzzled, and glanced back at Jacob. He'd by now nearly stopped his thrusting and was trying to catch his breath, a big grin spread across his face. After making quick eye-contact with her nephew, Brenda gingerly disengaged from him and looked down in between her legs, where she saw the unmistakable evidence of her and Jacob's most recent, forbidden mating. Lewdly, something indeed was 'oozing' at that moment, though probably not how her little boy was picturing it! Matter-of-factly, Brenda nodded and replied to her son, "Yes...yes it is oozing...quite bad, actually." In her best, calm and clinical voice, the quick-thinking doctor then added, "That's why I yelled for you not to come in...I didn't want you to see it...and be frightened." Brenda decided to play on her son's unhealthy fear of the sight of blood, hoping it would be

enough to satisfy Danny's piqued and morbid curiosity. Gazing back down, Brenda spread her legs slightly apart and stared on, fetishistically feasting her eyes and satisfying her own curious fascination with creampie.

After a few seconds of silence, Daniel asked, "Are you gonna...kiss it?"

"Huh...What?" Brenda scoffed, half chuckling as her young son broke her trance.

"Jake's boo-boo..." the little boy's innocently sweet voice came in through the door. "You always kiss MINE when I get hurt...to make it feel better."

Brenda could feel her heart swell, and her eyes tear up. The good doctor always felt a little guilty after engaging in a 'session' with Jacob. After all, she was married and loved her husband. However, she always seemed to be able to easily rationalize her actions and justify them as an act of 'professional' necessity in order to help her nephew with his rare medical condition...not to mention the unavoidable and irresistible effects caused by those wicked, radical hormones.

Now sexually sated and back in her right state of mind, the act of lying to her innocent son just on the other side of the bedroom door, while in her marital bed, (naked and freshly-fucked by someone other than Daniel's father), suddenly felt raw and unsettling. Somewhat jolted into clarity, Brenda smiled nervously and replied, "Yes, punkin'...I'll be sure to do just that." Climbing off the bed, she began collecting her discarded clothes, trying her best not to drip Jacob's spunk that was leaking down her legs and out of her gaping vagina from getting all over the floor. Awkwardly squeezing her thighs together as she got to

the door, Brenda added, "Now, be a good boy and go back downstairs to finish watching your video...while Mommy finishes up in here with Jake."

"Okay, Mommy!" Daniel replied cheerfully. He then turned and padded softly back down to the den.

Clutching her clothes to her chest, Brenda breathed a deep sigh of relief as she finally locked the door, then slowly stepped over to the edge of the bed where Jacob now sat up, resting on his elbows. "Okay, stud..." she began in a serious tone, pulling up her panties, before taking his semi-rigid shaft in her left hand, "After I 'kiss' and get this 'boo-boo' all cleaned up, I'm gonna bandage your knee quite heavily, and I expect you to walk with a slight limp tonight...can you do that?". Barely waiting for a response, Brenda quickly got on her knees, the insides of her thighs still marked with streams of Jacob's sperm. Her lips and tongue then immediately went to work cleaning up the evidence of their combined fluids that still coated her nephew's cock.

Jacob sat up straighter on the bed with a smile, throwing a 'thumbs-up' to his Aunt and replied, "Yes, Ma'am...I can do that...walk with a limp...all night...no problem-o."

Brenda paused and looked up, then nodded with a slightly mischievous grin, "Exactly...and if anyone asks 'How?', you got your knee caught on a nail sticking out from the wall while we were up in the attic. We didn't want Danny to see all the blood, so I brought you in here to give you a tetanus shot and patch you up...got it?" With a smack of her lips and a pat on his thigh, she signaled to Jacob that she was (all too soon) done with her judicious 'cleaning' and for him to put his pants back on.

Though a little disappointed, Jacob nevertheless stood up and slowly put on his boxers and trousers, saluting his Aunt with a cheerful, "Got it, Doc!!" as he zipped himself up. Sighing quietly, Brenda barely concealed her relief that her quick and thorough 'cleaning' hadn't woken Jacob's menacing monster back up.

"Okay...stud, now let's get movin'!" Brenda said, as she got up off the carpet and began walking gingerly towards her master bathroom for a quick and very much-needed shower. Turning around, she added, "It's getting late, and we've still gotta go pick up Sara." Taking a quick glance at the alarm clock, Brenda then noticed just how late it actually was, and exclaimed in horror as she rushed to the shower, "Oh shit!! Your Mom's gonna kill me!!"

Knowing exactly of a way for them to 'save time', Jacob got up from tying his shoes and immediately undid the top button of his pants, kicking his shoes off and quickly walking towards the master bathroom doorway with an impish look on his face...

As they waited for Brenda to return with the boys from her errands and the last of the outdoor decorations, the men of the extended Mitchell family decided to finally take a much-needed break from their daylong chore of decorating and convened in the den to catch the tail end of a college football game. The main sporting event, however, would be later that evening when the Atlanta Braves would take on the Houston Astros in game 5 of the World Series. Robert especially had been on edge that afternoon, and was now downing a little bit

too much alcohol to alleviate the nervousness he'd been feeling all day for his favorite baseball team. After all, it had been over 25 years since his beloved Braves had hoisted a World Series trophy, and they were now poised to do just that...with one more win at home in Atlanta later that night.

Meanwhile, Karen and Rachel had been kept busy bustling around in the kitchen in Brenda's absence. Mother and daughter now set about putting the finishing touches to all their hard work, placing and organizing the final platters of food on the dining room table. It was indeed a buffet worthy of a king-- though no thanks to Brenda, who had yet to return, Karen thought.

Silently, Karen was secretly fuming about how her younger sister had reneged on her promise about being quick and getting back in time to help her and Rachel with the rest of the preparations. Tugging on the collar of her T-shirt, the middled-aged Mom fanned herself as she pondered what on earth was keeping Brenda and Jacob so long. Her mind was now racing with all sorts of sordid images of the worst, lewd debauchery imaginable that probably took place (or was still taking place) between her son and younger sister way on the other side of town.

Rachel, on the other hand, was practically giddy with how well things were turning out so far. This was going to be her first time officially hosting the annual Halloween party at her home (or any function for that matter), and she sincerely hoped that everything would go off without a hitch.

Having finished in the dining room, Karen and Rachel returned to the kitchen for their own, well-deserved break. Suddenly, the back door flew open and Brenda breezed in, carrying her son Daniel in tow on her left hip. Throwing up her hands,

Karen exclaimed, "Well, it's about time! Where have you been...and why are you so late?" Her questions were obviously rhetorical and asked as more of a cover...flabbergasted and annoyed, Karen already had a good idea regarding the reason to both.

"It's a long story...I assure you," Brenda replied emphatically, huffing as she set Daniel down on his feet.

"Mm-hmm...I'm sure it is," Karen responded suspiciously.

At that moment, Jacob came through the door along with Sara, who was already decked out in full costume. She was dressed as 'Elsa' from the Disney movie 'Frozen', complete with the iconic blue, sequined dress, with her long, platinum blonde hair plaited in the character's textured French braid hairstyle. "Hi, Mrs. Mitchell...Hi, Rachel!" Sara greeted the other two ladies in her usual, politely cordial manner. "You have a lovely house. Thank you so much again for inviting me."

"Hello there, Sara," Karen replied to the gorgeous teenager. Seeing her holding Jacob's hand immediately caused an unexpected wave of emotions. She couldn't help but wonder how much things had progressed between the two of them as of late. Were they now officially a couple? If that was the case, she was mainly happy for her son, but she also felt that nagging little tug of jealousy along with another radiating flash of heat going up her neck. Trying to clear her mind of the irrational envy, she added, "We're so glad you could make it...and I must say...you look exactly like Princess Elsa!"

Rachel agreed with her Mother, "I'll say...and that dress is downright phenomenal!"

"Thank you, both..." Sara responded with a smile. "But the credit really should go to my mom...she did most of the work."

As the young pair walked across the kitchen, Karen just happened to notice a slight hitch in Jacob's gait. Turning her attention from Sara, she asked her sister, "And why, may I ask, does my son have a limp?"

Before Brenda could respond, Daniel spoke up, "Auntie Karen...Jake hurt his knee in the attic...it bled really bad!"

Karen turned to Jacob and asked with concern, "You...you hurt your knee?? You were bleeding?!"

Jacob replied, "Yeah, Mom...but it's nothing to-- "

Without thinking, Karen went into full 'Mommy' mode, and before Jacob could finish his statement, she pulled her son to her with his face pressed against her T-shirt-covered bosom. "Oh, my goodness! Are you okay, Snuggle Bear?" She had quite forgotten all about her promise to Jacob about not going overboard whenever Sara was around and using the most dreaded of nicknames.

As he flounced his arms around, Jacob could immediately hear his older sister snickering in the background. "Mmmooommmphhhh!" he mumbled, finding it hard to breathe with his nose buried between his Mother's big breasts. The sweet fragrance of freshly-baked cookies, mixed with her perfume, permeated through the cotton fabric of her shirt and into his nostrils. If they'd been alone, he would've been perfectly fine with all the attention he was now getting from his doting Mother, but with Sara and the others standing right there, this was certainly not the time.

Finally breaking free from his Mother's clutches, Jacob said, "Mom...it's not that big of a deal! I just caught my leg on a nail sticking out of a board, that's all." His flustered face was now flushed red, both with his not having been able to breathe, and the royal embarrassment he was now feeling.

Giggling, Brenda stepped up and added, "No need to worry Sis...even though it did bleed a good bit, it was really just a scratch. He probably just nicked a small vein. I cleaned up the wound, put some antibiotics on it, and bandaged it up really well. I even gave him a tetanus shot from my emergency mini-fridge that I keep upstairs, just to be safe. Relax, he'll be fine...I'm pretty sure I was able to save the limb." She ended her statement by giving her nephew a knowing little wink.

By this time, the guys had all heard that Brenda had returned and were filtering into the kitchen. Mark, overhearing the end of the conversation, chimed in, "Yeah, a few nails are sticking out of a couple of support beams up there in the attic. I've been meaning for a while to take care of them, but just haven't gotten around to it yet...sorry 'bout that, Jake."

Jacob couldn't help but feel somewhat guilty at the moment. He wasn't injured one bit...it was all just a ruse. Plus, he had just come from his uncle's house where he'd done the nasty with his wife in their marital bed-- with their 5-year-old son just on the other side of the bedroom door...and now his uncle was apologizing to him. Jacob shook his head, "It's fine, Uncle Mark...really."

Karen turned to Brenda and asked, "Please tell me you at least remembered to get the costumes?"

"Yes...Mommmm! I remembered to get the costumes," Brenda replied sarcastically. "They're in the car...along with that darned skeleton." The young mother leaned down to her son and said, "Punkin'...why don't you go wash up? We'll be eating pretty soon."

"Okay, mommy!!" Daniel replied, bolting out of the kitchen.

Brenda turned to the four men standing around in the kitchen, "Okay, guys...let's go get the last of the decorations out of my car. Ladies, why don't we go and inspect the boys' work so far?"

After all the adults had left to go outside, Jacob leaned in close to Sara and whispered, "Sorry about all that."

Sara turned to Jacob and asked, "Sorry about what?"

As the two teenagers walked into the dining room, Jacob replied with embarrassment, "My Mom...she can be a bit much and go way overboard with concern sometimes."

Sara smiled, "Oh, that?" Pointing back towards the kitchen, she added with a giggle, "No need to apologize...I actually found it quite adorable."

Jacob's face scrunched up. "You found that to be adorable? My Mother treating me like a 4-year-old?"

Sara nodded, "Uh-huh!"

Jacob chuckled, "And here I was thinking that I was the weird one, when actually...maybe it's you!" His statement drew another giggle out of his date as they arrived at the punch bowl. Using the ladle, Jacob then began to fill a cup with his Mom's famous 'Blood-Red Cherry' punch...complete with floating candy eyeballs and fingers.

Taking the small cup of drink from Jacob, Sara said, "Thank you." She then added, "I honestly think it's wonderful how much your Mom loves you and isn't afraid to show it."

"Does your mom ever humiliate you in public like that?" Jacob asked after taking a sip of punch.

Sara shook her head, "No, not really. Don't get me wrong, I know my mom loves me to death, but she's just a bit more...stoic, when it comes to displaying PDAs."

Jacob replied, "Well...consider yourself lucky, then...in my case, I think it's totally embarrassing!"

Sara reached into her light-blue cosmetic clutch purse, "You wanna see embarrassing?" She then pulled out her asthma inhaler, put it to her mouth, and took in a deep breath while administering herself a dose.

Jacob shrugged, "So what? You have asthma...big deal." He then asked, astonished, "Wait a minute...you have asthma?!"

Sara nodded, "Uh-huh," as she returned the inhaler to her purse. She then added, "It's actually called 'allergy-induced asthma', and it always flares up around this time of year, especially when I go outdoors, due to all the ragweed."

