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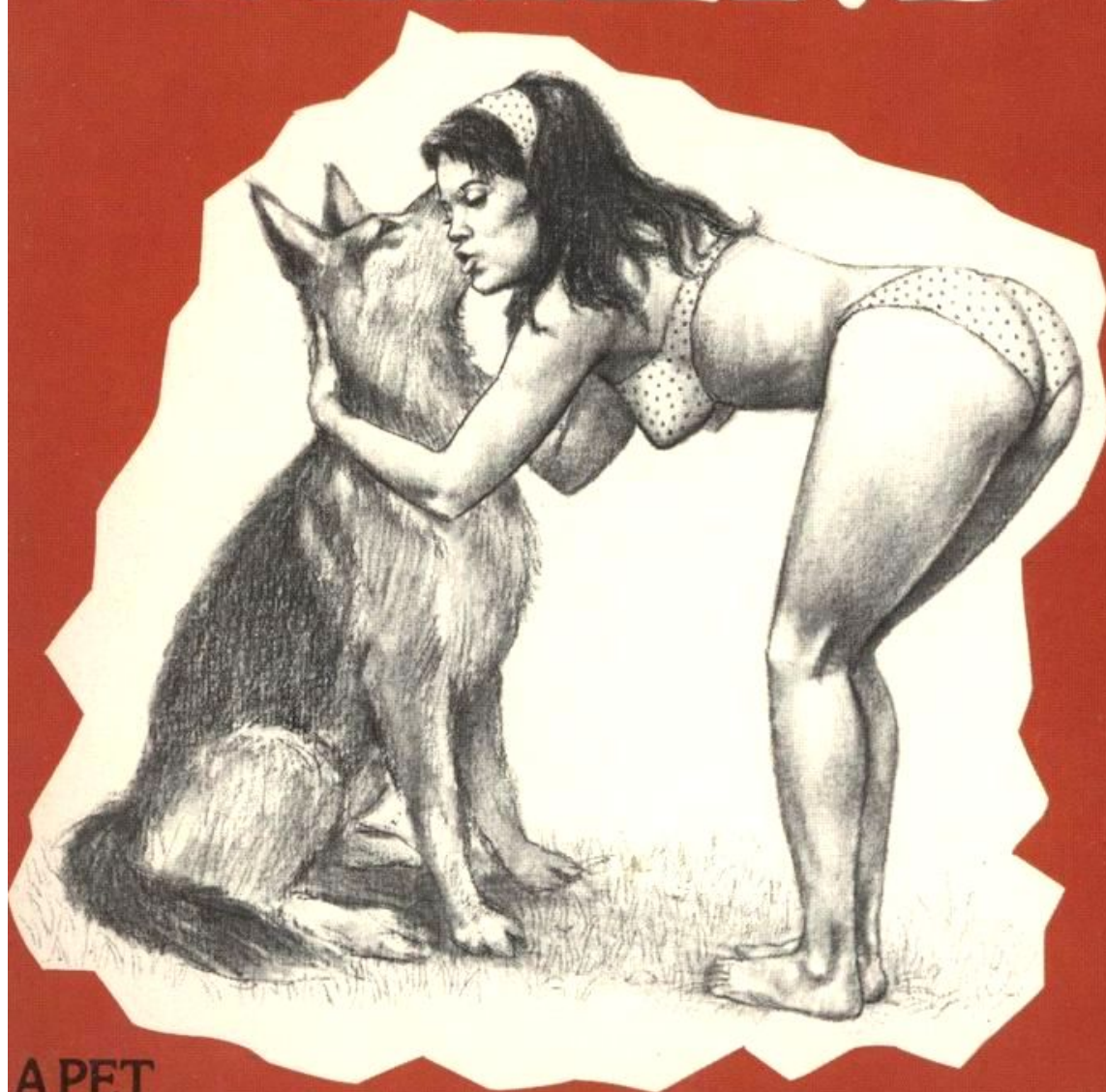
BEASTIALITY STORIES



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MOM'S BEST FRIEND



A PET
BOOK

by Donald Palermo

FOREWORD

Normal. A frequently used word, yet a word whose exact meaning is as elusive as the term, "perversion". What those two words imply seems to vary from nation to nation, from community to community, from person to person.

Among one African tribe, it is considered obscene to expose one's back to others. In many Eskimo communities, it is the height of hospitality for a man to offer his wife to a guest.

Mary and Adam outwardly appear to be two average middle-class Americans. Yet both of them behave in ways that many others would consider abnormal. But who is to say whether either or both are normal or perverse?

A novel of major interest to any who hope to find and define their own standards of correct behavior. A story of one couple seeking to resolve their conflicts and find inner happiness.

□The Publisher

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## CHAPTER ONE

Mary Power looked at her reflection in the full-length mirror, saw her firm, full tits, saw her plain black nylon panties, her only remaining garment, made one final try to overcome temptation-and failed. Pushing her panties down quickly, she turned and went to open the door to admit the source of her temptation-King, her big German shepherd.

Seeing the woman naked, King knew what to expect, and his big tail wagged with excitement at the thought of mounting the woman's big ass and ramming his prick into her cunt for a magnificent fuck. At once, his snout went to her crotch to sniff and she rubbed his head as she talked to him.

"Yes, King, you're going to fuck Mommy again, you lucky dog.

You really like my cunt, don't you? You don't consider me a pervert like the rest of the world would if they knew."

Mary knew it made no sense talking to her dog about her problems, but there was nobody else, had not been since her husband left almost a year ago. Even when he'd been around, there hadn't really been anyone to talk to. He'd had his beer and television and that was enough. The most intelligent sounds she'd heard out of him in the last couple years of their marriage were his seemingly unending beer farts.

Even when he'd gotten around to sex, it was no good. He liked to feel her up a little, until she began to get nice and horny, then he would give her his cock to suck. If she got it in her cunt two or three times a year, she had felt fortunate; otherwise it was suck, suck, suck.

It wasn't that she minded sucking a cock; she enjoyed it once in a while, but not as a steady diet.

What finally brought it all to an end was that Saturday afternoon when, full of beer and watching a football game, he called her to him at half-time, put a hand under her skirt and played with her crotch for a minute or two, then took his cock out and told her to go down on him as half-time entertainment. That was the day she told him to stick his cock up his ass, that she was finished.



He seemed to sense it and just before she turned and walked out of the room, she saw him jerking off, holding a beer can in his left hand to catch his jizz.

"That should be a perfect marriage," she told him sarcastically, and walked away.

But it wasn't the time for thinking of the old unhappiness or even of the unhappiness to come. King was sniffing at her crotch, trying to get his long tongue at her cunt, and she wanted it as much as he did, so she went to the bed, sat on the edge, then fell back, opening and raising her legs to give her cunt to him to be licked.

Sighing and panting, Mary felt her passion flaring as the big animal lovingly licked her twat. She knew it was going to be one of those days when he would lick her snatch all the way to a beautiful big come, a come she would feel all the way to the tips of her fingers and toes, and then she would be kneeling and he would mount her ass to give her a magnificent fucking with his man-sized cock.

Without warning, King stopped licking her snatch and then she saw him trying to mount her as she lay on her back with her crotch still wide open.

"Down, King," she scolded and he obeyed. "Just because you fuck a woman doesn't mean you're a man. Come on," she urged, a hand rubbing her cunt, "get back to licking my pussy for me. Lick my cunt and make me come."

The dog resumed his licking, and this time he stayed on the job until Mary felt the big orgasm getting ready to explode inside her. She caught her breath, held it, then she was coming, jerking her crotch away from the big animal and lying face down on the bed, her chubby, white ass bouncing as rubbed her pussy mound on the sheet in ecstasy. Sitting beside the bed, King watched her squirm and shiver all over the bed.

"Oh King, that was lovely," Mary said with a sigh as she got up. Then she went to crouch beside him on the carpet, a hand under him, grabbing his big prick and giving it a slow jerking, though she doubted that he needed to be set up to fuck her.

"Yes, King, you like it when Mommy plays with your big cock, don't you? What a lovely cock you have, you big beauty. It feels so good when you're ramming that beautiful prick up my cunt and fucking me. Are you all set now, lover?" she asked as she looked and saw the wet, red cock sticking out of the sheath and decided it was time to play bitch with him, to get down on all fours and give him her ass to ride and her hot cunt to fuck.

Releasing his cock, she smiled, patting the big animal on the head; then she was kneeling so that she could watch their reflection in the full-length mirror while he fucked her. The animal showed how well he had been trained by sitting obediently, his eyes feasting on her naked body until she gave the command for him to come and fuck her.

He got to his feet at once and bounded across the room to her. As he reached her, he took just one sniff of her cunt, then he mounted his human bitch, wrapped big paws around her and began jabbing a cock which grew alarmingly as the sheath peeled all the way back off his cock, a cock which was almost what Mary had called it-man-sized.

Looking in the mirror, a profile view, Mary saw the big prick jabbing the air and loved the sight of it, thrilled to the sight of the big cock and the excitement of her dog; then the tip of his jabbing prick touched the edge of her cunt and Mary braced herself for what was to come.

The animal paused, she heard him panting, then he jabbed again, and this time his cock went

straight and true, right up her cunt. There was never anything at all tentative about King. That first jab of his cock invariably sent at least half its length up her hole, and then he was panting as he fed the rest of it into her and made her know that her cunt was full of stiff cock.

"Oh yes ... oh yes ... oh yes," Mary panted as her big dog began fucking her, screwing as no man ever had, his banger pistoning up her snatch so fast that strokes couldn't be counted as they blurred into what became a magnificently thrilling fuck, one that went on and on.

As King continued to hump her big, white ass, Mary played the trick she always played, turning off her mind so that she had no concept of time, only of stiff, hard-driving prick in her cunt and a vague, powerful beast mounted on her ass, his rampant prick raping her as she knelt helplessly.

In her fantasy, she was tied over a padded bar, totally helpless, while the animal fucked her. Sometimes the beast had no definite identity; at other times he was a giant gorilla. Always, though, there was an audience on hand, a big audience of men and women who laughed at her, taunted her and urged the animal on with the fucking.

She saw the audience clearly this time. They were a fashionably dressed group, men in formal evening dress and women in low-cut gowns. And then she saw that the gowns the women wore were more than low-cut; they were topless, so that their boobs showed clearly—little tits, medium-sized, big and beautiful, big and floppy, every type.

And then she saw something about the men that she hadn't seen before. They all had their cocks out and every cock was stiffly erect.

Terrified that all those men were going to follow the animal and fuck her to death, Mary asked if they were an going to screw her. One man replied, his voice ringing clearly through the room, telling her that they wouldn't think of sticking their cocks in her violated cunt. He told her that she was only good enough to be fucked by animals, that they were going to fuck their women—decent, normal women who fucked men, not beasts.

The fantasy was going out of control, and Mary could find no way of stopping it; then the big dog began to twitch and jerk on her ass, and she felt his hot juice shooting up her snatch.

The fantasy clicked off instantly. She was alone in her room again, alone with her dog and he was panting in frenetic delight as he shot her a full load of sperm, then paused to rest against the smoothness of her ass, as his knot subsided inside of her tight pussy. Finally, he dismounted and curled upon the floor to lick at his well-used coc?.

Mary usually felt beautifully content after the dog had screwed her, but this time the same glow wasn't with her. Wanting her come, she knelt up and sent a hand into her crotch, a finger finding her hard clit near the top of her gash.

Refusing to think back to the fantasy which had been so painful, she looked at her four-legged lover as she fingered her twat, looked at the reflection of her big tits in the mirror, seeing them jerk and sway, feeling the promise of orgasm growing stronger and stronger.

And then it was there, a beautiful big come, and she panted and moaned and grunted, her big ass jerking strongly as wave after beautiful wave of orgasm swept over her and washed away the ugliness left behind by the cruel fantasy, washed it away and left her feeling gloriously content as she knelt back on her haunches while the dog looked at her curiously, as though wondering what all the fuss was about.

And then Mary noticed the time. It was a bit later than she thought, and her daughter could be home from school soon. Chasing the dog out of the room, she picked up her panties, stepped into them and snugged them around her body, covering but not destroying the glow she felt, especially in her crotch.

As she dressed, she told herself that it was better when she fucked the dog at night since she didn't have to get dressed later, but could lie in bed, naked, savoring the golden post- orgasmic glow until it blended with sleep and she drifted gently away.

She had been dressed only a few minutes when Sharon, her fourteen-year-old daughter, returned home. Sharon was a pretty girl who was well-aware of it, and who dressed to show her budding little titties and wore tight jeans to show off her nicely rounded behind.

Mary had spoken to her about that a few times, but Sharon used the stock answer that all the girls dressed that way and she couldn't be different or they would laugh at her.

There had to be some argument to use against that, Mary felt, but she had never found it, and so she let it go and her daughter continued to display her wares in the sexy packaging. When Sharon got a little older, Mary promised herself, she'd have to do something about it, though she didn't know just what that would be.

After all, at thirty-three Mary could recall her teen years quite clearly. She remembered how it felt when her little tits began to develop, how carefully she had watched them grow. She recalled the long sessions of posing before her mirror, watching as her body began the long, long trip from girl to young woman.

But Mary didn't have any reason to envy Sharon her nice figure, since she had retained hers. She was a little heavier than she had been ten years ago, but the added weight had been distributed nicely. Her tits, ass and thighs were still firm and shapely, and she was pleased to observe that men still looked at her, sometimes turned around to do so; she had remained conscious of diet and exercise, determined to keep her figure as long as possible, even though, in times of depression, she told herself it was wasted when her only lover was a dog who didn't care what she looked like as long as she had a cunt to offer when she got down on all fours.

"How was school?" she asked her daughter, and then they chatted about little things, the girl pleased that her mother liked to chat with her, to share her interests, unlike the mothers of most girls she knew.

Mary was aware of that and cultivated it. She knew how much the divorce had upset their daughter, even though Sharon's father had paid her little attention.

After a little while, Sharon told her mother that she wanted to watch a lot of television that night and she had homework to do, so she went to her room and closed the door, knowing that her mother wouldn't disturb her.

But it wasn't homework Sharon had on her mind just then. In a crowded hallway after final class, Tommy, a boy with a reputation as an ass-grabber, had stolen three exciting feels of the seat of her tight jeans. That had been especially flattering, since he usually chose older girl? for that. It told her that she had a nice ass, nice enough to attract the sixteen-year-old who preferred older girls, yet was attracted to what she packed in the seat of her pants.

Opening her jeans, she pushed them and her plain white panties down, and looked at the patch of fuzz above her pussy.

She wished it would hurry and develop into a patch of real hair rather than just peach fuzz; yet, she told herself, Tommy would love to see it and feel it and check below to see and feel her little cunt. If she gave him the chance, she sensed, he would do more than just see and feel her cunt; he'd stick a big, hard cock in it and break her cherry. It would hurt, and then she would watch her belly getting big with a baby.

Sharon didn't like that thought, so she turned it off. She twisted to look at her ass in the mirror. The cheeks were plump and firm and so smooth. Closing her eyes then, she squeezed one, the way he had squeezed it, and she could understand why Tommy was an ass-grabber. Asses felt nice, she thought to herself as she squeezed and rubbed both cheeks.

Sharon blushed a little as she found herself wondering what it would be like to feel a girl's butt, maybe a bigger girl with bigger cheeks. She had heard vague stories about lesbians and had always thought them perverted and sick, but for the first time she was able to think about being naked with another girl without feeling anything but excitement.

She thought of Angie, her fifteen-year-old friend, her best friend. Angie would have a lovely ass, Sharon thought as she looked down at her fallen jeans and panties. Then she had a finger in her pussy, and she was ready to start diddling herself.

When she finger-fucked her snatch, she usually enjoyed fantasies in which she peeped while men and woman did sexy things to each other, but this time her thoughts were only about Angie.

As the little finger moved excitingly in her warm slit, she saw Angie standing with her pants and panties down around her ankles and she was standing behind her friend, playing with the cheeks of her ass and telling her friend how firm and silky her butt was.

Angie enjoyed it, too, and then they went to the bed where Angie lay face down.

Sitting beside her, Sharon pushed her blouse up higher, then took the rest of her clothes off and resumed playing with her lovely bare ass while her friend squirmed and sighed and begged for more.

It became the strongest fantasy Sharon had ever experienced, and she worked at keeping it alive and strong. Angie wanted Sharon to finger her pussy for her and she agreed boldly, but she didn't want to stop playing with her friend's pretty ass in order to do it, so Angie stood and she sat on the edge of the bed.

While her right hand played with a silken buttcheek, her left went into her friend's crotch and rubbed her pussy warmly. Angie had a nice patch of coppery hair to crown her cunt, and Sharon envied it, but she didn't let that disturb the enjoyment she got from playing with the big asscheeks. Then her finger was in Angie's slit and she fingering her box while her friend panted.

When she felt the approach of orgasm, Sharon was not sure for a moment whether the come was going to be her's or Angie's. Then it struck, and she knew it was hers as her young body trembled and jerked strongly until the spasms stopped, leaving her breathless and feeling wonderful.

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CHAPTER TWO

The next time Mary took her dog to her bedroom, it was after eleven at night, and her daughter was sleeping soundly, as she always did. She went to the window and closed the drapes, but it was just a routine thing, and she did it carelessly. In the beginning, she had been very careful that the drapes

were closed tightly, perfectly, but as the sex bouts with the dog became more and more common, she became less careful.

This time, the bottom of one drape curled back, leaving a small triangle, but enough so that someone with an eye pressed close to the window would be able to see clearly into the room.

Mary was unaware of it.

"Yes, King," she whispered as she opened her dress, "I'm going to strip bare naked and you'll give me a nice cunt-lapping, and then I'll get down on the floor and you'll mount me and give me a nice big fucking."

Taking her dress off, she patted the animal, then went on undressing, not aware of the opening in the drapes, not aware that a man was walking that night, a man named Adam.

Adam had once been a happy man. He operated a very successful business, he had a daughter and a son, and he had his own Eve. She had been a wonderful woman, one who loved to laugh and to care for her children and her home, and she especially loved to romp with her husband—in bed, in the kitchen, in the car, outside in the garden, after dark, anywhere at all.

They had explored sex together and had learned so many things about it. The first time he went down on her and brought her to orgasm with his mouth and tongue, she decided she was no longer interested in one day going to heaven; she had found a better place.

After that, it seemed only logical that she should do the same for her husband.

They both had trembled as she pushed the head of his big cock into her mouth and he showed her how to suck a man off and drink his rich, warm cream.

To the surprise of neither, she loved blowing him and did it often, even when he was driving the car and she was curled up on the seat beside him, his big cock stretching her mouth as she sucked, wanting to giggle if she had been able to, when he began shooting. Then he would be grunting and groaning, holding onto the wheel for dear life with both hands.

More than a few times, he had caught her bending over in the kitchen, and she had only sighed as he tossed her skirt over her back, lowered her panties and after playing with her ass for a little while, had used a bit of butter to lubricate her asshole, then slowly worked his long cock up there to bugger her.

And there were so many more beautiful times as their lives became richer and more exciting with each passing day, until the same fate which had been so kindly in bringing them together, proved to have a vicious side as well.

It began with the headaches which pained her so and became more and more consistent. The doctor gave her a prescription to kill the pain and suggested she was bored with family life and should develop other interests.

Angry, she didn't go back to him. The pain of the headaches was somewhat dulled by the medicine. She learned to live with it until Adam insisted that she go to another doctor.

This one was more concerned and had her go into the hospital for tests, tests which shattered her world and Adam's when they disclosed a brain tumor. It was inoperative. All she could do was live with a constant pain and a constant, haunting knowledge that the pain would go away soon, when

she died. And then she did, and Adam was left with his grief, his memories, and a fourteen-year-old girl and eleven-year-old boy.

Nights were the worst times, those nights when, only partially awake, he would reach for the lovely, silken buttocks and not find them. He would be wide awake then as he realized what had happened. After that, there could be no sleep for a while, not until he had numbed the hurt with whiskey and water, much whiskey and a little water.

Evenings were bad, too, especially after the kids were in bed. Those used to be among the best times as they necked in the living room until all was quiet.

Those were the times when her clothes would be removed gradually, and then the fun and games would start.

The lonely evenings tortured him for months; then he tried to escape them by walking. The house safely locked, he would walk the streets until he was so tired he knew he would be able to sleep, especially if, when he returned to the house, he jacked off, as he so often did.

And then, late one evening, as he walked a quiet residential street, he noticed a movement behind an undraped window and looked again. He saw a woman in a white slip, folding her dress over the back of a chair.

Instantly, he felt guilty about peeping at her, but he couldn't stop himself from moving closer. As she caught the hem of the slip and pulled it over her head, he felt his cock stirring and knew that he would jack himself off that night, perhaps before he got home.

He stood on a spot at the top of a hill. The houses were below street level, and he could see clearly into the bedroom, could see that she was alone in the second-story room.

She took her bra off and her tits looked good, big yet firm, and she rubbed them in the way a woman does after taking off her bra; then she sat at a vanity and fiddled with her hair for a little while.

When she got up, her back turned to him, she pushed her white panties down and stepped out of them, naked, her beautiful, rather plump ass pointed right at him so that he could see the deep crack between the big oval cheeks.

Sensuality flared as never before for Adam, and he pressed carefully against a big tree, checked to see that he was alone on the relatively darkened street, then took his cock out. It was hard and sensitive to his touch as he held it.

Her back still turned to him, the woman dropped her panties on the floor, then bent to pick them up. As she did, her ass widened, looking so white in the light of the room and then he saw more than her ass, saw the slash of cunt in her relatively hairless crotch and he gave his cock a few tugs.

Going to the bed, the woman lay on her back, her legs wide apart. For a little while, she fondled her tits, then her hands rubbed down slowly over her tummy and down to her thighs. When one hand returned to her boobs, the other remained much farther down, rubbing toward her crotch; then it was there, slowly stroking her twat.

As Adam realized that she was going to finger her cunt, he decided he would masturbate along with her, holding back until she climaxed before firing his load into the darkness. Then he almost groaned aloud as the woman got off the bed and walked naked to the window, her tits bobbing as she reached to draw the drapes.

He was angry and frustrated, but still wildly aroused. He pulled his cock fast as she closed one drape, then moved across the open portion of the window to close the other. He could still see one big tit, in that moment before she could get the drape closed, when his charge went off, spurting through the darkness.

When he was drained, he hurriedly stuffed his cock back into his pants and zipped his fly closed. He knew she was behind the drapes fingering her cunt, but since the drapes were tightly closed, he knew he wasn't going to be able to see her, so he turned and began walking toward his home, his heart still pounding, his legs, especially his knees, still a little weak.

His nightly walks became more frequent after that night.

Often, he visited the street where it had all begun, but only rarely did he see the same woman undressing before the undraped window. It happened sometimes, but he guessed that she was only a part-time exhibitionist, that she staged her striptease only when the mood was on her. He wondered about her private life and guessed that, like him, she was unhappy and alone.

From time to time, Adam thought of an affair with some healthy, happy woman, but he knew that couldn't be, not for him.

One emotional commitment had been enough; he had given all and he was drained.

There could never be a woman to replace the one fate had taken from him. He would use peeping to stimulate and to fill the void, but that would have to be enough, that and his masturbation.

Adam was an intelligent man and he learned the tricks of his trade. He walked quiet, not too well-lighted streets and service lanes which gave him access to the rear of houses. He learned that the fully undraped windows could rarely be counted on to provide a show, but that carelessly closed drapes or blinds not quite lowered all the way were much more promising since they gave the occupants of the house a false sense of privacy.

He kept notes of every score, addresses, times, subject matter, comments. From his notes, he was able to schedule a series of routes to follow.

Usually, the show consisted of a woman undressing for bed or bath, sometimes with a man, but there were those special shows that really turned him on, those scenes where a man and woman went into a bedroom together and he saw that they weren't eager to sleep.

They would kiss, and the man would fondle the woman.

Sometimes they would be laughing, other times there was an air of passion without humor as they hurriedly stripped. He loved to watch the foreplay, the fondling and sucking of tits while the woman played with a stiff prick. Once in a while, he would see a more daring couple, and the man would suck and lick her cunt, making her come before they fucked.

Whenever it was possible, he would have his hard cock in his hand while he watched, and sometimes he lost control and shot his wad while the show was still going on, but he tended to be careful, and that didn't happen often.

One of the frustrations of the trade was car headlights, another was other night walkers, but he learned to live with them.

The only thing he ever carried was an evening newspaper, so that he would appear to be a

businessman who had gone out to buy a paper and decided on a stroll before going to bed.

His biggest score was an apartment window which he observed from the fire escape of a darkened, abandoned building across a vacant lot. Two beautiful young women were undressing for bed and in the course of their disrobing, they began to play.

When they were naked, they fell onto the double bed together and began fondling each other while they shared many passionate kisses. They fondled and sucked tits, stroked thighs and asses and played with cunts until Adam feared he would fall off the fire escape as he kept pressed against the darkened wall. Then they nearly drove him out of his mind as one of them turned and then they were in an end-to-end embrace, each sucking and lapping the cunt of the other.

They staged a lengthy, lusty, lesbian performance for him, and as they lay together resting after both had climaxed, Adam stared at them while he slowly pulled his stiff, throbbing prick until the churning in his balls told him it was time for blast-off. His eyes feasting on the resting women, he panted as his sperm shot out into the darkness.

Adam visited the fire escape often, and his beautiful lesbians performed for him many times.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

At home, Adam was a model father who made sure that his children knew he was eager to share things with them, to listen to their problems and help work them out, rather than giving them pat solutions.

When their mother had been alive, the house had often rung with laughter, and Adam knew it was up to him to restore that as quickly as possible after her death. It wasn't easy, but he worked at it; seeing what he was doing, the kids tried, too, so that it was not long before the family, the survivors of the old family unit, resumed a reasonably normal state as they picked up the threads together and went on with their lives.

The children didn't question his nightly walks, taking his word for it that he liked a little solitude and exercise before going to bed. Frequently, they were not even aware of the walks since they were asleep before he left the house.

The house where Mary lived with her daughter and her dog wasn't on his list, but Adam kept working new areas, constantly looking for new faces, new talent, something different and more exciting. He doubted, however, that he was ever going to find anything more exciting than his beautiful lesbians, whom he visited once or twice a week, not wanting to go more often for fear of spoiling it and making it boring.

Usually, if he were patient and waited long enough, they gave him a performance of some kind, but there were some nights when all they did was strip and get into bed. Even those nights were interesting enough since they both had beautiful bodies, but it was so much more thrilling when he watched one or both of them eating pussy and doing their other erotic things to entertain him while he perched on the fire escape.

It had been a dull evening, he had spotted a couple of women in bra and panties, but that was about all. If things were going to improve, he told himself, it was just about time for it since it was a bit after eleven, a good time for people to be going to bed, he knew from experience.

