

A Bride For The Whole Family (Bi sex, inc, gangbang)

by James Elliott (c) 1991

Chapter 1

Her naked body hissed between the sheets as she slid into bed. It was a luxurious feeling, like hotel sheets always are, cool, crisp and fresh, nearly crackling. She felt like purring as she snuggled down, allowing the soft comfort to ease the tension of the day's drive from her.

Fresh from the shower, glowing with a pampered warmth, she rolled to the center of the king-size bed and languidly stretched. A satisfied smile danced across her full lips as she once more came alive.

Carefully, she arranged the shoulder length strands of light brunette hair in a fluffy cascade on the pillow, framing the classical oval beauty of her face in a silken cloud of softness.

As a last touch, she raised the sheet and let it slowly drift down, moulding its whiteness to the supple contours of her nakedness: a veil that completely hid the smooth pinkness of her body, but a veil that went beyond the point of mere suggestion and presented an alluring portrait of willing innocence.

Prepared, her eyes swept over the room, finally focusing on the open door to a small bathroom. An impish glint played over the misty green of her eyes and a pleased smile once more crept back to her lips. She waited---waited for the man still busying himself in the shower.

Michael Hightower; she let the name roll over in her mind, quivering as shivery little thrills tingled their way through her. He was a Michael, not a Mike. Mike was a name for a boy. Michael Hightower was most definitely a man!

Mrs. Michael Hightower; she savored the feel of it, tingling as new excitement washed over her. Diana Little, meet Diana Hightower, she continued to mentally play with her new name.

She felt like a newlywed. Despite the fact that she and Michael had

lived together for the past semester at college, she felt like a newlywed. She trembled anew, her body alive with the excited warmth of anticipation. She was acting like some foolish school girl and loved every moment of it!

The blasting water of the shower abruptly ceased and the curt sound of metal rings sliding along the shower rod entered the room, sending a vivid flush of eager gooseflesh running up her spine. She listened as he pulled a towel free and briskly rubbed himself dry.

She heard two steps, then he was there, standing in the doorway, naked except for a small white towel wrapped hastily around his waist.

"Hello, wife," he grinned, his eyes lit with self-assured confidence.

Wife, lover, mistress or whore, any way you'll take me, she thought as he brushed the rumpled mop of thick, black hair away from his face and crossed the room. The towel and his brisk stride gave him the air of a triumphant conqueror come to claim his reward. Her eyes trained on the slit that opened in the terry cloth, exposing a suntanned thigh as he stepped. She tried to glimpse what lay beneath, although she already

knew.

"Tired?" he smiled down at her from the side of the bed.

"Not that tired!" she returned the smile. "After all, this is my wedding night!"

His wide grin was back, "Have I ever told you you're beautiful?"

"Yes," her eyelids coyly fluttered down in mock modesty, then opened wide, revealing two sparkling eyes of emerald green. "But keep on doing it. I love it!"

She wasn't a beautiful woman, she knew that, but she was attractive. The obvious attributes of her body were nothing out of the ordinary when taken individually, but together, that was another story. That she knew how to highlight what she had only added to the enticing picture she presented to Michael's eyes.

"What's that ridiculous towel for?" she frowned up to her new husband.

"Just following the advice of all those marriage manuals I've read in preparation for this moment," he chuckled. "They all said a man should never let a woman see his genital area on the first night of their marriage. It might frighten her!"

"But ..." her hand reached up, grabbed the towel and tugged, this is not our first night!"

It came free and fell to his feet. Her gleaming deep green eyes homed in on the sleeping form of his cock. No, penis, she corrected herself, when his cock naps it's a penis.

Small, almost bud-like, it nestled securely in the nest of black pubic hairs thickly covering his groin. She had known men whose cocks were always the same size, only growing hard as they were aroused. But this penis would blossom into a long, unyielding rod of a cock! That she could watch and feel its virile metamorphosis made it that much better!

"... And I happen to love looking at you," her hand tenderly crept up the inside of his thighs.

Long, cool and graceful, her fingers cupped around his testicles and cock. He sighed, as the gentle caress stirred swirling, pulsing life into his loins. Her fingertips lazily circled the sensitive crown of his organ, eliciting soft moans of pleasure from his lips.

Throbbing with pulsating surges of blood, he grew under her gentle ministrations. She knew what she was handling and how to handle it. Lovingly, her fingers glided up and down the growing column in light fleeting strokes. Like a snake coming to life, it jerked and twitched.

Engorged and alive, it bobbed upward, its head transforming from bud-like smallness to a thick, plump-looking plum. Tube-like, it stiffened, growing hard and erect. Still her dancing fingers worked their taunting magic, teasing and titilating the shaft as it grew.