Motioning towards her purse, Jacob asked, "What is that stuff? Primatene Mist?"

Sara took another sip of punch, "Sort of...but it's a much stronger, prescription-dose version. Sometimes, when it flares up, my asthma can get so bad that I can hardly breathe, and I start wheezing like a squeaky toy."

Jacob grinned, "Well, you can't help that...that's a medical condition. It's nothing compared to having your Mother hugging and kissing on you in front of all your friends, especially while calling you all sorts of age-inappropriate nicknames!"

Sara placed her cup of punch down on the table and said, "All I know is, one day I hope to have a big family of my own, and I can assure you that I'm gonna shower my kids with lots of love and affection...no matter what their age is." The gorgeous blonde teenager then stepped closer to Jacob and whispered sultrily with a warm smile, "And as far as nicknames go...personally, I kinda like...Snuggle Bear."

Jacob's eyes went wide, and before he could respond, Sara leaned in and pressed her sweet mouth against his. Even though he'd just had mind-blowing sex with his super-hot Aunt earlier that afternoon, hearing Sara's voice whisper the annoying nickname in such a sexy fashion, along with the feel and taste of her silky soft lips, caused a slight stir in his pants.

"Hey, sweetie...you might want to-- oh my gosh!!" Karen gasped, as she turned the corner to find her son and his date engaged in a full-on kissing session in the dining room.

The startled teenagers quickly pulled away from one another in embarrassment. Not knowing what else to say, Jacob blurted out awkwardly, "Uhhh...hey Mom!"

Karen knew for a fact that it was nothing out of the ordinary that Jacob would be kissing Sara...he said himself that he'd done so before, that night in his bedroom when he'd first tried to make out with his Mother. At that time, even

Karen had told Jacob that the blonde teenager was the one whom he should be doing that with...not her. However, the actual sight of it happening right before her very eyes was something else entirely...and now brought on a flurry of different emotions and concerns.

Her first concern was about Sara. If her son became sexually aroused and the teenaged beauty in turn was exposed to his hormones, it would definitely increase the chances of Sara discovering Jacob's secret condition. Once that happened there'd be no turning back, and who knows who else could find out? All of Karen's hard work to keep everything hidden up to that point would then have been in vain.

Karen's second concern was the sheer shock of actually seeing Jacob kissing the gorgeous daughter of her good friend, Donna Miller. The doting Mother knew it was the natural order of things and just another dreaded milestone of her son growing up into an adult. However, the image of the unexpected scene she stumbled upon was now burned in her brain and brought with it another wave of unreasonable envy accompanied by another onset of the strange flushing sensation she was now feeling.

Trying to appear unaffected by what she witnessed, Karen sighed, crossed her arms and said calmly, "Jake, honey...you might want to go ahead and get into your costume. The guests should be arriving soon."

"Oh yeah...I guess I should," Jacob replied sheepishly. Setting his cup of punch down on the table, he turned to Sara and said, "I'll be right back."

With a nervous smile, Sara replied, "Okay! I'll be right here." After Jacob left the room, a noticeable cloud hung in the air. The beautiful teenager could feel her cheeks burning, and were probably still red from embarrassment. Hoping to ease the tension, Sara took a sip of the sweet, delicious red beverage she was fidgeting with and said, "Mrs. Mitchell...this punch is simply to die for!"

"Thank you, Sara," Karen replied, her voice still somewhat flat. "It's actually my mother's secret recipe. She used to make it every year at Christmas time...minus the eyeballs and fingers, of course." Karen ended her statement with a slight chuckle. Part of her now sympathized with the youthful beauty, remembering how she herself had once been caught by her mother kissing someone when she was a teen, and how awkward it had been.

Seeing a pathway to daylight, Sara asked cautiously, "I don't suppose you'd be willing to share with me...the recipe, I mean?"

Having calmed herself down, Karen gave the teenager a smile. She could tell Sara was still a bit flustered from having been caught with Jacob. Most likely, the teen was more worried about word getting back to her 'helicopter mom' that she'd been caught red-handed making out with a boy.

Even though she was concerned about the two teenagers having too much physical contact, Karen figured she could sort that issue out with Jacob later. As far as her own irrational envy was concerned...Karen accepted she would have to work on that issue by herself.

Deciding to ease Sara's mind, Karen smiled and replied cheerfully, "Of course, sweetie...I'd be happy to!" Putting her arm around the teenager's shoulder, she continued, "I'm sure Rachel has a pen and paper somewhere around here in the kitchen." As they walked side-by-side, Karen added, "You'll be surprised by how simple the recipe actually is."

With Rachel being the hostess that year, she was the one who ultimately decided the theme for her Halloween party. For this year, she chose movie characters and was going as 'Harley Quinn' from the movie 'Suicide Squad'. Rachel had gone all out and duplicated the look of the sexy villainess down to a tee. The young housewife had even purchased a platinum-blond wig tied with two ponytails on the side and dyed the ends blue and pink. Her naturally porcelain-like skin looked even paler now with the bright foundation she'd applied to her face, complemented by dark mascara, with red and blue blush fading from her eyes, a black, heart 'beauty mark' on her cheek, and to top it all off, bright-red, thick lipstick. To complete the ensemble, she'd found a similar satin bomber jacket, a 'Daddys Lil' Monster' long-sleeved T-shirt, skimpy short-shorts, and fishnet stockings, so that her resemblance to the mischievous movie character was impeccable.

Rachel herself wasn't that much of a fan of comic book movies, but her husband was. She had kept her outfit a well-kept secret as a surprise for Scott, who was going as Batman (his all-time favorite superhero) in the hopes that they could 'battle it out' with some bedroom role-playing fun later that night.

Now fully decked-out in her costume, Rachel knocked then entered her master bedroom to find her Mother and Aunt still preparing themselves for the evening. Karen was sitting at the vanity putting some final touches to her makeup, while Brenda was in the walk-in closet putting on her outfit.

Resting the 'Good Night' inscripted baseball bat over her left shoulder, Rachel asked in-character, "How's it going, ladies?"

Karen, leaning in close to the mirror while applying mascara, replied, "Almost done...just need to put on my costume."

Brenda exited the closet and responded, "Well, I'm ready y'all!" Since Daniel wanted to dress up like 'Buzz Lightyear' from 'Toy Story', she and Mark decided to keep it a family theme. Her husband was going as 'Woody', the Cowboy Sheriff, and she was going to be 'Jessie the Cowgirl' with a few 'Brenda-like' modifications. Instead of the typical long-sleeved button shirt and cow print pattern chaps, the young doctor went with a cowboy-style tutu dress that included a sleeveless satin bustier with tassels, knee-length denim skirt, tasseled wrist gauntlets, shin-high brown leather boots, and of course the iconic, red cowgirl hat. Her auburn-dyed hair was now parted down the middle and thickly-plaited into a long French braid. Hanging down the middle of her back and tied at the end with a silk yellow ribbon, it perfectly completed her look.

"Looking good there, Aunt Bren!" Rachel complimented with a giggle.

"Thank you, my dear, but not as good as you, I'm afraid!!" Brenda replied with enthusiasm. She stepped over to Rachel and added, looking her niece up and down, "You look absolutely...amazing!!!"

Rachel lowered the baseball bat from her shoulder and twisted her sexy body back and forth, "Thanks...you really think so?" She pridefully added, "I tried to replicate her look as best as possible...he won't admit it, but I think Scott has a thing for Margot Robbie's version of 'Harley Quinn'."

As Brenda continued to admire Rachel's outfit, she commented, "Well, you definitely got the outfit spot on...and I must say, your makeup is flawless!" The married doctor, gazing at her niece's lithe figure, sighed, "God, how I wish I could still wear short booty-shorts like that." Still ogling Rachel, she added with a smile, "Enjoy that hot, youthful body while you still can...because after you have your first baby...your hips are gonna spread like Georgia peanut butter!"

Rachel giggled, "Oh, Aunt Bren...don't be so hard on yourself. I'll be thrilled if I look even half as good as you and Mom do, after I have kids."

Karen, finished with her make up, walked over to the other two women. "Okay, Brenda, I think I'm ready...where's my costume?"

Brenda pointed at the closet, "It's hanging up in there."

"And the shoes?" Karen asked.

"The shoes too...they're in the bright red shoebox on the floor...you can't miss 'em."

Karen disappeared into the large walk-in closet. After a few seconds, she called out, "Uh...Brenda?"

Noticing a bit of concern in Karen's voice, Brenda replied, "Yeah, Sis?"

Karen called out, "Did you check to ensure that you picked up the right costume?"

"Sure, I did..." Brenda responded as she walked over to the closet door, "It says it right there on the tag: 'Dorothy - Wizard of Oz'."

Karen walked out of the closet and held up the costume on its hanger inside of a clear plastic garment bag with her right hand. "Does this look a little bit...short to you?" She then held the outfit up to her chest. It was easily apparent that the dress hem would indeed be coming up short, way above her knees.

Brenda shrugged, "To be honest, I just remember Dorothy's dress being blue and white checkered...I never paid much attention to its length. Besides, you and Mom were the ones who were always so crazy about that movie...I don't think I've seen it in years."

'The Wizard of Oz' was one of Karen's all-time favorite films, perhaps not for the movie itself, but simply for the fact that it was a favorite of her dear, late mother, Patricia. Every year, the Dean family would watch the iconic classic whenever it aired on television, usually during the Thanksgiving holiday weekend.

That tradition had slowly faded after Mrs. Dean's untimely passing. However, Karen's love for the film-- and keeping the tradition alive, did not. Every year at Thanksgiving, the middle-aged mother would break out her copy of the DVD and watch the movie, whether it was with someone or just by herself. It helped Karen to relive the beautiful, nostalgic memories of her childhood and keep a connection to the wonderful woman that she'd known as her mother.

"Okay..." Karen relented with a nod. "I guess I can give you a pass on that one..." She then held up the shoes with her left hand and continued, "But what about these?? Brenda, did you even look in the box??"

The ruby-red sequined shoes Karen held were a bit different than the ones worn by Judy Garland in the classic movie. Instead of the iconic slippers that Dorothy wore while traveling with her new friends to meet the 'All-Knowing Wizard', these were stiletto platforms with 5-inch heels.

Brenda nodded, "Yes, I looked. I just thought that maybe you were trying to go a bit more...'modern' with the outfit." She then turned to Rachel and added, "To be honest...I kinda like them."

Karen dropped her arms in frustration and sighed heavily, "You would!" Looking at the shoes, she added in exasperation, "What am I going to do? I'm sure the

costume store is closed by now. I knew I should've gone and picked up the outfit and shoes myself!" Karen then just happened to notice something on the costume's tag. "Brenda, the fine print on this costume says that it's: 'Dorothy - Wizard of Oz (Secret Wishes)'!!!" Karen shook her head and added, "How could you have missed that? That should've given you a clue right there!! Honestly, I can't understand how someone with a medical degree can sometimes lack simple attention to detail!"

Rachel, wanting desperately to keep the peace, stepped forward, trying to be the voice of reason, "Mom? Why not just try it on and let's see how it looks? Maybe it won't be that bad."

After mulling it over for a few seconds, Karen shrugged her shoulders. "Fine...at this point, I guess I don't have much of a choice." She then turned and walked back into the closet.

"Great!" Rachel replied cheerfully. She tossed the baseball bat on her bed and added, "Aunt Brenda and I will help."

Minutes later, Karen stood in front of the full-length mirror with her daughter and younger sister on either side of her. Staring at her reflection, the horrified Mother exclaimed, "Oh my goodness...there's no way I can wear this!!"

"Why not Sis?" Brenda asked. "You look absolutely fabulous!!"

Karen did indeed look fabulous, just not in the way she had initially imagined. Just like Dorothy, the dress she now wore was in a blue and white gingham pinafore pattern, but that's where any pretense of similarities ended.

Karen's unintentional version of the famous garment was way too short, with a lace-edged petticoat that came just a few inches down past her round, juicy bottom. The front of the dress was in a lace-up corset style, while the blouse Karen wore underneath was shimmering white with a scooped neckline that displayed a generous amount of her bountiful cleavage. Instead of light blue Bobby socks, Karen's long, shapely legs were adorned with pale blue thigh-high stockings with a little bow on each. These matched the blue and white hair ties adorning her dark, chestnut-brown hair which was arrayed in two braided ponytails falling lushly past her shoulders. With the glittery ruby-red platformed heels making her stand over 6 feet in height, the conservative Mom would most likely have been the sexiest creature to ever walk down the fabled 'Yellow Brick Road'.

"Fabulous?? Brenda...I look like a stripper!!" Karen replied emphatically. "I wanted to look like the wholesome 'farm girl from Kansas'...not like I should be spinning on a pole in some seedy club in downtown Atlanta!!"

Brenda chuckled nervously, "Well...if it's any consolation...I'm sure you'd definitely make a butt-load of money!"

