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BEE-6084A Incest Games by Jolene Homes

Chapter 1

The room was darkened by drawn drapes, and Lorena had stopped just inside the door, but she could see plainly what was happening on the bed, where her brother was jacking off.

Shock held her motionless, and she stared entranced at the boy's stiffly upright cock, at how his hand was moving slowly, lovingly, up and down upon it. Glynn was masturbating; no doubt about that. His balls were lifting and falling to the rhythm of his stroking, and she was surprised at their size, and at the length of his prick. It wasn't very big around--not compared to the two she had seen to date--but it was inches longer than either of those.

Glynn had a book in his other hand, engrossed in its pictures, and Lorena thought it must be one of those horny magazines young guys seemed to dig so much. It was turning on her brother, that was certain; his hand fondled his glistening shaft, and worked up to the lavender colored head, then stroked down to his balls once more. His pubic hair was a rich and shining brown, feathering his crotch and covering his balls with a shaggy fur. He was amazingly well developed for being only fifteen years old, she thought.

She felt her heart pounding and the threat of a runaway pulse in her throat. The nipples of her tits lifted strongly and pushed against her thin shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra, and she'd sneaked into her brother's room to borrow a special sweater, without his knowing it. Now she couldn't leave.

Lorena couldn't even take her eyes off that sensuous movement as his hand slid up and down, up and down. He had something on his cock, she thought, and was sure of it when she saw him lift his hand to his mouth and lick it several times, wetting down the palm. Glynn was using his own saliva, and that was something she had always wondered about, how boys did it. It was easy for a girl because her pussy turned juicy right away, and when she slid a finger inside to feel around--

Somehow, Lorena's hand had gotten down to cup her mound, to tremble there as her entire being seemed to concentrate, to fold in upon itself and the deep shiverings began. Her pussy responded, but her hand would not. She wore jeans, and the material was too tight, too thick at her crotch, for her to get inside and start masturbating along with her brother.

She was drawn to him now. She yearned toward where he lay stretched slim and tanned upon the bed. They had always been close, getting along much better than the other brothers and sisters they knew. And lately, they had begun to develop a special kinship, because of the turmoil in the family.

But now--Lorena's fingers dug almost savagely into her crotch--on the bed, her brother's ass lifted and rolled, and his belly made sexy, bumping motions as his prick fed itself into his clenching fist. She took an involuntary step toward him, and fought herself to a standstill again. What was she doing? What did she have in mind?

Him. She had him in mind, and in her blood, and he was also beginning

to come to a boil within the trembling damp lips of her avid pussy. He was her brother and she wanted him, more so than she had wanted the two other guys who had screwed her. If that was bad or forbidden or whatever the hell, Lorena didn't give a damn now. She wanted Glynn, and she meant to have him.

She took another hesitant step, wondering whether to wait it through, thinking that if he came and all his boyish semen drained from that interesting prick, then he might not have any left in reserve for her. But she also wanted to see what happened when a guy's cock exploded. She'd felt the onrush of come before, but she had never watched what happened.

The choice was taken from her at that moment. Glynn's eyes caught the motion she'd made, and he looked up, stared right at her. He slapped the magazine down over his cock, his upper body jerking erect, his eyes wide.

"Sis! What the hell--how long have you--get the hell outa' my room!"

Her voice was strange in her own ears, strained, sounding kind of fuzzy. "Glynn--don't--I wasn't sneaking--" she moved toward the bed, her hand out entreatingly. The other one was still cupping her crotch. Lorena reached the bed and her knees gave way, spilling her upon it.

"Damn it--" he said.

She didn't know what she was saying; she hadn't consciously meant to say "darling," but that's what came out.

And it must have been the right thing, for her brother stopped bristling defensively and a flush spread over his face. "Lorena, you shouldn't have come in here without knocking. I'm not a kid anymore."

"I'll say," she agreed, and watched his blush deepen. Her hand was on his leg, moving up to his knee, and she murmured, "I saw what you were doing. If you--if you go ahead until you come, will that stop you from--well, doing anything else?"

His eyes followed her hand, and he flinched when she reached his thigh and the edge of the magazine that was protecting his prick. "You mean--you? Sis, don't tease me. I never had a girl before. I've only done this, jacked off."

Lorena reached up and did things to the neck of her blouse. It slipped away and he stared at her freed tits. She felt her nipples more erect and harder than they had ever been, and the mounds themselves were swollen with this new, urgent need. Her lips moved numbly: "Do you like them? Do you like my boobs?"

"They're beautiful," he said. "Oh wow--just like I always dreamed they would be, if I ever got a peek at all of them."

She swallowed. "You can touch them. Glynn. You can let go of that damned magazine and touch your sister's tits."

His hands moved jerkily, came up with the fingers outstretched. The magazine slid off his lap and she saw the beautiful hard cock spring erect once more. Watching him jack off could wait, she decided; there would be plenty of time for that kind of action, later.

Her entire being trembled when her brother's hands moved over her tits. There was a look of awe in his face as he cupped the mounds, as he

pushed them down and allowed them to rise again, with their erectile nipples firmly against his palms.

"Beautiful tits," he said. "Strong and lovely. Man oh man, to think I'm really, really playing with them."

She couldn't wait. Both her hands moved up his thighs and her fingertips prowled into the shaggy forest of his brown pubic hair. Glynn jerked his pelvis, and his hard prick waved back and forth like a flag-pole in an earthquake. Lorena touched the base of his cock, caressed the furry balls in their wrinkled sack. The shaft of her brother's prick was throbbing; it was veined with twisting lines, and the skin was impossibly soft along its length.

The head of it was something else, still damp from his saliva, flanged and bluntly pointed, that intriguing lavender color deepening as she fingered over the knob. As she watched, a little droplet of clear fluid rose from the tiny mouth. And his fingers dug into her tits with an immediacy, an impatience that matched her own sizzling emotions.

She released his cock suddenly, her hands darting to her waist, snatching at the zipper of her boys' jeans. Wriggling her hips and kicking off her tennies, Lorena stripped herself, flinging away the panties, too. When she rolled over onto the bed with her bare legs churning, she was totally naked, and the slightest touch of her brother's skin against her own was electric.

Their eager bodies slid together, flesh on flesh, and she felt the long pole of his cock pressed tightly against her belly. Lorena's mouth sought her brother's, and finding it, locked avidly to his mobile lips. Jolt after bright, hot jolt shot through her body and went ricocheting around inside her head when their tongues met.

Wet and wild, they passed tongues back and forth, sucking and being sucked; their teeth clashed gently, and Lorena thought that Glynn was a natural cocksman, to know so much and to react so well. He'd never screwed a girl, yet here he was, so hot and strong.

Her tits worked across his chest, their nipples ultra-sensitive. Her pelvis ground itself into his, and she lifted one slim leg to place it across his hip. Glynn pushed nearer, then, the head of his expanded prick pulsing hungrily, prodding at the hairy mound of her humid pussy.

Lorena reached for his cock, held lovingly to it for just a moment, then steered the spongy-hard knob into the entrance of her labia. Glynn shoved, and the head of it skidded from the hole itself, to slip greasily along the quaking pussy lips and on past the cleft in her ass. She fumbled down and took him in her fingers again, clinging powerfully to her brother's prick as he tried to pump it home.

"E-easy, baby!" she gasped. "Oh, take it easy. Here--let me guide it for you. Yes, darling; there--oh, there! Feel how wet and soft it is? Now push it in my cunt, Glynn. Take your time."

He said brokenly, "Sis--oh, sis! You're so hot and slick, it's like nothing I ever felt before--all juicy and like velvet. Man! I'm getting into my beautiful sister's pussy."

She felt the head thrust into her outer cunt lips, and knew the thrill as it penetrated, stretching the labia, as it came on into the next frail barrier and shoved it aside, also. He was into her snatch then, pushed the length of his long, hard prick all the way into her wetly grasping vagina.

Lorena knew a strange new sensation as she realized that the head of her brother's cock was pumping against her cervix, that for the first time in her young life, the cup of her womb was being prodded by a boy's prick. It was so much more thrilling to know that she was being fucked by her brother. Dear, darling Glynn; he had grown up practically under her wing after their parents started fighting. Now he was really hers, and she was his, in this marvelous intimacy.

"I--I feel your pussy around my prick," he panted, moving his belly into hers, backing his rod out almost to the head before shoving it deep again. "Oh, wow--sis! I always dreamed fucking you would be crazy, but never this hot and slippery and good. Oh--I'm going to come. Already! I--I can't hold it off! I love you so much--AHHH!"

She ground her cunt around upon his plunging shaft, digging her fingernails into the smoothly muscled cheeks of his ass. "Go on, darling! Let it all go! Squirt your lovely hot semen into me, into your sister's cunt. It's all right. It's fine, baby."

His come erupted from the flexing end of his hard cock, spewed forth a boiling stream of the wondrous liquid that both seared and soothed. Lorena met his hesitant, broken strokes, swinging her ass and humping her snatch to him, knowing the wet slap of her brother's balls. He was sweet and magnificent and adorable--and she rode the diminishing spurts of his semen as they splashed torridly into her shuddering pussy.

Clamping down on his embedded shaft, she held him still, her hands stroking his buttocks, her fingers dipping swiftly and tantalizingly into the furry crack and out again. Arms wrapped around his slim, hard body, she crushed her tits into his heaving chest and breathed into his ear: "Rest a minute, Glynn. You came too soon, but I loved it, anyhow. You were so hot, getting your first fuck, that you just blew off before you could control yourself. Next time will be better. I'm really slippery inside now, darling--all foamy and soapy from your semen in there. And next time, I'll come with you. Oh baby brother--you have a simply gorgeous prick!"

Glynn nuzzled her throat in answer, his hands moving warmly up and down her back. "Wow, sis--that was far out. It sure beats jacking off, and my cock is wiggling around inside your crazy pussy on its own. I'll be able to go again in a few seconds; I know I will."

Caressing her brother's ass, Lorena squirmed gently upon his stiff prick, wondering at its continued hardness. The other boys she had screwed usually lost their hards right away.

She moved her mouth into his ear, used her tongue to tickle him there, pushing it right on down into the curvy little hole. Glynn heaved against her, twisting and turning, and she started to stroke on his buried cock.

Pulling his ass to her with both hands, she bucked her pelvis into his, rotated her crotch so that her sensitized cunt walls could enjoy every rubbing of his prick. Her clit vibrated at each sensuous touch, and she could feel her asshole tighten. Such a long, hard cock, she thought; a cherry cock, all for her. Glynn had been a virgin until a few moments ago, and he had never tried to take his prick out of his sister's jealous pussy since firing his first over-eager load there.

"Screwing you again," he breathed, his hands now with a powerful grip upon her ass. "Putting my meat up your pussy again, sis. Oh man--it's great great!"

She said, "Fuck me, baby brother. Oh, fuck me until I can't breathe; you have the most beautiful prick ever, and I want it, want to screw it until I pass out from coming. Glynn, darling--oh, pump it to me. That's so good!"

He picked up a beat, his slim shaft working in and out of the grasping confines of her wet pussy, screwing in his own semen, in the bubbling residue of his own ejaculation. Lorena knew the seeping of overflow, as her own lubricating oils mixed so copiously with her brother's come. She pulled him more tightly to her with the gripping of her leg, and braced her heel behind his knee for a better purchase.

They bumped bellies, and Lorena felt behind her surging ass, reached through her thighs to find his swinging balls. She held them, squeezed them gently, fondled them as Glynn fed his stiff and rejuvenated meat to her avid cunt. Her brother was learning already, and starting to roll his ass, to grind it as he used his boyish prick. It was better for them both, slippery and juicy, teasing and deeply felt.

Lorena speeded up her rhythm, needing the hard meat deeper, faster, needing more of it in her inflamed pussy. Her clitoris was thrumming madly, and she began to feel the slight break in Glynn's thrusts, the faint jerkings that signaled the swift approach of his own orgasm.

"Go, baby brother!" she gasped. "Oh yes, darling--fuck me hard and fuck me strong! Stick your cock so deep that I'll feel it in my belly. Oooh! Oh! Y-yes--Glynn! That's it, darling. I'm coming--coming--coming!"

He was only a heartbeat behind the titanic cresting that broke foaming throughout her rippling cunt. Great and glorious, her climax swept her body, making her moan and twist, making her asshole knot itself. Glynn's semen hissed scorchingly into her snatch, another heavy load of come that poured the length of her throbbing pussy, drowning her womb and flooding back to leak creamy and sticky around his root and down to her thigh.

Her nails raked his sweaty back, and her pelvis made a drumbeat against his hairy crotch. She loved her brother insanely, completely, totally now. No matter what else happened, they had each other.

Chapter 2

Glynn Johansen had a tough time keeping his eyes off his sister at breakfast the next day. And when she brushed her bare knee against his under the table, he started to raise an immediate hard. She smiled at him, and her eyes were warm behind lowered lashes. He thought there had never been a more beautiful girl, and the tightening of his belly muscles reminded him how hot and sexy she was.

But it finally penetrated, what his mother was saying, and he damned near choked on a bite of pancake. Swallowing quickly, he asked, "What? Me? Oh come on, mom--I'm sure old enough to take care of myself."

His mother frowned at him. "Yes, I suppose so. But there's the new pool in the patio, and you can't swim very well, you'll admit."

She was another lovely woman, his mom; but he wasn't seeing that now. She was pissing him off with that babysitter crap. Man! How old did she think he was--ten? What would she think if he could tell her he'd already screwed hell out of her daughter, twice?

"I don't need a babysitter," he said and asking for help, "Dad?"

His father continued to read the paper. "Your mother makes all the decisions around here, son. It's been that way for quite awhile now."

Arlene Johansen flared immediately. "If you'd spend some time with these children--"

"Oh, for chrissakes," Eric Johansen mumbled, and retreated behind his paper again.

"Children," Glynn said in disgust, and viciously stabbed his stack of pancakes. He subsided only when his sister's knee nudged him again, not caressing this time, but warning him about something.

Lorena said, "I'd stay with him, mom. Honest, I wouldn't mind. But since you and daddy are going to see the lawyer, and since Glynn will probably sneak into the pool, the next best thing I can do is furnish a sitter. I'll call one of my friends. And I'll come back from the library as soon as I can. If I didn't have to get my term paper ready--"

Arlene banged down her coffee cup. "All right, all right. We'll probably be gone most of the day, so the sitter ought to be prepared for a fairly long job. And Glynn--"

He ignored his sister's knee pressure and said, "Yeah, I know. Be a good little boy." He winced when Lorena kicked him on the shin, but stared down into his plate as if nothing had happened. Damn, he thought; nothing went right around the house any more. He wondered what the hell Lorena had in mind--faking a sitter so they could be together again, so they could fuck some more? He dropped one hand into his lap and rubbed his hardening prick

But while his mom cleared the table, Lorena went to the phone in the hall, and he heard her talking to somebody. Maybe she was putting them on, only pretending to make the call. If she wasn't he didn't know what she was thinking.

His father poured himself another cup of coffee and turned the pages of the newspaper. Glynn wiped up his final pancake with honey and gulped it down. Now he couldn't get up from the table; not right away, because his cock was threatening to split his jeans. He'd have to sit there until it went down.

Watching his mother move around the kitchen, Glynn wondered again how his dad could possibly leave her. Boy, he thought, his eyes following the long, sleek legs and the way his mother's butt moved beneath her short dress, that ought to be some piece of ass. Funny, he decided; he could come right out with an idea like that, since he had fucked his sister. He'd kind of avoided it, before.

But his mom was sure a sexy chick--tall and sort of regal, with big, high tits that jiggled enticingly when she walked. How could his father walk out on something like that? Glynn shook his head and fumbled around his plate, draining his glass of milk. His cock went soft quick enough when Lorena came back to say, "I got a sitter. It's Jean Marks, a wonderful girl in my class who needs the money. You'll like her, I'm sure."

Glynn said, "Aakk!" But his mother said absentmindedly, "Yes, of course. Eric--are you going to sit there all morning? You know very well what time the appointment is."

Glynn caught his sister in the hall. "What the hell--"

"Shh!" she said, and kissed him lightly but hotly upon the mouth. "Jean is a real fox. I'm doing you a big favor, young man."

"Huh?" he said, but she whirled away, after a dirty, quick caress of his crotch. He stood watching her, seeing the groovy way her ass moved in her tight jeans, knowing now the magic feel of that ass and the pussy itself. Beautiful and hot, juicy and eager to fuck, she was some sister to have. Glynn wanted to run after her and grab her tits from behind, so he could rub his stiffening cock into those shapely cheeks. He wanted to throw her down on the carpet and pull down her jeans so he could get his hand on that honey-blonde cunt again.

But of course, he couldn't; not right now. Tonight though, there would be no way anybody could keep him away from dipping his aching meat into that hotly clenching snatch again. He had to fuck her some more, or go out of his head. His balls were beginning to ache right now, and Glynn turned away so he could rub them.

The cold shower helped some, but not much, even though he scrubbed his body hard and toweled it just as roughly afterward. Staring down at his shaft, he fingered along its length, then dropped his hand quickly. No need to jack off now; he was fucking a lovely girl, hotter and sexier because she was his own older sister. Man, oh man; what tits, what an ass--and how her pussy kind of shut down on a guy's cock, massaging it until it came.

Glynn got the hell out of the bathroom and into swim trunks. Towel over one shoulder, wearing scuffs, he went down in time to meet his babysitter. A sitter, man!

But when he saw the girl, he damned near dropped his towel. Then he felt like ducking out of sight, in case his legs were too knobby or something.

She was a doll. Not a baby doll, or cutesy because she was small, because she was all that but it didn't work out that way. Jean Marks had long red hair and a body like a miniature Venus and a bright, warm smile that reached right out and tickled his belly.

Jean said, "So you're Glynn. I've heard so much about you, from your sister."

All he could do was grin weakly and mumble stupid things; then his mother gave Jean instructions about watching him in the pool, and all that crap. He flinched when his sister went by, because she pinched his ass and said in a whisper, "Lucky guy."

Then he was alone with her; his mother and father followed Lorena out the front door, still taking cruel little cuts at each other, all the way to the Caddy. He pretended he was really interested in watching his sister drive off in her Bug, but he felt the girl's eyes on him. So he moved too quickly from the window and bumped into a coffee table before he could make it to the patio.

He went down the ladder into the shallow end of the pool and stood there uncertainly. Jean Marks stood on the tiled edge and looked all around the patio. She said, "Can't see a house from here, even; complete privacy, with all those bushes and trees."

Glynn muttered, "I guess," and wondered why he felt so uptight. After all, he wasn't a cherry anymore. He had fucked a girl, twice; now he didn't have to wonder how to make it, or whether his prick was too

skinny. Lorena had loved it, she said.

He ducked lower in the water, mainly to hide his swelling cock; it was too easily seen in his trunks. If this chick wasn't so damned sexy looking, he'd be okay. But his sister had called him lucky to have Jean around, and that was pretty weird.

She was standing at the pool edge, and when she put her arms over her head to stretch, he could see the outline of her small but groovy tits, and the nipples themselves. She had on a thin halter and her shorts clung to every shaping and dip of her thighs; Glynn could see her mound, and his eyes were magnetically drawn to the cleft of her pussy.

Then she took off her top. His eyes bugged when she just whipped away the halter and dropped it. She said, "That water looks great, but I didn't bring a suit. You don't mind, do you?"

He swallowed some water and made a choking noise. "N-no."

So Jean Marks stepped lithely from her shorts; she hadn't been wearing panties, and the curly red hair of her pussy gleamed brightly at him from between her flawless thighs. Her skin was very white, and when she moved down the pool steps, her entire small body seemed to undulate with a special sensuous grace.

Glynn stared as she approached him in the water, as the wavelets came to her hips, then to the pale mounds of her tits, and at last to the rosy nipples which were standing straight out. She neared him and put those fine little points right up against his wet chest. Glynn's cock struggled to tear free of his trunks, and beneath the water, Jean's naked pussy seemed to blaze into his crotch.

She held up her mouth to him. "Lorena said you screwed her, your own sister. I think that's groovy, Glynn. She knows how I like to swing with groovy people, so she called me to be your sitter today. I hurried right over."

Her lips were moving, trembling, and the darting of her hot, wet tongue was quick and penetrating. Jean's teeth raked his, and his hands felt over her wetly squirming body as she wiggled against him. When their mouths parted, she said, "Are you going to keep those trunks on?"

He couldn't wait a second longer. Last night he had been a cherry, and here he was, getting ready to fuck his second girl. Glynn couldn't believe his luck but he wasn't going to push it. Hurrying, he slid off the wet trunks, and his prick jumped out strong and long, nudging its distended head against the slippery belly of the eager girl.

Her hand discovered it, curled fingers around the pulsing shaft, and her smile was hotly knowing. "Nice--very hard and long. I think Lorena was right, that you're going to be a really farout lover, once you get the hang of everything. Here, darling--"

She floated up in the water, held to his waist with one hand while the other played tantalizingly with his rod. Jean got her legs around him, crossing them at the ankles, and her delicious little snatch was right there, tilting up at him. He made a tentative humping movement, and she guided the throbbing head of his cock into position.

Soaked and tingly, the curls of her pussy tickled his cockhead as it started to push into the tight, very hot lips of her cunt. He took hold of her cheeks, the modeled and slippery cheeks of her well shaped little ass, and by spreading his feet on the bottom of the pool, Glynn

could maintain his balance and shove. But he moved them toward the pool wall, anyhow, needing a better grip on things.

Floating, she wiggled and rolled her ass, so that she helped him get the head inside, and slowly, snugly, his prick worked into the scorching grip of her excited pussy. In it went, and by the time he had reached the wall and gotten her shoulders against the wet tiles, the shaft of his cock was buried to the root inside that tightly gripping cunt.

"Ahh, darling," she breathed. "That's good. That's terrific. Oh, how I love a good, hard prick! Use it in me, Glynn. Push it all the way to your balls and pull it back to the head--but don't take it all the way out."

"I won't," he promised, his voice thick and clotting in his throat, his shaft moving greasily in her snatch. She coiled around him like a pale white snake, wiggling and sliding, bouncing up and down in the water as he began to pound his cock home with more powerful thrusts.

She was smaller than his sister, and her cunt was tighter, and he dug fucking this beautiful, small girl. She plastered her wet mouth to his, and the hard nipples of her tits skidded back and forth across his chest as they moved and hunched together. "Give it to me, Glynn," she hissed into his teeth. "Oh, darling, feed me that wonderful hard meat! Darling, darling--you use your prick so beautifully--ahh! Ahh, yes! Good--it's so long, and I can feel it poking away up in my pussy--ahh!"

Glynn ran his tongue halfway down the girl's throat, grinding his cock deeply within the juicy hot cup of her pussy, stroking and driving, feeling his balls swing tingling through the water to slap lightly against the uplifted crack of her little-girl ass. He clung to her cheeks and braced his feet against the bottom, and the hammering movement of his strong, hungry prick grew heavier.

Her body was splashing the water, and her belly was rolling back and forth as she took the impact of his plunging cock. She bit his lips and threw her head back as she tore her lips from his.

"Ahh! Ahh, you stiff-cocked son of a bitch! Oh yes--I dig it, I love it--fuck me some more, more! I'm about to come, you horny little bastard! I'm going to come, to COME!"

She stiffened out then, and her legs clamped violently upon his waist. Glynn kept pounding that shuddering hot cunt, continued to slam his rod home to the hilt as he felt the flexing of her vagina inside, and sensed a new lubrication oozing from the pussy walls. Pumping into the grip of that blazing pussy, his own orgasm built wildly within his balls, and Glynn felt the onrush of his semen as it hurtled up through the seesawing rod of his cock and swelled the head of it.

His come exploded from the tip of his prick, and he came in a furiously boiling spurt of semen that filled the tight, shallow cunt with the bubbling cream. His balls leaped upward against the cleft of her rotating ass, and his fingertips dug into her slippery flesh.

Glynn's knees went a little weak, and he thought dazedly that fucking seemed to get better and better. Maybe no other chick would ever be truly as good screwing as when he put it to his own sister, but this hotly wiggling girl was good enough.

Slowly, her legs drifted down, but she somehow managed to keep his prick locked within her pussy as she stood tippytoe on the bottom of

the pool. "Nice," Jean purred. "Very nice. Now we can climb out of the water and go over there to get in some real fucking. Can you go again this quickly?"

"Sure," he said, proud of his new strength and his new knowledge, and she let his stiff cock ease from the grasp of her cunt.

She went up the ladder first, and he was right behind, staring into the sweet red crack of her lovely ass. He came out of the pool with water pouring from his cock, and with a little creamy drop of semen still clinging to the head.

They moved to the patio, bare-assed and excited yet, and Jean turned to fit herself into his arms again. That was when Lorena Johansen came from the house, grinning widely and wearing only a wrap-around towel.

"You guys look fine together," his sister said as Glynn stared. "Mind if I join the party?"

Chapter 3

Lorena thought she had never seen anything so beautiful as her brother and the girl, naked together. She had come back too late to actually watch them screwing in the pool, but she knew they had. The look of love was upon them both, and their naked, dripping bodies were glowing with what they had just done.

"Maybe we'd better go in the house," she said. "Somebody could be looking down into the patio from the taller houses over there."

Her brother answered with a kind of strangled okay, and Jean smiled wickedly over a bare shoulder as she led the way back into the house, her small but shapely ass swinging seductively from side to side. Lorena followed them, thinking that she couldn't have done better than to bring those two together, Jean was always talking about how she was just about insatiable, that she loved to screw, and Glynn was getting started right.

But Lorena always knew what might have been a faint flash of jealousy. After all, he was her brother, and she had taken his boyish cherry. But a moment later, she knew how very foolish that was. If she loved Glynn, she wanted to see him happy, and if he was happy fucking the lovely little redhead, then she could only be happy, too, not jealous.

Besides, she was very interested in seeing him do it to her friend, and all excited about the prospect of joining them herself. Jean Marks turned in the middle of the living room and said, "Here, kids?"

"Why not?" Lorena asked. "I locked the front door when I came in."