When her hand eventually drifted between his open thighs to find the dangling sac of his balls, he no longer sported a penis but a cock! Long, hard, thick and swollen, it jutted from his crotch at a forty-five degree angle. Its lust-gorged glans twitched with fired arousal. A small drop of clear sexual oil oozed from its small slitted mouth.

Her wide green eyes rolled up to him, no longer flickering with girlish delight, but with the eager flames of a woman---a woman that knew what she wanted! She smiled, recognizing the desire that played in his eyes.

"I love your hands on me," he smiled back, moaning as an inquisitive finger teasingly probed and swirled over his scrotum.

"So do I," she whispered, her pink tongue slicking her lips, then her eyes returned to the cock she had brought to life.

For minutes, he stood there, letting her finger play at his sac. He moaned as she toyed with his stirring balls. She caressed them and taunted them. Her fingers rolled their weighty shapes back and forth in the bag that held them.

Then her hand was back on his prick. She grasped his rod tightly, squeezing its blood- filled thickness, as if testing the fatness of its circumference. Up and down along the inflexible length of his manhood, her clinging fist jerked until he groaned and his knees threatened to give way.

Pulling her demanding hand from his cock, he reached down and tucked his fingers beneath the top of the sheet covering her. Slowly, he pulled the veiling whiteness downward, his eager eyes hungrily devouring the nakedness he discovered.

Like firm half-melons, her tits jutted proudly up to him. He delighted in the trembly little quaking that set them liquidly juggling as she shivered in her excitement. Deep pink nipples, surrounded by coral-blushed haloes, crested the lovely fleshy mounds. As he gazed, the rubbery little buttons fattened and thickened, as she anticipated what was to come.

Lower the sheet and his eyes drifted. Down over the quivering sleekness of her belly with its deep sensuous navel the cloth came, revealing a distinctive tangle of silky brown pubic fur bushed over the plump rise of her sex. Quickly, with his own eagerness growing, he pulled the rest of the sheet from her body, unveiling two shapely legs that slowly spread open in an announcement of her body's willingness.

"Beautiful," he whispered almost to himself.

A definitely pleased smile on her lips, she opened her arms to him and he came, sitting on the side of the bed and leaning over her. His hands were at the sides of her face, tenderly brushing her cheeks and toying with the softness of her hair. In silence, their eyes spoke the words of their love as they gazed at each other for a few brief moments.

Leaning further down, his lips were on hers in a light, brushing kiss. Waves of gooseflesh rippled over her as his chest was on hers with a warm gentle pressure. The stiff tips of her nipples tingled even harder and stabbed into the man above her. Just soaking in the feel of him, her hands roved over his back, reveling in the smoothness of his skin and the roll of his muscles beneath.

His lips moved away for an instant, then he was back. His tongue teased invitingly at her lips until they parted and his oral digit entered the humid warmth of her mouth. Pressing his weight harder against her yielding willingness, his tongue darted around in the sweet harbor it had found. She welcomed him, tightening her arms around his back and using her own tongue to taunt over and around the invader swirling at the roof of her mouth.

He withdrew and she followed. Probing toward his throat, her tongue drilled eagerly into his mouth. Twirling and flicking, she teased the growing glow of love-lust stirring within his body. Then his teeth lightly clamped down on her swirling oral probe, holding it securely. He sucked at its provocative softness until she moaned and writhed with pleasure under him.

When he finally released the captive digit, his mouth left hers and his tongue was flicking its way over her ear lobe. He worked until he could feel the shivering trembles of her excitement, then he let his teeth nibble for several moments.

Low moans rolled up from her throat as his lips moved down the long graceful arch of her neck. Lightly kissing, he took control of her body. A body he knew and had learned to arouse to its fullest during their year together. He controlled and affected her like no other man had been able to do. This was not a man taking a virgin bride, but an expert lover having his woman, giving and taking to please and be pleased.

His mouth drifting with tantalizing slowness toward the waiting bulges

of her breasts, he slid into the bed beside her, delighting as she trembled along the length of his body.

Her hands were far from still. They roamed down his spine, finding the cheeks of his ass. With titilating dexterity, her fingertips taunted at his buttocks and the deep crease between the tightening demiglobes. Like feathers of loving caress, she played, forcing his ass muscles to draw up hard and ready.

His own hands were on her tits, sizing up the full circumference of the enticing forms. Around the bountiful mounds of flesh, his fingers circled, exciting in the summery warmth they found. In spiralling fashion, his palms climbed the sloped curves of her breasts.

Squirming under him, one of her hands left his ass and clamped urgently around the shaft of man meat throbbing at his groin, as his fingers reached out and tapped the hard nipples at the crests of the two peaking tits. Squeezing him, her hand was hot and demanding.

