

Moving Violation

For the first time in three days, the Taylor family was able to sit down and have a meal together.

That was how long they'd had their new home after moving halfway across the country when Vic, the father, had been transferred several months after receiving a big promotion. Also at the table was his wife, Ellen, and their two kids, Richard (aged fifteen) and Carla (fourteen).

After spending the last three days and most of the evenings in between getting the moving truck they'd used emptied out and then getting everything unpacked and arranged, all of them were more than a little tired and glad to be done with it—which wasn't the reason all of them were so quiet. Though neither Vic nor Ellen knew it, the kids were fully aware of the arguments the two of them had had in the time between Vic learning of the transfer and when they actually started packing up to move: while Ellen had been delighted by the significant increase in Vic's salary, and had encouraged him to accept the promotion when it was offered, she had ignored his warning that the promotion likely meant they'd have to move to a different company office more in keeping with his new responsibilities. So when the transfer had come, Ellen hadn't appreciated being reminded of that fact; on top of that, she was more than a little resentful that she was being called on to give up a job she loved to follow him—thus the arguments.

For Richard and Carla, it was as much having to listen to their parents arguing as it was having their own lives uprooted: leaving their friends behind and moving to some strange new place where they didn't know anybody.

That left all of them to suffer the gravid silence while they ate. Neither of the kids wanted to say anything that might get their parents arguing again, while neither Vic nor Ellen was willing to speak for fear of having the other take it wrong and having the arguing start again.

They were nearly finished with their meal when the doorbell rang. Welcoming the opportunity to escape the silence, Ellen said that she'd see who it was and quickly left the table. A few seconds later, all of them could hear it as she answered the door.

Instead of the conversation they expected, the rest of the family was surprised to see Ellen come back into the dining room—closely followed by a man wearing some kind of mask. Even more surprising was that there were two more men behind the first, all of them with their faces covered.

Demanding "Hey, what's going on here?!", Vic started to get up, only to have the man behind Ellen club him with a pistol that Vic hadn't seen. Knocked to the floor, Vic could only lay there, stunned, as the man behind Ellen told all of them "This is gonna go easy as long as all you folks just stay still and don't make any fuss. Once we get what we're after, we'll be gone, and you can all go back to doing whatever. Got it?"

Terrified, Ellen and the kids said that they did; Vic could only nod weakly.

Still watching the four of them, the man behind Ellen told his companions "Okay, go to it."

From where she stood, Ellen could see as the other two men headed for the stairs to the second floor before the man behind her told her "Okay, lady, go ahead and have a seat. This might take a while, and I don't need anybody getting frisky and trying to get away." When she was seated, the man backed up a

little bit, then pointed his pistol at Vic and told him "You, too, buddy—off the floor and on a chair, where I can keep a good eye on you. No more trouble, right?"

Again, Vic could only nod as he slowly got himself back onto the chair he'd been in.

Each minute that passed seemed more like an hour to the family as they waited under the watchful eyes of the masked man. It was roughly twenty minutes after they first saw him that one of the others came in and whispered something to him. He became visibly agitated, and they heard him say "Then one of you look again, only don't be too neat or picky. I want the other one to start hauling out anything else valuable; the TV, stereo, computers, that kind of shit. Go on, get moving!"

When the other man had left, the one with the gun looked at Vic and Ellen as he said "Now, me and my friends, we're looking for shit we can make some money off of. Nice place like this, we gotta figure that you folks got money. And if you've got money, then there's gotta be some other stuff besides the TV and shit. Stuff like rings and necklaces and other shit like that. So where is it?"

Having gotten his senses back, Vic told the man "Everything we've got like that is all still in a lockbox at the bank. We weren't going to bring it home until we got an alarm system installed. All we've got here is maybe a couple pairs of my cufflinks and a little bit of my wife's jewelry."

The man made a disgusted noise before telling Vic "I sure hope you're just bullshitting me, mister. 'Cause we ain't doing this 'cause we like to, or because we got a whole lot of other choices."

After that, they all waited in silence again, until one of the others came up to the man with the gun and whispered to him.

They family could all hear the anger in his voice when he turned to Vic and asked "You sure you don't want to tell us where the good stuff is?"

"I already told you: it's in a box at the bank. You've probably already got everything that's here."

"Okay, buddy, I guess I'm gonna have to see if I can't change you mind." Addressing all of them the man waved his pistol as he told them "All of you... up, and into the other room."

There was no mistaking the worry on their faces as they did what they were told; the kids followed their father, with Ellen coming last. Once they were in the living room, the man with the gun directed them to stand in the open area in front of where their large-screen TV had once been; the empty space on the wall told them that it had been taken while they were in the dining room.

With them all standing together, the man with the gun asked Vic "You really wanna make this harder than it has to be? Just give the stuff up, and we'll go. Otherwise..."

"I'm NOT making this harder. Everything really is in the bank vault", Vic answered.

The man sighed, then told them "Okay, then, if that's how it's gonna be. The rest of you just remember: what happens from here on is because of *him*. All of you... strip. Naked, as in nothing on. Get moving."

Vic took a step forward and declared "Hey, wait a minute now!", only to find himself facing the business end of the pistol the man held. Abstractly, Vic knew better, but the barrel he was looking into appeared to be approximately the size of the Eisenhower Tunnel the family had driven through. Nothing else needed be said or done for him to step back and be quiet again.

Looking at the rest of the family, the man waved the gun slightly as he told them "You heard me. Get those clothes off! Maybe that'll get daddy talking!"

Knowing that it was useless to protest, Ellen and the kids began undressing; a moment later, Vic followed their example.

Each of them dawdled as much as they could, but none of them dared to delay too much; the subjects of sex and nudity basically didn't exist in their home: Vic and Ellen were too embarrassed to do more than (badly) cover the basics about reproduction with their kids, and the kids had picked up enough of their parents attitude to be too ashamed to ask the things they wanted (and needed) to know. As a consequence of that, nudity was too closely associated with sex, and THAT resulted in everyone in the family keeping themselves "decently" covered virtually all the time. Robert and Carla had both seen nude babies, of course, but nobody older than that—except in the extremely rare magazine that featured such things. When each had rid themselves of their outer clothing, they did their best to fumble and pause and generally put off doing anything else—until all of them were down to their underwear, and the man with the gun angrily told them "C'mon, c'mon... strip, I said! I told you naked, and I meant naked, dammit! Get moving!"

Ellen and Carla were both silently crying as they reached behind their backs and unhooked the bras they were wearing; Vic managed to keep himself composed, but there was no mistaking the shame and embarrassment Robert felt as the two of them began sliding their underwear down. Once they were naked, Vic simply stood up, his hands at his side, while Robert did his best to cover his pelvis while trying not to look as though he were doing so. Neither of them could resist looking before Ellen and Carla started to slide their panties down their legs. When they were also naked, both females tried to cover themselves, too: Ellen by putting an arm across her bust and shielding her pelvis with the other hand, while Carla clasped her hands in front of herself and using her arms to cover what she could of her breasts.

By the time the family was naked, the other two men had rejoined the one with the pistol and were standing behind and on either side of him; they were far enough apart that all three men had clear views of the entire family, who had all opted to look at the floor instead of each other.

After what seemed like forever, the leader of the group asked "Anything to say, dad? Make all this stop now?"

Knowing that he wouldn't be believed even if he told them again, truthfully, that all the valuables were at the bank, Vic said nothing.

After several seconds, the man with the pistol realized he wasn't going to get an answer, and said "Okay, if that's the way you want it. All of you, hands at your sides. That means you, mom, and both of you kids. Do it!"

All three were blushing furiously as they did as commanded. None of the four could resist raising their heads enough to get a look at the others, however. Robert saw that his mother looked a lot more like the girls his own age he'd seen, with her smooth skin. Her bust sagged only slightly, and his eyes locked on her quarter-sized areolas and the pencil-diameter nipples that stuck out from them. When he dragged his eyes down, he saw that if she did anything to her bush, it couldn't be much more than trim it for the modest swimsuits she wore. Though Carla was standing next to him, she was still turned toward him enough that he could see she had slightly small breasts—each the size of half a small orange. His

sister's areolas were only the size of a penny, dark like his mother's, with dime-size nipples sticking out of them. What he could see of her muff was that it was small, dark, and somewhat sparse; looking her over, he was hit with the realization that she was easily as attractive as any of the other girls he'd known before they moved.

For his part, Vic couldn't look at his daughter's nude form without feeling a sense of pride at how pretty she was. There was also a vague sense of arousal at the sight of her that he unconsciously quashed.

Next to her husband, Ellen took note of how lovely her daughter was, too; but she couldn't resist looking at her son, only to be surprised to see that he was getting visibly excited by the presence of naked females. She knew that it wasn't something he had much (if any) control over, but it still troubled her... particularly when she realized that it meant he was getting aroused by the sight of either his mother or his sister.

Embarrassed as she was to be naked in front of the others, Carla found that she was actually kind of glad that they were all nude: she was at an age where her curiosity about the male body easily overwhelmed her concerns about her own nudity, and she was being given the chance to see what guys *really* looked like when they got older, instead of having to imagine the changes they went through after they were like the babies she'd seen. Trying desperately not to be seeming to do so, she looked at her dad's workings—the flaccid penis that still somehow looked so big, and the sack hanging down with what looked like a couple of golf balls inside it; the entire area covered in thick, dark hair. When she finally shifted her attention to Robert, she was couldn't believe what she saw. Not only was his thing—his penis, she remembered—sticking out, but it seemed to be growing even as she looked at it! Below his slowly growing member, she could see Robert's scrotum (she briefly felt pleased with herself for remembering) with his testicles inside. Though not as large as her father's, she still thought they and his penis looked pretty big, particularly since he was only a little more than a year older than she was. She somehow found it a relief that Robert's pubic hair wasn't all that much more developed than her own, being a little bit thicker and covering only a little more area.

Blushing furiously as it happened, Robert wished that he could just fall into a hole and never be seen again as he felt his cock getting longer and harder. The **last** thing he needed or wanted was for his sister or his MOM to see him with a hard-on! But there didn't seem to be a damn thing he could do about it, even though he could usually distract himself by thinking about other things instead of his growing penis. He wished mightily that he'd never raised his eyes from the floor and looked at his naked mother and sister: both of them were better looking than he'd figured, and were RIGHT THERE with him; once he looked at real, live naked females... well, that was it.

His discomfiture was only worsened when one of the other men laughed and said "Hey, check it out... junior's getting a woody!"

That was promptly followed by the other asking "Who do you think it's for—his mom or his sister?" before both of them laughed.