He was walking in the service lane behind Mary's house, checking windows all around, when her light came on. He stopped, saw that she had a big dog with her; then he let out a little sigh as he saw her approach the window and knew she was going to close the drapes. He started to leave, then stopped on a hunch. He watched as Mary closed the drapes; then his heart gave a little leap as he noted the little triangle which had been left to permit a view into the room.

He cased the layout quickly. Since the dog was in the house, he didn't have to worry about going into the garden, and the gate from the lane hung open.

Walking softly, Adam hurried into the garden. Luck was with him, since below the window was a low stand of the type used for hanging clothes on a line.

Getting onto it, he found that the level was great, perfect, and the chink in the drapes provided him with a clear view of most of the room. All he had to do then was hope nobody spotted him there and called the cops, but it was a risk he was prepared to take.

Mary hadn't begun undressing, he observed, and she was sitting on the bed, patting her dog and talking to him. She was an attractive woman, early thirties, he guessed. The hem of her dress was up a little, and he liked what he saw of her thighs. He liked, too, the way she filled the front of her dress, and he guessed that her tits would be big and quite firm, lovely to stare at while he played with his cock.

When Mary got up and reached to unfasten the top of her dress, Adam slowly unzipped his fly. When he took his cock out, it was hard. His practiced eye looked around the room for a nightie, and he was pleased at not seeing one.

Mary wore no slip, and as she pulled the dress over her head, he gazed excitedly at thighs which were even more beautiful than he had anticipated, a little on the big side, but beautifully firm-looking, smooth and hairless. Her tummy was just slightly rounded, just enough so that it didn't look boyish, and her black nylon panties hugged her crotch excitingly. He hoped she wouldn't take them off too quickly.

She went to fold her dress over the back of a chair, and he was delighted at the way she filled the seat of her panties. The panties were small and sheer so that he could see her shadowy crack. Generous portions of round, white cheek peeked around the tiny garment, and Adam felt his cock throbbing with desire.

As she turned to face him again, she said something to her dog while Adam feasted his eyes on the bulging cups of the black bra; then her hands went behind her back, and he held his breath as he awaited the unveiling of her big, promising tits.

When she took her bra off, Adam almost gasped aloud. He had seen tits that big before, but never that big and that firm. She looked like an overdeveloped teenager, and Adam looked at her face again to confirm that she was as old as he had first guessed. He told himself that she had to be at least thirty. He noticed, too, that her face was beautiful, not in any glamorous way, but the face of a woman with warmth and humor, yet it was a face, he saw, that had known unhappiness and perhaps still did.

Dropping the bra onto a chair, she stood before the mirror on her vanity and played with her boobs. It wasn't, he observed, the casual rubbing of tits after taking a bra off; she was playing with herself, and there was a look of passion on her face, passion that was just beginning to build and had a long way to go before it peaked.

He sensed that he was going to see her strip naked and finger her cunt or fuck herself with a fake cock, and he trembled with arousal. He didn't often catch a woman playing with herself, and he found it wildly thrilling when he did. This was going to be one of those very good ones, he told himself, a five-star special, perhaps.

?After she had been playing with her tits for a while, Adam saw that her nipples were aroused and stuck out temptingly, long and hard and very suckable. Pausing to talk to the dog again, Mary rubbed a hand on the crotch of her panties, and Adam became positive that he was in for a beautiful performance of finger- fucking. For just a moment, he wondered if she were going to include the dog in her act, then told himself he was asking for too much. Things like that only happen in books, he told himself.

Mary went to pat the dog again, and then she stood with her back to the window.

Again Adam felt his cock throbbing and his heart pounding as he stared at what her beautifully rounded, white buttocks did to her little black panties.

There was no portion of the female anatomy Adam didn't appreciate, but he had a special fondness for a lovely, firm, well-rounded ass, and she measured up magnificently, top of the scale, he decided; then he thought his heart or his cock would explode as Mary slowly pushed her panties down to bare that lovely ass. She did it unhurriedly and, beautiful as her big tits were, he was thankful that she had her back to him so that his eyes could feast on her magnificent big ass. Then she stepped out of the panties and tossed them onto the chair with her bra.

Normally, Adam was content to just watch a woman as she undressed, but there was something different in Mary's case, something more than her luscious tits and butt. He was seized by an almost overpowering urge to smash through the window and grab her, but then he told himself that he was not a rapist. Even if he were, the big shepherd would make very short work of him and what the dog left would languish in jail for a long time.

Adam watch her sit on the edge of the bed and talk to the dog while she opened her legs, showing him a glimpse of her cunt; then she was playing with it, confirming his hunch that she was going to masturbate for him.

Adam stared, trembling, then trembled more violently as Mary fell back across the bed, her ass partly over the edge. She raised and parted her shapely legs, drawing them back over her and showing him her cunt. It, too, was beautiful, he decided at once; then it was partially covered by her hand as she stroked it while she talked to the dog who, Adam observed, remained seated, even though he stretched toward her as though he wanted to get at her.

Taking the hand out of her crotch after she had parted the lips of her cunt, she spoke to the dog, and he got up and hurried to her.

"Jesus Christ," Adam gasped under his breath, "she really does have him trained."

The dog went directly to Mary and began licking her cunt. King used his long tongue well, and Adam could see that by the expression on the woman's face as the animal kept lapping her cunt. While he watched, Adam kept his hard cock in his hand, giving it a slow pull from time to time, being careful not to lose his load since he sensed that the show was far from finished.

And then he watched Mary climaxing, pushing the dog out of her crotch and rolling over on the bed, her plump ass jerking as the come really gripped her and held on strongly. Again he hungered to get his hands on those beautiful big buttocks, to be lying on her with his cock pushed into her tight hole.



She rested for only a short time, then she sat up and talked to the dog again.

Adam was afraid she would hear the hammering of his heart as she dropped to the carpet on her hands and knees; he knew the dog was going to fuck her and he was going to watch.

He saw King's prick slipping out of the sheath, red and wet- looking as he approached her arched ass; the dog paused, sniffed at her twat, then mounted her for his woman fuck. As he did, Adam gasped again at the sight of the animal's cock. The sheath had rolled all the way back so that his balls were bared, and his cock looked as big as a man's. As Mary turned to talk to the dog, urging him on, Adam saw her face; the smile she wore was beatific.

In that moment, she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

The animal's cock jabbed the air a couple of times, then he rammed about three inches of it up her cunt and slowly worked the rest of it into her hole. Then he was busy fucking her, both dog and woman panting while, outside, Adam thought he would go out of his mind. He thought of how he hungered for the feel of her lovely cunt, yet while he was forced to remain outside, there was a dog fucking her. Adam decided it wasn't fair to the human race and especially to him.

Adam couldn't keep from jacking his cock as he watched. Then he saw the animal jerking as he shot his load into the cunt of the naked woman and Adam lost control, his jizz spurting against the wall of the house. It was a big charge and when he finished, he felt deliciously weak.

So did the dog, Adam thought with a smile as King pulled his cock out of Mary's slit and curled up on the carpet, licking his dick, his interest in the woman obviously gone.

"Crazy fucking dog," Adam said quietly to himself. "If I'd just finished fucking that beauty, I'd go right on loving her up with my hands and my mouth."

He watched as Mary got up, got onto the bed and turned the light off; then he left, but not before he got her name and address from her mailbox. As he walked to his home, Adam vowed that he would get to know Mary and that they would be lovers. All he didn't know was how he was going to arrange that.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Adam wrestled with his problem for two days and the greater part of two nights, yet he couldn't come up with the solution he sought. He didn't go walking those evenings, wasn't interested in watching other women undressing for bed, wasn't interested even in his two beautiful lesbians. The only thing on which his mind would dwell was the beautiful, exciting woman with the dog and how he was going to arrange to meet her.

Phoning her was out of the question, Adam reasoned. Before he could begin his approach, she would hang up on him. Over and over again he told himself that a letter was the only approach.

Though he didn't like the idea, he finally faced the fact that there were no alternatives, so he spent an entire evening writing, throwing away, changing and writing some more.

It was after midnight when he finished and as he reread his letter, he still wasn't sure it was right.

He began the letter by telling of the tragic loss of his wife and went on to tell how, after a long

period during which masturbation was his only sexual outlet, he accidentally became a peeping Tom. He told her how he had tried to fight it, realizing the danger it involved, but that he hadn't had the strength to stop.

Then came the really tough part where he told her what he had seen when he peeped into her window that night. He didn't dwell on details, saying just enough so that she would know what he had observed—the lapping and the fucking King had given her. He told, too, that in his wild arousal and jealousy of the dog, he had jacked off outside her window.

Much of the letter was an impassioned plea for her to agree to see him, pointing out that he was a loner, an unhappy lonesome man, and that he sensed it was a problem they shared, that in getting to know each other, in talking of their problems and of life, they could, hopefully, build a new life for themselves, one which would be full and rich and rewarding. If not, he pointed out, at least they would have discussed their problems and perhaps even that would be helpful to both. After much debate with himself, he mailed the letter on Friday evening, knowing she would receive it on Monday. He hadn't signed the letter, for obvious reasons, but he promised he would phone her on Monday for her answer.

On Monday morning, at ten o'clock, Adam went to a quiet restaurant where there was a phone booth in the back, and his hand trembled as he fed a dime into the slot and dialed her number.

He heard nervousness in her voice when he told her he was the writer of the letter and begged her not to hang up. She told him she wouldn't.

Nervously, she told him of her terrible humiliation at his having caught her wit? her guilty secret. Then he reminded her that he had confessed his guilty secret to her in the letter, so that they were even.

Both were trying, and gradually much of the nervousness passed so that they were able to talk a little more easily. Then they agreed that he would go to visit her at ten-thirty.

"You're sure you're not afraid to have me in your house alone?" he asked considerately. "We could meet in some public place, a park for instance."

"No, I'm not afraid. Something in your voice and in the tone of your letter tells me I won't be in any danger with you."

There was a florist shop next to the restaurant, and Adam bought a dozen beautiful red roses which he earned as he got out of his car in front of her house and turned up the walk. Mary had seen him coming and opened the door before he could ring the bell.

She was pleased to see a handsome, well-dressed, clean-cut man, with just a few traces of gray hair around his temples, but she couldn't keep from blushing, and she apologized for it, stammering a little.

"I'm nervous, too," he told her, "and you blush far more beautifully than these roses," he added as he gave her the bouquet. Her hands trembled as she took it and thanked him, then led him into the living room where a coffee service had been set up.

Conversation was difficult in the beginning, and Adam saw that it was up to him to get things started. He repeated much of what he had told her in the letter; that helped loosen her up so that she was able to talk about the emptiness of her own life, her bad marriage, starvation for sex and finally, how by accident she had learned that, in a forbidden manner, her dog could serve her needs

much better than her husband had.

"It's all right while it's happening and for a while after," Mary told him, "but then comes the shame. I have cruel little voices in my head, telling me I'm no longer a woman, that no man would want me and that I'm only good enough for dogs," she said, and Adam saw tears welling up in her eyes.

"Don't talk like that," he scolded. "I know what you mean.

I hear voices, too, after I've peeped at other people making love while I was jerking off like a little boy. It can't be worse for you than it is for me.

That's why I'm convinced we're each other's only hope."

They talked on for more than an hour, then reached the stage where they were discussing various sexual acts. There was a different kind of nervousness then, a strongly sexual one. As their conversation became more intimate, the feeling grew in both of them until it was straight sexual arousal and both knew it.

When he asked if he might sit beside her on the couch, she nodded and gave him a nervous smile. Seeing that she was trembling as he sat, Adam put an arm around her waist, felt the firmness of her flesh. Then his mouth was on hers, and they were kissing in passionate abandon. It was obvious that they would be screwing in just a little while, and Adam couldn't believe his good fortune.

Still, not wanting to make even one blunder, he kept his hands off her thighs and tits until she took one hand and guided it to a nyloned thigh, just above her knee. They were kissing at the time, and as his tongue played with hers, his hand squeezed and rubbed up the sheer nylon until it was on the skin of a luscious thigh and Adam and Mary were sighing into each other's mouths.

"We don't need to wait any longer, Adam," Mary told him after the kiss, while his hand on her thigh triggered electric sensations for both of them. "Take me to my bed now. Strip me naked and we'll make love. I know it's going to be so good. I'll try to be good for you, too."

"I want that, Mary, more than I want life," Adam told her.

Then they were walking hand in hand to her bedroom where she bent over the bed, displaying her lush thighs as she drew the covers back.

As she did, Adam began undressing. He did it fast, and by the time she had removed her dress, he was naked, his cock looking big and proud and beautiful in erection. Mary let out little squeal as she looked at it and thought of how good his prick would feel in her hot, churning cunt.

She reached to unhook her bra, but Adam caught her hands and told her he would do it. Before doing so, he fondled the cups of her bra, telling her what lovely tits she had and how firm and youthful they were; then he took her in his arms again and while they kissed, he rubbed his hands down her silken-smooth back to feel the luscious big buttocks he lusted for. She loved the way he fondled her and the way his hard prick throbbed against her belly.

As their kiss ended, Adam slipped the hooks of her bra. Then he stepped back with the garment in his hands, staring hotly at her lovely, naked tits while Mary panted with lust, surprised that she felt proud of her body, more proud than nervous at baring it to this stranger, this beautiful, romantic man.

"I still can't believe that breasts can be so beautiful, so big, so firm," he told Mary as he held a boob

in each hand and fondled gently.

"With you, I want to call them tits. I want to hear and use all the sex words.

Do you mind?" she asked.

"Mind? Far from it. I'm going to suck these luscious tits, darling. I'm also going to suck your lovely cunt and make you come with my tongue, but I'm going to suck and kiss and lick a lot of other places as well. We're going to go wild, Mary, and it'll be hours before we come back to earth."

"Oh yes, Adam, yes, and you'll fuck me with that big, beautiful, hard cock I feel against my belly. I want to feel that lovely cock inside my hot cunt. Do you really want to fuck me, Adam? Do you want to put your cock in my cunt and fuck me?" she repeated, loving the sound of the words.

"I want to fuck you more than I want to breathe," Adam told her. Then he was kissing her mouth again and her big, bare tits were mashed against his chest.

Both his hands clutched her satiny asscheeks as they shared saliva.

"Aren't you going to take my panties off?" she asked as he eased her down onto the bed and loomed above her.

"You can be sure of that, darling," he told her, "in a little while. There are so many things to do first. I intend to make the unveiling of your beautiful ass a very special event."

Mary accepted that with a sigh; then she was sighing more loudly as Adam fondled and sucked her tits in a way they had never been sucked and fondled before. While he sucked one luscious boob, he fondled them both. His ardent touches drove her farther into the throes of lust.

After he had been sucking her second tit awhile, she felt one of his hands rubbing down her tummy, and she opened her legs wide to make a path for it.

Adam's hand followed the path right down into her crotch, and he felt the warmth of her soft, tender cunt through sheer nylon, his rubbing hand providing a maddening thrill for her as he continued to suck the silken jug which she pressed up at him, sighing and panting and moaning with desire.

"Oh, Adam, my panties are all wet in the crotch and my cunt is so hot and juicy for you," Mary said, her behind squirming on the sheet.

"Then I guess I'll just have to do something about it, won't I?" he said as he raised his face from her tit and licked his lips. "I think I'm going to love the taste of your wet panties.

Open your legs nice and wide, Mary."

"You're going to ... to suck my panties?"

"Yes, darling. I'm going to have a nice taste of nylon-filtered cunt, and then I'll take your panties off and suck and lick your hot, juicy twat until you can't stand another come.

I'll probably suck for at least an hour."

All Mary could do was moan with passion; then she cried out more loudly as his face went into her crotch, brushed an inner thigh, and then he was sucking and lightly chewing on the wet crotch of her panties, rocketing her to a new plateau of passion, one she had never before achieved.

As he sucked, Adam worked his hands under her, and she raised her ass to help.

He fondled her lush, smooth buttcheeks while he went on sucking and slurping in her crotch, making her panties very wet and adding to the searing heat of her cunt.

Abandoning herself totally to him, Mary was sure that no woman in history had ever been as well loved, then reminded herself that they were only getting started, that she still had her panties on, wet though they were, and that the actual cunt-lapping and fucking was yet to come. She wondered if her heart could stand it all, wondered if it were possible to die of too much joy, but the thought didn't bother her at all; then she gasped as she realized that, despite the fact that her panties were still on, she was right on the verge of coming.

She opened her mouth to pant the words to her lover, but she didn't make it.

Instead of words, she emitted a series of groans and high-pitched wails, and her body jerked through an orgasm that was as magnificent as any she had ever known, better than any, she decided as the delicious waves kept sweeping over her while Adam kept his face pressed into the warmth of her wet crotch, inhaling deeply, his hands holding the cheeks of her ass firmly.

"Oh, Adam," she sighed, "I've never had a come with my panties on in my life.

You work miracles."

"There are going to be a lot of miracles, darling," he told her, "and a lot of comes. Lie face down now so I can unveil that work of art you carry in your panties."

Sighing, her eyes shining, Mary turned over and lay face down as his hands went to her buttcheeks which were only partially covered by her panties. As he played there, she thought of how she had always considered her ass too big and had never dreamed that one day a man would call it a work of art and would handle it as though he meant what he said. When he bent to kiss and lick bare skin around the cuffs of her panties, Mary groaned deeply.

She had never been kissed there and wondered how she had been able to live without it, or would be able to in the future if things turned out that way.

And then she felt him beginning to peel her panties down and tried to raise a little to help him. He lowered them until two inches of the top of her crack showed. He paused and pressed his lips there in a thrilling kiss. Before taking his mouth away, he licked the top of her crack and made it excitingly wet, then he went back to peeling her panties down, his voice breaking as he told her over and over how beautiful she was.

Her wet panties were caught in her crotch, but he freed them with the same gentle touch, then took them down her legs and off.

Telling her to look, Adam untangled her panties, found the wet crotch and put it in his mouth. Mary trembled as she saw and heard him sucking juice from the nylon, the thrill so great she thought she would faint. Then he kissed the wet crotch of the garment and dropped it onto the chair.

Returning to the bed, he knelt up beside her and gazed lovingly at the perfect rounds of her ass. Then he crouched beside her and settled down to play with them, using his hands and his lips and his tongue as she squirmed, sighed and panted and rubbed her bushy cunt mound on the sheet.

From time to time, his lips would leave a cheek and his hands would pull the firm mounds apart;

then his face was between them and he was licking deeply, wetly in her crack, the tip of his tongue playing teasing games with her bung, her groans becoming a little louder as he tickled her asshole.

"Is your pretty pussy ready for another come now?" he asked.

When she told him it was more than ready, he had her turn over, bending her knees up and moving them wide apart as he stared into her crotch where he saw a cunt that was truly beautiful.

"But don't all cunts look the same?" Mary asked.

"Not by any means. I've seen cunts that were so-so, others that were positively ugly. A truly pretty cunt is quite unusual, and you have a beautiful one to look at and to touch and to suck and to fuck. I plan to do all of those things to it, if you'll allow me."

"Allow you? Oh, you wonderful, crazy man. I'll die if you don't. I've never been treated this way, never responded to any man like this."

While she talked, one of his hands was stroking a silken inner thigh, finding it firm, firmer than he would have expected.

The hand moved higher, the tips of his fingers brushing the tender lips of an obviously hot cunt. She moaned again as his hand covered the moist twat, pressed warmly over it, then began to rub tenderly.

Telling her he had to shake hands with her cunt, he parted the pussy-lips, stroking gently between them with the same loving touch. Slowly he worked a long, gentle finger into her slit and felt her tremble, saw beads of sweat standing out on her naked body as the finger worked in and out and she told him it was better than any cock she had ever felt in her snatch.

While a hand rubbed over her smooth tummy, Adam went on diddling her twat for a while, then brought his finger higher until the tip of it found her clit and made her body jerk strongly.

Whispering softly to Mary, he went on stroking her clit lightly until he saw passion contort her face. She cried out as an almost unbearable orgasm claimed her and swept her away.

Removing his finger from her slit, he pressed his hand warmly on her cunt and held it there until the spasms finally weakened and then passed. When she was able to talk again, Mary told him with awe that it had been the most magnificent come she had ever known.

He smiled as he promised her more and better ones, a promise she felt was impossible for him to keep.

Lying close to her, Adam began kissing her thighs and tummy and hips, using his hands as well as his lips and bringing her quickly up again, hot and trembling as she sensed that this time his mouth would find its way to her cunt. In her aroused state, she felt sure it wouldn't take much muff-diving to make her have another come. He worked slowly, ardently, and then she felt warm, moist breath in her crotch.

Mary wanted to tell him to hurry, to get his mouth right on her cunt, but all that came out was another groan. It was followed by a loud, quavering cry as his tongue licked slowly over her twat. She heard a muffled groan from her crotch, felt an unbelievably exciting kiss on her gash, and then he was sucking her cunt while his hands held and rubbed her hips and thighs. Mary knew she was going to fly over the rainbow again.

As Adam sucked her cunt and she moaned, Mary found it impossible to believe that just one mouth and one cunt could combine to produce such fantastic sensations. But there was an even greater sensation to come, and it happened when his tongue came into play and he began lapping her open cunt.

His tongue probed deeply, into her hot, juicy box. It lashed inside her snatch, and Mary told herself that his tongue must be more than just a tongue and that what he was doing to her had to be more than just cunt-lapping. He was not just a man, she decided, but a god or perhaps a devil.

Mary felt him shifting his position subtly. Her cry filled the room as his tongue found her clit, found it and did such wildly wonderful things to it that she feared her cries would be heard blocks away. But she didn't care, didn't care about anything except the erotic magic he was working in her cunt and throughout her entire being as he licked on and on until climax struck. Mary knew it was going to surpass even the previous ones, so she stuffed a hand into her mouth and bit down to stifle the cries she felt fighting for escape from her throat.

Her hunch about the intensity of the come proved very right.

While the waves kept crashing over her, Mary kept his face trapped in her crotch, her thighs rubbing it as her legs scissored and her body jerked as though in electric shock. Finally it passed. Mary felt such a glow of warmth and contentment and ecstasy that she didn't even try to describe it to her lover, knew she couldn't even begin to try, but later, when he raised his sweating face from her silken crotch, he read all her thoughts in her eyes.

"My God, Adam my darling," she said as she found his hard, throbbing dick and squeezed it, "it must be time to do something about this beautiful cock. Such a long time it's been hard.

Isn't it hurting you?"

"Now that you mention it," he told her wit? a warm smile, "it would feel a whole lot better buried in that beautiful cunt of yours. Does your cunt feel wet enough to take a stiff prick?"

"You wonderful, crazy lover. My cunt feels wet enough for a marathon swim. Fuck me, my darling lover. Fuck me now and shoot all your cream into me and make my cunt even wetter. I can already feel juice trickling into the crack of my ass, but I want to be wet with your cream."

Reaching between her parted legs, Adam patted and rubbed her wet twat, then used the tip of a finger to follow the wet trail down between the lower slopes of the big, silken asscheeks. For a little while, he played in her wet crack; then she saw him moving up over her. Her eyes went wide with delight. She held out her arms to welcome his body onto hers, his cock into her hot, wet cunt for what she knew was going to be the greatest fuck of her life.

"You're beautiful to begin with, my darling," he told her as he knelt between her legs and stared at her, "but you're especially beautiful when you're horny.

What a sweet, beautiful fuck this is going to be. I only hope I can make it last long enough so that you can have a big come with my prick inside you."

"Another come would kill me," Mary told him and sighed, "but I don't care if it does. I'm so happy, I can't stand it. I think it would be nice to die this way."

Telling her that it would be even nicer to live that way, he lowered himself gently onto her, being careful not to hurt her.

Mary felt his cock probing her crotch. It found her cunt, and the cockhead rubbed her gash for a few seconds; then she was moaning and he was panting as he slowly pushed his rod between the soft pussy-lips and slowly worked it up her cunt in a series of short, very gentle strokes, until it was totally buried in her hole. She wrapped her arms tightly around him, telling him she would never let go and that he would have to spend the rest of his life lying on her body with his prick buried in her cunt.

For a little while, he lay with his full weight on her. They both felt his cock throbbing in the tight warmth of her juicy cunt; then he was ready to give her the fuck they both wanted, but when he tried to get his weight off her, her arms tightened around him.

"Be heavy on me," she panted. "Be rough. Fuck me hard, my darling lover. Make me know you're fucking me."

Adam had wanted to be gentle, but since it was not the way she wanted it, he decided to really pound the meat to her. He was heavy on her body and he rode her roughly, his cock stabbing and jabbing strongly, making her pant and grunt.

The next time he screwed her, he vowed silently, he would do it gently, but this was one rough fuck that both she and he would remember.

Adam knew he wasn't going to be able to make their fuck last very long, but then he sensed that she was almost ready to climax again. Mary panted confirmation of that, asked him to fuck hard, and then her arms and legs were wrapped tightly around his body and she was crying out and jerking in yet another magnificent orgasm.

Adam waited until it had passed, smiled down into her face, then broke the grip of her arms and took his weight off her body, supporting it on his hands. When he started fucking Mary again, he did it slowly and she loved it, sighing and telling him that she had never been fucked so gently and beautifully. He surprised himself by making the slow fuck last a long time. Then his balls flashed the signal that it was time to come.

Lowering his body onto her again, he gave her a few more long strokes of stiff cock. Then she was holding his jerking body strongly as he fired his hot load into her greedily sucking cunt.

"Yes, baby, yes," she whispered as spurt after spurt of jizz shot into her hole. "Give it all to me. Shoot it in my cunt, darling. Yes ... yes ... yes," she cooed until he was finished and, with a deep sigh, he became just a little heavier on her.

But his tired body was a beautiful burden for Mary, and she didn't want to part with it, ever.

They lay for a little while, resting. Then they got up and walked into the kitchen, her garter belt and nylons the only clothing in sight. Mary produced a bottle of whiskey, and they drank a toast to the miracle they had found.

At one point, Adam had his back turned to her. When he turned to look at her, he saw tears in her eyes. Putting his drink down, he took her in his arms and asked about them.

"I'm so afraid, Adam. It was so beautiful. It was like I was just born again. I don't want it to be just a one-time thing.

I couldn't stand that."

"You sweet, darling dumb-dumb," he said, laughing as he gave her a smack on one cheek of her ass. "I feel exactly the way you do, and as far as I'm concerned, this is just the beginning of our life together."

They kissed, and then Mary felt better. There were still tears in her eyes, but she told him that they were happy tears and he understood.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

The first thing Sharon noticed when she got home from school was the happy look on her mother's face and the gleam in her eyes.

The next thing was the bouquet of long-stemmed, red roses.

Despite being only thirteen, it wasn't hard for Sharon to connect the two, and to realize that there was just one missing ingredient-the man.

"You've got a boy friend!" she gasped aloud, not yet sure whether or not she liked the idea. "Tell me about him, Mother."