Suddenly his mouth dropped down, capturing one of the stiff little buds. He sucked and pulled at the rubbery tip until she moaned and her

hand jerked at his pulsing pole of cock. Then his teeth bit lightly into the button seized by his lips.

Fire flamed through the aching nipple, when his mouth abruptly retreated and then attacked the sister button of flesh. She groaned and quivered as her want for this man she now called "husband" grew. She was his! His to do with as he pleased!

Harder and harder his lips sucked at the sexually burning bud of her breast. Her back arched up, shoving the luxurious pillow of her tit flesh into his face and licking as she moaned and writhed under his ministrations.

Her whole body jolted as one of his hands left its firm hold on her breasts and slid down over her stomach to grasp the far- covered mound waiting between her spread thighs. Her lust- inflamed pelvis twitched and pushed into his palm.

Firmly squeezing the fleshy mound of woman-sex, he easily slid a finger into the wet warmth of her cunt. She twitched and rotated the hungry lips of her pussy, trying to impale herself on the taunting digit of

his explorations---a wish he complied with in a driving plunge that drilled his finger into the caressing hole of her vagina.

Easily, his finger pumped in and out of the oil-slicked channel, while he tickled another fingertip between the pouting cleft of her outer lips. Upward the inquisitive digit taunted along the wet crease of her snatch, to cajole the tiny bud of her clitoris out from under its hood of skin. She groaned and twitched as the dual sensations of his mouth at her tit and his vigorously fucking fingers sent ardent waves of pleasure through her body. Her hips hunched into his hands, caught in the rhythm of his fingers. His control of her was complete. Her whole being begged for him to open her with the thick, swollen shaft she clutched in her hand.

"Now!" she moaned, tugging at the throbbing lance her body pleaded for.

"Now! Please! Give it to me now!"

Pulling his lips from her tit with a wet "pop," his mouth once more was hers and his tongue was striving to slither into her throat. Her legs spread even wider, opening to him as he rolled atop her waiting nakedness. Each of his hands found and squeezed the fleshy orbs that

jutted up to him from her chest. She moaned and squirmed under the sweet agony of his hands, while her own hand still clutching the pulsing column of flesh between his thighs, guided it between the outer lips of her labia. Thick and engorged, the bulbous mass of his cockshead throbbed and jerked within the soft confines of her slit.

Then, in an easy twitch of his pelvis, he slid his shaft into the well-lubricated channel of her cunt. Deep, sinking to his hilt, he glided into the moist clutchy folds of her vagina.

She grunted and quivered as he entered. Big, hard, and swollen, his cock filled her to the brim. He jerked and pulsed with virile life that packed the tunnel of her sex. Her hand slipped from his crotch and returned to join its sister, clinging to the hard mounds of his buttocks.

"Fuck me!" she whispered-moaned, pulling her mouth from his. "Fuck me hard, my husband!"

Releasing his holds on her tits, he raised himself on his elbows, smiling down with pleasure at the woman---his wife---who lay beneath

him. The stiff nipples of her breasts still stabbed into his chest, as she writhed languidly under the deep impalement of his sex.

Responding to her desires, his hips whipped back, wrenching the thick column of his cock from the clinging velvet channel of her belly. Then he slammed himself forward, drilling full length into the loving saddle of lust he rode.

She groaned and her head rolled wantonly on her shoulders as she accepted and welcomed the hard rod of stiff meat cramming back inside her. He pulled out again and she moaned as the lust-filled head of his prick strained the walls of her pussy in its exit. He plunged once again.

The sudden invasion drew a sharp cry of delight from her lips. The tight, young muscles of her cunt contracted into a sheath of squeezing delight, surrounding his lusty stalk of manliness. His hips jerked upward, then lunged down again, burying the hard rod of flesh deeper into her yielding cunt.

Her hands dug into his ass, her nails biting his flesh with aroused

need. As he pumped and poled into the core of her quick, she urged him on, pulling him hard with each downstroke of his groin. Her legs crossed around his, locking him to her in the rising desperation of her desire.

Long, hard and big, he shafted into the spongy mouth of her belly. She groaned and writhed under the constant skewering lance that opened and reopened her. She clutched him and begged and pleaded for more.

Harder, his cock drilled into the warm caressing recesses of her cunt, trying to nail her to the bed beneath their bodies. She squirmed and quivered under him, the satin pillows of her tits rolling against his chest and the erect, firm nipples digging into his flesh.