Roberts penis had reached full erection when the man with the pistol said "Okay, dad, let's see how far you'll let things go before you give it up. Just tell us where the good shit is whenever you've had enough."

Addressing himself to Robert, the masked man told him "Junior, it sure seems a shame to waste that thing, young as you are. How about if I show you that I'm really not the asshole you probably think I

am, huh?" When Robert didn't answer, the man went on "Just so you know what a great guy I am, I'm gonna let you learn some stuff you probably wouldn't find out about until you were older. For starters, Junior, what you get to do is play with tits. Go ahead and get your hands on your sister's—they aren't real big, yet, but they sure do look good, don't they? And missy, you don't do anything to stop him, right?"

Feeling herself blushing at the thought of her own brother playing with her breasts, Carla knew that the man was talking to her, and slowly shook her head to let him know she understood. Closing her eyes, she waited to feel Robert's hands on her.

At fifteen, Robert had been out on dates with girls before; the problem was that those dates were almost always only possible if one of his or the girl's parents were available to take them anywhere. Still, there had been other occasions where he'd been able to get alone with a girl with enough privacy that the two of them had been able to do a little exploring while they kissed. The thing was, that exploring had always been done from the outside, so even though he had some idea of what a breast felt like, he'd never actually had his hand directly on one. So despite the erection waving in the air in front of him, and the fact that it was Carla he'd be touching, he still couldn't help but experience a fair amount of eager anticipation at doing what the man with the gun had told him to. Slowly, so he didn't appear to be as eager as he really was, Robert stepped in front of his sister and brought his hands up, finally settling them on the mounds of her bust.

Even though Carla didn't know what to expect when Robert's hands reached her boobs, what she felt still surprised her: somehow, even though it was still just a pair of hands much like her own, **his** hands somehow felt different than when she did it. His touch felt... better, somehow; and she liked it.

Despite the thrill of having a pair of real naked tits in his hands, Robert managed to keep sight of the fact that they were Carla's tits. So when he started giving them some exploratory squeezes and saw her grimace slightly, he immediately reduced the pressure he was applying so he didn't hurt her. It took him only a moment to decide that he *really* liked breasts—particularly Carla's. They were somehow soft and firm at the same time, and delightfully smooth and warm in his hands. He happily spent considerable time just running his hands over them, gently squeezing them, and enjoying how they felt in his hands before moving on to find out what he could about her nipples. To his surprised pleasure, he found that he could softly tease the firm cylinders and roll them between his fingertips and get them to grow even longer as he watched the dark brown rings surrounding them pucker in sympathy. It was a fascinating sight to go along with the more tactile pleasure he was getting.

Other than a single brief bit of discomfort, Carla was pleased with what her brother was doing with his hands: his touch was as gentle as she could have wished for, and he was somehow able to bring out sensations in her breasts that she'd never experienced on her own. Then when he started playing with her nipples, those feelings increased even more, and she could feel her nipples grow longer and harder under his ministrations. Completely forgetting that it was her own brother molesting her, and that the two of them had an audience, Carla felt herself begin to get aroused from what was happening to her developing mammarys.

Without being told to, Robert cupped his sister's breasts in his hands so that he left their peaks exposed, then leaned forward and took the end of one mound between his lips. Carla gasped in response, and when he started to suck on the woman-flesh in his mouth, her pleased moan was so soft that he was the only one to hear it, he was sure. It was short work for him to bring both of her nipples to full extension,

glistening with his saliva.

Carla had never been able to bring her nipple and tongue together, never mind actually experiencing having any part of her boobs in someone's mouth. The feel of Robert's mouth around her nipple had been indescribable; when he actually began sucking, the sensation only got better... something she hadn't thought possible.

Robert was having the time of his young life when he heard their captor tell him "I think you've had enough fun, junior. Now it's time for you to learn something you'll like even better."

Reluctantly, Robert pulled his head and hands away from Carla's tits. He caught the brief look of disappointment on her face before turning his head to look at the man with the gun while he waited to hear what was next. He couldn't believe his ears when he heard the man ask "You've heard about eating pussy and blowjobs, haven't you?"

Feeling himself blushing and not trusting himself to speak, Robert nodded his head, prompting the man to tell him "Well, congratulations, kid; now you're gonna find out what they're all about."

Hearing that, Vic started to take a step and say something, but before he could finish either, the pistol was pointed his direction, and the man holding it demanded "You got something to say, asshole? 'Cause unless you're gonna tell us where to find what we're after, you best hold still and not make a fucking noise, got it?"

Quashing the desire to do or say something he knew was not only futile but would likely get him or one of his family hurt, Vic silently resumed his previous position. Still, there was no mistaking his anger and outrage as he listened to their masked master tell his son "To eat pussy good, you gotta wanna make the girl feel as good as she does for you. So you get into the right frame of mind, missy's gonna give you a blowjob first."

Carla turned her head to face the man, plainly surprised and disbelieving what she'd just heard. She was still looking at him when he told her "That's right, missy—you're gonna take your brother's dick between those pretty lips of yours and suck him off. You're gonna make him cum in your mouth, and you better swallow every drop of it, too... or else I might be tempted to think that you don't like his dick, and shoot it off. Got it?"

Terrified at the idea of Robert getting shot at all, never mind THERE, Carla softly answered "I understand."

Even hearing the threat of having it shot off his body wasn't enough to make Robert's cock flag even a little bit; the idea of having his hard penis in something other than his own hand was simply too much. Standing there, he watched as Carla turned to face him before slowly sinking to her knees. A few seconds passed before she reached out and hesitantly cupped one hand under his scrotum while the other took tenuous hold of the base of his member. Doubting that anyone else could see, Robert could feel his sister slightly hefting his balls in her hand as though trying to guess their weight before she carefully (and gently, much to his relief) explored their size and shape. Apparently satisfied with what she learned, she turned her attention to performing a similar exam of his hard cock. When she was done, she leaned forward and gave the head of his manhood a tentative lick; a moment after that, she opened her mouth and took him between her lips.

Although she wasn't happy about what she'd been told to do, Carla wasn't what anyone could call

disappointed about it, either: she'd been wondering what a real adult penis looked like, and although her brother wasn't quite an adult yet, he was certainly big **enough**—both in age and physical development. When she knelt down in front of him, she was getting an opportunity that she'd only dreamed about before then. Not daring to delay too long, she still took a few seconds to really LOOK at Robert's hard penis, it being both the first she'd ever been that close to and the first erection she'd seen. Despite the circumstances, she couldn't help but feel a little thrilled by what she saw; after she got her hands on him, that thrill got even stronger. Raising the hand under his sack, she felt a mild surprise at how light it seemed in comparison to how big it looked; her tactile exam of its contents told her that his balls were generally shaped like the drawings she'd been shown in the Sex Ed class she'd had. Despite the gentle grip she had on his cock, she could still tell that it was incredibly hard underneath the smooth skin she was touching. Slightly awed by the size of it (her hand barely wrapped around it, and its width didn't extend even halfway down the length of it), she was amazed to realize that she wasn't afraid of the idea of something that big being inside her... knowing that a baby came out of the same place reassured her that the seeming monster she held would go in even easier.

Knowing what she had to do, Carla leaned forward and took a hesitant taste so she could prepare herself for actually having it in her mouth. Relieved to find that it didn't have any appreciable flavor, she did what she knew she had to and simply opened her mouth and took in what she could comfortably fit. She'd heard older girls talking amongst themselves, and read and heard enough other things to understand that "blowjob" was a misnomer; remembering what she'd already learned, she began putting it into practice and applied a gentle suction to the shaft that extended between her soft lips. With her hand still gripping the base of Robert's erection, she was able to keep him from thrusting himself even farther into her mouth—something that told her she was getting things right. As she continued to recall different bits of conversation she'd overheard, she began applying the details from them: using her tongue at different places and in different ways on her brother's manhood, changing the gentle suction she was applying in different ways, and even starting to slowly bob her head on him.

Having his sister's warm, wet mouth surrounding half his dick had left Robert stunned at how good it felt. When she'd started to suck on him, the desire to feel even more of the sensation was more than he could deal with; it was only the realization that it was *Carla's* hand around the base of his cock holding him back kept him from trying harder to stuff himself into the delightful confines of her mouth. Then when she started *doing* things to him, too... he knew that there wasn't a damn thing he could do to keep from climaxing in her mouth; all he could do was try to put it off for as long as possible. That met with only marginal success, and when she started moving her head on him in addition to everything else it was simply too much for him to bear. He knew she couldn't have shifted her head back and forth a dozen times before he felt his balls start to pull up; a couple more times of her lips sliding up and down his shaft, and he erupted.

From the way Robert was acting, Carla knew **something** was going to happen, but she wasn't prepared in the slightest when his cock suddenly filled her mouth with his juice. Although she was startled by it, she had enough presence of mind to keep going while quickly evaluating the semen he kept squirting. Even though she wasn't wild about the consistency or taste of it, she expected that was mostly due to having never tasted it before. After she had the time to get used to it, she decided that it really wasn't all that bad, and didn't have any qualms about swallowing it as she'd been told to. By the time his cock had stopped pulsing in her mouth, she'd actually started to kind of like the taste of her brother's cum, and surreptitiously used her lips to milk his shrinking shaft of any remaining drops as she slowly pulled her

head back before letting him slip from her mouth. As she moved to stand up again, she proved she'd done what she was supposed to by saying "There, I did it", only to hear the man with the gun say "You sure did, missy!", with a brief laugh.

When asked "That was pretty good, wasn't it, kid?", Robert was ashamed by his enthusiastic "Yeah!"

"Well, the next part don't feel as good, but it's almost as fun", the armed man said. Directing himself to Carla, he said "Okay, missy, time for you to sit down and spread 'em so Junior can get HIS licks in!", drawing laughter from the two men behind him. Despite feeling herself blushing, Carla tried as best she could to maintain her composure as she sat down in one of the armchairs and moved her legs apart—only to be told "Nah, not like that. Scoot forward so your ass is on the edge and hang your legs over the arms. You don't want your brother gettin' a crick in his neck, do ya?"

It was only a few moments until Carla was positioned to the man's satisfaction, causing her to blush even harder at knowing the sight she presented to everybody.

Seeing that his sister was ready, Robert wasn't surprised when the man told him "Go on, kid. Get your face in there and find out what fresh young pussy tastes like. Trust me, it's good!"

After moving in front of the chair Carla was in, Robert moved to sit on the floor; as low as the chair was, he knew he wouldn't be comfortable kneeling, and he suspected he was going to be there for a while. Though he didn't know it, Robert's attitude closely matched his sister's: as much as he hated being forced to do things with his own sibling, there was also part of him that welcomed the chance to learn and do things he'd heard of and wondered about.

