

With Mom's Guidance

By MrCurrie

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Incest

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Chapter 1

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Author's note: This story does not involve anal. It includes unprotected sex between family members. This story continues from 'Under Mom's Guidance.'

After a long day at work, I arrived home to find Mom toiling in the kitchen. I snuck up behind her, embraced her, and kissed her on the neck. "Smells good, Mom," I complimented her.

"It should—it's your favorite dish," she replied.

"I meant you, Mom, but then again, you are my favorite, in every way," I whispered, as I cupped her braless tits. She moaned while I kneaded her mounds. The enjoyment she felt with me playing with her tits matched my own.

"Okay, you'd better quit before I turn our dinner into charcoal," Mom playfully cautioned, before firmly grasping my wrists and guiding them away from her breasts. "Take a seat at the table and I'll bring it over."

After we finished dining, I assisted her in tidying up the kitchen. To my surprise, Mom smiled sexily and suggested, "Would you like to join me for a shower?"

"That's an offer I'll never refuse," I replied. Sex with my mother wasn't out of the norm, but we usually waited until later in the evening. I soon found out the reason—my mother was horny and needed relief. It wasn't long before I was banging her against the wet shower walls, her legs wrapped around me. After satiating our sexual desires, we dressed and adjourned to the living room.

Thirty minutes later, Mom fetched a plate of cookies and placed it on the coffee table, along with a teapot and several cups. Addressing my curious look, she explained, "I invited Carol and Alice over for the evening. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not," I replied. "It'd be more fun with only Carol, but I'm game for a relaxing night with my aunt and cousin."

"Thanks, sweetie. I'll make it up to you after they leave," she promised.

“The shower was a pretty substantial down payment, Mom,” I stated, grinning. “It should help me from getting too horny, hanging around my cute relatives.” After thinking about it for a second, I continued, “That was your plan, wasn’t it? If so, it worked perfectly, and I couldn’t be happier.”

She smiled widely, surprised that I saw through her actions, but wasn’t upset by it. Before she could answer, the doorbell chimed. She jumped up and greeted them with a light hug and kiss. They settled into the comfortable easy chairs, while Mom and I nestled onto the couch, opposite them. The three of them engaged in lively conversation, pausing only to take a sip of tea or a bite of a cookie. It’d been a while since I’d seen my cousin, Alice, and her youthful beauty had only improved with age.

Her charming Asian features mirrored her mother’s, while their hairstyles also matched—each with silky, black hair framing their faces, their bangs barely above their eyebrows. The color of their wide eyes mirrored the hue of their hair—dark brown, almost black. Alice’s lips were fuller and very inviting, especially with the shade of red that accented her creamy-colored flesh.

Lowering my gaze, it was obvious her breasts were larger than her mother’s, and I was surprised to observe the outlines of a bra, knowing her mother never wore one. Her legs were clad with conservative chino pants, matching her mother’s. All in all, she was a sexually alluring, desirable woman, and it puzzled me why she accompanied her mother, visiting us, rather than out on a date.

Several hours later, they departed, with Mom hugging them goodbye. Alice uncomfortably shook my hand and remarked, “Nice seeing you again, Chad.” Carol smiled and led her daughter out the door. Mom was an unleashed cougar in bed that night, and I attributed it to being around the sexy women all night.

This trend continued every other night for a week, before one night after they left, Mom confessed, “Chad, let’s sit and talk for a bit. I need to get something off my chest.”

I cupped and squeezed her breasts, giggled, and responded, “Let me help you with your chest problem, Mom.” I played with her tits for a moment, gently pulling them, before she gripped my wrists and said, “I’m serious. I think I overstepped my bounds and need to come clean.”

She poured her heart out, exposing her deep fears of our relationship ending, if and when I found someone my age. After describing her attempt to match Alice up with me, she rested her head on my shoulder and cried.

“I’m so selfish and feel so bad for holding you back. Can you ever forgive me?” she asked, between sobs.

“Mom, there’s nothing to forgive,” I replied, wiping her tears away. “I love you and always will. If I do find someone I wish to marry, I’ll still love you the same as I do now. No one will ever take that from us, and if my future wife isn’t agreeable to me making love to my mother, whenever you need it, she won’t become my wife.”

She kissed me and cooed, “I love you so much. You always know what to say to me. So, now that you know what Carol and I have been up to, what do you think about helping Alice?”

“You know I’ve always had a crush on my cute cousin, Mom,” I replied. “She’s as pretty as her mother, has a hot body, and is a joy to be around. I’ll do whatever it takes to help her through her problems. Although I have to admit, it’s going to be tough not to have sex with her, abiding by Carol’s desires, but I’ll adhere to her guidelines.”

“Thanks, Chad,” Mom said, sighing in relief. “All we’re asking is for you to support her and, if possible, help her regain her self-confidence. Carol believes that her past lifestyle has led to her feeling depressed, and she needs stability. We want to avoid any actions that might negatively impact her self-esteem, like returning to solving her problems with sex.”

“I’ve always liked her and would love to help her. As a bonus, you’ve been hotter than ever, hiding your fears from me,” I chuckled, causing her to smile, knowing her horny motives had been exposed. “Let’s adjourn to the bedroom, and I’ll prove how much I love plugging your horny pussy.”

After addressing her concerns and desires, Mom’s spirits were much improved. She felt more confident with herself and didn’t ravage my body before the next night’s visit.

Carol and Alice both wore matching short skirts, showing off their exquisite legs, which awakened my horny prick. After a few moments of conversing, Mom noticed my prominent bulge and suggested, “Carol, would you mind taking a look at Chad’s game machine? We think it was infected with a virus and requires your computer expertise. Chad can replicate the symptoms for you. As a bonus, It’ll allow me some alone time to chat with my lovely, favorite niece.”

I followed Aunt Carol’s sexy, swaying body as she sashayed to my old room, closing the door behind me.

Pointing to my desktop, she asked, “Is that the box?”

I embraced her, and while we passionately kissed, I ran my hand up her leg, under her skirt, until my fingers sunk into her slick slot. “Right now, this is the only box I care about.” I croaked, stroking my fingers in and out of her hairy pussy.

“Mmm,” she moaned. “Your mother is so sweet. I wondered if anyone else noticed your boner. Did you get hard thinking about fucking your horny aunt or was it from your time with your Grandmother?”

The hairs on the back of my neck stiffened, learning that she knew about my incestuous liaison with Grandma.

While we continued undressing, I asked, “So, Mom told you? She might need a spanking for divulging my sexual escapades. Would you like to assist me?” I inquired, grinning widely while removing her remaining article of clothing. Once she was nude, my hands cupped and kneaded her handful-sized, perky tits.

“No,” she abruptly replied. “It’s not my cup of tea, but I’m sure your Aunt Pamela wouldn’t mind helping. I prefer fucking over spanking.” She shoved my underwear to the floor and gripped my hard prick, stroking it to full hardness.

“I’m with you,” I agreed. “The reason for my stiff prick tonight arose from you. While admiring your sexy legs, the memories of the last time I fucked my favorite aunt flashed before me.”

She kissed me and purred, “I bet you say that to all the nude aunts you’re holding.”

“Nope, you’re special because you sacrificed your horny needs to bring Mom and me together,” I explained. “If you were selfish and insisted I stay with you, I would’ve missed out on the greatest opportunity of my life.”

“You can thank me by throwing me on the bed and fuck my brains out,” she purred.

“I have a better idea, thanks to Mom,” I replied, grabbing her ass cheeks and lifting her.

“You remembered!” she squealed, wrapping her arms and legs around me, as I brought her up face-to-face. We kissed, her hot body squirming against mine.

“Of course,” I replied. “You had me so horny that night, that my cock immediately exploded in Mom when we first made love. Of course, she climaxed fast, too. It made her horny watching you cling to my body and the following weekend, she made me lift her in the same manner. except for one improvement.”

“What’s that?” she asked.

I slowly lowered her body, until the head of my prick nudged against her groove. “Stick it in, Auntie, if you dare,” I taunted her. “The bed will make too much noise. I’m going to fuck my sexy aunt standing up.”

Her hand nimbly grasped my cock and jammed it into her hot, wet furnace. She yelped with glee, when I dropped her body, fully impaling her pussy onto my spear. Her swollen walls surrounded my buried prick and clung onto it, making it difficult to lower and raise her. She was shorter and lighter than Mom, making it easier to fuck her in this position.

Her pelvis gyrated, as she sought to feel my pumping cock scrape every inch of her sensitive walls. Her groans turned to shrieks and fearing Mom or Alice would hear us, I ordered, “Auntie, bite my shoulder to muffle your voice unless you want your daughter to know I’m fucking her mother.”

She gasped, “Sorry, I’ve missed your cock so much, I couldn’t help myself. It won’t be much longer before I cum on my nephew’s big prick.” Her mouth clamped onto my clavicle, her teeth lightly biting me.

I dug my fingers into her ass and pummeled her quivering quim, and after another dozen strokes, her teeth sunk in as her body shook. Her pussy tightened like a vice around my stem, bathing it with her hot juices. Even with her mouth sealed on my flesh, her wails of pleasure escaped her lips. When her pussy ceased convulsing, I carried her to the bed and positioned her on all fours.

“You’re still too loud, Auntie,” I said, pushing her head into my pillow. She buried her face, raised her ass high, and wiggled her hips seductively. It wasn’t like I needed an invitation—she was a great doggy fuck, and I’d never pass up a chance to drill her horny pussy. Pausing to penetrate her, I took my time to admire and caress her soft, rounded ass.