Her ass swished and hissed over the sheet as her hips took up the rhythm of his fucking. As he lunged down, her pelvis leaped up and greeted his swollen rod, helping it to plow even deeper into the grateful channel of her unabandoned lust. She squeezed and held him in the depths of her pussy for a brief instant.

Then he jerked out, wrenching the filling thickness of his presence

from her. In turn, her hips dropped back to the bed, then jumped forth once more to envelop his bigness as it penetrated her body.

She no longer groaned, but grunted with each pounding impact of his loins against her eager cuntal mound. Her body was jolted time and again, as he pumped his stiff mass into her with reckless abandon.

Suddenly, he dropped full weight to her body, his chest smashing into her tits, pancaking their roundness beneath him. His hands slid under her, grasping the perk curves of her ass and jerking them upward to increase the angle of his driving plunges.

She groaned as he speared closer and closer to her soul. Her hands anchored firmly into his ass and she pulled even harder as he lunged, as if trying to take him into her, balls and all. She twisted and squirmed with soaring pleasure under the battering attack of his loins.

Together they rose in a fervor of erotic delirium. They strove to reach new levels of ecstasy. Pounding, groaning, aching, and grunting, they drove into and accepted each other, attempting to take every ounce of pleasure each offered.

Higher and higher she soared. Her thighs throbbed and pounded with the growing agony of near release. Aching, writhing, and groaning, she was caught up in an imploding universe of lust-- -a lust that consumed her in tidal wave after tidal wave of soul- rendering passion.

Simultaneously, his balls boiled with the fire of desire and up from the aching depths of his testicles a molten flow raced through his throbbing and pulsing cock. He erupted, spewing the thick fountain of his lust into her belly. Hunching deep into her cunt, he emptied himself of seemingly gallons of hot come that splattered and coated the contracting folds of her pussy until the flood of sperm and semen overflowed the well of her sex and oozed out around his thickness.

Their desperate, wanton lust expended, they clutched each other in loving caresses. Their grateful bodies heaved and trembled in the wake of their passion. With tender love, their mouths met and kissed in silent "thank you" for the pleasure shared.

Chapter 2

Diana felt anticipation growing within her as Michael wheeled their small, fully packed MGB down the narrow road. Outside, the moss-laden cypresses of the bayou country blurred by. She reached out and lovingly squeezed her husband's thigh. He glanced at her, smiled, then returned his eyes to the winding road.

Michael had been uneasy about this visit to his parents home, afraid she would be offended by the interruption of their honeymoon, which would eventually end up in Mexico City for a week, before Michael took over a position in a small Houston advertising firm.

But the trip was necessary, she had assured him. He had some money tied up in a trust, which was now needed to buy in as a partner of the firm. The business deal was too important to pass by! And besides, she was looking forward to meeting the Hightower family.

"Hold on and watch out for 'gators," Michael cut into her thoughts, as he turned off the highway onto a small asphalt road. "It's about five miles up this way."

Diana slipped the clasp from her purse and retrieved the needed brush and lipstick to prepare herself for her first encounter with her new in-laws.

"Don't worry," Michael threw her a broad grin. "You're beautiful ... as always."

She chuckled, "I love you, too. But first impression and best foot forward, you know."

"No problem. They'll love you," he assured her. "I just hope you'll like...."

"Relax, I know I'll like them," she broke in, as she straightened her clothing and pressed the wrinkles from her skirt with her palms. "Especially if they're anything like you."

"I give up. A woman in love is blind," he grinned and shrugged his shoulders. "Just remember, the Hightowers are a bit eccentric."

"I'll remember," she grimaced. "You make it sound as if I was walking

into some grisly scene straight out of a Gothic novel."

"It's not quite that bad ..." he laughed, "... but the Hightower family is just a little bit different and somewhat weird."

"You can't scare me off now, Michael Hightower!" she returned in mock anger. "I've read all those tales of werewolves and vampires. And I've come equipped with a silver bullet and wooden stake!"

His laughter increased, "Okay! You win! No more!"

Then he continued, carrying her joke a step further, "Just remember, Grandma sacrifices virgins at midnight every night in the basement!"

"Virgins, hmmmm?" she slid her hand up to the crotch of his jeans and allowed her fingers to tease along the sleeping bulge of his cock. "No worry there for me, is there!"

"You keep that up, woman, and I'll have to pull over to the side-of the road and rape your young body!" he grinned, easing her tempting fingers away.

"Promises, promises," she sighed, a wistful look in her eyes.

"Patience, my dear," he answered in a Bela Lugosi imitation, "ven night come, so vill you!"

Suddenly, she scooted to the edge of her seat and leaned over. Her teeth lightly nipped at his neck and she sucked loudly.

"I vant to suck your co ..." she started.