"You sound more like a mother talking to your daughter," Mary told her. "Just for that, I'm not going to tell you a thing about him-except that his name is Adam, he's forty-one years old, a widower, he's very handsome and charming and sensitive and he has a daughter of fifteen and a son of twelve. Now that's all," she said, more than a little out of breath.

"How did you meet him? Where? You hardly ever go anywhere."

In her lighthearted, lightheaded mood, Mary couldn't help wondering how it would sound if she told her daughter that she met him when he was being a peeping Tom at her window, jerking himself off while he watched King licking her cunt and fucking her.

"He's a businessman and I met him in the course of business.

You're going to meet him soon, and I have a hunch you'll like him.

You're not going to get upset about my having a relationship with a inane are you, Sharon?"

"No, Mother. You're young and pretty, and I guess you deserve it. It's just that after all the things I heard you say about men and marriage, I'm surprised. Are you going to marry him?"

"I don't know for sure, dear. I guess it's a possibility, but it's a little early for such major decisions. For the time being, we're going to get to know each other a lot better. To this point, we seem to be perfectly suited for each other."

Stealing another glance at her mother, seeing that her face was still flushed, that she was a little red around the mouth, as though she had been necking heavily, Sharon wondered if her mother had been in bed with her man, but she pushed the thought away.

They talked of school and other things, but it wasn't what either of them was really thinking about.

Adam came to visit at eight that same evening, and Sharon saw at once why her mother liked the man. She was pleased, too, that he didn't bring her any gift, was not trying to buy her affection or

approval, and he didn't talk down to her as so many adults tended to do.

Her mother had greeted him at the door with a warm kiss, but after that, they chatted like friends, with no hand-holding or other displays of affection. They seemed to welcome Sharon in their conversation, and she stayed with them for about a half- hour, then excused herself and went to her room.

Mary and Adam found many things to talk about, and they were still talking long after midnight when Mary was sure her daughter was soundly asleep. She didn't want to take chances, though, so she took Adam to the basement room where the couch served them well as he made love to her with his hands and mouth for a long time before he was ready to fuck her.

"I'd love another fuck, Adam," she whispered as he stroked her cunt gently, "but tell me the truth. Would you like me to suck your cock? You've? sucked my cunt so well and so often."

"If it's the truth you want-yes, I'd love that. I haven't had my cock sucked in so long. Are you sure you don't mind doing it?"

"Far from minding, dear, I'll enjoy it very much. Your cock felt so good in my cunt, now I want to feel it in my mouth. I want to feel your cream shooting in my mouth. Lie back, darling, and I'll suck you off."

But instead of doing that, he had her lie back on the couch and he went down on her for the third time that evening, sucking and licking her cunt thrillingly until she climaxed strongly, being careful not to make too much noise, though she didn't feel like being careful about anything.

Her twat was still tingling warmly as her man lay on his back beside her and she crouched beside him to play with his big, strong prick. It would have felt so good, she thought, to straddle his body, to guide his cockhead into her slit, then lower herself on it and impale her snatch, but she told herself that it would feel better to suck on the big dick and feel his warm, rich cream shooting into her mouth.

As she started to take the cock into her mouth, she felt a hand tugging at her and changed her position so that her lover had her ass to play with while she went to work on his prick. A hand squeezed one smooth cheek, and Adam again told her how beautiful and exciting her ass was; then she was opening her mouth and slowly pushing the big velvet cockhead into it, making Adam groan with delight.

If her former husband had done anything for her, Mary thought, it was teaching her how to suck a cock. He had begun the training during their honeymoon, and while she had been nervous, she began enjoying the act during her first blow job. She got to enjoy it more and more until it reached the stage where he wanted nothing but cock-sucking. Only then did she stop enjoying giving head.

But she was enjoying the act immensely as his big, beautiful cockhead filled her mouth and she held his dick with one hand, while the other explored, touching belly, thighs and balls, cupping the heavy, hairy sac gently with a silent promise that she soon would drain it, and that there would be other cock-suckings in the beautiful future.

Seeing how much her man was enjoying the blow job, Mary took it slow, removing his rod often from her mouth to let it cool down a little. He let out a little grunt of objection the first time Mary took his dick out of her mouth. When she told him it would last longer that way, he smiled and told her to take all night if she wanted to.

Mary wasn't the type to time a blow job, or any other sexual act, but when she started, she heard the antique clock on the mantel deride quarter to twelve.

When it struck midnight, his cock was still hard and strong, and it delighted her to see that she had made the blow job last so long.

"Do you want me to finish you up now, darling?" Mary asked as she took his cock out of her mouth one more time, her hand giving the shaft a little squeeze.

"Make it last as long as you like, my angel. It has to be the most beautiful cock-sucking any man ever received. Try to finish by ten-thirty. I have an appointment then."

Mary laughed, teasingly licking the head of his prick. Her hand gave it a few slow, loving pulls, and then she pushed the tool into her mouth again and resumed the delightful blow job, keeping him panting and moaning with lust. He had carried her beyond heaven with his mouth, and she was determined to do no less for him.

But even in taking, Adam was giving, too, as he fondled her ass so lovingly, stroking the cheeks, fingering her bung and, from time to time, pushing a hand between her thighs to tease her pussy.

And then she heard a change in his sounds and felt his body tensing. There was no time then for teasing, no need for further delay. His cock had been well-sucked and now it was time for him to fire his load and for her to taste his sperm.

Making muffled moaning and humming sounds in her throat, Mary sucked more greedily, taking more and more of the shaft into her mouth. As she felt his dick expanding, she drew her head back a little so that only the cockhead was in her mouth.

The first spurt of cream in her mouth was just a small one, but the second was much bigger. So was the third and the fourth and the rest as Adam shot much more jizz into her mouth than she would have expected, considering their morning fuck session.

She sucked until his balls were drained. At last he pushed her head gently away from him still moaning like a dying man. As he did, she heard the clock strike the quarter hour and was delighted to see that she had been sucking his cock for a half- hour.

While her man recovered from the magnificent blow job, Mary was content to lie with her cheek on his belly, one hand stroking a strong, hairy thigh. She observed that while his thighs and the base of his belly were hairy, the rest of his body was free of hair, smooth and thrilling to touch. It was just, she told herself, another way in which her exciting man was so perfect.

She wondered how it could be that no other woman had claimed him before she found him-or, more to the point, she amended, before he found her in her room, getting fucked by her dog.

It was a wonder to her, too, that instead of his having been horrified at the sight, it had so taken him that he had to meet her, that he had sent her a letter, the letter which had first filled her with terror and shame.

"Come to me, my beautiful angel," Adam said tiredly. "I want to kiss the mouth that did such wild, wonderful things to my cock.

I've never been sucked like that no man ever has."

She hurried into his arms, and then their mouths came together in a fiercely passionate kiss which went on and on before it ended and he told her again what a magnificent job she had done and Mary glowed with pride.

"I don't know how long that lasted, but it seemed like hours."

"I know exactly how long it lasted, darling. It was thirty minutes," and then she told him about the clock.

"Christ, at a million dollars a minute—and it was worth at least that—I owe you a hell of a big bill."

"Don't bother with money, darling," Mary told him. "Income tax would take so much of it. The next time we get together, lap my cunt in that special way of yours, and then I'll owe you."

They laughed, and then Adam didn't want to wait until the next time.

"But you must be tired, my poor angel."

"I'll never be too tired to eat that magic cunt," he assured her. "Now open those beautiful legs and my mouth will say thank you in a different way."

"You know I can't say no to a cunt-lapping, dear, especially the way you do it, but at least lie back so I can serve you your hot, juicy snack."

"And I can play with that beautiful ass while you feed me."

That sounds perfect, better than perfect, my darling," Adam told her. Then he lay back and she slowly straddled him.

Mary allowed him to stare up into her open gash, his hands coursing over her silken butt. Then she gave a warm sigh and her crotch came down slowly until Adam felt the lips of her cunt on his mouth and he began to suck it. Her snatch was deliciously juicy and warm. As his hands fondled the cheeks of her beautiful ass, he went on sucking and lapping while she squirmed and sighed with joy until she felt her climax building and she panted that message to him.

His tongue curled around her clit. Then Mary came again, and her crotch massaged his face while wave after delicious wave broke over her. Mary told herself that the rest of her life was going to be full of such magic moments with her magic man.

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CHAPTER SIX

"Mother, are you having sex with Adam?" Sharon asked her mother as they met in the kitchen after school the next day.

"Yes, dear, I am. I've never lied to you, so I see no reason to start now."

After all, sex is a natural thing between a man and a woman, especially when they're in love."

"I'm glad for you, Mother. Is sex always good?"

"No, dear, it isn't always. It is with Adam and me, though, and I have a hunch it'll only get better."

"It wasn't good with Daddy, was it?"

"In the beginning it was. Then it died out. I'm not saying it was his fault or that he was a bad man. Things just died between us."

"I think you're being very generous to him. I'm still just a kid and I was younger then, but I know he spent every evening drinking beer and watching TV.

He was usually drunk when he went to bed, wasn't he?"

"You're more than just a kid, dear. Actually, you're very observant. Yes, it's true that your father lost interest in sex.

I was hungry for a long time, and since Adam came along, it's like being born again in a beautiful new world."

"Sex must be so exciting," Sharon observed with a little sigh, "and I've got so long to wait."

"I know, dear. I can understand how you feel. I was fourteen once, you know.

When I had that longing to grow up and try sex, I'd go to my room, take my panties off and masturbate. I take it you do that when you're in the mood?"

"Gee, Mother you're really frank. I keep wondering about it.

I hear other girls talking about it, and they make it sound nice, but I'm afraid."

"Afraid? Why?"

"Because, well, I heard that if you do it too much, you can break your cherry and that too much of it makes your pussy too big and men don't like that."

"Oh, you poor lamb, that's all garbage. It's like telling boys that if they jack off, they'll grow hair on the palms of their hands. Those are just things that are said to scare children. I suspect most of them began with churches or religious parents who think that to have fun is a sin."

"You mean there's nothing wrong with masturbating? It isn't abnormal or anything?" Sharon asked, surprised.

"It's as normal and as natural as breathing, dear. Far from being a bad thing, it's a good one. People who don't masturbate suppress natural feelings, and suppressed feelings can lead to trouble. It's natural for people, children as well as adults, to get horny from time to time. I pity anyone who doesn't. When that happens, there comes a certain tension. Masturbation is nature's safety valve."

"You mean anytime I feel that way, it's all right to go ahead and finger my pussy?"

"Well now, when you say anytime, I'm not sure I can go that far. If you fingered your pussy in class, it wouldn't go over too well."

"Oh, Mother!" Sharon said, and they both laughed. "I wish we'd had this talk before."

"I'm sorry, dear. The fault's mostly mine. I should have paid more attention."

"Don't blame yourself, Mother. You're wonderful. I wouldn't want any other woman in the world for

a mother," Sharon said and hugged her mother tightly.

"Mmmm, this must be my week," Mary said and beamed. "First Adam told me so many wonderful things, and now you. If you keep this up, I'll start believing it all."

"You should believe it, Mother. It's true and I'll bet what he tells you is, too. Mother, now that we've gone this far, I guess it's time for me to ask you something."

Mary hugged her daughter more tightly; then she asked in a whisper, "Do you mean you want to learn more about fingering your pussy?"

"Yes," her daughter replied and blushed.

"Then let's go to the bedroom for a little lesson. You're going to like it a lot, dear," Mary told her as they left the kitchen.

In the bedroom, Sharon hugged her mother again, and Mary felt her trembling.

"Nervous, darling?" she asked.

"Yes, I guess I'm plenty nervous, but I feel kind of excited, too."

"That's a good way to feel, darling. I always feel that way when I'm getting ready to finger myself. I like it best in the mornings when I'm still sleepy.

Sex is always best first thing in the morning, as far as I'm concerned."

"Tell me about it, Mother. Tell me what you do and how you feel."

They sat on the edge of the bed. Mary put an arm around her daughter, then tried to explain it in full detail, not just her actions, but her feelings as well. Since she had decided to be totally honest with her daughter, she told of some of the fantasies she enjoyed while masturbating, fantasies which included a man who sucked and fondled her tits and ass and cunt, and who fucked her.

While she talked, her daughter squirmed with passion.

It wasn't long before Mary was doing the same.

"It must be thrilling to have a man suck your cunt, Mother," Mary said, her voice breaking.

"Yes, darling, it is and your day will come. You're close to fifteen now. Just a few more years and you'll be ready."

"Oh, Mother, I know I shouldn't ask this, but I can't help it. Has Adam sucked your cunt yet?"

"Yes, darling. Last night after you were asleep, we went down to the rec room and played for a long time. We were both naked, and he did everything to me. He sucked my cunt and made me come three or four times that way, and I took his cock in my mouth and sucked him off. I've never met a man as exciting as Adam.

He's such a lover."

"Oooohhh, Mother!" Sharon squealed. "That's so exciting! Did you ever suck Daddy's cock?"

"Yes, he's the one who taught me. Adam tells me nobody ever sucked his cock as beautifully as I did. I hope he really meant it. I did my best, and it took me half an hour before I made him shoot his cream in my mouth."

"Oh, Mother," Sharon squealed and pressed closer, "I'm so horny!"

"Now that you mention it, dear, I'm pretty horny myself. I think after you've had your come, I'll need one, too."

"Oh, yes, Mother, do it! I know, you do it first and I can watch you. Come on, Mother, let's take all out clothes off and do it right now."

"Wait a minute, dear, I'll have to think about that a bit," Mary said, trying to find the strength to resist, but she searched in vain, and then they were standing by the bed, undressing, Sharon almost tearing her clothes off in her hurry, eager to see the mature body of her mother, sensing that it was going to be a very beautiful one.

"What a little beauty you are, darling," Mary said as she eyed her naked daughter. "Your titties are coming along so nicely. It's hard to believe you're not even fourteen yet."

"That's a nice little pussy bush you're developing, too. Turn around and let me see your ass."

Eagerly, the girl turned and Mary smiled as she looked at her buttcheeks. Like her own, they were perfect mounds, and she hoped they would stay that way as Sharon developed.

"You're going to have an ass like mine, I think," Mary told her. "I've always felt mine was too big, but Adam swears it's the most beautiful one he's ever seen. He loves to kiss and lick it, and it drives me right up the wall, it feels so good."

Moving closer to her daughter, Mary put a hand on one cheek and squeezed. She found firm flesh and skin that was smoother than silk; then she found herself enjoying it too much and took the hand away.

"That felt nice, Mother, nice and sexy. I guess I'm sexy all over today,"

Sharon added as she turned and watched her mother unhooking her bra. She gasped as the garment was removed, and her eyes blinked at the sight of the big boobs, so big yet so firm and smooth-looking.

"Oh, Mother, what a beautiful big pair of ti ... breasts you have. Gee, you're beautiful."

"Thank you, darling. It's all right to call them tits. I like the word. Adam and I use all the strong words. It makes it more fun that way."

"Oh, please, Mother, let me touch them. Let me feel your tits."

While Mary hesitated, thinking that perhaps it was time to draw the line, Sharon reached for the big, firm boobs, and then she was panting as she fondled them. Her hands felt good, so good that Mary's nipples hardened fast, elongated excitingly, the size of them delighting her wildly aroused daughter.

"Honest, Mom, I'm not queer or anything," Sharon panted as she fondled the luscious tits, "but this feels so good. I never knew tits could be so exciting to feel like this."

"Yes, dear, it's exciting for me, too. By the way, I don't think queer is a nice word, but we'll talk

about that later. I think we're both ready for some fingering, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Mother. Take your panties off and show me the rest. Then we'll finger our pussies. Oh I'm so horny!"

Since Adam had made her so proud of her plump, well-rounded ass, Mary turned her back to her daughter, then slowly pushed her panties down? delighted by the gasp she heard.

"No wonder Adam says your ass is beautiful, Mother," the girl said with feeling. "It really is. I hope mine will look like that someday."

Mary was pushing her panties down when she felt two smooth hands on her ass, one squeezing each cheek. When her panties fell around her ankles, she stepped out of them. Then she was naked except for her garter belt and nylons. As she did, she had to warn herself of the danger of things getting out of hand. Never before had she felt any sexual arousal toward another female, and it frightened her that she was becoming so wildly passionate in the presence of her own, innocent daughter. A couple of strong orgasms would settle them both down, she decided.

Taking her daughter onto the bed, Mary told her all she knew about masturbation and explained the function of her clit, telling her that while general playing with the cunt felt nice, the clit was really the trigger of the orgasm. She parted willing legs and found Sharon's passion bud. As she touched it, the girl panted and squirmed.

"Feels nice, darling, doesn't it?" Mary asked as she stroked the little clit with a finger she had wet in her mouth.

"Oh, yes. It almost hurts, but it feels so good. I never knew it could feel this wonderful. Mother, I want you to do it all the way and make me come, but please do it to yourself first and let me watch."

"All right, dear," Mary said, then pushed the finger all the way into her daughter's cunt and worked it in and out a few times.

"I'm really in the mood for a big come anyway."

"Ooh, that feels so good," Sharon said as her mother took the finger out of her pussy. "Is that what it feels like when a cock is working in and out of your cunt?"

"Something like that, dear-only a cock is so much bigger around and longer. It really stretches a cunt. "

"How big is a cock? How big is Adam's?"

With her right hand, Mary showed her daughter what the circumference of Adam's tool was, then showed her the length of it. The description so thrilled Sharon that in that moment, she knew she was going to find a way to look at the real thing. She didn't know how she was going to arrange that, but she knew that somehow she would. Then her mother lay back on the bed and parted her legs.

But before Mary's hand reached her crotch, Sharon's was there, feeling the warm slash, patting it and rubbing it gently as she panted with arousal, telling her mother how exciting her twat felt.

When Mary told her to, Sharon took the hand away and wet it with her mouth.

When the hand returned to the warm, soft cunt, Sharon understood why it would be wet as it slid

more easily over the soft lips; then she parted them and looked at the shiny wet interior of the first cunt she had ever really seen.

She had checked her own with a hand mirror, but that wasn't really the same.

As she admired and patted her mother's snatch, she recalled what Mary had said about Adam sucking it and sensed that it would be a thrilling thing to do. For a moment, she considered putting her mouth on her mother's twat, but she rejected the idea, fearing that it would upset her mother and spoil everything.

"All right, dear, I'll take over now," Mary said. "I've just got to have that come and I think it's going to be terrific."

Sharon took her hand out of the warm crotch then, and her mother put one of hers there, showing how she rubbed her twat a little before starting; then Mary's hand stopped rubbing, and Sharon watched a finger slip into the slit, working in and out for a little while.

Sharon saw the look of passion on her mother's face, saw her naked body squirming and decided that must be the way she looked when Adam was lying on top of her, fucking her with his big prick.

At the thought, she trembled and felt a fresh surge of passion; then she saw the finger as it came almost totally out of the cunt, just the tip left inside.

Sighing, Mary told her daughter she was stroking her clit and that she was going to come quickly. That didn't surprise the girl as she saw how fast the finger started, heard her mother's labored breathing and the sighs, deep, loud sighs which were almost moans.

She saw, too, that her mother couldn't keep from squirming her bare ass over the bed and in her lust, Sharon wanted to be a man, wanted to throw herself on Mary and fuck her with a big, hard prick.

Neither knew how long the fingering had been going on when Mary panted loudly, her voice breaking, that she was going to come. Sharon caught her breath and held it, then she saw her mother's body jerk strongly, her back arching in passion. Her body fell onto the bed, and she cried out loudly as orgasm swept over her.

All through the climax, Mary's face was contorted as though in pain, but as the spasms passed, that changed to a smile of contentment, and she sighed warmly and opened shiny eyes which were suddenly filled with very bright stars, Sharon saw.

"Help me, Mother. Help make me come, too."

Smiling, Mary had her daughter lie back with legs wide apart, then she put a finger back into her own pussy, to wet it. She heard Sharon give a little cry of delight as the finger went to her crotch.

Crouching over the girl, Mary slowly pushed the finger into her little cunt and drew a sound that was both sigh and moan as the finger probed inside. With her left hand, Mary fondled a firm little tit, the touch adding to Sharon's arousal; then she went on fingering her daughter's cunt.

Mary couldn't understand how, so shortly after having discovered the real love of a man, she could get so wildly aroused by a female, but she was, and there was nothing she could do about it. She hungered to press her face into the virginal crotch of the girl and suck her cunt, but she was able to resist, if only barely.

"Oh, Mother," Sharon panted, her voice rough with passion, "I'm going to come!"

"Just relax, darling and let it happen."

As she talked, her tone warm, Mary went on with the thrilling fingering of her daughter's cunt until she saw the pretty young face contort with passion, heard a loud gasp followed by panting and grunting as the naked body, glistening with sweat, jerked strongly in orgasm.

Taking the finger away from Sharon's pussy, Mary impulsively took her in her arms and held her tightly, her face pressed against the base of the smooth young tummy so that she felt the fuzz of Sharon's cunt bush on her cheek.

It would have been so easy to part Sharon's legs and press her face into her crotch to suck her, that Mary became frightened and kept warning herself that she mustn't do it. And then the orgasm passed and there was a golden glow on Sharon's face as she opened her eyes and looked surprised to find herself on Mary's wide bed rather than somewhere up among the stars.

"Oh, Mother, it was so good. I never came that good before."

"You have a sensitive little cunt, darling, and now you know the best way to use your fingers. Anytime you want to, all you have to do is put them together."

"Mmmm, I want to come again," Sharon said, and then her right hand was in her crotch, rubbing her pussy which still felt a little tingly.

As she watched her daughter fingering her twat, it triggered a need in Mary to do the same, so she sat on the bed, Indian style, and slipped a finger in her snatch; then she was fingering her box again. It felt good, so good that she decided one more come couldn't hurt. Again Mary felt the desire to go down on her daughter, and she gave herself a firm warning not to take the big step into lesbian incest.

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## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

That evening, Adam took Mary and her daughter to visit his children. Emily, his fifteen-year-old daughter, and Dean, her fourteen-year-old brother, seemed to be well-brought-up children and greeted their guests politely, if not too warmly. Mary sensed that there was some resentment in the girl, and that it was aimed in her direction.

"I'm sure you're right, darling," Adam told her later, as they talked over drinks in the kitchen while the children talked and watched television in the living room, "but she'll soon get over it."

"I'll help her all I can, Adam. I understand j?st how she feels. After the death of her mother, she became, in a sense, the woman in your life. Now I come along and challenge her. It's only natural she'd resent me, at least in the beginning."

"With that kind of understanding, dear, I'm sure you're going to make out just fine with her."

"Thanks for the high opinion, dear, but I'm not sure I deserve it," Mary said, then knew she had to tell about her session with her daughter that afternoon and her almost overpowering desire to go down on Sharon.

When she told him she had to talk to him, they agreed to go to her house where they could be alone. They told the children they would be gone an hour or so, then they drove to Mary's house.

Mary poured tall drinks for them, and they went into the living room where she told him everything that had happened that afternoon, leaving out nothing, not even her desire to go down on her own daughter and suck her cunt.

"You truly are an amazing woman, my darling," he told her, "but you don't need to worry about your desire for her. Until I met you, I was quietly lusting after Emily's pretty young body.

It would have been only a matter of time before I fucked her."

"I can't understand it, Adam" she told him. My sex life's better now than it ever was. Why should this happen to me?"

"The answer to that is easy, dear. Sexuality tends to breed sexuality."

"Like the more you get the more you want?" Mary asked.

"Yes. You've discovered the joys of cunt-lapping and cocksucking, so now you want more. You want to try other, different things-things like sucking Sharon's little tits and her cunt. That isn't strange at all."

"But doesn't that make me a lesbian?"

"Not at all. Society builds fences and applies names, labels. It tells us what we may or may not do. I say the labels and rules society imposes are against human nature. Who's to say you shouldn't make love with Sharon?"

"Then you don't feel that incest is wrong?"

"That's right"

"Please tell me more. I want to be convinced."

"In that case," Adam told her and put a hand under the hem of her dress to fondle a firm thigh, "I'll try my best to convince you."

"You have very convincing hands, darling," she told him with a little sigh as the hand moved higher; then she raised her ass off the couch, and he pushed the hem of her dress up high, feasting his eyes on her lush thighs.

Adam talked to her of human nature, of love and of human desires. He returned to the theme of society and churches having distorted human nature by damning human acts which were basically acts of love. "The same group glorifies war and killing, yet they condemn love. Just how rational is that?"

"I have to admit that your logic sounds much better. You wouldn't be horrified then if I told you I made love to my own daughter, that I sucked her cunt?"

"On the contrary, I'd be so excited you'd get your cunt well sucked and fucked.

As a matter of fact, I think I've talked myself into something while I was at it."

"Emily?"

"Yes. I saw her in her bra and panties a couple of days ago and I almost shot off in my pants. She's really ready to get fucked, whether she knows it or not.

It could make you jealous, though. If you tell me not to, I promise I won't touch her. If it doesn't matter to you, then my darling daughter is going to get fucked. Hell, she's going to get laid sooner or later by some boy, and he'll probably do a lousy job. Since I'm her father and I love her and know what fucking is, I can show her how beautiful it is and help her enjoy the real thing."

"Of course I wouldn't be jealous, darling. How could I? In fact, I'd love to hear all about it. I want you to tell me all the details. Will you?"

"Of course. And you'll tell me all the details? I mean after you've seduced Sharon and lapped that tender young cunt of hers?"

"I have a hunch that'll be tomorrow, when I see you. In fact, I want to take her home early tonight and take her to bed with me. After it's over, I may let her sleep with me."

"Great, but in that case, I'd better not fuck you. We should keep your cunt nice and fresh for her, in case she wants to suck you, too. I imagine she will."

"Hmmm, I'm afraid you're right, and I'm so in the mood for one of your beautiful fuckings."

"How about a fucking with my tongue?" Adam asked as her thighs moved apart and his hand went to her warm crotch, gently stroking her cunt through sheer nylon.

"Oh, darling, that would be so wonderful! If you like, I'll suck your beautiful cock and drink all the jizz you can shoot," she added, feeling the way his hard cock was making his pants bulge.

"I'd like that very much, my darling. Lift your pretty ass and I'll take your panties off. We really don't need to waste time getting all undressed."

Again Mary lifted her behind off the couch and Adam took her panties down and off; then she sprawled back to open her cunt for him. Dropping to his knees, he felt his way up her thighs and made her squirm with his sexy, gentle touches until he had a hand in her crotch. She sighed deeply as he played with her cunt, which had warmed up with exciting quickness.

"Oh, yes, darling," she panted, "suck me! Suck my cunt.

It's so hot for you."

"Sorry, but I'm afraid I can't, not in this position."

"You can't?" she asked, frowning.

"That's right. In this position, I can't see and feel your beautiful ass. Now if I were to lie on the carpet and if you were to kneel with your cunt and ass right above my face, then you'd really get a terrific cunt-lapping."

"Then what are you waiting for?" she asked, and he laughed as he gave her pussy another little pat before moving away from her and lying on his back on the soft carpet.