Signaling her impatience, she humped her hips backward. Holding her cheeks, I slammed my cock to the bottom, forcing the air out of her lungs as she screamed into my pillow. Confident the sounds were low enough, I pummeled her juicy slot, the only noise coming from my balls slapping against her mound and the sloshing sounds from her drenched cunt.

Feeling her body quiver and stiffen, I gripped her waist and pulled her into me, slamming my cock into her clinging cunt. She screamed with another orgasm, her pussy once again attempting to pull my sperm out of my balls. I wanted to release in her when kissing her, so I thought about a million other things, rather than the exquisite feeling of her pussy squeezing and convulsing on my cock.

Proud of abstaining from climaxing, I knew I wouldn't last through another one. I withdrew, flipped her over on her back, and crawled between her outstretched legs. My cock throbbed with the erotic sights of her puffy, shiny outer pussy lips spread apart, and her rapturous, joyful expression. She loved to fuck and I loved fucking her. We were made for each other.

As I leaned over and rested on my elbows, her hand guided my cock back to her steamy slot. One quick shove, and once again, I was balls deep in my beautiful aunt. My hands squeezed her smallish tits, while I hammered her battered pussy. Her hands pulled my head to hers, our mouths sealing together. With her pussy, tits, and mouth all being stimulated, it wasn't long before her hips humped into my groin, gobbling up my meaty cock.

Her legs wrapped around me and with each powerful thrust into her, the bed squeaked. She released my mouth and between breaths of air, whispered, "So much for not making noise, Chad. Aren't you afraid my daughter will hear us and come investigate?"

Slamming into her, I replied, "If she comes in now, I'll fill you with hot cum, and make her suck it out of your pussy, while I fuck her from behind."

That was enough to trigger her orgasm. I locked my mouth onto hers, while she screamed. On her second contraction, my prick granted her wish and erupted, spraying her insides with boiling blobs of sperm. Each time my cock jerked, her pussy contracted, milking out another dollop of cum. With my balls drained, my cock began to deflate. Pulling out, her tight outer ring cleaned my prick, trapping our fluids inside her pussy.

I flopped beside her and croaked, "That was amazing."

"You got that right," Carol replied. "I can't believe how hard my orgasm hit me when you threatened to fuck Alice, while she eats me. Am I a bad mother, fantasizing about my daughter as a sexual partner?"

"Of course not," I replied, consoling her. "Mom and I wrestled with the same emotions before we finally broke through our boundaries and connected. You don't think our relationship harmed us, do you?"

“You’re right,” she admitted. “I guess it’s the motherly instinct that holds me back. Now I know how your mom felt. Did she talk to you about my concerns with Alice?”

“She did and I’d love to assist in straightening her out. Mom told me that you felt it best if I refrained from initiating a physical relationship with her, thinking it might do more harm than good. Since she’s as hot as her mother, I expect you to come over before each of my dates to quell my lustful urges. You’ll be her surrogate fuck.”

“In that case, I’m looking forward to you frequently dating my daughter,” she replied, giggling.

“Speaking of Alice, we better get out there before she suspects something,” I remarked while rolling out of bed. We dressed, and while she remained to brush her tousled hair back into place, I joined Mom and Alice in the living room. Music blared through the speakers, and I reasoned that Mom had turned on the stereo to drown out any noise from our lovemaking.

Carol strolled out a few minutes later and sat across from us as before. Alice curiously looked at her mother and asked, “Were you able to repair his machine, Mom? I thought I heard some shrieks before Aunt Michelle turned on the music.”

“You know how I am when I find a nasty bug and squelch it. It always gives me a little thrill to successfully repair an infected computer. I may have to keep an eye on it and check it the next time we come over,” she explained, with a sly, sexy smirk.

After another hour of lively conversation, Alice rose and collected the dirty dishes. On her way to the kitchen, she stated, “I hate to leave, but I have some homework to finish.”

When she was out of sight, Carol whispered, “Chad, could you escort Alice home? I have some things to talk over with your mother.” She flipped her skirt up and spread her legs, showing Mom her pussy, oozing out my deposit of creamy-white sperm.

“Of course,” I replied. “You don’t mind cleaning up my mess, do you, Mom?”

Mom’s lust-filled eyes answered for her, along with her nodding head. Carol quickly covered herself when we heard Alice shuffling back in. I stood and conveyed, “Your mother wants to remain here for a while longer and chat. If you don’t mind, I’ll walk you home.”

Alice readily agreed, “Sure, let’s get going.”

Once we entered her house, she instructed, “You know where all the drinks are, if you need anything. I’ll be catching up on my reading. Feel free to turn on the TV, while we wait. I’m sure you don’t want to return home right away. You know what they’re doing, don’t you?”

“I try not to think about it, but if it makes Mom happy, I don’t care,” I answered, settling onto their couch. I surfed on my phone, while Alice sat in a chair opposite me, immersed in catching up on her studies.

I furtively glanced at my cousin, while her book held her attention, marveling once again at her beauty. It was easy to understand why men were attracted to her. It’s a shame they only thought of her as a sexual conquest, rather than spend the time to know her. I vowed not to repeat their mistake and treat her better.

After an hour, Alice noticed my restlessness and suggested, “It might be okay to return home if you’re bored. I’m sorry that I’m not very entertaining tonight, but I’ve fallen behind on my grades. It’s nice taking a break though, going over and talking with you and your Mom. I hate to admit it, but I’m jealous of Mom at times.”

“Why’s that?” I asked. “Because she’s happy, and has a great career?”

“Well, there is that, but I’m actually envious that she’s with your mother. You know your mom is smoking hot, don’t you?” she asked, blushing at her candid statement.

“Again, not going there,” I replied, chuckling. “You’ll find someone eventually. In the meantime, you can count on us for company. Would you like to go out for dinner, just the two of us?”

Her head angled sideways, deep in thought, and after a bit, replied, “Sure, sounds fun. How about tomorrow night, around seven? I have to be back by ten so I can cram for a test.”

Before I could answer, the door opened and Carol strolled in, smiling widely. I stood and said, “See you tomorrow, Alice.” Walking by Carol, her knowing smirk signaled me that she would uphold her end of the deal.

When I returned home, Mom’s widely-splayed legs awaited me, her pussy angry and wet from Aunt Carol’s voracious feeding. Before long, I was balls deep in my mother, blissfully enjoying our special connection.

Between grunts, she gasped, “You sure filled your aunt up. It took forever to get everything out, but I’m not complaining.” She wrapped her arms around me, as we fucked in our favorite position, missionary style.

“Get used to it, Mom,” I replied. “I’m going to fuck her, and fill her full before each date with Alice, starting tomorrow night. She’ll be taking the pressure off me, so I won’t be tempted by her fuckable daughter.”

Mom’s hips slammed up, eagerly anticipating my future dates. Her expression shifted to one of melancholy, and I could see the wheels turning in her head. Answering her fears, I added, “And after my date, I’ll reward you with a nice long fuck, because there’s nothing I cherish more than making love with my beautiful mother.”

Her smile returned, as her worst worries were set aside. Mom orgasmed three times before I erupted, and instead of continuing to fuck her as usual, I fell on top of her, exhausted. She held me tightly, and caressed me, without pushing me off. “Sleep on Mommy tonight, sweetie. I got you.”

With Mom embracing me, I fell into a deep sleep and awakened in the morning, still atop her. I’d always feared of crushing her with my weight, but she didn’t seem to mind. If anything, the blissful look on her face reflected how much she enjoyed it.

I prepared breakfast and set it on the table when she strolled out. “Good morning, Mom. I guess I didn’t squash you. Did you sleep okay?”

“Good morning to you, too,” she said and tenderly kissed me. Sitting down, she took a sip of coffee and confessed, “I slept like a baby. A mother never tires of having her child sleep on them.”

Throughout the workday, my thoughts were consumed with the impending date with my cousin. Although I grappled with the idea of concealing my true intentions from her, the prospect of providing her with much-needed support during her difficult times convinced me it was the right choice.

Carol had dinner waiting for Mom and me when we arrived home from work. After eating, I started for the shower, when Mom ordered, “Not so fast, Chad. You’re not going on a date, smeared with her mother’s pussy juice. Fuck her before you shower.”

My aunt stripped off her clothes on the way to the bedroom, immediately crawling onto our bed on all fours. She spread her knees and opened up her hairy pussy, displaying her engorged, slick labia. My cock throbbed with anticipation, as I closed the distance. Knowing the clock was ticking, I didn't bother switching positions and pounded her through several orgasms before filling her full of cum.

After my aunt completely drained my balls, I showered and dressed. On my way out, Mom was already between Carol's legs slurping my cum out of her pussy. I exited, without hesitating, knowing if I watched them for too long, I'd be fucking Mom.

When I picked up Alice, my cock twitched at the sight of her, even with the edge taken off from her mother. She had dressed to accentuate her sexy features. Her braless, perky tits pressed against her thin blouse, the tips pointing out like two bullets. Her short skirt showed off her thin, creamy thighs. She wore heels and obviously had spent some time applying makeup.

After exchanging a few pleasantries, I opened the car door for her, peering to the side as a gentleman would do, to avoid leering at her legs. While we dined, it was hard not to dwell too long on her beauty. I was pleased with our conversation, and her friendly demeanor made me wonder if she was as depressed as Carol thought.

When finished, and in the car, she turned to me and with a sexy smile, asked, "So, do you want to hook up?"

I knew what she meant, but when I only returned a dumb, curious look, she asked again, "You know, do the dirty. We have more than an hour left, so we can do it right here, in your car, or rent a room."