"Greedy, bitch!" his palm slapped sharply on the exposed cheek of her skirt-covered rump.

"Ouch!" she whelped, pouting as she withdrew back into her seat.

He grinned at her, "On your best behavior, wench; we're here."

Before them on the road, which apparently was nothing more than one hell of a long driveway, stood a massive stone wall. A wrought iron gate, complete with arch and a swirling Old English "H" in an intricate

circle, was open. Slowing down, Michael eased the sports car through the narrow passage. No longer was the surrounding country the tangled jungle of bayou undergrowth, but a plush carpet of green grass. No, she decided, lawn was more like it, well-manicured with landscaped shrubs growing around towering magnolia trees.

"Welcome to the Hightower Estate," Michael waved one of his hands to scene stretched before them.

"Michael, you didn't tell me ... it's beautiful," she exclaimed with obvious delight.

"Up ahead is the Hightower home." he smiled pleased with her reaction.

"Home? Mansion is more like it!" She stared at the white brick, two-story house set back among the flowering trees.

"This is an old plantation my father found and restored several years ago," her husband explained. "He liked the isolation it offered."

The road widened into a circular driveway that led to the front of the

Hightower mansion. Michael wheeled around and before the immense structure.

The place is authentic, just like the Old South," he continued. "Like it?"

"Like it? It's fantastic" she muttered, somewhat in shock by the unexpected mansion.

She found herself mumbling dumbfoundedly, "Michael, why didn't you tell me that...."

"That my family has some money?" he smiled.

She nodded, unable to find the appropriate words.

"It didn't seem to matter ... with you," he leaned over and tenderly kissed her. "Does it?"

"No, you big, beautiful idiot!" she grinned, throwing her arms around his neck and planting a loud wet kiss on his lips. "No, it didn't

matter. But please don't mind if I'm excited as hell about it! Not to mention nervous!"

"Nervous?" he grinned. "Don't worry. They'll love you!"

"But?"

"But nothing. The Hightowers may be a tad bit strange, but we really live rather simple," he reassured her. "That's what money's all about. It lets you live in the style you want."

She shook her head, still unbelieving, and started to speak, but Michael announced, "Here they come. Time to meet your in-laws."

She glanced to the house and saw a man walking briskly toward the car. With a last few brushes at her skirt, Diana took a deep breath, opened the door and slid out. The man, a wide grin on his face, was at Michael's side, behind them she glimpsed a feminine figure stepping from the house.

"Father, my wife, Diana," Michael beamed. "Diana, meet Michael

Hightower, Number One."

She knew a surprised look was plastered stupidly across her face, but it couldn't be helped. Her father-in-law's resemblance to his son, her husband, was unbelievable. He was identical to Michael, except for a slightly older-looking face and a few strands of grey hair salting the area around his temples. The elder Hightower even wore blue-jeans and a pullover in the fashion of his son. Had she not known that he was nearing fifty, she would have guessed his age to be no more than in the mid-thirties.

"She's beautiful, Michael," he grinned, dropping a hand he had proffered as a greeting. "Handshakes are for men. I prefer a healthy hug for beautiful women ... that is if you don't object."

Smiling, she shook her head in the negative and opened her arms. The hug was no more than a quick friendly squeeze. Still somewhat stunned by the father and son resemblance, she mumbled something about being pleased at the warm greeting and found her "Mr. Hightower" immediately corrected to "Michael One," if having two Michaels around confused her.

"Diana, welcome," a flurry of a woman form pushed around the older Hightower and she was getting another warm hug and a quick womanly kiss on the cheek. "We're all so happy."

"My wife, Lorraine," her father-in-law made the introduction.

Diana found herself mentally knocked for another loop, when she was finally released from the hug and got a good look at her new mother-in-law. Lorraine was a beautiful woman. Not only beautiful, but she didn't look a day over twenty-five. She was dressed in a loost-fitting silk caftan, but the light afternoon breeze pressed the thin fabric against her body, revealing the curves of an equally young woman.

Dear old Dad likes 'em sweet and tender, she mentally noted, remembering Michael's words about his family being "a little different."

Jolt three came when Lorraine introduced her two children, jerking the rug out from under Diana's twenty-five year old theory. First there was Paula---eighteen and sharing her mother's blonde, flowing hair and shapely figure. And at sixteen and a full six feet, was Bryan. Brushing

the reddish-blond mat of long hair from his face, he offered Diana a handshake in greeting. Her first impression of him as a young athlete was reinforced by the strength of his grip.

Michael had told her of his father's re-marriage after his wife's death five years ago, but this bordered on the unbelievable. Lorraine looked so young, but here were her children by a previous marriage. And they were in their late teens. Hell, Diana thought, I'm only twenty-one and Michael's just twenty-two.