"SHUT UP BRENDA!!" Karen spat, while continuing to gaze at the inappropriately sexy version of 'Dorothy Gail' staring back at her in the mirror. "You're not helping any!"

"Sorry." Brenda responded, softly.

Karen looked at her younger sister's reflection in the mirror. It was very strange to see Brenda wearing anything that could be deemed more 'conservative' than her on Halloween. She had to admit to herself that Brenda made a really cute Jessie the Cowgirl, and it was very sweet that she had dressed up as the wholesome character for her little boy. She couldn't help but feel her heart melt, once she saw the crestfallen expression on her usually vivacious sister's face.

Brenda turned to walk away, but Karen quickly grabbed her arm and pulled her sister in for a hug. "No...I'm sorry..." the older sister whispered in her younger sibling's ear, "I shouldn't have yelled at you. Don't worry...It'll be okay...we'll figure something out."

"Awwwww..." Rachel cooed. "Can I get in on this??" She then wrapped her arms around her Mother and Aunt in a small group hug.

After the three ladies had separated, Karen asked, "But seriously...what am I going to do? There's going to be church members coming over, and they're going to have their kids and even grandkids with them. I can't be handing out candy looking like the star of 'Dorothy Does Oz!'"

Brenda put up her hand, "I know..." She then stepped over to the bed and picked up the small picnic basket with the fake head of 'Toto the Terrier' sticking out of the top. "Rachel said earlier that she wanted to go out with Danny for some trick-

or-treating. How about I stay here with you to hand out candy, and you can hang back out of sight with the adults, or at least until you feel more comfortable?"

Rachel interjected, "And...if anyone asks, we can always explain that the costume shop made a mistake."

Karen shrugged her shoulders and sighed. "I suppose that could work."

Rachel added, "Plus, look on the bright side, Mom...Dad's gonna totally flip when he sees you in that get-up...but in a good way!"

With a mischievous smirk Brenda added, while handing the basket to Karen, "Yeah...him and every other red-blooded male with a pulse tonight!"

Karen turned back to the mirror and asked, "You think so?" After gazing at herself a few more moments, the straitlaced wife and Mother had to admit she did look good in the outfit...really good. Suddenly, she sensed a naughty thrill go up her spine at the thought of being the attention-getter for once, instead of her daughter or younger sister. The sexy 'Kansas farm girl' couldn't help but chuckle to herself, "I wonder what that nosy church gossip, Mrs. Caldwell, would say if she ever saw me wearing THIS in public!"

Brenda chuckled and responded to Karen, "Oh yes! You're gonna make a lot of wives and girlfriends jealous tonight. I'm willing to bet you'd be voted 'best costume'...if the male guests have anything to say about it!"

Rachel added, "Trust us, Mom...you look fantastic! Besides...it's Halloween...the one night of the year when we're supposed to let loose and dress up as an alternate version of ourselves. I mean, look at me!"

Karen turned to Rachel and, for the first time that evening, really took in her daughter's outfit. Her married, adult child was shamelessly wearing fishnet stockings with hot pants so short and tight, that she resembled some sort of deranged streetwalker.

While continuing to stare at her reflection in the mirror, Karen replied with a resigned sigh, "You're right...it is Halloween after all...perhaps it won't be so bad." Turning to her sister and daughter, Karen finally relented and sighed, "Okay, ladies...let's go and have some fun!"

Rachel and Brenda both raised their hands in the air and shouted simultaneously, "Woo-hoo!!!"

As they walked out of the bedroom and down the hall together, Brenda tugged Karen by the elbow and asked, "Hey, Sis...you think maybe I could borrow this outfit, before we return it to the rental shop?"

Giving her sister a curious look, Karen asked, "Borrow it? Whatever for?"

With a cheeky grin, Brenda replied, "I wouldn't mind wearing it for Mark one night, and umm...letting him travel up my 'Yellow Brick Road'!"

Taken aback with a typical look of exasperation, Karen chuckled and shook her head, "Brenda...you're horrible!"

The annual Halloween party turned out to be a smashing success. The delectable food and drinks on hand simply blew the guests away, and the over-the-top decorating job done by the four-man 'decoration crew' had left everyone speechless. Being her first time serving as a hostess, Rachel couldn't have been any prouder of the outcome. Everyone, from the youngest to the young at heart had a blast...including her scantily-dressed Mother.

Earlier that evening, Karen had initially been a bit reluctant to be seen in such a revealing and risqué outfit. However, as time passed by she began to feel much more comfortable and daring. The raving compliments she received, along with the two glasses of liquid courage she imbibed (her favorite wine supplied by her sister, Brenda), went a long way towards helping her relax, to the point that she actually enjoyed all the attention she got-- much more than she ever thought she would. In fact, as the evening wore on, Karen basically took over the hostess duties so that Rachel could sneak away and take her little cousin Daniel around the neighborhood for some trick-or-treating fun.

The combination of alcohol, hormones, and the continuous off-color, yet playful, comments from a lot of the men (and even a few women) acted like gasoline being poured onto Karen's fire. She couldn't help but feel her confidence build and, along with it, an untimely, wanton sexual arousal. It had been a while since

she and Jacob had engaged in their morning shower 'shenanigans' and almost just as long since Robert had touched her, the only respite being when she relieved Jacob with her mouth and breasts on occasion and he thankfully didn't push her any further for more than that. Her monthly 'Red Ruby Slippers' (as her mother used to euphemistically call it) had kept Karen vaginally inaccessible to her husband...and her son, for the past week and a half, but now that had passed. Now, her body hummed with a desire that she only felt whenever she knew she was primed and ready for sex again...a primal urge that, save for her age and the Midoxinol birth control she was currently taking, also meant that this was when she'd normally be at her most fertile.

As Karen walked around mingling with the guests and making sure everyone had what they needed, 'Sexy Dorothy' could sense a growing wetness in the crotch of her skimpy, pale blue panties, signaling to her what she desperately needed. As soon as Karen spotted Robert across the room, joking and laughing with some of his guy friends from church, a naughty idea suddenly popped into her head.

Karen made her way over to the group of men and positioned herself at Robert's side. As the beautiful housewife politely waited for her husband to finish telling his off-color political joke, she was greeted by a fellow church member, Harold Burton. "Hey there, Karen...I must say, I rreally like your outfit!" he commented boozy-breathed, while blatantly staring at the eye-popping cleavage created by her dress's tight corset and low-cut, white blouse.

Harold Burton was one of Robert's fellow church deacons, and attended the party wearing a comical 'Friar Tuck' costume. The short and portly man was well in his 60's and had a habit of openly flirting with many of the church wives. He never went overboard or did anything that would be considered scandalous,

though. In fact, he was mainly thought of as harmless, considering the short leash his wife kept him on.

With Karen wearing the platform high-heeled shoes, she stood considerably taller than 'Friar' Harold and towered over him. Noticing him staring at her chest, the lovely wife bent her head down so her eyes could meet his, and replied in a husky whisper, "Thank you, Harold...is Mrs. Burton having a good time?"

Harold's pale face turned red from embarrassment. The mere mention of his overbearing spouse caused the balding, henpecked husband to suddenly stammer, "Oh...umm...yes...she's...uh...h-having a lovely time."

Karen stood up straight and said, "You know...I think she was looking for you just now..." Motioning her head towards the dining room, she continued, "She was at the buffet table talking with my father, last time I saw her." Karen couldn't help but chuckle to herself as the annoying little man waddled off, without so much as saying another word.

In the meantime, Robert had just finished his long, drawn-out joke and was reveling in the boisterous laughter he was receiving from his remaining companions. Taking her husband by the arm, Karen asked softly, "Honey...I hate to interrupt, but can I borrow you for just a minute? I need your help with something."

Dressed up like Superman, Robert beat his chest and replied with an exaggerated, deep voice, "Of course, my dear!" Striking an iconic pose with his fists on his hips, he added jokingly, "The 'Man of Steel' is at your service!"

Karen bit her bottom lip as the part of her that needed 'service' was currently quivering and leaking more and more of her luscious lady essence into the gusset of her panties. Taking Robert quickly by the hand, she pulled him away from his peers and said with a smile, "If you'll excuse us, gentlemen...I promise I won't keep him long."

As 'Dorothy' and 'Superman' walked away hand-in-hand, Bill Watson kept an eye glued on Karen as he took a sip of his beer, before whispering to his buddy Paul, standing next to him, "Damn, that Rob sure is one lucky S.O.B!"

"You bet he is!" Paul quickly agreed, as he watched Karen walk away, focusing on her long, stocking-clad legs and full, swaying hips.

Bill added, "Don't get me wrong...my wife Susie's a beautiful lady...but Karen..." Taking another quick swig of his beer, he continued, "That woman's in a whole 'nother league...with a rack that's outta this world!"

Paul chuckled and responded, "You ain't kiddin', bud! As a matter of fact...I suddenly have a strange craving for a warm glass of milk." The two shameless lechers dressed as 'Wild West' sheriffs clinked their beer bottles together, before breaking out into boisterous fits of laughter once Robert and Karen were out of sight.

Upstairs, Karen led her husband down the hallway. "Honey?..." Robert asked with confusion, "What exactly do you need help with? The ballgame's about to start."

Karen quickly glanced to ensure no one else was around and replied, "Don't worry...this won't take long." She then pulled Robert into the bathroom. After locking the door, she spun around, pressed her body against her husband, and began kissing him aggressively.

After a few moments, Robert pulled back from Karen and chuckled, "Whoa! Where'd that come from? Not that I'm complaining or anything, but...this is so unlike you, honey!"

Knowing she couldn't tell her husband that the true reason for her current state of arousal was from the chemically-laced hormones currently surging throughout her body, Karen quickly thought up a fib. She slid her right hand from the back of Robert's neck down over his 'muscular' chest, (created by the padding inside his Superman outfit) and said, "I know, but...you just look so handsome in this costume, that I started thinking about that night in Atlanta." The horny wife looked into her husband's eyes and added, "I just thought it might be fun to try something...you know...different again. Plus, we haven't done it in a while." She then bit her bottom lip and arched her brow, batting her luscious eyelashes at Robert in an unspoken Morse code message for some wickedly-naughty sex.

Robert still had no memory from that Saturday evening at the Atlanta hotel, but ever since then, he'd taken pride in believing that even in his highly-inebriated state, he'd been able to satisfy Karen sexually. Whatever had happened that

night had caused a noticeable change in his normally reserved wife, and he was beginning to like it. "But this is our daughter's house..." Robert weakly protested, "Wouldn't you feel weird about doing it here?"

Karen grinned mischievously, "No one will ever know..." She then stepped over to the sink countertop and placed both hands on the solid, Corian surface. As she lowered to her forearms and bent over at the waist, the extremely short petticoat slid up and exposed her matronly, round bottom, clad in her pale blue, bikini-cut panties. Looking at her husband's reflection in the mirror, she continued, "So come on...'Man of Steel'...this here 'farmgirl' needs a big, strong man to plow her fields..." For added effect, Karen wiggled her gorgeously delectable derrière at him.

Robert's eyes trailed down to Karen's partially-exposed plump rump. His pulse began to race once he saw the wet spot that had formed in the crotch of his wife's tight-fitting, sexy underwear. The normally conservative Karen that he'd known for years had never been a fan of being taken from behind...in fact, she'd always said it was 'demeaning'. However, now here she was, proffering herself shamelessly in the bathroom of their daughter's brand-new house, and he wasn't about to be one to pass up the rare opportunity.

Robert stepped up behind Karen. As he unfastened the pants to his costume, his wife reached back with her right hand and pulled the skimpy panties off of her hips and down to her knees, exposing her wet and wanton sex. Unfortunately, all the alcohol Robert had consumed that afternoon and early evening, along with the sudden and unexpected pressure to perform, conspired together against him at that moment to prevent him from getting an erection. His anxiousness about his beloved Braves also kicked in, once he remembered his weird self-imposed superstition (his wife being 'indisposed' the past week and a

half not helping either) of 'no sex' so long as his team kept winning in the World Series...and now they were only one win away.

Staring impatiently down at the countertop, Karen whispered, "C'mon, honey...we need to hurry up, in case someone needs to use the bathroom!"

Stroking his flaccid cock in frustration, Robert replied, "I'm trying, but..."

"But what?" Karen sighed, as she turned to look back over her shoulder.

"I can't seem to get it up right now..." Robert replied, in a defeated tone.

Suddenly, someone jiggled the handle from the other side of the door. Finding it locked, the person then knocked and said, "Hello...anyone in there?"

Both Karen and Robert immediately froze in fear, like two naughty teenagers caught 'in flagrante delicto'. Realizing it was her father, Karen raised up and replied, "I'm in here, Dad!" As she pulled her panties back up, she huffed and added, "Just uhh...give me a minute."

George chuckled from the other side of the door, "It's okay, sweetheart...take your time. I'll go use the master bath."