Glynn was staring at her, and she could feel his eyes licking hotly over her tits, so she let the wrap-around towel slide down and expose them. Her nipples were hard and erect, and her pussy was throbbing softly between her thighs. He said, "You really want to join us, sis? I mean--screw with us?"

"I really want to," she answered. "I never did this before, either, but I'm sure we can work it out and ball."

"Oh yes," Jean breathed heavily. "This ought to be a wild scene for everybody. Oh wow."

Jean had such a beautiful body, Lorena thought; it was so modeled,

every tiny curve exactly in place and tantalizingly shaped, the pale white skin flawless and silken. She dropped her towel the rest of the way and let her own body gleam nudely for them. Bigger than Jean, with different coloring and different shapings, she was just as firm, just as pretty in a sexy design of her own, and the look she caught in her brother's widened eyes told her so. She smiled at him, and at the erect pole of his long, slim cock. The boy had just dipped that hard shaft into the red-haired pussy over there, but he was ready to go again.

Funny, she thought, but she wasn't at all embarrassed. It seemed so natural and right that they share their bodies with each other, if that was what they wanted.

"You're really beautiful," Jean Marks murmured.

"Yeah," Glynn agreed, his eyes raking her from head to toe, seeing her snatch, the hard points of her tits. She thrust her groin forward for him, spreading her thighs just a little.

Nobody had ever turned her on like her brother; nobody had ever done such a wonderful job of fucking her, and Lorena suspected that they were just beginning to explore and understand the mysteries of each other's bodies. And there was Jean--ah, yes, Jean of the miniature body so wonderfully shaped; Jean who had been so open about seeking new sexual thrills. Was it bad to look at another girl's body and get excited? Lorena didn't know about that, only that she was stimulated as she had seldom been before.

Jean said, "You were right, Lorena; your brother has a wonderfully hard prick. I wish I had a brother like him."

"Be my guest," Lorena said, moving closer so that she could bring her belly next to Glynn's. Their thighs brushed, and she pressed against his cock, pushed it up between their bellies. It was long and round, next to her skin, and she could feel the hungry pulsing of the organ, as if it were about to demand she do something to soften it.

Her nipples dug into his chest, boring hotly there, as insistent as his prick was. Glynn's hands slid over her hips, caressing, and he said, "I still can't believe I'm so lucky."

Lorena kissed him, softly at first, then with an avid fury that thrust her tongue over his own and as far back into his mouth as she could reach. They rolled their nude bodies together, and their hands were everywhere, fondling and cupping, stroking and petting. Their breath mixed hotly, and she found that she was making sensual, thrusting motions with her crotch.

Gasping, she backed away from him, conscious of the new lubrication that was making her pussy oily inside, that was bringing little drops of warm dew to glisten along the cunt lips and among the curly pubic hairs. "Oh wow, Glynn. I could take it standing up like this, but there's Jean--"

Jean came to them, putting a small hand on each of their shoulders. "To share with, darlings. Look--neither of us wants to be disappointed right away, although I think that Glynn here could go all day, if he wanted. Sa what do you say we--you and me, Lorena--stretch out on the floor here, so that he can take turns."

Lorena stared. "You mean, screw us in turn?"

"Not all the way, baby," Jean grinned. "I mean he screws one of us

awhile--without coming--then the other; taking turns that way. Of course, when he has to come, then he can just let it go into whoever he happens to be fucking at the moment."

"That sounds groovy," Lorena agreed. "Glynn?"

"Oh hell yes," he grinned. "Man, oh man! Dipping my wick into two beautiful cunts, one right after the other. I'm liable to flip right out."

Holding hands, Lorena sank to the carpet with the other girl, little hot waves of anticipation skipping madly up and down her spine. It was all so wild, so unreal; all her sexual fantasies were coming true, one at a time. She didn't have to worry now about how mom and dad were getting along, didn't have to feel the antagonism between her parents heavy in the air. She was being loved; she was loving, and the outside world didn't count against that.

The nap of the rag tickled the cheeks of her ass as she sat down, caressed her spine as she lay back, still holding hands with Jean Marks. The other girl's foot rubbed hers and made it tingle. Eyelids fluttering, Lorena looked up and saw her brother kneeling between her outspread legs.

Glynn was staring down at her pussy, the fingers of his right hand wrapped around the white column of his cock. It was the first way she'd seen that wondrous prick, since they'd both grown up, when he was masturbating it. The head glowed lavender and it was bluntly pointed; she could see the veins throbbing beneath the shaft, and her eyes briefly touched the sack of his down-hanging balls.

"You first," Glynn said. "You don't mind if my cock-head is still a little sticky from going off inside Jean's pussy?"

"N-no," Lorena answered hoarsely, "I don't mind." She was shaking inside and out, fascinated by the glistening drop of whitish fluid that dangled from the very tip of her brother's cock.

She was also crazily turned on by her hip touching Jean's, by the other girl's softly throbbing presence. Lorena glanced quickly over at her friend, and saw the nipples of the girl's tits standing high and hard, saw the deepness of the green eyes focused upon her own.

"Fuck him hard," Jean breathed, and squeezed Lorena's hand.

Lorena flinched when her brother reached down to caress her hips. His hands ran lightly and teasingly over her belly, barely touched her pussy, then stroked over the extremely sensitive insides of her trembling thighs. He said to her: "You're so beautiful, sis; I almost come just looking down at your cunt. Your pussy hair is so deep and thick, and I can see the lips kind of pouting out through the curls."

Glynn touched a fingertip to her labia, and Lorena's hips rolled in immediate reflex. He fondled her dewy cunt lips, tickled into the hairs around her ass, and she heard him catch his breath. Then his finger slid inside her body, feeling around within the tight, hot gripping of her vagina. She gasped as it went in to the knuckle, as the round length of it massaged gently across her stimulated clitoris.

"D-darling," she breathed. "Oh Glynn--I'm so hot I can't wait. Please--"

When he set the pulsing end of his swollen cock-head into the giving

hairs of her pussy and pushed it down so that it kissed the hot, wet lips, Lorena clamped down hard on Jean's hand, and her left leg lifted to coil itself sinuously around the other girl's leg.

"So hot," she murmured, her eyelids fluttering, "so very hot inside my pussy--"

"Here," her brother said, and shoved the head of his strong young prick into the hungry lips of her steamy cunt. It spread them apart, slid long and round between them, up into the pit of her vagina, up and up until she felt the marvelously soft sack of his balls come to rest in the cleft of her ass.

Head turned aside, she said to Jean Marks: "It's all the way up my pussy, so long and hard. Oohh--I love it; oh, how I love my brother's prick!"

Jean turned on her side, rubbing her leg along Lorena's, now able to press the twin mounds of her firmly molded tits into Lorena's shoulder. The piquant face was very close, and so appealing, the deep green eyes smoldering, the pink lips parted in damp invitation.

As Glynn began to stroke his cock within the confines of her shuddering snatch, Lorena did the most natural thing that occurred to her: she kissed the other girl's beckoning mouth. The lips were soft and tender, trembling against her own, and the little hot tongue darted questingly into her mouth where her own tongue met it with consuming passion.

Her brother's breath panted hotly into her ear, and his hands took a grip upon the rolling of her hips, pinning them down for a long, conquering moment as he jammed his cock home to the hilt again.

"Uhhh!" Lorena grunted into the other girl's avid mouth, and shivered to the feel of Jean's hands when they started to caress the heavy tenderness of her swollen tits.

It was wild and insane, but her heart threatened to tear out of her chest with crazy leapings of joy, and her lower body moved in sinuously thrusting happiness as her pussy contracted and rode up and down the greased pole of her brother's cock. To be fucked by him, of all people, to be screwed by her very own brother, while another girl kissed her and played with the rigid nipples of her aching tits--this was all out of the world, so far out she hadn't really imagined it before.

Lorena let herself go, bit down lightly upon the other girl's lips and used her own hands to discover the textured shapings of Jean's breasts. She rocked upon the pistoning cock that moved so steadily and powerfully inside her gripping cunt, reveling in every move of the meaty rod, loving every tiny vein along its length, every miniscule bump and pore of the slippery skin.

She was loved, loved, adored in duplicate and who was to say it was wrong to love one of your own sex? Certainly not anybody who didn't even know how to love on their own; certainly not her mother and father.

Only her beloved brother with the steadily surging prick shoved up her pussy; only this gorgeous little girl whose tits felt so wonderful--only Lorena herself, screwing so wonderfully, churning her cunt around the now hammering cock; these were the only people who had any say-so over what they wanted to do, what they needed to do. For each other and to each other.

"Sis--oh wow, sis! You're so hot and juicy--your cunt is just eating up my prick--oh--ahh--I'm coming, darling. I'm coming!"

With a last, twisting thrust, Glynn shoved his meat far up her pussy, and she felt the head of it bumping her womb, felt the wet slap of his balls in the crack of her ass. Her vagina vibrated strongly around his glans as her brother began to come, as he started to shoot the essence of his heaving testicles up inside her snatch.

His hotly bubbling semen splashed against her cervix, flooded boiling into the cup of her cunt, soaking the clinging tissues of her vaginal walls. Lorena flexed her cunt around the embedded cockhead, and when she gave another long, sensuous gyration of her crotch on the shaft, knew her own orgasm as it came rising swiftly from the epicenter of her thrumming clit.

"Umm, umm!" she moaned, her mouth held captive by Jean's, her tongue curling and uncurling with the other girl's. Her belly hammered at her brother's pelvis, and she sucked upon Jean's lips while the waves of ecstasy roared throughout her pussy.

Warmly, she swam in a slow river that carried her through undulating curves of soft, sweet flesh, that bore her upon its breast, that yet somehow held her impaled upon the penetration of the adored shaft. Lips nibbled her cheek, her ear, and gentle hands manipulated the cones of her tits; Lorena lay relaxed and limp, unable to remotely imagine any better feelings, any more wondrous place than this moment in enchanted time.

"Terrific," Jean Marks said softly. "I never saw anyone screwed before, and its terrific. Especially when I know I'm going to take that same great prick, in a few minutes."

Slowly, Lorena came back to the world. With some regret, but with more interest, she turned over onto one side, so that she could face the girl. When she made the move, her brother's cock slipped from the wet glove of her cunt. She felt its head leaking, and sensed the sticky trail of semen left across the inside of one thigh.

"Can I do anything--anything special?" she asked Jean.

The redhead sat up, her neat little tits bouncing. She smiled and said, "I'd like to ride Glynn this time--that is, if he can go again soon."

"Sure," Glynn said. "Just give me time to catch my breath, and I'll be ready again."

"Isn't he amazing?" Jean asked, coming to her knees and grinning fondly at her new lover.

"That he is," Lorena agreed, for her brother was much better than both the lovers she had known, and so ready to screw again, after such a short time between fucks. He was amazing, all right, and very, very special. She would give him anything he wanted, all he needed or craved or desired, no matter how far out his newly awakened sexual tastes might become.

They were all each had--besides a friend like Jean here; if they clung together, gave all they had, took all there was to receive, then what power could separate them?

Not their parents. Lorena would not allow that, now.

Chapter 4

Glynn heard his parents come home, because they were arguing about something the minute they hit the door. He pushed aside the book he had been reading, slipped on his robe and went downstairs to raid the fridge. He was hungry, and grinned at the idea of stoking up his strength again. It had been a long day, and the most groovy one of his life; too bad it had to end so soon.

There had been the swinging with his sister and Jean, all mixed up as he dipped his cock into one fine pussy after the other. It had been hot, wild and crazy, and he popped his nuts so many times that he was weak in the knees. But that didn't matter; he was young and strong and recovered quickly.

As he went into the kitchen, his father cut short whatever he'd been saying, but by the look on the old man's face, Glynn knew the argument was just starting. Why the hell couldn't they stop hacking at each other, he wondered. They must have dug each other once, and should be able to make it again, if they would only try.

His mother said, "Want me to fix you a sandwich, dear?"

"He's big enough to take care of himself," his father said.

"Sure," Glynn agreed. "I'll just grab a bite and get out of your way."

"You're not in the way," his mother said.

His father grunted, "Oh for Christ sake," and tilted up a can of beer to drain it.

Feeling stiff and awkward, Glynn dived into the refrigerator and took a chunk of cheese and a bottle of milk.

"Sit right there and finish your snack," his mother ordered. "I won't let your father drive you out of your own kitchen."

Glynn sat down and watched his dad slam out of the room; in a moment, he heard the tinkle of ice into a glass, and knew his father was at the little bar in the living room. "Mom," he said, "I wish you guys wouldn't fight over me."

Her smile was soft and a little sad. "It's not exactly over you, dear. It's more like a habit we've gotten into."

He saw that she had been drinking, too; there was a laxness around her mouth, and she was just a little careless about how she leaned over. Glynn could see the rounded top moundings of his mom's big, high tits as she bent to straighten out her stockings. Damn, he thought; a guy could lose himself between those fine, firm boobs, and for the first time, let his mind run free with the images that he'd so often crowded into the far corners of his head.

Man, oh man! A couple of years ago, his mother had brushed those tits against him, and he'd felt the burning of those heavy nipples right through the thin robe she had been wearing. He had jacked off in the bathroom, ideas running riot in his mind about fondling them, maybe even kissing and sucking on them. That time, his semen had exploded before he could catch the sticky stuff in toilet paper, and he had to clean it off the floor.

He blushed when his mom straightened up, but couldn't pull his eyes

away from her lifted skirt. She was still fooling around with the stocking on her left leg, and his eyes followed her hands as she stroked up over the silken knee, up along the swelling of her sleek, long thigh.

Her legs were so long, tapering just so, and he got one magic, too-quick glimpse of the edge of her frilly panties before she dropped her skirt and cut off his view. Glynn shuddered slightly, his head reeling as he contemplated the juiciness of the forbidden treasure snuggled so enticingly there between the soft, full thighs of his mother's wonderful legs.

How the hell could his old man pass that up? He knew they hadn't been sleeping together for months now, ever since his dad moved into the extra bedroom. That meant that neither of them was getting any fucking, although his dad could very well be playing around on the side. But his mother was usually home, and Glynn didn't quite see her as laying anybody in the neighborhood.

It was an idea, though, and he thought more about that as she began to tidy up the kitchen. His eyes clung to the curves of her delectable ass as she moved, seeing the way her skirt caressed the molded flanks, how it dipped sometimes into the hidden crack of her buttocks. Maybe his mom was getting really frustrated, and she needed a man. With a sexy body like that, and the way she moved, all sensuous and kind of ready, she had to be a wild, hot piece of cunt. It was a shame to see it going to waste.

Glynn bit into the cheese and gulped milk, conscious that his well-used cock was beginning to rise beneath his robe. Did his father have a bigger one? Probably, he thought, the old man was a big, burly guy, and probably had a prick to match the rest of him, and although Glynn had sometimes wondered about that big thing being shoved into his mom's fine pussy, he had always pushed the idea quickly away in shame.

Now he rolled it around in his head, enjoying the feel of his thoughts, trying to picture his dad crawling between his mother's long, slim legs, trying to see what that gorgeous pussy really looked like, all curling hairs deep and rich, with the wet, pink lips peeping out shyly, eager for the first touch of the cock-head.

Glynn's prick throbbed painfully, and he crossed his legs to keep it quiet. Maybe he wouldn't dare think the way he was, if he hadn't already screwed his sister. But now he wondered if that was any different than fucking his mother. Lorena was a lovely, hot fuck, and he was glad she had been the one to technically get his cherry. He was a lucky guy, and loved his sister more, because they had shared their bodies. Could he love his mom more, the same way, if he was ever so lucky as to get into that marvelous, deep cunt?

The cheese was gone, and so was the milk, but he didn't want to leave right away. His mother was sneaking another nip of whiskey from the bottle that was kept hidden in the cupboard, away from the bar. Glynn ran his eyes over her back, lingering at the shapeliness of her ass. He'd give anything to snuggle up to that tempting pair of cheeks, to nudge his hard prick in between them, maybe bend it down so that it could slide between her thighs, slide wetly along those tickling pussy hairs, feeling the heat of her cunt lips, feeling the beautiful enchanted softness there.

She turned around then, and he fumbled with the empty milk carton, blushing again. When he looked up, she was eyeing him intently.

"Anything the matter, dear?"

"N-no, mom; guess I'd better get up to bed."

"Kiss me goodnight, Glynn."

No matter how he tried, he couldn't keep his hard cock from touching his mom's belly. She had her arms around him, pulling him close, trying to gain some kind of comfort from him, and he was embarrassed when his meat thumped against her body.

But her lips were warm and damp, and she kissed him right on the mouth, holding the kiss longer than usual. It made him highly uncomfortable, especially since his own arms had automatically slipped around her lithe, slim waist, and now he was feeling the tantalizing softness of her tits as they flattened against his chest.

Glynn managed to break away, flustered and shaken, and caught his mother looking quizzically at him. He fled when she said something, not catching anything but the wondering tone of her voice. Oh wow, he thought--he'd almost blown it that time. Hurrying up the stairs, he scooted into his sister's room without knocking, and clicked the latch behind him.

Her bedlamp was on, and her body was outlined by the sheet; light spilled over her honeyblonde hair and she looked very good. "Something the matter?" she asked.

"They're fighting again," he said, coming over to sit down on the edge of her bed. "Both of them are drinking, and when mom made me kiss her goodnight, I got a hard on. I'm sure she felt it against her belly. Wow, sis--I damn near freaked out."

Lorena touched his hand. "After all that good screwing today, you can still get hard? Does mom turn you on so much?"

He swallowed, and looked down to where the head of his hard cock was working its way out from the fold of his robe. "Yes."

"The same way I turn you on?"

He nodded. "Maybe even more. I mean, I love you sis, and I dig the fucking you taught me. I guess I'll always love you more than any other chick I get to screw, because we're closer. But mom--well, I've been dreaming about her for years, only I never came right out and admitted it to myself before."

Lorena nodded and stroked his hand. "I know, Glynn. I always had the same thing for dad, dreams and wild ideas. But I never thought beyond the dreams--until now."

He stared at his sister. "What do you mean?"

Her hand drifted along his arm and dropped down on his cock. Gently, she felt the head, running her fingers lightly over its throbbing bulb. "I mean, maybe this is the way we can make them stop working on the divorce, and stay with each other."

Glynn peeled off his robe and his prick sprang free and stiff into his sister's softly teasing hand. "I don't understand--"

She wrapped her fingers tightly around his rod and massaged it tenderly. "If I can somehow get dad to fuck me--and oh how I want him to do that!--then maybe I can hold him here, in our house. I mean, if

he digs fucking me as much as I know I'll enjoy being screwed by him, then he won't want to leave, even if he's still mad at mom."

Glynn eased toward his sister, and she pulled him lightly along the way, flipping back the sheet with her other hand to expose her fine young body with the dark blonde hair crisp at her mound.

"Yeah," he said, "I see what you mean, but what will hold mom?"

Lorena slipped her hand down his shaft to cup his swollen balls. "You," she said.

Glynn drew in a deep and noisy breath. "Wow! You mean--somehow you get dad to screw you, and I somehow get this into mom's terrific pussy--and--but how, sis? How the hell are we ever going to manage all that? They might slap us silly, or think we freaked out, or call the cops, even."

She shook her head and lifted her upper body so that her tits almost reached the head of his cock. "I don't think so. Look--they're both hitting the bottle pretty heavy, and I think they're both really frustrated, not screwing each other any more. If we can get them to loosen up and fuck us, instead, it's only a logical step from there to having them back together. I mean, they'll both be a little guilty about what they're doing, and so they'll be nicer to each other."

"Yeah," he breathed, his heart beating quickly at this new idea, "and if we can work it right, maybe we can get them in a tangle like you and me had with Jean today. That way, they'll get so hot they'll have to fuck each other again."

"Great!" Lorena said, and pressed his hard shaft between her tits. "But we can't screw it up by doing things too fast. Tomorrow night, they have to stay home and work on the property settlement. I heard dad say so this morning. That means we can help them get smashed, and--well, then I'll go crawl into dad's bed, and you can make out with mom."

Glynn felt the silken smoothness of his sister's tits along his rigid cock, and lifted his hands to stroke her hair. "So tonight--"

"So there's still the rest of tonight," Lorena said softly, "and I never did any of those things I saw in your books--not yet. I want to do them with you, Glynn. I want to eat you."

He shuddered when she dipped her face to plant a kiss upon the pulsing head of his swollen prick. "Are you sure you want to? I mean--"

"I want to," she insisted. "How else am I ever going to learn?"

Glynn spread his knees and straddled his sister's hips. He caressed her head gently as she began to lick over his cockhead, as the darting flicks of her hot, wet tongue sent electric jolts up his backbone. She was going to suck him off; it was finally going to happen to him, and he welcomed it with all the pent-up lust he had.

Slowly, she slid her mouth over the end of his prick, taking in the entire head. His fingers stroked the shaft and cuddled his balls, while her lips worked up and down. Glynn felt the marvelous suction develop, and knew the fondling of his glans by her busy tongue. The sensations were terrific, and his thighs stiffened as he clung to his sister's head for support.

It was like fucking, but different. It was being eaten, being devoured;

it was pumping his cock gently back into her mouth and feeling it slide over her wet tongue, feeling it touch the roof of her mouth and reach back to the velvet cup of her throat.

Shivering with rapture, Glynn backed it out a bit, but her hungry mouth followed his rod, gnawing lightly upon its sensitive skin. He wiggled, and she drew him deeper, sucked him farther into the tickling heat of her throat. Lapping her tongue over the aching head, Lorena worked more feverishly upon his prick.

"Oh!" he grunted. "Oh, sis--wow--eat me up, baby! Eat my cock, chew it up, suck it out by the roots. Oh--ah! Sis, sis--I'm about to come!"

She didn't try to back off, and made no attempt to dodge the semen he just had to let go. Instead, she sucked him harder, dipping in her cheeks and gulping noisily at his shaft as he fed it into her face, as he stroked it into the hungry cavity of her mouth.

Glynn came then, hunching his back and straining as the mighty rush of semen came pouring up from his flexing balls to gush like a hot mountain stream from the jerking head of his prick. Heavy and thick, the juices poured scalding from his shaft and flooded his sister's throat. She drank it down, pulled more droplets from his rod, sucked additional moisture into her body.

He dropped slowly over to one side, lifting his knee, and Lorena stayed with him, making love to his cock with her mouth, clinging to his balls; her hair spread over his crotch, and his fingers dug deeply into its silken luxury. His head spun and his breath was ragged in his chest.

At last, she let go, and allowed his still rigid prick to slide gently from the grasp of her lips. No semen smeared her mouth, he saw through blurred eyes, because she had swallowed it all. It had been a farout experience, one that had his belly tied up in little jerking knots.

"Glynn," she murmured, kissing her way up his belly to his chest. "Oh, Glynn--that was wonderful. So intimate, so very close; it was like doing everything for you, and for me, too. I loved it."

"I did, too," he sighed. "If you ever get to do that to our dad, he'll climb the walls, I know."

Now she was at his throat, nibbling there, her tits moving back and forth across his heaving chest, the hard nipples prodding his flesh. When she moved up to kiss his mouth, he could smell the scent of his own semen, but he didn't mind. Lorena kissed him then, running her tongue deeply, giving him the full flavor of himself.

When she pulled away, she said, "There, darling. I have the best, the sexiest brother in the whole world, and I'm glad. Now let's talk about the plan."

With the passion dampened within him, at least for a little while, Glynn turned edgy. "I don't know," he murmured. "It sounds kind of kooky, now."

"Not at all," she said quickly. "Tomorrow night, when you have that great cock all hard for mom, you'll think differently again. I'm sure going ahead with my part of it, and if you chicken out--well, just imagine what you'll be missing. Think about mom, and her big, groovy tits; remember how good her legs look, and how her ass wiggles when she walks. Remember how many times you've masturbated and tried to make

believe you were fucking her, instead of your hand. This is your chance, Glynn--your big chance. If you blow it now, you may never have the opportunity again."

"Okay," he said, after awhile. "You're right, I guess. And boy--you sure must want to fuck dad, or you wouldn't have come up with the plan in the first place."

"Women are more logical," she said, kissing him again. "So it's on for tomorrow night?"

"It's on," he agreed.

Chapter 5

Lorena had been busy playing bartender all night, and had watched her brother keep a conversational ball rolling as he stayed between their mother and father, a buffer so that their fight wouldn't really get started.

They had been surprised at so much attention from their kids, Lorena saw, and before the evening was over, everybody was more or less enjoying themselves. There had been only a few sly cuts, and even those lessened as the night wore on, helped considerably by the double strength drinks Lorena mixed.

Maybe her mom and dad felt a little guilty, she thought, especially with their kids so obviously trying to make a family type party of the occasion. They'd talked about rock music and how things were shaping up for the Fall school term, and about other kids, but the conversation steered away from what was on all their minds--the impending divorce.

If mom had said anything about who was taking over, about which one was going to get what kid, Lorena thought that the whole bit would have blown up right then and there. Neither she nor Glynn wanted to hear any of that splitting up crap. They couldn't allow it to happen, even if the plan failed.

But she was getting scared as the night wore on, and had to keep telling herself that it was going to work out, that her father had to feel the same way about her. She watched him and knew a thrill of anticipation as she saw him getting smashed.

If she hadn't made it with Glynn, if she hadn't swung with her own brother and gotten into that wild tangle with him and Jean, maybe she wouldn't have the nerve to try what was coming up. But she had to go through with it now; if she didn't, her mother and father would keep moving toward that damned divorce.

"Well," her mom said, "it's been a nice night, but I'm pooped, and drank too much of that juice. I'm going to bed. Night, kids."

Lorena noticed that her mom didn't tell her dad good night, and glanced quickly at Glynn. He looked away, his face down, and she threatened him in her head, because they had the plan already set. She was going into her dad's room, after he was asleep, and Glynn was supposed to do the same, only he was to sneak into their mom's bedroom. The way they had figured it out, dad would think it was mom snuggling to him, and mom would think it was dad.