"This is my sister, Katherine," her husband introduced the final member of the Hightower family.

"Kate, to friends and family," the young black-haired girl insisted, giving Diana another friendly hug.

Michael's true sister, Diana knew, was seventeen. And she realized the good looks of the Hightowers weren't reserved for the men, as she gazed at the young girl.

"My other son, Jim, hasn't arrived home from school yet," the elder

Michael Hightower spoke. "We expect him in by Sunday. Which will give you a chance to meet him before you two have to leave."

She nodded, then allowed her father-in-law to escort her into the Hightower "home." If the immense house appeared to be a mansion on the outside, it did doubly so within. A great sweeping, curved stairway leading to the upper floor stood at the back of the entry hall. And everywhere was highly polished wood paneling. She only glimpsed the other rooms, as Lorraine took over and led her and Michael upstairs to their room to freshen up before dinner. Their room looked like something out of *Gone With The Wind* and Diana raced across the room to fly bouncing on the over-sized four-poster bed as soon as Lorraine departed, announcing dinner would be ready in an hour or so.

"It's beautiful and they're nice," she grinned up from the bed, still feeling the jostling mattress beneath her.

"I'm glad," Michael said, climbing in beside her. "I was worried."

"I know," she whispered, cradling his head and kissing him with soft warmth.

His arms encircled her, pulling her close. Their tongues played around, exploring the warm wetness of their mouths for moments, gradually increasing the urgency of their embrace and sparking flames and lighting fires.

She wiggled and squirmed even closer, so that her body was pressed firmly down the front of him. Even through their clothes, she could detect the growing bulge at his crotch. She rolled her thigh over the hardening length, suggestively. He moaned, pulling her hard to him, his hands roaming over her back.

"I seem to remember a certain vampire out front and a certain lewd proposal," he whispered as he nibbled her ear when they parted.

"You are under my power," she whispered, picking up the Transylvanian accent they had used earlier. "You vill do as I say."

"I will do as you say," he laughed, playfully hugging her close, and once more kissing her long and hard, leaving them both fully aroused when they parted.

"Well, do as I say then!" she chided. "Get those clothes off. 'Cause, boy have I got some unusual vampiric techniques to show you!"

"A little snack before dinner?" he smiled as he hastily stripped.

"You might say that!" her eyes sparkled, as they focused in on the jutting, jerking pole of cock throbbing hard and rigid from his groin.

"Now sit on the side of the bed."

He did as she said, enjoying the view as she slipped free of her blouse and her pleated skirt. Next came the "blushing pink" bra and matching bikini panties. Naked, she came toward him, her green eyes trained on him like those of a cat hypnotizing its prey before it pounced. Her uptilted tits swayed in a delightful little dance, moved by the exaggerated movement of her hips. His balls tightened familiarly and his stiff rod jerked and twitched with anticipation.

A foot before him, she stopped, posing momentarily, letting her hands briefly cup the firm globes of her breasts, then slide seductively down the sleek curves of her sides and hips. Once again he felt lust grab

his testicles in a taut grip of desire.

Locking his eyes to hers, she slowly lowered herself before him, kneeling on the floor. His legs parted and she moved forward, taking advantage of his positioning on the side of the bed.

She glanced down to his crotch and studied the thick pole shafting out toward her face--- and mouth! Gently, with loving care, she reached out and tenderly ran her fingertips down its unbending length. It throbbed and pulsed with virile life beneath her touch. A single drop of crystal clear preseminal fluid welled from its tiny pinprick mouth.

Her emerald eyes rolled back up to him, as if saying "I see what is being offered and I like it." Her naturally blushed lips were caught in an elfin smile of mischief. Her pink tongue flicked wetly from behind her lips and gleaming white teeth. Then her eyes descended back to the swollen pole standing hard and proud at his crotch. Her fingers once more stroked its strained length and she watched it jerk and pulse with growing excitement.

As he watched from his bedside perch, she reached up and pulled his

lust-laden cock downward until it jutted at a ninety degree angle from his groin. Her eyes titled back up to him and she smiled once more, before returning to a demonstration of her "techniques."

He reveled in the sight of the woman kneeling on the floor before his cock. On her knees, as if she were worshipping the thick slab of dick he sported.

His positioning allowed him full view as her wet pink tongue curled out from behind her lips. He watched as its glistening tip extended closer and closer. Then with a light, feathery touch, she tapped the mouth of his sex. Electricity sizzled through his loins, as she captured the clear drop of sexual oil oozing from his glans.