As Robert refastened his pants, he apologized profusely, "I'm so sorry, Karen. If I had any idea you were down to-- "

Karen stepped over to Robert and put the palm of her hand to his cheek. "It's okay, honey...don't beat yourself up over it. I know I caught you off guard." She chuckled and added, "Besides...let's be honest...this is definitely outside of our normal way of doing things."

"Yeah, but..." Robert replied disconsolately, "I was really liking where this was heading."

Karen smiled, "Well...who's to say we can't try again, some other time?"

Robert nodded, "Yeah?...I'd like that...a lot!"

Even though the moment's immediacy and their urgent mood to have sex had been ruined due to Grandpa George's unintended interruption, (not to mention Robert's unfortunate stage fright to get an erection), Karen could still feel her body humming with arousal. Before opening the door to leave the bathroom, she kissed her husband and said seductively, "Maybe, later at home...hopefully after the Braves win, you could take a dose of Viagra and uh...'plow my fields' then?"

Robert smiled big and replied, "Oh yes, Ma'am!! Will do!! Go Braves!!!" Before Karen unlocked the door, he stopped her and added, "But uhh...could you make sure to wear this outfit? You look so hot in it!"

Karen giggled, then replied to her husband, "Can do!"

Meanwhile, Jacob and Sara had snuck out discreetly to the pool house, where the teenagers immediately commenced making out madly on the large, cushiony sofa. Just to be safe, they decided to keep all the lights off, in case anyone made their way back to the pool area. Only the stray luminescence from the backyard patio lights glowing into the pool house windows served to prevent the two lovebirds from tussling tongues together in total darkness. Luckily for Jacob, the darkness also helped him to hide the slight bulge that had quickly formed in the pants of his 'Han Solo' outfit.

Beginning to worry about his pheromones affecting Sara, Jacob pulled back and whispered, "Maybe this isn't such a good idea...us being out here alone, I mean."

Sara giggled, "You're probably right...I guess I just wanted us to have a little 'Solo' time alone together. Just promise me you won't tell anyone...if word ever got back to my mother, she'd probably ground me 'til I was 40!"

"Don't worry, I won't say a word..." Jacob chuckled at Sara's clever quip regarding his costume, "My mom would most likely do the same thing to me."

Suddenly, they could hear children laughing from outside, which meant that adults wouldn't be far away. "Maybe we should head back inside, before we get caught out here." Jacob whispered.

Sara nodded and replied, somewhat disappointed, "Okay." She then leaned in and gave Jacob another quick kiss. As they stood up from the couch, she asked, "By the way...do you smell that?"

Jacob's eyes widened. "Uh...smell what?"

"I don't know exactly..." Sara answered. Inhaling deeply through her nose, she continued, "It smells sweet...like flowers and...vanilla, maybe?"

Jacob's pulse began to race, and he broke out into a cold sweat. "Um...I think I saw a vase of flowers over there on the bar counter when we first came in." Luckily, his sudden nervousness was enough to douse his arousal and tame his partial erection.

"Oh, okay..." Sara replied. "Well, that makes sense. Come to think of it, I may ask Rachel what kind they are...I really like the scent." She then inhaled deeply once more.

Jacob was now perplexed. He knew Sara had picked up on his scent. However, she seemed to be showing no signs whatsoever of being affected like all the other women who'd been exposed to his pheromones. As Jacob opened the door for them to leave, he asked tentatively, "Sara? Do you feel okay?"

"Yeah...sure," Sara replied, as she stepped out the door of the pool house.

Walking side-by-side back towards the main house, Jacob again inquired, "So...no feelings of dizziness or lightheadedness? Shortness of breath or heat flashes? You feel nothing at all out of the ordinary?"

Sara shook her head, "No...nothing at all. Should I?" More curious than concerned, she then added, "Why do you ask?"

Jacob shrugged, "Oh, just wondering. I overheard someone say earlier that a bad stomach bug was going around."

Sara smiled and took Jacob's hand, "Well, I really appreciate your concern...that's very sweet. But you can relax...I can assure you, I feel perfectly fine."

Jacob was flabbergasted. How could she not feel anything? He'd just witnessed her inhale several deep breaths of his chemically-laced fumes. However, she had felt nothing and showed no signs of a reaction. "Could it be possible that the pheromones have no effect on her?"

Whether Sara did in fact, have some strange, natural immunity or it was just a fluke, Jacob decided it best not to tell anyone. For now, he was going to keep this a well-guarded secret to himself. After all, his mutual pact with Mrs. Miller had been based entirely on her fear that Sara would fall victim to his hormones. If she ever found out Sara was actually immune, she may end up reneging on their secret agreement entirely.

"So...how's your knee?" Sara asked.

"Huh?" Jacob replied, forgetting all about his 'injury' from earlier that day in the attic at his Aunt Brenda's house.

Sara giggled, "Your knee, silly...you don't seem to be limping around anymore."

"Oh, that!!..." Jacob responded. Quickly thinking of an excuse, he added, "My Aunt Brenda gave me some painkillers before we left her house. I guess they're just now finally starting to kick in."

Once they reentered the house, Sara squeezed Jacob's hand. "You know what...I do feel something!"

A wave of fear and dread washed over Jacob again. "Really??"

Sara smiled, "Yeah...I'm feeling...a bit thirsty. How about we get something to drink?"

Jacob breathed a sigh of relief. Returning her smile, he said, "Your wish...is my command." With that, 'Han Solo' bowed to 'Princess Elsa' and took her by the hand.

As they walked to the dining room to get some refreshments, Sara commented, "You know...I think I'd like some more of your Mom's wonderful punch. She was kind enough to actually give me the recipe earlier."

Later that night, Karen watched from the driver's seat of her Jeep Grand Cherokee as Jacob walked Sara to her front door, just before her curfew. Once again, she sensed the familiar sting of irrational envy as 'Elsa' leaned in and quickly kissed her handsome 'Han Solo' on the lips. Thankfully, after a short conversation, the teenagers gave each other a warm, chaste hug and said their goodnights. Quickly rolling up her window that she'd let down slightly to let in some evening air and cool down the hot flash of jealousy she was feeling, Karen patiently waited as Jacob walked back to her car.

Once in the front passenger seat, Jacob closed the door with a slight slam, though his Mother (who'd normally be annoyed by it) barely noticed. Karen pressed the ignition button to her Jeep, put the vehicle in reverse, then reminded Jacob, "Sweetie...don't forget your seatbelt." After he'd fastened the safety harness, Karen backed out of the Miller's driveway and headed back to her daughter's house in Pine Hills.

After a few minutes of driving past their neighborhood and along the quiet and mostly deserted streets, Karen turned down the volume of the song 'Dead Man's Party' playing on the radio and inquired, "So...did Sara have a good time tonight?"

Jacob turned to Karen and replied, "Yes, Ma'am...she said she had a great time." The teenager couldn't seem to take his eyes off his Mom as she was still fully dressed in her 'Sexy Dorothy' costume. Even with just the faint glow given off by the dashboard light, he couldn't help but appreciate the appearance of his gorgeous and scantily-dressed mother. He also couldn't help the stirring that was steadily taking place in his pants.

Looking out at the road ahead, Karen nodded, "Well, good...glad to hear it." She then looked down at the floorboard and huffed, "I knew I should've changed shoes before we left...these platforms were simply not meant for driving!"

Jacob, whose gaze never left his Mother's partially-exposed bosom, replied, "I think they're great!" He could feel his erection from making out with Sara earlier quickly returning.

"Really?..." Karen asked in surprise, thinking her son's comment was pertaining to her outrageous footwear. She looked over at Jacob and added, "You actually like these...stripper shoes?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders, "Sure...they go so great with your outfit..." Taking another peek at Karen's mouthwatering cleavage, the teenager said, "Which I think is awesome, by the way!!"

Karen shook her head and chuckled, "I think I've been told that by every male over the age of 12 at the party tonight." She then corrected, "Well, everyone except your grandfather, of course."

Grandpa George never commented on Karen's outfit, but she still caught him glancing once or twice at her womanly charms. The loving daughter simply shrugged it off, as she reminded herself that even though he was her dad...he was still a red-blooded American male. More than once before, he'd complimented Karen by saying she was the exact, spitting image of her late mother, Patricia, from 30 years earlier. The notion that Karen could attract an appreciative stare from even her own father gave her a wickedly strange thrill.

Jacob's eyes traveled down along the curves of his Mother's body and settled on her pale blue, stocking-clad legs. He squeezed his hardened cock through his pantleg and chuckled, "Well, Mom...you look so hot tonight, any man, including Grandpa George, would've had to have been a 'dead man' not to notice!"

Karen giggled, turning the catchy song on the radio back up, "Thank you baby, for the compliment...that's very sweet."

With Karen seemingly in a good mood, Jacob decided to dip his toe in the waters and ask, "So, Mom...have you given any thought to our deal? After all, I did bring home a straight 'A' report card."

Karen sighed. "As a matter of fact, I've been meaning to talk to you about that very thing."

Jacob perked up, "You have?" His reply was full of hope.

Karen nodded, "Yes...yes I have. The past week's just been so busy that we haven't had any time alone to discuss it, but I guess this is as good a time as any."

Jacob smiled, "Cool...so, have you made a decision?"

Karen shook her head, "To be honest...no...not yet."

Jacob's smile faded, "Oh...okay." Even though he was slightly disappointed by her answer, he still held onto hope since it appeared she was at least still mulling it over. He knew this about his Mother...it usually didn't take her long to decide if her answer would be 'No'...therefore, the fact that she hadn't yet come to a final decision played dramatically in his favor.

Karen looked over at Jacob and said, "I actually have a couple of concerns about your report card that I was hoping you could help me sort out."

Jacob asked hesitantly, "Concerns? What kind of concerns?"

Looking back straight ahead, Karen replied, "Well, for starters...your grade in Spanish."

Jacob scrunched his brow, "What about my grade, Mom? I got an 'A', didn't I? I thought you'd be happy."

Karen quickly glanced over at Jacob, "Oh, I am...don't get me wrong, I'm very happy with your grade."

"So...what's the problem?" Jacob asked, suspiciously.

"Well..." Karen began, "If I'm not mistaken, it was only a few weeks ago that you had a 'C' average in Mrs. Pérez's class."

Jacob confirmed, "Yes, Ma'am, I did...but as I said at dinner a couple weeks ago, she allowed me to do extra credit work which helped me to boost my score."

"Extra credit work?" Karen inquired. Jacob affirmed by nodding his head.

Karen sighed, "Jake...I've known Andréa Pérez for years and just like Rachel said, she doesn't hand out extra credit lightly."

"Well, she did this time!!" Jacob replied, defensively.

Karen pulled into her daughter's driveway, and after putting the vehicle into park, she turned to Jacob and countered, "And what exactly did this 'extra credit' entail?"

Totally confused by his Mother's question, Jacob asked, "Mom? What do you mean...'entail'?" After a few seconds of staring into his Mother's eyes, Jacob

finally realized, "Ohhhh...you think that Mrs. Pérez and I have been fu-- doing it???"

Karen turned off the ignition and replied calmly, "Well, you have to admit...it would kind of make sense."

"Hold on a second..." Jacob said, as he unfastened his seat belt. Twisting his body around, he then retrieved his bookbag that he just happened to have left in the backseat after school on Friday. "I need to show you something..." the teenager added, while unzipping his satchel and pulling out a manila folder marked 'SPANISH'. Placing the bookbag down on the floorboard, Jacob handed the folder to his Mom.

As Karen rifled through the documents, she noticed a big red 'A' marked at the top of each page. "What's all this?" she asked curiously, flipping from page to page.

"That's the extra credit Mrs. Pérez assigned me to do." Pointing at a line on one of the pages using his index finger, Jacob explained, "See, these are the sentences which she printed off in English, and then I translated everything into Spanish in the corresponding lines below each sentence. It was a lot of work, but I was able to do most of it during my study hall blocks."

Karen, still a bit perplexed, continued to examine the paperwork. After a few more seconds, she then asked, "Tell me...when did Mrs. Pérez assign you this project?"

"A few weeks ago..." Jacob replied innocently. "I remember it was right after I told her that you and Dad were taking me to Atlanta for a campus tour of Georgia Tech."

The clouds began to lift for Karen when she suddenly remembered a conversation she had with Andréa, years ago. It turns out the Colombian native had originally come to the United States on a student visa where she attended (coincidentally enough), Georgia Tech University. Evidently, the beautiful Latina educator wished to help boost Jacob's scores in case he decided to become a 'Yellow Jacket' just like she had done.

Now understanding her son's explanation more clearly and deeming it to be legitimate, Karen sighed and closed the folder. "Well, sweetie...it looks like I owe you an apology."

Jacob waved her off, "Don't worry about it, Mom...it's okay."

Karen shook her head, "No...no...it's not okay. I didn't believe in you when you told me the truth. Instead of trusting you when I should've, I only thought about the worst thing imaginable. For that...I'm truly sorry, baby."