It became clear why her mother was concerned. Without showing any emotion, I replied, "No, thanks. Let's return home."

Her sorrowful expression weighed heavily on my heart, but I remained resolute. The drive back was filled with an uncomfortable silence, and when I walked her to the door, she turned to me and inquired, "You're not going to ask me out again, are you?"

"I believe it's best that we don't see each other again," I replied honestly. "When I invited you to dinner, it was because of the good times we've shared in the past. I didn't expect or desire a sudden leap into a romantic relationship. To be frank, if I were on a first date with someone as stunning as you, I'd cut it short, if they made the same romantic advances. It doesn't reflect well on you and suggests a lack of self-respect. Take some time to focus on yourself and get to a better place."

Tears welled up in her eyes, and her face contorted with pain. My instinct was to reach out and comfort her, but that would only play into her intentions. Without waiting for her response, I turned and headed to my car. All the way home, I worried that maybe I was too harsh on her, but concluded in the end that it was the right decision for both of us.

After relating the events of the evening to Mom, she consoled me by riding my cock. I played with her bouncing tits while she wildly humped me, doing all the work. Once we both released, she slept on top of me that night with her arms holding me tightly.

The next morning at breakfast, Mom noticed my improved mood, kissed me, and remarked, “A Mother knows what’s best for her children.”

“I’ve heard that before,” I replied, adding, “and you’re the best there is, Mom. I’m just sorry I let Carol down. She’ll have to handle her daughter on her own from now on.”

“I wouldn’t be too sure of that, Chad. Carol sent me a note, asking to join us tomorrow night for dinner. She added that Alice wanted to come along, too

Chapter 2

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Anticipation gnawed at my nerves, waiting for Carol and Alice to arrive for dinner. To my surprise, I found my nervousness was unwarranted, as neither of them mentioned our short-lived date. Alice wore a conservative pantsuit that concealed her sexy curves, wearing minimal makeup. She resembled the naturally pretty girl I used to know. After dinner, Alice chose to sit on the other side of the couch beside Mom. I assumed she did this to avoid making eye contact with me, otherwise, she would have sat across the room.

Their conversation continued in its usual fashion, while I occupied myself by browsing on my phone. When it was time to conclude for the evening, Alice stood, faced her mother, and asked, “Would you mind staying here for a bit? I’d appreciate it if Chad could walk me home, so I can discuss something with him.”

Carol beamed, responding, “Of course, sweetie. You know I enjoy chatting with your Aunt Michelle.”

Once the door closed, Alice and I walked to her house in silence. I was still uncertain about how she felt after the disconcerting evening when we went out, so I remained silent until we were inside her home. Facing her, I gently held her hands. Before she could say anything, I spoke, "Alice, I want to apologize for how I treated you the other night. It wasn't my place to judge you, and I shouldn't have been so blunt."

Her expression became somber, and she responded with a hint of sadness, "Actually, I'm the one who should be sorry. You were right, and I can't express how relieved I was when you rejected my advances. In the past, every man I've been out with has treated me only as a piece of ass, and I mistakenly grouped you with them."

After she poured her heart out, detailing her sordid past, she broke down and embraced me. Comforting her, I gently stroked her back and spoke softly, "I'm sorry you've had to endure that. I didn't realize what you've been through. You're far better than any of them. How about we start fresh and put that awkward night behind us? We can rebuild the strong connection we once shared."

Looking at me with teary eyes, she whispered, "I'd really like that. Thank you, Chad."

I used my shirt cuff to wipe away her tears and said, "Now, if I recall correctly, it's time for you to hit the books. Let's get those grades back up to where they should be."

She chuckled, saying, "You're right, as always." Nestling onto the couch, she began reading. I stayed by her side, keeping her company until her mother arrived. After bidding them farewell, I made my way back home.

Mom greeted me, cloaked in a thin, blue nightie, and asked, "How'd it go? Are you on good terms with her again?"

"Everything is back to the way we were before our date. She's her old self and we're starting over," I pronounced, elatedly.

"In that case, I know exactly how to celebrate your renewed relationship," she chirped, turned, and with swaying hips, seductively led me to the bedroom. I shucked my clothes while following her and was nude by the time we entered our bedroom. My hard prick bobbed with excitement when she crawled onto the bed, positioning herself like a dog in heat.

"Tonight, you fuck me like a stud breeding his bitch, until you're drained," she ordered, her voice cracking with lust. "No switching positions."

Mom had never allowed a lengthy session in that position, not because she didn't like it—she loved it. Every time before, we had to stop because she'd orgasm repetitively, and they became so intense that she would nearly pass out from the pleasure. This was her gift to me—allowing me to fuck her when she felt the most vulnerable.

Moving up behind her, I jammed my prick between her thighs. Her legs instinctively closed, her taut muscles trapping my cock. I left it there, taking the time to stroke her back and ass. I rose until the top of my cock snuggled into the length of her slot, my mushroom-shaped head nestled in her mound of fur. I slowly sawed back and forth, my shaft gliding over the outer lips of her oily groove.

“Mom, you're soaked,” I remarked. “Have you been thinking about your son's cock drilling you all night?”

“There's that, and the fact that Carol wouldn't allow me to cum,” she replied. “When I told her my plan, she insisted that I stay horny and wet for you. It's the ultimate test of whether I can handle a lengthy doggy-fuck, like she can.”

“Once again, I owe my sexy aunt for enhancing our relationship,” I replied. “As a reward, I'll replicate our performance with her before my next date with her daughter.”

Mom giggled and replied, “She's counting on it.”

Dragging my prick rearward, I stopped when my head nestled between her puffy labia. This is what I cherished most when fucking Mom—the initial penetration. Resisting the temptation to slam into her, my snake slithered in slowly. I relished the feel of her walls clinging to my cock, resisting entry. Mom's breathing rate had already increased, the wait for her son's cock finally concluding.

After fully embedded, with my hips pressed against her soft buns and my cock buried to the hilt, I asked, “Mom, are you ready? There's no turning back once I start.”

“More than ready!” she exclaimed. “Fuck me hard and fast—don't stop until you fill me!”

As I withdrew, her pussy clung to my prick, unwilling to release the cause of her pleasure. When I felt her tight outer ring latch onto my tip, I shoved to the bottom, knocking the air out of her. Holding her hips, I thrust rapidly and grinned widely, when I felt her first orgasm hit her after a dozen strokes. Carol's

warm-up had its effect on Mom. She grunted and groaned while her pussy convulsed and squeezed my pumping rod.

Knowing it was the first of many, her arms stretched out and gripped the sheets to hold on. Her wet, sloshy pussy kept my prick well lubricated, enabling me to withhold my own climax. Shifting the angle, I sawed my prick across another section that I knew she loved. It took another five minutes before her pussy contracted again. She wailed into the sheets, her body shaking from the shocks of pleasure coursing through her body.

After each time she climaxed, I'd shift my angle and scrape across a new section until her pussy convulsed with an orgasm. After her fifth climax, her body felt weak and wobbly. I firmly held her, keeping her from collapsing.

"Have you had enough, Mommy? Do you want me to stop?" I taunted her, knowing full well that she wouldn't be satisfied until I erupted.

"No!" she screamed. "Fuck me hard! I'll never deny my son anything."

For her next orgasm, I decided to twist her nipples while plowing into her. Gripping them firmly, I yanked downward as if milking a cow, while my cock received the same treatment from her contracting pussy. She fell silent at the conclusion of her major orgasm, and I feared she had lost consciousness.

Pausing, with my cock fully sheathed, I stroked her back and played with her heaving tits. "Mom, are you still with me?" I asked, squeezing and kneading her mounds. After several minutes, she stirred and answered, "I think I was out for a bit. Why'd you stop? Keep fucking your mother."

Heeding Mom's pleading, I changed angles, lifting her hips until my cock encountered the rough patch on the roof of her pussy. She shrieked from the contact and continued to scream, while my helmeted head sawed across her erogenous zone until she climaxed again. Once again, her body relaxed and I had to grip her waist to hold her up.

She had upheld her end of the bargain and when my balls tingled, signaling my impending release, I increased my pace, pulling her body into mine. My balls lewdly slapped against her puffy mound on each stroke, making a thumping sound each time we collided together. Her body awakened, somehow realizing that we were nearly finished. Her hips humped backward, swallowing as much cock as possible.

"Get ready for a load of your son's sperm, Mom!" I chanted. "Cum on my cock one final time."

“Yes!” she screamed. “Fill your mother. I’m ready!”

Her vice-like pussy squashed my prick, triggering my long-awaited orgasm. When she felt my hot batter spraying her insides, her walls clamped tightly again. Our bodies jerked and pulsed more times than we’d ever done before. It was a fuck I’d remember forever, and I vowed to repeat it only on special occasions, so we could savor the deliciousness of it.

Once I pulled my cum-coated cock from her drenched pussy, she fell flat on the bed, exhausted. I flopped down beside her and pulled her on top of me, covering us with a sheet. Her breasts heaved against my chest while I stroked her back. We gently kissed, lovingly, once again sealing our incestuous relationship. “That was something else, Mom. You’re amazing.”

“You can say that again,” Mom purred. “I know you could probably fuck me again, but you’re going to have to do it while I’m sleeping. Your mother is worn out, but as a bonus, I’ve never felt so well fucked.”

When she rested her head next to mine, her body completely relaxed and melded onto mine. “I’ve got you, Mom,” I whispered. “Sleep tight, I love you so much.”

Feeling her breasts slowly heave, along with her deep, steady breathing, I knew she wouldn’t answer, but she didn’t have to, as I knew she loved me as much as I did her.