Mary went to him and would have knelt astride his head at once, but he told her to stay on her feet



with her short dress in place. Understanding, she went to him and slowly raised one foot to take a step over him.

As she did, Adam looked up under her dress and his cock throbbed some more as he feasted his eyes on sheer nylons which clung to her legs and thighs, saw her lush white thighs and the black suspenders, then looked up at her scarlet gash and the lower slopes of her beautiful ass.

"Wait just a second," he told her. "I have to open my fly and let my cock out before it breaks off. Jesus, how beautiful and exciting you are, darling. When I was a boy, I used to think of how exciting it would be if I could lie down and look up a woman's dress. Now I know."

Mary watched as, with a little difficulty, he took his hard prick out of his pants; then he sighed and she was sure she could feel his eyes on her thighs and ass and cunt as he rubbed her legs with both hands. At last he told her he was ready to suck and she dropped over him, kneeling with her crotch above his face, raising the hem of her dress so that he could more clearly see her pussy and butt.

"Oh, darling, it's so exciting this way, with all my clothes on," Mary told him as he fondled her thighs with both hands, then reached around her to find her big asscheeks and give them a loving massage. "It makes me hot and horny, like we're doing something forbidden."

"I can see that you really are a naughty little girl, Mary.

Of course I suspected that when I looked up your dress and saw that you weren't wearing panties."

"Am I a naughty little girl? You could give me a spanking right on my bare behind, Daddy."

"Thank you, but that lovely ass is too beautiful and too tender. I couldn't stand the thought of doing anything to hurt it."

"Do anything you want, Daddy. I'll be your pretty young Emily. I'm all horny for you, and after a while I'm going to take my daddy's big cock in my mouth and suck it. What are you going to do to me now, Daddy?"

"I'm going to suck your tender little cunt until you have a great big come, Emily," he told her, going along with her game and finding it very exciting.

He played with her ass and crotch, and she trembled hotly when he told her to put her crotch on his face, telling her again that he was going to suck her cunt and make her have a big come.

"Oh, yes, Daddy. Yes! Here comes my little cunny right now.

"See, Daddy? I'm putting it right on your mouth so you can suck it and lick it for me."

As Mary talked, sounding very girlish, Adam looked at her twat as it came down slowly. His hands held a thrillingly smooth pair of buttocks, and he could easily believe she was his daughter if he wanted to, but they had played that game. It was more than enough that he had Mary's tasty, hot cunt to suck and her plump, silken ass to fondle. Her pussy touched his mouth lightly then, and he kissed it. His grip on her ass tightened as she sighed loudly, and he began sucking, making exciting, wet slurping sounds in her box.

He was content to suck for a long time before sending his tongue up her slit to lap. As he did, he heard her louder sighs and felt her crotch rubbing subtly on his face, making it wet the way he liked to get it wet. He hadn't been licking long before her sighs changed to loud panting, as though she

were gasping for breath; then she was crying out loudly as she climaxed and laved his face with the mingled juices trickling from her well-lapped cunt.

Mary rested on his face for a little while after her orgasm, then knelt up again. But Adam didn't take his hands off her ass, and he smiled up at her as he offered her a second lapping. Her lovely body still glowing, Mary accepted, though her clit told her that it needed a little more time to let some of the sensitivity pass before it would be able to take another delightful licking.

Just a few minutes later, he heard her sigh and saw her crotch coming down toward his mouth again. He welcomed it and began sucking her box, lightly at first, letting intensity build gradually until his tongue went into her slit again and Mary's ecstasy became so great that she was squeezing her boobs with passion and joy.

When she climaxed for the second time, the shock waves were so strong that Mary thought she might die. But then came glorious resurrection with the whole world taking on a warm, golden glow.

"You've been overeating, darling," Mary said as she got off him, "and I'm getting very hungry."

"Would you like me to make you a ham sandwich?" Adam asked teasingly.

"No thank you, dear. I think a nice drink of warm cream would be just right. Do you have some in this beautiful big dispenser?" she asked as her hand closed around the shaft of his strong prick and squeezed gently.

"I think I have enough for a nice drink. Care to help yourself? I love the way you drink, the way you handle the container."

"That container is very precious to me, darling," she told him as she played with his cock. "Tell the truth, Adam-would you mind standing up so I could kneel at your feet? I think I'd like it that way."

"The way you suck my cock, darling, I'd stand on my head if you wanted it."

They got off the bed. Adam stood near it, his hands on his hips, telling her she'd be more comfortable sitting on the edge of the bed, but Mary declined, telling him she wanted to be on her knees, in an attitude of prayer while she sucked on his big dong.

She trembled as she dropped to her knees, then gently massaged his throbbing cock with her hands, kissing and licking it and making it shine with her saliva.

Mary had been playing with his cock for a long time when she finally pushed the rod between her lips and told herself that her mouth had become a cunt for him, that he was going to fuck her new cunt and shoot a big load of rich jizz into it.

As she had done previously, she sucked delightfully and took his prick out of her mouth from time to time to make the blow job last longer. Then she couldn't wait any longer for her drink, so she sucked greedily and soon she got what she wanted as his cock expanded and began shooting cream. She drank greedily until his big balls were drained. His cock softened as he took it out of her mouth and put it back in his pants.

Picking up her panties, he put them on and snugged them around her body with loving care while she held her dress up. He patted the crotch and seat of the clinging garment, then they left to rejoin the children.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

When they returned to Adam's house, they found the children getting along fine.

Mary was delighted, as was Adam. Mary offered to help prepare a snack, but Emily thanked her and told her she could handle it. Sensing that it was the thing to do, Mary went into the kitchen with the girl, helping only a little as they chatted, Emily seeming to warm to her almost in spite of herself.

"Emily," Mary said impulsively, "I guess you know that your father and I are serious about each other. I think we're very good for each other."

"You do seem to be good for him," the girl admitted as she stacked some biscuits on a plate, not looking up.

"The one thing I want to stress, Emily, is that I'm not going to compete with you for his affection. He has enough of that quality for a dozen people."

This time the girl did look up. For a second there was no expression at all on her face; then she surprised Mary by turning on a winning smile. "I hadn't thought of it that way," she said and looked genuinely pleased. "Sharon makes you sound like a pretty wonderful woman. Dad does, too, for that matter."

"I don't think I'm all that wonderful, Emily, but I like being happy and like having happy people around me. If we want it, we can have a wonderful life, five warm, friendly people living and loving together." It wasn't the time to say it, but Mary had thoughts which almost made her tremble, thoughts of all five engaging in wild sexual romps with no holds barred.

The TV was turned off and forgotten as the two families ate and chatted. Emily had come totally into the spirit of the evening following her chat with Mary, and she proved to be vivacious. She showed more than a little of her thighs, and Mary liked what she saw, telling herself that since she was going to get involved in lesbian fun and games with Sharon, it would be sheer delight to romp with Emily as well.

She wondered how she would seduce the girl, then thought that perhaps she should leave that to her daughter, and went on to think that it would be easy as well as pleasant for her to seduce fourteen-year-old Dean. That thought caused her thighs to press warmly together.

It was still a little before ten when Mary decided to take her daughter home and seduce her. Emily sounded sincere in asking them to stay longer, but Adam, who knew why Mary was taking her daughter home early, said nothing, and they left a few minutes later.

During the short drive to their home, Mary and her daughter talked warmly.

"All of a sudden, I'm just so happy. Life seems so beautiful," Sharon said impulsively.

"I'm pleased, dear," Mary told her and patted her on the thigh. "Do you think our little session this afternoon had anything to do with the way you feel?"

"I'm sure of that. Gee, it was really exciting. I'm still excited about it."

"That's nice, darling. Perhaps we'll go to my room when we get home and do something about that."

Would you like that, or are you tired?"

"Are you kidding? I'll never be too tired for things like that. Do you really mean it, Mother?"

"Of course I do. Why do you think we left so early?"

"Oh, Mom, I'm so excited! Tell me," she went on, lowering her voice, "did you and Adam go back to our place and fuck?"

"We really went there to talk about some very important things, but after we'd talked them all out, we were both so horny that we had to do something. I sat on his face and he lapped my cunt twice, and then he took his cock out and I sucked him off.

He gave me a big drink of cream."

"Ooh, Mother! You're so sexy and exciting," Sharon said, then put a hand on her mother's warm thigh.

"It's a good thing we're home," Mary said as she turned the car into the driveway. "That naughty hand of yours doesn't make for safe driving."

As Mary turned off the ignition, Sharon's hand became very naughty as it worked into the warmth between her mother's thighs and stroked her panty crotch, which felt a little moist.

"You really were naughty with Adam, weren't you?" Sharon said as she stroked and her mother's crotch began to get hotter.

"Well, his mouth did leave m? pussy very wet and when we finished, he just put my panties on and we left. All that juice had to go somewhere."

"I'd love to see you two in action," Sharon said in a warm whisper. "In fact, I'd love just to see his cock. From what you tell me, it must be something special."

"Who knows what could happen in the very near future, darling," Mary told her daughter. "For now, though, let's get into the house and out of our clothes. I know what's going to happen there, even if you don't yet."

They hurried into the house, and Sharon kept asking her mother what she meant, but all she got by way of answers were excited smiles. Then they were in Mary's bedroom, undressing eagerly, ready to romp, Sharon aware that her mother planned something more than fingering, but not aware what it was.

Both wore garter belts and nylons, and Mary told her daughter that they could leave them on for the time being since they wouldn't be in the way. "Besides," she added, "I think nylons make a woman's legs look sexier."

"Oh, yes, Mother. I love the way the tops expand around your thighs and contrast with your white skin."

"Thank you, angel," Mary said as she reached for her daughter. "Now let's share a loving kiss before we get on the bed. This is going to be a night you'll remember for a long time, and so will I."

Sharon moved smoothly into her warm embrace, and they kissed with passion which kept mounting as their mouths mashed wetly together. When Mary's hands went slowly down to her daughter's

behind to fondle it, Sharon did the same to her, thrilling to the feel of the plump, smooth cheeks. Before the kiss ended, Mary felt her daughter's heart pounding and knew how exciting and how passionate their meeting was going to be. She thought again of how she was going to suck the girl's tender young cunt, and she trembled violently.

The kiss finished. Both of them starry-eyed, mother and daughter got onto the bed and moved into another hot embrace. It lasted for a long time and left them breathless.

"Oh, Mother, tell me what we're going to do," Sharon asked, her voice small, the tone warm and excited.

"We're going to do lots of sexy, exciting things," her mother told her, "and we're going to have lots of nice big comes. This morning, when you got up, you were a girl. When you go to sleep tonight, you'll be a woman and you'll never look back."

As she listened to the words, her heart hammering at her rib cage, Sharon thought it sounded as if she were going to get fucked, but since that wasn't possible, she told herself, her mother must have something special in mind, something very special and very thrilling, she felt sure.

For a little while, they fondled and sucked tits, Sharon delighting in the feel of her mother's boobs in her hands and in her mouth. It was no less thrilling when Mary sucked her tits, doing it so excitingly and making the girl think of her mother sucking Adam's prick. She thought, too, of the hint her mother had given earlier, a hint which indicated that she might soon get to see that big cock which seemed to work such magic on her mother.

And then there was a hand in Sharon's crotch, and it felt so good as it gently rubbed her virgin cunt. She kept sighing and moaning, then found that she was able to reach into her mother's crotch and feel her hot, moist cunt, and that added to her thrill as mother and daughter stroked pussies and exchanged sighs.

"Sharon, darling," Mary whispered as her hand moved excitingly in the girl's twat, "did you really like the sexy way I kissed your mouth?"

"Oh, yes. It was so beautiful, so exciting. I never knew a kiss could be like that."

"A kiss can be better than that, dear. How do you think it would feel if you were lying with your legs wide apart and I kissed you just like that-on your warm cunt?"

"Oh, Mother!" Sharon responded with a little shriek. "That would have to be the most exciting thing in the whole world. I never dreamed that you'd do that."

"I've never done it, angel. It's going to be the first time for me. Of course I'm not going to stop at just f\*cking your sweet little cunt. I'm going to kiss it and suck it and get my tongue in your slit and lick. I'll keep doing it until you have a great big come. Do you like the sound of that, angel?" she asked, her hand still gently stroking her daughter's warm little pussy.

"I like that more than I can tell you, Mother. It seems so hard to believe that it's going to happen. Do I get to suck your cunt after you show me how it's done?"

"I hope you will. That sucking and lapping I got from Adam was divine, but it just made me hungry to get some more of it.

Now that's enough talking. I'm really hungry for your little pussy and I'm going to suck your tasty

cunt juice right now.”

Reaching for a pillow, Mary placed it under Sharon, who raised her behind to help, then she moved around to stare into the smooth, warm crotch of her daughter, her tongue licking suggestively over her lips. She bent as she moved closer, and Sharon moaned loudly as she felt warm, moist breath in her muff, bathing what was already a very warm pussy, making it warmer.

Hands that were strong but gentle, claimed willing legs and raised them high, bending them back over her body; then the hands were holding her smooth thighs, her virgin cunt beautifully presented. A low quavering moan broke from the girl as her mother’s mouth kissed her hot cunt, and then Mary was sucking greedily.

She sucked for about a minute, then took her mouth off the soft, wet pussy and smiled at her daughter “Do you want me to stop now, darling? Have you had enough?”

“Oh, no, Mother, don’t stop! Don’t tease me. Suck my cunt and make me come!”

Her smile brightening, Mary licked her lips again and tasted her daughter’s pussy juice, then returned her face to the warmth of the young twat, found the soft, moist cunt and resumed sucking.

After sucking for just a little while, she licked her tongue into the slit and felt her daughter’s body jerk in her hands, heard the louder moan of ecstasy as she probed deeply.

As she sucked Sharon’s box, Mary wondered why she had waited so long to seduce her daughter; then she realized that the old Mary could never have done such a thing, not even to save her life, and that the new Mary hadn’t been born until Adam came along.

And with that thought came another, and she formed a mental picture of Adam, naked, his face buried in her daughter’s crotch, sucking her cunt. It was followed by a picture of Sharon lying naked, her legs wide apart; she was panting as Adam lowered his nude body onto her and slowly pushed his big, hard prick up her virginal cunt and popped her cherry.

And then the pictures were turned off. Her mind returned to the scene of the action as she heard louder, different cries from her daughter and knew she was very close to coming. Her tongue licked over the hard little clit a few more times, then Sharon erupted in wild climax, ecstasy contained in her every cry until the waves finally stopped crashing over her and she sighed warmly.

As mother and daughter lay resting, they talked of how thrilling the experience had been and of how they would repeat it often.

“Mind you, dear, it would be a mistake,” Mary told her, “to introduce you to lesbian acts and leave you there. It could give you a wrong outlook on life and on sex.”

“What do you mean, Mother?” Sharon asked, hoping she had already guessed the answer.

“I mean you must also discover the joys of sex with a man, the wonderful joy of having your body fondled and the ultimate pleasure of taking a cock up your cunt in a beautiful fuck.”

“Is ... is Adam going to fuck me?”

“Yes. How do you feel about it?”

“Oh, Mother! Call him up and tell him to come right now, this minute.”

"I'm afraid we can't do that, darling. You see, Emily has to be trained first.

She's a virgin, too. Right this minute, Adam's having a long, exciting talk about sex with her. Tomorrow afternoon, he's going to break her cherry. In a couple of days, he'll come here and give you a magnificent fuck."

"Oh, yes, Mother. I only wish I didn't have to wait so long for it. It'll hurt the first time, won't it?"

"Yes, dear, it will. But it's a part of the process of maturing. It only hurts the first time. After that there's nothing but pleasure if you get a man who's a good lover-like Adam."

"I'm so excited, Mother!" Sharon said with a sound like a squeal. "But it's going to be so hard to wait."

"It needn't be, dear," her mother told her warmly. "After all, I'm sure we can find things to do to help time pass easily."

"Yes, Mother, such beautiful things."

"Did I hear you say something about wanting to try sucking my cunt?"

"Oh, yes. I really want to do that. Can I do it now, Mother?"

"If you don't, I'll be very hurt, and I don't think you'd want to do that to me."

"You know I'd never do anything to hurt you," Sharon said as her mother opened her legs, then sighed at the feel of a gentle young hand rubbing on her warm cunt.

There was no more talking then, only a silence that was emphasized by warm sighs and a few panting sounds. Mary sensed that Sharon was delaying the actual cunt-lapping not out of fear or apprehension, but because she wanted to prolong the act, wanted to tease herself by waiting.

Sharon turned a little, sucked one boob, then the other. She began kissing her way down her mother's smooth, slightly rounded tummy, all the way down until she was grazing in her pussy bush.

Mary knew that the eager young mouth was just seconds away from her cunt, which was more than ready to receive a good sucking, despite the two it had taken from Adam just a little earlier.

Sharon gave a little cry as she positioned herself and gazed fondly at her mother's cunt; then the cry was repeated as her hands went to Mary's thighs, then moved to her well-fleshed hips.

The next cry which came from the girl was muffled by Mary's warm crotch as her mouth found the cunt and pressed warmly onto it, bonging a groan of ecstasy from her mother.

Instinct and memory combined to tell Sharon just what to do, and she kept her mother moaning and panting through a magnificent cunt-lapping until the woman cried out in orgasm and her big thighs captured and held her daughter's pretty face, rubbing it until the spasms passed.

Mary sighed as her legs fell apart and Sharon looked at the well-sucked cunt.

It looked so good that she felt an urge to suck her mother's snatch again. She did.

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CHAPTER NINE

While Mary was teaching her daughter the lesbian arts, Adam was taking the first step in the seduction of his daughter. He and Mary had worked out the plan together, and she had convinced him that it was a good one.

As soon as their guests left, he sent his son to bed, then took Emily into the living room for a chat. He began by telling her about Mary and of how happy a family they were going to be, the five of them. When he began talking about sex, he saw that his daughter quickly became excited. Pleased with her reaction, he became more and more explicit in describing various sex acts.

Her face became flushed, but he sensed that it was more from excitement than embarrassment, and kept going. She began asking questions, and he answered them in erotic detail, telling how he and Mary sucked and fucked in various positions.

And then he told her about lesbianism and saw no sign of shock and revulsion.

"Do you know why Mary and Sharon went home early tonight?" he asked with an excited smile, and she told him she didn't. "It was to make love. Right now the two of them are naked on her bed.

Their breasts are being fondled and sucked, they're playing with each other's asses and pussies and they're sucking and licking cunts and having beautiful comes."

"You mean they're lesbians?" she asked, seeming surprised but not shocked.

"No, they're human beings, very lucky ones. You see, wise people enjoy sex in all the forms they find. A woman can enjoy sex with a man, then move from that to sex with another female."

"But ... but Sharon is so young. She's only fourteen."

"True, but Mary reasoned that sooner or later it would happen to Sharon, she'd be introduced to sex by someone. She reasoned it's better for the girl-and I agree-to learn sex from those who love her."

"You say you agree, Daddy. Then what about me? I'm a year older than Sharon."

"And your body is much more mature and beautiful. Are you interested in learning about sex with me, dear?"

"Yes," she replied without pausing to think.

"I'm very pleased to hear that, dear. I love you very much and I'd love to teach you. Tomorrow's perfect for it. It's Saturday. Dean will want to go to the movies, and we'll have the house to ourselves."

"Oh, Daddy, do we have to wait that long?"

"Yes, darling. I'm as anxious as you, but we must be alone in the house and have plenty of time. I'm dying to see and feel your lovely young body. It must be so firm, so beautiful."

"Do you want to see it now, Daddy?" she asked and stood, obviously ready to strip naked for him.

"I want to, very much, but I don't dare. I'll wait until tomorrow. As it is, I think I'm going to have to jack myself off before I can get to sleep tonight.

Even though Mary sucked me off so beautifully at her house, I can feel my cock stiffening again."

"Can you, Daddy?" Emily asked. Then she turned on a bright smile as she reached for the hem of her skirt and slowly raised it over beautiful thighs.

Adam wanted to tell her to stop, but he couldn't find his voice as he stared at her thighs.

Her panties, when they came into view, were plain, white nylon, but there was nothing plain about the way she filled them as he looked at the little bulge of her cunt mound. She raised her skirt until he saw bare skin above her panties, then she turned and wriggled a beautiful young ass at him. Through the stretched fabric, he clearly saw the crack of her ass and his cock throbbed in full erection as his hunger grew.

"Do you like the way I look in my panties?" she asked as she turned to face him again.

"I like it very much, darling," he told her, his voice breaking.

"I could take them off and let you see everything," she said with a teasing grin.

"If you take your panties off, young lady, it will be to lie over my lap to have your bare ass spanked. I don't think you'd enjoy that very much."

"You're not only a coward, Daddy, you're a big bully, too," Emily told her father, but she smiled as she said it.

"Tomorrow afternoon, I'll take your panties off for you and your bra, too. I'll do it very slowly and we'll both enjoy it very much."

"Do you take Mary's bra and panties off when you're getting ready to suck her cunt and fuck her?"

"Sometimes. She has a beautiful big pair of tits, and I love baring them and playing with them and sucking them, but tits don't have to be big to be beautiful, you know. I'm going to go wild when I see yours and fondle them and suck them. I think you'll go a little wild, too, don't you?"

"I know I will, Daddy. Please, let's do it now. I can't wait till tomorrow."

"I want to, darling, but we can't. For one thing, I don't have any rubbers.

I'll have to get some in the morning."

"Couldn't we risk it just once?"

"Would you like to lose your beautiful figure and have a big fat belly?"

"No," she said quietly.

"Come sit on my lap for a minute and we'll talk, then we'll go to bed. Before I do, I'll have to go to the toilet and jack myself off. Otherwise I'll never get to sleep."

"Is your cock big and hard?" she asked as she raised her skirt and sat on his lap, feeling his hard-on and giving a little gasp. "Daddy, you have a big flashlight in your pants. What's it for?"

"It's to look inside your beautiful little cunt tomorrow," he told her. "I'll put it way inside and look up into your belly."

When my light is in your slit, it'll shoot a lot of cream and make us both feel good."

"Daddy, show me your cock before we go to bed. It would give me something to think about and to dream about until tomorrow comes and you fuck me with it."

"Well," he agreed, "I suppose I could do that. I guess it wouldn't do any harm.

Did you ever see a boy jacking off?"

"Oh, no. Just like no boy ever saw me fingering my pussy."

"I've got an idea, darling. I think you're going to like it."

"I think so, too, Daddy. Tell me what it is."

"Well, I could change my mind and let you take your panties down. I could take my cock out and let you look at it while you finger yourself and have a nice big come. After that, you could watch me jacking myself and shooting my cream."

"Oh, Daddy, you're so wonderful! I'll never be able to thank you enough," Emily told her father as she hugged him tightly. He felt a tit jabbing at him and again hungered to see and feel her well-developed young tits.

"You should save some of the thanks for Mary. She helped me reach this stage. I guess we helped each other, really, but without her, this couldn't be happening between us. I'd never have had the courage to fuck my own daughter."

"Then I'm thankful to her, too, and to think I wanted to hate her because I was jealous."

Adam assured his daughter that she had no reason for jealousy. As he talked, he fondled her tits through the blouse and decided that they were a bit bigger than he expected, and beautifully firm. While she squirmed, sighed and panted, Adam brought his right hand around her and felt his way up one leg. He paused, and Emily opened her legs to let him feel all he wanted.

She heard a low, muffled rumbling in her father's throat as his hand moved and he squeezed the firm thighs. His hand continued to move upward until it was on the crotch of her panties, and the two of them were panting then.

Telling his daughter that it was time for them to masturbate, he had her get up; then he stood and began to unzip his fly. He paused and looked toward the door, then went quietly to Dean's room and found him sleeping soundly. When he returned to his daughter, he smiled at her loud gasp. He had taken his cock out as he left his son's room, and it stood in proud, strong erection, the skin drawn well back from the swollen prickhead.

She hurried to meet him. Then she was crouching before him, fondling his cock with both hands, delighting in the velvet softness of the big prickhead and the hardness of the long shaft.

When Emily told him it must be the biggest cock in the world, he smilingly assured her that at seven inches his dick was longer than average, but far from being the biggest.

When he told her to, Emily unfastened the waist of her skirt and dropped the garment, then stepped out of it and tossed it onto a chair.

Adam trembled as he watched his daughter pushing her panties down, slowly baring the beautiful

triangle of pussy bush; then her panties were stretched across her thighs. While his cock throbbed as though ready to explode, he watched her put a finger in her mouth; then the finger went to her crotch and she worked it between the lips of her little cunt and sighed deeply.

“Don’t you usually play with your cunt before you finger it?” Adam asked.

“Usually, I like to rub it a little and warm it up, but this time I’m too hot to wait.”

As she fingered her clit, Emily alternated between and up- and-down motion and a circular one, and her father wondered how she had learned that. She kept giving him progress reports of her arousal until she was panting that she was close. Her voice broke, she gave a few more strokes of her finger, and then she was crying out as her body jerked out of control in strong orgasm.

When she finished, she was sweating. Adam took her in his arms and hugged her, his cock throbbing against her belly and adding to her delight. Then he pulled her panties up for her and told her to put her skirt on.

When she had done so, he smilingly told her to take her panties off and give them to him. She did, and he folded the warm garment and held it in his left hand, then took his cock in his right and told her to watch while he jerked himself off into her panties.

He masturbated very slowly, and his daughter was wide-eyed as she watched. It was the first time he had jerked off since meeting Mary, and it felt good. Adam knew he would fire a big load and he would feel even better.

Once, as he felt his orgasm approaching, he stopped to make it last a little longer, then he decided to go on with the jerking and blast off. As he neared his peak the second time, he warned her to watch closely; then she heard him grunting and watched as sperm spurted from the little piss hole in the big head of his cock.

Emily was amazed at the force with which his prick shot off.

She wanted to feel it doing that inside her cunt. Then she looked at the big puddle in her panties as he finished shooting and sighed tiredly.

Careful not to spill any, she took the panties from him and wiped the few drops which dribbled. She touched the pool of jism with the tip of a finger, then carried it to her mouth and tasted it.

“I’m going to keep these panties forever,” she told him, “and I’m never going to wash them.”

Smiling, Adam put his limp cock away. They kissed good night and went to their rooms to await the big day tomorrow—the day of Emily’s first fuck.

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## CHAPTER TEN

Emily woke suddenly Saturday morning. At once she thought of the exciting dream she’d had in the night; then she trembled as she told herself that it hadn’t been a dream, that it had really happened. And then she couldn’t be sure whether it had been dream or reality.

When she remembered the panties, she hurried to her dresser, opened the drawer and there they were, folded into a pad, liberally stained with sperm which had dried during the night.

Everything rushed back to her then, but especially the promise of her first fuck. She had heard older girls talk about how it hurt to get your cherry broken that first time, but she refused to feel anything but wild, wonderful excitement as she recalled the bigness and strongness of her father's cock, and thought how it would soon be inside her cunt and she would know the joy of being fucked.