If they didn't truly hate each other, then they would get it on, and just because they screwed didn't mean they had to call off all the legal machinery. Lorena took a deep breath. "I'll clean up," she said.

"You can go to bed, too, dad."

Mom was already halfway up the stairs, her sleek butt swinging from side to side, those long legs flashing, when dad climbed out of his chair. "Might as well," he said. "Nowhere else to go."

He was so good looking, she thought, and moved like a kid half his age. Her father looked impossibly Nordic, with pale blonde hair and green eyes; he was six feet tall, and a well muscled 200 pounds, with no paunch. It was a wonder that women didn't fight over him.

Lorena didn't think that was the trouble between her parents, other women. It was just something that had grown sharp and ugly over the years, like a sickness. But if they wouldn't do anything about it, the kids would. Sneaking a drink behind the bar, Lorena felt the stuff burn all the way down. She needed a little extra courage, but before she could pour herself another shot, she looked up and saw her father watching.

"You're a good kid, Lorena," he said. "Some guy is going to be mighty lucky."

"Thanks, dad."

Into an awkward silence, Glynn said: "I'm hungry. I'll grab a bite to eat and be up later."

They saw their father climb the stairs heavily, swaying a bit, and when he was out of sight Lorena hissed: "Later, hell! Don't you dare cop out now. Here, take a drink with me, and I'll go upstairs in a few minutes, after he's had time to fall asleep."

She and her brother downed some whiskey, both making faces and shuddering at the taste. Lorena felt the warmth spreading in her tummy and moving down her legs, but she didn't need any more alcohol. She was keyed up and alert now, fighting down the hot trembles that raced over her taut flesh from time to time.

Glynn said, "You're really going to do it."

And she answered, "Right on--and you'd better do it, too--or you'll be back to jacking off. I'll never screw you again, and that's a promise."

"Okay," he said, surrendering. "I guess I'm just scared shitless."

"Me, too," she admitted, and patted his arm. "But this is our big chance, Glynn, maybe the only one we'll ever have, to stop that damned divorce. Help me clean up here, and concentrate on how it will be, sneaking into bed and feeling up mom's great body."

She thought about her father's body, big and hard, and wondered if the hair in his crotch was as pale as the light blonde of his head. She wondered if his penis would be big in comparison to Glynn's, and to the two other boys she had screwed. A pulse in her throat beat wildly as she tried to picture a really large cock and what it would do inside her eager pussy.

Her throat was tight as she said, "It's time. I--I'll go up first and take a quick shower, then sneak into his room. You do the same in mom's room."

Her brother said, "Yeah, sis. Funny thing--I have a hard on, but it's as much from thinking of you and dad fucking, as for me and mom."

Lorena kissed him, pressed the pulsing length of her body to his, and felt the erect staff of his prick against her belly. She rolled her hips and ground her pelvis into it, but laughed and pulled swiftly away. "Save it for mom. Okay, here I go."

Bathing quickly in her shower, Lorena scented her body with her favorite perfume, a sexy, clinging odor. She dabbed it on the hard nipples of her tits and in her freshly shaven armpits, then drew a line down her trembling belly to the deeply curling hairs of her pussy. Would he like her? Would he think she was a fine, hot piece of ass? Oh, she hoped so. She had wanted him to fondle her for years, to feel his hands on every part of her aching body.

Lorena put on her only sexy robe, then pulled it off and simply wrapped a bath towel around her body. She could always scoot out in a hurry, if things didn't work out, but she closed off her mind to that possibility. It was going to be all right, she just knew that.

But her knees were shaking when she softly turned the knob of his door and let herself into the totally dark room. Standing still, trying to adjust to the deep blackness inside, Lorena's nostrils flared at the subtle odors of man--shaving lotion, leather, tweed, man-sweat.

She heard him turn on the bed, heard his heavy breathing and knew he was asleep. Forcing her legs to obey, she moved step by faltering step across the room to the big bed and sank down upon the edge of the mattress, her heart threatening to explode.

He was under the sheet, and she carefully lifted it to slide her legs beneath the covering. When her weight was on the bed, when the bath towel was dropped upon the floor and she was head to foot naked in the same bed with her daddy, Lorena's mind gave an exultant leap. She was halfway home, moving into a lifelong dream that wasn't a dream now, but something very real.

Turning onto her left side, Lorena eased out a hand, felt toward the warmth and bulk of her father's body. He didn't move when she touched his chest, and she let her fingers rest lightly upon the hairy expanse of it, moving up and down with the rhythm of his breath. Daringly, she allowed her hand to drift downward as he lay upon his back, and felt very gently into the curving of his belly.

She shivered then, for a fingertip had brushed against something else, a softness lying limply against his pelvis. The head of her daddy's cock! Would he feel that and awaken? Breathlessly, she waited, but he didn't move. Lorena grew braver and took the flaccid thing in her hand.

It was very big, she discovered; even in this comatose state, her father's prick was long and thick and for a moment she knew a thrill of fright. What if it was too big, and she couldn't take it into her small pussy? Would it hurt, ripping and tearing her delicate vagina? Or would she be able to stretch herself around it?

Caressing the dormant meat, she felt it growing slowly, almost imperceptibly heavier beneath her touch. The head of it began to swell, expanding continually until she thought that it might never stop. The shaft thickened and veins writhed along its impossible length as blood gorged there. It filled her hand and she thought dizzily that no man's prick could actually be so big.

But there it was, a mighty engine of sex moving under her fingers, lifting to its full and majestic size. She was afraid, and her hand

dipped to the hairy sack below, to probe the balls that were filling with fluids. They were huge, too, and she wondered how much semen they could pump, wondered if his ejaculation would be something like the release of a fire hose.

"Uhh," her father muttered, and she jerked her hand away as if his cock was a burning pole. He rolled over, turned on his side facing her, and one big arm came out and down across her body.

Heart racing, she lay quietly as his warm breath fanned her face, but he was still sound asleep. Only now, his gigantic glans was shoved against her tummy, and she could feel the velvet texture of the head on her skin. There was something else--a vague stickiness that she recognized as the same kind of pre-seminal fluid that oozed from her brother's prick before they fucked.

Her own pussy was damp, throbbing with a deep-seated need that only this man's cock could ease, and her fears departed. The nipples of her tits were so swollen that they pained, and it seemed as if the breasts themselves had grown with her desire. Lorena lifted her left knee high and placed it carefully down upon her daddy's sleeping form.

Inching forward, she pushed the sizzling mound of her snatch against the base of his cock and luxuriated there for long, rapturous moments. But the urgency to be fucked was raging within her excited cunt, and she adjusted her position, sliding upward until she could feel the mammoth head of the prick nestling against her pubic hair.

Lorena's right hand probed down and gripped the shaft, just below the flanges of the cockhead. Shaking all over, she urged her cunt lips to it, while her hand guided the blunt glans tip into the steaming labia. Wet and slippery, her pussy lips received the big knob, and Lorena pushed down with her crotch. So big, so big--but her cunt was avid, and when she wiggled a little, the head began to slowly but surely penetrate.

She moved her hand to the cheek of her father's firm ass, holding there as her pussy struggled to take in the huge bulb of his prick.

Drawing him closer, slipping her right hand under his neck, she pulled her crotch tighter to him and bore down heavier, forcing the head of his cock deeper and deeper into the hot and hungry stretching of her pussy. It went on, bored inside the elastic barrier of her giving labia. Lorena felt the inner lips spreading wide, and with one more hard shove, she suddenly had the knob inside her vagina.

Oh, it was good! It was marvelous, terrific, and she rolled her ass to drive the thing ever deeper. The thick shaft followed easily, and then it was home, then it was buried inside her expanded cunt. Up to the roots, up to the hilt it went, thrilling and lovely. She knew the hairy caress of his full balls as the crack of her ass snugged them close, and gasping, she drew her daddy's face down to press his mouth to a nipple.

Lorena wiggled slowly, in ecstasy, upon the huge prick now jammed in her pussy. She was packed tightly with the beautiful meat, filled to capacity by the gorgeous shaft that prodded against the entrance to her cervix. Her entire belly seemed to be crammed with cock and that was just how she wanted it, because it was her own daddy's cock--thick and hard, long and powerful.

It slipped back and forth as her love oils greased it more, and every short stroke caressed her clit, sending blazing excitement throughout

her body. Then Lorena flinched as her father's mouth opened to suck in her nipple, as his tongue licked hotly over the sensitive nub. His arms came around her and his crotch surged strongly against her own, thrusting his prick solidly home.

"Ooohh!" Lorena gasped as the force of the thrust shook her entire body.

Her daddy said around her tit, "So you couldn't hold off any longer. You needed this big prick, didn't you? Here--and here--take it, Arlene!"

He was awake, she realized in shock. Her father was awake, but thought he was fucking her mother. Lorena was her own mom at that crazy moment, writhing and bucking to take the mighty hammering of her husband's cock. But she was Lorena, too--and fucking on her own, giving savage twists and heaves when the gigantic cock bored deep, chasing after it when it backed off for another stroke.

Her left heel dug into the hairy valley of his ass to give her a better grip and more leverage. She dug sharp nails into his muscled back, too, and to keep him from recognizing who she was, burrowed her face into the matting of his chest. Lorena bit gently into the hairy flesh, tasting the flavors of his skin, tasting the spices of her father's body.

Head spinning, sucking for air, she fucked him with a maddened and furious abandon, gyrating her belly and banging her pelvis into his. "Ooohh!" she moaned. "Oh--ahh! Oh yes, yes--I--I'm going to come! I can't hold off any longer--ahh--oh--OH! Coming--I'm COMING!"

He fed the glorious meat into her shuddering cunt with quick, hard thrusts, grunting as he did so: "You bitch! You hot assed, horny bitch! You love to fuck--love to fuck me. AHH! I'm letting it go into you--letting it all go!"

Her orgasm crested sweetly over her squirming body, fluttering deeply within her filled cunt, spasming out from the complete stimulation of her clitoris. Lorena's asshole snapped tight as a released rubber band, and it was at that climactic moment that she felt the roaring discharge of her father's embedded prick.

Hot and jetting, the semen pounded wetly against her womb and spurted strongly over the walls of her flexing vagina. Her daddy's come was a geyser that bathed her pussy from one end to the other, that drowned her undulating pussy in the boiling cream forced up from his leaping balls.

She must have fainted, because the next she knew, she was trying to swim up from a deep pool of warmth, from a lovely depth of ecstasy. Eyes blurred, she protested weakly when the wonderful prick was withdrawn slowly from the jealous gripping of her inflamed pussy. She felt the hot and sticky wetness along her thigh as an overflow of semen followed the head.

Somehow then, she was on her back, sucking for air, her entire body throbbing with joy, her cunt twitching inside as the come soaked into its tissues. Dimly, she heard his voice, and wanted to tell him she loved him, loved him. But he was saying something, shaking her--and then there was a burst of light that hurt her eyeballs.

"What? Damnit--I thought--no, I knew you weren't Arlene. But--but I never had any idea--oh hell. What are you doing here, baby? What made

me rape my own little girl?"

Chapter 6

Glynn wasn't used to whiskey. He'd only had three beers in his life, and the drink he'd taken with his sister was a fire in his belly. He wanted another one, but didn't dare swallow it because he might get too smashed to go upstairs. And Lorena hadn't been putting him on when she said she'd never screw him again, if he didn't help her with the plan.

He couldn't hack that, couldn't go back to jacking off, after he'd fucked his sister and her friend a couple of times each. And the blow job that Lorena had given him last night--that had almost melted his backbone. It was everything he had ever dreamed of, and now he was anxious to taste her little pussy.

He looked up the stairs. It was quiet up there, and his sister had been out of the shower for a long time. For a second, he thought she might have given up on the whole thing and gone to bed by herself. Then he knew better; Lorena was pretty stubborn, and when she set her pretty head to something, she carried it through.

That meant he had to go try out his part. There was no noise up there, nobody yelling, although once he thought he had heard low voices murmuring. So his sister must have gotten away with her imitation of their mother; Lorena must have already fucked the old man.

Oh wow, he thought, reaching down to touch the ultra-hard prick that was threatening to split itself in his jeans. Lorena and dad; his sister all naked and hot, taking his dad's cock into her wiggling pussy--the image made him squirm. He'd like to see that.

Glynn climbed the stairs, his hard cock bulging, his hands shaking a little when he reached the second floor. He went into the bathroom he shared with Lorena, peeled out of his clothes and took a shower. The hot water and soap made his shaft ache even more, and he climbed out of the enclosure to dry himself off. Putting on his beatup old terrycloth robe, he walked barefoot down the hall and paused at the door to his father's room.

Pressing his ear to the panel, he could barely make out the whispering inside, and drew back quickly. Lorena had scored, that was certain; she was talking with the old man now, and nobody was raising hell. That left the next move up to him, so he went on to his mother's bedroom and quietly opened the door.

The bedside radio was playing softly, and its dial light was the only light in the room. Stepping inside, he closed the door behind him and saw the shape of her body. She was lying on top of the covers, stark naked from head to toe. Taking a deep and steadying breath, he shed the robe and moved carefully toward the bed, his heart pounding.

All these years, he thought--ever since he was big enough to know what to do with his cock, he had had a thing for his mom. She was so damned beautiful, so sexy, and there was a special bitchy look around her eyes that made a guy think she would really go wild when a piece of meat was put to her box.

Glynn had started peeping early, looking to catch a glimpse of his mother's big, glorious tits, trying to see up her dress. He had hoped to catch her naked in the bathroom some day, but she always locked the door.

And a couple of times, he had heard them screwing, his mom and dad, heard the squishy noises of a man's prick moving in a woman's hot, juicy pussy, heard the moaning his mom made and the panting of his old man as they fucked. Both times, he had rushed into the bathroom and closed his eyes, trying to picture the scene, while he beat his meat and pretended that it was him in there between his mother's surging white thighs.

Now he was standing over the bed where his mom was asleep, smashed on whiskey. He was staring down at the delectable body spread so innocently and unknowing for his eyes, and Glynn wished that the light was better, that he could see every gorgeous detail of that magic flesh.

She had one knee lifted as she lay on her back and the dim light played over the heavy cones of her tits, but when he looked on down the sweep of the magnificent body, he couldn't make out her pussy, only the general shape of the dark mound hidden in shadows. But he could stare to his heart's content at the beauty of her legs, so long and molded; he could gaze hungrily at the melons of her firm, tip-tilted breasts, and he drank in the sights.

Glynn thought of how many times his old man must have seen her like this, of how many times--thousands, maybe--that his father had crawled over on top of that beautiful body and fitted himself between those soft pale thighs. Glynn's prick pulsed, and he soothed it with his hand, gripped it as he began to move like a robot to the bed where the most unreachable, the most forbidden, object of all his sexual fantasies lay.

Cautiously, he eased his weight upon the bed and lay down on his side, his breath hanging in his tight throat and blood drumbeating in his ears. He listened to her breathing, and now that he was near, could see the smudge of her black lashes lying against her cheeks. She was so lovely, so desirable, that the closeness of her was like a sharp knife in his guts.

He was going to fuck her. A jolt of knowledge jumped inside his head as he knew that, for the first time, really knew it. He was at last going to fuck his mother. The impending divorce, the plan he and his sister had to stop it, even the screwing he had shared with Lorena and Jean--all paled beside the fact that he was about to put his meat into his mom's precious cunt.

No matter what the hell happened, no matter if the whole world blew up in Glynn's face, he was now determined to fuck that dream pussy, if he died for it afterward. She might wake up and scream, but he would cover her mouth; she might kick, but he would force his way in between her flashing legs. He was too close now, and the greatest prize of all was within his reach.

Reaching out one uncertain hand, he put it softly upon her tit. She stirred, but the rhythm of her breathing didn't break, so he cupped the wondrous mound gently and rolled the long nipple between his thumb and forefinger. She felt spongy and firm, felt fabulous and wild, and he pressed down, knowing the give of the breast, allowing it to spring back so that the nipple hit his palm.

Sliding over, Glynn lowered his mouth to the nipple, and licked over it. It tasted like honey, like love, tasted like all the dreams that had ever raced around inside his head. Drawing the resilient nub into his teeth, he chewed delicately upon it, then sucked it hungrily. His mom didn't move, deep in her alcohol-ridden sleep, so he opened his

mouth as wide as he could, and tried to take the entire sweet tit into it.

His hands strayed down, sliding tenderly over her rib cage, down to the satiny planes of her stomach, and parted to caress the padded shapings of her hip-bones. Only then, with the flavor of her breast perfumed in his mouth, only then did he dare to move one hand on down to the taboo place, to her pubic mound.

It was rich and warm beneath his fingertips, the black hair piled kind of crisp and crinkly against his palm. There seemed to be a special kind of life in it, and Glynn shuddered as he fondled the thick, furry bush. One finger eased into the clinging excitement of the pubic hair and discovered the smoothness of her pussy lips.

Lingering there, Glynn stroked the velvet soft lips, ran his finger slowly up and down them, trying to imprint the shape and feel of them forever upon his feverish brain. His mom's cunt; his lovely mom's pussy, his daddy had pumped the meat into it, and now he was caressing the fantastic snatch himself. He was feeling up his mother's pussy, and it felt like satin, silk, all downy and cottony, all hot and tickly.

Glynn nudged his cockhead over so that it touched her thigh, and another flash of erotic pleasure shot through him at the contact. She was so warm, so ripely shaped, and he moved his prick up and down the full perfection of her thigh, from hip to the knee. His finger hesitated against her labia, then began, of its own accord, to work gently inside.

The tip was in her, in his mother's cunt lips, and the heat it found there was succulent, an alluring inner warmth that moved right up his wrist, on up his arm. His mouth was dry now, and he took it from the opulence of her tit, breathing harshly, his brain whirling with keen excitement. His finger probed deeper, moved on up into the wetly clinging grip of the pussy itself, until it was buried to the knuckle.

For awhile, Glynn just lay there with his rigid prick thumping against the velvet flesh, holding his finger full length inside the most fascinating cunt he had ever thought about. She felt impossibly soft and rich inside, hot and slippery with a special lavishness that shook him to the core.

He couldn't wait any longer, or his throbbing cock would spurt semen over her thigh; his balls ached with the pressure that had built up within them, and he was wildly turned on by the thought that very soon, he would let go his load deep within the treasured confines of his mom's pussy.

Removing his finger from the gripping of the enfolding tissues there, he stroked the abundantly haired pussy again, before lifting to his knees and crawling around to poise himself between her outflung legs. Glynn couldn't resist running both hands over those enticing legs, so that his palms and fingers would forever remember them. They were so long, sleek and lovely and slim. Smooth and graceful, they were the sculptured gateway to his personal paradise; he moved on his knees between them, using his hands to spread them even more, to open the hairy target of her crotch to him.

Bending, he caught the rise of a fragrance from her cunt, a spicy, musky, stimulating perfume that was his mother's womanly essence. She moved then, mumbled unintelligible words in her sleep, and crossed one arm over her eyes. Transfixed, he crouched without motion for what seemed forever, until the urgency in his balls pushed him on.

Glynn was beyond stopping now. If she came to and screamed, he meant to fuck her anyhow, even if he had to fight her off the bed and down onto the carpet. Trembling, he used one hand to steer the flexing head of his prick into the shadowy bush of her mound, and when the tip of it pressed into the crinkly hairs, fought down the need to let it go all over her pussy.

But it was hotter inside, unbelievably rich inside, and he had to get there. Slow and easy, Glynn hunched his belly forward, and helped his prick with his hand. It shoved into the slick lips, slid thrillingly into them as they stretched to admit his cockhead. Not slow now, but driven by his inflamed passions, Glynn gave a jab that sank his prick into his mom's cunt.

All the way inside that enchanted pussy, it went, into that sizzling hot snatch that his daddy had fucked so many times and that was now, at last, his.

He shuddered as it went home, as his iron-hard prick slid greasily to its entire length inside her vagina and his balls came to rest in the fluffy crack of her shapely ass. Glynn had his meat packed in her cunt now, had it stuffed all the way up her, and the sensation was fantastic. He stroked her, lifted his ass to make his pulsing cock slide back to the head, then pushed it in once more, grunting with pure joy.

She wiggled slightly on the first thrust, and swung her pelvis more on the second one. Glynn reached both hands down under the smooth cheeks of her ass and held on as he worked his aching prick in and out of the wet gloving of her marvelous pussy. Her vagina grasped his shaft, caressed it with velvet bubblings, with hotly soaped strength, and he lay down on top of her then, blinded to any danger, needing only to fuck and fuck this most erotic of all cunts.

Her arms lifted around him, and she hiked her crotch to take him deeper, a soft moan escaping the lips now placed at his ear, her warm breath tingling. "Oh darling--it's been so long--oh, how lovely. Your prick is so hard--"

The words centered in his lunging prick, turned him on even more, and Glynn began to hammer his cock into her pussy, to force it strongly with every powerful stroke. The bed shook and they rocked together, glued at the crotch. His balls slapped damply and softly at her ass, and now his mother's long, fabulous legs raised to wrap around him, crossing themselves at the ankles.

"Fuck me, darling. Fuck me hard and deep--yes, like that! Feed that cock into me, darling. Oh! Lovely, lovely--"

Blindly, his mouth sought for hers and found it. His tongue pushed between her open lips and discovered the wet squirming of her tongue. She sucked on his, pulled it toward her throat, and her teeth clashed along his as she groaned in rapture.

Then suddenly, her body stopped its whiplash movements; her ass ceased to heave up and down, and her beautiful legs dropped away from his body. Glynn could feel the shock that rippled through her, feel the stiffening of her pussy around his stroking prick. She pushed both hands against his chest and gasped.

"N-no! You--you're not Eric, not my husband! Why--what--"

Glynn let go of her ass and reached up, just in time to catch her wrists as she tried to claw his face. "Easy--take it easy, mom!"

Her hiss was pure outrage: "No! You--you! Glynn, you c-can't, we mustn't--oh please, please let me go!"

Pinning her arms above her head, he forced his prick solidly within her wet pussy, held it there while she wiggled and tried frantically to work it out of her body. But he had it socked to her, and as long as he was firmly between her legs, she couldn't get free.

She kept struggling, her tits bouncing against his chest, her pelvis surging in movements that were about to make him come. He whispered harshly at her: "Stop fighting! I have my prick in you, mom. I've been fucking you, and you dug it. I'm going to finish screwing you, and if you keep yelling, you'll wake up dad and sis."

The last thought was a good one, because she fell limp beneath him, only tugging weakly at her arms. "Don't, Glynn--oh please don't. You're drunk or something, and don't know what you're doing."

He jammed his prick hard against her womb and gyrated his ass to move the cockhead around, feeling very strong and conquering. "I know what I'm doing--what I've always dreamed of doing. I'm fucking you, mom. I have my prick shoved deep inside your beautiful hot pussy, and pretty soon, I'm going to come in it. I love you, mom--I love your cunt so much that it's been driving me crazy. Now it last I'm fucking you, and I won't stop for anything."

She lay still, but he thought his cockhead sensed a tremble in her vaginal walls, and his prick responded to it. He said softly, "It's happening, mom, and nobody can stop it. Please fuck me back; please come with me."

She made a strangled noise, and words came tumbling out: "I--I can't, but--its been so long, and I'm a passionate woman. Oh please--oh my sweet boy, why me? H-how could you--oh, Glynn!"

Her pelvis lurched against his, and he let go her wrists so that she could hold him in her rounded arms, so that her big, soft tits could flatten themselves against his heaving chest. The nipples were hard, boring into his flesh, and Glynn's heart leaped with bliss. His mother was laying her pussy up to him! She was fucking him back, trying to come with him, this first magic, crazy time they were screwing.

Those terrific legs webbed him in again, and she rolled up on her shoulders to open her cunt wider for his now feverish strokes. He fed her the hard meat, socked it deep and pulled it out, only to shove it balls-deep again.

"I'm, t-trying to hold back, mom," he panted, his hands taking another delightful grip upon the hot cheeks of her bouncing ass. "But I need you so much, I--I can't. I'm going to come. I'm coming!"

His prick swelled, and the flexing head suddenly poured forth a hot, hissing stream of semen. Glynn shot off inside his mother's softly receiving pussy, pumped his come in quick, spitting jets so that it splashed against her cervix and inundated the quivering walls of her vagina. Again and again, globs of his semen fountained into that, hot, trembling cunt, and he ground his balls lovingly into the cleft between her cheeks, reveling in the farout sensation.

She gave a tiny shriek. "Oh! You're coming in me, dear--you're flooding

your mother's pussy with your littleboy come, and I love it, love it! Keep fucking me, darling--oh keep fucking me!"

He laid the meat into her steadily, still hard as a rock, still eager as ever to screw this exquisite cunt, and his prick made sloshing noises as it worked back and forth in the hot bubbling lubrication of his own semen. She rolled her ass and scraped his back with her fingernails, clamping her long legs around his waist and trying to lift him off the bed. Her crotch pounded up into his, and her pussy seemed to wiggle violently over his moving cock, seemed to clench down upon the head of it as it reached home time after time.

Glynn was delirious; he and his mother were fucking, fucking, and she was digging his prick as much as she loved his dad's. She was screwing him hard and wild, sledging her belly up to his and dropping it back, twisting her greasy hot pussy all over his rod.

"S-sweet boy--darling boy! Your cock isn't as big as your daddy's thing, but it's so hard, so hard and so young! Ooohh, how I love it, love to feel it this far up my pussy--oh, Glynn, my baby, my darling, your mother would like to eat you up. Ah! Ah, that's good, so good! More and more of this lovely young prick, and--and--oh yes, I'm coming, coming, coming!"

He felt the vibration of her cunt, the frantic gulping as his mother came, as his lovely, hot mom came on his prick. It was too much for Glynn, and he let go with yet another load of semen that had built up hurriedly within his balls. Not as strong, not as copious, there was still a gush of come that added to the fiery liquids already there.

Sagging, he collapsed on top of her, the strength draining from him, but reluctant to have his cock leave the beautiful intimacy of his mom's spasming pussy. She cradled him with her legs, hugged him close and stroked his hair, crooning words of love in his ear, licking the tip of her tongue into his ear every so often.