Carefully rolling her off of me in the morning, I prepared breakfast and when she appeared, her joyful expression brightened my mood. “Good morning, Mom,” I greeted her, kissing her gently and pulling her chair out for her.

“It is that,” Mom replied. “First you fuck my brains out, then you allow me to sleep on you all night. It’s all a mother could ask for. I can see where this whole dating thing you’re going through has a lot of side benefits.”

We laughed and chatted through the meal, before leaving for work.

As promised, Carol received the identical fucking before my date with her daughter. Mom was rewarded with a fuck afterward. For the following two weeks, Alice and I adhered to this routine. Our time together became increasingly more enjoyable each outing. It dawned on me that her most remarkable qualities weren’t merely physical, but rooted in her wit and intelligence. She proved to be a delightful date, and I couldn’t help but find myself growing more and more drawn to her.

She jumped at my suggestion to meet more frequently for study sessions. Flashcards and proofreading consumed much of our free time. Assisting her was an enjoyable endeavor and as a bonus, Carol expressed her appreciation with an entire night of wild sex, when Alice's grades began to climb back up to where they were before.

Alice and I became more comfortable with each other in the following weeks, spending a lot of time together. Her flirting and frequent touching, both alarmed and excited me at the same time. I enjoyed her intimacy but was afraid of what would happen when we decided to part ways.

One night, at a restaurant, Alice asked, "If I tell you a secret, do you promise not to get grossed out?"

"Of course, but I doubt if you could say anything that would disturb me," I replied.

"It's about the men I used to bring home," she paused, then continued, "After a while, I dreaded making eye contact and the sex became more disgusting with each date. I'm not sure why I kept repeating it, but somehow, I thought it was the best way to find a partner. When I stopped dating men, I seriously thought about pursuing a relationship with a woman, hoping they'd be more considerate. I never had the chance to experience it, yet it remains a lingering fantasy in my thoughts."

"I'm sorry you went through that. I'm surprised your mother didn't intervene and help you. I know she loves you dearly," I stated.

"She does love me, and she did try to help, but I rejected her suggestions, much to her dismay," she confessed. "I was thrilled when she invited me to your house after I told her I didn't need birth control pills any longer, since I wasn't going to ever have sex again."

"I'm glad she did. I don't understand why you hesitated to explain this to me, though." I noted.

Her sexy smile was enough to melt my heart, as she professed, "Remember me telling you I hated looking at men? It's different with you. When other men look at me, I know they're thinking about taking me to bed. The way you look at me makes my body tingle, and not in a bad way. I feel so comfortable around you and I love it when you check me out. Is it weird to feel that way about a cousin?"

"Not at all," I replied. "I've always enjoyed being around you. Remember all the good times we spent together, growing up?"

“We did have fun, but I always figured your interest in coming over was from the way Mom flashed her tits at you,” she replied, giggling.

“Well, that was definitely an incentive,” I confessed, blushing. “I thought I was being coy at sneaking peeks. And now you’re confirming that I’m pretty transparent at checking out a beautiful woman.”

“Okay, get ready to be grossed out,” she stated, a more serious expression appearing. “You probably don’t recall this, but one time when Mom wore a yellow bikini at the pool, a line of pubic hair peeked above her waistline. When I saw your lustful look, glued to her sexy body, I became jealous of her and craved to receive the same amount of attention from you.”

“It’s funny that you’d bring that up,” I replied, smiling. “Not only do I remember it, I’ve used that image to relieve myself a number of times.”

She gasped and covered her mouth with her hand. Fearing she was disgusted, I retorted, “It’s not that bad. Your mother is beautiful and has a sexy body. Any man would be taken with her.”

She lowered her hand, grinned, and whispered, “You misunderstand. I’m not shocked. It’s because I’ve also used it for fantasies while masturbating. Although, I imagine what happens after we pull off her bottom goes in totally different directions.”

We both laughed and I stated, “You told me before that you were jealous of your mom because she was with mine, but maybe you’re jealous of my mother also?”

She replied, “It sounds like you are too, whacking off to my mom’s scantily-clad body.”

“Maybe I’m the same as you and am envious of both of them,” I replied, jesting. Instead of her giggling in return, she merely grinned, as if she suspected my intimate involvement with our mothers. I wondered if I had overstepped my bounds, risking disclosure of my incestuous activities.

When I tried to change topics, she quickly returned to her mother and said, “It had another effect on me, also. I think I’m the only girl in college to be unshaven, because of the way boys stared at her.”

“Oddly enough, it became a gold standard for my relationships. If I discover a woman isn’t natural, that’s enough to end any further involvement,” I confessed.

Her smile broadened, as she giggled and replied, “I guess you can continue dating me, then. Are there any other preferences you’d like to share, when it comes to finding a match?”

“I think I’ll keep those to myself,” I replied with a grin. “I’d rather not have anyone change themselves just to fit my criteria.”

“Fair enough. How about an easier one, then?” she asked. “When you do find your true love, do you prefer to start a family right away or wait?”

“That’s a no-brainer,” I answered confidently. “I love kids and would want to begin raising a family immediately.”

Her face lit up with a wide smile, and before she could continue grilling me, I redirected our conversation to different topics. That evening seemed to embolden her in her flirtatious behavior during our future outings, and I found myself irresistibly drawn to her charms. I started looking for more opportunities to spend time with her, and it almost felt like I was cheating on Mom, even though my interactions with my cousin remained entirely platonic—at least that’s what I told myself.

Alice was insistent that we make a habit of returning to a specific restaurant whenever we dined out. The reason for this was Mabel, a middle-aged waitress who worked there. Mabel displayed a special fondness for us, consistently addressing us as her “young lovers” and always reserved the most romantic table available, endearing herself to Alice in the process.

During a dinner at the restaurant one evening, Alice playfully directed our conversation toward my childhood crush on her mother. With a mischievous grin, she inquired, “You once mentioned how you were drawn to Mom, because of her beauty and her alluring figure. Many people have told me that I resemble her. Does that mean you also find me attractive?” Her gaze drifted past my shoulder, and the corner of her mouth formed a cute, crooked smile.

Out of the blue, a hand gently settled on my shoulder as Mabel leaned in, advising, “Now’s the moment to let her know she’s hot, Chad.”

Blushing, I turned and responded, “I think I’ve got that part covered, Mabel. But I appreciate the encouragement.”

After Mabel walked away, I turned to Alice, who wore a broad smile, and quipped, “Honestly, I don’t think I even need to answer that question. You can see for yourself in any mirror that you’re an absolute catch.”

Not letting the moment pass, she replied, “It’s nice to hear you say it, though. Your furtive glances drive me wild. I hope you never stop because each time you admire me, it sends a shiver down my spine.”

Her words melted my heart, and at that moment, I knew I had to be honest with her. She deserved the truth, even if it meant risking our friendship. “Alice, there’s a reason I haven’t expressed my feelings toward you. When you withdrew from the dating scene and fell into depression, both your mom and mine convinced me to befriend you to help guide you to a better place. I’m sorry if you feel betrayed, but everyone has your best interests at heart.”

Her wide grin almost turned into laughter, as she replied, “Is that all? You look like a huge weight has been lifted off your shoulders. I hate to break it to you, but I was aware of the situation from the start. Mom told me that she thought it would be nice to experience friendship with a man, rather than rushing into romance. I readily agreed, and after I initially tested you to determine your intentions, I’ve enjoyed every minute of our time together.”

The love and warmth radiating from her gaze overwhelmed me, compelling me to finally express the emotions I had kept hidden for far too long. “I hated not telling you sooner, but I should have known you saw through it. When I look at you, it’s not just your adorable nose, your rosy cheeks, or those captivating deep brown eyes that attract me. It’s not just the countless times I’ve yearned to run my fingers through your silky, black hair as our lips press together. While those are things any man might desire, believe it or not, those aren’t the reasons that draw me to you.”

As I paused to gather my thoughts, she giggled and responded, “That’s more than enough for me. Remember when I told you that your staring at me sent shivers down my spine? Well, your words are even more intoxicating. I’m not sure what else you can say to top what you just said, but please, continue.”

“It’s something that’s hard to describe,” I explained. “There’s an aura about you that makes me feel like I’m on cloud nine whenever I’m with you. Your sharp wit and the nurturing, compassionate care you exude are a significant part of it. You’ve consistently excelled in your studies, far beyond what I could ever aspire to. You’re exceptionally intelligent, yet you never boast about it; instead, you adapt your conversations to match my level of understanding. You’re going to make some lucky guy really happy someday, and I feel fortunate that I was able to help you with your journey.”

She didn't say a word, taking a moment to compose herself. Her eyes welled up with tears, and her trembling lips finally found words as she responded, "I wish I could come up with a clever response right now, but I can't. That's the most heartwarming thing anyone has ever said to me. Thank you so much. And as for that lucky guy, I didn't have anyone in mind, except for you."

As our conversation dipped deeper into our hidden desires, I grappled with the realization that my incestuous relationships could potentially thwart any future we might hope for. With a determination to demonstrate where my loyalties lay, I decided on a plan.

"On another note, would you mind if we invited Mom to join us on Saturday when we go out?" I inquired. "She misses my company, and I've felt like I've neglected her these past few weeks."

Her wide, delighted smile caught me by surprise, yet again, as she responded, "I love that idea. Let's dedicate every Saturday to her, and on Sundays, we'll spend time with my mother. On Sunday nights, all four of us can celebrate by dining out together."

After settling the bill, we bid our farewells to Mabel and headed home. After dropping her off, I couldn't wait to return home for some much-needed relief.