She found her father in the kitchen, wearing a bathrobe, sipping coffee and reading the morning paper. Approaching quietly, she surprised him with a kiss on the cheek. He turned and smiled warmly at her, asking if she had slept well.

Her brother, she knew, would be sleeping late, as he always did on weekends. "I slept beautifully, thanks to you, Daddy. You haven't changed your mind, have you?" she asked, then went to stand beside him, allowing one bare leg to escape from her bathrobe.

"I'm not sure," he said teasingly, but he wasn't able to hold back his laugh, and then he told her that he definitely hadn't changed his mind.

"I wonder what time Dean'll want to go to the movie?"

"You can be pretty sure it'll be the one o'clock show. Since he won't be home until after five, that'll give us plenty of time.

In the meantime, I have to go to the drugstore and buy something important."

"I wonder what that could be," she giggled and reached for the front of his robe. Her hand went inside before he knew what she was doing. As she caught his tool, she felt it begin to stiffen at once. Then he took her hand away, warning her that Dean could surprise them by getting up early. "Darn! If only he weren't in the way."

"Well now, I suppose we could shoot him and bury him in the garden," Adam said with a serious expression.

"I didn't mean it that way, Daddy. It's just that ... " she paused uncomfortably ... "I don't know what I mean."

"I do, dear, and we'll soon solve that problem. One day very soon, Mary will come to visit. She'll take him into my bedroom to have a nice little talk about life. It'll be a little more than a talk, come to think of it. She'll undress a little at a time, show him all of her body, then teach him the standard games-like sucking tits and cunt fucking. After that, he'll be one of us, and we won't have to hide from him when we want to play."

"Oh, Daddy, how exciting! Imagine, a twelve-year-old boy fucking a big woman like Mary. I'd love to be watching when she seduces him."

"Not the first time, I'm afraid. Even I won't be watching.

Later, though, we'll see him humping Mary."

"When are they going to come here to live, Daddy?"

"In another couple of weeks. There are a lot of things to be done. You'll see lots of Mary and Sharon, though, don't worry.

Maybe Sharon will teach you some of the sexy games her mother's teaching her.

Would you like that?"

"I think I'd rather learn the games from Mary. Sharon is so young."

"I'll tell Mary. I'm sure she'll be delighted to be your teacher if you'll promise to be a good student."

"I'll be such a good student, Daddy! Just like I'm going to be with you in a little while."

After Dean left, Emily and her father were alone in the house, the doors both locked, the drapes drawn in Adam's bedroom.

"Are you going to fuck me right away, Daddy?" Emily asked as they entered the room.

"No, darling, not for a long time. Fucking should never be rushed. We're going to undress. Then we're going to play a lot of games for a long time. Your beautiful body will really be hungry for it when I get around to fucking you-and so will mine."

He took his daughter in his arms then and their mouths met, gently at first, then in a kiss of fierce passion which left them both trembling as he opened the top of Emily's dress, then watched as she took it off.

Emily had done some shopping, too, and she wore a sexy black matching bra and panties, which she filled more than adequately.

Adam fondled both cups of her bra and made her squirm a little more.

When he released her, he stepped back and began undressing.

Emily admired the strong-looking chest, and then he was unfastening the waist of his slacks as his daughter's heart pounded.

The sound of the zipper seemed loud in the quiet room, and then he was pushing his pants down and she saw the bulge of his big prick in his briefs. Smiling, he outlined the form of his cock, then pushed his briefs down. His tool seemed to leap out as though ready to attack.

When he stepped out of his briefs, he took his daughter in his arms and held her closely against his strong, naked body, so that she could feel his cock as it throbbed against her. While they shared another sexy kiss, he played with her beautiful ass and she loved it. Then she felt him unhooking her bra, and she was eager to show him her nicely developed young booby "Oh, Emily," he said, his voice quavering as he bared them, "what a beautiful set of tits you've been hiding. I'm going to give them a lot of attention with my hands and my mouth. Will this really be the first time you've had your tits sucked?"

She assured him it would, and then he picked her up, held her easily in his arms and put her down gently on the bed, looking at her as she squirmed in passion.

Adam let her squirm alone for a minute as he gazed lovingly down at her; then he was squirming with her, his body delightfully heavy when he lay atop her for a little while. Finally he got off and began fondling and sucking her tits as she urged him on with heated sighs and excited little squeals of passion.

Each time he took a break from sucking a firm tit, Adam raved about the beauty and firmness of her boobs, of how thrilling they were to fondle and suck. When he had first started, Emily had hoped he

would take her panties off and hurry to her cunt, but once she discovered the joy of having her jugs handled and sucked the way her father did it, she forgot about everything else and concentrated on what was happening, wanting it to go on forever.

And then he left her tits after giving each hard nipple a little squeeze with his lips. His hands rubbed down her tummy until they were on her panties.

Emily parted her lovely legs wide for him, and he moved a hand slowly into her crotch to feel the soft warmth of her cunt.

The touch made her groan again. She began to wonder if she was making too much noise, but she let the thought go away. She was enjoying herself and sensed that she should just act naturally.

The natural thing to do seemed to be to pant and grunt and groan and sigh as much as she felt like it.

And then her father was turning her over, and she helped.

While he told her that she had the loveliest young ass he had ever seen, he played with it, and his hands kept moving, over and around her skimpily cut panties. Until then, Emily hadn't known that having her ass played with could be so sexy, but she learned fast, and he went on teaching her for a long time.

When Adam recalled that he hadn't put a rubber on, he decided to do it at once, lest he forget later and fuck her without it. She turned to watch as he stood close to the bed. He gave her a wink as he pulled the rubber on and rolled it all the way down the long shaft of his stiff cock. Emily liked the way his prick looked in the latex shroud as he waved his cock at her, then he told her to get up.

Emily couldn't understand why, but she didn't argue as she got off the bed and stood in front of him, only her sheer panties covering her nudity. Then he told her that he was ready to take them off.

Turning her around, he knelt behind her, fondled her ass and thighs a little more, then she felt hands moving to the waistband of the panties. He heard a low cry of passion as he began taking them down. His hands trembled only a little as he slowly bared white, silken cheeks and her smooth, hairless crack, pausing to plant many kisses all over her butt as he did so.

"Oh, Daddy, it's so exciting getting my ass kissed like this! Do you kiss Mary's behind, too?"

"Yes, but let's just talk about us," he told her, pushing the panties down until they fell around her feet, then helping her out of them.

Still kneeling, he kissed and licked her ass some more, then took her onto the bed again and had her kneel with her head down and her beautiful ass arched high. In that position, he saw her little bung, looking so smooth and clean and beautiful that he wasn't able to resist kissing it and diddling it with the tip of his tongue while Emily moaned excitedly.

Adam decided it was time to really turn his daughter on with a first-class cunt-lapping, so he turned her over again. She was lying on her back looking up at him, lust and hunger on her beautiful young face, the hunger of a woman who wanted to be fucked, but before being fucked with his cock, he thought, she was going to get a tongue-fucking that would be more than enough to make her come.

He gazed warmly at her virginal little cunt as her ass squirmed on the sheet; then he put a hand on it and rubbed gently as he told her he was ready to start sucking and lapping her cunt.

She groaned, her back arching with passion.

Aim positioned himself on the bed, stared again at the tender young twat just inches from his face. As he liked to do with Mary, he breathed warmly in her crotch and liked her reaction.

Teasingly, he licked her sicken inner thighs, his tongue moving closer and closer to her cunt. Without warning, he put his tongue on the bottom of her slit and licked slowly upward as her groan of passion became a hymn of lust.

There was no more time for teasing then, and his open mouth pressed down warmly on her soft, wet pussy.

As he began sucking, Emily's hands balled into fists and her nails dug into her palms until it hurt as she kept crying out as though in agony. But Adam knew it was an agony of ecstasy, so he went right on sucking, alternating the wet sucking with thrilling tongue work as he probed as far inside the juicy slit as he could get.

While he ate his daughter's cunt, his hands kept moving slowly, fondling all the way from her thighs to her tits, never pausing in one place long before moving on elsewhere.

As for Emily, she could hardly qualify as an authority on cunt-lapping, but she sensed that nobody could possibly be as good at muff-diving, and she was sure Mary would tell her the same thing.

Her cries became more shrill when his tongue began to concentrate on her tender little passion bud, and she felt the first warning that climax was coming. As Adam went on licking her clit, the signs became stronger. Then she was panting that she was going to come. Words changed to wordless cries, and then her body was jerking madly, out of control as the orgasm filled her like no orgasm ever had. Her father held her lovingly until it was all over.

"Oh, Daddy," she sighed when she was able to find her voice, "I can't describe how good it was. Nobody ever felt as good as I did while you were sucking my cunt and while I was coming."

"I'm happy for you, darling. May it always be like that for you. Have you had enough now, or do you still want that fuck?"

"I want it more than ever. Just think, I've had my cunt lapped and now it's going to be fucked with a great big, beautiful cock-my own daddy's stiff prick. Give it to me, Daddy darling.

Lie down on my belly and fuck me in the cunt."

"In a minute, angel," he said as he crouched close to her and his hand went into her crotch; then he began to stroke her wet pussy gently, and Emily was sighing as passion began to mount again.

She couldn't understand why her father didn't want to start fucking at once, but Adam knew. He wanted her to be steaming hot when he fed his prick to her, so that when he broke her hymen, passion would hopefully act as a mask to partially blur the pain she would feel, and it would be better for her. He felt an intense love for his daughter, and he wanted her to enjoy fucking and cunt-lapping and cock-sucking-the whole beautiful bag of tricks.

When Emily told him that the finger in her slit was bringing her to another come, he smiled as he took the finger out and told her he was ready to give her his cock.

And then he was between her legs, his big, naked body hovering over her, and she felt him probing

her crotch. Because her slit was so small, he had some difficulty finding it, but then the big head of his cock was between the little pussy-lips. They both gave little grunts, Emily's turning into a warm sigh and going on as her father paused with the head of his prick inside her cunt as Emily told herself it was no longer a dream or a hope she was actually being fucked for the first time.

Sighing, she assured her father that she still felt very horny and close to coming. He smiled as he fed stiff cock into her tight little cunt, a bit at a time. There was no need to hurry, he reminded himself as he savored the tightness of the virgin cunt while he looked down at the beauty of her naked body and her lovely face—the passion-contorted face of a fifteen-year-old virgin, eagerly taking her first fuck.

When the head of his cock reached the barrier, he felt it give, but he wasn't ready to take it. Instead, he began giving her a short fucking with just that much of his cock, and she panted broken words as she told him how good it was and how hot she felt. She seemed to be almost out of her mind with passion and that he decided, was the time to pluck her little cherry.

Adam gave his daughter no warning. He took one big lunge, his hips muscles bunching. The thin little barrier put up no fight at all, and his cock went through it with ease. Emily gave one little cry but she didn't stop panting and her arms held him tightly as he fed seven inches of cock up her tight, churning cunt.

For just a little while, he rested on her with his prick throbbing inside her stretched little twat, then he began fucking, giving it to her in long, slow strokes as she panted encouragement, telling him that she loved fucking and wanted him to screw her all the time.

Pleased that she made no mention of pain at all, he went on fucking her, then heard her gasp and sensed that they were going to achieve a miracle together—the miracle of a virgin achieving orgasm in the course of her very first fuck. His mind told him it wasn't possible, but her body and her labored breathing told him it was. He went on stroking slowly, waiting for the miracle to happen, riding high on her body so that his cock rubbed her tender clit with every stroke.

And then she was right on the edge and he was fucking her as fast as he could drive his hard, throbbing cock, knowing that he was close, hoping that he could add to the miracle by going off at the same time as his panting daughter.

Emily opened her mouth and tried to tell him she was coming, but the fiercely beautiful come cut off her words. She could only pant and cry out in ecstasy as her whole body seemed to explode.

As the third wave swept over her, Adam ground down in her crotch and his big body jerked strongly as his pent-up load of semen was pumped from his balls with lovely force.

They panted and grunted, then lay sighing, his body heavy on hers, their sweat warmly mingled in their shared joy. Adam searched his mind for traces of guilt or regret, but he was delighted to find none and knew it would always be that way, that he would fuck his daughter as often as they wanted and they would accept their status of lovers as well as their warm, father-daughter relationship.

Realizing that his weight was heavy on her, Adam got up. His daughter groaned with disappointment as he took his cock out of her freshly opened cunt and lay beside her, holding her naked body warmly in his strong arms as they whispered about beauty and love and joy.

"It isn't really pain at all," she assured him. "It hurt for just a second when you popped my cherry, but the fuck was so thrilling I hardly noticed it. I can feel a little burning sensation in my belly, but that's about all. I thought it'd be a lot worse than that."



"So did I, angel, but I hoped that getting you as horny as I did would work.

That's why I took my finger out of your cunt just before your second come."

"You're wonderful, Daddy," she told him and hugged him tightly. "I feel so good, but I feel like I'm in a trap. I think I'll explode if I don't tell someone yet this is something I can never tell to a soul."

"That's not quite correct, darling," he told her and smiled warmly, his eyes shining. "I'm sure Mary would love to hear the big news. Why don't you give her a call right now?"

The suggestion delighted Emily, so Adam dialed Mary's number and handed the phone to Emily, watching her hand trembling as she took it from him. When Mary answered and Emily began telling her what had happened, panting with arousal, her father moved behind her and reached for her tits with both hands.

While he fondled them lovingly, he heard his daughter giving Mary a glowing report of her exciting seduction and her first fuck.

"Tell Sharon it's wonderful, especially with such a great lover," he heard her say, and gave her tits an extra squeeze as a silent thank you.

And then Adam realized that Mary was talking to his daughter about lesbianism, and his heart leaped as he noted the girl's enthusiastic response.

"Ah yes," Adam said under his breath, "life is beautiful all of a sudden, but it's going to get even better."

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

As a form of adjustment to eventually living together in Adam's house, the two families met almost daily, usually at Adam's home. Dean sensed that there was something happening that he didn't understand, and Adam and Mary agreed that they should bring him into the sexual circle before too long, but that first, there were two items to be attended to: Emily had to be introduced to lesbianism, and Sharon had to have her cherry popped. After that, it was up to Mary to take the innocent little boy to a bedroom and demonstrate some very interesting facts of life.

It all could have been done in a day, they agreed, but that would come under the heading of rushing. Nature aided them in slowing things down on at least one front when Sharon got her period. Mary laughed at her anger, even as she hugged and consoled her, telling her that a few days of having her pussy out of order wasn't all that terrible.

But life wasn't all sex for either family. The children had strict rules about homework and study, and they obeyed them without protest. Beyond that, there was reading to be done so that young minds would develop along tenth young bodies, broadening beyond the things they learned in school. Even young Dean picked up the reading habit, not because he had been told to, but because he saw that his father and his sister enjoyed reading, and reasoned that there must be something to it.

"I'm glad we are what we are, Adam," Mary said so him as they chatted that Sunday while the children were outside, enjoying the swimming pool.

"Me, too, but please be more specific," he told her.

"I'm thinking of how, after we discovered each other and found our new lives, we could have gone hog-wild about it."

"I suppose there are those who would say we did—I mean with the kids and all," he told her with a grin.

"Sure, but who cares about that? What I mean is that the kids are learning that there's a time and a place for everything, including sex. They're going to develop very healthy sexual attitudes, once they get over the newness of it.

You and I were never given that chance."

"True, with us to guide them, they'll grow up to be complete, balanced human beings, healthy bisexual people. I'm sure they'll be a credit to us."

"I'm with you, even if our methods were a little less than socially acceptable.

Speaking of that, do you think it's about time to take Emily off the hook? The poor lamb is really dying for her first taste of pussy."

They agreed as usual, then went out to the pool to talk to the children who were obviously enjoying their day immensely. Yet as Emily saw the adults approaching, her smile changed into a look of hot anticipation as she hurried to meet them.

"Yes, dear," Mary told the girl before she could ask the question. "Go on inside and dress up in your sexiest things. I'm ready, and I'll be in in just a few minutes."

"Where's Emily going?" Sharon asked her mother.

"She and I are going to have a nice long talk, dear. I'd like you and Dean to stay out here with Adam. We'll come back out when we're finished."

Again Dean looked puzzled and wondered when they were going to let him in on the secret they all seemed to share. Sensing how the boy felt, his father went to him and put an arm around his shoulders, telling him to cheer up, that there were some wonderful surprises in store for him within a few days.

In the house, Mary slipped an arm around Emily and told her she looked stunning.

"Thanks, Mary, so do you, but I don't understand why I had to put clothes on. I hope that what we're going to do will call for no clothes at all."

"It does, dear, but we're going to be civilized about it.

It'll be a little game. We'll sit and talk as though we've just met and don't know what's going to happen, then I'll seduce you, very slowly and very gradually. It'll be subtle at first, and then the pace will step up and won't cool down until we've sucked each other's cunts and had our big comes. How does that sound to you, darling?"

"Like the most exciting thing that ever happened to me. I know how good it feels when Daddy sucks my cunt, and I'm dying to find out how it feels to do it. I've never really seen any other cunt, and I've never touched one."

As they walked up the stairs to the master bedroom, Emily followed the exciting woman, looking at

the motion of her big hips and wondering how they were going to look and feel when they were naked. Mary's dress was shorter than she usually wore, and the girl looked hotly at her big, smooth, firm-looking thighs.

Impulsively, she bent for a better look up Mary's dress, and felt her heart pounding at the stolen glimpse of silky-looking upper thighs. By the time they reached the room, Emily was already trembling with passion.

Leaving the heavy drapes open, Mary drew the light sun drapes across the window so that the room would remain comfortably warm and bright; then she turned and smiled at the trembling girl and did a little trembling herself at the thought of stripping and making lesbian love with a beautiful fifteen-year-old, one whose cunt had so recently been opened for sex by her father's big cock.

As she sat on the edge of the wide bed, Mary allowed the hem of her dress to hike well up her thighs and liked the way Emily stared; then the girl was sitting beside her, making sure that she, too, displayed her lush young thighs.

Mary slipped an arm around the slim-waisted girl, then began talking about how lucky they both were to be females. To her delighted surprise, Emily discovered that she could carry on a conversation despite her wild arousal and her eagerness to see and feel Mary's naked body, and do other exciting things with her, the kind of things Mary did with her daughter.

After a little while, Mary opened the top button of her dress to show more of the cleavage of her lush boobs, then took the first tentative step as a hand went to one of Emily's firm thighs and squeezed gently.

"You have lovely thighs, dear," Mary said and her hand moved a little higher.

"Do you mind my feeling your thigh like this?"

"Oh no, it feels nice," Emily told her, not trying to hide her excitement. "You have beautiful thighs, too. I'd love to feel them."

"You're just like your father, dear. Go ahead and feel my big thighs. I like the idea of a pretty girl's hand on my thigh.

I'm sure it'll make me very horny."

Emily's little hand trembled as it moved, and there was a tension in the room which crackled like electricity as Emily felt the firm, smooth thigh and squeezed it, sighing warmly.

For a little while, each was content to feel the thighs of the other, but both knew the pace would be stepped up soon.

Through Emily's chiffon blouse, Mary saw the girl's well-filled black bra and decided that would be her next step. Adam had told her that his daughter's firm young jugs made beautiful sucking, and she was anxious to find out, yet not so anxious that she was willing to upset the gentle pace of the seduction.

The arm that had been around Emily's waist moved slowly up until her hand was cupping one tit gently, causing Emily to sigh warmly again.

"Do you like it when your Daddy sucks your tits, darling?" Mary asked as she fondled.

"Oh yes, I just love it. You have such nice big fits, Mary.

Do you like having them felt and sucked?"

"Mmmm, very much. I'm beginning to feel naughty, Emily, very naughty. If you'll let me, I'd love to open your blouse so I could see better how nicely you fill your bra."

Before the girl could find her voice, Mary was busy opening the garment, unbuttoning it slowly, her own big knockers rising and falling with her labored breathing as she anticipated baring the young tits to fondle them and suck them.

Again, Mary told the girl how beautiful she was and at the same time, took her blouse off. Instead of going for the cups of her bra at once as she had planned, Mary instead rubbed the silken skin below the bra with one hand while the other hand rubbed smooth shoulders and back, causing the girl to purr with delight at being so exquisitely handled. Her father's touch was wild, but this was different somehow, and she guessed it was part of the charm of lesbian sex, two females sharing gentle touches, sharing the feminine mystique.

After she had fondled the girl for a while, Mary brought her legs up onto the bed and curled them under her with a nice display of thigh, then she was unfastening the top of her dress, smiling warmly at her trembling young partner as she slowly pulled the top of her dress down to her waist to display the contrast of white skin and big, bulging bra Cups with soft-looking white skin between.

With a little cry, Emily turned fully around to face the woman; then her hands were on the bra, and she was rubbing and squeezing. They had been playing with each other for only a little while when Emily felt her bra being unhooked. A few seconds later it was gone, and then Mary's eyes and hands were feasting on tits which felt almost as firm as apples, flawless in their beauty.

As she fondled the naked jugs, Mary saw water in Emily's eyes and wondered if she were going to cry, but she wasn't concerned since she knew that any tears the girl spilled would be happy ones.

When Emily asked to take Mary's bra off, the woman gave smiling assent, then felt fingers trembling as they fought with hook which proved surprisingly stubborn. In time, Emily slipped them all; the bra fell open and as she pulled it off, the girl gasped and her eyes refused to focus for a few seconds.

A dry sound came from Emily's throat as her hands went to the beautiful, big tits and began swarming all over them as she told the woman how exciting they felt and how eager she was to suck the big jugs.

But that was pretty much what Mary had in mind as she pushed the girl down gently onto the bed, and gave the firm tits another loving squeeze; then her warm mouth was wide open as it claimed one tit, and she began to suck it while Emily squirmed and sighed in passion.

Mary suckled the boob for a long time before her face moved to the other, and then she was sucking with the same delicious greed. Needing something to do with her hands, Emily found that she could reach one thigh and hip of the beautiful woman, and then she was rubbing there, working her hand around to a partially panty clad buttock and delighting in the thrilling feel of it as she went on savoring the joy of having her tits sucked by a woman.

"Will that hold your lovely tits for the time being?" Mary asked as she sat up and looked into the shining eyes of the girl.

"Oh, yes. It was beautiful even better than when Daddy sucks them. There's something special

between two women, isn't there?"

"Yes, darling, we'll talk about it later. Just lie back and I'll feed you my big tits to suck. You're going to like that very much, darling," Mary added, then she was fondling her big jugs, with both hands and panting with lust.

Moving a little, she bent over her partner, held her right tit in her right hand, squeezed it, then lowered it gently to Emily's face. The girl's mouth opened wide to receive it, but instead of pushing it in, Mary rubbed her nipple slowly over Emily's lips, making a full circle of her mouth; then, with a warm sigh, she pushed the silken tit into Emily's mouths filling it and leaving a lot of boob still outside.

Emily began sucking at once and brought her hands into play, holding and rubbing the exciting jug as she sucked it, telling herself that if sucking a tit was so great, then sucking the woman's cunt was surely going to be the ultimate thrill.

Since neither was aware of time, they had no idea how long Emily spent sucking the big knockers, but when Mary eventually took the second boob out of the girl's mouth. it had been more than well-suckled, and the nipple felt a little raw, just nicely so.

"Whatever are we doing with all these clothes on?" Mary said as she knelt up and looked at the shining eyes of the girl.

"That's what I've been wondering," Emily replied.

They both got off the bed and looked at each other as they removed their skirts, then peeled their panties down and tossed them away. Impatiently, Emily asked Mary if they were going to go down on each other at last.

"Before we eat cunt, Emily, we're going to play an exciting little game called riding. I read about it and Sharon and I tried it and enjoyed it a lot. I think you will, too."

They returned to the bed, naked. Mary took the girl in her arms, and they kissed passionately; then they were lying side by side, face to face, and Mary showed Emily how each could get a thigh between the thighs of the other, the thigh right up in the warmth of a crotch.

With only a little difficulty, they picked up the rhythm, and then they were rubbing, their cunts moving over silken skin. The effect was wild, Emily felt, understanding why the game was called riding. As the couple rode, there was no conversation, only the warm sounds of sighs and panting.

When other sounds were heard, they were the sounds of orgasm, the cries and groans and gasps as one after the other rocketed into delicious climax.

Afterwards, they continued to lie together, their bodies excitingly wet with the sweat of their lovely lust. Emily was wide-eyed as she told of how much she had enjoyed the game, and how she would want to play it often.

"You will, dear. You'll play it with me often and with Sharon as well. But for now, there are other nice thing; to be done. I'm very anxious to taste your warm little cunt. I'm going to suck it and lick it and give you such a come you'll think you've died and gone to heaven. Are you ready to have your cunt lapped?"

"Oh yes, Mary! I guess I've been ready all my life, only I didn't know it."

"How sweet, my lovely little angel. Lie on your back now, and I'll put a pillow under your behind," Mary said and reached for one.

Emily was panting in hot anticipation as she lay back with her legs wide open to present her tender little cunt to be sucked.

Mary stared hotly at her twat, a hand rubbing in her crotch where it was wet and very warm.

Mary's tongue came out and licked over her lips as she reached down to stroke the girl's warm pussy, making her sigh, then groan with desire as her heart pounded strongly; then she gave a little cry as she watched Mary's face coming down, saw her wet lips parting. Then the face was in her crotch, and she felt the woman's warm breath bathing her box and making her so horny that she wanted to scream.

She did scream, a little high-pitched wail as the mouth touched her cunt in a light kiss while two gentle hands claimed her hips and held tightly. The kiss soon became more intense, and then it wasn't a kiss any longer as Mary began sucking her cunt.

The thrill was so great that Emily told herself she couldn't stand it, yet the only alternative was to take her cunt away from the woman's mouth and that she refused to even consider.

Anyone standing outside the door would have thought that someone was in agony in the room, but both Emily and Mary knew better as they shared the ecstasy of their lesbian lust.

Mary sucked greedily, wetly, so wetly that Emily's little cunt couldn't contain all the juice and she felt some of it trickling down into the crack of her behind. As she became accustomed to the intensity of her passion, Emily wanted the muff- diving to go on forever, though even as she felt the wish, she knew that sale was going to climax soon.

And then, as Mary's skilled tongue licked over and around her clit, Emily shrieked in ecstasy. The sound drifted through the window so that those at the pool were able to hear it. Sharon and Adam recognized it for what it was, but Dean looked troubled.

"Your sister is all right, Dean," Adam told him. "In fact," he added with a grin, "I'd say she's more than all right, wouldn't you, Sharon?"

"I'd say she's the happiest girl in the world right now."

"You'll understand too, Dean, very soon now, and you're going to be the happiest boy in the world. Come on, let's have another swim," he added, and Sharon smiled as she saw the bulge of a hard- on in his swimming trunks. Later, in the water, she confirmed that hardness with a naughty hand and got one cheek of her ass squeezed as a reward for her effort.