"My baby," she murmured. "My sweet child. You've turned into a young man, a horny young man who had the nerve to sneak in here and practically rape his own mother while she was sleeping off all the liquor she drank tonight. And I'm very glad you did, dear. I suppose I've been sublimating my own incestuous desires for ages, and I'm so happy it finally happened to us."

"I love you, mom," he whispered, stroking her fabulous body, holding his slowly melting prick within her cunt while the mingled juices of their bodies leaked out and puddled in the feathery cleft of her ass.

"And I love you, dear," she said, running a soft hand down between their bodies so she could cup his flaccid balls. "How did you ever gather the courage to do it?"

He was on the verge of telling her about the plan, balanced for a ragged moment upon the edge of exposing the fact that her husband and her daughter were at this very second down the hall in probably the same general position. But Glynn held back in time, and didn't say that his dad and sister were fucking now, too, that incest in this family had suddenly become a game for four players.

Were they as happy as he and his mother? He supposed so, knowing Lorena well now, knowing the strong lusts that moved within his sister's young cunt. He stirred his softening cock into his mom's pussy, and she squeezed his balls lightly.

"It was so wonderful," she said. "I haven't screwed anyone for too long. Your father and I once had a good thing going, but it disappeared somewhere along the line. I've been so lonely, so damned frustrated. But now, darling--oh, now I have you."

He felt his prick slide limply from the pussy he adored, and she helped him lift himself from her hot body. He lay beside his freshly fucked mother, sated for the moment and content, proud that he'd really gotten into her, that he had let two big loads of come off into her beautiful cunt. He had made her come, too; she loved his prick.

Glynn said, "Has dad got a bigger cock than me?"

She came up on one elbow and kissed him, her big tit brushing warmly against the side of his face.

"Yes, your father has a tremendous penis, but that doesn't mean I can't get just as much, or more, pleasure from your sweet thing, darling. In fact, you excited me more than I think I've ever been, in all my life. Maybe it was the idea of being screwed by my own handsome son, of having my own child's prick in me, but whatever the cause, you were a marvelous lover. Imagine--coming twice, in such a short time."

He said, "I want to fuck you forever. I always wanted to, ever since I got big enough. I used to hear you and dad making it in here, and it drove me right up the wall. I used to go into the bathroom and jerk off while I pretended it was me between your beautiful legs. I guess I was jealous of dad."

She kissed him again, and ran her tongue warmly into his lips. "Well, you don't have to be jealous any more. You can do it to me all the time, in oh so many ways. There are so many things I want to do to you, do with you. But we'll have to be very careful, dear. What with the divorce so close now, if your father had even the slightest suspicion that there could be anything sexual between his wife and his son--"

He didn't want to hear anything about divorce, and said, "We can be careful, since you and dad don't sleep together any more. Oh mom, I--I never went down on anyone, but I really want to do that to you. I want to taste your lovely pussy, but you'll have to show me how. I don't know anything about that, only what I've seen in pictures."

"How wonderful," she sighed. "Your father has always been just a little stuffy about oral sex. He did it to me a few times when we were first married, but I always had the feeling that he didn't really like it. Yes, dear, I'll teach you. We'll make all kinds of exquisite love together, my handsome, stiff-dicked son and me."

He turned his head and kissed the nipple of her tit. She lifted the big mound with one hand and fed it to him, rubbing it into his mouth and across his teeth. Glynn worshipped it with his tongue, licking first the nipple, then all around the spongy melon of his mother's breast, thinking of sliding his cock between those big tits, of titty-fucking her as he had done the night before to his sister. Would his mom react the same way, and lap the sliding head of his prick?

Both of them froze in place; they could hear the sound of a shower going in the bathroom that divided this bedroom from the one Eric Johansen slept in. Glynn's half-hard cock dropped again, even though he had a pretty good idea that his father wouldn't be coming in here; not with Lorena in his bed. But what was the old man doing, taking a bath at this time of night?

Probably making himself tidy for another round of screwing with Lorena, Glynn thought. But whatever the cause, it scared hell out of his mother. She pulled away from him and whispered, "You'd better go, dear. Tomorrow we can be together again, just as soon as possible, I promise. I'm not about to let my young lover go, now that we've discovered each other."

He slid out of bed, peeped into the hall, and split for his own room.

Chapter 7

Lorena said to her father: "It wasn't rape, dad."

He stared down at her, the bedside lamp making harsh lines of light on his tense face. "What the hell do you mean?"

She didn't try to cover herself; she wanted him to see her naked body, to run his eyes over the flesh that had grown from his own ejaculated sperm, the body that he had just done such a grand job of fucking. She said, "I came in to your bed because you needed me, but maybe not as much as I needed you. Oh dad, daddy--I've wanted you to lay me for years. And I couldn't stand not having you any longer, so I sneaked in here and pretended to be mom. It was wonderful."

Blinking, her father couldn't seem to get his head together, and she watched varying shades of emotion struggle across his face. He drew the sheet across his lower body, trying to hide the big, upright shaft with the shiny head. "But, baby--you're my daughter--"

She reached over and whipped away the sheet. "And that thing is too beautiful to hide. I thought it would never fit into my little box, but I'm glad it did. It's a good thing I wasn't a cherry, though."

He said, "I don't understand. Damn it, I drank too much tonight, and I'm still kind of fuzzy, but--why, baby? Why me?"

"Because you're big and beautiful and my daddy; because I love you more than I could ever love any other man. Because I want you to keep fucking me until I freak out."

"B-but--it's all wrong, and people don't do this sort of thing--I mean--"

"It's already done," she answered, feeling much wiser and older than him. "We've already screwed, so that can't be changed. So why not do it right, with you knowing who I am and loving me for who I am? I'm so hot for more of you, daddy."

His eyes warmed as he looked down at her, and Lorena saw him really gaze at her for the first time, seeing her as a ready and very desirable woman, not a kid. Maybe he wouldn't look at her this way, she thought, if he hadn't already had that big rod in her, if he hadn't pumped her ecstatic pussy full of his juice just a few minutes ago. But her father was a realist who understood that the damage--if any--had already been done. Now he was reacting as any other horny man with a new, young piece of ass waiting for him, and the fact that she was his own daughter was making it better for him.

He said, "Damn it, it doesn't seem real, but I've been doing without for too long, and you're such a beautiful kid."

"You've looked at me sometimes," she said, "as if I was. Once in awhile, I caught you kind of eyeing me as if you wanted to put your hands on me, feel me up. Well, I wanted you to do just that. Am I really beautiful, dad? Do you want to kiss me all over, and bite my tits, and put that gorgeous, big prick in your daughter's aching pussy?"

He swallowed hard, and she could see the head of his cock leap. "Lorena, baby--did you lock the door?"

"Yes," she smiled at him, "oh yes, I did."

Then she reached over to him, lifted up her arms and drew her handsome father down. Their mouths met, and she thrust her tongue thirstily into his lips.

His hairy chest pressed down upon the hard nipples of her tits, and his throbbing shaft nestled along her belly. So groovy, she thought, so damned wonderful and crazy, and so beautiful. She ran her tongue around inside his mouth, feeling his teeth, his inner cheeks and the thick movement of his own tongue, all wet and hot. Their breaths mingled, and their teeth raked.

She tore away her mouth to gasp: "Love me, daddy--love me! Kiss my tits, feel my ass, my pussy."

His mouth closed over a nipple, licked searingly there, sucked strongly there, before his teeth spread wide and she felt her entire mound being drawn in. Twisting, she got a hand under his balls and hefted them, ran her questing fingers over their sacked shapings and felt the weight of them. His hair was so thick and curly, she thought, but not wiry; it was only a shade or two darker than his head, a rich golden color.

Her daddy's hands passed over her writhing body, caressing her hips, her belly, and one of them slid around to cup a cheek of her ass; the other dipped gently between her thighs and palmed the pulsing softness of her wet mound. Instinctively, her pelvis jerked, and Lorena made little hungry strokes with her cunt.

Panting, he said, "You lovely little bitch; you sexy, teasing little bitch, switching your trim ass at me, brushing your tits against me, and looking at me as if you wanted to eat me up. Want to screw you? Damned right; you've given me a hundred hard-ons over the past couple of years, but I never dared--"

"Dare now," she whispered hotly. "But first, let me do this for you, daddy darling."

Wheeling around, she pressed her weight upon him and forced him to lie back. Lorena had practiced on her brother, and knew she could do a good job now, and her heart was fluttering at the prospect.

"What are you--"

"Hush now," she murmured. "Just lie back and let me love my beautiful father."

She straddled his body, wiggling when his flagpole cock slid between her cheeks and stood tall along her spine. She would have it later, all of it she wanted and needed so badly, but now she had other things to do to him. She would show him how good she was, turn him on in every way there was.

Lorena pushed back, dragging his bent cock across her slippery snatch and feeling it sticky against her tummy. She kissed his corded throat and licked down it to his upper chest. Running her hands up and down his rib cage, playing with his nipples, she squirmed to his supine body. When she reached his little dark pink tit, she nipped it lightly, then sucked on it, delighted to feel his sudden lurch beneath her, knowing that she was thrilling him.

Moving down farther, she licked a hot trail down his chest to his belly, drawing her tongue through the patch of golden hairs, tickling him until he wiggled. Her hands were on his hips now, fondling and petting, digging fingernails tenderly into his flesh.

When Lorena reached his navel, she bit the skin, then drove her tongue deeply into it, lapping the belly button as if it were some inverted kind of lollypop, tasting the mansweat of him there. The stiff rod of his cock stood beside her cheek, and she rubbed her face along it, her fingers busy probing his balls and feeling into the furry crack of his ass as her daddy flinched and writhed.

"B-baby," he panted, "no; you don't know what you're doing--oh sweet baby--"

Moaning softly to herself, she caressed his shaft, squeezed and stroked it, running her fingers over the monstrous head and sliding them in the leakage there. So big, she thought; so long and strong and powerful, and right now it was all hers, to do with just as she pleased.

Lorena kissed the blunt reddened tip, and liked the flavor of his semen; it was musky and manly, the very essence of his body. She used her tongue to curl across the slit, to push into the slot and worry it, then withdrew to run it licking around the flanged outline of the glans itself. Not like her brother's slim cock, she thought, realizing that she would never get much of it into her mouth because of its size.

Stretching her lips, she fitted them down over the head, took the entire knob inside her mouth. Her father quivered, and his hands came down to take her head gently between them. Eyes closed, breathing hard, Lorena used her tongue and lips to create voluptuous caresses over the velvety head of his prick. Drawing in her cheeks, she rubbed it over the roof of her mouth, and ringed the shaft just below the head with her teeth.

When she started to suck, her daddy groaned and worked his fingers into her hair; his pelvis rocked back and forth, making his cock reach farther into her mouth.

She wanted it all, wanted to take it down her throat and into her belly, but it was too big. Lorena took all of it she possibly could, sucking and licking, moving her head up and down in the same manner her cunt was moving up and down on his thigh. She wrapped her legs around her daddy's strong thigh and made sliding, fucking motions, rubbing her snatch against him while she ate his prick.

"Baby--Lorena--little girl--oh, darling; that's wonderful!"

Dimly, she heard her father's choked voice, and knew a warmth as he continued to tenderly screw her face. She got both hands down under his ass and pulled him tighter, tried to force even more of that delicious meat into her mouth. She felt the head of his lovely cock swell, felt him tremble against her tits and knew that he was about to reach orgasm.

Lorena sucked harder, pulling on the head, her tongue going wild, her fingers digging savagely into his taut ass. Grinding his pelvis into her chin, rubbing his hairy belly into her forehead, her daddy let it go then. That tremendous head jerked, and a boiling spate of come erupted from it. She choked on it, gasped for air and swallowed while the floodtide of her father's semen fountained into her throat. Oyster-like, slimy, the stuff filled her mouth, thick and creamy, and she continued to gulp it down, continued to pull eagerly at the spigot for more.

"Oh!" he moaned. "Oh baby--I can't take any more--oh!"

Lorena drained the last purling drops from the head of his prick and let them slip down her feverish throat. She had never felt so in command, for he was helpless with her.

Regretfully, she allowed the trembling bulb to slide from her mouth, licking her lips and smiling. Lifting her face, she stared up at him when his hands fell away from her head. "There, darling. Now I have you in my stomach; you are forever a part of me now."

Her father's eyes were closed and he was breathing in ragged gasps. "That was t-too much, baby. I won't be able to move for a week."

"Sure you will," she promised, and crawled up his body to lie atop him. He was wide and tall, and she felt very small like this, but Lorena snuggled up to him, knowing that she had the power to sap his strength while giving him deep erotic pleasure. She was stronger, and never had she been so glad of her sex.

They lay quietly for a long time, with his arms around her, his big hands stroking her ass, her head pillowed upon his broad chest. After awhile he said, "What brought this on, baby? Sure, we always had a thing for each other, but why did you pick tonight to start something? Not that I'm sorry you did, darling; I'm glad you had the guts, because I sure as hell didn't. I didn't have the cold nerve it would take to be a dirty old man."

"You're not a dirty old man," she said against the base of his throat. "You're my daddy, and the best fuck in the whole world. Why did I do it tonight? Well--I just couldn't stand it any longer, and when you and mom drank so much, I thought maybe I could sneak in here and you'd screw me and not know the difference."

Now that they were being open with each other, sharing their love and their bodies, Lorena hated to lie to him, but she didn't dare tell her daddy the truth, not yet. For the first time, she wondered if her brother was making out as well, if he had managed to put his slim young meat to their mother's interesting pussy.

Had Glynn really made it with mom, or had he backed out at the last possible moment? If he did that, she'd cream him. But her brother had a hard on for a taste of mom's cunt, that was certain, and he had probably swung with her by now. A new thrill stirred deep within Lorena's vagina, and she rubbed her sensitive thighs together, feeling her father's limp prick folded between their bellies.

She pictured her young brother lying like this on top of their mother, between those superbly long legs, his chest mashing down those magnificent tits, his stiff cock buried to the balls inside that black-haired pussy. Wow, she thought; if everything worked out for them, she would soon get to watch them fuck, because once all the phony barriers

had been pushed down, the four of them could get together and let it all hang out.

Her father said sleepily, "I knew the difference almost right away, but I thought I was dreaming. Your mother has a fine body and a wonderful pussy, but so have you, only in a different way, and a new feel. When I got all the way awake, I thought I'd stumbled over into your room and raped my daughter. I guess I always believed I'd have to rape you, that you wouldn't willingly screw your own dad."

Lorena said, "You should have known; I'm your daughter, and have a lot of the same emotions you have. I guess we're both very strongly sexed, dad. Is mom that way, too?"

He hesitated. "Yes, she is. It wasn't anything sexual that brought on this divorce, unless you can call boredom that. I mean, two people can love to screw, and enjoy each other to the limits, but after so many years, it gets too damned familiar, too much like a habit. It's not good any more, when that happens."

She thought of them screwing, and wondered how her father would react if he knew that his son was probably at this very minute putting the meat to Mrs. Eric Johansen. He might take it wrong, taking it as a slur upon his own manhood or something. Men were different, not nearly so logical as women, and even though he had fucked his own daughter and allowed her to go down on him, her dad would probably be very upset if he knew it was also the other way around.

There was time to let him know, she thought; not a whole lot of time, because that silly damned divorce was looming in the foreground. But maybe in another day or two, she could convince him that what they were doing was best for all concerned.

He said, "I'm a little punchy and feel kind of grimy. I'll get up and take a shower, maybe have a couple of quick drinks, then come back to bed. If you'll still be here."

"I'll be here," she answered, moving to one side and taking her weight from him.

She watched him walk bare-assed into the bathroom, loving every tall, wide inch of his big body, seeing his softened cock swinging from side to side. Her daddy was big all over, and she figured he would be big enough mentally to adjust to the brand new situation in his household.

It was working, she told herself; so far, the plan was moving along perfectly. She had seduced her daddy and he dug it; her brother had no doubt done the same thing with their mother, and even though she had once thought she could make out strangled kinds of sounds in the next room, there had been no screaming. Since they had started acting stupid, both her parents were hard up for sex. Their kids had made it with them at the right time, while they were uptight and frustrated.

But what was the next step? Of course, they had to make dad and mom more wrapped up in sexual activities with their kids. But how to go about bringing mom and dad together again? Lorena turned over on her belly, still wet between her thighs, and the idea of Jean Marks came to mind. Wouldn't that sexy little redhead like a chance to be fucked by that huge prick? It was a good idea; Jean could be brought in to get dad into a triangle, to open him up more to free-swinging screwing.

Once he was adjusted to that, her father could then be brought into a mix-up with her brother and mom. Smiling, Lorena ran a hand over her

mound and stretched her legs. She listened to the sound of the shower and hoped her dad would regain his strength soon.

Chapter 8

Glynn was up early, unable to sleep. He spent a long time in the shower, enjoying the hot water, soaping himself thoroughly. When he was dry, he inspected his face in the mirror, thinking that perhaps he had grown more beard overnight. He sure felt a lot older.

Standing before the sink he thought about what he had done the night before, and felt tingly all over. It hadn't been another wet dream; he had really, actually, fucked his mother. True, he hadn't been able to spend the whole night with her, and hadn't gotten nearly enough of that glorious pussy, but she had fucked him back. She had loved his prick and played with it and fed him her tit. She had talked dirty with him and told him that even though his father's cock was much bigger than his, she dug his prick just as much.

He looked down and saw his shaft rising, the head spreading as if it could feel the magic caress of his mom's velvet cunt. Those sleek, long legs and the way she moved her crotch, the way she rolled her terrific ass--Glynn got hard all over and his balls began to ache.

It was Saturday, he remembered, and his dad wouldn't be going to the construction outfit he owned today. Damn, Glynn thought; he wanted to fuck some more, and he wanted his mom, not Lorena. Not right away with his sister, anyhow. Mom had promised to teach him a lot of things about sex, like how to eat her cunt, and he was more eager for that experience than for anything else. Maybe he could get Lorena to take dad out of the house for a couple of hours; he sure as hell couldn't wait until night.

Trying to whistle, he went downstairs and headed for the kitchen, his stomach growling. He had already downed a glass of juice and had bread in the toaster when she came in. Glynn looked up at her, thinking that his mother was fantastically beautiful in a red robe that clung to her hips and outlined the high mounds of her fine tits. The robe swung away from her molded legs when she walked, too, and the glimpse of them made his mouth dry up.

Her coal-black hair swung loosely down her back, and she wore red lipstick that made him somehow think of the lips of her cunt, those soft, soft lips he had never actually seen up close. He blushed when her eyes caught his, and felt like some kind of nut because his face turned red. But she smiled at him, her lashes half lowered over sultry dark eyes, and he perked up immediately.

"Good morning, dear," she murmured. "Did you sleep well?"

"Kind of," he said. "But I wanted to be in your bed."

She came to stand close and lift a scented hand to his cheek. "I know, lover; I wanted you there, too. Maybe there'll be a chance today. Would you like that?"

Damn! He wanted to grab her and rub his stiffening cock into her belly, to hold her by the cheeks of that alluring ass and to bury his face between her tits. "I have to screw you today, mom; I have to."

Her smile widened, and she dropped her hand to squeeze his prick. "So eager and ready. Just as soon as it's possible, darling; I promise."

She left him standing there with his shaft paining, and made a pot of coffee while he watched every movement of her superb body with avid eyes. It was still hard for him to believe he had gotten into her cunt, that he had pumped her hot, juicy snatch full of his come, and that she wanted more.

When he heard somebody else coming, he hurried to the table and sat down, to hide his erection. It was Lorena, looking fresh and supremely happy, dressed in tight cutoffs and a floppy but thin bandanna shirt that showed the bouncy movement of her tits. She looked a question at him, and he winked. She winked back, and grinned broadly.

His sister was really a cute girl, he thought, one that any guy would be lucky to screw. And now she had fucked their father; the experience had made her glow, he saw, and wondered if he looked as joyful this morning.

"Hi, everybody," Lorena said, skipping over to the stove and putting her arms around her mother's waist to kiss the back of her neck. "Morning, mom."

"My, isn't everyone chipper this morning," Arlene said. "I hope your father is in a halfway good mood."

"Oh, he will be," Lorena said, and blew a silent kiss at Glynn.

Glynn wondered how she had managed it; his sister couldn't have held down his old man and practically raped him when he woke up. And how had she taken that prick, the one mom said was so much bigger than his own? He guessed a girl's pussy could stretch as much as was needed. Lorena brought the toast and ducked her hand beneath the table to nip his shaft, laughing when he flinched.

Then Eric Johansen came down to breakfast. It was the only meal he shared with the family, Glynn thought, staying away at lunch on business and not coming home for dinner because he didn't want to.

"Morning," his father said gruffly, and Glynn sneaked a glance at him to see if he could read anything on the craggy face, but the man wasn't showing anything.

"Better hurry, dad," Lorena said. "Remember you promised to take me out and show me the construction site today?"

Arlene Johansen turned from the stove, one eyebrow going up. "Oh? At this late date, you're showing an interest in your children?"

"Don't start," Eric said and took a cup of coffee from his daughter. "I thought it was time they both got to know a little about the business, but one at a time."

Glynn met his mother's eyes in mute, intent appeal, and she nodded slightly. "All right, then; Glynn and I will manage to take care of ourselves. That is, if you have nothing on, son?"

He half choked on a piece of buttered toast. "N-no, mom; guess I'll stay home and help in the yard or something."

His father only grunted, and Glynn knew a vast feeling of relief, then a sensation of exultation. He was going to be alone with her, with his lovely mother; they would have most of the day to themselves! The knowledge shook him to the core, and he clamped his legs together to keep his cock from jumping, crazily. Right in the living room, he

thought--with the drapes drawn and doors locked; right there on the floor, with both of them stripped naked.

Somehow, Glynn held himself together until they left. Gathering up purse and her weird hat, his sister leaned close to him and said softly, "Have a lot of fun, little brother. Dad and I are going to a motel, so you'll have plenty of time."

All he could do was nod his head and smile weakly. Lorena really had it rolling, and the day ought to be a ball for both of them. For all four, he corrected himself; their parents would dig the action as much as they would, he was sure. He listened for the station wagon to pull out of the driveway, and sat for a few seconds after he was certain they were gone.

"Mom," he said, "can I help with the dishes?"

"I'm putting them in the washer," she answered quietly. "They can wait, but I'm not so sure I can."

She held his hand as they walked into the living room and they separated only to close the drapes. But he wanted some light, so he snapped on the bar lamp as she turned to him with her hands by her sides and her chin up.

"Here, darling--not upstairs in bed?"

He shook his head. "Here on the floor, mom. I've watched you here, peeping under your skirt when you got careless with those fantastic legs, making pictures in my head how you would look all naked, trying to make believe that you would drink too much and pass out and nobody else would be home. Now it's all coming true, and I want to screw my hot, beautiful mother in the living room."

"Of course you can," she murmured, and reached to undo the belt of her robe.

He sat on a barstool, knowing a trembling in his legs, and watched her open the robe. The red of it made a bright frame for the long, willowy body exposed to his view, and he gazed enraptured at the creamy expanse of woman flesh she showed him. His mom's tits quivered at the least movement of her shoulders, and he stared at them fixedly as she dropped the robe.

They were rich and heavy, round and firm, with those long, brown nipples sticking out invitingly. She cupped them in both hands, offering them to him, and her voice was low in her throat when she said, "Hadn't you better get out of your jeans, dear?"

Fumbling at his zipper, he dropped his eyes over the smooth planes of her belly, down to that prized treasure between her full thighs. His mother's pubic hair was black as midnight, curled tightly, thickly grown in an entrancing vee whose tips narrowed and spread themselves up into the delicate creases formed by her groin and the upper reaches of her incomparable thighs.

"You--you're so beautiful, it hurts my eyes," he mumbled.

Her smile was warm and bitchy, her tongue darting out pinkly to wet her red lips. "Do you really think so, Glynn? I'm so glad; I want to be beautiful for you, hot for you."

Her hand left her breasts and slid insinuatingly over her hips, down

across her belly, and her slim fingers toyed with her mound. "Here I am, lover. Here's what you want."

Glynn kicked out of his jeans and whipped his tee-shirt over his head, not knowing or caring where it landed. His stiff cock stood erect, the head of it glistening, and already a tiny droplet of fluid hung there.

But when he stepped down and went toward her, his mother drifted back. "Just a second, dear. You said you wanted me to teach you something, and I will. Here, let me take a sofa pillow."

Uncertainly, he stood with his prick thrust out while she stooped to place the pillow upon the floor. "There, Glynn; there are two ways for a man to eat a woman, and I'll show you the first one. Lie down, darling, and put your head on this."

Obediently, for he would do anything for this woman, he stretched out on the carpet with his head braced. She moved over and put one shapely foot on each side of his rigid body, so that he looked up into the hairy nest he adored. Glynn could see the lips of her cunt then, peeping shyly pink from the black furry thatch. It was like a mouth, he thought, but far more lovely, and beckoning him to know its richness.

Slowly, she crouched, bending her body bit by bit until she was kneeling over him. Her knees snugged his hips, and she rubbed them up and down tenderly, swinging her hips, making the round white globes of her breasts sway provocatively.

"Your body is so smooth," she said, "and very appealing, Glynn. I'll bet the young girls go wild over it."

"I--I only had one, before you," he said. "And I wish you could have been the first, mom."

"You're sweet," she said, and moved so that her cunt came down upon his belly, hot and softly wirey, crispy but somehow soft moss. Working it around, she made him wiggle, and he reached for her hips.

But when he touched them, his mother slid up to his chest and gave him a few moments to revel in the intimacy of her pussy on his breastbone. As he stared into the dark, shaggy forest of her pubic hair, she said, "Just do what comes naturally, lover. Kiss it and love it, and run your tongue right on inside the lips. Up near the top, when you feel around, you'll find my clit; it's a little nubby thing like a pea. Work on that darling."

As she moved even closer, he caught the pungent aroma of her cunt, a perfume all her own, musky and sensuous, like some night blooming flower. Crisp and beguiling, her mat was at his nose, and with a sigh of happiness, Glynn stroked her ass cheeks and nuzzled into the tempting fleece.