Crawling into bed nude, I snuggled up to Mom's warm body, who was sleeping on her side. When I pushed my stiff prick between her warm thighs, her delicate hand gripped it and guided it into her wet entrance. While I pushed, the tight lips of her pussy drew my prick into her slippery slot.

When I shoved my cock to the bottom, she grunted from the impactful force. After several strokes, I realized that it wasn't Mom's pussy wrapped around my cock. Moving closer, I kissed the back of her neck and inhaled her essence.

"Nice to see you again, Auntie," I greeted Pamela. "What'd you do with Mom?"

I rapidly pumped her sodden slot, while my hand squeezed and played with one breast. She groaned and enjoyed my pounding for several minutes before replying, "Your mother and I talked today, and when I expressed how wound up I was, she invited me over to substitute for her. She's enjoying a night with Carol in your old room."

Her horny hole didn't last ten minutes before it contracted on my cock. Her juices coating my shaft. She moved forward, dislodging my prick, pushed me onto my back, and mounted me reverse cowgirl. Sinking back down onto my pole, she

rode me hard, her soft ass smacking onto my groin. The sounds of flesh smacking reminded me of her spanking fetish.

Each time she raised her hips, I slapped her ass cheeks, resulting in a long groan from her. She escalated fast as her ass warmed with my light smacks. Before long, she came again. Twisting around, she leaned down and kissed me while my fingers dug into her soft ass, pulling her onto my cock.

“Thankfully, it looks like my dear nephew is horny, too,” Pamela giggled. “I hear you’ve been going out with my hot niece. Is that why you’re so riled up? Are you boning her, yet?”

“No, it’s not like that, Auntie,” I replied, hoping she didn’t detect the lust I held for my cousin. “She was in a bad place and I’m helping her recover.”

“Too bad for her, then,” Pamela lamented. “A hard cock like yours would make her happy, or maybe she needs a woman’s touch?”

Neither of us continued talking as our frenetic fucking escalated into our synchronized orgasms. While we recovered, I changed topics to get my mind and hers off of Alice. “Auntie, give me a few minutes and I’ll demonstrate every position Gran and I fucked. By the way, she’s looking forward to you and me visiting her shortly.”

That was more than enough for her to discontinue talking about the relationship with my cousin, her niece. We slept very little through the night, making up for the time we’d been apart.

After an early morning shower fuck, we joined Mom and Carol in the kitchen for a hearty breakfast. Relating my talk with Alice the previous night, they were both excited and looked forward to our time together on the weekends.

Having Mom accompany us on our outing didn’t slow Alice’s flirting. She and Mom hit it off, and while we walked through the various attractions, they’d each intertwine their arms with mine, bumping me into each of their soft bodies. My original goal was to demonstrate to Alice my priority to Mom, but I quickly realized it had backfired. She encouraged and instigated close contact with Mom, first by hugging me and then encouraging me to embrace my mother.

Sunday with her mother was a repeat, with Alice acting more like a matchmaker than a jealous girlfriend. The conflicting emotions of falling in love with Alice, while maintaining my incestuous relationships, wore heavily on me and I wasn’t sure how much further I could conceal the truth.

Thankfully, during the next two weeks, our attention focused on Alice's studies as exams approached. Even though our intimate moments diminished, my love for her increased as I spent time with her, helping her prepare for finals.

On Wednesday night, I departed for home early as she wanted a restful night's sleep for the upcoming day's tests.

After Mom and I made love, we turned on our sides and kissed. Mom held my side and said, "Chad, you know she loves you deeply, don't you?"

A talk with Mom about my emotions was long overdue and I felt relief that she was the one to prompt a conversation about it. "It might be just a crush, Mom. She's in a vulnerable state, after experiencing so much pain with her past relationships. It might pass as quickly as it formed."

"No, it's much more than that," she retorted. "I've observed the way she interacts with you and the sparkle in her eyes when she looks at you. She's devoted to you, and it's evident that you reciprocate those feelings. Have you expressed to her how much you love her? She deserves to know."

"No," I replied, uneasily. "I don't want to hurt her, Mom. She'll eventually find out that I'm involved with you and her mother. That will end everything and might even set her back into a depressed state. I may have to try to slowly break up with her to protect her."

"What if you quit having relations with us? We could keep our relationship secret from then on," Mom asked.

"I'll tell you why that's not possible, Mom," I stated, resolutely. "When you and I make love, I can't describe the feeling I have when we're joined together. It's as if I exist in a different plane altogether. I won't give that up. Even though I love Alice, it's different. If she discovered our relationship and somehow was able to forgive me, I can't see her accepting my continued involvement with you or her mother."

Mom sighed and replied, "I know how you feel. When Carol first suggested you take her out, I was worried sick of losing you. If anyone asked me to sacrifice my relationship with you, I wouldn't have agreed. On the other hand, if you ever asked me, I'd do it, because I love you and want what's best for you. I can't tell you what to do in this case. You'll have to follow your heart, but remember, that whatever you decide, I'll support you and be by your side."

“Thanks, Mom,” I replied. “If you can think of a way to let Alice know I’m fucking all of her close relatives, it’d be a great help.” After a good laugh, we snuggled up to sleep for the night.

With the first set of her exams finished, Alice suggested we celebrate at our favorite restaurant. In the weeks prior to that night, her conservative dressing had shifted to a sexier look, but my jaw dropped when I picked her up. Her short skirt displayed her long, shapely legs and her tight, sheer blouse showed off her blue, silk bra. Her hair was perfect as was her minimal use of makeup. Wearing high heels, her height nearly matched my own.

Her face blushed pink as my eyes undressed her. “You look absolutely stunning, tonight,” I gushed. “You’re way out of my league, that’s for sure. Hopefully, a handsome man won’t steal you away from me tonight.”

“Just hold me tighter, then,” she replied, wrapping her arm through mine while giggling. “This week’s exams were a breeze, thanks to you, so I thought you deserved to have a date to escort you to dinner, rather than just a friend.”

We made small talk on the drive, my eyes furtively glancing at her exposed flesh. Mabel escorted us to our table while complimenting Alice on her sexy appearance. Throughout the meal, I allowed my gaze to engulf her beauty, receiving warm looks in return.

Once we finished, I extended a hand to help her out of her chair. As she stood, her expression shifted to one of sadness, and her gaze drifted towards the bar. Following her line of sight, I noticed a young man waving at us.

I inquired, “Do you know him? Would you like to go over and say hello? I can wait here.”

Her response was immediate, “No, absolutely not! He’s a one-night stand from my past before I met you. This is so embarrassing. I’m sorry for involving you in my sordid past.”

“It’s nothing,” I responded. “I have an idea. Let’s show him what he’s missing. Get ready to flip him the bird in response to his wave.” Placing my hands on her shoulders, I pressed my lips to hers. The sensation was far greater than I had anticipated. Her natural scent filled my nostrils as her soft, full lips pressed against mine. Her hands gripped the sides of my head and pulled me to her tightly.

We ground our mouths together, passionately kissing. Our tongues gently swiped across each other's lips, but never progressed inside, as if it were some sort of boundary. I stared into her brown eyes, witnessing the same love and lust contained in my heart.

After a few blissful moments, I released her, our faces remaining within inches. "Wow, that was something else," I exulted.

"You can say that again," she agreed. "Or better yet, you can do it again."

I didn't hesitate at her invitation and kissed her. This time, our tongues explored each other's mouths. My hands ran through her silky locks as I had dreamed of so many times. It felt like her mother's and a wave of remorse hit me, knowing she'd eventually find out about my affair with her mother.

Returning my focus to the beautiful woman in my arms, my fingers caressed her scalp as our tongues danced together. All too soon, we released, fearing we were causing a scene. Glancing to where her old fling had stood, I saw Mabel there instead, smiling and waving.

I chuckled and said, "You forgot to flip him off, but I guess Mabel took care of him. You don't have to worry about him bothering you on the way out."

"I didn't want anything to distract me from your kiss," she purred. "He's history and you're the only one I care about now."

After the kiss, I knew there was no turning back. We had openly displayed our love for each other and my heart sank, knowing it would soon be over.

Dropping her off, I headed home to relate the evening's events to Mom. After a wild romp in bed, she described her newest plan. "I think I know of a way to provide Alice with a hint of our close relationship. Since you two danced together when you were in high school, I think a night of dancing might be appropriate. We'll invite Pamela and spice it up a bit."

After explaining how we would proceed, my excitement grew along with my angst as to how things would pan out.

Chapter 3

Without divulging the details to Alice, I invited her out to dinner with Mom and Pamela. She readily accepted and after picking her up, we made our way to the diner with the small dance floor. When they exited the car, Pamela hugged Alice tightly and said, "It's been so long since I've seen my pretty niece. I'm jealous that you spend all your time with my sister."

Releasing her, Alice's gaze drifted lower, noticing Pamela's braless tits proudly pressed against her thin blouse, her hard nipples clearly visible. She blushed and aware that she was staring, replied, "Sorry, Auntie. I'd love to come visit you more often. I've been busy with school so I haven't kept in touch as much as I'd like."

"I'm looking forward to it, let's talk about it over dinner," Pamela replied.

The meal went well, with the three ladies commanding the conversation. When we had nearly finished, Pamela rose, held her hand out to me, and asked, "Would you care for a dance with your aunt, Chad?"

I rose and escorted her to the floor, leaving Alice with a curious look. Following Mom's agenda, Pamela and I slow-danced, with her nearly-bare tits pressed into my chest. She rested her head on my shoulder, and whispered, "Turn me so Alice sees my backside."