In the bedroom, woman and girl were panting as the climax passed for Emily and she opened her starry eyes wide, her young body still glowing. They talked of how good the orgasm had been, and Mary assured her that every one could be like that.

"It's wonderful to have a man lap your cunt, dear," Mary told her, "especially a beautiful lapper like your father, but it seems that there's a special magic about it when two females do it.

Perhaps you'll understand a lot more after you've sucked my cunt.

You do want that, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Mary. I want it so much. What a thrill it will be for me to suck my first cunt! When I have my face in your crotch, my mouth tight on the lips of your cunt, I think I'll go out of my mind. I'm more than ready now, if you are."

Telling the girl that she was almost ready to have her cunt lapped, Mary lay back with the pillow under her arm and invited Emily to play with her twat for a while. Emily was eager to do so, and she rubbed the warm box in mounting passion, then probed the slit with a finger and soon had her partner panting and sighing.

"Oh, yes, Emily! I'm ready now," Mary panted and her voice was low and husky with passion. "I'm so ready to have my cunt lapped."

As Emily took her finger out of the hot, juicy slit, Mary raised her parted legs back over her body and presented her pink, open-lipped cunt to the girl.

The sight of the juicy snatch was such that Emily trembled strongly, then licked her lips as she positioned herself to suck it.

She lowered her pretty face slowly, brushed hair back from her face and gave a little squeal of delight when her mouth was about an inch above the pink pussy.

Impulsively, she stuck her tongue out and slowly licked up from the base of Mary's crack to the top of her cunt. They both moaned as Emily felt the woman shuddering with arousal; then she touched the cunt lightly with her lips in a gentle kiss.

Emily found no taste at all, just an exciting suggestion of a musky perfume, and she enjoyed it as she inhaled deeply. Then her mouth pressed down more firmly on Mary's cunt, and she began sucking as her arms wrapped around the big thighs of her nude partner.

She had known that sucking a cunt would be lovely, but it was even more than that, and she couldn't find a word to describe the erotic thrill as she sucked wetly, hungrily, her hands rubbing silken skin as she heard Mary purring in ecstasy. Both experienced a new thrill when Emily brought her tongue into play, using it as Mary had used hers, probing and licking her snatch deeply, then bonking it up to the top of the slit where the hard, sensitized passion bud awaited a good licking. She gave it just that.

Emily licked in the top of Mary's slit for two or three minutes, and then she felt the tension in the woman which told her she was getting close to an exciting come. She went on licking her puffy gash, and then Mary was jerking and panting as the tendrils of climax caught her and did wild things to her for a long time before the final spasm passed. When she opened her eyes, Mary saw Emily crouched on the bed beside her, looking very pleased with herself and with life.

"That was beautiful, Emily. You eat cunt like an angel."

"I'm glad I pleased you, Mary. I'll do it again right now if you like."

"No thanks, but you could put on a little show with Sharon for me. How does that sound?"

"I think I'd rather eat your pussy-but that does sound like fun."

"I'll teach the two of you how to play sixty-nine. It'll give you something to do when you're alone and bored."

"I don't think I'll ever be bored as long as I live," Emily said as Mary went to the window and called her daughter. Sharon came running, wriggling her pretty ass for Adam, who still had a hard-on.

Sharon was breathless as she hurried into the room, but she had enough breath left to hurry out of her bathing suit when her mother told her to. Then she got onto the bed with Emily, and the two girls began playing with each other, to the delight of the naked woman who watched intently.

Mary knew what a thrill it would be for Adam to see their daughters romping in the nude, but that would mean leaving Dean alone, and she didn't think that would be fair, so she decided that her lover would have to wait until another time.

The girls played with tits and asses and pussies, and it was obvious that they were both enjoying their game. When Mary asked, both told her that they were very ready to go on to mutual cunnilingus.

Delighted that she had thought of the idea, Mary helped guide the two girls into position. Each fitted her mouth to the cunt of the other, and they began sucking.

While she watched the pretty girls lapping each other's twats, Mary decided to warm her right hand in her crotch. It felt so nice that she thought she should make it feel even nicer, so a finger went into her slit, and she began stroking, her big tits swaying.

A few minutes later, Mary climaxed with much panting and gasping, her boobs performing a wildly erotic dance while her plump ass jerked strongly. As she was coming out of the orgasm, she smiled at the sight and sound of both girls experiencing strong comes, their naked bodies writhing together on the bed.

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## **CHAPTER TWELVE**

Sharon began to entertain high hopes when she learned that only Adam was coming to visit that evening. If her hopes were realized, she would part with her virginity that evening. When Mary refused to admit that there was anything special about her lover's visit, Sharon's hopes dimmed, but only a little.

When the bell rang, Mary admitted her lover, and Sharon watched as they kissed passionately and Adam fondled her butt.

"Gee," Sharon said as they moved apart, "some women get all the luck and all the kisses and everything."

"Would you like a kiss, Sharon?" he asked, going to her. He took her in his arms and brought his mouth down warmly on hers.

As he had done with her mother, he put a hand on Sharon's firm young behind and fondled it, adding to her excitement by getting his tongue into her mouth.

When the kiss ended, Sharon felt a little weak-kneed, and her eyes shone brightly with excitement. More than ever then, she wanted Adam to pop her cherry, and she sensed that her dream was going to come true despite what her mother said, or refused to say.

While Mary poured drinks for herself and Adam, Sharon got herself a Coke and took it to her room.



She had intended to study, but her sexual desire was so great it was out of the question. She turned her radio on and tried to make the hunger go away, without much success.

She would have been more excited had she known that Mary and Adam were talking about her, and about how Adam was going to screw her in just a little while.

"How exciting our lives have become, darling," Mary said as they sipped their drinks and Adam fondled a firm thigh. "To think that you're going to fuck my fourteen-year-old daughter, and tomorrow I'm going to strip for your fourteen-year-old son, teach him how to lap a woman's cunt and then give him his first piece of tail."

"That we ever met, Mary, was sheer luck. Think of the odds against it. Since then, though, we deserved an the joy we've found, because we dared to help ourselves to it."

"And we're going to go on darling, aren't we, lover?" Mary asked as his hand moved closer to the crotch of her panties and she moved her thighs farther apart.

"You're so right, darling," he told her as his hand moved to the warm nylon of her panties, where the garment snuggled against a cunt that was much warmer. "I have a hunch we'll do things so wild that we can't even think of them just now."

We'll invent whole new sexual acts."

"Oh, darling, yes," Mary said with a warm sigh as he gently stroked her crotch.

"I'm so horny, lover. Do you think it's time to take little Sharon off the hook?"

"Why not? I'll fuck her first, then it shouldn't be long before I've got a hard-on again and I can give you a fuck. It'll be a joy few men know to fuck a tender young virgin, then fuck her mother. Want to call her now?"

"Yes, I'll ... Wait, I've got an idea. Let's strip!" Mary said excitedly. "I want to see the look on her face when she walks into the room and sees us both naked. She's really been dying to see your big cock."

"She'll do more than just see it tonight, angel," Adam said as they got to their feet and began undressing. Then Mary called to her daughter who, sensing that it was the big call she had been waiting for, turned her radio off and felt her heart pounding as she walked to the living room.

With a loud gasp, she stopped in the doorway as she stared at the two naked people who were smiling with excitement.

"My God, Mother! You said his cock was big and beautiful, but it's so huge!" she said, her voice almost breaking as she walked toward them.

"Take it in your hand and play with it, Sharon," Adam told her. "Feel how velvety the head is and how hard the shaft gets when I think of sticking it in your tiny little cunt to fuck you."

"Oh, yes! I want that," she told him as her hand closed around his prick. "I really want you to fuck me. I don't care if it hurts. Besides, Emily told me it doesn't hurt all that much," she added, then closed a hand gently around the cockhead and gave it a loving squeeze.

"We won't even think about things like hurt, dear," her mother told her. "Think of beautiful things

while you strip naked and show Adam what he's getting."

Sharon was eager to undress, to be naked like the other two, but before starting, she just had to squat before the naked man.

Then she was fondling his big balls, delighting herself with the thought that they were full of man cream. Semen seemed like such a clinical term for the magic juice of a man's balls, she thought.

Straightening up, she began undressing as the adults looked at her admiringly, both of them seething with arousal.

"What beautiful little tits you have, Sharon," Adam said.

"And they're not so little at that. In just a few years they're going to be as big as your mother's big beauties."

Trembling with delight and excitement, Sharon pushed her panties down. She liked the way Adam looked at what she was showing him. She wished she had a big patch of cunt bush, like her mother, but she sensed that Adam was more than delighted with the peach fuzz she wore on her little cunt mound. Then her panties fell and she stepped out of them, beautifully naked and terribly eager to have her body fondled and kissed and fucked.

She wondered if he was going to suck her snatch before fucking her. She hoped he would.

Adam looked lovingly at the trembling little girl as he held his arms open in silent invitation and she moved eagerly into his embrace. While he kissed her, his hands cupping the cheeks of her pretty little ass, Sharon felt his big cock throbbing against her.

After the kiss, Adam turned her around to admire her lovely ass. He fondled it some more, then drew a little gasp from her as he picked her up as easily, as if she were a much younger child, and carried her to Mary's bedroom, her mother following.

"How does my beautiful little daughter feel about being carried to bed to be fucked by a great big man?" Mary asked.

"Oh, Mother, it's so exciting! I feel like I'm going to faint."

"That's all right, darling. Adam's big prick will revive you very quickly,"

Mary told her, and they all laughed.

In the bedroom, Adam stopped before a mirror so that they could all admire the reflection of the naked girl being held in his arms; then he deposited her gently on the bed and got onto it beside her. Sharon asked her mother if she was going to stay.

Mary assured her she was, telling her she wouldn't miss it for the world.

Unhurriedly, Adam began making love to the girl, and she responded thrillingly as his hands and lips moved all over her body while she squirmed and panted with lust. She loved the way he sucked her tits with such a gentle yet ardent style, elongating her little pink nipples and making them feel hard and very sensitive.

When Adam told her to, Sharon stretched her jaws as she worked at getting the head of his cock into an excitingly warm mouth. Then she achieved her goal.

While she sucked on his dick, she tried to picture her mother sucking his big cock and drinking his cream. She found the thought almost exciting as the act of sucking his cock, and then he told her to take it out of her mouth.

Adam noticed that Mary was fingering her twat as she watched the action and decided he had to fix her up before fucking her daughter. Sharon would be thrilled, he reasoned, to watch him lapping her mother's cunt and she wouldn't feel neglected.

He told Mary to lie across the bed to have her cunt lapped, and she did so eagerly. Adam explained to Sharon that her mother needed help first. As he had guessed, the girl was more than delighted at being a spectator. She stared in rapt fascination as Adam went down on her mother and gave her what appeared to be a lovely cunt-lapping, one which made her come strongly, then left her panting with delight, her hunger satisfied for the time being.

"Oh, Adam, that was so exciting to watch!" Sharon told him when he took her in his arms again.- "I sure would love to have you suck my pussy like that before you fuck me."

"I'll give you all the cunt-lapping you can take, you beautiful little woman," he assured her as he put a hand in her crotch and stroked her virginal snatch.

He played with her tits and twat for a long time and then whispered to her that he was ready to suck a beautiful little cunt. She trembled as he lay on his back and waited for her to mount his face, but before she did, Sharon paused to look at his big cock as the hard rod jutted like the mast of a ship.

Hurriedly, she knelt astride his head and he put both hands on her ass and held there as he looked up, his body trembling at the sight of the little pink gash.

Neither seemed to be in a hurry to start, so she knelt as she was and enjoyed looking down at the man's face, liking what she saw in his eyes and what she felt in her crotch as he slowly fingered her little cunt with one hand while the other fondled a cheek of her ass.

Adam played with her for a long time before both his hands went to her hips and exerted a subtle downward pressure. It was signal enough for Sharon and, with a warm sigh, she slowly lowered her body until she felt her cunt touching his lips. He fastened his mouth to her box with exciting greed, and then he was sucking, his hands rubbing her hips, thighs and the cheeks of her pretty little ass while her mother looked on, so wildly aroused that she began fingering her twat once more, wondering how many comes she was going to enjoy during the seduction of her daughter.

Until that moment, Sharon had believed that having her cunt sucked by her mother or by Emily was the ultimate sexual joy, but as she rode Adam's face and he sucked her churning twat while his strong hands played with her, she found a greater thrill than she had ever known. A part of that delight came in the thought that she, a thirteen-year-old girl, could so wildly arouse the handsome, mature man-her mother's lover.

While he caressed her ass with both hands, Adam worked his tongue into her virginal slit and gave her another shot of ecstasy as he lapped excitingly in a way which further stimulated her pussy juices. He seemed to lap them up as fast as her cunt could produce them.

Sharon saw a blurred image of her mother fingering her twat as she stared intently, then she saw and heard her mother coming, saw her big tits bouncing wildly as her body jerked strongly and her smooth thighs rubbed hotly together.

And then as the tongue continued to lick inside her cunt, Sharon realized that she was going to

come. She had been so intently watching her mother enjoying her orgasm that she had missed the early warning signs and suddenly she was right on the edge of explosion.

She cried out her message, her voice breaking, then the strong hands tightened their grip on the cheeks of her ass. Her head fell back, eyes closed, mouth slackly open. Then she was wailing her quavering song of ecstasy, a little girl who was all woman as she climaxed, her hot, wet little cunt rubbing over the face of her man, her pretty little butt jerking in the strong but gentle captivity of his big hands.

Unable to restrain herself, Mary hurried onto the bed.

Kneeling at Adam's head, she pulled Sharon into a warm embrace and held her tightly, the young face between her boobs as the waves of orgasm stopped crashing and Sharon sighed warmly as though returning from a long and tiring journey.

Delighting in the naked embrace of her mother, Sharon forgot about Adam and her crotch pressed down firmly on his face, but his twitching cock made it very obvious that he didn't mind.

Adam made that even more obvious as his hands moved over her silken smooth behind; then she felt a finger in her crack. It teased her little asshole for a few seconds, then she felt it pushing slowly into her bung and begin pumping in and out.

"Oh, Mother," she said excitedly, "he's finger-fucking my asshole! It feels just like a cock in my butt."

While her mother held her and Adam went on fingering her bung, Sharon wondered how it would feel to be kneeling while he worked his long, strong prick up her ass. She'd heard that people did that, had heard of a girl at school who liked fucking but feared pregnancy, and so she allowed her boy friend to fuck her up the ass instead of in her cunt. She promised herself that she would offer her ass to Adam that way and sensed that he would accept with pleasure. She thought it was called bugging, but she liked the sound of ass-fucking better.

"I think you'd better let Adam get some air, dear," her mother said as she released Sharon. The girl raised her crotch from his face at once and looked down to see that his face was shiny wet from the juice of her wel?-sucked little cunt. She saw, too, that he was smiling and looked very happy, perhaps as happy as she, Sharon thought.

Adam had her lie on the bed then. As he fondled her titties and her warm little twat, she tried to tell him how thrilling the cunt-lapping had been. Then Mary went to the dresser and took a rubber from the drawer.

Sharon watched intently as her mother fitted the latex sheath over Adam's big cock and rolled it down the shaft. It made his prick look even bigger, she thought, bigger and mysterious- looking, almost, but not quite frightening. The fact that he had the rubber on was another reminder to the girl that she was just minutes away from getting her first fuck, and she felt strong tremors of passion racing through her body.

Recalling how he had taken his daughter's cherry, Adam decided to play Sharon the same way as he slipped a finger into her wet slit and began stroking.

Sharon responded instantly, and he observed her pretty ass rubbing on the bed.

He knew he was turning her on, making her more and more ready for her first fuck.

When he saw Mary reaching for her daughter's little titties, he took his hand away and let her take over in that area while he concentrated on the girl's cunt, thighs and tummy. The little slit was tight around his finger as he diddled her, and Adam thought of how tight her gash would be when it was strangling his cock as he fucked her. What other man, he wondered, ever got to fuck two eager young virgins within the space of a few days?

When Sharon began to pant more loudly as she writhed in mounting passion, her mother caught Adam's eye and let him know with a nod that she thought her daughter was hot to trot, that it was time for him to bury his big boner in the tight warmth of her juicy little pussy. When Adam stopped diddling her crack and left his finger in her twat, she kept her body in motion so that she was fucking his finger. That told him that the timing was indeed right.

He smiled at the girl and saw her eyes shining as he moved so that he was kneeling between her parted legs. She knew that her first fuck was coming.

There was one fleeting thought of pain in Sharon's mind, then it went away as she looked at the big cock and wanted to feel it inside her cunt, stretching her hole and turning her from girl into woman.

And then Adam was looming above her. Sharon heard her mother tell him that she would guide his cock to the target. His weight resting on his hands, Adam lowered himself until his cock was in the girl's little crotch, then Sharon heard her mother panting as she reached to clutch the big prick. Sharon felt the latex rub over an inner thigh, then it was being guided right to her little gash, and she sighed loudly as she felt it on her sensitive cunt-lips.

Adam felt the contact, too. He pushed slowly and heard the girl cry out in ecstasy as she felt prick pushing between the lips of her cunt, stretching her hole as the head slipped slowly inside. Crouched close by, her mother stared in awe and excitement as she saw how Adam's dick changed her daughter's slit into a big circle. She watched, panting, as he fed cock into the young virgin's little cunt.

Little-girl hands clutched at Adam's body as cries of joy filled the room. Then the head of his cock found her barrier and pushed gently. Her cherry felt thin, he thought, as though it would break easily. Hoping that was the case, he smiled down at the girl as strong hip muscles bunched; then he drove ahead with his cock, and it barely hesitated at the barrier before it went all the way into her hole and her virginity was a thing of the past. To his delight, he saw that her cherry broke even more easily than his daughter's had. She barely cried out at all as her arms wrapped tightly around him and she moaned as he fed the rest of his prick into the tightness of her little cunt.

Then he was fucking her with long, slow strokes while her mother found and caressed his hairy balls and sent a finger into her own cunt to diddle herself as she watched her delighted daughter taking her first?fuck, her little legs spread wide. Mary heard the sound of sweaty bodies rubbing together, and she trembled at the sight and wild sounds of the big man fucking the excited little girl, her own beloved daughter.

Although he did his best to slow down, Adam knew he didn't have a chance, given the stimulation of the tight cunt and the caressing of his balls. When he felt his load building, he knew it would be futile to fight it, so he pressed down on Sharon and began riding hard and fast. Then he was jerking in her crotch and his sperm was shooting strongly.

"Oh, Adam, you wonderful lover," Sharon told him a little later when he got off her and sat beside her, smiling as he rubbed her tummy, "that was so great. I wish I could grow another cherry right now so you could fuck me again and take it from me."

Both adults hugged the girl warmly, and they shared the golden glow which seemed to bathe the room and, perhaps, the whole world, Sharon thought.

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

And then Dean, Adam's fourteen-year-old son was the only innocent remaining in the group. Mary and Adam agreed that it was time to do something about it. The boy had been prepared for it with a father-and-son conversation after school that day.

He talked to the boy vaguely about sex, wanting to leave the more detailed aspects for Mary, who would find that an exciting part of the seduction. Adam stressed the importance of secrecy regarding everything the boy saw or did, in his home, pointed out that other people didn't believe as they did, and that they could cause serious trouble if they ever got even a hint of what was going on.

"Are all of you doing ... sex things?" Dean asked nervously.

"Yes, Dean, all of us. And now we feel it's time to welcome you into the group.

You're going to do all the things a man does with a woman. Do you like the idea?"

"Oh, yes. Who am I going to do it with first?"

"Mary. She's already your friend, and now she's going to be your teacher. She's a very good teacher, the best possible, and she's very eager to teach you as she taught Sharon and Emily.

Mind you, I did some teaching myself."

"What are we going to do?"

"I think it's best not to go into that right now, Dean. When she comes to visit this evening, you'll go to the bedroom with her and she'll take over from there. One thing I must warn you. No matter how excited you get between now and then, don't jack yourself off or you'll spoil the whole thing. Do you think you can resist the urge?"

"Yes. I won't even play with myself."

"That's good thinking. It may be better to stay around me or Emily. That should help keep temptation from getting too strong."

"Thanks, Dad. You're really something."

Adam gave his son another reminder of the need for absolute secrecy; then they went to the kitchen to find Emily preparing the evening meal. Adam helped her with the work while Dean looked on, admiring his sister's thighs and wondering how soon he would be allowed to run his hands over them and feel more. He had often seen how her ass bulged her tight pants or bathing suit, and he trembled as he thought of taking her panties down to see and feel those plump buttcheeks.

Mary and Sharon arrived for dinner. At the sight of the woman, Dean flushed hotly and felt perspiration trickling inside his clothes. Mary smiled warmly at him and gave him a loving hug, letting him feel her boobs. Then she sat and slowly crossed her long legs, avowing him to see her big, smooth-looking thighs.

His father hadn't actually said that he was going to fuck Mary, but Dean hoped with all his heart and mind that he was going to. He had overheard older boys talking about fucking, and they made it sound so exciting. As he kept stealing glances at Mary's thighs, he tried to picture her naked, then found it more exciting to imagine her taking her dress off and showing him how she looked in her bra and panties.

When the meal was finished, the group went to the living room, where the adults had a drink while they all chatted, sharing the excitement which fairly crackled in the air since all knew what was going to happen in a little while.

Although Dean didn't know it, they were deliberately stalling the session until dark so that the others could go to the balcony outside the master bedroom.

From there, the L-shaped design of the house permitted a view into Emily's bedroom. It was for that reason that they had chosen Emily's room for the seduction of the boy. Too, the back of the house was totally screened from view so that they would have absolute privacy for all that was to happen that evening.

Finishing her drink, Mary put her glass down, uncrossed her legs and raised the hem of her dress. All eyes were on her as she rubbed her inner thighs with the tips of her fingers, her hands moving closer to her crotch as she licked her lips, eyes shining with excitement.

"I'm feeling very horny," she announced. "I think I'm ready to go to the bedroom with Dean for our ... uh ... little talk.

Are you ready, Dean?"

"Y-Yes," he stammered, his face hot.

Getting to her feet, Mary took him by the hand, and they turned and walked from the room. As they left the room, the girls giggled excitedly at the prospect of watching Mary seduce the boy; they hurried up the stairs with Adam.

When they reached the balcony, they saw that Mary and the boy were standing beside the bed, kissing as they embraced. Mary whispered something to the boy, and his hands moved down her back and began rubbing her behind through her dress.

"I'll bet his little cock is hard right now," Emily whispered, and she and Sharon giggled again until Adam told them to be quiet, not wanting to upset his son during his thrilling experience. As he did, he unfastened the waist of his daughter's skirt, pushed it down, and she stepped out of it.

Sharon was wearing pants, and he opened them and pushed them down to her knees; then he lowered her panties to bare her ass, and went to his daughter to do the same. He didn't object when his daughter opened his fly and took his stiff cock out.

In the bedroom, Mary and Dean enjoyed a few kisses. Then she raised the hem of her dress and sat on the edge of the bed with her knees apart. They watched the boy drop to his knees between them.

The audience could see that he was saying something to Mary as he fondled her thighs eagerly, the bare skin feeling smoother and far more exciting than silk.

While Dean went on feeling her thighs and staring at them and at the bit of black nylon panties he could see in her crotch, Mary opened the top of her dress, and said something to the boy. Dean

looked up to watch as she pulled the dress down to her waist. He gave a little cry at the sight of the bulging cups of her black bra and the white skin between. The cleavage of her boobs was deep and thrilling, and the boy hungered to see her tits bare, to rub them with both hands.

He got part of his wish when Mary invited him to feel her jugs through her bra.

He hurried his trembling hands there, squeezing and rubbing as she sighed and looked beyond him, smiling at the audience she knew was on the balcony as she delighted in the feel of the hands on her bra.

Dean put a hand between the cups and felt the upper slope of one tit, then did the same with the other. Mary smiled and told him to get up on the bed; then she held him by the back of the head and pressed his face to the cleavage of her boobs. He seemed very content, and she held his face there for a while, feeling his deep inhalations. At last she released him and told him to strip naked.

The boy didn't hesitate as he got off the bed and began undressing. He paused when only his briefs remained, and she saw the form of his stiff prick making a bulge in the garment; then he emitted a little gasp as he pushed the briefs down and his hard little cock leaped to freedom.

"Come here, darling, and let me feel your nice hard dick," Mary told him, and he went to her and she closed a hand gently around his tool. "My, it feels nice and strong, Dean. Have you ever wondered what it would be like to stick it in a woman's cunt and fuck her?"

"Y-Yes. Are you going to?let me do that, Mary? I really want to. I want to do everything there is."

"That depends on you, dear. If you do everything I want you to, you'll see me bare naked and you'll feel me, too all over.

Then you'll lie down on top of me, stick your cock in my cunt and give me a wonderful fuck."

He assured Mary he'd do anything she wanted and try to do it well, explaining that this was his first lay and he really didn't know much about sex. Mary told him she was sure he would be a very good lover and that she would teach him everything; then Dean was on the bed with her again. She reached behind her back to unhook her bra, being careful not to hide the view from her audience.

When she showed him her naked tits, Dean let a cry break from his throat. The audience couldn't hear it, but they saw his mouth open, and they could guess.

Sharon held her breath as she watched his trembling hands come up hesitantly.

Then they were on Mary's boobs and she seemed to be sighing as the boy fondled.

Her lush jugs were so big and beautiful that his hands looked too small to cope, but Dean did his best, and her eyes told her she was enjoying it.

She kept him playing with her tits for a long time, then told him she wanted her boobs sucked.

Dean looked delighted, and then he was holding her left tit in both hands and sucking. He began the task tentatively, but excitement soon carried him away and he kept trying to get a whole boob into his mouth. He tried so hard that his jaws ached, and a couple of times Mary had to tell him to be more careful with his teeth.

He sucked the beautiful boob until Mary took it from him and they both examined it; then she had

him lie on his back and, her big ass arched toward the window, she lowered herself over him and stuffed a tit into his wide-open mouth.

While he sucked voraciously, Mary put a hand in her hot crotch and began fingering her cunt. It was the most exciting thing she had ever done, and she felt tremors of passion sweeping over her as she thought of all the exciting things that were still to be done.

Mary had only intended giving her cunt a bit of a fingering, but once she started, it felt so good that she kept diddling her twat while Dean sucked her tit. Then she triggered a big come and fell atop the boy, panting, her big ass jerking strongly until the waves stopped crashing and she sighed warmly as she sat up beside him.

"That was a lovely tit-sucking, darling," she said, her eyes shining. "Would you like to see some more of me now?"

He told her he would, and she left him sitting on the bed as she got up, turned her back to him and worked the dress down over her hips. At the sight of her magnificently rounded ass, only partially covered by the little black nylon panties, Dean let out another dry-sounding cry which partially caught in his throat.