It was woolly against his face as he went into it, and right away he found the sweet honey of her labia. He pressed his own lips against them, panted into them, and as his mom rolled her ass in his hands, he pushed his tongue down through the softly spiked hairs into her body. Shuddering as he did so, Glynn shoved his tongue between the hot and slippery lips, on into her vagina.

His teeth pressed to her pussy, he began to lap like a puppy dog, luxuriating in the taste of her, in the spicy flavors of his mother's steamy cunt, drawing her oily lubrication into his mouth and swallowing hurriedly. He wanted to chew her, and he did, gnawing the pussy lips

tenderly while she moaned and rocked her crotch down against his head.

"That's right--oh baby! That's the way to eat me--oh yes, yes! I love it--I love you."

Glynn sucked her cunt lips into his mouth, opening wide to bring them in. She was sugary and blazing, and he sucked hard, drinking down her juices avidly, rubbing his chin into her crotch. Letting her rubbery slot ease back into place, he tongued into it again, reaching as deeply as he could. Remembering what she had said about the pea-shaped thing, he felt along the wet silken lining until he found it.

His mother quivered sharply then, and hissed as he sucked on it, as he worked his teeth down to where he could chew it delicately. Her belly rolled over him as she dropped to her hands, and her ass swung in quickening arcs while her crotch stroked his cheeks, his chin. She was fucking his face, he thought dazedly; his sexy hot mother was screwing his mouth.

"Uhhh!" she grunted. "Uh-uh--oh, darling! You're terrific--it's so good, so wonderful--eat me, Glynn. Eat your loving mother's cunt, son!"

He redoubled his efforts, snorting and chewing, licking and sucking, and her movements grew more frantic. She thrust hard against his mouth and ground her hairy wet snatch into it with almost brutal strokes. He clung to her ass, eating the cunt he loved more than anything else in the world.

"C-coming!" she cried out. "Ah, Glynn--you marvelous little lover, your mommy is coming!"

He felt her vibrate, felt the sizzling tissues of her snatch tighten convulsively, and knew an added release of her love oils. Holding to her, continuing to lick her box, he rubbed his nose across her palpitating mound.

She sat up, shaky and weaving, balanced upon her knees. He wanted to keep kissing her pussy, but she slid it wetly away from his searching mouth, moved it down over his chest. "That was f-fine, lover. My head is still swimming."

Hiking her ass, she passed farther down his body, then lifted so that she was poised above his heavily throbbing shaft. "Now we'll fuck," she said.

Glynn trembled when she wrapped her fingers around his rod, and went stiff, in both legs as she steered the head into the drippy bush of her treasured pussy. He held to her thighs when she started to lower her crotch, when the bulb of his cock started to slide into the greasy lips.

In it went, easy and fine, penetrating deep into the clinging cavity as it slipped deep. His mother dropped farther down, and yet more, until she was sitting on it. He could feel the springy pressure of her hair upon his balls, and the ecstasy of the cunt closed around his embedded prick. He was into his mom again; he had his hard pole shoved up her opulent pussy and she was fucking him.

"Such a young hard cock," she murmured, her palms flat against his chest and grinding her belly, hunching slowly to him. "Fuck me, darling--fuck your mother and tell her what a great piece of ass she is."

He stroked it up into that fabulous cunt, into the hot, wet velvet grippings, feeling his cockhead reach bottom. "You're the greatest, mom--the finest piece of ass anywhere. Fuck me the same way you fuck my daddy."

"Your daddy--your father--" she gyrated her ass and made his prick head touch every tingling spot within her vagina. "He used to f-fuck me a lot, but no more--no more. Oh, feed me that young meat, Glynn!"

Glynn shoved it to her, lifted his ass every time she dropped hers, and heard the suctioning noise his prick made going in and out of her oily cunt. Back and forth it squished, his balls getting soaked with the hot liquids.

"I'll screw you forever," he gasped. "Your sweet cunt is mine, now--all mine, and I'll fuck it day and night. I love your pussy so much--love your ass and your tits and the way you screw me. Oh, mom--mother darling--you hot-assed, beautiful mom--"

She slammed it to him, making short, rapid strokes that circled briefly around his hard-driving prick. "Go ahead, dear--let it go! I'm going to come again with you--"

He moaned and clenched her ass, trying to spread her apart for the final, twisting thrust that nailed down her womb. Then his cock turned into a long, slim volcano spitting fiery lava throughout her scissoring pussy. A gush of semen spurted up into her, bathing her cervix, raining greasily down to flood his stilled prick.

His mother's breath gusted from her open mouth, and she threw back her head. Her thighs clamped violently against his hips, her torrid cunt nibbled down upon his glans. She was coming in undulating waves of rapture, rolling her ass and beating her small fists into his chest.

Glynn thought they had made it fine.

Chapter 9

"Give me a shower first," Lorena said. "I want to be naked with you in a shower."

"Anything you say, girl." He put down the suitcase they'd bought first thing. "The clerk didn't even blink when I registered as Mr. J. J. Oliver and daughter."

"That's because you asked for twin beds," she giggled. "Well have to mess up the other one, too."

Laughing with her, her father shucked out of his shirt and she followed suit by peeling off her own. Her young, hard breasts sprang free and her fingers turned anxious at her cutoff tops. She watched her daddy climb from his pants, gone a little bit awkward in quick embarrassment that she also felt.

She told herself not to be icky, just because it was daytime and they were alone in a motel room. The only time she had been in a motel before, she had to share a room with Glynn, while their parents slept next door. And did other things, she amended; like fucking.

Her jeans slid down her legs and she chucked her panties after them. Now she was stripped, and posed proudly for her father's eyes as they roamed over her body. She was glad her tits were high and that she had plenty of honeyblonde pubic hair. It was almost the exact shade as his

own, she saw, and was once again amazed and enthralled by the size of his swelling cock.

She skipped into the bathroom, grabbing up and unwrapping a bar of motel soap. When she had the water just right, warm and soothing, she stepped into the enclosure and waited for him. He came slowly, still feeling peculiar about the situation, she saw. He was so big, he filled the stall, but she adored the contact her small body made with his, and especially liked the wet nudging of his distended prick.

Handing him the soap, she waited breathlessly until he began to slide his hands over her trembling body. It felt marvelous, all slippery and foaming, and she wiggled when he washed her tits. Her nipples got so hard they ached, and she took one wrist to move her daddy's hand on down to her belly.

He went between her thighs, manipulating her bubbly pussy, fondling the soft mound with obvious delight. Taking the soap from him, she massaged it over his hairy chest, down to his furry crotch, and played games with his stiff shaft, with his downhanging balls.

"C-careful," he warned. "We'd better rinse off now, baby."

She stood quietly while he towed her, his fingers moving lovingly over her sensitized skin, then she did the same for him, her hands lingering between his legs, staring directly up into his eyes.

"Damn!" he said. "You're a perfect little bitch. I can read F-U-C-K written plainly in your eyes."

She laughed. "Now you're loosening up, daddy. And I want to be your bitch, be perfect for you. Come on--let's go try out that bed."

Playfully, they tumbled together on the bed, laughing and tickling each other, grabbing and tenderly mauling. For a few seconds, they were both children, happy and carefree. But when he rolled on top of her, they both stopped playing, and after a bright moment of knowing silence, his mouth descended upon hers.

Holding him frantically close, Lorena drew her lips across his, forced her tongue between them, then retreated before the rapid, hungry onslaught of his tongue. Her father shoved his long, thick tongue down her throat, and his big body moved upon hers, his hard cock raking across her heaving tummy.

When he broke the long kiss, she panted up at him: "Fuck me this way, on top. I want to get every inch of that gorgeous prick inside me, all the way to the balls."

Lifting her knees and spreading her legs, she hiked her pelvis up for him, making it easy for the searching head of his mammoth cock to find her humid slot. The spongy, but hard core, head probed into her vulva, and her cunt lips stretched to allow it inside them. Carefully, her father pushed the thick, heavy shaft into her writhing body, feeding the pulsing glans inside, forcing her lips to go elastic and make room.

"It's going in!" she cried. "The end of your prick is spreading my pussy and going in--oh! Daddy, daddy--"

It was alive, she thought; her father's massive cock was alive, a hot, strong rod that was sliding in and in, until she thought it would never stop. She was packed with the luscious meat, filled to capacity with matchless peter, and her inflamed clit thrummed with joy.

Bracing his knees against the mattress, her daddy rolled her back upon her shoulders. "You can take it better this way," he panted. "You're wide open to me now. But what a tight little pussy you have, baby. What a hot, narrow little snatch; it's grabbing my prick as if it had fingers, squeezing down on me."

"F-fuck me," she gasped. "Pour the prick to me, my sweet daddy! Screw your daughter--"

He stroked her, backing out his cock until her cunt lips fought to keep a grip on the flanged head, then thrusting his pole so deep that she thought it was going to tear up into her belly. But she could take it all, and moaned deliriously when his balls swung into the uplifted crack of her ass.

Lorena couldn't get her legs around him, so she worked her heels down and dug them into the hollows behind his knees, taking a strong hold there so she could pound her crotch up at him and meet his every surging, churning stroke. Her father seesawed his huge cock into her stretched pussy, hitting bottom with every grinding lurch and making her jerk.

She came suddenly, without warning, because there was no way she could keep him from massaging her clitoris. Great, rolling waves of her climax broke in her vagina, and she shook her ass violently in response, gritting her teeth and moaning through them.

"Hold on, baby," he said. "I'm not far behind you--so tight and boiling in your little pussy--fucking my sweet daughter, fucking my beautiful kid--here it comes!"

His discharge thundered hissing into her vagina, sending a deluge of wonderful semen splashing inside her. Her womb tightened, and her asshole snapped shut as the beautiful, greasy stuff rinsed her cunt walls. Her daddy was pumping her full of his come, releasing the physical proof of his love for her, flooding her with his man juice. Lorena worshipped him for it, and sank into a blissful state of drowsiness.

She was hardly conscious of his gently taking his weight from her supine body, but she murmured a protest when her father backed his shaft out of her pussy. "Please--don't take it away. I love it so."

He kissed her tits, one at a time, and his hand was soft upon the seeping tenderness of her mound. "I worry that I'm too much for you, baby."

"Never," she whispered. "Never too much of fucking you, dad."

He lay beside her and she turned to put her face against his hairy chest. Through her numbed mind swam the plan, the need to keep this wild family together. Glynn was swinging with mom now, catching up for lost time, and she somehow had to bring her daddy to the idea that they should all share each other's love, as well as each other's bodies.

Jean, she thought; Jean Marks, the torrid little redhead who practically lived to screw. Would her father be interested in her? He should be; she was attractive enough. It was strange that she didn't feel a twinge of jealousy then, but her main idea was to carry through the plan--and make her daddy happy as she could. It was so much fun, in a triangle.

It was silly to be jealous of someone she loved, she decided; to love was to give, and if she could give him more happiness and more excitement by sharing his body with another girl, so be it. She would be happy for the chance, and feel within herself the same stimulating thrills she had known when her brother was fucking both her and Jean Marks.

Her father said softly, "It's really hard to believe, baby. I never thought I'd be the kind of guy who'd actually lay his own daughter. But I've never been so stirred up by any woman. It's like I'm a teenager again, always horny and ready to screw."

"That's good," she said, and made up her mind to take the plunge. "Dad--how would you feel about screwing someone else? I mean, with me around and sharing."

He stroked her back, his big hand warm and comforting. "I never thought about it. You mean, you and me and another woman? Like an orgy?"

Lorena kissed his throat and cuddled his softened prick with a worshipful hand. "A mini-orgy, you might say. I can promise you that it will be farout kicks."

He was silent for awhile, then said, "I fantasize like everyone else, I suppose. Like I did about you, dreaming that someday, somehow, I might be blessed with the opportunity of getting into your pants. Now that I have, I guess anything else can come true."

She came up on one elbow so that she could look down into his beloved face, seem again how strong and handsome it was, how romantically Nordic. "It can, dad; believe me, it can."

He looked up at her. "Did you have anything special in mind?"

"My best friend, Jean Marks."

"The saucy little redhead, the one who babysat your brother?"

She smiled. "I see you noticed her."

"What man could help noticing? She's a little doll, but too sexy for kids to play with. You mean she'd get into an orgy with you and me, just like that?"

Lorena said, "She's a real swinger. I think she lives for nothing but sex, which isn't a bad idea, at that. All I have to do is ask her and she'll freak out at the idea."

"Well," he murmured, "that's something else. I guess I'm not ready for the discard yet, anyhow. But we'll have to be very careful about it--and about just you and me, too. Your mother would flip out, if she even suspected, and in the present circumstances, she wouldn't be beyond calling the cops. That way, she could no doubt get the whole package in the settlement--the house, cars, the business, everything."

Lorena's smile faded and she frowned. "Oh, mom isn't that bad. I wish you guys--"

Her father closed his eyes. "Right now, your mother would not only knife me, but she'd stand there and twist the blade. Let's not talk about her, kid. I'm too damned happy to chance having that happiness destroyed."

"Okay, dad. If that's the way it has to be. We'll talk about something else."

"Like you," he said. "You weren't a virgin, and I'm glad of that, the way I'm hung. Have you been laying some kid I know?"

She shook her head. "I lost my cherry to Don, and you never met him. It was kind of messy at first, since he didn't really know what he was doing, either. But later on, it got to be the fun I thought it should be. Then I laid Jerry, and he'd been around some. We balled for several months, but he got too serious about me. Then, well, there was somebody else, but I won't tell you his name. He really turned me on, and I learned how to go down from him."

Her father squirmed a little. "This is fantastic, lying here with my beautiful, naked and freshly fucked daughter in my arms, talking about how many guys she's screwed, and about you giving a blow job. According to all the mores of this country, I should be outraged, but I'm not. I'm turned on, and beginning to see what you mean about orgies. With my eyes closed, smelling your freshness so near, I think I might enjoy seeing you take a dick. I might get a kick out of watching my passionate little girl twist and hump on another man's driving prick."

"Seeing it is great, dad, but being a part of it all is even better. I want to watch you shove this glorious meat into Jean's bright little pussy, and I just know she'll go out of her head, loving it. She won't be able to help herself. I don't see how mom can pass it up, after having you screw her so many times. Oh--I'm sorry; that just slipped out."

"You're curious about her, aren't you? Okay, I'll say that your mother is one hell of a lay, but there were times I felt she wasn't letting herself go all the way, that she was holding back."

Lorena thought about that, about hang-ups the older generation might have. But her mom looked so sensual, and moved as if she was always on her way to a bed, and not to sleep. Could she be withdrawing, going into kind of a sexual shell because of the impending split-up? If so, then Glynn had run into trouble. But there had been no sign of that this morning at home. In fact, both her brother and her mom had seemed very anxious to have the house to themselves.

"Maybe she needs something different," Lorena suggested. "Did she ever eat you, the way I did?" That picture made new life stir within her vagina, the image of her mother with those soft, red lips spread over the massive head of her father's cock.

He sighed. "She kissed it a few times, in the beginning, but I never felt quite right about it, with her. There had been a whore or two who gave me a trip around the world, as we called it then, but with your mother--"

"Then you never ate her, either?"

"Only twice," he answered. "And both times, she turned away from me afterward, as if she had merely put up with a deviation that was strictly mine, and not hers."

Lorena persisted. "There are other things, you know, other ways. Of course, I haven't tried them all yet, but I mean to. And Jean says they're really groovy. I think if you and mom could get your sex lives straightened out, then everything else would go back to where it used to be, and we would all be happy."

He took his arm from around her and turned his head. She said quickly, "Okay; I won't push it any more. Not that way, anyhow. But it does turn me on, thinking and talking of you two together; I wish I had had the nerve to sneak into your bedroom and hide in the closet, so I could have seen you slip your wonderful big prick into mom's pussy. You said she was a hell of a lay, and I'll bet she wraps those long legs around you, doesn't she?"

"She does," he said. "She likes it on top, on the side, dog fashion, any way except maybe oral. Some lucky guy will get a fine piece of ass after the divorce, when she starts looking around for another man. It's a wonder she isn't out screwing around now, as hot as she is. But she's like me in that respect, I imagine; since we've been at each other's throats, we haven't been interested in fucking anyone else. For me, that's until now, that is. Now, my sweet and lusty daughter, tell me if you've ever had a boy go down on that enticing little cunt?"

Lorena said, "No; not yet."

"Do you want it? I'd like to be the first man to eat you, baby."

"Of course, I want it," she said, and thought that her father would be getting himself a cherry of sorts from her. She also thought she had made a lot of progress, learning much about the problems between her parents. If Glynn was doing his job as well, the plan was coming closer to completion. First she had to bring in Jean Marks, and--in a flash of inspiration--she thought of setting up a scene where her daddy would accidentally be exposed to the sight of his son fucking his wife. "Here I am, daddy," she said. "Eat me."

Chapter 10

Glynn poured a drink of bourbon for his mother and took a can of beer for himself. He still felt a little funny, walking around in front of her bare assed, but she didn't seem to mind being naked. In fact, she acted proud of her nude body, and he sure didn't want her to cover up any of it. He would never get tired of looking at her.

She was sitting on the couch, with her polished legs crossed, so that only a tufting of her ebony pubic hair peeped out, and right now the long nipples of her captivating tits were flaccid. But the heavy breasts themselves stood out magnificently, ripe and full. They swayed when she reached out for the drink he handed her.

"Thanks, dear; I need this. You're a marvelous lover, Glynn, so good that I'll never let you go. Even when you grow up and get married, I'll visit you every time your wife is away."

He sat down beside her and took a long, cooling swallow of beer. "I may never get married; I love you too much, and no other could ever be so beautiful."

"How sweet. Am I really as exciting as that other girl you laid?"

Up close, her skin was flawless, pale and translucent; he could see the tiny blue veins beneath it. He said, "She was the first, and yeah--she's pretty exciting. But you're special; you're the best." He wished he could tell her who had taken his cherry, but this wasn't the time.

And when he thought of Lorena, he remembered that he was also supposed to be working the plan along, making some of the moves that might keep his mother and father married. He couldn't possibly let her go now, and

had to do everything he knew how to keep them from breaking up. It had been a hell of an idea Lorena had, the kids seducing the parents, but where did he go from here?

Watching his mother finish her drink, he said, "How could dad stay away from you?"

She put down the glass and raised her arms over her head, stretching. The movement threw her tits out, flattening them just a little as the skin grew taut over the delicious mounds. "It was just as difficult for me to stay away from him, at first. I need loving, dear; I need a lot of loving. Now that I have you, things are going to be much easier. You make me so crazy that I do things with you I never have with your father, and I love them. Teaching my son all about sex is going to be the most fabulous thing that ever happened to me."

Glynn drank some more beer. "Maybe you don't want to talk about him, but I wish you would. You know, I told you about hearing the two of you screw, and how wild it made me. Wow--if I had ever seen you making it, if I'd ever watched him kiss your tits and feel your pussy, I'd have gone off without even touching my cock."

She lifted an eyebrow at him. "Get me another drink, dear, and I'll tell you how it is. One time I brought home a huge mirror and fixed it beside the bed, so we could watch ourselves fucking. But your father didn't like it."

Hurrying, Glynn splashed her glass half full of whiskey and carried it back. He could feel his prick moving and a new strength growing inside his balls, even though he would have sworn that he was completely drained. He wanted to hear all this, and hung on each of her words with rapt attention.

"I would have liked it," he said.

"I was crazy about it," his mother murmured, "Seeing myself being screwed was great, but I had to take down the mirror. I've often wondered how it would be, right in the same room with two people who were fucking, watching every movement, every wiggle of her ass and seeing the way his prick slid in and out of her cunt."

Glynn emptied his beer can. His cock was rising, hardening. "But about you and dad--how does he go about it? What--"

Sleepy-lidded, her sultry eyes focused on his, and her damp, red mouth said, "Suppose I tell you all about the time I got pregnant with you? Would you like that, darling? All right, then: we had been at a party and were pretty high by the time we got home. We didn't even take showers, but started taking off our clothes right here in the living room. In fact, he fucked me right on this very couch."

Glynn's breath caught in his throat and he put his hand on his mother's plush thigh. She uncrossed her sleek legs to give him room, so he moved on in to pet the crisp, ringletted hairs of her enchanted pussy.

"I was so hot that night," she recalled, sipping her straight bourbon. "I wanted to fuck and fuck, and your father stayed with me for a long time. He stretched me out here, and lifted one of my legs up to put the foot on the back of the couch; my other foot was on the floor. He pushed a sofa pillow under my ass and fingered inside my blazing cunt until I came on his hand. Then, when I was really boiling over, he crawled in between my legs and fed that gigantic prick into my pussy. I thought we were going to break the couch, we slammed so hard at each

other. I came with him, I remember, and he pumped so much semen into me that I overflowed, and we had to have the couch recovered to hide the stains."

Sighing, Glynn asked, "And that was the time you got pregnant with me?"

His mother saluted him with her empty glass. "Yes, and what a fortunate screw it was. Now I'm sitting here naked with my son, looking at his long, hard prick and thinking what a wonderfully ironic thing this is. I only wish I could have your father brought in, all tied up, and prop him against that wall, so he would be forced to watch his horny son fuck his equally horny wife. We'd make his eyes pop out, wouldn't we, dear?"

Before he could answer, she put her glass on the coffee table and slipped off the couch, twisting her full, ripe body around so that she was between his spread knees. He knew then what she was going to do to him, and hot lightning raced up his spine.

"Sit very still," she breathed. "Don't move, and I'll do everything."

With his legs veed wide, when she kneeled erect, his mom's tits were right at his upright shaft, and he watched with bated breath as she cupped the delectable melons and leaned forward to place them on each side of it. Glynn saw the swollen head of it poking from between the white mounds, and felt the caress of the twin nipples.

She rubbed her tits up and down, squeezing them together, and with every sliding motion her nipples slid over the throbbing head of his ironhard prick. He couldn't help wagging a little, but she hissed a warning at him, and he forced himself to stay quiet, since his mother wanted to do this her own way.

She let her breasts fall apart then, and dipped her head forward to draw the perfumed mist of her black hair over his painful cock. Glynn reveled in the tickle of it, in the indescribable feel of the silken hair as she ran its luxury along his shaft. He dug his fingers into the couch when his mom's cheek brushed the head of his rod.

Taking it in one hand, she pressed it against her face, rubbing her cheek and chin over it, guiding the knob over her forehead and her closed eyes. He could feel the gentle scrape of her eyelashes, and a shiver traveled the length of his tensed body.

Slowly, teasingly, she kissed the bulb, her lips soft as the lighting of butterflies. Several times, she kissed it, paying a loving homage to this sex organ that had developed within her own body in the beginning. She toyed with it, bent it slightly, and allowed it to snap back erect.

He thought, she's going to do it--she's actually going to suck my prick! It was something he hadn't even dreamed about with her, not until after his sister had done it to him. He had always imagined fucking her, riding between those terrific legs and pounding his hard cock up into the special richness of her velvet cunt, but the image of his mother eating his shaft hadn't come to mind.

Now it was about to happen, and he couldn't control the little muscle spasms that shook him. When her tongue came out and licked the end of his glans, Glynn fought a groan behind locked teeth, but had to let it escape as she curled that artful tongue around the edges of the knob. When his mom ran the end of her tongue down into the slot, he clawed at the sofa and his heels drummed a tattoo on the carpet.

Her lips came down and around, and her tongue temporarily retreated so that the cockhead could follow into the hot cavern of her mouth. The distended flanges passed through her teeth and lay for awhile along her supine tongue, then she moved her head and he felt his glans against the roof of her mouth.

"Mmmm," she said around his shaft, and drew still more of the rigid meat into her mouth, so that at last the tender head bumped itself against the matchlessly soft satin of her throat. Her fingers were at his balls, fondling and probing, and her other hand was wrapped around the root of his prick, holding tightly, pressing down and releasing in rhythm.

Glynn's head was turning from side to side, and he bit into his lip when she started to apply suction, as she pulled his cockhead deep and shoved it back out with her tongue.

The cheeks of his ass clenched at the slippery sucking, as she moved her head slowly up and down and the inner velvets of her cheeks flowed back and forth over his knob. Of their own volition, his hands came hesitatingly up and held her head, his fingers going deeply into her bountiful hair. She didn't seem to mind now, and he rested them there.

Her own hands moved, too, sliding down his thighs and behind his knees to fondle the calves of his legs. They came back up, gripped his knees again, and urged them up. Glynn slid forward a bit and hiked his pelvis, lifting his feet from the floor and helping his mother drape his legs around her shoulders.

His feet rubbed up and down her back and he could feel the resilient pressure of her tits in his crotch. She tipped his cock down slightly, and gnawed on it, her tongue busy over the head. Glynn's fingers clamped harder into her hair, and he began to hunch at her mouth, moving his shaft deep into it, nudging the back of her throat.

Fucking her head; he was screwing her face, pouring the prick into her mouth, into his own mother's loving hot mouth, and she increased the sucking, bobbed her head more quickly up and down, timing her pumping motions to his thrusts.

"Oh, mom! Ooohh--I can't take it--so hot--you're eating me, eating my cock--you're sucking me off and I love it--oh! Ah! Oh you beautiful cocksucker, I'm about to come. I'm going to let it all go in your mouth and down your throat--c-coming; COMING!"

Groaning, she pulled harder as he shuddered and gave one more hump that ground his pelvis against her teeth. The orgasm came roaring up from his leaping balls, sizzled along his swollen shaft and burst from the head of his prick in a deluge of semen. Holding tightly to her head, rolling his hips and digging his heels into the curve of her smooth back, Glynn spurted his hot juice into his mom's throat. She took it down, lapping and swallowing, sliding the sweet creamy fluids thirstily into the narrow cave of her throat, chewing gently upon the dripping knob to bring forth more.