With his head that close to Carla's exposed pelvis and crotch, the young man had the opportunity to get his first good look at the details of female genitalia—and found them lovely, to his surprise. Carla's bush wasn't as large or thick as his, making it possible for him to see the surface of her mons; with her sitting the way she was, he didn't have any trouble identifying the small bump at the top of her slightly parted cleft as being her clitoris. Flowing down from it were her inner lips, thin and small and looking incredibly soft. At the bottom, between them, he could see the entrance to her vagina; with her legs spread the way they were, she was opened up enough for him to make out what looked like a small ring inside her. Thinking back to some of the diagrams he'd seen, it took him only a moment to understand that that ring was her hymen... the maidenhead that defined her virginity. The entire area around her opening looked shiny to him, though he didn't know the significance of it until he heard one of the other men exclaim "Hey, it looks like missy's already worked up a little bit!"

Recalling the disappointment he'd seen on Carla's face (and what she'd done AFTER he'd cum in her mouth), it dawned on Robert that his sister might be glad about what they were doing the same way (and for the same reasons) HE was. Awakened to the possibility that Carla wasn't a completely unwilling participant, the young man silently resolved to do as much for her as she'd done for him. After mentally reviewing the little bit of factual information he had about cunnilingus, he leaned forward; when his head got close to his sister's pelvis, he got his first whiff of a singularly enticing aroma. After a couple of seconds, he understood that what he was smelling was the liquid that was making Carla's opening and labia shine. Knowing that it was the scent of her arousal only added to the appeal of its slightly musky and somehow sweet overtones, and made him eager to find out if her juices tasted as good as they smelled.

Extending his tongue, he drew the end of it across her opening and got his first taste of essence of

female—and fell in love with it. Carla's taste wasn't exactly the same as the smell, it was somehow better. He repeated his actions, and extended them by drawing his tongue up between his sister's labia for a little ways. Another pass of his tongue ended only after he'd made careful contact with her clitoris, which drew a soft noise of pleasure from her. Robert didn't think anyone else could see what had happened, but he'd felt Carla lifting herself up slightly to increase the contact between his tongue and her pussy... something that told him she liked what he was doing.

Carla had felt mixed emotions as she'd watched Robert's face approaching her pelvis. That she'd finally find out if having her pussy "eaten" was as good as it sounded like it would had her feeling eager anticipation, while she was deathly afraid that her brother wouldn't find her taste and smell as appealing as SHE did. Much to her relief, his reaction after his tongue touched her the first time was enough to reassure her that she wasn't gross or disgusting there. When he'd progressed to touching her clitoris with his tongue, she couldn't help trying to increase the pressure at least a *little* bit. She hadn't been masturbating that long, but she'd definitely learned how much pressure felt best to her.

Though she hadn't meant it as a signal, Carla knew that Robert had noticed what she'd done when his next contact with her clit was firmer than the first; since the second wasn't as firm as she liked, she tried pressing herself up again. It apparently worked, because when Robert began using his tongue on her clit again, it was nearly perfect. Between what he was doing to and with her clitoris, and the way he was using his tongue at the entrance to her vagina, Carla was receiving more and better stimulation from Robert than she'd ever managed to give herself.

Robert had been worried that he wasn't pleasing Carla when he felt her press herself up against his tongue a second time, but she didn't do it again; when he realized that she was beginning to get even wetter than she'd been before, his fears were completely assuaged, leaving him free to enjoy what he was doing. The taste of his sister was a treat for Robert's taste buds, and knowing that he was arousing her just by using his mouth on her left him feeling rather pleased with himself. It wasn't long until he was totally focused on what he was doing between his sister's thighs.

Vic and Ellen had both watched the initial intimacy between their kids with horror and anguish, but as it had progressed, their reactions had gradually changed.

As he'd watched Robert's actions with his sister, Vic had gone from outrage at what his daughter was going through to consoling himself that at least Robert wasn't doing anything to hurt Carla. But the longer he stood there looking at his nude daughter, the more insistent the little voice in his head telling him how pretty she was became. Then the damn thing started pointing out how sexy she looked, and how she was responding to what her brother was doing to her—pointing out things that he'd willfully ignored: the faint flush she'd developed, how the ends of her breasts had erected and how hard her nipples had gotten, how willingly she'd sucked her brother's cock, and then how wet she was even before Robert started using his mouth on her. His reluctant awareness of her as a sexual being, grown and developed enough to engage in (and plainly enjoy!) the things their captors were having her do, combined with the sight of her lithe naked body to have him starting to feel a vague desire... the target of which he was unwilling to examine too closely.

Ellen had started with feeling great sympathy for what Carla was going through—at least until she realized she was looking at her son's erection waving in the air and thinking how much she'd like to feel something like it inside herself. She and Vic hadn't had sex in several weeks; since shortly after they started arguing, in fact. While she would have admitted that she wasn't what could be called

"passionate", she'd still come to miss the pleasure and release of sex more and more as the weeks had gone by. The first few times she'd looked at her naked son's equipment, she'd told herself that it was simply a normal motherly concern that her son was developing the way he should. But she kept looking more often, and for longer periods of time, and had to change her excuse to concern about what would happen to Carla if the men that had invaded their home demanded that the two teenagers take things too far. When Carla had been obliged to fellate her brother, Ellen hadn't noticed the increase of saliva in her own mouth, or that she was unwittingly doing things with her mouth and tongue as though SHE was the one with a penis in her mouth. Only when she watched Robert filling his sister's mouth with his semen did she realize that she was imagining the taste of cum on her own tongue... something that gave her no small thrill, despite the circumstances they were in.

Then Robert had been told to use his mouth on his sister, and Ellen couldn't help watching in anticipation as her children moved to comply with the demands of their captor; when her son had first touched his tongue to his sister's womanhood, Ellen could have sworn that she felt the sensation of it on her own genitals. Unbidden and unwelcome, her mind conjured up the image of Robert doing that to HER, leaving her ashamed of herself—but unable to push it out of her thoughts.

She was so attentive to what her son was doing to her daughter that she almost didn't hear the man with the pistol tell her "While Junior's finding out how good his sister tastes, mom, why don't you show missy what she SHOULD be doing when she gives blowjobs? It's starting to look like dad would like that."

Glancing over to her husband, Ellen saw that his cock had indeed gotten longer and heavier, though he wasn't anywhere near having an erection. Her initial disgust that he was getting aroused was short-circuited by her shameful admission that she'd been feeling the same way.

She didn't start moving soon enough for the man with the gun, and when she saw him start to point it at her, she hurried to comply with his "suggestion". Moving in front of her husband, she knelt down on the floor before reaching out and taking him into her hand. After lifting the firm mass of his cock up, she leaned forward and took the head of it between her lips. As she started to use her tongue on him, she heard one of the men say "You're supposed to be showing missy how to give head, mom, so the idea is make him cum HARD, not fast."

With her husband's cock in her mouth, Ellen could only nod her understanding before resuming her efforts. Remembering how adventurous and passionate the two of them had been when they were first married, she knew exactly what to do to get Victor erect.

Ashamed that his arousal was enough for their captors to notice, Vic felt a relief that he'd never admit to when he heard one of them tell his wife to use her mouth on him: he missed the sex with his wife more than she did, and it HAD been a long time...

It was a considerable pleasure and relief to him when he felt Ellen's warm, wet mouth surrounding the end of his dick. It got even better for him when she started doing the things she'd done while they were still newlyweds. Only a couple of minutes passed before she had him fully erect, and was slowly sliding her lips up and down his shaft. Closing his eyes, he tried to focus his attention on the feel of his dick in her mouth—but it wasn't long until the face he saw moving back and forth on his shaft was that of his daughter, not his wife. He managed to push the image away, but it kept coming back; each time it did, it became clearer and stayed longer... and aroused him even more, to his dismay.

Ellen could tell that Vic was getting excited faster than she'd expected, but simply attributed it to the fact that they hadn't been intimate for so long. She had her own trouble with the thought that it was *Robert's* cock she was sucking, not her husbands, and the inordinately higher desire she felt as a consequence.

Carla had had her eyes closed since shortly after Robert started licking her, her attention entirely on the incredible feelings he was creating. So when she opened her eyes again, and glanced over to see that her mother was kneeling in front of her father and doing to him what she'd done to Robert, it came as a considerable surprise to her. It also aroused her tremendously, since she'd had the normal crush on her daddy for years, and even masturbated to vague thoughts of the two of them "together". The angle they were at, she could easily see how long and big her father's penis was, and how it shined with saliva as her mother moved her head back and forth on the end of it. Remembering how Robert's penis had felt in her mouth, it wasn't difficult for her to imagine what her mother was experiencing... and Carla felt herself become incredibly aroused as she imagined what it would be like to be able to suck her father's erect penis herself.

His head between his sister's thighs, Robert was almost overjoyed by the sudden increase in the amount of liquids escaping Carla's vagina. Despite his focus on what he was doing to Carla, and how she was responding, he'd vaguely heard what his mother had been told to do; when he hazarded a brief look toward where his parents were, he wasn't quite as surprised to see what was going on. But he didn't find it any less exciting, and was surprised to feel his cock starting to grow again.

The next several minutes went by quietly, the silence broken only by an infrequent soft slurping sound or a restrained noise of pleasure. Ellen's mind kept toggling back and forth between visions of fellating her son and remembering that she was supposed to be pleasing her husband as best she could. In front of her, Victor was fighting a losing battle against the imagery of his daughter being the one with his hard cock between her lips, and the shame and arousal he felt from it.

A short distance away, Carla was occupied with enjoying the feel of her brother's mouth and tongue doing such wonderful things to her pussy and clit while fantasies of sucking her father's cock played through her mind... and further fueled her passions. Between her wide-spread legs, Robert was busy cycling between trying to stimulate his sister into producing even MORE of her nectar for him to lap up, and stealing glances over toward where his mother's head was bobbing back and forth on his father's shaft while his own penis continued to grow longer and harder.

The silence was finally broken when Vic lost his fight to keep the images of his daughter out of his mind; with a deep groan, he began erupting into the warm, wet cavity his dick was in. His release was made even more intense by the thought that it was Carla's mouth, and not his wife's, that was receiving his cum.

Even though her eyes were closed at the time, Carla knew that the sound she heard was her father; almost immediately, she knew it signalled that he'd reached his climax. Knowing that he was cumming, it was easy enough for her to imagine that *HERS* was the mouth he was filling with his cream—particularly since she still had the taste of her brother's semen still on her tongue. The visualization of his cock spurting in her mouth was enough to push her over the edge into the strongest climax she'd ever experienced.