When Alice's stare focused on our movements, I said, "She's closely monitoring us, Auntie. From the way she was checking out your tits, you may soon get a visit from her."

"Perfect," my aunt replied. "Move your hands down and show her how my ass is no stranger to your hands."

"I love obeying your commands, Auntie," I replied, gently cupping and squeezing her buns while Alice looked in shock. After kneading her fleshy globes for a few minutes, the music died down and we stopped moving. We kissed, much more than a familial kiss, but refrained from opening our mouths.

When we returned to the table, Alice was already standing, holding her hand out. "My turn," she breathed, still blushing from my inappropriate actions with my aunt. Distancing myself like a gentleman would do with his dancing partner, Alice wouldn't stand for it and hugged me tightly to her. We swayed to the music, while her hands stroked my back.

"You and your aunt appear to be closer than I remember," she whispered, her hot breath washing across my ear. "Is she always so forward with you? If I didn't know any better, I'd think she was flirting with you."

“She’s just lonely, that’s all,” I retorted. Nestling my nose in her hair, I changed topics to throw her off, “Your hair smells wonderful. I could get used to this. Your dancing skills haven’t diminished since school.”

“You too,” she commented. “Although, I don’t recall practicing the moves you did on your aunt. Would you mind doing the same to me?”

Obedying her wishes, my hands cupped and squeezed her firm, soft ass. She groaned in my ear while I played with her ass. “Next time, don’t wear panties,” I whispered.

After a soft giggle, she asked, “Do you suggest that to your aunt and Mom, too, when you dance with them?”

Her body stiffened, when I replied, “I don’t have to tell them. They know better when they’re with me.”

Expecting her to be repulsed with me, she surprised me when she pleaded, “Kiss me, Chad.”

She was on fire and couldn’t wait to jam her tongue into my mouth, her hands pulling my head tightly to hers. Our mouths were still locked together after the music stopped. Finally, releasing me with her expression filled with lust, she led me back to the table. Politely excusing herself to visit the ladies’s room, Mom and Pamela shared a giggle as I recounted what I said to Alice.

“I can guarantee you that she’s in a stall removing her panties, obeying your wishes,” Mom noted. “Stick to my original plan, in case she’s still not aware of our relationship.”

Upon her return, Alice sat and impatiently waited for the music to begin. The announcement of the final dance prompted her to stand and hold her hand out. I stood and said, “Sorry, Alice, but I always reserve the last dance for my mother.”

Her expression saddened for a few seconds, before brightening. “I agree,” she said. “I’m sorry if I stepped out of bounds. Your mother should always be your top priority.”

Mom didn’t dance, but she didn’t have to as we closely held each other, barely moving. Holding me close, she said, “Move us close enough to where only Alice and Pamela can see us. Hide your head in my hair and grab my ass.”

When we were in position and out of sight of everyone else, I cupped Mom’s buns.

She whispered, “Lower.”

After I moved my hands down to the bottom of her short skirt, she instructed, “Lower, on my bare legs, and then higher, lifting my dress, while feeling my legs.”

I took my time, going higher, relishing the soft, smooth flesh of her upper legs. When my hands bumped against her ass, I paused.

She croaked, “Higher and spread me out so Alice can see that my son owns my wet and horny pussy.”

Mom aided me by spreading her legs and leaning into me, while I gently pulled her cheeks apart. Once I was confident that Alice received an eyeful, I lowered my arms and guided Mom back to the center of the dance floor.

Mom’s breasts heaved against me, excited from displaying her hairy pussy to my cousin. “I still can’t see her, Mom but I think we can count on Alice not being there when we return.”

“I bet not,” Mom retorted. “I’ll concede I was wrong if she doesn’t have a wide smile on her face when you check. Prove me wrong.”

I shifted and looked at our table, pulling Mom’s body into mine tightly. “You’re right, Mom. Her expression couldn’t be more joyful. How’d you know?”

“It was an act of trust between a mother and her son’s girlfriend. She now knows our most hidden secret—our incestuous connection,” Mom explained. “She’s part of the family now, paving the way for you two to openly express your love.”

“I love you both so much,” I said, kissing her neck.

“The song is almost over,” Mom remarked. “Kiss me, not as you did with your aunt, but with me when you want to fuck.”

“That’s easy, Mom because I want to fuck you right here,” I replied, locking my mouth with hers. We French kissed until the song ended and for several minutes afterward. When we returned to the table, Alice and Pamela greeted us, their faces blushing pink.

Mom steered the conversation away from the evening on the way home, and when I walked Alice to her door, she insisted, “Next time, we’re taking my mother and yours to the dance club.”

“Your mother doesn’t dance,” I argued.

“Neither does yours and it looked like she enjoyed it just fine,” she replied, with a sexy smirk.

The following day, Alice sent me a text message, informing me that she would be occupied for the week, wrapping up her remaining finals. She proposed that we celebrate on Friday night by taking both our mothers to our beloved restaurant. I promptly replied, letting her know that I’d handle the driving.

The week felt like it was passing in slow motion as I anxiously awaited an evening with Alice. Finally, the night arrived and after changing, I nervously fidgeted with my clothes. Mom noticed my anxiety and reassured me, saying, “Don’t worry, Chad. Everything will fall into place. After dinner, it will be the ideal moment for you and Alice to convey your love for each other. Why don’t we invite her and Carol over to our house after dinner?”

“That sounds great, Mom,” I agreed. “In fact, you could help set the mood. Excuse yourself early and take Carol into our bedroom and leave the door open, so we can hear you. If you can, don’t allow Carol to cum. I have something planned for her.”

“Oh, I do love surprises!” Mom exclaimed.

I was awe-struck when my gaze set upon Alice and her mother. Their captivating choice of attire caught my attention, and my mom, unable to resist, playfully let out a wolf whistle of appreciation.

“You two are beautiful,” I greeted them, and they responded with broad smiles as I escorted them to the car.

Mabel guided us to our table, and once we were all seated, Alice began introducing our moms. However, Mabel interrupted her, saying, “I know exactly who these two beautiful women are. Your mothers are gorgeous, and now I see where Alice and Chad inherited their stunning looks.”

Alice and I sat together on one side of the booth, while Mom and Carol were opposite us. Our mothers’ presence didn’t deter Alice from overtly flirting with me, leaning over and kissing me on the cheek several times throughout the meal. I sucked it in, enjoying every moment of attention from her.

After finishing, we drove home for a dessert that Mom had prepared. Alice and I sat on the couch while our mothers relaxed in the cozy, stuffed chairs opposite us. Mom and Carol tidied up afterward, and as planned, Mom stated, “Carol and I

are going to relax a bit. You kids can remain out here and watch a show if you want.”

When we were alone, and I removed my shoes and socks to become more comfortable, Alice followed by removing her heels. While we talked about her exams, she stretched and rested her feet on the end table. Her wrap-around skirt ended a few inches above her knees, resulting in my eyes feasting on her shapely, lower legs.

Catching my leering gaze, she asked, “Do you want to watch a show or do something else?” she asked, her tongue seductively swiping across her full lips.

“Not really,” I answered. “I don’t want anything to distract me from talking with you.”

She jumped up and proposed, “I have a better idea.” Holding out her hands to help me to my feet, she said, “Please dance with me to celebrate finishing another week of finals. We don’t need music.”

Holding her close, her perfume and hair shampoo scent flooded my senses as our heads pressed together. Her embrace tightened when she heard Mom’s moans escape from the bedroom. My hands explored her back and lowered until they rested on her bottom.

She stopped moving and faced me, her fiery eyes reflecting her lust. “I did as you wanted,” she whispered, sexily smirking.

Answering my curious look, she said, “I didn’t wear any panties for our dance.”

My hands caressed and lightly squeezed her buns, verifying her statement. Gently kissing her, I said, “I meant it as a joke, but it’s nice nonetheless. You don’t have to do everything I ask.”

“I don’t have to, but I want to. There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you,” she purred, kissing me gently. After I felt her hand move between our bodies, I felt her unfasten a button before her skirt landed on top of my feet. “I might have tricked you and wore a thong. You should verify that I obeyed you completely,” she croaked, her voice cracking with desire.

While one hand squeezed a firm, round asscheek, my other moved to her front. She gasped when my fingers slithered through her hairy mound. I palmed her mons pubis and gently squeezed. Trapping her pubic hair between my fingers, I gently pulled and involuntarily groaned from the thrill of the first time holding her furry treasure.

My fingers slid between her lips, discovering her wet interior. She was ready to do anything I asked and a wave of heat flushed through me, knowing we would soon be fucking. After a few quick strokes, I pulled out and returned to hold her ass. Her hopeful expression pleaded for approval.

“I can definitely confirm that you’re not wearing anything else,” I stated. “I love you, Alice. You’re so beautiful and I can’t believe you’re with me tonight.”

We kissed, more passionately than before, while Alice’s nimble hands unbuttoned my pants and shoved them to the floor, my shorts quickly following. Wrapping her hand around my prick, she stroked me while we French kissed. After a few minutes, she ordered, “Take off your shirt.”

After shucking it, her hands roamed around my chest while we kissed again. Our breaths were short and rapid, each of us excited to finally physically connect. When I started to unbutton her blouse, her hand held my wrist from proceeding.

Her eyes locked with mine, as she uttered, “I’m not interested in dating any longer. I’m in it for the long haul and just as you told me you have relationship requirements, I need to know that you’ll agree to mine before I commit myself to you.”