As Mary stepped out of the dress, Dean had to fight to focus his eyes on her.

She turned, her knockers swaying enticingly, and showed him the frontal view, a sight as thrilling as the rear view had been, the boy decided.

Standing with her hands on her hips, Mary told Dean to come and kneel before her. She saw his hard prick twitching as he hurried to her; then he was on his knees and his hands were on her thighs.

Mary left him free to do what he wanted as she stood with her thighs together to keep his hands out of her crotch. He made the best of her generous gift, thrilling to the feel of the big, silken asscheeks under his hands, exploring all of her from her waist to her knees, his hands never staying in one place very long.

Telling him to stop, she moved her feet wide apart and let him look up into her crotch. When she gave him permission, he raised one hand, palm up, then earned it to her crotch where he felt the warmth of her cunt through the sheer nylon.

Dean thought his pounding heart was going to shatter as he rubbed her cunt mound gently.

"Your hand feels so good in my crotch, darling," she told him, "but I think your face would feel even better. Put your face between my thighs and suck my panties. I'm going to train you to suck cunt as excitingly as your father and sister do," she added as she put a hand on the back of his head and guided his face into her crotch. He began sucking at once and liked it so much that he hoped she would let him keep on doing it for a long time.

The nylon of her panties was warm, so warm; then it became wet as he sucked, producing exciting sounds, wondering what her cunt looked like and how soon Mary would let him see it. It surprised him that he found no taste in her crotch, none of the unpleasant odor he heard older boys talking about. Her box just smelled clean and beautiful and very exciting. While he sucked, both his hands continued to play with her lovely big behind.

Outside, as he watched and fondled two bare asses, it was all Adam could do to resist the urge to

bend one of the girls over and bury his cock in a tender cunt to blow his load. Still, if he did, he reminded himself, it would spoil the rest of the performance for him, so he contented himself with fondling pretty young asscheeks.

Dean had been sucking for a long time before Mary patted him on the head and told him to stop; then she turned her back to him again and once more smiled to the audience.

"All right, dear," she told Dean, "we're coming to the big moment now. Feel my panties a little, then peel them down and have a look at my bare ass. It's a really big one, but your father thinks it's beautiful. I hope you will, too."

"Oh, yes, I know it is! It's the most beautiful thing I ever saw," Dean told her, and then both hands were rubbing the seat of the stretched panties. The hands rubbed for only a few seconds, then Mary felt them moving up to the waistband of her panties, and she took a deep breath.

She loved having someone take her panties down, but it had never been as exciting as it was when his trembling fingers managed to grip the nylon. Then he was slowly pulling her panties down, baring plump, silken asscheeks.

He paused when the upper half of her ass was bared, blinking in an effort to focus properly. Then he resumed unveiling her butt and pulled her panties down until the garment slipped from his fingers and fell down her legs. Resting a hand on his shoulder, Mary stepped out of her panties and kicked them away.

She would have taken him back to bed then, but his arms wrapped around her and she heard an impulsive cry. His face pressed between the cheeks of her ass and she could feel his labored breathing. His hands came around her, and she felt him stroking her pussy bush while his young face pressed and pressed more firmly, as though Dean was trying to get it entirely into her smooth crack.

But it was her cunt that needed attention then, had to have another come, so she took his hands off her belly and invited him to get on the bed with her.

While he staggered to his feet, Mary told him how much she had enjoyed the feel of his face between her asscheeks. He glowed as they went to the bed, and then she lay on her back, raised and parted her knees and invited Dean to look at her cunt.

He got down on his hands and knees and stared in her crotch.

Some boys had told him he would shit his pants if he ever looked at a real cunt, but Dean knew how wrong they had been as he stared at the soft pink lips; then he watched as she parted her puffy gash with the tips of long, well-manicured fingers and showed him inside, telling him that was where his cock would be when they fucked.

"First, though," she told him as her finger diddled, "my cunt needs a nice sucking. Give me a good sucking and licking and make me come. After that, we'll enjoy a beautiful fuck and you'll shoot all your cream in my snatch."

Dean was eager to get started, but Mary made him wait while she gave him a lecture on the art of cunt-lapping. In the course of the lecture, she guided one of his fingers into her slit and showed him where her passion bud was located. He assured her he wouldn't forget.

Ready then, Mary sighed as he hurried his face to her crotch.

His mouth touched her snatch and then Dean was sucking again. It was much more exciting with his mouth right on her hot, wet cunt, Dean realized, and he sucked voraciously while his hands rubbed as much skin as he could reach.

Mary's sighing and panting told him he was doing the job well, and then his tongue licked into her gash and her sighs became deeper, warmer as he probed her juicy puny and told himself that he would be content to spend the rest of his life with his face in her hot crotch, even if he never got to fuck her.

When she told him to, his tongue wasn't searching for her clit.

There was a moment of panic for him when he failed to find it on the first try; then he licked a little closer to the top of her twat and heard her loud gasp when he licked slowly over her clit as her ass squirmed on the sheet.

While Mary kept urging him on with hotly panted words, he lapped her cunt beautifully. Then she warned him that she was going to come. Not knowing what was expected of him, the boy just went on licking her clit as he rubbed her smooth hips. Then her body jerked, cries of ecstasy broke from her throat and she pushed his face away from her crotch. Dean stared hotly as she panted and jerked through what struck him as being a very long and strong climax, acting as though she were suffering great pain.

But when the orgasm passed and she opened her shining eyes, Dean knew that there had been no pain at all. Her eyes shone, her whole face seemed to glow, and he sensed her great joy.

She confirmed that with words, telling him that his mouth and tongue had done the job beautifully and that a boy who could lap her cunt so nicely was going to get to do it often, if he wanted to.

Eagerly, he told her he loved eating her cunt. She bathed him in a warm smile as he offered to go down on her again. Turning over to lie face down, Mary invited Dean to play with her ass some more while she thought about it. His hands hurried to the big, smooth cheeks and then he felt the firmness of her flesh as he squeezed.

After playing for only a little while, he drew the firm cheeks apart with both hands, then his face was pressed between them again, and he was licking her crack and the exciting bung he found there, making Mary purr with delight as she realized what tremendous potential he had. Any boy who would so eagerly suck a woman's cunt and get his tongue into the crack of her ass without being told, she reasoned, could be trained into a perfect lover, one who would do anything and everything to please a woman.

The licking of her crack and tonguing of her brownie, so thrillingly performed, made Mary want to arch her ass sharply so that he could get his tongue right inside her butthole to ream her. She had heard of the act but had never experienced it. On second thought, she decided to wait a while for that and to have him eat her cunt again.

When she told him to sit up, he did so, licking his lips, his eyes wide with delight. She told him how exciting it had been and that another time he was going to be allowed to do even more.

Then she told him to lie on his back and eat her cunt another way.

Mary knelt astride his head. He looked up and let a low, quavering moan break from him at the sight of pussy, tits and lower slopes of beautiful asscheeks; then she told him she was going to deliver her hot cunt to him to be sucked and lapped.

She let her body come down slowly, and Dean held his breath as her open pink gash approached slowly, so slowly that it was maddeningly exciting as he waited for the feel of her cunt on his mouth, the confinement of his face in the thrilling warmth of her wet crotch. Soft, warm cunt brushed lightly over his nose and he groaned in her muff. Then she delivered her cunt to his mouth.

His next groan was muffled in her cunt; then he was sucking, his hands fondling her smooth, naked asscheeks.

As he sucked and licked cunt, Dean wanted to tell her that it was his favorite position, and he would want to eat her that way every time, but talking was out of the question at that time, so he concentrated on sucking and licking her juicy, delicious cunt until she climaxed again. When she did, it was a thing of wild excitement as her wet crotch rubbed all over his face, smearing it with tasty juice.

"Oh, you darling boy," Mary said, sighing as she got off his face and rubbed a hand in her wet twat, "what a delightful cunt- lapping that was. If any boy ever deserved a good fuck, it's you," she told him; then she was lying on her back with her knees raised high and wide apart as she invited him to get aboard her naked body and get his dick into her slit for his very first fuck.

Trembling, he did so, lying on her smooth warm body, his face between her tits as he purred with delight. She told him to get his cock into her slit. He raised up a little, reached between them and found his stiff prick, then he was probing her box with it, probing until he felt his rod slip between the lips of her cunt. He pushed his dick slowly, going out of his mind with excitement as he felt the ecstatic joy of pushing his cock into a woman's cunt, getting it right inside her hole where it was warm, soft and thrillingly wet.

As he began fucking slowly, Mary pressed her big tits together, confining a warm, sweating face between them, adding to Dean's delight and nuking the fuck such a thrilling thing that he felt sure no other boy or man had ever enjoyed so thrilling a screw.

He panted, and she felt him drooling between her big tits as he humped his hard little cock in and out of her already juicy cunt; then she released her boobs as her hands rubbed down his back to cup his jerking butt.

Dean was just wondering how long he would last when he felt the churning in his balls and knew he was almost at the breaking point, that his fuck was almost finished. He tried to hold his load back, but it was hopeless.

Grunting and groaning, his body jerking in her warm crotch, he pumped his fuck juice into the depths of her pussy, and she held his shuddering body until it was all over.

"How did you like your first fuck, darling?" Mary asked when he opened his eyes and sighed as he savored the feel of his spent cock soaking in her hot, juicy cunt.

"I can't tell you, Mary," he replied in a weak voice. "I don't know enough words. Please say you'll let me get on you and do it again soon."

"Yes, darling," she assured him warmly, "you're going to fuck me often from now on. I love the way you suck and fuck, and tongue my asshole. You're going to be a very busy boy from now on."

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## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Having discovered the joy of fucking Mary, Dean was eager to get into Sharon's twat. He was even more eager to strip his beautiful older sister naked, fondle her firm young body and stick his tool into her pussy.

All this came out in the course of a family conference later that evening, when all of them were fully clothed again.

Adam and the girls told how excited they had been while watching the exciting performance; then it was Mary's turn to tell of how thrilling the seduction of the boy had been, how she especially enjoyed the way he had tongued her crack and her bung, promising him she would teach him exciting variations of that game.

The girls had been excited by that act, too, and had agreed that it would be exciting to take Dean to a room and have him lick both their asses.

"There's something we have to make clear right from the start," Adam told the group. "Dean, you can count on getting all the fucking you want from now on, but Mary's cunt is the only one you're allowed to get into."

"Why, Dad?" the boy asked, obviously disappointed.

"Because Mary is fixed up so that she can't become pregnant.

The same doesn't apply to Sharon and Emily."

"But you fuck them, don't you?" Dean asked.

"Yes, I do, but I wear a rubber when I do. You see, your cock isn't big enough yet to wear a rubber safely. What you must remember is that just one drop of your sperm getting into a pussy could knock a girl up. I want the three of you to keep that in mind each time you play and get horny."

"Then I can play with the girls and see them bare naked and feel them up and all that?" Dean asked.

"Yes, of course? In fact, there's also a way you can fuck them."

"You mean up the ass, Daddy?" Emily asked, and she wondered how it would feel to take a hard prick up her shitter.

"That's right. Lots of women like being ass-fucked. I think it'll be especially good with Dean, because his cock is nice and slim. We could have a little demonstration of ass-fucking later. Are all of you interested?"

The girls and Dean assured him they were, and they agreed that they would give it a try later, after Dean had recovered his vitality.

Leaving the others to chat, Adam went to the well-stocked bar and poured a couple of drinks. He returned with them and guessed that things would soon warm up as he noticed that the three females had raised the hems of their dresses, and that Dean was trying to look at all six thighs at the same time.

The evening wore on pleasantly, and Adam saw that the others were eager to move beyond the stage of conversation and get into action. More than anyone, Sharon and Emily made that clear as they sat together on a couch, Sharon with a hand between Emily's thighs, Emily with a probing hand inside

the younger girl's blouse, fondling her firm young tits.

"Since you two seem so interested in playing," Adam told the girls, "perhaps you should put on a little show for us. Who knows, it might help Dean get a hard-on and then we could have a real orgy."

"How about your cock, Daddy?" Emily asked. "Is it hard?"

"It's very hard," he assured her as he watched her playing in Sharon's crotch while she showed him how her pale-blue nylon panties snugged against her warm pussy.

With help from Mary, Adam quickly rearranged the furniture, so the second couch was facing the one on which the two girls sat.

Before sitting, Mary drew the hem of her dress above her hips; then Adam was seated to her right and Dean to her left as they watched the two girls petting on their couch, sharing hot kisses, each fondling the body and thighs of the other. While they watched, Adam and his son fondled Mary's thighs and the crotch of her panties; then she gave the boy permission to unbutton the top of her dress, and there was even more for them to play with.

On the couch, the girls removed each other's clothes gradually, unhurriedly, until Sharon took Emily's panties off.

Then they were both naked.

While their audience watched intently, they went wild with passion, sucking and fondling tits, stroking warm little pussies until they agreed that it was time to produce some comes. Seconds later, they moved into an end-to-end embrace.

For the first time in his life, Dean saw two females lapping cunt in the sixty-nine pose.

It was so thrilling to the boy that he couldn't just watch.

He left the couch and went to play with the two writhing, naked bodies, stealing all the feels he wanted, his cock so hard that he couldn't believe it possible.

Mary didn't mind when Dean left her, especially when Adam put an arm around her and fondled one boob with a gentle hand while his other hand rubbed so excitingly in her crotch that her panties became nicely moist there.

There was a wild flurry on the couch as the two girls climaxed at the same time. In his arousal, Dean clutched at both cheeks of Emily's ass. His fingers dug into the firm flesh hard enough to make marks on her sensitive skin, but she didn't seem to mind as the girls untangled and she got up smiling, looking very pleased with herself and her partner.

When Adam began undressing, Mary and Dean followed his example. As Mary began to push her panties down, Dean begged to be allowed to do that for her, and she smiled as she tugged them back up and waited for him.

"Your daddy made the crotch of my panties wet with pussy juice, Dean," she told the naked boy as he crouched before her.

"Why don't you make my panties a little wetter with your mouth, darling? I love having the crotch of my panties sucked."

It was all the invitation the boy needed as he dropped to his knees, and ran his hands up her thighs. Then his upturned face went to her crotch. While the others watched intently, Dean sucked greedily.

He mouthed and sucked and licked so excitingly that Mary realized that she was on the verge of coming. As the first shock wave struck, she clutched at his head and pulled it tightly against her, her hot crotch jerking against his face until the waves had all passed.

The girls were impressed, and then they watched as Dean slowly pulled Mary's wet panties down, taking his time about it.

When her panties had been pulled to just below her ass, Dean began kissing the plump, smooth cheeks, but she told him to hurry and strip her because she had a surprise for him, one that he would like very much.

Seconds later, Mary stepped out of her panties and knelt on the couch with her head down and her big butt arched high, her asshole and cunt clearly displayed for all to see.

"Adam darling," she said with a sigh, "since Dean likes asses so much, I have a feeling he'd enjoy doing a nice ream job on me."

What do you think?"

"I think the two of you are even wilder than me," he told her, "but I think you're right about a nice reaming."

Adam and his son went to the couch to admire and play with her ass while the girls watched, not knowing what the proposed reaming was all about. They watched as Adam showed his boy how a tongue should be curled into a roll so that it could be worked up an asshole just like a cock. Dean had so enjoyed kissing and licking her crack that he knew it would be sheer delight to get his tongue right up Mary's bung and use it as a prick to ass-fuck her. There was no trace of apprehension, no thought of taste he could encounter there. Her bung was a beautiful little ring in the valley of her ass and he wanted to ream her.

Crouching behind her, he rubbed his hands over both smooth cheeks, and probed her crack with a gentle finger as she trembled and sighed. Then he was holding her well-fleshed hips as he licked up and down her crack.

When he decided that her ass crack should be wetter, like her cunt, he poured saliva into the top of it and watched it trickle all the way down through her crack into her crotch, to make her cunt even wetter. With a gentle hand, he smeared the juice over her pussy. His face returned to her beautifully arched, white ass and went between the cheeks to plant a loving kiss on her butthole, a kiss which made her tremble with lust.

Mary groaned that she wanted to see the boy as he worked on her ass, and Adam hurried away, returning with a mirror which he positioned against the other couch so that she could watch. When the mirror was in place, Mary groaned at the sight of the boy with his face pressed between the big cheeks of her butt, looking at; though he was trying to get his whole face up her asshole.

And then she felt his tongue probing, trying to curl into the tight bung.

Trying to help him, Mary used her ass muscles as though she were shitting. He felt her brownie pushing out to meet his tongue, and as it opened, his tongue pushed inside.

Wrapping his arm tightly around her big thighs, Dean kept his face pressed against her ass. Then his tongue was working in and out of her bung as she panted with lust and tried to describe the thrill of the reaming to the others, who stared in disbelief as Dean went on tongue-fucking her up the ass. Finally it became too much for Mary, and she had to tell him she couldn't take any more.

Dean wore an expression of regret as he let his tongue come out of her shitter and pulled his face away. Before he let her go, he planted one loving, moist kiss on each cheek of her ass, then got to his feet, looking very pleased with himself.

"Finish up the job with your big cock, lover," Mary panted as her naked butt swayed. "Stick that big prick up my asshole and fuck me blue."

Delighted, Adam told her he'd get the Vaseline, but she told him to forget it and slip it to her dry, adding that the boy's mouth had prepared her asshole enough for his big cock.

In no mood to argue, Adam knelt behind her, his pecker throbbing with desire, and steered his cock between her asscheeks.

The children moved in close, watching the prickhead as he guided it to the bung which looked much too small to admit his dong. Then with a groan, Mary felt the cockhead push into her asshole, stretching it as it had never been stretched before.

Dean watched the head of his father's prick vanish up Mary's butt; then he wanted to see something else so he lay face up on the bed, working his way until he was lying with his face under her wide-open crotch. He reached up, rubbed her wet, warm pussy, then slipped a finger into her slit and began fucking her with it.

Mary let him know what a brilliant idea that had been as he went on fingering her twat while his father fucked her up the ass, delighting her and the girls, who stared in mounting arousal, each of them thinking that Dean would soon be diddling them that way, wondering how it would feel.

Adam went on buggering her big ass, his belly making exciting sounds as he allowed it to spank the big cheeks; then the tightness of her asshole provided more friction than he could stand, and he couldn't hold back his load.

Panting the message to her, he gave her bung a few more strokes of cock, then pressed tightly against her warm, white ass.

His load exploded strongly, shooting up into her butt in shot after shot as she purred.

But Mary's purring changed to other sounds as the boy's stroking finger triggered a climax which she enjoyed with Adam's cock still up her asshole. It was a wonderful orgasm and seemed to go on forever.

Faced with the available asses of the two girls, and having only one cock to serve them, Dean didn't want to risk offending one girl by choosing the other, so he tossed a coin, hoping it would win him a ride on Emily's bigger ass. When it fell tails, appropriately, he smiled and led Emily to the couch. As he did, Adam went to get a jar of lubricant; then he went to the couch, and he was gentle as he greased his daughter's bung to provide an easy film on which his son's cock could ride. Because of the smallness of Dean's cock, Adam wasn't sure that her brownie needed lubricating, but he decided to take no chances.

As Adam pulled his finger out of the greased butthole, Dean hurriedly knelt behind his sister and



used both hands to fondle her pretty ass. He wanted to play awhile with the silken cheeks, but acting like a bossy big sister, Emily told him to hurry and get his cock up her ass.

Her attitude annoyed him, and he told himself he was going to have a talk with his father about that; he rubbed the head of his dick on her bung for a few seconds, then gave a slow push and his prick slipped into the greased brownie with ease. He took his time and slowly fed the rest of his cock up her shitter.

When it was all the way in, he pressed against warm, smooth asscheeks and felt his prick throbbing in her tight butt.

He held her by the hips then, as his father had held Mary, and then he was buggering the girl, doing it slowly, loving the feel of his cock pumping in and out of the very tight hole. He saw Mary kneeling close to Emily and reaching under her to play with her tits, making it more exciting for Dean as he went on riding his sister's ass.

Because he had already shot a load, Dean was able to keep the ride going for a long time. But then he reached the stage where it could be extended no longer, so he began riding her ass with fast strokes, making her grunt and groan, and then his sperm pumped up his sister's ass with very strong force.

When it was all over and Dean had taken his spent cock out of her bung, Emily decided that fucking up the ass couldn't begin to compare with taking it in the cunt, yet she thought it was an interesting game and that from time to time it would serve as a nice change of pace.

Deciding that her daughter looked neglected, Mary went to the couch with her and soon had her writhing in lust as she sucked her little titties and played with her hot little cunt until the girl was crying for a come.

Raising and parting Sharon's pretty legs, Mary pressed her face into the warmth of the sweet young crotch and began sucking her cunt. She sucked well, and it wasn't long before Sharon's legs scissored a message of ecstasy as a strong orgasm enveloped her and took her for a beautiful rocket ride. The ride proved to be a long one, such a long one that along the way she passed through heaven and kept on going.

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN

"Darling," Mary said as she and Adam spent a quiet evening at her house while Sharon was at Adam's, romping with Emily and Dean, "there's something I have to tell you. It's been bothering me, and I have to get it off my chest."

"Anything that comes off that beautiful chest will have to be beautiful," he told her and cupped a tit through her dress, fondling it lovingly. "Tell me and then you'll feel better."

"Well, it's about King," she began nervously.

"Don't be afraid, darling. I love you, remember?"

"All right, dear, but it's so difficult. You see, until you came into my life, King was all I had for sex. He served me well.

Since you, I don't need him anymore—I mean for sex.”

“I'm with you so far, dear. Keep going.”

“Well, you see he got hooked on lapping and fucking a woman, and it hurt him when I cut him off.”

“Poor King, it would hurt me if you were to cut me off. I can understand how he felt.”

“You see, dear, after I cut him off, I felt sort of disloyal.

He'd looked after me, but I refused to look after his needs then.”

“Mary, you're a very loyal person, and I can well understand your feelings.”

“All right, here's the rest of it. One night, he came to me, put his snout in my crotch and cried. I couldn't stand it, so I stripped and let him lap my cunt a little. Then I went down on all fours and let him fuck me.”

“I think that was the only decent thing for you to do, Mary.

You're not a selfish person.”

“Then you're not angry?”

“Angry? Why in hell should I be angry? He was your lover until I came along and interfered. As I see it, the poor animal is hooked on you and it would be an act of cruelty not to give him a piece of tail from time to time.

“Oh, darling!” she said and turned to throw her arms around him. “No wonder I love you. You're such a man, such a wonderful man.”

“I'm only what you make me, dearest. Now let me tell you something. I assumed you were still letting King fuck you, and I've been dying to watch. I didn't ask because I was afraid I'd embarrass you, but I've been waiting for you to invite me.”

“Oh, Adam, I've been such a dummy about this whole thing.

I'd love to have you with me when he fucks me. We can do it tonight, if you want. He hasn't had a screw for almost a week.”

“Mmmm, it sounds too good to be true, my angel. Let me get you nice and horny, then bring him in and I'll get to watch him ball you. Oh, Christ! This is really going to be a treat!”

“Darling, would you like to fuck me before he shoots his juice up my cunt?”

“No thanks. I want to have a hard-on during the performance.

I'll be hot to fuck you later. I don't mind riding a wet deck.”

“Riding a wet deck?” she asked, puzzled.

“It's an old navy term. It means getting into a cunt after it's already been fucked.”

“You can ride my deck anytime, lover-wet or dry.”

They got up and began undressing. While Adam stripped naked, he had Mary leave her bra and panties on, and she liked that, liked it because it meant he wanted to take them off for her, and Mary always enjoyed the way he did that.

"Oh, lover," she sighed as he pushed his briefs down and his stiff tool leaped out, "one look at that delicious cock and I could forget all about King."

"Thanks, darling, but why settle for one cock when you can have two? Besides, I've been waiting a long time to see that big dog humping your sweet ass," he told her, kicking his briefs away as she hurried into his arms.

While they kissed, he fondled lovely asscheeks through her panties and around them. During their second passionate kiss, Adam pushed a hand inside her panties and played with silken cheeks of which he knew he would never tire, just as Mary knew she would never tire of the big cock which throbbed as it pressed against her belly.

Before taking her onto the couch, Adam unhooked her bra and took it off; then he was handling her big tits, driving Mary wild with passion. She was sighing hotly as Adam took her panties down.

"Are you sure you want me to let King fuck my cunt?" Mary asked as he inserted a finger in her pussy and gave her a slow diddling which kept her ass squirming.

"I'm positive," Adam assured her. "I can still see it in my mind, that time I watched through the window when he lapped your beautiful cunt and balled you.

This time I won't jerk off, though. I'll get you in the same position and then I'll be your big dog."

"Oh, yes, Adam! I want you to watch King fucking me. I'd like to let the kids watch, too, but I'm afraid I'd shock them too much."

"I'm not so sure about that, darling. I think it would be wild. Now that you mention it, I'd love to see the big brute fucking Emily and Sharon. He'd look so big mounted on Sharon's little body with his big cock rammed up her little slit."

"If you think so, Adam. Anything you want. I guess the girls would love being fucked by a dog at that. Yes, we'll do it, Adam. I'd give anything to watch King screw Sharon. We'll do it and we'll all watch. Maybe I'll let them watch me getting dog-fucked first, just to show them how thrilling it is. Do you want me to get him now, dear?"

"No, darling, your tender little cunt isn't ready."

"Isn't it, Adam? What does it need to be ready?"

"It needs a nice sucking to make it juicy and very slippery.

It needs more than just a sucking. I'll get my tongue up your slit and give you a lapping that'll make you come."

"Oh, lover, that's such a terrible thing to do! It will make me suffer so."

"Yes, you poor little angel, you're going to suffer so badly.

You didn't know how cruel I could be, did you?"

"No, but I'm so small and weak and you're so big and strong.

I'm helpless, Adam, I can't stop you from eating my cunt and making me cry. I'm going to try, though. I'm not going to let you open my legs."

Adam took the finger out of my cunt and Mary closed her crotch, pressing her thighs tightly together. When he reached to part them, she kept them closed and sounded like a terrified little girl as she begged him not to eat her twat.

The exciting game drove Adam wild as he forced his hands between her thighs and she went on begging as he parted her legs wide and stared into her crotch as she went on playing the game.

Even then, she thought they would play the game again soon. In her mind, she saw him dragging her to a bed, tearing her clothes off and raping her while she pleaded and begged for mercy she wouldn't want or get.

Mary was still begging and pleading when his face went down into her crotch and he began sucking her hot, juicy cunt, his hands caressing her ass lovingly. She stopped playing the game then, and her hands went to his head, mussing his hair as she moaned with passion, rubbing his head as she urged him on and he sucked and lapped her snatch eagerly.

When his tongue curled around her hard passion bud, Mary felt orgasm approaching and knew it was going to be a beauty, one of those sensational and shattering ones that would leave her limp and drained.