Robert had heard the noise, too, and seen his father's cock and balls pulsing as they repeatedly squirted jism into his mother's waiting mouth; what surprised him was when Carla climaxed, too, so soon after

their father did. Disappointed when her clitoris suddenly disappeared back under its hood, Robert found consolation in the sudden supply of his sister's oils for him to lick up; it took a few passes of his tongue before he realized that what he was doing was making Carla's release not only stronger, but last longer, as well. The thought that he'd successfully pleased his sister after what she'd done for him left him feeling satisfied with himself... and finished the job of getting his cock fully erect again.

Ellen hadn't expected it when the penis in her mouth had suddenly begun spurting wads of hot semen, but she didn't mind. The suddenness of it even gave her the idea that it **was** Robert's cum, a result of his youthful inability to control his own pleasure. That thought was enough to send a powerful spasm coursing through Ellen's womanhood; while not enough to qualify as an orgasm, it was still strong enough to bring her considerable pleasure before she milked the last few drops of sperm from the manhood between her lips, and let it fall from her mouth.

After a few seconds, Ellen started to get to her feet again; seeing his mother move, Robert followed her example. It was nearly a minute before Carla had gotten her breath and senses back enough to make her way vertical again. All four family members looked decidedly uncomfortable as they faced the general direction of the three men that had violated the security of their home.

The silence seemed to drag out longer than it really took before the leader of the captors announced "Well, now, that was quite a nice show you folks put on for us. Junior, it looked to me like you got the hang of eating pussy pretty quick; and the way missy acted, I gotta figure you must've done a pretty good job on her. And mom, I don't reckon your old man is gonna forget THAT blowjob for a GOOD long time!"

Ellen, Robert, and Carla all three blushed before the man continued "I can see that junior's rarin' to go again, and I figure after giving dad head so good, mom wouldn't mind getting a little lovin' of her own. So what I figure needs to happen is for junior to go on over and get mom nice and warmed up. And dad, you might as well find out what junior's been having fun with and have a little fun of your own with missy."

Neither Vic nor Robert moved right away; both had decided that they simply weren't going to go as far as their captors were demanding. But when the man with the pistol pulled the hammer back with a loud click and then told them "If you fellas don't get going real quick like, I'm gonna put a bullet in somebody's tit", they started to move—slowly and reluctantly, looking at their captors leader with hate and suppressed rage until each had gotten to his respective partner.

When he was standing in front of his mother, Robert softly told her "I... I'm sorry, Mom."

Just as quietly, Ellen answered "Never mind, honey. I know it isn't your idea."

Across from them, Victor told Carla much the same thing his son had said to his wife, and heard her answer "It's okay, Daddy. I know you won't hurt me."

A few seconds passed before a voice told them "C'mon folks, time to get things rollin'! Why don't you guys get things movin' by playing with some tits, huh?"

Slowly and reluctantly, Robert brought his hands up and placed them on his mother's breasts, just as he'd done to his sister; to his surprise (and quiet pleasure), he discovered that her mammaries felt nearly as good as Carla's. Larger and softer than his sibling's, they were still smooth and warm under his touch. Deciding that he could claim to be worried about upsetting the man with the gun, he didn't

hesitate to begin exploring his mother's chest ornaments much as he'd done with his sister. As he did, the pleasure of having his hands overfilled with warm womanflesh began to make his dick feel even longer and harder than it had before.

Having her son's hands on her breasts made Ellen feel ashamed of what was happening, at first. But as he began moving his hands on them, gently squeezing and stroking their fullness, her embarrassment gradually gave way to a sense of pleasure with what he was doing. When his efforts expanded to include her nipples, the good feelings she was having grew even faster.

Vic had solemnly resolved that although he had to put his hands on his daughter's body, he was only going to go through the motions of actually doing anything: he'd make it LOOK good, but he was determined that it wouldn't be anything that actually brought him any pleasure. That resolve lasted right up to the point that he first touched Carla by cupping his hands on her breasts. Unwittingly, he gave her small mounds a soft squeeze, and found out that they were as smooth and firm as he remembered girl's tits being when HE was just learning such things. In addition, he could feel the hard pebbles of his daughter's nipples pressing into the palms of his hands; he found the stone wall of his resolve and commitment crumbling under the reality of his daughter's body in his hands. Slowly and reluctantly, he began moving his hands a little bit at a time, fascinated with the feel of Carla's young body.

The command that her daddy should start touching her and doing things with her didn't bother Carla in the slightest; in fact, she welcomed it. She loved him, and knew that he loved her, and she was grateful for the opportunity for the two of them to show each other that love. She was perfectly willing—eager, even—for him and her to take things as far as they could... even if that mean her daddy being the one to take her virginity. After seeing his erect penis, she knew that it wouldn't fit into her easily and that was okay with her; after what Robert had done to and with her, she wanted to feel her daddy's hard cock filling the emptiness she was feeling between her smooth thighs. As she stood there with her father's hands on her breasts, the idea of being fucked by him started to arouse her tremendously.

Ellen could feel that her nipples had gotten hard as a result of what her son was doing to her breasts with his hands, and she was long past feeling any shame or guilt about what they were doing. She was getting the kind of attention she hadn't experienced in **months**, and she simply didn't care who was doing it, or why; all she was certain of was that it felt good—good enough, in fact, that her clitoris was achingly erect and her pussy was wet and developing the empty sensation that all but **demand**ed she find something hard to fill it. Remembering what she'd seen of her son's cock, she felt a mild thrill run through her body at the idea of having the building fires of her lust quenched by him, and started wondering: did she dare let it happen?

When Robert noticed an aroma much like the one he'd detected with Carla, he initially wondered where it was coming from; it wasn't the same, or even close to what his sister had smelled like... and besides, she was several feet away. Then it hit him: what he was smelling was his own mother's juices, and that was enough to tell him that she was getting excited—by him, and what he was doing! He'd been about to use his mouth on Carla when he'd learned what SHE smelled like, but he didn't dare suggest anything like that to his mother... then he started wondering: instead of using his mouth like he'd done with Carla, would it work if he used his hand, instead?

Without realizing it, Vic had gone from barely moving his hands on Carla's breasts to actively playing with them and her nipples, which had gotten longer and harder the more his hands moved on his daughter's chest. The longer he stood there with Carla's lovely body in front of him, the harder it was

for him to resist the increasing temptation to begin doing all of the things that kept crowding into his mind: licking and sucking on the lovely mounds his hands were on, touching even more of her smooth skin on other parts of her body, finding out if her small ass was as tight and firm as it had looked, and so much more.

Carla liked what her father was doing to her developing mammaries: his touch was both gentle and firm, and the way he moved his hands on her was heavenly. Still, she wished that he'd start doing even more with her; she wanted to feel his lips on hers, his hands moving on her body and even between her legs, and so much more. But most of all, she wished she could feel his cock in her, sliding in and out of her just like it had in her mother's mouth. From the way he was acting, she knew that if she told him what she *wanted* him to do, he'd be upset and stop doing **anything** with her—even if it meant getting hurt by the men that had come into their home. Despite her increasing desires, all she could do was enjoy what was already happening and hope that he'd eventually do even more.

Ellen was deeply involved in a fantasy involving herself and Robert when she felt one of his hands leave her breast and start moving down her body. Thinking that she might have missed hearing the man with the gun tell him to do it, she didn't say anything as his fingertips moved farther down her body and closer to her wet pussy. Was he really going to do what she thought he was going to? Was she about to find out what it was like—and maybe get the relief she needed—when her own son started using his hand on her?

As his hand moved ever lower on his mother's body, Robert kept expecting her to say something—almost certainly getting after him for daring to try and touch her that way. But she remained silent, and sooner than he thought he would, he felt his fingertips come into contact with the dark wedge of hair at the base of her belly. Softer than he'd thought it would be, it was so much thicker than his own pubes that he couldn't resist running his fingers through it for a while, enjoying the luxurious feel of her muff. Still, he didn't lose track of what he'd started out to do, and eventually resumed moving his hand downward. The first thing he came into contact with was her clitoris; it was erect and exposed, and he intuitively knew not to do anything to it until he had something to keep it lubricated. Following the curve of his mother's mons, he felt his finger slip between the fleshy lips that he knew bracketed her vaginal opening. They were larger and thicker than Carla's had been, but he didn't find them to be any less soft... or touching them to be any less arousing. Slowly and carefully, he eased his finger farther between them and easily found the opening between her thighs. It was already surprisingly wet, and he could feel the heat radiating from it; after gathering his courage, he proceeded to see if he could get one of his fingers inside her and find out what a real pussy felt like—even if it was his mother's.

Victor had talked himself into the belief that there wasn't any harm in just kissing one of his daughter's breasts, and after lowering his head, did so. But after touching his lips to it, he didn't raise his head again; after a couple of seconds passed, he kissed the other. A few more seconds, and his head moved back to the first where he kissed her nipple. Then it was to the other again to do the same thing. The third time his head moved to Carla's small breast, he didn't hesitate to take its chocolate-brown peak between his lips and begin sucking on it.

The touch of her father's lips on her boob made Carla happy; when he kissed the other one and then went on to do even more, she was delighted. But when she felt his mouth fasten on one, she was nearly ecstatic.

When Ellen felt her son's finger begin to slide into her, she felt a powerful thrill run through her body at

the idea that she was finally going to have *something* in her almost-aching empty pussy. Once her son's digit was fully inside, she was amazed at how good it felt. She knew she got smaller inside when Vic wasn't fucking her regularly, but Robert's finger felt larger than she knew it really was. Slowly and carefully so he'd know she wasn't trying to get him to stop what he was doing, she moved her feet apart, spreading her legs to make it easier for him to do whatever he had in mind.

Robert figured he had to be in the best place and position he was ever going to experience: he had his mouth and one hand full of warm tit while one finger of the other hand was buried in a snug, wet pussy. After more-or-less putting his mouth and hand on cruise control on his mother's tits, he devoted most of his attention to finding out what he could about the inside of a pussy. Feeling that his finger was thoroughly coated in pussy juice, he wasn't reluctant to move it around; it didn't take him long to discover a hard knot with what felt like a dimple in it, which he quickly concluded must be her cervix. Further exploration didn't turn up anything else noteworthy (despite the thoroughness of his efforts); the only other thing he could find was an area a short distance inside, almost right behind the pubic bone, that somehow felt different. Carefully, he began pressing against and rubbing it with the end of his finger, trying to figure out why it didn't feel the same as the rest.