With a smile, Jacob replied, "Thanks, Mom." Suddenly, the teenager's face lit up, and he remarked, "But you know...it never occurred to me to try that with Mrs. Pérez. In hindsight, that would've definitely saved me a lot of time and effort!"

Karen's eyes widened in shock, as she exclaimed, "JACOB MITCHELL!!!" Slamming the manila folder down onto her son's lap with her hand, she accidentally grazed the huge lump that had formed in his pants. "I cannot believe you would actually consider doing something so horrible! I thought I raised you better than that!!"

"Mom..." Jacob attempted to interrupt softly. However, his Mother paid him no attention, as she continued to rant at him.

Karen added, "You do realize that Mrs. Pérez is not only your teacher, but also a married woman...with three children??"

"Mommm..." Jacob tried again, with still no success.

Karen leaned in towards Jacob and continued, "Did you even consider the ramifications if you were to drag her into this mess? It could cost Mrs. Pérez her career...not to mention what it would do to her family...her marriage!"

"MOM!!!" Jacob nearly yelled, finally getting Karen's attention. "Mom...I was only kidding." The aroused teenager may have been 'kidding' with his Mother, but the thought of boinking one of the hottest teachers at his school was no laughing matter. Like every other boy who sat in Mrs. Pérez's classroom, he would've loved nothing more than a chance to sample the spicy delights of the dark, curly-haired and fiery-hot Latina MILF.

Karen leaned back in her seat. Due to the confined spaces of her Jeep, Jacob's scent was becoming quite strong, reigniting her arousal with a vengeance and along with that, significantly easing her frustration with her son. She sighed, "Jake...that wasn't very funny. Your condition isn't something to be made light of or joke about."

"I know, Mom." Jacob concurred.

Unfastening her seat belt, Karen turned sideways in the driver's seat and faced Jacob. The teenager's eyes were immediately drawn to his Mother's chest and her creamy white cleavage which seemed to be glowing in the pale, full moonlight. From all appearances her magnificent boobs seemed set to spill out from the confines of her silky, low-cut blouse. "Sweetie...remember the other night when we watched your 'Spiderman' movie?"

Jacob remembered it well. It was Thursday night, which at the Mitchell house was considered 'Family Movie Night'. Each week, a different family member would choose a movie to watch, and this past week was Jacob's turn. He decided on 'Spiderman', starring Tobey McGuire which, even though he'd seen the film dozens of times, was still one of his favorites.

Since Karen had been forced to watch the movie so many times over the years, he also remembered being guilted into giving his lovely Mother a foot massage while they sat on the couch together that night. For the sake of appearances, Jacob had acted like it was a chore, but actually it was quite the opposite. It instead allowed him the 'innocent' opportunity to caress her cute little feet and smooth, shapely calves. He would've loved nothing more than to use his youthful hands to explore further up his Mom's sexy, long legs, but in the end

decided against it, since he knew his Mom would've been dead set against allowing anything further to proceed, with his dad sitting just a few feet away in his recliner.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jacob replied to his Mother with a nod. "I remember."

Karen continued, "And do you also remember what Uncle Ben said to Peter? 'With great power...'" They both finished the movie line simultaneously together, "'...comes great responsibility.'"

"That's right," Karen said softly. "Now...you may not consider what you have to be some great 'superpower', but your condition, if it's not controlled properly, could end up destroying a lot of innocent people's lives."

Jacob responded, "I'm aware of that, Mom...we've had this discussion before."

"I know we have..." Karen replied. "But when I walked in on you and Sara earlier today...kissing in the dining room...it reminded me just how fragile our situation actually is." The memory of seeing her little 'Snuggle Bear' locking lips with the beautiful blonde teenager brought on another flushing wave of envy for Karen which strangely, further added fuel to her growing arousal. She sincerely hoped Robert wasn't overdoing it on the beers watching the Braves game...especially since she was definitely going to need some 'extra innings' from him when they got home later that night.

Jacob shook his head, "Mom, I promise...nothing happened. Aunt Brenda's 'help' at her house earlier this afternoon allowed me to keep things under control." He didn't dare tell his Mom about the incident with Sara in the pool house earlier that evening. Namely, how he'd gotten aroused when he and Sara had made out on the couch, but Sara had shown no signs of being affected by his hormone-laced scent. Above all, Jacob couldn't dare to tell his Mom about his Aunt's other 'help' (or more like 'pointers') which he'd asked Brenda about and which she'd willingly counseled him on during their drive to pick up Sara. Specifically, it concerned Jacob's growing wish to goad his Mom into talking 'dirty' to him during sex...and ways for how he could talk her into it.

"Oh, I'm sure your Aunt was a big 'help!'" Karen scoffed, making a mental note to ask her sister sometime soon how on earth Brenda was able to pull it off, with her little boy in the same house with them. Reaching over and placing her left hand on Jacob's shoulder, Karen added, "I just felt the need to remind you to always be aware of your situation. Remember...we're finally nearing the finish line, and with a little luck and God's grace, maybe we can get things back to normal before anyone, especially your father, finds out about my stupid mistake of letting that sleazy doctor poison you with those wicked hormones."

Jacob caught his Mother's enticing scent...it was the same enchantingly sweet perfume she had worn that weekend in Atlanta. The memory from that long night of incestuous debauchery caused his arousal to spike and his hardened cock to twitch inside his pants. If the events of that evening had taught him anything, it was that true unconditional love did exist. Against her better judgment, his sweet, dutiful Mother had abandoned her husband and stayed with him the entire night. She had selflessly used her married mouth and perfect, MILF body to relieve and comfort his painful condition in ways very few other Moms would've ever considered. In Jacob's mind, it was true...Karen

Mitchell was, without a doubt, the world's best Mom and his love and admiration for her had never been stronger.

Leaning in closer, Jacob reassured Karen, "You don't need to worry, Mom... I'm not gonna do anything that would ever bring down our 'house of cards' (referring to a term Karen had used a while back). I know how close we really are, and I don't wanna mess anything up, or get anyone in trouble...especially you. I love you, Mom."

Karen's heart swelled hearing those words from her son. A big smile spread across her beautiful lips. "Awww...I love you too, Snuggle Bear!" Without thinking, she leaned in and kissed Jacob tenderly on the mouth.

It only lasted for a few seconds, and even though there'd been no tongue, in Jacob's mind it was still out of this world. After his Mother pulled back, he asked, "Uhhh...Mom...I thought you said we couldn't kiss like that? The whole 'What happens in Atlanta, stays in Atlanta' thing?"

Karen ran her slender fingers through Jacob's mane of dark brown hair. She shook her head and replied, "No, we shouldn't...but I guess we can consider it part of my apology for not believing you when you told me the truth about how you got your grade in Spanish."

Jacob smiled. "Well...if that's the case...maybe you can 'apologize' one more time?" He shrugged his shoulders and added, "Then we'll call it even?"

Karen cut her eyes. "Call it even huh?" The regretful Mother quickly glanced around outside the Jeep to find the streets deserted and quiet. The only sounds were the low volume of another 80's song on the radio and the distant whistle of the 10:35 train headed to Atlanta. Figuring it was safe enough with all the guests gone and the rest of the family most likely inside the house watching the Braves game, Karen finally gave in. "We really shouldn't be doing this again, but okay, young man..." she relented, before adding sternly, "Just one more...a really quick one...but that's it...got it?"

Nodding his head eagerly in agreement, Jacob replied, "Got it!!"

The really quick 'one' turned into two...then two turned into three, and before long, Karen and Jacob found themselves engaged in a full-blown incestuous make-out session. The Mother-son duo softly moaned into each other's mouths as their tongues frantically wrestled together, tussling, slithering and slickening with their shared saliva.

Karen chided herself for once more allowing things to escalate this far. After all, kissing her son in this way was totally unnecessary and way out of bounds. However, for some strange reason, the middle-aged Mother was finding it difficult to control herself. She felt like a young woman again born anew, similar to how she felt when she'd first met Robert back in college, years before. Perhaps it was from being alone with a handsome young man in a parked vehicle late at night, as Duran Duran's 'Hungry Like The Wolf' played on the radio? Or perhaps it was those wretched hormones once again playing havoc with her mind and body? Either way, Karen's unbridled, wanton arousal from earlier that evening was back with a vengeance, and then some, clouding her better judgment once again.

The flames of Karen's arousal continued to grow. The heat originating from between her stocking-clad legs had now radiated up into her magnificent tits. Soon, the horny 'Kansas farm girl' sensed the familiar pressure building inside her breasts, causing her hardened nipples to literally vibrate with excitement.

Jacob's right hand slid from his Mother's thigh and gradually traveled up along the corseted front of her dress. Eventually, his fingers found the silky-soft fabric of her white blouse, where he began gently fondling Karen's bra-encased aching boobs through her gossamer-like garment.

"Mmmmmpphhh..." Karen groaned into Jacob's mouth as unexpectedly, tiny spurts of breastmilk began ejecting from her buzzing nipples. She could sense the gathering moisture inside the soft cups of her pale blue push-up bra with each lustful squeeze of her son's hand.

Up until now, Karen had only lactated whenever she experienced a very intense orgasm. In the back of her mind, she wondered if this new and disturbing, yet not entirely unpleasant, side effect deserved any concern. At the moment, however, she was too overcome by the lustful yearnings created by those same hormones to give it any immediate consideration. She figured she could always see Brenda for a check-up and bring it up for her opinion at some other time.

As the parent-child necking session continued, Karen felt an overwhelming desire to feel Jacob's mouth on her breasts. The wicked thought of her son nursing on her lactating nipples while they messed around in her Jeep, parked

in her daughter's driveway, caused her over-excited vagina to flutter, leaking more of her womanly secretions into her already-saturated panties.

While continuing the French kissing marathon with her son, Karen used her left hand to grab the low-cut neckline of her shimmering white blouse. Just before she could pull the elastic material down to expose her bra-encased tits, the sound of boisterous laughter could be heard right outside the Jeep.

Startled by the unexpected intrusion, Karen pulled back from Jacob, a thin line of spittle connecting their lips. Twisting her head around, she glanced out the now fogged-up driver's side window just in time to see a small group of teenagers running down the street in the opposite direction. Most likely, they were just some rambunctious boys getting in some last-minute Halloween hijinks.

Karen turned back to Jacob and whispered, "That was close!" With her left hand, she used her thumb to wipe away the bright red lipstick and their combined saliva which was smeared on her son's lips. "Sweetie...we need to stop this before someone actually sees us." No matter how aroused the lovely Mother might've been, getting caught in her SUV making out with her own son would not be something she could easily explain.

Jacob nodded, "I know Mom, but..." The teenager then looked downward and added, "'Houston...we have a problem'."

Karen dropped her gaze and noticed her right hand grasping a huge bulge inside Jacob's pants. The impossibly-long erection stretched down almost to his knee. She could see and feel her son's 'problem' twitching like a riled-up rattlesnake,

trapped inside of his tight-fitting trousers. Instinctively, Karen began to slide her hand, rubbing it back and forth along the full length of Jacob's hardened cylinder of flesh, hidden beneath his pants' dark fabric. She whispered, "Oh my...you're right...that is a big problem."

Jacob couldn't help but moan. The feel of his Mother's hand gliding along his pulsing shaft caused his 'trouser snake' to throb even more. "I don't think I can go into the house like this...somebody's for sure gonna notice."

Karen knew her son was right. No matter how enthralled and distracted the rest of the family might be watching the Braves play in the World Series on TV, the gigantic lump inside Jacob's 'Han Solo' pants would definitely stick out like a sore thumb. As the aroused Mother continued to stroke the menacing leviathan fighting to escape its confined prison, she bit her bottom lip, while taking a few moments to weigh her options.

Jacob broke the silence after a few seconds, asking, "So what are we gonna do, Mom?"

Her son's voice brought her out of her trance of deep thought. Karen then took another glance outside the heavily fogged-up windows and noticed the front porch light to her daughter's house was still off. Luckily, it appeared no one inside was yet aware of their return. Silently, she prayed it would stay that way.

Karen turned back to Jacob and said, "I think I have an idea...let's go." As she opened the driver's side door, she added, "Do NOT slam your door when you get

out!" She knew good and well that her teenaged son had a bad habit of doing that very thing, and didn't want to risk alerting anyone of their presence.

After stepping out of her SUV and softly closing the driver's side door, Karen took one last survey of their surroundings. She was happy to find the entire street was completely deserted.

Jacob made his way around the Jeep and stepped up to his Mother. In a hushed voice, he asked, "Mom...what are we doing? Are we going inside the house?"

Karen shook her head, "No..." Her eyes drifted downward, and she chuckled, "Definitely not with that thing in your britches!" She then took him by the hand and added, "Now come with me." 'Sexy Dorothy' then commenced to lead her little 'Han Solo' across the front yard, weaving their way through the minefield of various Halloween decorations.