Her tongue returned to her mouth and with it the juices she had stolen from his organ. He watched as she rolled the drop in her mouth, savoring it and then swallowing. Her tongue, as if she was satisfied with the taste of him, was back, swirling and washing over the sensitive softness of his engorged cock head. The reddening glans of his prick were left glistening and wet with a wake of her saliva.

Her attention then turned to the underside of his throbbing rod. Languorously, her teasing oral digit ran its sweet moist tip along the rough ridge of skin emerging from the black bush of his pubic hairs to the wrinkled folds surrounding the fattened head of his cock.

As if she were a child slowly playing with a candy stick, her tongue lapped at him, sending quakes of fantastic pleasure flowing up from his groin and through his body. His balls ached, drawing tightly within their taut sac. His bone-hard shaft pounded with excitement, as blood throbbed at an increased rate through its swollen length.

He moaned as her teeth clamped lightly down on his bigness. Up and down the fleshy wand of delight she nibbled, while her marvelously soft and warm tongue continued its teasing, flicking dance. Mounting to his cock's crown once again, she pulled away for an instant, then leaned forward to nibble and lick at the plum-like head of his man-shaft.

He groaned and quivered under the swirling sensations that raced up from his loins. He ached and hurt to have her mouth. But still she lightly nibbled, driving him to the region where pleasure and pain mingle in a confusing mixture that flamed him to sheer animal lust.

Once again, she abruptly pulled off his cock and stared at its throbbing, gorged crown. As he watched, her lips formed a tightly puckered, lubricious "O" and she moved in. Forward her head tilted, her lips kissing his glans, then opening to sheath their bulbous form in the humid shelter of her mouth.

She paused and he watched her swallow and breathe deeply through her nose. Then in one swooping, fluid motion, she took him. Full length, she swallowed up the thick pulsing cock, burying her nose in the dark hair at the base of his prick.

He groaned and shuttered under the fantastic sensation of being fully entrenched in her face. Warm and liquid, her mouth surrounded him. His glans jerked and throbbed against the back of her throat.

Then with ball-aching slowness, she eased her edacious mouth off the ponderous mass of manmeat she had captured. Inch by micro-inch she slipped her pouted lips from his cock, until only the constantly throbbing glans remained in her mouth. Then she sucked, forcing even more blood into the already agitated head. She sucked as he groaned,

almost begging for release from this torture of delicious pleasure. She sucked, fully demonstrating the "techniques" she had promised. Then she abruptly threw herself forward, impaling her face on the hardness of his swollen lance of manbood. He banged into the back of her mouth and felt himself slide down her wonderfully welcoming throat, driving toward her tonsils. In an equally abrupt manner, she jerked back. Her taut lips clung to the thick cylinder of cock she was now truly worshipping, sucking along the whole length of the rock-hard rod.

Again and again, she repeated the violent fucking of her face, as he watched with delighted amazement. Her cheeks bulged outward under each self-inflicted invasion of his sex. They hollowed deeply as she pulled off his prick, with her tongue constantly swirling and twirling around the swollen circumference.

He groaned and moaned as she worked her oral magic on him. His body was wracked by blast after blast of lashing sensations. His balls were on fire, threatening to crack from the flaming heat that consumed them.

As the fiery orb of lust moved up from his testicles, pushing its way into the rock-hard shaft of his cock, he reached down and grasped her

head, holding her firmly impaled on his lustshaft.

Then he relaxed and let the demanding waves of desire take his control and his body. Opalescent jets of burning come seered through his length, exploding out into the chalice of her mouth. Helpless in his violent release, he could but watch her voracious mouth work on the juices spilling forth from his groin. Her throat bobbed and twitched as she eagerly accepted and swallowed each thick gush of sperm and semen he had to offer.

Throbbing and aching, he moaned as he was wracked by spurt after spurt of pleasure. His hands slipped weakly from her head, and her mouth slid back to the nut-like tip of his penis. Again she sucked. Her tongue and lips milked every spasmodic twitch still controlling his cock. She sucked, taking every drop that oozed from him. She sucked, eating and swallowing the last trace of his release, then sucked some more as if hoping to find one last morsel for her predatory mouth.

As the marvelous pleasure of her tongue and lips threatened to turn to pain, she pulled her head away from him and once more rolled the deep green of her eyes upward and smiled. Gratefully, he cupped her face in

his hands and leaned over and kissed her.

"Now," he whispered when their lips drifted apart, "I have some techniques of my own to demonstrate."

Without the slightest bit of urging, she clambered to the bed, moaning in fully aroused excitement as his tongue proceeded to sample the juices of her cunt. And within a very short time, she was crying out in pleasure as his mouth sent her soaring to the heights she had taken him.