Glynn thought that his backbone was turning to water, or to more come, and that she would suck him completely dry. He didn't give a damn if she turned him inside out, if his balls shriveled up and fell off. It was so farout, such a crazy, groovy sensation that he turned weak and his legs fell away from her shoulders. When his feet hit the carpet with a thump, his mother seemed to come back from some far and ravenous place.

With a final licking of his cockhead, she lifted her face and let the bulb slip wetly from her smiling lips. "Was it wonderful, dear? Did it just tear you apart?"

Glynn couldn't trust his voice not to squeak, so he nodded, his head kind of loose and rolling on his neck. She kissed his flinching belly and drew her tongue up his chest; then, leaning into him and pulling his face down to hers, she stuck out her tongue.

"Here, lover; taste your own wet semen."

Inside his mouth, her tongue moved around, fondling his teeth and cheeks. There was a flavor of musk unlike hers, a different spice that had been manufactured deep within his own testicles. Gasping, he broke the sticky kiss and gulped deep breaths.

"My turn to bring you a beer," she said, and climbed from between his spread knees. He watched her go to the bar, seeing the enticing swinging of her hips, the jiggle of her ass and the supremely graceful scissoring of those tapered legs. Dizzily, he wondered if any kid his age had ever been so damned lucky.

Any guy would give his left nut to have a crack at that beautiful ass, and give up the right one for a chance to get that kind of head given him. Glynn thought that his father must be out of his tree completely, to even consider giving up such fucking. But he really didn't want his old man moving out, not even if that meant he'd have his mother all to himself.

There was still that other thing he had, the need to watch his mom fuck, and there was nobody he would rather see in action with her than his father. Besides, Lorena was no doubt going ape over the old man by now, digging him as much as Glynn was enjoying his mom, and she wouldn't stand for his leaving. He didn't want his sister to follow, either. That would be too much of a split, and Lorena was a crazy piece of ass herself. No harm in fucking both of them, he thought, her and his mother.

"Here's to us," his mother said, giving him a can of beer and holding up her own refilled glass. "May we always have as much fun."

"Oh, we will," he assured her, and wrinkled his nose as bubbles from the beer tickled it inside. Was this a good time to talk to her some more, while they were resting? He glanced over at the clock behind the bar and thought there should be plenty of time, Lorena wouldn't let go of their dad in a hurry.

"Mom," he said, "did you ever think about swinging with anybody else? Maybe even a--a girl?"

She sat down in the big chair across from him, and crossed her legs. "Why not? The way I see it, especially since your father insists upon being such an utter ass, is that I don't have all that many good years left. If he doesn't want me, then I'm sure others do, and that might include a little girl-to-girl activity, too."

He saw that she was on the way to being smashed, and thought he'd try to steer her away from drinking any more, but he was glad to hear her say she wouldn't mind playing around with another girl in the act. From the things he'd read, and pictures he had seen, Glynn knew that chicks sometimes dug other chicks sexually, and even though that wasn't exactly what he'd had in mind, it was okay.

"Do you have anyone in mind?" His mother asked. "That little girl who got to you before me?"

He drank more beer and said, "I kind of fibbed to you, mom. I've screwed two girls before you, and I don't want to tell you about one of them; not yet. But the other is my babysitter."

She sat erect. "What? That perfectly beautiful little thing with the exquisite red hair? You have good taste, lover."

"I think she'd join us," he said. "I'm just about sure of it, because I laid her and the other one together, taking turns with them, like--so many strokes into one pussy, so many into the other; they held hands all the time."

"Well," his mother said slowly, "and I was going to teach you. Could you really get her to--to make love with us? When?"

"Let's try for tonight," he answered.

Chapter 11

They came in after dinner, and they'd had their own in a cute restaurant, holding their heads close together and whispering exactly like what they were--lovers. Her dad hadn't minded the curious, knowing glances they received; he had been altogether too busy being the nice guy he was.

But they had to go back home; she reminded him of that sad fact over a glass of light wine he sneaked her. So they left the candlelight and wine atmosphere and drove back to the house. All the way, her father kept working on excuses as to why they had been gone the entire day, excuses that Lorena knew they wouldn't need.

Her brother was downstairs in the living room, in front of the color TV, seemingly very casual, but a closer look told her that he was beat. While her dad went to the downstairs bathroom, she leaned over and kissed Glynn.

"Where's mom?"

"Upstairs lying down. She got a little crocked, even though I tried to hold back on the supply."

She kissed him again, feeling very loving, and sat down on the arm of the big chair. "Looks like she worked you over pretty good, lover boy. You're kind of pale and pooped."

Glynn sighed. "I may not be able to walk upstairs without help. Wow! I thought you and I had some great sessions, but mom is the wildest. She's been without screwing for a long time, she said, and I guess she made up for it with me."

"It was sort of that way with dad and me," Lorena said. "But I think it's more than not fucking for awhile; I think it's who they're fucking that turns them on so much. Wasn't it like that with you? I mean, I got my greatest kicks with you, far more than with the other guys I screwed--until dad's big cock got in me. Then it was like nothing ever before."

"Yeah," Glynn agreed. "I almost came on the outside of mom's pussy, just touching it with the head of my prick. And it seemed like I couldn't stop fucking her, couldn't ever get enough of that sweet cunt. I went down on her, Lorena, and she ate me, too."

She squirmed on the chair arm, stimulated at hearing what her mother did. "Did you get a chance to bring up swinging with others?"

He nodded and slipped his arm around her waist. "I told her about Jean Marks, and she liked the idea. She wanted to know how soon we could get together. I said maybe tonight, but I'm in no shape for it now. How does dad screw?"

"Wonderfully," she said, holding his hand. "Once he got past the hang-up about me being his baby girl, he fucked me until I passed out. I couldn't get more than the head of his cock in my mouth--you have no idea how gigantic it is--but I gave him some good head. And afterward, he ate me out, even though he'd never fully done it to a woman before, not even to mom."

Glynn moved both their hands down and snuggled them between Lorena's thighs with a quiet kind of intimacy she liked. He said, "She told me his hang-ups, and admitted she wanted to watch some fucking. I didn't say you and I had swung. Did you tell dad?"

"No; I didn't think it was time. But I did bring up Jean, and he really dug the idea. I'm not sure she can take his big cock, though; she's so small and delicate, even if she's practically a nympho. I figured to get the three of us swinging together, so he'll loosen up more. Then, maybe we can arrange for him to see you and mom screwing. That ought to plug the plug for sure."

Glynn massaged her mound. "One way or another. I just hope he doesn't freak out and beat the hell out of me."

"How can he?" Lorena asked. "I mean, he's fucking his daughter, and another kid, too. So how can he flip when he discovers that his wife is doing the same thing? I only wish we had another guy to bring in, somebody we could trust, but I can't think of anybody. Maybe later."

"Hey," Glynn said, "you feel real good. If you're not too tired, maybe I can get it up again, and you can tell me all the details of how the old man put his big meat to you."

She laughed. "I wonder if you'll ever get enough pussy? You know, I hope I can set it up so that both you and daddy can screw me at the same time. The two of you could take turns on me, then I could eat one of you while the other one gave me a good, long fucking."

"You think he'll go for that?" her brother asked anxiously. "If he will, we can do the same act with mom. I'd really dig that, the two of us putting the meat to mom."

Lorena said, pressing his hand deeper into her crotch, "Don't be selfish. I'll be there, too, doing whatever I can to help us all."

"I'm getting hard," Glynn announced. "But what about Jean? Are you going to call her?"

"In a few minutes," she answered. "But not for you. If she can come over and spend the night, I want her for dad and me. And if you're not asleep, I promise to come in and keep you company for awhile."

"Okay," her brother said, and no more, for at that time their father came into the room and went to the bar.

Glynn said "hi" and went upstairs. Lorena slid off the arm and into the chair, her mood dampened by the playing around her brother had done with it. Watching her dad mix a strong highball, she thought that he had had only wine today, but the minute he got home, he needed something stronger.

"Mom's in bed early," she said to him. "Glynn said she had a little too much and called it a night."

"That figures," he said. "Damn it, today was so great, and now it turns sour, back in this house with her."

She got up and went to him, to press her slim body against his big, muscled one. "I'll call Jean to sleep over. You can come into my room, so that even if mom does wake up, she won't suspect anything if she hears a couple of giggling kids."

"I don't know," he said. "It's too dangerous here."

Kissing him hard on the mouth, tasting the residue of his drink there, she said, "Don't be a cop out. Unless you can't take any more screwing?"

He swallowed more whiskey and grinned. "I think I can ball all night; I never felt younger or stronger."

"Good," she said, and went to the telephone. Sure, Jean said, she could come right over and how was darling Glynn doing.

Softly into the mouthpiece, Lorena said, "It's not him. It's my dad. I balled him last night and all day, and now we're ready for you."

"Wow!" Jean said. "You aren't putting me on? That big, sexy hunk of man--you swung with your own dad, too?"

"All the way," Lorena answered. "He thinks you're something else, by the way."

"I'll be right over," Jean gasped. "Where's your mom?"

"Zonked out," Lorena said, "crashed. Glynn's out of action, also. So that leaves us three."

"A nice, swinging number," Jean said, and hung up.

Turning, Lorena said, "She's coming right over. Maybe you ought to bring a bottle up to my room?"

Shaking his head, her dad murmured, "I can't believe that all this is happening to me, but if it's a dream, I don't want to wake up."

Lorena climbed the stairs, went to pee, and had another quick shower, wanting to be all fragrant and fresh for him--and for Jean, she thought. How would it be, one chick with another? Not as good as fucking a man, probably, but different and good, maybe. It wouldn't hurt to try, and could add an entirely new dimension to the relationship. Jean had hinted around a time or two that she wouldn't be adverse to doing it, and Lorena suspected that the other girl was already experienced.

When the door buzzer sounded, she wrapped her blue robe around her damp body and went pounding back downstairs to let in her friend. Her father was still at the bar, and she caught Jean excitedly by the hand to lead her to the bedroom.

Inside, she helped the girl strip off her clothing, and marveled again at the miniature precision of Jean's lovely little body. The small, but perfectly shaped breasts stood up pertly, tipped with exotic pink nipples, and Jean's skin was so finely textured it felt like warm silk.

"That feels nice," Jean said. "Your hands, I mean. Got a robe I can borrow? We don't want to shake up your dad too much, not right away."

Lorena hauled a pale green dressing gown from her closet, and held it so Jean could put it on. The girl leaned back against her, and took Lorena's hands to lift them to the compact cones of her tits. Her hair was close to Lorena's face, and smelled of a sensual perfume.

"This feels even better," Jean murmured, practically lost in the translucent robe. Her little body burned through the thin material and into Lorena's. "How did you do it--make your father?"

"Helped him get smashed, then sneaked into his bed and pretended to be mom. They haven't been sleeping together for months, and he was horny as anything. By the time he realized he wasn't fucking her, but his daughter, it was too late. He had already come in me."

Jean giggled and rubbed the diminutive hillocks of her saucy ass into Lorena's belly. "And now that you turned him on, he's ready for anything? So are you, it seems."

"I think so," Lorena answered. "We'll get to that later, I guess, although I don't know how my daddy will take something so farout."

"He'll like it fine," Jean assured her. "Guys really dig seeing two chicks make it with each other; it turns them on like you wouldn't believe."

Hearing footsteps in the hallway, Lorena felt a warm rush of blood to her face and let go of Jean's tits to step back. "There he is. I guess we'll just play it by ear."

"If that's your bag," Jean laughed and drew the diaphanous robe tightly about her body to outline the shape of it.

Eric Johansen came quickly into the room, shutting and locking the door behind himself. He had two bottles, one a fifth of bourbon, the other a mix. "Hello, girls."

Seeing that her father was doing his best to play it cool, Lorena caught his hand briefly, then took the bottles and put them on her dresser. "You remember Jean Marks, dad?"

"How could I forget her?" he asked. "You leave an indelible impact, Jean."

"Hey," Jean said, "that's what I like about older men; they're thoughtful and nice."

"Well," he said. He was wearing a satin robe that exposed his hairy legs and dipped in front to show more fur on his broad chest. Lorena thought he looked yummy.

Jean broke the unnatural awkwardness by simply opening her robe and dropping it from her shoulders. Lorena saw her dad's eyes go wide at sight of the lovely body. Jean looked terrific, of course, creamy white and deep reds, the dark scarlet hair luxuriant over her tiny mound, the hills and valleys of her flesh all cunningly molded. As they watched, she pirouetted slowly, lifting her arms, a gorgeous little mannequin.

Lorena took off her covering, but simply stood quiet and looked at her father.

He said, "Here are two truly beautiful girls, the prettiest, most charming girls I've ever seen. They're naked and adventurous, and here I am--scared as any kid on his first outing. I'm one hell of a long way from being a cherry, but I'm as nervous as if I was."

"Don't be, dad," Lorena said. "Why don't you sit down on the bed and I'll get a glass for your drink. Jean--"

"Sure," Jean breathed huskily, and moved to the bed to sit beside him. As Lorena splashed whiskey and mix into a glass retrieved from the bathroom, she watched her friend playing with her father's robe.

"Sit up, Mr. Johansen." Jean murmured, "so I can help you out of the sleeves."

Lorena brought him the strong drink, and her dad grabbed it anxiously. She saw his nude body then as Jean whipped off the robe, saw that he was still edgy about being with two young girls, and one of them his own daughter. His cock hung down limply between the sinewy columns of his thighs.

"Damn," Jean said, "I never saw one that long before, but if you took it, Lorena--I guess I can, too."

"Wait'll you see it hard," Lorena said, knowing a warm stir within her pussy at the sight of her father's appetizing cock, and went around to the other side of the bed.

When she crawled onto it, Jean was kissing him, one hand fondling the soft tool, the other arm around his neck. Her father caressed the little girl, running his hands over the perfect small body.

Lorena slid across the bed and came to her knees to press her tits into her dad's back while she held to his hips. Her brushy mound rubbed up and down along his spine, and she figured that he was getting the damndest kiss of his life.

They sank back to the mattress together, and Jean pushed him over onto his back. "The first time, I think I'll try it this way, Mr. Johansen, so I can handle that giant thing my own way. Oh wow--look how it's growing!"

Still kneeling beside her father, Lorena saw that his prick was reaching its full and magnificent size, the glans puffing its lavender velvet knob awesomely, the corded shaft glowing with inner life, and his hairy balls looking solid. It was lovely to her, no longer frightening, but she understood how the other girl could be shaken by its length and heft.

But Jean was handling it now, stroking her tiny hands up and down, caressing her fluttering fingers over the head of the big prick. Lorena watched the girl climb over his body, straddling the man, both hands still toying with his cock.

Turning her head, Jean asked over one shapely shoulder, "It's okay if I take him on first, isn't it? I mean, you've already been screwed today, and I haven't."

"Be my guest," Lorena said in high excitement, running her fingertips over the erectile tips of her aching breasts. "Daddy's all ready."

An exquisitely formed little goddess, Jean poised momentarily above him, sculptured in rose and gold and red, the twin cheeks of her molded ass twitching.

Jean moved the huge cock she was holding, and biting her lips, guided its pulsing head into the caress of her pubic hairs. "It's so big--so big."

But the blunt tip dug up into the small crotch, and Lorena saw it slowly going inside Jean's mini-pussy. Bit by bit, as the girl squirmed to make it fit, the bulb pushed on when Jean gently lowered her ass. An inch, then another disappeared into the curly red hairs, and Lorena could make out the cunt lips stretching pinkly around the very rim of her father's cockhead. The girl gave a strong downward hunch, tightening the cheeks of her ass as she did so, and the head vanished into her vagina.

"Ooohh!" Jean gasped. "It's like riding a salami--oh! Stretching me open--big and hard and groovy--"

Lorena could resist no longer; she reached down between the girl's thighs and fingered the root of the throbbing shaft. She felt the slickness of Jean's love juice upon it and touched the marvelously soft labia as Jean's cunt came to rest there. Her other hand cuddling her own pussy, her little finger tickling into its hot lips, Lorena squeezed on the hilt of her father's prick and reveled in the up and down sensation of the other girl's cunt lips, too.

Releasing her own snatch, she came up to kneel right behind Jean; this way, she could still reach down and play between two pairs of thighs, toying with balls and cock as Jean slid up and down upon the deeply embedded shaft. Lorena's tits nuzzled into Jean's back, and she loved the sensation of the little ass bumping her belly.

"E-every time I wiggle," Jean panted, "my clit goes crazy. The head of this prick hits bottom, too. Ahh--oh, Mr. Johansen, you're wonderful"

It seemed impossible for Jean to be taking all that mammoth cock, Lorena thought, but it was happening, and that tiny cunt must be stretched to its capacity, packed with so much hard meat. She reached around and took both the girl's firm tits in her hands, kneading them tenderly as Jean stroked up and down.

Leaning back and twisting her head around, Jean sought Lorena's mouth. Their tongues met furiously and their teeth clashed as Jean continued to ride the upright pole, wiggling and hunching on it. Lorena felt the moan burst against her teeth as Jean came, felt the long convulsion that wracked the vibrant little body as the climax crested through it.

"Hot and tight, holding my prick with hot fingers," her father grunted, surging his pelvis upward. "Sucking on my rod--ah, kid--you sweet little cunt! Uh--uh--UH!!"

He came, heaving up in a spasm that lifted them both from the bed. As he dropped back, Lorena realized that his river of bubbling semen was

pumping into her friend's pussy, that her raunchy daddy was shooting his hot come into Jean's shuddering cunt, drowning the tiny velvet envelope. She envied her friend the rare sensation, and squeezed hard upon Jean's tits.

Jean's tongue went still in Lorena's mouth, and their breath sighed, blending in warmth, understanding and sharing. Lorena was very glad for the moment, even though her own pussy was afire with want.

When Jean sagged limply forward, Lorena let go of the girl's breasts and helped her work the massive shaft out of her pussy. It came into the air with a plopping sound, and semen ran down Jean's molded thigh.

Rolling over onto the bed, Jean whispered, "J-just give me a minute or two, Lorena. I think I exploded."

And her father fumbled weakly at the bedside table for his glass. Lorena leaned across and gave it to him. He said, "She's got a pussy even tighter than yours, baby. It's like fucking a ten year old kid-- but a kid who knows how to screw, and loves the meat."

"I'm glad you two dig each other so much," Lorena said. "See how much fun sharing can be, dad? I got my kicks out of watching you fuck, seeing your big cock slipping in and out of her little snatch. I held her tits, too, and felt her pussy with my fingers while you were inside it, stretching it so wide."

His eyes held hers. "I felt it, baby, and I wished I could have my cock in both of you at the same time."

"You can take turns on us," she said, "crossing over on our cunts until you come in one of them, and I hope it's mine."

"Not yet," he said. "I'm out of gas right now, but when I get myself pumped up again, I'm going to give my bitchy little daughter the fucking of her young life."

"For now, I'll take a sip of your drink," she murmured, "and mix you another one."

When she came back to the bed and gave it to him, he was sitting up, his prick at greasy half-mast. Jean held up her hands and Lorena climbed over her dad to go to the girl.

Chapter 12

Glynn caught his sister coming out of the bathroom on Sunday morning. She was still glowing, but looked a little mussed, as if she had gone through a long and grueling night.

"Hey, sis--how did it go? He locked the door, and I couldn't ease into your room to watch from the closet, but I wanted to."

She smiled. "It's a good thing dad and mom sleep in different rooms; he's still in there all wrapped around Jean. Now he's fucked all three of us women, just as you have."

"All three--oh yeah, including mom. I heard her moving around downstairs awhile ago. She slept the night through." Glynn held to his sister's hand. "I'm wondering how I can get Jean and mom together

today. Got any ideas?"

"How about if I split with dad? We can say we're going up to his office or something. Then you can use little Jean to turn on mother and ball her yourself."

"Good enough," he said, feeling a lift of anticipation at the idea of swinging with the little redhead and his mom. "But you know something? I'm missing your pussy, sis. I hope it doesn't take much longer before we can all be together, you and me, mom and dad."

Her kiss brushed his mouth and she said, "Hang in there, Glynn. I'll go get them up so we can have breakfast; all of us need the vitamins."

When she darted back through the bath, he went on down the stairs, eager to see his beautiful mom again.

It felt funny, he thought, talking about fucking with his sister, discussing their sex life openly and up front, but there were a lot of things changing around here since the plan had gotten moving. With any luck at all, he and Lorena ought to be able to work out the rest of it, getting his old man and mom together again.

"Hi mom--smells like pancakes. Did you know that Jean Marks stayed over last night? No, I guess not; you were asleep when she came after Lorena called her."

His mother was dressed in hip-snugging slacks, black and slinky, with a see-through white blouse. A bra cupped her opulent breasts, and he wished she didn't have it on, so he could see those great nipples. She said, "Oh? Did you and Jean have fun?"

He came up to her and put his arms around her slim waist, tugging her close so he could feel the shape of her ass against him. "Didn't touch her, mom, I swear. But if we can get dad and Lorena out of the house again, I think I can have her spend the rest of the day here--with us."

"I--I don't know," she said. "Everything looks different in the hard light of day, dear. Besides, your father took your sister along yesterday and he won't want to--"

He rubbed against her, his cock getting hard at the merest touch of her beguiling ass. He wanted to slide his shaft between those pear-shaped cheeks and move up and down, maybe prod her hidden asshole a little before lowering the head and pushing it thrillingly into the hot, wet grip of that fantastically beautiful pussy.

"Don't be a copout, mom; I won't let you. Last night you were all up on the idea of Jean with us, making love, and I can just about guarantee that Lorena will haul dad off again this morning."

She trembled against him and said softly, "All right; I just couldn't resist my eager young lover, even if I tried. If they go out, I'll go right to my room, and you can bring Jean there. Have you talked to her about it?"

"I'll get to her right after breakfast," he promised, and stepped back, letting go his mother's body as he heard footsteps on the stairs.

They ate quickly, with Lorena and him carrying most of the conversation, and when they were having a second cup of coffee, his sister announced that she was going to the office with their father.

"Some files to catch up on," his father said without looking up from his plate, "and Lorena volunteered to help."

Surprisingly, his mom said nothing in return, no putdown as she would normally have done. It was pretty nice, Glynn thought, not to have his parents cutting at each other all the time. He followed Lorena out to the station wagon because she motioned him to, and there she whispered in his ear that she would go away for about two hours.

"That will make it about noon when we come back, Glynn. Leave all the doors unlocked, and I'll accidentally let dad see you putting it to mother, with Jean right there helping. Just a glimpse to shake him up real good, then I'll back him out. It's the next logical step."

Glynn said, "Well, all right, but I'm still a little shaky about him seeing me and mom." He saw his dad coming around the car and split, his belly tightening. Sure, he thought, it all seemed very logical and simple, but what if his old man blew his cork? Dad might figure it was fine for him to stick his daughter, but he might not want his boy sticking his wife.

Back in the house, he saw his mother and Jean Marks cleaning up the remains of breakfast, and heard the dishwasher going. This kind of thing could turn a worried guy into a juice head, he decided, but voted against a beer on top of hotcakes with syrup. He compared the two--his mother tall and willowy, but with flared hips and long, eye-catching legs, Jean small and cute, put together like a miniature Venus. Mom's hair was black as night, and Jean's was flaming red.

They seemed to be getting to know each other, laughing and whispering things he couldn't hear. As he fidgeted just beyond the door, his fear fading in his eagerness to screw these two beautiful females, he saw Jean put a hand upon his mom's waist, and watched it drift almost casually down across her ass.

Immediately, his shaft leaped to attention. Jean was feeling up his mom, and he knew damned well that he was going to see some lesbian type loving before long, that he was going to be a major part of a sexual get together different from the one he had joined with Jean and his sister.

This time, Jean would make love to his mother, and maybe it would also go the other way around, while he got his licks in with both of them.

He couldn't just hang around and watch them, so he went up to take a bath, using plenty of hot water and soap, lathering his body strongly, then changing the water flow slowly from hot to cold. In the end, he found himself yelling and dancing around in the needlelike spray.

They were waiting for him in his mother's room--but not really. Jean and his mom had started without him, for they were already naked and together on the bed. As he stood staring in the doorway, he saw the little girl crawling over on top of his mother's statuesque body. Jean had both hands full of tit, and was kissing the beestung lips with dedication, her little pink tongue darting in and out.

Glynn heard his mother make some kind of choking noise, and watched her hands come up to cup the trimly molded ass cheeks, to caress and stroke them, push them together and pull them apart. The sight started a vibration in his rigid cock, and he walked slowly toward the bed where they were squirming. For the moment, they seemed to have forgotten he existed, and he couldn't blame them.

His mother was having her first lesbian experience, and Glynn was anxious to see what would happen next, but not from a distance. Not wanting to miss a single movement, he sat down on the far edge of the bed, holding his cock and staring avidly at them.

Jean manipulated his mom's breasts, thumbing the nipples while she kissed the older woman, mashing down on the springy mounds and letting them spring up rounded again. Her sleek little belly moved back and forth, seeking contact with their crotches, but until Jean stopped kissing her mouth and slid down, their cunts couldn't meet.

When she reached the base of the white throat, her mouth hesitated, and Jean licked the hollow there, then dipped over to the left to fasten hotly upon the upright nipple. Glynn sighed as the girl sucked upon that fabulous tit, because he knew the texture and flavor of it himself. She caressed the belly, the hips, and his mother's fingers dug into Jean's ass.

They were moving together then, pussy to pussy, Jean in between his mom's outflung legs, between the full, rich thighs. They humped and ground their cunts, making fucking motions as if one of them was a man, and he could see Jean's dark red pussy massaging his mother's midnight black cunt

Moaning, his mother gasped out: "Oh! Oh darling girl--it's wonderful to feel you like this, your sweet little box against mine. Oh! Yes, dear--your clit against mine--humping, humping--oh!"

And Jean answered hotly, "Yes, Arlene--yes, Mrs. Johansen; what a deep, wet cunt you have, all velvet and juicy. So lovely, so hot and beautiful. Fuck me, Arlene--fuck me!"