"Darn you, Brenda!" Karen whispered to herself, as she experienced severe difficulty walking without toppling over. The scantily-dressed Mother was no novice when it came to wearing high heels. However, the 5-inch spikes of the rented red-sequined platform shoes sunk quickly into the recently planted lawn of her daughter's new home, making Karen's travel to the back of the house quite treacherous.

Once they reached the backyard, Karen thankfully regained her footing on the patio surrounding the inground pool. Along with the 'click-clack' of her high heels on the concrete surface, she could make out the monotonous voice of Joe Buck's TV commentary mixed with the raucous claps and noises coming from

inside the house. The sounds were those of her family joyously cheering and screaming...evidently the Braves had just done something exciting late in their battle against the Astros. Karen again prayed, this time for extra innings, or at least that the game would drag on long enough to keep everyone occupied while she took care of her son's condition.

As Mother and son walked hand-in-hand across the moonlit patio, Karen gazed down at the jack-o-lanterns lined up around Rachel's pool. She noticed many of them were no longer giving off light as the tea candles inside the orange gourds had burned themselves out. However, the few that did continue to glow in the dark now seemed to be wearing evil grins on their carved-out faces. It was as if they were mocking the aroused Mother with their secret knowledge of her sinful plans for the incestuous adultery which she was about to commit with her teenaged son.

Before entering the darkened pool house, Karen heard another uproar of excitement come from inside the main house. The unmistakable sound of Robert's voice above the din of whooping and hollering brought with it a wave of guilt, which now had her reconsidering her plan. The loving wife sincerely wished to remain faithful to the promise she'd made earlier to her husband for some late-night fun when they got home. However, the dutiful Mother now also felt obligated to 'help' her son with his current, more dire situation.

After locking the door, Karen used a remote to ignite the propane gas logs in the fireplace. The temperature outside had dropped dramatically after the sun went down. Therefore, the scantily-dressed Mom found the pool house interior to be a bit on the chilly side. She then turned off the table lamp, figuring the soft glow from the roaring fire would be more than ample lighting for what was about to take place. Almost as an afterthought, Karen cracked one of the back windows

open (facing the neighbor's fence) so that any updates from the game's progress could still be heard, though she neglected to fully shut its blinds.

A few minutes later, Jacob was on the same comfortable sofa which he and Sara had sat on earlier that evening. However, instead of kissing his beautiful blonde girlfriend in total darkness, he was now reclined against the couch cushion with his pants and boxers down around his ankles, as his gorgeous Mother crouched at his feet, giving him a sensuous, loving blowjob by the soft firelight.

The blazing fire didn't take long to warm the room, creating a cozy and somewhat romantic atmosphere inside the quiet little pool house. Neither the blaring sound of the ballgame, nor the rowdy reactions of its viewers filtering in from the house, could ruin the mood. Jacob moaned with pleasure as he watched his Mother use both her hands to pump his throbbing shaft, while sucking on the head of his cock, making lewd slurping noises in the process.

Due to the risk of getting caught, Karen had told Jacob it was probably best that they abstained from having intercourse in the pool house. Instead, her plan was to relieve her son's 'problem' using her delicate hands and sultry mouth. That way, she'd be a helpful Mother while still keeping her wifely promise to her husband of allowing him to 'plow her fields' later on at home. At least, that was what Karen had originally intended.

Though disappointed he wasn't going to hook up with his Mom again after such a long break from them having sex, Jacob still enjoyed it as Karen continued with her motherly duty of blowing his painfully-engorged penis. Thanks to Brenda, he wasn't ready to cum too easily just yet and held on to the slim hope that if he delayed long enough, Karen would eventually change her mind. As more time

went by Karen's legs began to burn from the lewd crouching position she found herself in, since she was on her haunches and still wearing those ridiculous rented high heels. To ease the discomfort, Karen finally dropped to her knees and then pulled back while continuing to jack off her son with both hands.

Karen could hear another round of boisterous excitement filter in from the main house. She glanced up at Jacob and whispered, "C'mon, Jake...you need to hurry it up. The ballgame isn't gonna last forever!"

Jacob grunted, "Sorry, Mom...believe me, I'm trying!" It was somewhat comical watching his determined Mother, dressed up like a slutty version of the innocent farm girl 'Dorothy', whilst giving him a handjob. He almost wished at that moment he was dressed up like the 'Scarecrow' or maybe the 'Tin Man' so they could play out their own twisted, perverted version of 'The Wizard of Oz'.

Karen tightened her grip on Jacob's veiny shaft and increased the pace of her strokes. "Well, try harder!" she whispered a bit louder, her frustration growing. "We don't need to risk someone coming out here and finding us."

Jacob nodded in agreement, "I know, Mom..." All of a sudden, a devious plan entered the teenager's mind which he knew he could exploit. He decided to play on the weird sense of competition he'd been noticing lately between his Mother and her younger sister. "It's just..."

"It's just what?" Karen asked impatiently, not even looking up at Jacob. She was laser-focused on her task at hand: making her boy pop before someone inside the house decided to venture outside.

"Well..." Jacob responded, hoping he could manipulate his Mom into changing her mind about not having sex with him. "I think it's taking so long because of how well Aunt Brenda 'helped' me at her house earlier today."

Karen's arms slowed down to almost a halt. "Oh really, did she now?" The devoted Mother once again felt a burning flush and a swelling sense of envy rearing its ugly head within her. It was the same feeling she'd felt earlier in the day, when her racing mind had painted all sorts of sordid, utter debauchery taking place between her teenaged son and married sister on the other side of town.

Karen let go of her grip on Jacob's cock. She then placed her hands on his bony knees for leverage as she gingerly stood up on her high heels from the floor.

Jacob noticed a strange, detached expression on his Mother's beautiful face. Fearing he had overplayed his hand and had perhaps pissed her off, he leaned forward as he tried to backpedal, "But Mom...I mean, even though she was able to help earlier today, I still need..."

"It's okay, sweetie..." Karen put up her hand as she interrupted Jacob, her voice soft and distant. "I know exactly how to take care of it..." She then reached underneath the lace-edged petticoat of her dress and peeled her drenched, skimpy, bikini-cut panties from her rounded hips. Another wave of cheers burst in from the main house as the flimsy, pale blue garment slid down Karen's stocking-clad legs and pooled around her ankles and ruby-red stilettos.

Jacob wasn't sure (or cared) what the Braves had done to cause such a ruckus from inside the main house. Instead, as he watched his gorgeous Mother step out of her underwear, kick her panties aside and climb on top of him, every fiber and cell in his being let out its own collective cheer. Deep down, Jacob had a very good feeling that a 'grand slam homerun' was about to be hit inside of Rachel's cozy little pool house.

This year's Halloween had seen Karen caught up in a whirlwind of emotions, similar to the vicious tornado that had swept up Dorothy's Kansas farmhouse. She'd spent the evening dressed essentially like a harlot in the presence of all her family and fellow church members, whilst being flirted with and overhearing all sorts of inappropriate comments. She had witnessed her son making out with his girlfriend, not long after spending the afternoon doing God knows what with his married Aunt at her house across town. The day's unusual events and her burgeoning female urges, combined with the radical chemicals and the lingering alcohol still flowing through her system, had kept Karen's blood boiling in heightened arousal mingled with an intermittent, though bubbling jealousy.

As she awkwardly hovered above her son, Karen's right hand took a hold of Jacob's fully erect cock and gingerly placed its bulbous tip at the entrance to her gushing, wet vagina. Staring as the coating of Jacob's precum, mixed with her saliva, mingled with her own womanly nectar and eased a slick entrance, it was at that moment Karen realized she'd forgotten to ask Jacob whether he even had a condom. Previously whenever this oversight occurred, she would by instinct recoil instantly and stop everything from proceeding any further without any protection. Where once she was abhorred by the mere thought of her son's potently-enhanced sperm filling her up and doing God knows what inside of her, now Karen needed only to remind herself that she was taking Brenda's Midoxinol birth control daily (as her sister instructed) which Karen firmly

believed rendered her perfectly safe. Ironically, that very same security blanket was now contributing directly to Karen's increasingly strong female urges and, as yet unspoken and deeply-buried regular cravings for her son's baby-making seed. Therefore, old habits quickly gave way to new, easily accepted ones as Karen brushed away her concerns for a condom and with one, swift, downward thrust, plunged half the length of Jacob's raw, uncovered cock up into her vagina.

Suddenly, another wave of claps, cheers and yelling came from inside the house, from which Karen could easily detect Robert's voice. Normally in this situation, the sound of her husband would instantly bring on feelings of guilt or remorse. This time, however, Karen's emotion was closer to that of disappointment...perhaps even resentment, as she remembered the abortive attempt to have sex she and Robert had experienced in the bathroom earlier that evening. As she placed her hands on Jacob's shoulders and listened to her family whoop and holler again with excitement, she whispered to her husband under her breath, "Sorry, sweetheart...but you had your chance!"

Hearing Karen mutter something, Jacob glanced upward into the giant swells of his Mother's boobs hidden beneath her white blouse and asked, "What was that Mom? Did you say something?" He then placed his hands correspondingly on Karen's thighs, right where her silky, pale blue stockings ended and the soft, creamy skin of her thighs began.

"Nooo!!" Karen shook her head and moaned, as she raised up then slowly descended, impaling herself deeper and deeper onto Jacob's fleshy sword. Once she finally bottomed out, she sat perfectly still on her son's lap and gritted her teeth, luxuriating in the exquisite feeling of utter fullness that she'd been craving for so long. Instinctively, she began rocking her hips, using Jacob's incredible

cock to stir up her insides and scratch the itch that her neglected vagina had been missing for over a week.

Soon, Karen's body adjusted to her son's enormous invader, as she placed her hands on the high part of the couch behind Jacob's head. She began bouncing up and down, going a bit higher and delving a bit deeper with each stroke. When she finally found the perfect angle which enabled the pulsing, drooling head of Jacob's cock to rake across her G-spot, a smile crept onto Karen's face, and the words, "Ohhhh myyyyy...that's so...good!" escaped her lips in a faint whisper.

Jacob asked once again, "Mom? Did you say something?"

Looking down past her bouncing tits and into her son's eyes, Karen replied in a husky whisper, "Nothing...unngh!..ssshhh...no more talking now...unngh!..focus, baby!..and let Mommy take care of it..."

*** Meanwhile, back in the main house... ***

Everyone had been huddled around Scott's gigantic 75-inch flatscreen TV in the family room since just after 8 p.m. that evening, riveted with attention to game 5 of the World Series. Now, nearly four hours later, it was heading into the bottom of the 9th inning, with the score knotted at 4 runs apiece for each team.

With little Daniel passed out from sugar coma-induced exhaustion and sleeping peacefully in one of the guest bedrooms upstairs, the adults now felt comfortable allowing the alcohol to flow a bit more freely. In fact, most of them

felt so warm with the buzz of booze that by popular acclaim the sliding door to the backyard pool patio was left partly open. This left only the screen door as a barrier to the outside elements, which every now and then let in a cool, last day of October breeze (as well as allowed the broadcast commentary of the game to be heard outside, blasted out on Scott's hi-fi stereo system).

"Who wants another beer?" Rachel asked, as she and Brenda got up during a commercial break and started back to the kitchen to refill their wine glasses. All the guys, of course, raised their hands in unison.

Brenda was still in full 'Jessie' costume, but Rachel for her part had decided to change into something a little more comfortable and appropriate for watching the game. Her wig was now discarded, replaced by a snapback Braves baseball cap through which she threaded her honey-blonde locks tied up in a ponytail. Though her face was still made up as 'Harley Quinn', Rachel now sported thick bars of eye black on her cheeks, obliterating her earlier black heart 'beauty mark'. Topping it all off, in place of her costume's bomber jacket, she was now wearing a #10 Chipper Jones Braves home jersey with a '95 World Series Champions' patch on its sleeve. Rachel had gotten it as a gift from her dad when she was a teenager, and Robert always told her it was his 'lucky' jersey since he had bought it right after she was born 23 years ago. Now, even though she was wearing a shirt underneath the oversized jersey stating: 'Daddy's Lil' Monster', Rachel was in fact still her 'Daddy's Little Princess' and for all intents and purposes had (for this game at least) reverted back to the tomboyish habits of her teenaged years.

As Rachel refilled the wine glasses in the kitchen, (chardonnay for her and pinot grigio for Brenda), the front doorbell unexpectedly rang. Setting the bottle of

red wine down on the countertop, the young housewife asked, "Who in the world could that be?"

Balancing four ice-cold bottles of Samuel Adams lager in her hands, Brenda used her hip to close the refrigerator door and replied, "Beats me...maybe some last-minute trick-or-treaters?"

Rachel glanced up at the clock and said, "No way, I don't think so at this late hour...besides, I'm almost certain I turned off the porch light when we ran out of candy." The doorbell once again rang, four times consecutively and this time more vigorously.