When climax struck, it was like lightning that hit first in her crotch, then fanned out through her whole being. As it surged more and more strongly, Adam held her tightly, his arms around her jerking ass, his face pressed into her pussy bush.

"Oh, my darling," she panted a little later, "that was a new, all-time record.

You've never sucked my cunt so beautifully, and I've never had such a come in my life."

"I'm glad to hear it, angel. Did it make you ready for a good fucking by a big, horny dog?"

"Oh yes, lover! But I'll have to rest for a minute. Right now, my cunt couldn't take it. I think it'd kill me."

They rested for a few minutes, Adam lying with his cheek on the muff of hair which crowned her well-lapped cunt. Then she told him she was ready. He got up and watched the exciting motions of her bare ass as she went to get her dog.

When Mary returned to the room with the animal, he looked more than happy, his long tail wagging and his tongue hanging out.

It was obvious King knew that he was going to fuck his woman again. Adam felt his cock throbbing strongly and wondered if he would shoot off in the air while watching the exciting performance, one the like of which few men had ever seen, he guessed.

Mary sat on the edge of the couch, her crotch wide open. She jerked a little at the touch of the cold snout on her inner thigh; then the dog was licking while Mary rubbed his head and talked to him in the loving tone she always used when he was licking her snatch.

"That's my good dog, King. You really know how to lap a cunt. Yes, baby, it's nice and juicy, isn't it?"

As she talked to the licking animal, Mary parted the lips of her cunt and held them open so that King's rough tongue could reach the sensitive interior of her horny snatch.

Looking at Adam, she saw him standing, holding his hard cock in his right hand, a lustful expression on his face. She wondered if he were thinking of that time when he had seen King lapping and fucking her.

"Oh, Jesus! He's going to make me come!" Mary panted and took one hand out of her crotch to rub the animal's head and urge him on.

The big tongue kept licking over her clit. Mary let out a wail which rose in pitch and broke as she fell back on the couch.

Her lush, white ass jerked strongly as she rubbed her body hotly on the rough fabric in her second magnificent come of the day.

Again Mary had to pause to rest. At last she sat up, sighing, and told King what a good dog he was and how beautifully he had lapped her cunt. Standing, she turned her back to him and bent to sway her beautiful ass, telling him he was about to mount her and collect his reward for the lovely cunt-lapping he had given her.

Hurrying to her, King put his snout under her ass and sniffed, liking the aroma of woman cunt he found there, his cock beginning to harden and stick out of the furry sheath. But the dog, Adam thought, couldn't possibly be more excited than he was at the prospect of watching his woman being mounted and fucked by a big dog.

Telling the animal to sit, Mary went to Adam and gave him a passionate kiss.

Then he released her and she knelt on all fours, her lovely tits dangling pendaluously, her silken ass beautifully arched, her knees apart.

Adam wanted to drop to his knees beside her so he could play with her body and kiss and tongue the crack of her ass but he didn't dare. Despite the fact that the big beast was well-trained, Adam didn't want to run that kind of risk. He had only one cock, and he didn't care to have it used for dog food.

Knowing how she was exciting Adam, Mary went on with the teasing game, making them both wait. Looking at the animal again, Adam saw that more of his cock had pushed out of the sheath. As the animal stared at Mary's cunt, the sheath peeled back, all the way back over his balls and Adam gasped as he saw the length of the beast's big prick.

Mary saw it, too, and knew how ready the dog was. She decided it was time to stop teasing and take a good fucking.

"All right, King," she said warmly, "come now and mount my ass. Mount me and get your big cock up my hot cunt. Fuck me!" she panted.

Staring intently, Adam was surprised that the beast didn't leap for Mary. When she called him, King got to his feet, looked under to see that his cock looked as ready as it felt, then went to her unhurriedly and sniffed at her cunt.

King mounted her naked body with easy grace. As he did, Adam was again startled by the size of the

dog's stiff cock, almost as big as his own, and streaked with blue veins which gave it an unnatural appearance. But there was nothing unnatural about the way the big cock jabbed in the air as he adjusted the position of his hind feet, the prick jabbing closer and closer to Mary's cunt as Adam hunched beside them for a closer view of the fucking, the mating of animal and beautiful, naked woman.

The dog stopped his futile jabbing, repositioned his hind feet and, seeming to sense that he had the slit lined up, jabbed strongly. Mary groaned as he rammed half the length of his cock into her hole, paused, then fed her the rest of it.

His forelegs wrapped around his woman, King began fucking her. He humped like a pro, keeping Mary panting and sighing as the long cock pistoned in her twat, moving so fast that it was almost a blur. Watching intently, Adam was able to see the beast's cock on each back stroke, wet with Mary's hot cunt juice.

Instinctively, Adam had his cock in his hand as the show went on, and he was jacking himself without being aware that he was doing it. When he realized he was very close to shooting his load, he released his dick at once, thankful he had stopped in time, so that when King was finished, it would be his turn to play dog with his beautiful woman bitch.

But King showed no sign of being finished as he kept panting while his magnificent prick pistoned in Mary's twat. Adam wondered whether she was going to have a come while the beast was still humping her and giving her cunt a first-class screwing.

The answer to his unasked question came within seconds as he saw the dog give a few faster strokes, then press against the warmth of Mary's silken ass. His body jerked strongly and Adam knew that the dog was shooting his juice up her twat and, knowing how Mary fucked, he guessed that her cunt was sucking cock, draining the animal's balls.

When King was finished shooting his load up her sucking cunt and his knot subsided, he dismounted. Remaining kneeling, Mary told him to go out of the room, and he did. Adam followed him to the door and closed it. Seeing that Mary was still kneeling and panting, he guessed the beast had brought her close to orgasm but hadn't finished the job.

"Hurry, Adam!" she panted in confirmation. "He brought me so close. Get your cock into me quick. I want to feel you on my bare ass, lover. Get that sweet cock up my cunt and fuck the hell out of me."

Adam was panting with eagerness as he dropped to his knees behind her and pulled her silken cheeks back against his belly, marveling at the lovely feel of them. Then he released her, took his stiff cock in hand and went looking for her cunt. He found it very quickly, and it felt hot and soft and excitingly wet. He heard her moan as he rubbed the head of his cock up and down her slit a few times; then he very slowly pushed his swollen prickhead between the lips and Mary groaned as she felt it stretching her twat.

"Oh, yes, darling!" she panted. "This is it! This is real fucking. That was only a novelty. Give it all to me, lover! Make me feel that beautiful big prick up between my tits."

Adam doubted he could get that far into her, but he tried his best. Even after his cock was in her hole to the balls, he pulled her behind tightly back against him and pressed hard, feeling his cock throbbing in her hot snatch as he held her well-fleshed hips lovingly, the way she liked to be held when he fucked her that way.

Wanting to make sure she would come, he fucked her slowly, his belly making an exciting spanking

sound each time it slapped against her asscheeks. It was a sound she never tired of hearing, a feel she loved so much she promised herself that one day she would ask him to smack her naked buttcheeks with his hand, perhaps to give her a real spanking that would leave her behind hot and red and tingly.

But for the time being, his cock was giving her everything she could want, and she loved it as the big rod filled and stretched her gushing cunt.

And then it became better as she felt the first warning flash which told her an orgasm was on the way. Mary told him she was getting very close. To his surprise, Adam wasn't, so he indulged in the luxury of some fast stroking. His hands gripping her tightly, he panted as he pistoned his cock in her cunt furiously.

Then he felt his balls tingling, and hoped he would time it right so that he would pump his sperm up her cunt just as she was enjoying her come.

The low, quavering cry began, her body jerked and then she was coming. Adam pulled her beautiful behind tightly against him as he rammed his cock up her pussy and held her against him as his balls sent spurt after strong spurt shooting up into her sucking, convulsing cunt.

Adam chose to remain mounted on her ass for a long time after the fuck was over. When he did dismount, his well-used cock soft and shrunken, Mary tiredly lowered herself onto the thick carpet. Adam's arms went around her, crushing her luscious boobs against his chest as they kissed lovingly. The torrent of passion had subsided for both, but the glow of their love went on.

Later, they talked of how they were going to enjoy it when King mounted Emily and Sharon to show them what it was like to be fucked by a big dog.

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## **CHAPTER SIXTEEN**

Adam and Mary were married in a private ceremony, but they didn't go away on a honeymoon. It was during school vacation, and they decided they would spend their honeymoon at home with their family, much to the delight of the children.

Wanting some special events as honeymoon spectaculars, they had postponed having the dog fuck the two girls, and it was to be a highlight of the week's celebrations they had planned.

On the night of the wedding, the family stripped naked soon after dinner and romped through an orgy of oral sex. Adam and his son kept their cocks hard for the females until all had been cunt-lapped enough. Then, after Dean spent a long time kissing and licking the bride's butt and reaming her asshole with his talented tongue, the others cheered while he lay atop her lovely, naked body and fucked her.

"Ooh!" he panted as he pushed his stiff little dick up her well-lubricated cunt. "You're my Mom now, and I'm fucking you in your warm cunt. I'm fucking my mom."

The others laughed, but that didn't diminish their wild arousal as they watched the little boy lying between Mary's thighs, his little ass bobbing as he fucked, finding it as exciting as the first time he had screwed her, that magic day that seemed so long in the past.

After the ceremonial fuck was finished, Adam tossed a coin and Sharon won the right to soften his

big cock in her hot little cunt. While Adam sat on an armless chair and had Sharon sit facing him to take her fuck, Dean told Emily he would do nice things to her since she had lost the toss.

Dean and Emily and Mary watched as Sharon raised her body, and Mary guided her husband's stiff prick to her daughter's little cunt. Then the girl slowly lowered herself, impaling her twat on the big cock which kept throbbing as it worked into her tight, juicy slit. Adam held her little ass cheeks as she rode up and down, fucking him to the delight of both.

Keeping his word, Dean had Emily kneel with her head down and her beautiful ass arched high. For a little while, he fondled and kissed the silken mounds of her we, then he- pressed his face between them, licked her crack wetly until she felt juice trickling into her cunt, and then he curled his tongue and worked it up her tight pink bung and began reaming her.

When the others thought the party was over for the evening, Mary surprised them by bringing the dog into the room and, lying across the bed with her w right on the edge, she called the beast to her and he lapped her cunt until she came with fierce strength.

The children were more than impressed, and the two girls were dying to have King lap their cunts, but the main event was still to come, Mary informed them as she knelt on all fours and invited King to mount her and fuck her.

While the children gasped in disbelief, the trusty animal mounted her nicely presented behind and they stared at the sudden growth of his cock as the sheath peeled all the way back. He jabbed his tool up her hot cunt with one shot and went on to give her a lovely fucking.

The following evening, there was another coin toss and this time Emily was the winner. She trembled with wild arousal as the dog lapped her tender young pussy, licking until she had her come.

She trembled even more as she knelt on all fours and the big beast mounted her while the others stared. He missed her little slit a couple of tim?s, the head of his cock jabbing in her crotch, then he scored a direct hit and gave her about four inches of prick in the first jab. He hurriedly worked the rest of his boner into her hole and went on to give her a terrific fucking.

The following evening, it was time for King to fuck little Sharon. There had been an extended round of cunt-lapping to set the stage for the performance, and her cunt was juicy when she gave it to the animal to lap. He did his job well and she had her third come of the evening before she knelt on all fours on the carpet and the dog sniffed her cunt once, then mounted her little body.

His eager cock found her cunt quickly, and then he was humping her pretty little ass. She kept moaning with joy through the delightful fucking the dog gave her. When it was over and the dog had dismounted to curl up and lick his well-used cock, Dean dropped to his knees behind the girl and surprised her by slowly working an excitingly hard cock up her asshole.

Seeing that the girl's other hole was being neglected, Adam dropped to the floor and worked a finger up her snatch. While the boy buggered her ass, he used the finger skillfully so that she enjoyed a good come.

Proving the adage that the family that lays together stays together, their life became a thing of continuing joy and beauty.

That still applied six years later, although there were some changes. At twenty, Dean was a handsome young man, a good student in college and, most importantly, his cock had developed so



that it was a full inch and a half-inch bigger than his father's seven-inch banger. Given his early training, he was a masterful lover, and he never tired of keeping the three females more than satisfied, with lots of help from his father and from King.

As could have been predicted, Emily matured into a stunningly beautiful young woman at twenty-one.

Perhaps the biggest surprise was Sharon. As a girl, she had been slim, almost to the point of being skinny, but six years changed that and at twenty she was a real beauty. She retained relatively slim thighs, but her fanny had developed into a lusciously rounded thirty-eight inches and Dean never tired of pressing his face between those cheeks to lick and ream, sometimes using a finger in her twat to make her come while he had his tongue curled up her asshole.

She had a narrow waist and an almost boyishly flat tummy, but they were overshadowed by a pair of huge tits, though given their firmness they didn't require a bra at all.

Adam was then a mature forty-seven, but still as good a stud as he had been in the beginning. He swam and golfed and kept himself in excellent condition for the exercise he got at home.

Mary, too, was careful about such matters as diet and exercise so that at thirty-eight, she still had a stunning figure, her tits, thighs, ass and tummy girlishly firm, although maturity brought on a few more pounds, giving her an overall roundness which the other members of the family loved to play with.

She continued to be as highly sexed as she had been in the beginning, and never lacked a companion to romp with, male or female, as she continued to enjoy lesbian sex just as much as the more conventional style with Adam and Dean, not to mention the totally unconventional variety she got each time King lapped her cunt or mounted her to fuck his human bitch.

On Mary's thirty-eighth birthday, they held a party for her, just the family, of course. It began with a steak and champagne dinner, and Dean established the course of the party when he suggested that they go to the bedroom with their coffee and dessert, the dessert being grapes and birthday chocolate cake.

Since Dean's sexual imagination had surpassed even his father's, Mary knew she was in for a special treat, though she didn't even attempt to guess what it would be. In the bedroom, they all stripped naked, Dean helping Mary out of her bra and panties while Adam did the same for Emily and Sharon; then they all kissed passionately and fondled eager bodies.

Telling Mary he needed some help in eating his grapes, Dean had her lie on the bed with her knees raised and parted, then he went down on her and lapped her cunt until she had a magnificent come. When he asked her to, Sharon brought his dish of grapes and he put it down beside the panting woman.

Mary's eyes went wide with surprise and delight as she guessed what he was going to do, then he confirmed it as he gently parted the lips of her cunt and put a grape inside. He rubbed her belly for a few seconds, then returned his mouth to her snatch and removed the grape, chewing it with obvious delight.

"Come on, Daddy," Emily panted as she rubbed a hand over her twat, "eat grapes out of our cunts."

Adam was pleased to comply with the request, though he thought bananas would have been more appropriate but told himself they could do that another time.

The grape-eating went on for a long time, but it was obvious that the women didn't consider the time wasted. Then that portion of the snack was finished, and the three of them had their cunts lapped until they came, Dean looking after Mary and her daughter while his father gave Sharon a pair of good comes with his mouth and tongue.

But Dean still had more in store for his stepmother, and he had her lie face down on the bed while he admired, fondled and kissed her beautiful big ass, then he asked one of the girls to hand him his plate of birthday cake.

There was a knife on the plate and Dean used it to scrape the thick layer of chocolate icing off the cake. It made quite a pile, and then he called on his father to hold the cheeks of Mary's butt apart while he filled her crack with the sweet icing until there was none left and her crack was well filled with the rich brown goo.

On a signal from his son, Adam released her asscheeks and they all agreed that she was a beautiful birthday cake, but Dean wasn't finished. Taking a small candle from his pocket he inserted it in the chocolate and would have lit it, but his father told him to wait while he got his Polaroid camera which, fortunately, was loaded with color film.

Adam took one picture showing the chocolate in the crack of her white ass, then Dean lit the candle and his father took another picture. After that, Dean blew out the candle and they all sang Happy Birthday. Sharon suggested that Mary should get the traditional birthday smacking of one spank for each year, but Dean was afraid the jarring would dislodge the frosting, so Sharon was outvoted and Mary's ass was allowed to remain pristine white with the rich brown stripe down the middle.

Bending over his stepmother, Dean lovingly kissed the lush cheeks, licked his lips, then began eating his dessert, his hands rubbing her hips as she sighed while Adam took more pictures of his son eating his memorable meal.

Dean licked so well that when he finished, Mary's crack was completely cleaned, her little asshole having been licked back to its natural color, but some of the chocolate remained close to her cunt. It was difficult to reach from that position, so he had her turn over so that he could attack from her crotch.

After the last of the icing had been licked away, he decided that while he had his face in her crotch he might as well suck her pussy again, so he did, and gave her a lapping which sent her flying into orgasm again.

Adam decided that since it was Mary's birthday, she should receive a cunt-lapping from everybody and Sharon hurried to her mother's crotch and did just that. Adam allowed his wife a little while to rest before Emily's beautiful face was buried in her crotch. Then, after a nice lapping from Emily triggered another orgasm, Adam went down on his wife and sucked excitingly until wild orgasm swept over her.

"Oh, you darlings, all of you," Mary said with a sigh as her husband got up, licking his lips which had the fragrance of her cunt still on them, "my body just feels like it's floating. No woman has ever been this well looked after, I'm sure."

"We still have more for you, angel," Adam said as he waved his stiff prick at her and smiled. "You have to know that both Dean and I are goi:g to give you the rest of your birthday present, a couple of nice fucks. You do want that, don't you, darling?"

"You better believe it, lover, and my cunt has never been more ready for a fuck than it is right now."

Mary had been lying across the bed for her suckings. She turned and opened her crotch wide for Adam. He went to her, played with her wet cunt as he knelt in the frame provided by her legs; then he lowered himself onto her, found her hot cunt and slowly pushed his prick into her slippery slit and they both moaned.

Adam paused for a little while to fondle her tits, then he began to fuck her.

He gave her a nice slow fucking, and it was all Mary needed for her tenderized clit to trigger another orgasm, a honey that went on and on while Adam let his cock soak in her hot hole. When she finished, he gave her a fast, rough fucking and she loved it as he crushed her into the bed when his sperm was spurting into her cunt and feeling as though it was flooding her belly.

Adam rested on his wife's body for a little while, a warm glow spreading over his body; then it was time, Dean told him as he patted him on the shoulder, for Mary to be fucked again so Adam withdrew his spent tool and got off.

Kneeling astride his stepmother, Dean gave her what she loved to play with, on her birthday or any day, and it felt excitingly hard in her hand, then the head felt even more exciting in the warmth of her mouth as she sucked his prick until he took it away from her, then moved down to get in her crotch. She sighed as he lay atop her. He heard her low moan of passion as his cock pushed up her cunt to give her her second fuck of the beautiful evening.

Like his father, he preferred to-keep his fuck slow, to make it last so that Mary would come again, as she did. Dean had tried to hold his load for later, but he didn't have a chance as the walls of her pussy sucked on his dick while she was climaxing.

Her cunt sucked him off and drained his balls, leaving him so weak that when he rolled off her, he couldn't get up.

Mary thanked her family for a lovely birthday, then Adam told her that one member of the family had been left out. Her eyes flashed with excitement as she realized he was talking about the dog, and it did seem only right that King should share in the festivities, so she told them to bring him on, telling them that there was plenty of juice in her twat for the animal to lap up.

Twisting around, she positioned herself with her ass over the edge of the bed, her legs parted and drawn back above her. Then Sharon came into the room with the big dog, who took one look at Mary's crotch and went to her at once.

King sniffed her cunt and seemed to detect that it didn't smell the same as usual, then he licked her slit and found the mingled male and female juices. He seemed to like that well enough, and he went on to lick up warm, cunt-flavored jism. He was still eating when she went into orgasm and had to push the beast out of her crotch.

Mary thought she should be tired after such a wild, wonderful bout of unbridled sex, but she wasn't, and she almost leaped off the bed as she prepared to submit her naked body to the horny animal.

She knew he was eager to get his cock in her pussy, but she decided to tease him a little, standing with her feet braced wide apart and allowing him to sniff at her cunt and lick it as she talked to him and rubbed his head. When she decided she was as eager for the fuck as he, she patted his head, told him to sit, then went down on her hands and knees on the thick carpet, swaying her big ass while her tits did an exciting dance of their own.

The dog seemed to be straining to get at her lush body, but as always, he remained sitting until she

gave him the command to fuck her. Then he hurried into action. Without pausing, he mounted her, and the group saw his big cock ready for action as the sheath peeled back and his blue-veined dong went searching for Mary's snatch. He found it very quickly and rammed his cock home firmly, half the length in already and the rest following close behind.

While King fucked his woman, Adam took more pictures. He had purchased the camera only recently, and was determined to produce the best collection of erotic pictures in captivity. Considering the cast he had to work with, he didn't doubt that he could achieve his sexy goal.

King panted as he gave his woman bitch the usual first-class fucking. Her passion bud was so tender and sensitized from all the previous action that when she felt the onset of another climax, she was not at all surprised.

As the orgasm swept over her, her body jerked very strongly and she wished the dog would pause in the fuck, but he wasn't concerned and he merely kept humping her ass. He held her a little more tightly with his forelegs, as though fearing that the jerking of her body would make him slip off, but his strongly braced hind legs served him well, and he rode out the storm until his cock was buried deeply in her hole and his body was twitching as he pumped dog juice up her greedily sucking cunt.

After that, all agreed it was time for a rest. Then Emily changed her mind, pointing out that she and Sharon hadn't had even one orgasm. Dean offered to look after that with his mouth and tongue, but they declined with thanks and got onto the bed together. Dean went along with Mary and Adam for drinks, but as soon as he poured his, he returned to the bedroom to watch the two young beauties squirming naked and panting with lust as they did all the exciting things to faces, tits, behinds and hot, tingling cunts, things which imparted a sheen of perspiration over both lovely bodies.

Eventually, their playing led them into an end-to-end embrace, and then each was sucking the cunt of the other. Finding a beautiful ass cheek that was not occupied, Dean fondled it and felt his pecker begin to stir with promise.

By the time the two beauties climaxed, Dean's cock was excitingly hard again, and he showed it to them with pride. "Who gave you permission to play with my ass while we were eating cunt?" Emily asked him in pretended anger. Dean didn't know what to say. "I think I'm going to have to punish you for that. Lie down on the bed, face up."

Sensing it would be fun to go along with his sister, Dean did as he was told.

He heard her tell Sharon to sit on his chest and keep him in place. Excited, Sharon complied and sat so that her ass was close to his face, an arrangement which Dean didn't seem to mind at all.

"What are you going to do to punish your naughty brother?" Sharon asked.

"I'll tell you. You see this hard cock that he's so proud of?" she said as she closed a hand around his rod. "Well I'm going to soften it for him. I'm sure he has big ideas about getting it into one of our cunts this evening, but I'll fix that for him with my hand. "

"You're going to jerk him off?"

"Damn right I am. Do you hear that, Dean? I'm going to pull your pud and make you shoot your cream, just like you used to do when you were a little boy."

Warning Sharon to be careful that he didn't escape, Emily began jacking her brother's big hard cock. She loved doing it and often begged him to let her jerk him off, but he never wanted to waste

the jism and always refused.

He made a big pretense of begging and trying to get away from the young women, but in reality he was quite content. His sister had a gentle, soft hand, and he liked the way she beat his meat.

He decided that he could add a little to his enjoyment, so he tugged at Sharon's hips until she understood what he wanted. She delivered her butt to his face, bending a little forward so that he could get his tongue at her asshole.

"Don't make it too fast," Sharon told Emily. "He's really licking my bung, and you know how I love it."

"Don't worry, I've waited a long time for this, and I intend to make it last.

Christ, what a boner this is."

The slow pulling Emily was giving his hard cock as he licked Sharon's crack and asshole filled the boy with delight, and he wondered why he hadn't allowed her to jerk him off that way before. Having discovered how enjoyable it was, he decided he would have them work on him that way often in the future.

Tonguing a pretty asshole was something he had enjoyed since childhood, but the act of reaming a bung while having his cock slowly and lovingly jerked made it a whole new ball game.

When he felt himself getting close to shooting, Dean raised a knee, hoping that his sister would understand the signal. She did, releasing his prick and rubbing his thighs and hips with both hands. After she had allowed his pecker to cool for a couple of minutes, her hand returned to it and she resumed the delightful jacking, still working very slowly.

"Is his nose still in your crack, Sharon?" Emily asked as she stroked his cock.

"Oh, yes, and it feels great. Christ, I'll never get tired of that tongue of his, not even if he licks my asshole raw."

"Don't you think it would be nice if you could work up a little fart for him?

He loves your ass so much I'm sure he would find your farts sweet."

"I'll try," Sharon said, "but I don't think I can make one just now."

Lying in the thrilling confinement of the girl's plump, warm ass, Dean knew she was really trying when he felt her bung pushing out and heard her make a little groan, but it produced no wind and he merely pushed his curled tongue up her brownie a little farther. He felt sorry she hadn't found what she was trying for since he told himself that it would be exciting.

A new thought occurred as he pictured himself tied and helpless while the girls and Mary did anything they chose to entertain themselves with him. Perhaps he would dress up for them in wig, makeup, padded bra, garter belt, nylons and panties and then submit totally to the women to be their slave. It had been a long time since they'd played that game, and he decided they were overdue.

Again Emily released his cock and this time reached for Sharon's beautiful tits, which she played with lovingly while the tongue kept working between the cheeks of Sharon's ass. When Sharon

asked her to, Emily added sucking to the fondling of the luscious boobs, and it made her ass rub back on Dean's face. It made his tongue slip out of her bung, but he didn't mind, knowing that he could get it back in later.

Emily sucked one big tit, then transferred her mouth to the other, not hurrying at all, knowing that Dean's stiff cock would still be waiting when she was ready.

"Ooh, that was so nice," Sharon said when Emily finished sucking her tits. "I'm going to want to do a sixty-nine again after you've jerked him off. Do you feel like another round?"

"You know I always do. I'll finish him off now and he'll shoot cream all over your tits and belly."

"I have a better idea, Emily. I'll bend over and open my mouth. See how good your aim is."

When Emily resumed jacking Dean's cock, her hand was just as gentle but it moved faster. She heard muffled groans coming from Sharon's ass, then felt a quick expansion of the stiff cock and nodded excitedly to Sharon who bent closer, her mouth open.

She wasn't quite fast enough, and the first spurt of sperm hit her on the chin, but Emily aimed his cock at the open mouth and the rest of his load shot into it.

Watching the performance as they stood inside the doorway, naked, Mary and Adam looked quite pleased with everything.

The boy's cock had been drained, and he lay resting on the bed as the young beauties locked their naked bodies together and each sucked and lapped the other's cunt.

His arm warmly around Mary's waist, Adam gave her a loving squeeze, and that said all the things she understood. Years before, an unhappy man and an unhappy woman had met under strange circumstances. They had gambled not only with their own lives, but with those of their three children, and the gamble had more than paid off.

Life was beautiful for the five of them, and they could ask nothing more from fate than to be left alone to continue enjoying the beautiful life they had built for themselves.

**The End**