My heart skipped a beat, thinking this was when she’d demand I discontinue my relationship with my mother. “I’ll never do anything to harm you, Alice. If you want to stop now, I will.”

“Not so fast,” Alice replied. “First, my man has to adore a natural woman.” She smiled when my hand cupped her hairy mound. “I take that as a yes. Secondly, he has to want children, as I do. We’ve already covered that so that brings me to my final request.”

Before I could intercede, she continued, “My family is of utmost importance to me and if they’re not happy, I won’t be either. As my soulmate and life-long partner, I’ll expect you to fuck my mom, your mom, and your aunt whenever they require it. Will you agree to my rules?” she asked, stroking my hard cock, smiling widely.

“You know? For how long?” I asked.

“When I stopped dating, I went to Mom’s medicine cabinet to return my birth control pills. To my surprise, I noticed a new prescription for her, and when I noticed her joyful expression upon returning from your house, I knew you were filling her with cum. My suspicions were confirmed when I heard you fucking her when your mom made up that story about checking your computer.”

“You knew the whole time and still didn’t dump me. That must have been hard not to confront me,” I remarked.

“It was actually quite fun, seeing you wrestle with your emotions, knowing that I’d find out you’re fucking our relatives. I love you so much, and would love to share you with my two aunts and Mom.”

“And Gran,” I added, smiling.

“Grandma?” she asked. “I want to hear every juicy detail about that in the future. Now that I’ve listed my requirements, let’s hear the ones you’ve been keeping under wraps.”

“They’re surprisingly identical to yours. It just so happens, that we’re a perfect match,” I stated, causing us to share a nervous giggle. It was the turning point in our relationship, baring our souls to each other.

“Chad, will you marry me and bear my children?” Alice asked.

“I’m not sure we can, being cousins,” I stated, knowing I’d marry her regardless.

“I already checked. It’s allowed in this state,” she retorted.

Still uncertain if we were rushing things, I asked, “We haven’t even made love. Shouldn’t we spend time together first, before committing to make sure we’re compatible? After all, I haven’t even made it second base.”

“That’s your fault, not mine,” she responded. “You only had to ask. Let’s cover second base before you hit a home run.” Her eyes directed me to her tits, hidden behind her bra and blouse.

When I hesitated to unbutton her, she said, “I’ve seen your eyes undress me plenty of times. Now I want to watch your expression when you do it for real.”

I nervously unfastened her blouse and shoved it off her shoulders. Reaching around her, I unsnapped her bra and after removing it, my eyes locked onto her amazing tits. As suspected, they were larger than her mother’s and capped with hard, rubbery tips, begging for attention.

“They’re more beautiful than I could have ever imagined,” I croaked, cupping her firm mounds.

She moaned and replied, “You don’t know how long I’ve waited for this. Squeeze my tits and play with them.”

My prick ached as I kneaded and squeezed her succulent melons. My fingertips found and gripped her engorged nubs, causing her to groan.

“God, that feels good. My nipples have ached for your touch. My whole body is tingling with excitement. Kiss me, Chad.”

Remembering my time with her mother, I gripped her ass and lifted her. “Wrap your legs around me and hold on,” I instructed. As if she knew, she followed her mother’s actions perfectly, holding me tightly until we were face-to-face.

After a light kiss, I said, “Your mother made me hold like this so we could kiss without leaning over.”

She gasped, “That’s so fucking hot.” We kissed, our tongues dancing together while our hot bodies nestled together. Hearing Mom’s passionate screams from achieving her orgasm, spurred Alice to intensify her kiss.

Knowing Mom was feasting on Aunt Carol’s hairy muff, I released Alice’s mouth and proposed, “Alice, I love you deeply and want nothing more than to be your husband. Will you marry me and bear my children.”

“Yes!” she exclaimed. “I love you so much. I’m still off the pill and this week, I’m in my fertile cycle. Put a baby in me during our first time together.”

“I want nothing more than to fill you with sperm. Let’s make it special and give your mother a present. When I was with her in my room, she voiced her concerns about us banging on the bed and was worried about you investigating. When I told her if that happened, I’d make you eat your mother’s pussy while I plowed her daughter from the rear, she exploded with a major orgasm. Let’s make her fantasy come true.”

“Eek!” Alice screeched. “You want my first pussy sucking to be with my own mother? I’m so fucking turned on, I might cum before we even get there.”

“Don’t worry. She’ll be just as excited. I told Mom to not bring her off, so she’s going to be plenty horny. Let’s go. I can’t wait to plant a baby in you.”

She squealed and jumped off of me, running to the bedroom. When we entered, Carol’s loud moans were non-stop. I knew that if we had waited any longer, it would have been too late. I gripped Mom’s waist and pulled her off of Carol’s body. Alice crawled between her mother’s legs and planted her mouth on her mom’s pussy for the first time.

Carol raised her head and seeing the top of Alice's head, screamed, "Jesus, my sweet daughter is eating me."

When Mom turned to me, I licked Carol's juices from her chin and cheeks before kissing her. She stroked my cock a few times before releasing me and positioned me behind Alice's raised ass. Mom couldn't resist and ran her hands over her niece's smooth buns. Alice widened her legs and wiggled her hips, eagerly anticipating her long-awaited fuck.

Mom grasped my prick and led me closer to Alice's enchanting entrance. After running my bloated head up and down my cousin's puffy, slick labia, Mom seated it into Alice's clinging, grasping gash. I took my time, savoring the feel of her snug, hot channel. As with when fucking Mom, this was the time I most enjoyed, the ecstatic, euphoric feeling during the initial entry.

She was tight, but her walls quickly separated and released slick juice, coating my ram with her lubricant. Mom moved behind me and caressed my back while I eased my cock to the bottom of Alice's quivering quim. Carol's moaning increased in volume, but Alice's muffled grunt was louder when my cock was fully embedded. Her pussy shook with excitement, both from my prick and the thrill of sucking her mother's pussy.

Digging my fingers into her firm ass, I slid out to her opening before ramming back in, smashing her face into her mother's gash from the impact. I couldn't have stopped if I wanted to, pumping her shaking pussy like a wildman.

"That's it, sweetie. Suck my clit! I'm cumming!" Carol screamed, her body humping as she enjoyed her first mother-daughter orgasm. While Alice slurped her mother's juices, her pussy clamped onto my cock as her orgasm commenced.

"Fuck, Mommy! I'm cumming on his cock. I can't believe how good it feels!" Alice screeched, pulling off her mother's pussy and planting her head in her Mom's soft stomach. Carol held her daughter's head, caressing her scalp while Alice grunted and groaned through her climax. Before I could release, Mom gently tugged me backward, and I knew that she wanted me to kiss the love of my life when I erupted in her.

When I stepped back, Mom dashed in and flipped Alice onto her back beside her mother. Carol's breasts heaved from excitement and looking at the two beautiful nude women, side by side, I wished I had two cocks to fuck them at the same time.

Alice's eyes, blissfully glazed over, gazed at my advancing, bobbing rock-hard cock. She spread her legs widely and opened her arms, extending an inviting

gesture for me to claim my soon-to-be wife. My cock, coated with her cum, easily slipped between her engorged labia. When I was halfway in, her hips humped up, allowing her hungry hole to swallow the rest of my prick.

“Oof!” she gasped. “That feels so good. Fuck me, baby. Your cock is stretching me out. Your children will have no problem sliding out.”

Carol rolled onto her side and kissed her daughter, asking, “Are you ready to become pregnant? I thought maybe you started taking the pill again.”

“No, Mom. From the time I heard him banging you in his bedroom, I knew I wanted to bear his children. We’re getting married and planning on having a large family.”

She stopped talking and fought for breath as I slammed into her sodden slot. Her pelvis twisted around and bumped up, throwing all of her energy into our incestuous consummation.

“That’s all a mother could want,” Carol stated. “I love you so much. You’re going to be a great mother and I’ll be there to help you all the way. Let’s open you up so he can fill your womb full of sperm.”

Grasping her daughter’s knee, Carol pulled Alice’s leg forward, while Mom did the same to the other. My prick sunk deeper than before as her pelvis angled upward.

Alice grunted and groaned each time my balls slapped against her ass. Carol caressed her daughter’s scalp and kissed her on the cheek as I pummeled Alice’s clasp channel. Her big tits bounced to and fro and her diamond-hard, dark brown tips beckoned my mouth. I leaned forward and latched on, nibbling and biting her sensitive tip.

She wailed out with the additional stimulation and soon after, her pussy contracted on my cock. Pumping through her mini-orgasm, I continued to thrust in and out, finally releasing my mouth from her turgid tip. While resting on my elbows, I gazed into her beautiful face, enjoying her expression of blissful pleasure.

Mom and Carol stretched Alice’s legs outward and wrapped them around me. Alice, using her legs for leverage, elevated her body and bucked into me. The euphoric sensation sweeping through me while fucking her, mirrored the same emotions when I made love to Mom. Seeing my wide smile, between gasps, she asked, “What are you thinking about?”

“I’m thinking about how much I love fucking you,” I replied. “I want to make love to you forever.”

She smiled in return and murmured, “Good, because we’re going to be doing it a lot. It’s better than I could have ever imagined. I’m ready to cum again. I want to feel you fill me with your sperm.”

We locked our mouths and eyes together for the conclusion of our joining. She groaned in my mouth, but refused to pull off, while her pussy convulsed around my cock. Her pupils dilated while her eyes widened when her swollen vaginal lining felt my sperm flowing up my stem. When the first splash of cum splattered her walls, her pussy clamped on so hard, I couldn’t continue.