The girl's ass blurred as she stroked furiously into the woman's cunt, heaving and twisting, rubbing her inflamed clitoris into his mother's steaming box. Glynn clamped down hard on his cock as he saw his mom lift her symmetrical legs and coil them around the small, perfect body. They really screwed then, moaning and gasping, rotating their asses and ramming their cunts together faster and faster.

"C-coming!" his mother cried out. "Oh you wonderful little thing, you're making me come!"

"Me, too!" Jean sobbed, bumping her crotch violently into the black one, making wet sounds. "Your beautiful hairy pussy--oh, squeeze me in your thighs, Mrs. Johansen, grind that terrific cunt into mine--OOOHH!"

Glynn sat entranced, his prick leaping in his hand, his balls packing themselves with fluid that was demanding to be released. They were so damned beautiful together, lying wrapped in naked flesh, and they had just reached a mutual orgasm, sharing the lascivious delights that one woman could give to another.

And Jean was only beginning. A real AC-DC chick, he thought, as she began to slide down his mother's supine, panting body, kissing the rib cage, licking her tongue over the smoothly mounded belly to ram it hotly into the navel. His mom shuddered all over, and pawed ineffectual hands at the twisted sheet, her mouth hanging open and her eyelashes fluttering.

"Your skin tastes like honey," Jean purred, "and I'll bet your pussy is even richer. Love the feel of your cunt hair against my cheek, Arlene--it's all crinkly and kind of stiff, and I can smell the perfume of it, warm and pungent"

The girl was rubbing her face into his mother's snatch, first one cheek, then the other, nosing into the thick curls of the ebony pubic hair. She even used her chin to burrow into the springy bush, and nipped the insides of the trembling white thighs with quick, hungry teeth. Glynn clamped down on the head of his prick, held it lightly as he watched.

He climbed on the bed with his knees, and scrambled over so he could see the most intimate details. There was Jean's tongue lapping like a puppy dog into his mom's quivering labia; he could see that the cunt lips were swollen now and turning redder. Jean was playing with the cheeks of the other woman's ass and dipping her fingers into the crack while she ate pussy.

The dark red head, the elfin face, pushed deeper into the humid receptiveness of his mother's crotch, and he watched Jean take the cunt lips between her teeth to bite tenderly upon them. His mom rocked from side to side and her ass began to hike itself up and down. She took the girl's head in her hands then, and her hunching movement fucked it.

Glynn stared down at Jean's uptilted ass, at the sweetly formed cheeks and the tiny cleft with its feathery covering. He saw the tight little anus, and below it, as Jean wiggled, the cunning design of her tiny pussy. It pouched at him when she pumped her ass, as she buried her face inside his mom's blackly heaving cunt.

It was so close; he ran his hands over the sleek buttocks and felt their shape, their warmth, the smoothness of them. Prodding, he slipped the distended head of his stiff prick between her thighs, and for a few breathless seconds she rode his shaft, skidding her wet cunt lips up and down the length of it. Then Glynn used one hand to hold her bobbing still, the other to hold his cock while he steered the blunt glans into the tufted red hair.

The heat of it sizzled against his cockhead, and he shoved steadily into it, fitting his knob into the tight but eager slot that was so inviting. It went in slowly as the lips turned elastic and gave to his pressure; the bulb popped inside her pussy, and with a long, twisting stroke, he seated the rest of his prick full length within the tight sleeve of Jean's blistering young cunt.

Glynn had never fucked this way before, from behind. It was a new sensation for him to snug his balls up tight to the neatly sculptured ass, to drive his long thrusts into the girl as she shook her tail against him. It was good, he thought dazedly, holding to her waist with both hands and cramming his cock while Jean ate so ardently into his mother's pussy.

"I--I can't stand it!" his mother called out, swinging her head blindly from side to side like a metronome, her tits heaving and her belly jerking. "Oh--it's too much, too much, darling! My pussy is going insane--ahh! Oh! Please--oohh!!"

Narrow and snug, Jean's cunt worked over his moving prick, and his balls swung against the backs of her thighs. Glynn stared down at the entangled women, at the sweetly surging ass he was putting the rod into, at the twisting, arching form of his mother in the throes of her orgasm on the girl's avid mouth.

His mom fell back limply, and Jean lifted her dripping face from between the older woman's thighs. Glynn gave her a few more strokes, and Jean's pussy thrummed around his buried cock like a soft tuning

fork. She was coming, too, he knew, and held his shaft solidly in her, deeply within her box, as her hot oils bathed it.

By keeping still, he didn't come. It felt almost as good, he thought, and held his prick inside the girl's snatch, wondering if this was how to keep fucking for a long, long time. Jean wobbled in his grasp, so he allowed her to slide forward, so that his hard pole slipped soapily from the kiss of her pussy lips.

"Oh, lover boy," she said, rolling over and smiling wetly up at him. "That was a fine screwing; you timed it just right, while I was about to make your mother come."

Glynn was proud of himself, and saw that his mom's eyes were opening, that her dark eyes were focusing upon his posed cock with its shiny head. She acted puzzled, as if she didn't quite know where she was for a moment; then her eyes cleared and she smiled that warm, bitchy smile.

"Well, dear--you've just seen your mom debauching herself with a girl. Did it surprise you as much as it did me? I had no idea, really--but it's so different, so tender and thrilling."

He said, "You were great, mom. I put it to Jean from the rear, while she was eating your pussy, but I didn't come yet."

"I sure did," Jean announced. I had it going for me at both ends, and I came so hard that my head spun. Wow--what a beautiful family you are, every one of you!"

Glynn saw his mother frown. "Every one, Jean?" she asked.

He moved to her, hurriedly cutting off the conversation, telling himself that he would break the news a little later, that she didn't have to know right now. She would have to discover that dad was screwing her daughter sometime, but there was more than an hour left before Lorena was due home.

"I'd like to fuck you dog fashion, mom. Maybe you'd like to go down on Jean, kind of reversing your positions. She's ready for it, ready for anything."

Eyes clouding over in that special, sexy way, his mother licked her full lips and nodded. "That sounds nice, lover. Were you saving your load for me?"

She kissed him before turning to straddle Jean's slim body, and he still felt the wet thrusting of her tongue for several seconds afterward. Trembling, he watched Jean set herself for the oral loving, putting a pillow under her piquant little ass so that her scarlet mouth tipped upward, and spreading her polished knees wide.

The red tufted and downy hair of her pussy gleamed up at his mother, and the older woman stooped to gather the small girl lovingly in her arms. As Glynn watched enraptured, his mom snugged Jean close, kissing her mouth hungrily, shoving her tongue deep into the gasping, open lips. His mother's knee was prodding into Jean's crotch, and the lovely girl was wiggling upon it, rolling her snatch hard against the sleek flesh there.

Then his mom, his gorgeous, sensual mom, was kissing Jean's tit, sucking upon each nipple in turn, and her hands were cupping the girl's body, running over the warm skin. She lowered the girl and began to lick hotly over her chest and belly. Her fabulously shaped ass came

back toward Glynn, lifting up as she slid down Jean's writhing body to the treasure of the fragrantly steaming pussy.

Head turning back over her shoulder, his mother said to Glynn: "Put it to me, son."

The cheeks of her ass were like big, beautiful melons in his hands, and when she turned to plunge her mouth into Jean's thrusting pelvis, he eased the head of his prick out to touch the puckered brown ring of her hole, staring down at the crinkly curlings of her snatch hair, at the meeting of her inflamed pussy lips in back.

Had his father ever mounted her this way? Had his dad ever fondled these splendid, captivating cheeks and nudged his mom's asshole with his cockhead? A quake rippled over Glynn, and his skin turned extra sensitive. When she rolled her hips, he poked gently with his knob and discovered the marvelous slippery labia kissing his point. With a little guidance, it eased into the wet, greasy hold of her pussy, aroused now because of the sucking it had just had.

The shock of it was always new, he thought, sliding his hard and aching shaft deeply into her alluring cunt; it was always as if he was putting the meat to his darling mother for the very first time. The juicy tissues of her pussy closed around his probing dick, tightened upon it with a loving grasp, and his balls nestled against the silken pillows of her textured thighs. It was in his mom again, stuck to the roots within her mature, ripe cunt, and he adored the feel of her inner vagina.

She was so damned hot, so damned beautiful; she was the queen of all bitches, and Glynn worshipped her sexually, grinding his pelvis into the hills of her cheeks, bending down to tuck his belly against the velvet length of her graceful back. Her heavy tits hung down as she ate into the girl's pussy below, and Glynn caught them in both hands, clung jealously to them all warm and springy as he stroked tenderly into her pussy.

"I've got my prick locked into your hot cunt," he whispered into the back of her neck. "My cock is buried in your pussy, mom--moving all hard and slippery in there where dad fucks you. It's my pussy, too, and I'm fucking you, mother--I'm pumping my shaft in and out of your boiling cunt, and you love it, you beautiful, hot bitch--you love to be fucked by your son!"

She moaned into Jean's crotch, and the small girl moaned in answer, heaving gently into the older woman's face, turning her trim ass in the gripping hands. Glynn pulled on his mother's round, pendulum tits, and worked his rod steadily into the clutching well of her deep pussy. Suddenly he wondered how her quivering nest would feel, if it was already made oily by another man's semen--by his own father's hot juices.

Pretty soon, he told himself, giving her longer, harder hammerings, reaching to the far end of her vagina with the lunging head of his cast-iron prick; pretty soon, he might get the chance to watch his daddy fuck the hell out of her, and then he'd climb onto her the second his daddy climbed off, the very moment after the old man withdrew his big, dripping shaft after letting go his load.

Glynn would rut and grind in her wet cunt then, continuing where his dad left off, fucking and screwing and pumping his own searing come in to blend with the slidy stuff already left inside her stirred-up, shuddering pussy. Both of them would fuck her, and daddy would see it,

see him pound the cock into her body while mother squirmed and told him how much she loved his young, hard meat.

Just then, Jean cried out wildly, and beat her tiny hands against the bed. "Mrs. Johansen--oh, Arlene, darling--darling--eat me--devour my cunt, darling--I'm coming, coming!!!"

Glynn felt his mother's pussy snap on his cockhead, felt the inner sheathing of her gorgeous cunt draw tight around it, and in reflex, the semen came hissing up from his balls. When she bucked her ass back against him, he held desperately to her tits and banged away at her suctioning box. The come hoses from his glans, hurled thick and viscous fluid at the entrance to her cervix, dripped his male essence sticky and penetrating along the enveloping wall of her cunt, soaking her completely, lathering his still churning rod from head to balls.

He thought he was never going to stop coming; it was so good that he felt dizzy, and at last he shivered to a stop, his balls only twitching against her molded thighs, his prick stilled and drowned within the soggy velvet grasp of the most fantastic pussy in the world.

Slowly, he sat back, bracing his hands upon her hips for better balance, but she came back with him, lifting her smeared face from the young girl's smokey cunt, grinding her ass in ecstasy upon his sloshy prick.

Something from outside came knocking at his consciousness, something alien, and Glynn pivoted his head at the sound of the door opening. He saw them standing there, his sister and his father, saw his dad staring with unbelieving eyes at the tableau the three of them made, on the bed.

Then Lorena pulled the door shut again, and Glynn collapsed on top of his mother.

Chapter 13

Lorena held her father by the arm, leading him to her bedroom. He went without protest, but in a numbed kind of silence that worried her some. She had been watching his face closely when she opened that door, and saw the shock that crossed it when he saw the stark scene before them.

There was his son Glynn, with both hands full of his mom's big tits, and Arlene leaning back, riding the boy's prick that was stuffed up her hairy cunt. Too, there was the wet glistening of Arlene's face, and the beautiful young girl lying below her with legs spread wide and the same kind of oily gleam on the red-haired mound of her freshly eaten pussy.

It was a jolting sight for any man to absorb all at once, because the facts were so brutally clear--his wife was fucking his--their--son, and had just that moment lifted her avid mouth from the clinging caress of another girl's hot snatch. Lorena thought that she couldn't have timed their entrance any better. Daddy had to know what was going on in the family, and now he did. It had been something like throwing a bucket of ice water in his face.

Now, he sank nervelessly upon her frilly bed, seemingly unable to believe what his own eyes had witnessed. She sat beside him and took his big hand. "Dad--that was a tough way to tell you, but we thought it had to be done."

He shook his shaggy head. "But, baby--your mom. She was actually screwing your brother!"

"Yes," Lorena said, stroking his fingers and looking into his bewildered eyes. "And Jean was in on it."

Her father's head swung from side to side. "But, Arlene. It just doesn't seem possible--especially with Glynn. She had a lot of chances to play around and never did. Now--"

Lorena leaned forward and kissed him. "Dad, it's no different than what you and I have been doing. We're father and daughter, they're mother and son; the relationship is exactly the same."

He frowned and started to say something, but she cut him off. "Not that old double standard stuff, dad? Women have the same desires as men, and you know that you and I have been subconsciously reaching out for each other for years. Why shouldn't it be the same with mom and Glynn? She's a beautiful, sensuous woman, and he's a horny young boy."

"She--she was actually going down on the kid, on Jean," he said.

"So what? I'll bet they had a real ball, the three of them swinging like that, putting it all up front and doing exactly what each of them wanted to. You and I do it; I gave you a blow job and you ate my pussy; so did Jean. I hadn't gotten around to doing her, but I will. I think she's lovely and sexy and I'll get my kicks by pulling those delicious little cunt lips into my mouth. And I'll tell you something else--I want a chance to do it with mother, too."

Eric Johansen blinked and rubbed a hand across his face. "I guess you're right, baby. If the positions were reversed, and your mother had walked in on you and me while we were fucking, it might have upset her."

"You know it," Lorena said, realizing that the shock was wearing off and that her father's realistic kind of thinking was coming back to the fore. "And if she wasn't already screwing her son, she might have flipped and screamed for the cops. As it is, you're not doing any more than she is, and I dare either of you to say that you're not having more fun than you ever had in your lives."

Nodding, he agreed with her. "That's true on my part, baby. You're the sweetest, hottest piece of loving ass I ever knew, and little Jean isn't far behind. I'd rather fuck my beautiful daughter than anybody else."

Now was the time, she thought. "How about mom? Wouldn't you like to go back to fucking her, too? I mean, now that you have me, and she's been screwing Glynn, you two ought to be able to build up a lot more excitement for each other. I'd get a real thrill out of seeing you fuck mom, and maybe help out a little. I get all hot and trembly, just thinking about it."

He blinked again. "She did look great in there, all sweaty and wiggling. That boy is getting himself a terrific piece of ass, all right." His eyes probing hers, he asked, "Have you been laying him, too?"

"Yes," she said. "Glynn and I have always been close, and since you and mom started this nonsense about a divorce, we drew even nearer to each other. The first time we screwed, it just sort of happened. I saw him

jacking off and that made me so hot I just about raped him and took his cherry."

"And when did he begin screwing his mother?"

"The same night I crawled in your bed. We were spiking both your drinks pretty heavily, you know. We planned it all out, Glynn and I, so that both of us would try to make our parents. We thought you were both getting hard up for sex, and that once you fucked us, there wouldn't be any turning back, that we'd all just go on and on."

Her father touched her face. "And you both carried the plot somewhat farther, didn't you? Like getting me and your mother together again?"

"Oh yes," she breathed, dropping her hand to his thigh and sliding it down to feel the big, soft lump of his organ. "You and mom belong together, and we want you to stay together. A divorce could split us all up, separate the family. Do you want to let me go now? Don't you want to keep on fucking me?"

"Of course I do," he answered.

"And mom must feel the same about Glynn. I don't want to give him up, either. So why can't we all groove together, make love and be in love?"

He said thoughtfully, "Why not, indeed? Damn it, Lorena, you kids are sneaky little bastards, but you had one hell of an idea. Tying us all tightly together with sex, and why not? The family that fucks together stays together, eh?"

Delightedly, she laughed, and squeezed on his still flaccid cock. "Something like that, dad. Oh, I just knew you'd see things our way, and I'm so glad!"

She pushed him down onto the bed and kissed him hard, slipping her tongue into his lips and running it around inside his mouth. He tasted delicious, and she murmured against his teeth, "They're probably all shaken up in there right now, wondering what your reaction will be. If you get undressed, I'll go in and calm them down some, tell them how it is. Then I'll ask Jean to split for home; she can always come back tomorrow night for a real orgy. She'll understand that the family kind of wants to be alone, to rediscover its members. After that's settled, I'll run downstairs and bring you back a bottle."

He smiled up at her, and his hands slid between them to cup her tits. "And after that?"

"Why," she said, "after that, you and I will have ourselves a nice, long fuck, just to take the edge off and to give Glynn and mom time to get their heads on straight. Then we'll see what happens with the four of us."

"Fair enough," he said, and let her go.

Lorena sprang from the bed and skipped out of the doorway, zipping across the hall and into her mother's bedroom without knocking. They had spread apart; little Jean had already wrapped herself in a robe, and Glynn was jittering about, looking for his. Her mother sat upon the bed with the sheet pulled up over her lovely body, but her large breasts were uncovered.

"Take it easy," Lorena announced. "Everything is all right, really. I just told dad the truth, and he went for the plan. He's not mad."

Her mother said, "The plan?"

Swiftly, Lorena told her all about it, how she and her brother had plotted the seductions in order to stop the divorce. "Of course," she finished, "we both wanted to screw you and dad, anyhow. And now it's worked out just wonderfully."

Glynn said, "He's not pissed off? He saw me with my cock up mom's pussy, and he's not jealous or mad or anything?"

She laughed. "If anything, he's turned more horny than ever. He said you were getting yourself one great piece of ass from mother. Maybe we'll have to give him a little time to adjust completely, but then dad will be ready to join the party."

Jean Marks said, "Maybe I'd better go home now."

"You can come back tomorrow night," Lorena said. "It's going to be a little strange for us at first, you understand."

"Sure," Jean answered. "But I'm in on it, too, almost like part of the family. Wow--parents fucking their kids, together!"

When the small girl had gone, Lorena said, "You won't be too embarrassed or anything, mom?"

"I--I don't know," her mother said. "I'm all mixed up, having a difficult time getting my head cleared. But your father said he wanted me again?"

"Definitely," Lorena answered. "We'll be back in here before too long, all hot to go. I think it would be groovy for the four of us to make it in the same bed, don't you?"

Her mother said, "You and Glynn, screwing each other; you and your father fucking. I'll admit I'm shocked, but no--I'm not angry or upset."

"Gee," Glynn breathed in awe, "just think of me and dad on top of you two, our legs touching while we fuck you, maybe changing over and going from hot, wet pussy to hot, wet pussy, taking turns in them with our pricks. Man, oh man!"

"In a little while," Lorena promised. "I have to go down and get dad a bottle now. He needs to pump up his courage some."

"Bring one back for me," her mother said. "Oh my--I'll have to take a bath and get myself ready, fix my hair. Do give me some time, Lorena."

Laughing, Lorena said, "Don't worry; I have some plans for dad, first."

She dropped off one bottle of bourbon, giving it to her brother, and carried the other to her own bedroom. She didn't need anything to drink, because she was already high with anticipation. Just the thought of them all getting together in that most intimate of ways turned her on, and she pictured her dad putting his huge prick to her mother, while she took her brother's rod in her own eager snatch, watching it all happen.

"Here's the booze, dad. Forgot the glasses, so you can be a bottle baby."

He was naked on the bed, and his beautiful rod was halfway up; she could see he had been thinking about it, that he also was making mental images about his wife and son, about himself and his daughter. "How did your mom take your explanation, baby?"

"Just fine; Glynn even stopped shaking."

"That kid has a lot of guts," he said. "Sneaking into his mother's bed and easing the cock to her while she was smashed. Anything could have happened--she could have screamed and fought him, yelled for me, anything."

"What happened was that she enjoyed her fucking and wanted more. It was a gamble, sure, but it paid off handsomely for everyone." Lorena slid out of her clothes, wiggled her hips and stepped from her panties; she wasn't wearing a bra. Since she had been fucking her daddy and brother, her nipples were always ready to turn stiff at the slightest touch, and made a bra uncomfortable.

"I'd like to try you another style," she said, "something I haven't done before. Can you sort of lie back and spread your legs so I can climb on, facing away from you?"

"Anything you want," he told her, "everything you want, baby."

She first kneeled to kiss the swollen head of his erect cock, marveling as ever at the size of the thing. Her tongue licks soon made the entire organ throb, caused the veins along the shaft to distend. She opened her lips and moved her face down, nipping the length of it, then sucked in one of his balls, rolling the hairy sack between her teeth and lapping it. Paying the same attention to the other testicle, she had him wiggling and breathing hard.

"Now you're ready," she said, and pivoted to swing one knee upon each side of his body. Poised above him, she reached down for the hot, round meat and tilted it toward her, thinking that the head would feel different in her pussy, pointed this way.

Carefully, she moved the pulsing, velvety glans into the hotly avid lips of her pussy, scraping it tenderly through the thatching of her dampened pubic hair. Her cunt wet itself immediately, the labia softening and swelling, the interior tissues lubricating their depths with love oils.

The blunt, rubbery tip pressed upward as he brought a bit of her weight slowly down, and her cunt lips spread yearningly to take it in. Straining a little, she forced the knob into her pussy, shaking with pleasure at the feel of it entering her throbbing cavity. It was huge, gigantic, but it gave around the edges, and when her father made an upward hunch with his belly, the head slid greasily in and the shaft began to follow.

Slick and sturdy, the big pole worked up into her tightly holding snatch, caressing her clit as it passed, the ridge along its underside inflaming her seat of passion with each passing inch. Lorena slid joyously upon it, dropping her spread ass down and down until she was seated upon her father's pelvis, until the full and majestic length of his massive prick was seated to the hilt within her vagina.

She fingered his balls, played with them while she rocked in rapture back and forth, as she slowly rotated her ass and made the rigid meat pole move deliciously inside her grasping cunt. It felt glorious there, and she thought that she was madly in love with her daddy's prick.

"Baby," he said, stroking her ass from behind, "you're so hot and juicy, even though you're tight as hell and it seems as if I'm reaching all the way up into your belly."

Lorena hiked her ass and slid it down again, reveling in the magic sensation of his soapy cock, knowing little, sharp thrills as it pressed her vibrant clit. Taking her time, loving every sensuous moment and trying to prolong them, she squirmed upon his buried rod. He sat up to put his arms around her, to feel her tits and kiss the back of her neck.

Her father's tongue groped hotly into her ear and she jerked insanely, wiggled wildly upon his prick as his hands felt down and around to come to rest upon her upper mound. Gasping, she felt a finger work into the little hood that guarded her clitoris, felt it dig gently deep to take a place beside his cock.

"Oh no!" she sighed. "Oh--not that, too! I--I--ooohh!!"

He was fingering her clit, masturbating her at the same time his huge prick was lifting and falling in the grip of her feverish pussy. She hunched against him, caught in his arms and tried weakly to pull them away, but he was far too strong.

"Fine, hot pussy," he said into her ear. "Wonderful little girl pussy, with my cock up it, with my finger in it. How's that, baby--you love your daddy, love your daddy's big prick?"

"Yes, oh yes!" she hissed. "But I can't--oh! Ah! C- coming, I'm coming!"

Wave after hot wave of her climax smashed throughout her cunt, and when he fired his own sizzling load, Lorena thought she was going to faint as the spatter of rich, bubbling come washed her pussy. But she hung on, impaled by his prick and shivering.

Chapter 14

Glynn swallowed some whiskey and fought down a cough. The stuff burned and tasted crappy, but he figured he needed it, or something to jack up his nerve. No matter what his sister said, he was still kind of edgy about his dad. But more than anything else, he wanted to be part of the upcoming action.

He and his old man, fucking mom and Lorena; Father and son, screwing mother and daughter--it was so far out that Glynn's mouth went dry and his heart beat faster at the idea. Sis said that the old man wasn't jealous because Glynn had put the meat to mom's cunt, that he was made horny by the sight. Well, he was no hornier than Glynn, thinking about watching his father's shaft work all greasy and huge, in the hairy gripping of his mom's pussy.

And Lorena, she had to be turned on by it all, sexy as she was normally. Then what about his mother? She was going along with all this willingly, even now getting herself all sweet smelling and clean to make herself presentable to her husband. They hadn't screwed in several months, Glynn remembered, and should be eager as he had been, getting his first piece of ass from his sister.

The bathroom door opened and his mother came out; there was a white towel across her svelte hips, and her heavy breasts bobbed enticingly, her long, lovely legs flashed sleek and smooth as she walked to the dressing table and sat down before the mirror. When she raised her arms to brush her flowing black hair, her tits stood out with long, dark nipples.

"You're very beautiful," he said, coming over to stand behind her. Seeing both their reflections in the mirror, he felt funny, since they were both naked, except for that towel across her lap and hiding her alluring pussy from view.

"You're beautiful, too," she said, smiling. "I feel like a school girl getting ready for her first big date, or like a bride on her wedding night. Except I'm lucky enough to have two grooms."

The whiskey burned in his belly, and he didn't seem as uptight now, watching her and hearing her husky voice classify him right in there with his father. "How are we going to go about it, mom?"

The brush hissed in her perfumed hair, and her tits jiggled with a softly beguiling resilience. "I really don't know, lover. There's no protocol for this sort of thing, is there? Tell me, Glynn, what would you like to do?"

He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, standing so close that he could smell the flowery odors of her hair. "Well, Lorena said dad was turned on by seeing you and me screwing like we were when she opened the door. I thought I could be with you first, after they come in. I mean, I'd like to put my cock to my mom's lovely pussy in front of them, let them see how much we love each other, and how well we fuck together."

She finished with her hair and began to apply makeup, brushing dark stuff on her eyelashes. "That ought to make your father's big thing stand out. But didn't you say that you wanted to screw me right after he did, so you could feel his semen all hot and slidy in my cunt?"

Glynn shivered and ran one finger tenderly along his mother's bare shoulder, feeling the impossible smoothness of her unflawed skin, her radiant warmth. "Yeah, I do. So I won't fuck you all the way. I just want him to watch you lift your legs and wrap me between them while your gorgeous ass wiggles back and forth and my prick slips back and forth in you. I want my daddy to see that I can fuck you just as good as he can, even if he has got a bigger cock. He can see how you love my prick, how you grind on it and listen to you moan. Maybe you can tell him how it feels inside your cunt."