Brenda shrugged her shoulders, "Well, whoever it is, they're being very impatient...maybe they can't tell time. Why don't you go answer the door? Just leave my wine here, and I'll take these beers back to the guys."

Taking her wineglass, Rachel walked briskly to her foyer, switched on her porch light and opened the front door, saying impatiently, "Sorry kids, but we're all out of-- " Before she could even finish, the young housewife saw a group of boys (most likely ages 12 to 15) scurrying off her lawn and back down the street. Being an Adam Sandler movie fan, and having participated in similar hijinks when she was a teen, Rachel dreaded and knew exactly what to expect next. Looking down, she wasn't at all surprised to notice that several of her jack-o-lanterns which had decorated her porch steps were now smashed and lying in pieces along the front walk to her home. Worst of all, on the nearest flagstone on her lawn walkway was a brown paper bag, freshly-lit with a flickering flame that was threatening to ignite even more. Hearing the crude pranksters laughing as they disappeared into the night, 'Harley Quinn/Chipper Jones' yelled out after them,

"Ha Ha...very funny! You're lucky I haven't got my bat with me!" before quickly scampering down her porch steps and dousing the odious fire hazard with her white wine. Looking around to survey her destroyed pumpkins and the smoldering remnants of the paper bag, Rachel shook her head in disgust. "Ughhhh...boys!" she huffed, kicking the clumsy prank aside under a flower bush along her porch and making a mental note to tell Scott to take care of it the following morning.

Just before Rachel reached her front door, she took another quick glance around and only then happened to notice that her Mother's SUV was parked in the driveway. Now somewhat confused, she walked back down her porch and slowly scanned along her sidewalk and up and down her street. "When did Mom and Jake get back?" she asked under her breath. Turning and looking back into her house she added, "I'm pretty sure they never came back inside."

Now filled with curiosity, Rachel decided against going back inside just yet. Instead, she walked back up the stone steps of her lawn and over to Karen's Jeep-- only to find it empty. Placing her right hand gingerly on the hood, Rachel felt that it was still warm and surmised its engine had only recently been run. "Well, they haven't been back for very long..." she correctly deduced, before looking back to the house and asking herself, "...so, if they're not in the house, where on earth could they be?"

*** Back at the pool house... ***

"Oh...Jake! Oh...sweetie!!" Karen mewled, riding astride her son and bouncing up and down with full, complete strokes as they fervently fornicated on her daughter's brand-new pool house couch. Her right hand gripped the back of Jacob's head, whose face was smothered within the tender flesh of her now

fully-exposed breasts, whilst his lips were tightly sealed on one of her rock-hard pink nipples.

Jacob groaned as he greedily suckled at Karen's lusciously effusive tit, hungrily swallowing mouthful after mouthful of his Mother's hormone-infused, warm and sweet, nourishing breastmilk. His left hand squeezed and fondled Karen's other heavy orb, causing her creamy, white liquid to dribble from its rubbery nub and slickly saturate his youthful, grasping fingers. At the same time, his skinny butt was bucking upwards and meeting his Mom's bounces stroke for stroke, as he relished once more in eagerly stuffing Karen's sweet, forbidden pussy with his throbbing, teenaged cock and feeling her tight, horny walls squeezing lovingly along the full length of his dick.

"Oh myyyyy!..Mmmm..." Karen moaned, throwing her head back and closing her eyes. Usually, she would've been concerned by the fact that she was lactating this much before even reaching her climax. However, the euphoric sensations bolting back and forth between her overstuffed vagina and heavy, quivering tits soon had the aroused Mother focused on just one thing: chasing down and capturing the elusive orgasm which was quickly building up in between her legs. "Yes, baby...unngh!" Karen grunted, as her fingers tightened their grip on her son's shaggy brown hair. "Suck...harder!"

Rachel meanwhile had made her way around to her backyard. As she stood on the concrete patio, the only sounds she could detect were the soft humming of the pool filter pump and her family inside the house yelling at something exciting happening on the television. Suddenly, from somewhere in the dark, she heard a woman faintly calling out, "Aaaahhhhhh!!!!"

Rachel spun on her heels and looked in the direction of the scream. That was when she noticed a faint, flickering light glowing from inside of the pool house. "What the hell?" she whispered, as she began walking towards the compact stucco structure.

As soon as Rachel arrived at the pool house, she found that its front blinds were all closed. However, the mystery of where her Mother and little brother had gotten themselves to was now officially solved. Even though she couldn't see inside, she could easily detect the unmistakable sounds of Karen Mitchell lost in complete and utter sexual abandon.

Eager to once again feast her eyes on her Mom and younger sibling blatantly engaging in wildly kinky, incestuous debauchery, Rachel went from window to window, desperately seeking a way to get a peek inside and satisfy her perverse curiosity. Finally, on the rear right side of the pool house, facing her neighbor's fence, she found the one window where the blinds weren't entirely closed, which enabled her to view the wickedly unholy scene of forbidden Mother-son copulation taking place inside.

Though she'd seen a similar scene with her own eyes only a couple weeks prior, Rachel still gasped when she saw the sinful act playing out once again-- in the flesh-- just a few feet away from her on the other side of the wall. Jacob was seated in the center of her brand-new sofa, his pants pushed down around his ankles and his mouth latched onto their Mother's wobbling breast. Karen was straddling her son's skinny legs with her gingham pinafore dress skirt hitched up and her silky white blouse pushed down around her waist, riding her young steed like there was no tomorrow. Rachel then noticed her Mom's discarded pale blue push-up bra draped haphazardly across the back of the couch.

Rachel could easily make out Karen's muffled moans and squeals through the closed window panes as her Mom's naked and round, matronly bottom slammed down onto Jacob's lap. As she neared her orgasm, the middle-aged Mother's cries of pleasure steadily grew louder and louder. Suddenly, she arched her back and sat up straight, causing her boob to pop out of her son's mouth and fling visibly spraying droplets of breastmilk from her orally-stimulated nipple.

Now totally without abandon, Karen began to violently bounce up and down on Jacob's magnificent cock. Rachel's eyes widened in disbelief as she witnessed her born-again Christian Mother acting so desperately and out of character. Her wildly bounding hips were now raising her ass higher and higher, to where Rachel could now easily see her brother's thick and bare, glistening cock disappearing into the clutching folds of their Mother's drooling sex. Enthralled by the wickedly filthy sight and the raw, naughty junction of her Mother and brother's sinful coupling, Rachel slowly snaked her right hand down inside of her tight, little short-shorts. Mindlessly, the dumbstruck daughter and sister began jilling herself off whilst watching the wild scene of dissolute debauchery unfolding right before her very eyes.

Along with her growing arousal, Rachel increasingly felt concern for her younger brother, Jacob. As the married sister watched him sink deeper and deeper into the soft couch's cushions with each of Karen's downward, whooping plunges, she began to worry that her middle-aged, wanton Mother might actually fuck her own son to death. "Damn Mom...take it easy!" Rachel whispered, as she rubbed her diddling fingers harder against her buzzing clit. "Don't break the little nerd in half!" Once she heard the couch springs beginning to squeak out louder in protest, she added, "...or my new sofa, for that matter."

Meanwhile, back inside the house, the rest of the family was deeply immersed in the late-innings drama of the World Series baseball game on TV. The game was still tied at four runs apiece in the bottom of the 9th inning. Atlanta now had the winning runners on first and second base, but they were now down to their last out. Everyone in the living room held their collective breath, crossed their fingers or bit their nails (some doing all three at once) as they anxiously awaited what outcome would occur next. Either the Braves would get a game-winning, walk-off hit...or they would squander the prime scoring chance and the game would go into extra innings. Now stepping up to the batter's box was Braves' first baseman and lethal slugger Freddie Freeman. With a well-disciplined eye against the Astros' flagging closer, he quickly found himself in a friendly hitter's count of no strikes and two balls.

Back at the pool house, Jacob's own count of two balls was getting in some friendly hitting as well, namely that of his 'slugger' striking hard in his Mom's welcoming 'batter's box'. So Rachel lasciviously thought, a grin of cleverly thought-of innuendo on her face as she listened to Joe Buck's droning voice on TV describing an otherwise exciting game in his usual, boring manner. Something far more compelling than baseball riveted Rachel's attention though, as she received a full-frontal, unobstructed view of her Mom and brother's unfettered copulation. Karen had switched positions to reverse cowgirl, having deemed it wiser so she could keep an eye on the door should anyone approach, but at the same time completely unaware she was now affording her spying daughter 'front row seats' to her and Jacob's forbidden fucking. Jacob for his part wasn't at all interested in what was happening in the game that could be heard from outside. Resting his forehead in the small of Karen's back as he looked down at his shaft disappearing in and out between her meaty buttcheeks, the determined teen's imagination wandered elsewhere and was totally focused on something else entirely.

"Oh...Oh...Oh!!!" Karen chanted, each time she bottomed out and her ample, rippling rear end landed onto Jacob's lap, giving off a loud 'clapping' sound each time. The muscles in her lower calves, encased in her silky-smooth, pale blue stockings, flexed and soon burned as she used her platform-heeled shoes for leverage, bending her knees as she twerked. Leaning back to rest, Karen placed her hands on her son's legs, and called out, "Ohhhh...it's...Oh, yessss! It's...almost...almost!!!" Taking his cue, Jacob grabbed his Mom by the hips as he ramped up the relentless tempo of his bucking pelvis.

"Locking thrusters into attack position...I'm goin' in...full throttle...making my final attack run...here goes nothing!" The teenager recited to himself in his mind, repeating memorized lines from his favorite 'Star Wars' video game. Taking advantage of the 'Han Solo' costume he was wearing, he decided to finally play out the fantasy which he'd been brewing in his head for the past few weeks...with a wickedly perverted twist.

Taking a momentary break from his imaginary 'Millennium Falcon-Death Star' mission, Jacob found himself in total awe, watching Karen's mesmerizing gyrations on top of him whilst her vaginal sheath clutched tightly to the pulsing length of his shaft. Reaching up and taking a hold of his Mother's wildly swinging tits, he looked down and grunted, "Dang Mom...your ass...looks so...awesome!!!"

Secretly watching Karen through the window riding her son's cock like an out-of-control porn star had caused Rachel to drench her fingers. Now, as she watched her little brother going into overdrive and her Mom furrow her brow as she mouthed something admonishing to him, Rachel's arousal spiked even more. She pressed her fingers deeper into her saturated pussy in the hopes of achieving orgasm at the same time as her mother. "I'm gonna..." she whispered. "Ohhhh...I'm gonna...CUM!!!"

"Go...Go...Gooooooo!!!!" Robert stood up from the couch and shouted at the television. The Astros pitcher had thrown wide, his catcher barely able to prevent a wild pitch, but not before the two Braves runners were able to advance to second and third base on a perfectly-executed double steal. "That's ball three..." Joe Buck's echoing voice announced to the backyard pool patio. Having fouled off several pitches moments before, Freddie Freeman was now at a full count of 3-2. It was now do or die for the Braves. They were either 90 feet from winning it all...or one strike away from the game going into extra innings, with the looming possibility of having to go back to Houston for a game 6...

"Ohhh...Jake!!! Ohhh...sweetie!!!" Karen cried out. "You...you're gonna...make meeee!!!"

"Stay on target...STAY ON TARGET!" Jacob repeated inwardly like a mantra to himself, his eyes clamped shut in concentration.

"Go...go...go lil' bro!..Yeah, Mom...ride Jake's cock...HARRRD!" Rachel silently cheered them on, her gaze laser-focused on Karen and Jacob wildly going at it whilst the rest of the family cheered on something else entirely in her house. Biting her bottom lip and moaning as silently as possible, the voyeuristic young housewife trembled as the beginnings of a powerful orgasm rolled through her body. As soon as her knees began to buckle, Rachel placed her left hand against the windowsill in a desperate attempt to steady herself and remain upright.

"Holy shit!" Rachel whispered aloud, still mesmerized by the incredible sight of her gorgeous Mom and handsome brother thrashing together uncontrollably in

wild, continuous coupling. Taking Brenda's motto to 'have some fun' and her daughter's advice earlier that night to a whole new level, Karen finally 'let loose' with her loins, lurching about uncontrollably on top of Jacob, with her head thrown back and her eyes closed. Shouting to the heavens in sheer ecstasy, Karen convulsed frighteningly in paralyzing paroxysms, throwing out her trembling legs and sending her ruby-red stilettos flying, before finally resting her head on Jacob's shoulder, her mouth agape in a silent scream. Reaching up with both her hands, Karen began tightly squeezing her magnificent tits as jets of breastmilk splattered all over the place and with some of it landing on Rachel's brand-new sofa.

"Oh yeah, Mom!!..." Jacob grunted out loud finally, grasping his flailing Mom's hips to stabilize her quivering thighs. "I'm...I'm gonna...BLOW!!!" Han Solo's payload of 'torpedoes' was now primed and ready, and he was desperate to unleash them on his 'target'. "Almost there...ALMOST..THERE!" he repeated silently to himself, through gritted teeth.