Her nails dug into my back, and when her constricting slot relaxed, I withdrew to her entrance and plowed back in, ejecting another glob of semen. Her pussy continued to contract and milk my prick as my balls filled her fertile cavity with baby batter. When our bodies ceased jerking and pulsing, a wave of euphoric hormones flowed through our systems. Her eyes filled with love and I knew mine reflected the same emotion.

After gently kissing each other while we recovered, she pulled back and purred, “That was unbelievable. I’ve never felt so high.”

“You got that right,” I replied. “I’m on top of the world, finally making love to you. I’m sorry I didn’t express my feelings to you before. I love you so much.”

“I know, sweetie,” she answered. “Your eyes told me how much you loved me. You didn’t have to say it.”

Rolling off her, I rested beside her, recovering from the intense workout. Mom caressed my heaving chest, while Carol’s hands soothingly rubbed her daughter’s spent body. While the three women busily planned the remodel of a room for our child, my thoughts drifted into a daydream of the wonderful life that lay ahead of me.

Twenty minutes later, Alice sat up and ran her petite hands up and down my thighs, until my prick awakened and twitched. Leaning over, she licked our mixed cum off my shaft as if she were eating a popsicle. After kissing my tip, her hand wrapped around my hardening cock and slurred, “Once I bring you back to full hardness, I want to watch you fuck your mother.”

My cock jerked, as always, when thinking about my cock snugly buried in Mom’s pussy. Alice’s mouth engulfed my cock and descended to the root, banging my spongy head against the back of her throat. Her head bobbed up and down as she

expertly blew me. It wasn't long before her sucking mouth turned my cock steel-hard. Fearing she wasn't going to stop until I exploded, I gently pulled her off. She passionately kissed me and hoarsely croaked, "Fuck your mother, Chad."

Crawling between Mom's widely spread legs, I had no trouble sinking to the bottom of her juicy, slick pussy. She rose her knees and planted her feet on the mattress, elevating and twisting her hips.

Alice lay on her side and watched us while her mother snuggled next to her and planted kisses on her neck and cheeks.

I lay my head next to Mom's so we could whisper to each other while making love. Mom rocked and humped, gyrating her pelvis to provide the most enjoyment for both of us.

"Your pussy is soaked, Mom. Did you like watching your son fuck his cousin?" I asked, softly.

She humped up hard, smashing my balls against her ass, whispering, "You know I do. She's going to be a wonderful wife and I'm so happy that you've finally declared your love for each other."

Hearing groans next to us, I glanced at Alice and her mother, passionately kissing, while their hands played with each other's tits. "It looks like they became bored watching us, Mom," I remarked, giggling.

"It's their first time together," Mom replied. "Let them bond as close as we are."

While my future wife and her mother made out, I concentrated on pleasing my mother's horny pussy. Thrusting deeply, Mom grunted and groaned, her expression filled with bliss.

"Don't cum in me," Mom whispered. "I want to do something special for Carol, who is responsible for everything that's happened."

"Good thing you said something, because I'm almost there," I replied, panting heavily. "Get ready, Mom. You know how we can make you cum fast."

"Of course, sweetie. I'm the one who taught you. Now fuck me hard and fast!" she screamed, breaking the intimate kiss Alice and her mom were enjoying. Carol rolled off her daughter and both of them watched as mother and son wildly fucked.

I gripped her ass, while she arched her back and angled her channel, so my ridged helmet scraped across the roof of her pussy. With each stroke, she groaned with pleasure, as my cock continued to slide across her aroused, bumpy g-spot.

Her body stiffened as her pussy collapsed around my cock, smothering it with her slick cum. I didn't want to stop and continued plowing into her until I remembered her wish. I reluctantly pulled out and stood at the end of the bed.

Mom rolled onto her side and kissed Alice, filling her hand with one of her niece's firm tits. After a few moments of intimately connecting with her future daughter-in-law, she croaked, "Your mother was the one who brought me and my son together. She was also instrumental in arranging your time with Chad. We owe her a great deal and I'd like to reward her."

Mom stood and helped Alice off the bed. Alice immediately hugged and kissed me while Mom grabbed Carol's ankles and moved her until her ass was at the edge of the bed, her feet planted on the floor. Once she had my aunt arranged, she turned Alice to face her and explained, "Your mother loves to suck my son's cum out of a freshly-fucked pussy and also enjoys having her tight pussy stuffed full of his prick. How'd you like to help fulfill both of her wishes?"

Alice and Carol both shrieked with glee and I'm not sure whose smile was wider. Alice scampered onto the bed, straddled her mother's face and before she could lower herself, Carol gripped her daughter's waist and pulled Alice's cum-filled cunt onto her face.

Alice faced the end of the bed and watched while I lifted her mother's legs, placing her ankles on my shoulders. Her pelvis angled upward, the perfect position for me to walk into her. Closing the gap, I nestled my prick onto Carol's hairy mound.

"Oh, my!" Alice gasped. "Mom really knows how to eat pussy. I have a lot to learn from her. And now I get to watch your prick sink into her horny pussy."

Alice watched as I slowly slid my cock back and forth through her mom's silky fur. "Stick it in, Alice," I ordered, my voice hoarse with lust.

Her fingers wrapped around my cock and ran the bloated head around her mother's engorged outer lips several times, before popping my tip behind the tight ring. While she held my base, I sunk into Carol's gripping, rippling gash. When our pubic mounds meshed together, Alice beseeched, "Stay buried."

Gripping my base, she twisted and ground my hard prick around, as if churning butter in Carol's fiery-hot cauldron. Carol's hips gyrated, while her daughter stirred her pot with my thickened cock.

Alice gasped, "Her tongue is scraping my insides, mimicking your cock. She needs to cum." Her fingers released my cock and moved to her mother's engorged clit, fully exposed from under its hood. When Alice ran her fingers across it, my aunt's body jerked. Before she could recover, Alice squeezed and milked her mother's clit, causing Carol's cunt to contract around my embedded prick. Hot juices flooded her crevice while Alice caressed her mother's sensitive nub.

"Oh God!" Alice exclaimed. "I'm cuming on her mouth." Her hands gripped my waist as she fucked her mother's face. Leaning into each other, we kissed while her mother bucked her hips.

"Fuck her hard, Chad!" she exclaimed. "My mother needs to feel your cock explode."

Withdrawing my prick to my aunt's outer lips, I slammed back in, bringing out a yelp from Alice, feeling her mother's tongue fiercely attack her sensitive pussy. Alice held onto my shoulders and peered down at my frothy white, cum-coated piston, pumping in and out of her mother's boiling-hot pussy.

"That's so fucking hot," Alice purred. "Yesterday, I had doubts if we would ever get together and now I'm watching your prick glide in and out of Mom. I ate my first pussy today and now mine is being sucked on for the first time by a woman—both times from my own mother!"

Carol's rippling walls massaged and clung to my cock, as I continued to thrust deeply each stroke. Her wet, slippery channel reflected the excitement from joining with her daughter while her pussy was filled with her nephew's thick cock. Alice's breasts heaved as our panting and gasping increased.

While madly pounding her mother, I ran my hands up Alice's sweaty sides and cupped her full, rounded breasts. She moaned, raised her head from watching our genitals mash together and passionately kissed me. My fingers twisted her bullet-hard nipples while our tongues fucked each other.

Carol's body shook and stiffened, signaling her impending climax. Gasping for breath, I croaked, "Her pussy is going to set me off. Cum on your mother's tongue again."

"Pull my nipples!" she screeched.

I gripped her engorged tips and gently tugged on them.

“Harder!” she ordered. “Roll them between your fingers and milk them.”

We kissed again, our eyes staring into each other’s souls. I yanked her tits so hard, I thought the tips might pop off. Her eyes widened as her body quivered with her orgasm. Her mother’s pussy convulsed and squeezed my cock in response.

My swollen prick erupted, pulsing and jerking in Carol’s spasming slot. Grunts and loud groans filled the room as the three of us fucked through our orgasms. A wave of blissful happiness flowed through me, mirroring Alice’s expression.

After sliding my cock out of her mother’s horny hole, Alice bent over and licked off our mixed cum. Exhausted, I lay on the bed, flat on my back. Mom helped Alice extract herself from her mother and placed her body on top of mine.

“I love you so much,” Alice whispered, kissing me gently.

Mom lay on her side next to us, while Carol snuggled by us on the other side. “I love you, too. We owe so much to our wonderful mothers,” I replied.

Alice turned her head and kissed her mother, “Mom, thanks for everything you’ve done.”

“A Mother knows what’s best for her children,” Carol replied. “I’m so happy that your life is back on track. You’re going to think I’m a terrible Mom though, because I’m going to dearly miss your future husband’s cock.”

“No, you won’t, Mom,” Alice retorted, giggling. “It’s part of our prenup. He’s agreed to sexually take care of all of us.”

Carol kissed her daughter gently and replied, “Thank you so much, dear. I don’t want you to become jealous, and I’ll make sure you’re with us when we make love.”

“That’s not what I want, Mom,” Alice responded to her mother. “My desire is for you to fuck him whenever you want. In fact, I find it hot to think he’s fucking you or his mother when I’m at school. When he has sex with me at night, he can describe in detail how he made you cum with his magnificent cock.”

“You’re such a sweet daughter,” Carol replied, kissing her.

I turned to kiss Mom, her contented expression reflecting the deep love she held for me. With her fears of losing her son vanished, she was fully at peace with herself.

Suddenly, her eyes filled with a yearning I hadn't seen before, when we heard Alice confide to her mother, "Now that we're a family, it's a perfect time for our mothers to bear another child – from my wonderful husband, of course."