With his mouth busy on Carla's breasts, Vic absently sent his hands to her waist and promptly forgot them. Not knowing he was doing it, he gradually began to shift them around—only to her hips at first, but eventually letting them wander over her body at will. He didn't realize what he'd done until his attention was caught by the sensation of something was moving under them. When that happened, it took only a moment for him to realize that what had been moving was his daughter's ass: she'd been clenching it in response to the way he'd been squeezing and caressing her tight little buns. Before he could pull them off, however, the thought struck him that if Carla had objected to what he was doing, she'd have done or said something to let him know. Instead, she'd apparently been enjoying it; that was all he needed to know to leave them where they were and begin consciously enjoying the feel of the smooth skin over hard rubber that made up her ass.

Carla had been thrilled when she felt her father's hands moving on her. His touch was soft and patient, and the way he touched her so gently only added to her pleasure. When he'd taken her butt in his hands, she wondered if she might be dreaming: from the way he was stroking and squeezing her ass cheeks, there couldn't be any doubt that he liked it. If she could only find a way to get his hands around to the *front* where her clitoris was... or even better, between her legs...

Ellen didn't know what Robert had found inside her, either, but she sincerely hoped that he'd remember where it was: the pleasure she was getting from what he was doing was better than anything she'd experienced for a long, **long** time. It couldn't have been but a few minutes since he'd started **DOING** things to that particular spot, but she was already well on the way to having an orgasm— and from the pressure building inside her, a big one!

Just a few seconds after he'd started trying to find out what that particular place in his mother's vagina was, Robert heard her start making small, soft noises as she squatted down slightly and spread her legs even more. Figuring that if she was doing that, he wasn't doing anything wrong, he kept going. It wasn't much longer until he recognized that the sounds his mother was making were noises of pleasure—and arousal. That was all he needed to know, and he readily kept going.

Once he was used to the idea of his hands on Carla's delightful little ass, Vic didn't see any reason why he shouldn't go back and begin touching the rest of her body again, and find out what he'd missed out

on by not paying attention. He started by sliding his hands upwards, off of her buns and onto her back before caressing his way up to her shoulders. From there, it was around to her sides and down to her hips before taking hold of her sweet cheeks again. After giving her glutes the attention they deserved, he repeated his actions... then did it again and again...

With her father's hands moving on her again, Carla promptly started trying to think of something—anything!—that would get him to touch her where she wanted him to. She'd once accidentally heard some older boys talking about something they called "blue balls"; when she'd asked one of her friends what it meant, discovered that it meant the boy had gotten aroused for too long without having a climax. Just then, she felt a considerable sympathy for any boy that had that happen to him because if there was a female equivalent to it, she had it!

Ellen had reached the point that she couldn't have said anything to Robert if she'd wanted to: the pressure she felt was so great, and she was so close to her release, that all she could do was hold still and pray her son didn't stop what he was doing.

After his experience with his sister, Robert had some idea that something was about to happen with his mother. Even so, he wasn't anywhere near prepared when she stopped the slow arching of her pelvis and froze in front of him. He heard her start to groan, only to have the sound cut off at the same time he felt her pussy clamp down on his finger. He was surprised by the force being applied, and surprised even more when he felt her pussy relax slightly before beginning a rhythmic clenching that ran from where her opening was clenched around his finger toward the end before starting over again. In addition to all of that, Robert could also feel her juices begin to flow out and wet his hand; he'd never even suspected that a female could get THAT wet inside.

Vic had fully turned his attention back to running his hands over as much of Carla's body as he could—even going so far as to start kissing her again so there wasn't any excuse for him not to play with her breasts some more. It had been long enough since he'd gotten the blowjob from his wife that he could feel his cock starting to get thick and heavy again in response to the sensation of Carla's body under his hands. He'd been toying with one of her nipples and started to move his hand down so he could reach around and hold her ass again when she put her hand on top of his and started moving it in a different direction. He wasn't paying much attention to what she was doing until he felt his hand cupping something rounded and slightly furred. When he realized that Carla had put his hand on her mons, he pulled his head back and looked at her in concern. He could see the pleading look in her eyes and hear the wanting in her voice as she told him "It's okay, Daddy. I... I'd like it, even."

Terrified at the prospect of how he might react, Carla simply couldn't think of anything else to do other than put his hand on her pussy herself. Only the things that they'd already been doing together gave her any hope that he'd leave it there, and the prospect of him doing anything more was little more than a dream. Much to her relief, he'd hesitated only a moment before kissing her again while leaving his hand where she'd put it. A little bit later, she'd been delighted when she felt him starting to move it slightly: first it was just so he could cup her mound a little better; but not long after that, he'd wiggled his finger a little bit so that it slid into her crack some more. Then he'd done it again so that his finger was holding her inner lips apart. After that, she could feel the palm of his hand start regularly pressing against the hood of her clitoris; and the final act had been when he'd curled his finger slightly and begin gently pressing against her opening—where she just knew he HAD to be able to tell how incredibly wet she must be!

With the end of her orgasm, Ellen wasn't sure whether to be grateful or not that Robert had discovered that spot inside her; the orgasm she'd just had left her feeling nearly as weak as a kitten. Feeling Robert's finger still inside her, she reached down and took his wrist, holding his hand steady as she carefully lifted herself off the source of her recent pleasure. The way she felt just then, she decided that her best bet was to get off of her shaky legs and simply kneel on the floor. She was grateful for the help she got from Robert, and managed to tell him "Thank you"—realizing too late that he might think she was thanking him for the orgasm, and not the assistance he'd provided in getting her safely to her knees. Smiling to herself, she had to admit that he certainly *deserved* her thanks for an orgasm like that! Robert remained standing in front of her, and when she raised her head, she found herself facing her next temptation... one she readily gave in to, feeling her mouth start to water as she raised her hands and leaned forward.

Naturally, Robert didn't have any idea what his mother's orgasm really meant to her, since he wasn't privy to the goings-on (or lack thereof) in his parent's bedroom. So when he'd heard her thanking him, he didn't have any reason to think that it was for anything BUT helping her to the floor. It was something he was actually glad to do, since he could see that she was having trouble standing after what she'd just been through. Looking down at her once she was on her knees, he saw that her head was hanging down; that seemed like the perfect opportunity for him to find out if his mother's pussy juices were anything like his sister's. Turning his body slightly to try and block what he was doing from her view, he moved his hand to his face. It took only a brief sniff for him to learn that his mother's lubrication was a bit muskier than Carla's, but not less appealing. Sticking his finger in his mouth, he learned that her oils were a little thicker, too, and tasted almost exactly the same as they smelled. It was only a few seconds work for him to get his finger, then the rest of his hand, cleaned of any trace of her. He was just starting to wonder what else was going to happen when he felt a hand wrap itself around his hard cock just ahead of something incredibly warm and wet engulfing the head.

Carla had readily cooperated while Vic got the end of his finger wetted from the abundant supply of her lubrication, and then carefully worked it through the tight ring leading to her vagina; she even tried to spread her legs for him in the process, making it easier for him to discover the obstacle of her hymen not far inside. Vic found himself both pleased and excited with the thought that his daughter was still a virgin. Removing his invading member from her virginal opening, Vic used the oils on the end of it to lubricate her erect clitoris as he tenderly began to stimulate it with a random mixture of caresses, circling it, and simply pressing against it. As he was doing those things, he could hear his daughter's breathing get faster between soft moans of pleasure at what he was doing. With his hand busy between Carla's thighs, he didn't have any objections when he felt her small, cool hand softly grasp his manhood.

Carla was nearly ecstatic that her daddy was touching her the way he was. Even better was that it felt so *wonderful*—better, even, than when she did it... or what Robert had done, for that matter. She was sure she was practically **dripping**, she'd gotten her so wet; when she happened to open her eyes and looked down to see that his penis had gotten longer and thicker, she didn't even think about it before reaching out and taking it in her hand and feeling it twitch in response. With only the experience of having Robert's penis in her hand, she started stroking the larger mass in her hand slowly and carefully. It took a little bit before she was sure that she was getting it right from the way it began to grow in her hand even more. She continued her efforts to encourage it to get even bigger as she divided her attention between the mass of meat in her hand and what her Daddy was doing to and with her.

With her fantasy of sucking her son's hard cock having come true, Ellen dedicated herself to enjoying the reality of what she was doing—and to trying to give Robert the kind of pleasure that he'd provided her. She was old enough that she'd starting having doubts about her age and attractiveness, and after witnessing what Carla had done with Robert's cock in her mouth, Ellen also felt a need to prove to herself that she was still young and vibrant and sexually appealing; so she was taking her time and doing her best to get her son as aroused as she could, determined to make his climax as strong as possible so he'd remember what SHE'D done to him instead of what he'd experienced with Carla.

If he'd known it was an issue, Robert would have been more than happy to assure his mother that she gave infinitely better head than his sister did; Carla hadn't done anywhere near the things that his mother was, and the things that they both did felt ever so much better the way his mother was doing them. Even though it hadn't been so long ago that he'd cum in his sister's mouth, what his mother was doing to his hard cock was slowly and steadily moving him toward another climax... one that would happen sooner than he'd thought it could.

Vic's cock grew steadily in response to the way Carla was stroking it; but the climax he'd had from his wife's blowjob had been too recent for him to be able to respond to his daughter's ministrations the way he would have otherwise. Vic wasn't particularly disappointed, though: he still had Carla's body under his hands, and was switching off between sucking on her lovely young breasts and kissing her lips. Besides, he was more interested in making HER happy, wanting her to know how much he loved her—he knew she was close to finding the release that he was trying to give her. A couple of minutes later, and it happened: he was happily sucking on one of her nipples and slowly twirling his finger around her sensitive clitoris when he felt that pearl of flesh disappear under its hood as her body froze in place. He quickly got his free arm around her to help support her as her slender body went through a series of powerful spasms; when they were over, she was unsteady enough that he took her into his arms and held her until she indicated she was ready to stand on her own again.

Carla's orgasm was the strongest of her young life, not so much because of what was being done to her, but because of the fact that it was her Daddy that was doing it. Then when it was over, he'd held her next to his body... where she could feel his penis pressing against her belly, seeming to feel hotter against her skin than it had in her hand. When she'd caught her breath again and gotten a little of her strength back, she pressed her hands against his chest to let him know she wanted him to release her. When he did, she looked up into his face and asked "Daddy? Would... would it be okay now if I made you feel good, too? Like you did for me?"