Karen's original plan had been to finish Jacob off with her mouth, since the loving wife couldn't in good conscience go home with her husband while globs of their son's sticky and pungent semen oozed from her married vagina. Now however, she remembered her rented costume, and the high likelihood of a mess on Rachel's couch and the risk for stains which Jacob pulling out and spraying who knows where, would entail. Therefore, Karen quickly decided that if she allowed Jacob to finish deep inside, it would save her the time of having to clean herself up (and anything else) too much before rejoining her family.

"Y-you can't...get anything...on this dress....remember...it's only a....rental!" Karen admonished in a momentary period of clarity, whining and gasping as

shuddering, half-naked Dorothy approached the threshold of a final, climactic orgasm. "S-so when...you finish...push up hard...go DEEEEEEEEP!!!"

Just as Jacob was about to silently nod 'yes'--

CRACK!!!

"HITS IT HARD...HITS IT DEEEEEEEEP...TO..THE..WALL!!!" Joe Buck's booming voice announced excitedly over the TV stereo system.

"IT'S AWAYYYYYY!!!" Jacob yelled triumphantly to himself, thrusting up hard one final time, pushing up deep within the walls of Karen's vagina. "Let...go..Jake!" a Jedi master's voice, not unlike his sister's, calmly echoed in his head.

"YEEEEEESSSSSSSS!!!!!" Both Karen and Robert screamed at the exact same moment, loud enough for each to probably hear the other. Luckily for Karen, the outburst of cheers and utter chaos breaking out in the main house living room helped to drown out the climaxing housewife's high-pitched cries of ecstatic euphoria. With a loud crack of the bat, Freddie Freeman had smacked the ball deep into the Atlanta night towards the left field bleachers. As the ball flew through the air and took what seemed like forever to clear the wall, the entire state of Georgia seemed to gasp as one, holding its bated breath. Finally, the ball landed halfway up the stands, giving the Braves an epic, walk-off, 3-run homerun, and instantly crowning them World Series Champions. At once, the whole house, neighborhood, county and state erupted into sheer pandemonium.

"Oh, Mom! Ohhh...MOOOOMMMMMMM!!!" Jacob shouted aloud at the exact same moment, wracked in pure joy and breaking out of his nerdy fantasy as his aching testicles finally released their pent-up load. Both of his hands were now clasped beneath Karen's knees, as he lifted up her thighs and spread her pale blue, silky-smooth legs wide open for all to see in one, last, deep penetration. Arching his back and raising his hips from the couch cushions, his entire body clenched up as the head of his cock latched onto Karen's cervix, before blasting out hot, healthy ropes of family seed directly into the depths of his beautiful Mother's womb.

"Go deep, Jacob! DEEEEEEEP!!!" Karen silently encouraged him, and for a brief, crazed moment she secretly wished that her now buzzing ovaries had somehow released over the past few days...just so there'd be something inside her nest, waiting for her son's babymakers. Even as she squatted on her haunches and pushed her butt down eagerly on Jacob's lap, instinctively squeezing her coaxing cunt muscles and feeling the heat of his latest, thick, DNA deposit filling her up, one lingering shred of sanity reminded Karen that there were still certain words which she simply couldn't say out loud.

Instead, in almost perfectly-timed unison, Mother, son and daughter moaned, grunted and whined themselves through a seemingly unending collective orgasm. Nipples sprayed, vaginal walls clenched, stiff shaft pulsed, balls churned and fingers rubbed raw clit...again and again, for what seemed like forever in a messy, rapturous, tear-inducing familial release of bottled-up passion and sexual frustration.

Meanwhile outside, the whistling and popping cracks of fireworks being let off throughout Rachel's normally quiet neighborhood joined in the raucous chorus of joyous Braves victory celebrations that could be heard from the main house and the raunchy trio's furtive sexual symphony unfolding at the pool house. Thus, while the sharp and crackling booms of explosions going off in the clear November eve sky happened all around them, Jacob was letting off another big, explosive firework of his own deep inside Karen. His prediction of another kind of 'grand slam' occurring in the pool house from earlier couldn't have been more precise. At that particular moment however, all Jacob was picturing in his head was a moon-sized space station blowing up into smithereens in the dark, depths of space as he piloted his 'Millennium Falcon' freighter away to victory.

All euphoric and celebratory highs have to come to an end, and sadly this one eventually did so too. As the sounds of exultation outside the pool house died down, Karen, lost in a dreamy state, continued to grind her hips on Jacob's lap, stirring up her insides and trying to hang on for as long as possible to the lingering echoes of her intense orgasm. Jacob as well slowly floated down from the exhilarating thrill buzzing through him, though his still rigid cock continued to pulse within Karen in loving response to her movements. Now much more relaxed, both of them leaned back into the couch, their mouths inextricably drawn together as Karen's languidly numb, trembling legs slackened and Jacob pulled her in around the waist towards him. Moaning and groaning softly in a sultry, searing, tongue-flickering kiss, Mother and son sealed their latest tryst as they relished in the intoxicating bliss which the endorphins and hormones pounding within their veins were giving them. All too soon, the disconcerting sound of the TV volume from the house lowering down cut through the fog and quickly returned Karen and Jacob back to reality.

As Karen regretfully hopped off, dislodging Jacob's still throbbing penis gingerly from her gaping vagina, she swiftly snapped her legs shut. She was determined to keep any of his sperm from leaking out and making even more of a mess in her poor daughter's pool house. Carefully sliding back down to her knees, Karen looked up at her son and stated calmly, "Don't worry, Snuggle Bear...I got this." The dutiful Mother then proceeded to suck him into her mouth, using her loving lips and tongue to skillfully clean away any evidence of their latest, sinful union which still lingered on his steadily deflating shaft.

Meanwhile, Rachel continued to spy on her Mother and baby brother through the window, her right hand still lodged within her shorts. She watched in complete awe as Karen's head bobbed and her cheeks expanded again and again whilst expertly cleansing the length of Jacob's cock, without so much as allowing a single drop of their combined cum to remain.

After she was done, Rachel watched as Karen lovingly ran her tongue around the bulbous tip of her baby brother's deflating penis, lapping up any lingering traces of his delicious semen that had mixed with her womanly secretions. Highly impressed by what she had just witnessed, Rachel whispered, "Damn, Mom!! You are one serious cocksucker!!"

Unless she had seen it with her own eyes, never in a million years would Rachel have believed her conservative, straitlaced Mother would've ever been capable of such oral skills and more than that, depraved debauchery. Taking a deep breath, Rachel had to remind herself it was probably because of all the powerful chemicals her Mom had been exposed to by Jacob that she was even engaging in these sinful acts. Once again, Rachel began to wonder what other out-of-character things the previously squeaky-clean Karen Mitchell could be enticed into trying while under the influence of those wicked hormones. As the

scheming daughter slid her fingers from between the soaking-wet folds of her hairless cunt, she thought to herself, "Oh yeah...I want in on this!"

Rachel continued watching as Karen paused from licking Jacob's cock and looked up to speak to him. She then saw her little brother nod with a goofy grin and, even though she couldn't hear what Jacob was saying, Rachel swore she could make out the words, "Yes, Ma'am." on his lips. Seeing her Mother suddenly stand up and collect her bra from the back of the couch, the spying daughter quickly pulled her hand out of her shorts. The adrenaline rush from an irrational fear of being seen and caught finally snapped Rachel to her senses as she straightened herself up and snuck away quietly back to the main house.

"Alright...let's get cleaned up as fast and as best we can." Karen stated, as she refastened and adjusted the bra straps on her shoulders. "We've been out here way too long, and I still have to find something to clean up Rachel's poor couch."

"Okay..." Jacob replied, half paying attention and taking a quick glance at his sister's 'poor couch', where streaks of his Mom's breastmilk had sprayed everywhere. "Well...at least for once it can be said: 'Han Solo didn't shoot first!'" Jacob wryly chuckled to himself. As Karen slowly pulled her panties up and onto her hips, catching anything that had leaked down her legs in order to hide that 'shot', Jacob was quickly mesmerized by the sight of his hot Mom getting re-dressed. His eyes focused mainly on her boobs and the twin globes of her breasts wobbling enticingly inside of her bra cups as she adjusted the pale blue garment. To him, watching his Mom putting her clothes back on was almost as sexy and mouth-watering as her taking them off...almost.

Turning around, Karen looked down to find Jacob still sitting on the couch with his pants around his ankles, distracted and staring blankly at her. Snapping her fingers twice, she asked, "Jake? What are you waiting for?" Once she had his attention, she continued, "C'mon...get moving!" As she straightened out her white blouse and blue, checkered dress, she added, "The game sounds like it's already ended...if anyone discovers my Jeep parked in the driveway, they're bound to come looking for us."

"Yes, Ma'am...sorry." Jacob replied. He then stood up from the sofa, pulling his underwear and pants back up.

Once they had cleaned everything up as best they could, Jacob sat on a bar stool, waiting for Karen. Watching his Mother slide her right foot back into one of the ruby-red high-heeled pumps, he said, "Mom...thanks again for always helping me. If there's anything I could do to ever repay you...just let me know."

Sliding her left foot into the other 'stripper' shoe that had flown off her feet, a smile slowly crept onto Karen's lovely face. "Repayment, you say?"

"Yes, Ma'am...you name it." Jacob replied, with a nod. As soon as he realized all manners of chores and special projects his Mom might think up for him to do, Jacob immediately regretted offering her such a blank check so foolishly and the goofy grin instantly drained from his face.

Karen walked over and stood in front of Jacob, the extremely high-heeled platform shoes she was wearing made her tower once more over the teenager. "Hmmm...let me think." Tapping her cheek with her right index finger, Karen

pondered her response carefully. After a few seconds, she gasped with wide eyes, "Oh, I know what you could do for me!"

Looking up at Karen, Jacob replied, "Sure, Mom...anything!" His response was a little apprehensive, as he dreaded what her request could possibly be.

Karen reached out and ran her fingers through Jacob's dark brown hair, "How about when we get home...you give me one of your patented, fabulous, foot massages?" She giggled as she ruffled the top of his head.

"A foot massage?" Jacob asked somewhat confused, but also relieved. "That's it?" Considering everything his Mom had done for him over the past few months, he thought it to be a very tame request, but he wasn't about to be one to argue.

Karen nodded, "Uh-huh..." Glancing down at her ruby-red pumps, she pouted and whined, "My poor feet have been literally killing me from wearing these ridiculous shoes all night...no thanks to your Aunt Brenda!" She then looked back at Jacob and chuckled, "Besides...I'm not sure just how much alcohol your father has consumed tonight, but I've got a feeling he won't be in much condition to give me a massage anyway...or even drive us home, for that matter."

The fact that Robert would most likely be intoxicated from consuming too much booze and beers gave Karen a small sense of relief. Hopefully, he'd be too inebriated to attempt having sex with her later, meaning there'd be no chance for her husband to notice how his wife's vagina had been temporarily resized by their son's gigantic, monster of a cock...and pumped chock-full with his thick, potent seed.

Jacob replied, "Well, no problem then, consider me your personal masseur." Fixing his hair and striking a leering attempt at a confident 'Han Solo' pose, he added a mock salute for emphasis.

"Thank you, sweetie!" Karen responded with a smile. Leaning down, she kissed Jacob's forehead, and added, "Oh, if you'd like...maybe we can watch one of your 'Star Wars' or comic book movies, while you rub my feet."

"Cool!!" Jacob happily replied. As they walked to the door to leave the pool house, the teenager inquired, "Say, Mom? If any other parts of your body need 'rubbing'...I'll be more than willing to help you out!"

Karen looked at Jacob and the cheeky grin on his face. She shook her head and scoffed, "As much as I'd appreciate your willingness to...as you put it... 'help me out', you still need to remember that your dad will be home, so it's probably best we keep any 'rubbing' from the knees down...even if he's likely to be passed out...okay?"

Jacob shrugged his shoulders, "Okay, Mom...whatever you say." As Karen opened the door and peeked outside to make sure the coast was clear, he mumbled, "Can't blame a guy for trying."

Walking slowly behind his Mom around the edge of Rachel's pool, the teenager took one last, long look at Karen wearing her highly inappropriate Halloween costume. He couldn't help but be mesmerized by his sweet, lovely Mother

looking so freaking hot, dressed up as a sexy version of 'Dorothy', the Kansas farm girl and now wished he could take a picture of her as a memento. "Dang this Han Solo costume for not having pant pockets!" he chuckled regretfully to himself, having left his phone in the house with his regular clothes. Suddenly, out of nowhere, Jacob felt a strange and unusual desire. Just before they entered the house to rejoin the rest of the family, he suggested, "Say, Mom? How about tonight, we forego 'Star Wars' and watch your 'Wizard of Oz' DVD, instead?"

To be continued...