Her smile widened, and her eyes met his in the mirror. "That's a sexy idea, describing the sensations of my son's hard young cock to my husband. It should run him right up the wall."

"He can put it to Lorena, if he wants to," Glynn went on. "But not until he comes. That ought to go in you, mom. When I see that he's coming, then I'll come over and wait to get my prick back in you while you're still hot and squirming."

She said throatily, "We'll do it, lover; it's a wonderful way to start the evening, and besides, I'm just as anxious to see your father squeeze all that huge meat of his into his daughter's small box. Your sister must really love prick, to take so much of it"

"Oh, she does," he said. "She's very much like you, mom."

She stood up and turned around. "They might be awhile yet. Do you think it would spoil anything if we did some screwing right now? Would you have plenty left for later?"

Glynn swallowed, staring at the proximity of her mounded tits, at the nipples aimed like twin blunt spears at his face. "Sure; I can go all night, with you."

"Then come over here," she said. "There's something I always wanted to do, and this is just the right time for it. Because your father's prick is so big, and because he was always kind of standoffish about any sort of deviation, I never even tried it with him. But now I'd like you to put it up me from the back, lover. You have a nice, slim cock that should fit all right."

She climbed up on the bed and put the upper part of her body flat against the sheet, mashing her tits down. Her lustrous ass poked up, and her thighs were pushed apart. Glynn stared and whispered hoarsely, "You mean to fuck you in the ass?"

"Exactly, darling. If you play with my pussy, you can get your fingers slippery, and rub them over your sweet cock for some extra lubrication. Then shove it into my ass very gently, very slowly."

Heart pounding, Glynn got up behind her and fumbled into the hairy, damp nest of her cunt, running his fingers up and down the soft labia. Working two fingers into the hot gash, he probed with them until they felt slimy, then brought them out to rub over the head of his excited prick and down its hard shaft.

Carefully then, he steered the shiny head into the tiny ring surrounded by wiry black hairs, pressed its greased tip to the little puckered hole between the wonderfully molded cheeks. He pushed it cautiously, and felt the ring give slightly as a ripple of bliss moved through his taut body.

The anus stretched some more at his pressure, and he held to his shaft, urging it into that heretofore untouched hole so he could fuck his adorable mother where she had never been fucked before. She hiked her ass back at him, rolled it gently, and helped the aching head of his cock penetrate. It inched inside the small ring, pushed slowly into the amazingly elastic tube, and he looked down to see the head vanishing inside her body.

She was very hot and tight inside, tighter than Jean's little pussy, narrower than his sister's cunt. Softness clung to his rod as it moved inside, gripped his cock from the tip of the head down to the heavy root with a totally different feeling than her pussy had given to it.

Glynn panted and shoved it on home; his balls swung against the crisp, curly hairs of his mother's pussy from behind, and his hands stroked over her back, her cheeks, down around to feel the satin planes of her belly and the upper reaches of her humid cunt. Pulling back slowly, he felt her wiggle on his rod.

"Oh darling boy! You've got it all the way in, all the way up my ass. I love it, love it--so strange--stuffing me full, making me so hot--oh, put your hand on my pussy, dear. Right there--yes, yes!"

He stroked her as she humped her snatch against his hand, fed his oily shaft in and out of the narrow hot tubing, knowing he couldn't keep this up for long, feeling the good sensations already threatening to

leap up from his balls.

She gasped: "Glynn--Glynn!" and he knew it was all right to let it go, that she was coming quickly, too. He fed the meat to her tight well with stronger thrusts, burying the head deep within her body, raking his fingernails over her pussy, her belly, feeling her mound jump and vibrate against his palm as she reached climax.

The head of his prick flexed, trembled, and a heavy gout of semen spat from it, a torrent of come that washed her tube and bathed his shaft with the fiery liquid. They shuddered together, panting and moaning, until the hurricane of their emotions subsided and his balls stopped leaping upward.

He had fucked his mom in the ass; he had taken that cherry, been the first in there, and she had gone freakish over the screwing. There would be plenty more like it, he thought, and got the wild idea of maybe putting it to her from the back while his old man stuck it to her in front. That way, she would really be filled with pricks.

She eased forward, and his slippery cock worked out of the tight hold her ass had on it. There was only a little seepage of white stuff to hang like little pearls upon her pussy hair. Glynn sat back, catching his breath and holding his greasy rod.

"That--that was fantastic," his mother breathed. "It was all I hoped it would be, and more. Now I've had you in all ways, lover--pussy and mouth and ass."

Awkwardly, he climbed down off the bed and went to the bottle of liquor to drink sparingly from its neck and make a face. "I hope they give us a few minutes more."

She came to her feet and went into the bathroom to tidy up. Never, he thought, would there be another woman like her. If he should get married some day, his wife had better be at least half the good fucking his mother was. His sister was a great lay, too, so that meant any girl he married would have to be extra special in that department.

Putting the bourbon bottle down, he touched his cock and thought that his future wife would just have to move in with the family and become a part of it. His father would enjoy getting some fresh cunt from her, and with three chicks--four, if Jean Marks was still around--he and the old man could really have a ball. He could see himself, bringing home his bride and telling his dad, okay--you can fuck her now.

He sat down on the bed again, hearing water run in the bathroom sink where his mother was cleaning herself up. Lorena would probably get married some day, too. Maybe quicker than he would, since she was older. She'd have to clue in her husband about the family before hand, though. Boy, he thought--the whole bunch of them ready to fuck at a minute's notice; husbands and wives and blood relatives. He wished now that he had a couple of other sisters, younger ones that he and his father could teach to screw.

His mother came back into the room, high color in her cheeks, wearing the towel around her hips again. He said, "You think I ought to put anything on?"

She shook her head. "I'm just a little embarrassed at your father seeing me naked with our son. I'll get over it before long."

"I used to worry about you seeing me with a hard on," he said. "I'd

hide it best I could, but whenever I got to thinking too much about you, about the remote possibility of getting into your elegant pussy, I'd have to run upstairs. I sure jacked off a lot of times."

She sat on the edge of the bed, holding out a water glass. "Pour me some nerve, lover? What a waste that was, you masturbating and me being so lonely. All that time, we could have been fucking. But we'll make up for the missed chances, darling. We have years and years stretching out ahead of us. Will you still want to screw your mother when she's a white-haired little old lady?"

He splashed whiskey into the glass. "You bet; I was just thinking about bringing my wife home--the girl I'll marry some day, and setting her up for dad to lay. I'll never get tired of your pussy, mom. I love you too much."

"You're a fine boy," she said. "A nice guy and a wonderful lover, but I promise not to be jealous over the other girls that get to feel your lovely, hard prick. I'll just remember that I taught you much of what you know sexually, and your sister showed you the rest--or is that twisted around? I'm a little nervous, dear."

He came over and stroked her hair. "Don't be, mom. It's going to be terrific for all of us, I'm sure. Suppose you lie back and let me play with you while we wait for them? When dad and sis come in, we'll be ready to start fucking."

She stretched out on the bed, the hotly sensual look on her face now, her lips red and damp. "Take off this damned towel, please. And I hear them coming down the hall."

Chapter 15

Holding her father by the hand, Lorena reached for the doorknob. It had taken three drinks to help convince him that he ought to come in naked, and he was high now. But at least he wasn't wearing that floppy old robe, and she was freshly scrubbed, proud that her mom was at last going to see her in her mature nudity.

"Mom," she said, leading him inside, "Glynn--oh." She saw them on the bed, lying belly to belly, caressing.

Glynn said quickly, in a voice that was considerably higher than usual, "We--ah, thought we could start first. But we waited until you got here. H-hi, dad."

Her father said, "Hello, son--Arlene."

Her mother said, dark-eyed and looking utterly beautiful, "I don't know what to say, Eric. Our son and I decided we could better show you how we feel, but Glynn only wants to--to do it to me for a little while. He would rather you and I--well, screwed until we came, the first time. Glynn has a thing about needing to put his thing in where yours just left, so he can feel your semen."

Lorena shivered; this was farout and provocative, a demonstration where her brother put his stiff young meat to her mother's willing pussy, but not until he climaxed. He'd save that so he could blend his ejaculation with his father's. Ow wow, she thought, and squeezed her daddy's hand.

Gruffly, Eric Johansen said, "Go ahead, boy."

"Let's go to the bed and stand close," Lorena suggested. "I don't want to miss any of this, and I'm sure you don't."

They watched Glynn kiss his mother as she rolled over onto her back and spread her legs, lifting one polished knee. The towel she had been wearing slipped away, and they could see the burnished black curlings of her shapely mound, the pink lips hiding beneath the abundant crisp hairs.

Arlene took her son by the cock, rubbing her fingers up and down its stiff length and massaging the gleaming head. Glynn dropped his face to take one of his mother's large nipples into his mouth. His eyes were closed, but hers were not; she stared up at her husband, and her voice was low, vibrant and husky: "He has such a hard young prick, Eric, and he's so eager with it, so strong."

Lorena saw her brother's hand slide between the glossy thighs, saw the fingers probe delicately into the rich hairy nest and find the welcoming labia, to slip inside while the woman rolled her hips suggestively. Lorena's breath caught in her throat, and she felt blindly beside her until her hand encountered her father's thick penis. Holding onto it for balance, she stared entranced at the two on the bed.

Now her mom was tugging Glynn over on top of her, gripping the boy's shaft tightly, and as he took his position between her thighs, rubbed the head up and down along her dewy cunt lips. Lorena tore her eyes away to steal a glance at her dad, and saw that he was watching raptly.

"Look at it poking her cunt," he breathed. "She's shaking all over, she's so anxious to get it inside her."

Lorena said, "Partly because you're here, dad. She's showing you how passionate she really is."

And her brother shoved his prong deeply into the moving crotch, penetrating the black bush and sliding home into the gulping lips. The long, round staff went in easily, burying itself to the root, and her brother's balls swung to rest in the uplifted cleft of the shapely ass. He hung there motionless for a long moment, then began to pump, and Lorena could see his cock gleaming with the juices it had picked up inside.

"It feels so good," Arlene murmured. "It's moving around in me, inside my pussy, Eric. Another prick in my pussy, not yours. And I love it, love it. See how I'm fucking him, Eric--watch how I raise my legs and wrap them around him, so I can pull his lovely cock as deep as possible. You always liked my long legs around you, Eric."

And Glynn gasped, "N-not too much, mom. I can't take it; you're burning up inside, and your cunt is like wet fire."

Moving like a robot, jerkily and uncoordinated, Lorena tagged at her father's hand to lead him around the other side of the swaying bed. She pushed him down upon it, and he didn't take his eyes off his wife as she fucked.

Then Glynn struggled with his mother's legs, and pulled them from around him. Another lurch, and he twisted his prick out of her suctioning vagina. "Y-your turn, dad," he said.

Lorena helped her brother slide across the bed, pulled him over to give the others the room they needed. Moving like a stunned giant, her father crawled over and set himself between his wife's sleek legs.

"Damn it, Arlene--I missed you, missed fucking you. Now your great cunt is all warmed up for me."

"Hurry, darling," Arlene said. "Oh please hurry and fuck me. Put that magnificent cock in me where it belongs and screw me until I pass out."

Lorena kept tugging at her brother until she got him in place, side by side with her. Eagerly, she caught at his sudsy prick and guided it into her snatch, hooking one leg over him to hold him in place. Together, they stared at their parents, while his rigid pole eased into her body, slid strongly and firmly up inside her hungry pussy.

She saw her dad set the swollen head of his massive cock into her mother's waiting cunt lips, saw the hunch the other woman gave to assist the knob make its way. They were practiced, and the big shaft slid inside with hardly a struggle, vanishing from sight as her hairs curled around its root.

"Uhh!" her daddy grunted, beginning to work his joint in and out of the clinging pussy, and its veined length shone with oils that Glynn had stirred up. Powerfully, he fed it into his wife, slamming the heavy, thick meat deep and pulling out almost to the head before returning it to its hotly pulling nest.

"Look, look," Lorena said, settling her own cunt around her brother's cock. "Aren't they beautiful together?"

He answered, "Yeah, but so are we. Mom keeps looking over at us."

"She isn't slowing down any, though," Lorena said, watching the rapid churning movements of the thick shaft in the squirming cunt. The lips of it pulled in powerfully, and the heavy cock slammed home, creating a sloshing noise, making her mother wiggle her ass and hump her crotch.

Every close detail was exposed, and Lorena could even see the little bubbles of juice that were softly beading on her father's prick and being carried out to wet the wrinkled, hairy sack of his balls. The rhythm was fascinating to her, the intimate sight thrilling, and she moved her own body in response to her brother's slow stroking. She realized that Glynn was holding off, that his prime objective was to keep himself for the big ejaculation into the blazing pussy that was now being used so well and so sensuously by their horny father.

They fucked so wonderfully, she thought, moving in a beat of pure sexual hunger, the man cramming his mighty pole deep and solidly, the woman meeting his every thrust with a series of gyrations that milked down upon the head of his distended cock.

"Eric, Eric!" Arlene gasped. "Oh, what a marvelous cock, and I love the way you feed it to me. "Oh--oh, you're filling my cunt, packing me with your beautiful meat--ahh, darling, fuck me, fuck me and never, never stop!"

Lorena's eyes clung to them, and she heard her father grunt out, "You beautiful bitch, you hot cunt, prick hungry bitch--here, here--"

He was about to come; she felt it, saw the rising orgasm in the trembling of the balls that swung steadily into the feathered valley of her mother's heaving ass. Stilling the movements of her own snatch, she

dug her nails into her brother's back and hissed, "Glynn--he's going to hit. He's about to let it go into mom's pussy--that thick, heavy stream of semen will--is--exploding from the head of his cock and squirting creamily inside her vagina. There, there! See how his balls are jumping upward!"

Her brother's prick was motionless in her box, hard and pulsing, but holding back its own torrent of come, saving it for the supreme moment when he could act out his sexual fantasy, when he could climb between his mother's fabulous thighs immediately after his father left them.

Lorena was happy she could share the enchantment of the moment, that she was a vital part of it all, happier yet that her sweet brother could at last gratify the hot dream he had for so long held silent within himself. Now he could let it all hang out; in a few seconds, he could glut himself upon the hot, wet treasure of his mother's previously forbidden cunt, sliding his own cock deftly into the trembling, slippery hole that his father's big shaft had just been pulled from.

"C-coming, coming!" her mother screamed softly. "Oh, Eric--I feel your hot juice in me, and I'm coming with you!"

The woman flailed her long, satiny legs and crushed the man into her mounded tits, her ass grinding around and around as she sought to absorb all his embedded meat, as she tried to suck every drop of spurting semen from the flexing head.

"Now!" Lorena said sharply, and snapped her brother's cock from the confines of her pussy with an adept twisting movement. "Now, Glynn--get over there and fuck her while his stuff is still boiling in her, while its fresh and hot."

She rolled over and tugged at her father's big shoulders, pulling him back. "Daddy--get off mom and let Glynn to her. Come on, daddy--you can soak your prick in me, but Glynn has to fuck her right away!"

Her father's huge prick backed wetly out of the hairy cunt lips, plopped outside and dragged a trail of glistening white come after it. The head was still leaking juice, Lorena saw, and she tugged harder at the man. He came to her on his knees, his chest pumping up and down, still in the ecstatic throes of his climax.

Glynn leaped off the bed and ran around to the other side, where his mother lay limply, her head rolled to one side and her eyes closed. There were pearly drops of semen on the crisp hairs of her bushy cunt, and they gleamed up at the boy as he crawled onto the bed, his own stiff cock in hand. Lorena stared at him while he hurried between the relaxed legs, and thought she could see a wisp of humid steam rising from the inflamed lips of her mother's well fucked pussy.

Her brother didn't waste a second; grasping his mom's thighs, he set the head of his long, slim prick into the greasy lips and shoved hard. His cock disappeared into the hairy mound, sliding immediately into the cunt he craved above all others. It went deep, pushed in frantically, until his balls were squeezed flat against the black fur of her crack.

"Mom, mom! It's stuck in your pussy all the way. Oh wow--in there all sloppy and hot; you're all greasy and buttery inside, full of my daddy's come. Oohh--ahh--sweet mother, hot mother--and I'm a real mother fucker!"

Lorena pulled at her father, wriggled until she got both legs spread

with him in the middle. Grabbing his rigid, lubricated cock, she drew it to the entrance of her own burning cunt and urged the big, dripping head inside. Shoving, lifting, she pulled the great knob into her aching snatch, and with a strong surge of thighs and pelvis, seated the thick shaft firmly within herself.

"There," she said. "It's in my pussy just like Glynn's cock is in mom's pussy. Oh, he's fucking her, screwing her with all he has, sloshing his young prick around inside her cunt and going crazy with how wonderful it feels."

"Yeah," her daddy said. "I just pumped her full of semen, and the boy is pounding his rod in there, fucking his mother, fucking my wife, and doing one hell of a job at it."

His shaft moved gently inside Lorena's slot, and she rolled her crotch to settle it against the cup of her womb, where the big head nestled lovingly. She kept her eyes on her brother, seeing the entrancing motion of his long rod slipping wetly in and out of the quivering lips of their mother's hairy mound.

"So juicy in here, all satin and velvet, but wet and slidy," Glynn said, and his mother began to stir, to hike her downy belly in response to his hungry, twisting thrusts.

"G-Glynn, my son," she murmured, putting her arms around the small of his back, pulling him tightly to her arching body as he shoved the meat home, releasing him so he could draw back for another stroke. "My darling boy--love you, love you so much--"

And Glynn muttered, "I'm fucking her, dad--fucking the pussy you just screwed, sliding my cock in here where you just let go, where you shot off inside mother's cunt. It's terrific, blistering, creamy--roll your ass for me, mom. Ride my prick the same way you ride dad's prick!"

Lorena felt her father's cock twitch deep within her slot. She felt him begin to angle his body slightly, and rotated her ass to caress the buried prong when he shifted his weight to the right. He felt out and took one of his wife's hands, and Lorena saw her mother clench tightly upon her father's fingers while her brother worked constantly at his lascivious fucking.

"Arlene," her father murmured. "Darling--fuck the boy well; give him all the love of your educated pussy, darling; make it eat his young cock."

Her mother's face turned, and the eyes were shining hotly, the red mouth was dewy-lipped, and the tongue darted its tip along white teeth. "Eric, my husband, my lover--oohh! Ahh, its so good to have my son's prick in me. Oh sweet man, sweet boy--kiss me, Eric. Kiss me and run your tongue in my mouth while our son runs his cock in my pussy!"

Her father leaned over and fastened his mouth to his wife's lips, and Lorena knew that his thick tongue was sliding inside. They were all joined then, she thought dizzily--her father had his prick crammed into his daughter's cunt; her mother's oily pussy was wrapped around her son's cock, and mom and dad's mouths were together, making the circle of hotly loving flesh complete.

She ground her cunt upon her daddy's rod, grating her pelvis over his hairy one, her eyes going out of focus in rapture. She could hear the rhythm of her brother's fucking, the slosh-slosh of his dick moving in the pussy he worshipped. She heard her mother moan, her father panting,

and she listened to the drumbeating of her own heart.

A ripple of utter joy passed through her body, and she moved faster upon her daddy's embedded shaft, knowing the thrill of its root pressing upon her fevered clitoris. It was all so wild, and she reveled in the intensity of the moment, blending body and mind into a single blazing pinpoint of rapture.

"Mom--oh, mom! I'm coming--coming into your beautiful pussy, shooting my juice in there and mixing it with dad's!" Her brother's voice seemed far away.

"Come, darling," her mother crooned. "Flow that sweet liquid into your mother's cunt."

Shivering, bucking insanely and suddenly against the base of her daddy's prick, Lorena came with them, her mind spinning out into a warm, soft blackness.

Chapter 16

There was sweetness in his sister's cunt, and Glynn licked it slowly, savoring the honey there. He was replete, but not sated, and thought he would never be; there were far too many erotic things yet to do, so many farout combinations to try, and he meant to go through them all, one by one, if his body held out.

Glad that he was young and horny, he continued to tease Lorena's still pussy with his tongue, until her body began to stir. She'd passed out, just about the time he was letting his load go into their mother's snatch. He loved both glorious cunts, he thought. They were both beautiful, hot and particularly sexy because everybody said he wasn't supposed to fuck them, or to even think about fucking them, much less eat them.

Everybody said that, except the people who really counted, his father and mother and sister. Wow--it was great to have his dad put those big hands on his ass and help him shove down deep into mom's snatch, and it was great to see his dad's huge shaft working into Lorena's young slit. There was no better fucking anywhere, and when they were all doing it together, sharing their bodies, it made the screwing impossibly better.

"Ummm," Lorena murmured, opening her eyes and putting her hands down to rest upon his head. "I--I must have fainted or something. I had dad's prick in me, and you were coming in mom, and--it was just too much."

"It's okay," he said. "I thought this would be the best way to wake you up, and to show you that I love you, too."

"I know you love me, Glynn," she whispered. "And now mom and dad are back together, aren't they?"

"The plan worked," he said, licking up over her damp belly to her firmly nipples. His cock pressed against her belly, half-soft but feeling wonderful. "They can't let go of each other, and we had a lot to do with it. Now we'll all live together, but even better than before, because I can fuck mom and dad can screw you, and we can do it right out in the open."

She kissed him when his mouth got near enough. "Isn't it wonderful, and

to think none of it might ever have happened, if I hadn't caught you jacking off that night."

He said, "Can I leave you for a few minutes? Look over there, and you'll see dad going down on mom. He's eating her for the first time, all the way, because his hang-ups are gone, and so are any she might have had. I want to get in on it."

"Go ahead," his sister answered. "I'll be okay in a little while; I just feel kind of floaty and warm now, and I'll watch until I get all turned on again."

His mother's head was on one pillow, her ass upon another. Her knees were bent and flung wide, and his father's pale blonde head was buried between the rounded satin thighs, the big hands gripping the perfect cheeks of her ass. Arlene's eyes followed her son as he walked around the bed and came to stand close to her face.

Her eyes went bitchy and she smiled wetly up at him when he took his hardening prick in one hand and touched the head of it to her cheek. She brought out one hand and cupped his balls when he rubbed the glans over her forehead and down into one ear.

"Yes, lover," she whispered hotly. "Oh, yes--so I can have both my wonderful men at the same time."

So Glynn moved the shiny knob of his prick to her lips, where she kissed it, rubbing the red velvet of them over its tip before she licked at the drop of fluid that gathered in the slit. While his father nuzzled hungrily into her pussy, Glynn inserted the end of his cock into his mom's mouth and pushed it on inside. Her teeth scraped tingling along the head, along the shaft, and he felt the curve of her tongue curl lovingly up and around.

Dipping his fingers into the luxurious depths of her shiny black hair, he gave her his prick, moving his ass slightly as the head bumped the back of her throat. She sucked delightfully upon it, her cheeks dipping in and out as she siphoned upon his meat, as she used tongue and teeth and the hot wetness to thrill him.

Now that the terrific fucking was over, and he had screwed his mom's pussy while it was still throbbing and flooded with his father's semen, Glynn thought he might be able to go all night, sampling all the experiences the four of them might devise.

Looking over at his sister, he smiled, and Lorena nodded approval. He saw her hand cuddle her pussy, saw one finger slip inside and knew she was stroking her vibrant clitoris.

His mother groaned around his cock, and he glanced down to see her crotch surging up and down against his father's face. She was coming again, riding dad's suctioning mouth and coming hard, but she didn't let go of his own prick. She continued to chew upon it, to lick searingly over its swollen head.

But her eyelids were fluttering and her tits were heaving, jiggling as she crested upon the tidal wave of her orgasm, so Glynn backed it out of her mouth and allowed her head to roll back. There was plenty of time for everything, and he wanted to stick his cock everywhere it would possibly go.

Dad and mom were melting together, his father's prick soft and his mother murmuring drowsily, so Glynn walked back around the king-sized

bed and looked down at his sister. "You know," he said, "we haven't made it sixty-nine yet. That ought to be a lot of fun."

"I'm for it," Lorena said.

He lay down with his face at her feet, and when she started to lick at his toes, he did the same to hers. The tickling sensation was almost too much to bear, but he held fairly still for it, working his tongue up over her ankles and along the shins. His sister tasted of exotic flowers, of fresh young skin and a trembling excitement.

She nipped the calf of his leg, her sharp teeth playful in his flesh, and he licked over her kneecaps, sliding ever backward the way she was doing as they worked into position where they could eat each other simultaneously. He had eaten pussy and been sucked off, but he hadn't done it at the same time.

At her thighs now, he rolled his cheek into the honeyblonde hair of her crotch and felt the marvelous warmth of her torrid snatch, the fondling of her cunt hair upon his skin. Turning his head, he looked down into the pussy itself and saw how the lips were parted slightly in the center, how the golden fur outlined them. Using his fingers, he gently pried them apart and peered deeply into the pink tissues, into the membranes that could feel so fantastic when they gripped his prick.

He bent his head and touched his tongue into them, shoved it deep into their wet slippery depths, and felt his sister's tongue in turn, as she rolled it over the head of his down-hanging cock. Glynn sucked her pussy, tongued to find the clit and tease it, nipped the labia and stirred far up into the shuddering vagina. All the while, she was sucking upon his cock-head, using all the hot workings of her mouth to bring him to orgasm.

It was beautiful this way, and he reveled in the heaving of Lorena's cunt as she thrust up violently, when she came on his mouth. A heartbeat later, he released his own diminished load of semen, pouring it down her throat, and that was beautiful, too.

A bell clanged insistently, harshly, and Glynn struggled away from his sister's entwining body to fumble for the bedside phone. He mumbled something into the mouthpiece and listened, his eyes running over the quiet forms on the bed--his naked mother, his nude father, his bare-assed sister.

"It's Jean Marks," he said to them. "Says she's been thinking about us and can't stand it any longer."

His mother stirred sleepily. "Tell her to come on over. In this family, there's always room for one more."

The End