Ellen had Robert's balls cupped in one hand and used the other to slowly stroke the base of his erect penis as she slowly slid her lips up and down on it. She'd already done almost everything else she could to him with her mouth, and deliberately stopped her actions a couple of times when it seemed that he was getting too close to cumming. But he'd made a couple of noises of frustration, and the last thing she wanted to do was outright tease him or make him suffer. So she settled herself into simply pleasuring him, though slowly so that his climax would be even stronger. It wasn't easy for her to take her time that way because she was looking forward to having him erupt in her mouth so she could taste his cum on her tongue; the only way she was able to maintain her restraint was by continuously reminding herself that the harder he climaxed, the more of his juice there would be. So she continued slowly sliding her lips back and forth on his hard cock, her hand under his balls so she'd have the warning she needed to be able to take as much of him as she could between her lips right before he climaxed.

Robert wasn't sure if he was in heaven or hell. The way his mother had used her mouth and lips and tongue on him had made him wonder if he hadn't died and gone to heaven; but then when he got close to cumming, she'd stopped long enough for him to fall back from the edge before resuming her efforts. Even then, the way she was softly sucking on him while her lips and tongue moved on him felt incredible... but it was so slow that he wasn't moving toward his release as fast as he wished he was—and that was what made him wonder if he was in hell. The pleasure he'd gotten from his mother had been incredible, but now the pressure building in him (and particularly his cock and balls) threatened to explode before he could find the relief he was so desperate for. He had his hands on his mother's head, but couldn't find it in himself to **force** her head farther onto his dick or into moving faster, which was what he knew he'd have to do; and the couple of times that he'd tried to move *himself* into the warm cavern of her mouth, she'd simply moved her head as far and fast as he'd moved his dick. Without realizing he was doing it, he released a small brief whimper, and a few moments later he felt his mother's mouth start moving a trifle faster on him. Though not a lot, it was enough: it wasn't but another minute or so until he felt himself get ready to *finally* empty his balls into his mother's waiting mouth. Just before the first wad of his jism erupted from him, he felt over half of his hard dick being surrounded by his mother's mouth, which resulted in him not merely slipping into a climax, but being thrown into it. It seemed like his cock was spraying the contents of his balls in one continuous stream, one so powerful that he was SURE the force of it would force her head back far enough to push her lips completely off of him. His dick was far enough in her mouth that he could feel the muscles of her throat against the head as she repeatedly swallowed the semen erupting from his cock. After the last spurt of semen had left him and he felt his dick begin to wilt, he was surprised to feel his mother's lips clench around him before she pulled her head back, milking whatever was left of his cum out before his manhood fell from her lips. He was still trying to get his breath back when she stood up in front of him and took him into her arms; he enjoyed the feel of her breasts pillowed against his chest, surrounding the hot, hard points of her nipples. A couple of minutes later, she eased him away from her body, and he heard her ask "Honey? Would you like to make your Mom feel good again?"

Vic almost couldn't believe what his daughter had just asked him, but the look in her eyes and the tone of her voice told him that she really was sincere about wanting to make him feel good—which he knew was her way of saying that she wanted to make HIM climax, too. Despite how she'd managed to get his cock to grow, he was certain that she wouldn't be able to get him erect; it was that certainty that nothing would happen, and that she'd eventually give up, that made him answer "You don't have to do anything like that for me, sweetheart. But if you want to try, it's okay with me." He expected that she'd start using her hand on him again, only to be surprised when he saw her slowly sinking to her knees. He opened his mouth to object, but the images of what she was about to do came back to him and no sound came out. Instead, he simply stood there and watched as his virgin daughter brought her hands up and lifted the swollen mass of his dick up and took it into her mouth. The sight of her kneeling there was so much like the image he'd conjured up while his wife was blowing him that he felt himself start to get harder before she had time to do anything else.

Her Daddy's penis was a lot bigger than her brother's had been, and Carla couldn't get as much of it into her mouth as she wanted to. But it took only a moment for her to decide that if she couldn't do the things she wanted to to as much of him as she would have liked, she'd just do more with however much of him she DID have. Sliding her lips down his shaft until her mouth was filled with his manhood, she started by using her tongue to gently massage the underside as she began softly sucking on him. To her delight, it didn't take long for her efforts to be rewarded with a gradual thickening and hardening of her

Daddy's cock.

Ellen had felt her own delight at her son's ready agreement to pleasure her again—a delight that had grown even more when he proved to be MORE than willing to do so orally. It had taken only a few moments to settle herself into a chair and assume a position almost identical to the one she'd seen Carla in. Only a few seconds after that, Robert was seated on the floor in front of her. No encouragement was needed for him to lean forward and get his head within just a couple of inches of her womanhood, and she didn't mind that he took a little time to look at the area between her wide-spread thighs before moving even closer and slipping his tongue between her slick labia. It took only a very few minutes for Ellen to decide that her son had done a fine job of learning how to please a woman with his mouth when he'd used it on his sister: he used his tongue on her erect clitoris with a combination of speed and pressure that aroused her tremendously. He didn't focus his attention just on that area, however; he went on to use his lips to softly "nibble" on her labia, and lick and probe her opening with his tongue. Then he took it a step further by reaching up and taking her breasts in his hands, caressing and gently squeezing them and toying with her erecting nipples.

Robert almost couldn't believe it when his mother had asked him if he was willing to help her have another orgasm, and that she wanted him to use his mouth on her. His enthusiasm for the idea was great enough that it actually took a couple of seconds for him to get control of himself enough to answer that he would. Once he was seated in front of her, he had to see for himself how she was similar to or different from how Carla's genitals had looked. That close to her, he could see that his mother's bush was a medium-sized wedge of black that started just a couple of inches above where he knew her pubic bone was and quickly faded when it reached the bottom of her mound. His hand had told him it was soft and thick, and he found that he could see that it was shorter than he'd expected: her slightly erect clitoris was visible at the top, and her labia had formed a part in it. Looking closely, he saw that his mother's inner lips were longer and thicker than Carla's had been. They were somewhat dark with her desire, and at the bottom, it was plain as could be that they were already wet and slippery from her oils—some of which, he noted, had trickled a short way down the inside of one of her thighs. His face that close to his mother's crotch, he didn't have any trouble making out the same scent he'd had on his hand after he'd used his finger in her; he found it just as appealing then as he had before, and made no effort to resist the temptation to lean forward and sample it again.

Vic hadn't thought that he'd be able to get hard again so soon after the blowjob he'd gotten from his wife, but it was looking more and more like that wasn't the case. Not only was his daughter doing a damn fine job of giving him head, the sight of his stiffening cock disappearing into her mouth while it happened was proving to be more than sufficiently stimulating. He wasn't fully erect yet, but Carla's efforts were definitely moving him that direction.

Carla didn't know about the male limitation of how soon they could respond again after having a climax, and wouldn't have cared anyway. She had her Daddy's dick in her mouth just like she wanted, and was steadily getting him longer and harder... and that was all she needed to be happy.

Ellen wasn't in any condition to think about much of anything: Robert's busy tongue and mouth on her pussy (and what his hands were doing with her breasts) simply felt too good and were too arousing for her to have much interest in anything except having him keep going with what he was doing.

For his part, Robert didn't know how life could get any better. What pleased him the most was the fact that his cock was starting to get hard again because of how aroused he was getting just from what he

was doing to his mother. Then, in addition to keeping his hands busy on her warm mammaries, he could feel his mother's soft bush against his upper lip after he'd put his whole mouth over her exposed clitoris and begun a gentle rhythmic suction—something that had her arching her pelvis up and making almost continuous noises of pleasure. He'd already lapped up all of the juices that were available, and even tried to worm his tongue into her woman chamber to see if he could get more of them that way. He couldn't, but she'd certainly indicated that she'd appreciated the attempt.

Victor could only stand there, his eyes locked on the sight of his daughter's head slowly moving back and forth as she slid her lips along the shaft of his manhood. He was almost fully erect, something he hadn't considered possible when he'd told Carla that it was okay with him if she wanted to try to make him "feel good". Her hand was cupping his balls, and part of the thrill he was feeling was in response to the way she was so gently and carefully rolling them in her hand after she'd tenderly explored their size and shape within his scrotum. Looking past her face, he could see that the peaks of her breasts were puckered and her nipples standing tall and proud... letting him know that not only did she enjoy what she was doing, but that she was excited by it. Returning his gaze to her face, he was still impressed and amazed at how dedicated she was about pleasuring him: every so often he could feel the end of his cock touch the back of her throat, but not once did she give any indication that it bothered her in the slightest.

Carla **was** dedicated to pleasing her Daddy—for the simple reason that she figured if she got him hard and excited, it *might* be possible for her to get him to fuck her. She actually enjoyed what she was doing, not just because having his cock in her mouth aroused her, but because she loved him and it pleased her to be able to show him her love that way. As she'd gotten him closer to being completely hard, she'd had to let some of his manhood slip from between her lips because there was simply so MUCH of him. But once he was hard enough that she figured she could start moving her mouth on him, she'd made up for that loss by sliding her lips far enough down his shaft that she felt him touch the back of her throat. That hadn't felt comfortable the first few times it happened, but it was brief enough that she was able to control her reaction and get used to the sensation. Once she'd done that, she was able to keep his member there for longer and longer as she learned how to control her breathing. She didn't know WHY it did, but she was sure that having the end of his penis touching the back of her throat aroused HIM... enough so that he began to get even longer and harder the more she did it.

Ellen felt disappointment when Robert pulled his hands from her breasts, but it was quickly replaced with joy when she felt him wetting his finger with her juices, followed by slipping his rigid digit through her opening. It didn't take but a second for him to come into contact with that magical spot she found so pleasing, and begin rubbing and pressing against it once more. She was already incredibly aroused by the things he'd been doing, and the added stimulation from what he did with his finger only ratcheted her desire to greater heights.

Robert had taken his hands off his mother's tits only because his arms were getting tired, but once he'd lowered them, he quickly got the idea of using one of them to get her even **more** worked up than she already was. Then he got another idea, and used the free hand to gently open up the cleft of his mother's sex; that left her erect clitoris fully exposed to his tender mercies.

If it weren't for the fact that his cock felt like a steel bar sticking out, Vic wouldn't have believed that he could get another erection as quickly as he had—and silently gave thanks to his daughter for giving him reason to want it to happen, and providing the stimulation that made it possible. She'd not only

managed to get him fully erect again, but the way she was using her mouth had him feeling that there might even be another climax not too far in his future.

Carla was more than a little pleased with herself for having gotten her Daddy's penis completely erect again. She'd certainly enjoyed using her mouth on him and feeling him responding to her efforts, and she'd be ecstatic if she could make him climax in her mouth; she wanted to taste his cum, and feel him spurting in her mouth because of what *she'd* done to make it happen. But even better would be if she could figure a way to get his penis in her pussy, where she wanted it, and get him to actually fuck her. As she continued to bob her head on his erection, she tried to think of how she could get it to happen.

Between what her son was doing with his mouth and tongue on her clitoris, and the way he was touching and rubbing against the magic spot in her vagina, Ellen was left in a fog of pleasure and desire. Unable to put it into think coherently, she could still feel how close she was to having an orgasm she knew she'd never forget: the pleasure had built up in her even more than when Robert had used his finger in her the first time. Having lost all sense of time or anything but the sensations radiating from her clitoris and vagina, Ellen could only feel herself edging ever closer to the precipice of an orgasm that she instinctively knew would overwhelm her—and eagerly looked to it.

From the constant and unintelligible sounds she was making, Robert knew that his mother was even more aroused than she'd been before; when he felt her pussy begin tightening around his finger, he also knew that she was getting close to having an orgasm that would be even stronger than the previous one. Amazed that he could have that kind of an effect on her, he redoubled his efforts to arouse and please her—and got his reward less than a minute later. He heard his mother's loud cry of release be choked off at the same time her clitoris disappeared under its cloak of flesh while her pussy clamped down on his invading finger almost painfully tight. With her clitoris gone and his hand in the way of any attempt to lick up the juices that were already leaking out of her, there was nothing for him to do but sit and wonder at the power of the waves of release that were running through her. Inside her, his finger was being subjected to a series of spasms like the ones he'd felt before... except now they were even stronger, and lasted longer. Once they'd finally faded out, he got some idea of how powerful and intense his mother's orgasm was by how long it took before she was able to open her eyes again. Even then, it was still a little while before her breathing was steady and regular; and even more time passed before she was able to move again. Sitting up, he saw her eyes drop to where his cock was standing tall and proud again; a second later, he heard her say "Robert, honey... if I'm not too late... I think it's time you stopped being a virgin."

Thanks to his daughter's efforts, Vic had reached the point that another climax wasn't just a "might" happen, but COULD happen: the things Carla was doing with her mouth on his dick had moved him past the point of just having an erection, but beyond—knowing that it wouldn't happen quickly, he still had the feeling that cumming again was a possibility, given time and stimulation. That was why he felt disappointed when he felt his manhood slip free of his daughter's warm mouth, only to be replaced by her hand. Figuring she needed to get more comfortable, he responded to the slight pressure she applied to his hard member as she first moved to sit in a chair then spread her legs and gently pull him forward so he was standing between them. After a few nudges, he got the idea that she wanted him to kneel, which left him wondering what was going on; that was followed by her gently pulling him forward some more, which he did. Then, to his infinite surprise, she again draped her legs over the arms of the chair before levering his manhood down and trapping the end of it by scooting herself forward slightly so the entrance of her vagina was wedged against it. When she looked up at him, he heard her say

"Please, Daddy... I need you inside me. Really, it's okay, 'cause I want you to, and it's my idea." That was when Victor came face-to-face with the desires he'd long felt toward his daughter—and gave in to them after only a brief struggle. He responded to what she'd said by telling her "I'd like that, too, sweetheart" before edging himself closer to her and getting himself positioned to take her offered virginity. When he was ready, he looked into her eyes and tenderly said "I'll make this as easy for you as I can, sweetheart", and heard the love and trust in her voice when she replied "I know, Daddy."

Although she didn't know half the things she wanted to, and knew she was relatively inexperienced, Carla wasn't completely ignorant. She'd heard and read enough to know (in somewhat better than general terms) what was going to happen. She sincerely hoped otherwise, but was fully aware that the loss of her virginity might hurt and that her vagina was going to have to stretch to accept the hard rod that her Daddy had pressed against the entrance to her womanhood. She was relieved when she felt him move his penis up and down, knowing that he was using some of the juice that had escaped her to lubricate his cock and make it easier for BOTH of them while he got himself inside her. A few moments later, he began to push himself against her opening and she did her best to relax and accept the gradual expansion of the entrance to her vagina. It wasn't easy, but she was determined to let it happen; with only a few involuntary attempt to resist, she felt him gradually slipping into her virginal sheath farther and farther. She was starting to worry that the stretching of her opening was going to go on forever when she suddenly felt her tight ring get a *little* smaller as she felt something incredibly large pressing against her hymen. It took a moment for her to understand that she had the massive head of her Daddy's penis inside: the sudden release of tension had been when she'd slipped past the largest part of him, and the pressure against her maidenhead was the end of his dick. Even though the head of his manhood was the softest part of him, she could still feel it stretching her insides; while it didn't hurt, it wasn't comfortable, either. But she knew she'd get used to the feeling of him, and willed herself to relax and accept his presence as best she could. A few seconds passed before he started to press himself into her again—a brief reprieve that she was grateful for. As the pressure against her hymen grew, she went from simply experiencing the increasing pressure to feeling progressively more discomfort to it actually being painful; but she managed to keep from crying from the pain, and kept her face as calm as she could: it was something she'd only have to go through once, and when it was over, she'd get to feel her Daddy's manhood filling her the way she needed. Just when she didn't think she'd be able to stand it any more, she felt her hymen give way with a sudden sharp pain that was severe enough that she couldn't help crying out from it. Thankfully, it lasted only a moment and quickly began to fade, giving way to the feeling of having that much more of her previously untapped girl chamber being overfilled. She knew there were tears in her eyes when she opened them and looked into her father's face. She could see how sorry he was to have caused her pain, and heard the hurt in his voice as he told her "I'm sorry, honey." Putting on her best face, she tried to sound as good as she could as she tried to reassure him by saying "It's okay, Daddy. It wasn't so bad, and it only lasted a second. Besides, it's over, and we'll never have to worry about it again. You can go on again whenever you want, now."

Despite (or perhaps because of) the two wonderful, *incredible* orgasms she'd had, Ellen still wanted—needed!—to feel a hard cock moving in her aching-empty womanhood. When she'd seen Robert's dick was hard again, she'd been grateful for the chance to have her last desire fulfilled; after he'd reluctantly admitted that he hadn't had sex yet, it took her only a few moments to slide out of the chair and assume a position on her hands and knees; it had always been her favorite position to be fucked in, and was way she'd lost her own virginity... it seemed entirely appropriate (and incredibly arousing to her) to get her son's the same way. He'd known to get behind her, and lever his erection down; from

there, she'd guided him through getting the head of his penis lubricated with her oils (she could feel how plentiful the supply was!) and then positioned at her opening with one hand holding his cock in place while using the other on her hip to steady himself. When she was sure everything was the way it should be, she let him know he could start any time he wanted—which turned out to be almost immediately. She couldn't help gasping at the pleasure of feeling him sink what felt like nearly half his dick in her with his first thrust; following her suggestion, he moved back and forth a little to get her oils better distributed before another push of his hips let him bury the rest. He wasn't as large as his father, but there was **more** than enough of him to fill her needs... and still damn near enough to fill HER, for that matter.

Robert was grateful for the climaxes he'd already had, for other than the most obvious reasons. He'd already learned that it took him longer to cum again if he'd already climaxed recently; after having cum with his sister and then his mother, he knew that a third climax was going to take a while. It also meant that he could be sure that the incredible feeling of having his cock buried in his mother's snatch wasn't going to have him blowing his load too soon—something he'd been afraid would happen, after hearing some other guys talking about their first time. Instead, he was able to treasure his first ever genuine fuck: how hot and wet his mother's pussy was, the feeling of having his pelvis pressed tight against hers, the feel of her smooth ass pressing against his lower belly, and all the rest of it. He knew that his dick wasn't anywhere near as big as his dad's, and idly wondered how or why his mother's pussy felt so snug around him. Whatever the reason was, he didn't mind... and certainly wasn't going to complain! After getting both hands on his mother's hips, he began to ease his hips back, marveling at the feeling of his hard cock moving inside his mother's vagina as he started into his first-ever fuck.

When it had come time to get past his daughter's maidenhead, Victor had felt both regret at the pain her knew he would likely cause and a thrill at the idea that he WAS getting her virginity—and the feeling he got from being her first lover FAR outweighed his feelings as her father. Still, he'd been as patient and gentle as could be, and really did feel sorry about the pain she'd felt. But as she'd pointed out, it was a one-time thing; once that impediment was out of the way, he proceeded to carefully fit himself into her in a series of small advances that gave her time to get used to his increasing presence before he made any attempt to proceed. Still her parent, he didn't want to cause her any more pain or difficulty than absolutely necessary, so he was meticulous about making sure the two of them stayed well lubricated along the way. From the expression on her face, he knew that BOTH of them were pleased when a final push of his hips ended with her tight opening clenched around the base of his dick while the head of it rested against the deepest part of her... his was the first dick she'd ever take, and he filled her *completely*.

Once the pain of her deflowering had faded, Carla was relieved to learn that getting the rest of her father's massive cock inside was relatively easy. About the time that she'd start feeling too uncomfortable from his advances, he'd stop for a little bit and let her adjust to it. She quickly learned that the more she could accept what was happening, the easier it was to get comfortable with his presence. That he was so careful to make sure that he stayed wet with her juices helped considerably. So when she finally felt his pelvis resting against hers, she knew that she had all of him buried inside her—and the feeling of being so thoroughly filled was better than she'd dreamed it could be. Still, she was glad that he held still inside her for a little bit, giving her the little bit of time she needed to get truly comfortable with having something so incredibly large stuffed inside her fourteen-year-old womanhood.

The hard dick steadily pistoning in and out of her pussy felt better than wonderful to Ellen; that it was connected to her own son didn't matter to her in the slightest. All she cared about just then was that it was plenty big enough to make her feel good, and that it continue to move in her, giving her the pleasure and relief that she needed so desperately. Being fucked again after so long, the stimulation Ellen was getting seemed to settle into her deeper and feel more satisfying, somehow; and her pleasure began to build inside her once more.

In addition to getting to experience getting laid for the first time, Robert was discovering a number of other things, as well. He kept leaning forward so he could cup his mother's tits in his hands, aroused by the feeling of her erect nipples dragging across his palms as her breasts swayed in time with his thrusts; or he'd actually hold her tits in his hands and enjoy the way their weight would shift as he moved in her. He'd chanced a look down, only to be fascinated by the sight of his mother's labia being pulled out slightly when he slid his dick out of her, only for them to disappear again when he pushed himself back in. She was wet enough that her escaping juices had flowed down and completely saturated her pussy hair in addition to soaking his own... resulting in their rapid breathing being accentuated by a distinctly liquid sound when his pelvis met hers. But no matter what he saw or felt or heard, Robert continued to cycle his hard cock in and out of his mother's pussy.

Vic's first movements in his daughter were done slowly, so there would be plenty of time and opportunity for her to let him know if she was having any difficulty with what he was doing. He gradually increased the speed of his actions, always ready to back off if Carla indicated anything was wrong—but she never did, leaving him free to eventually begin fucking her in earnest. Not that he was actually moving in her the way he would his wife: she was too young and physically too small for anything like that. But he could still fuck her with enough speed and force to please both of them, if the sounds of pleasure he could hear from her were any indication.

When her father had begun sliding his dick out of her, Carla hadn't been entirely comfortable about it. But it hadn't hurt, and when he'd pushed himself back in again, it had actually felt kind of nice. He went through the process several more times, each a little faster; each time, her oils got spread around better, making it a little more comfortable for her and letting her enjoy it that much more. By the time he was steadily cycling his hard cock in and out of her, Carla was finding the movement of it in her pussy to be quite pleasurable. A few minutes more, and she was past simply liking it and well into getting progressively more aroused from feeling her father's manhood filling and emptying her by turns.

The steady, continuous motion of the cock sliding back and forth between her vaginal lips was proving to be more stimulating than Ellen could have imagined it would. What had seemed like a slightly too-rapid movement at first now seemed to be entirely too slow as her desire and arousal grew higher and the pleasure she felt built even faster. It was an almost agonizing process, but the regular motion of the shaft plunging in and out of her brought her to the brink, holding her there for what seemed like an eternity before she slipped over the edge.

Robert was having a dandy time enjoying the feel of his dick sliding in and out of his mother's hot pussy when he felt her vagina tighten around him a couple of times. After he'd arched his hips back and forth a few more times, he was surprised to feel her clamp down on him again—after all, it wasn't like he was doing anything to that special place in her, or anything! But whatever the cause was, he had no doubt whatsoever that she was having an orgasm and stopped what he was doing, since he could feel her internal muscles clenching along the length of his cock. The feeling of her pussy doing that had felt

pretty neat when it had happened to his finger, but experiencing it with his penis was something else again! Once more, he was glad that he'd cum twice already; otherwise the way his mother's pussy was trying to milk his dick would have had him spraying her insides with his jism in nothing flat. Instead, he was able to simply enjoy the incredible feeling of it, knowing that he'd stay hard and could start fucking her again any time he wanted.

Even though his young daughter was plainly comfortable with having his man-sized dick fucking in and out of her, Vic was still surprised and pleased with how tight she felt around him... along with how hot and wet she was inside. With her legs wrapped around him, it was even easier for him to repeatedly plunge his hard cock into her. It was awkward and difficult, but he managed to bend himself enough to take the dark ends of her developing breasts into his mouth and suck on them while he continued to piston himself back and forth through her opening. As he nursed at her small mammaries, he heard Carla's sounds of pleasure and arousal as she got even wetter around him.

Without realizing she was doing it, Carla raised her legs and wrapped them around her Daddy's waist, locking her ankles together and completely opening herself to his penetrations. The way he was sucking on her hard nipples added to the pleasure she was getting from having his hard manhood moving so wonderfully inside her pussy, after it had felt so achingly empty so many times. It felt so nice when she felt him filling her up each time that she started lifting her hips in response to his thrusts, so she could enjoy the sensation of being so thoroughly filled that much sooner.

Ellen's orgasm hadn't been as powerful or intense as the previous two, but it had felt somehow deeper and more satisfying. Her head was hanging down as she tried to get her breath back when she felt Robert start moving again; the feeling of his stiff dick moving in her left her amazed—and threw gasoline on the dwindling fires of her desire. It didn't take but a few strokes of his cock in her before she was once again feeling her lust and pleasure building.

Robert didn't figure his mother would mind having him fucking her again; what he didn't expect was to hear her impassioned "Oh, *god*, yes!" That was all he needed to hear to increase his efforts, trying to please her yet again.

Vic wasn't able to keep himself hunched over Carla and suck on her small breasts as long as he wanted to, but she didn't seem to mind all that much. He was finding out that he wasn't as old as he'd thought he was: the feeling he was getting from fucking his fourteen-year-old daughter's tight, wet pussy was resulting in his being able to start moving toward having another climax—something he wouldn't have thought possible after cumming so hard from the blowjob his wife had given him. Better still, the relief he'd gotten from it was making it possible for him to enjoy the sensation of Carla's young twat even longer than he knew he would have if he hadn't cum already... another reason he was appreciative of his wife's actions.

Carla was so enamored with the feeling of her father's penis sliding in and out of her that it became the only thing she was aware of, other than her own rising tide of pleasure and arousal. Each time he filled her with his hard cock it just felt that much better and added that much more to the pressure she could feel building inside.

The speed and easiness with which she reached her previous level of excitement left Ellen both surprised and pleased; Robert had quickly resumed the pace he'd been fucking her at, and then went on to start thrusting himself into her even harder than he had before. He'd also changed the angle he was fucking her at, causing a slight pressure against her clitoris with each thrust and adding to her pleasure

even more.

When he'd started fucking his mother again, Robert had discovered that the feeling of her pussy around his dick while she'd orgasmed had affected him, after all: the head of his cock had gotten a little more sensitive than it had been, letting him get more pleasure from their act of coitus. Concerned that he might climax before she did, he tried experimenting to see if there was anything he could do that she'd liked better. After a little trial and error, he found that there were two things that seemed to work the best: thrusting himself into her harder, and fucking himself into her a little differently. He had no idea why they worked, but all that really mattered was that they did... and he used them with a will.

Vic didn't know if she was doing it on purpose, or not, but Carla's pussy had started tightening around him each time he started to slide himself out of her... as though she (or it) was trying to hold him inside. The problem he had was that not only was it something he'd never experienced before, but it dramatically increased the pleasure he got from moving in her. Increased it so much, in fact, that his arousal had increased to the point that he was actually having a difficult time NOT cumming in her—quite a change from when she'd first proposed doing something to make HIM "feel good"!

Carla didn't even know that her vagina was tightening around her father's penis; she just knew how good it felt to have him IN her, and not as nice when she felt him pulling himself out.

With the added stimulation she was getting from the changes in how her son was fucking her, it didn't take anywhere near as long for Ellen to once again find herself unaware of anything but the hard cock sliding in and out of her, and how good it felt.

Robert found that the way he was fucking his mother felt better to HIM, too, and was easily moving him toward cumming again.

Above his daughter, Vic finally lost the battle he'd been waging against having another climax. With a deep groan, he pushed himself as far into Carla's young pussy as he could before feeling his cock erupt with an intensity he hadn't experienced for *years*.

Carla had been SO close to her own orgasm that she was momentarily baffled by the sudden feeling of something warm deep inside. But her father so completely filled her that she could faintly feel his penis tense as she felt it happen again. Understanding that her Daddy was cumming in her was all it took to trigger the orgasm she'd wanted, and she heard herself start to cry out from the pleasure of it.

The almost indescribable pleasure Ellen was getting from being fucked again was proving to be too much coming too soon after her last orgasm; before she could get enough control of herself to say or do something to get her son to let up on her a little bit, she lost herself in another orgasm.

Behind his mother, Robert knew when she started to climax again, and stopped his own activities. His relief at being able to stop was short-lived when he felt his mother's vagina start the rippling-clenching around him again; the pleasure of it was too much for him, and he couldn't stop himself from trying to stuff himself into her even farther as he began to spray her insides with his cum.

Victor had been afraid he'd done something to hurt Carla when she started to scream, but it was suddenly cut off with the feeling of her already-tight pussy clenching around him; the incredible pleasure he felt from it was enough to make the rest of his climax nearly as good as when he'd started emptying himself into his daughter. Even after he felt the last tremulous spurt of cum leave his dick, she was still intermittently tightening around him as her own release began to taper off. Wanting to

enjoy the experience of being with her for as long as possible, he held himself over her and kept his slowly softening cock in her as he waited for her to recover from her orgasm.

Carla was in total bliss as she felt the spasms coursing through her body gradually fade. The orgasm she'd just had was by far the best and most intense she'd ever experienced; coming out of it, she could feel her Daddy still over her, and even though it didn't feel the same, she could easily tell that his penis was still in her, too. Opening her eyes, she saw that he was looking at her, and there was no mistaking the love and affection she saw in his eyes. He was still panting slightly from all he'd done to make her feel so good, and her own breath was short as well as she lovingly told him "Oh, *Daddy!* That was **wonderful!**" as she reached up to pull him into a hug.

Feeling her son squirting his semen into her didn't do anything to add to Ellen's release—because it couldn't. Having come so soon after the previous one, her orgasm was easily as strong as any she'd ever experienced; better, even, than the one she'd had as a result of Robert's manipulations of her Magic Spot. When the waves of pleasure running through her had faded, it was all she could do to slow the movement of her head and shoulders on their way to the floor.

Robert had finished emptying his balls into his mother just a few seconds ahead of watching the slow-motion collapse of her upper body onto the floor. Concerned about her, he pulled his barely-softened cock out of her, and saw her body shudder slightly. Quickly moving to her side, he saw that her eyes were open and that she seemed to recognize that he was there. Figuring that she was just tired from everything they'd done together, he put a hand on the hip opposite where he was and used it to carefully guide her over and down onto her side. Wanting her to know how much he appreciated everything they'd done together, he moved to lay behind her; his wet, sticky dick seemed to just naturally rest against the crack of her ass before he put his arm around her.

Looking down at his daughter after she'd told him how much she'd enjoyed being fucked by him, Victor felt his love for her grow even stronger before he told her "I'm glad you liked it, sweetheart. I made me feel real good, too!", only to hear her hesitantly ask "Does... does that mean we can do it again? Not right now, I mean, but some other time?" As much as HE had enjoyed fucking her, he started to feel guilty about what they'd done, and could only answer "We'll see."

Hearing his answer, Carla knew that he didn't think he should be with her again; but couldn't understand why: they'd *already* been together, so why couldn't they do it again? Anyway, the way he'd made her feel, she was determined that she'd feel her Daddy's hard cock in her again... and again... and as many times as she could make it happen.

It was Carla that brought an end to everyone's recovery when she happened to glance over and realized that the three men that had been in their house were gone, and loudly announced that fact.

Victor had carefully extracted his dick from Carla's pussy, and stood up ahead of the others making their way to their feet, too. All four of them looked at each other in embarrassment: Ellen and Carla were both starting to leak semen down their legs, while Vic and Robert were both standing there with wet and sticky penises; neither pair had the slightest doubt that the other had been involved in much the same things THEY had. It took only a gesture from Vic to get all of them moving—the kids to their respective bedrooms, Ellen to a bathroom, and Vic to his and Ellen's bedroom. Although all four had enjoyed the hell out of what they'd done, all of them were also embarrassed by it... and worried about what would happen.

None of them suspected that it would be less than a year before both of the men would be regularly fucking both of the women, and how happy all of them would be as a result.