Chapter 3

Dinner was simple and formal, which Diana soon learned that in Hightower terms meant everyone put on clean jeans and ate hamburgers. Afterwards, Lorraine spirited Diana away from the rest for a lengthy tour of the mansion's twenty-five rooms, all of which were in use.

When they returned to the rest of the family, all had gathered in a

spacious den and were sharing the latest tales of their lives as well as a glass of wine. Watching as she entered Diana was struck by the closeness of the family. At least on the surface, there seemed to be none of the normal bickerings that would be constantly occurring in any other family of this size. All in all, they seemed to be one large group of old friends.

Michael was the first to notice their return. He rose and smiled.

"Well, how did it go?" he asked pouring two new glasses of wine and carrying it to them.

"Impressive," Diana replied in a genuine assessment of the Hightower homestead. "It's completely fantastic!"

Michael nodded as his father grinned, pleased with her reaction.

"There's a long history to this old place," the head of the Hightower family began, as Michael directed Diana to a place beside him on a cozy over-stuffed sofa. "In the anti- bellum days, this was built by a French family by the name of Duvalle and was a main base for smuggling

slaves to the free states."

"You can still see the remains of some underground vaults they hid escaping slaves in until they could manage passage north," Michael interjected. "There's some out back I can show you if you're interested."

Diana nodded and listened as her father-in-law went on, once again struck by the great resemblance of the two men.

"Michael's right, this place has several quirks which make it interesting. But back to the Duvalles. It seems just prior to the Civil War, there was a family split at which time one half of the family turned in the other half for their slave-oriented activities. The locals hereabouts had a quick kangaroo trial and a mass hanging of Duvalles down at the parish courthouse. The remaining half of the family apparently moved down to New Orleans where they dropped the "e" on their name. I noticed in the papers three months back where several 'Duvalls' had been arrested by the Police for some involvement in a ritual style slaying."

"Not your basic friendly types," Diana commented as she listened to her father-in-law, amazed by the similarity between his and Michael's voice.

The elder Hightower went on and explained how the house was taken over by carpetbaggers after the war and then went through a series of owners, who left it in the state of ruin he had found it in. He explained how twenty years ago he had rebuilt the mansion.

As he continued Diana realized that had she not been looking at the older man, she would not have been able to tell his voice from that of her husband's.

With a little questioning, Diana learned that the Hightower family was not Southern but had come from New England, where they still owned partial interest in a shipping firm.

The conversation then turned to her and Michael and their plans. Not to mention several glasses of wine. By ten, the day's drive and the soothing effects of the drinks had left Diana drowsy and she excused herself. Michael remained in the den, explaining Lorraine wanted to

show him some additions to the house before he retired.

Upstairs, she quickly slipped from her slacks and showered, letting the full force of the streaming water work over her naked body like tiny massaging fingers. Feeling somewhat refreshed, she stepped from her bath and toweled dry.

Deciding she wasn't as tired as she originally had thought, she pulled a paperback from her suitcase. Bouncing down into the softness of the bed, she attempted to force herself into the storyline of the novel, but a decided chill to the room kept her mind from the words.

Admitting to herself she'd have to give up the freedom of nudity in favor of warmth, she rose from the downy softness of the bed and crossed the room to retrieve a robe from the closet. Selecting a thin, suggestive nylon piece that would fire Michael's interest on his return, she pulled it from its hanger and slipped into the flimsy, but warming garment.

A soft glow of light radiating from the back of the closet caught her eyes. Shoving the hanging clothes aside, Diana studied what appeared to

be a wide crack separating the large panels at the rear of the closet, the faint glow seeping through the opening. Puzzled, she reached out. As her fingertips touched the slightly disjarred panel, it swung back. Behind it was a narrow corridor, opening in both directions behind the wall.

Her father-in-law's description of the mansion "having several quirks" flashed through her mind as she stepped into the closet for a closer examination of the discovery. Ducking her head through the aperture, she peered down the passage. Only darkness met her eyes to the right, but to the left, the corridor took a sharp ninety degree turn. The glow that had first drawn her attention seemed to brighten some around the dog leg.

Secret panels and a secret passage, the whole concept intrigued her. And as she pulled a lamp from one of the end tables by the bed and plugged it into a wall socket near the closet, she realized why the heroines in all those Gothic adventures never faltered in exploring such discoveries---plain, simple curiosity.

That same curiosity now took hold of her. However, she wasn't about to

make the same foolish mistakes ineptly made by the dumb broads of the late night movies. Placing the lamp on the floor of the closet, she switched it on. It would serve as a beacon to guide her return, if the glow should suddenly disappear. As an extra precaution, she firmly lodged one of Michael's shoes across the threshold of the secret doorway to act as a wedge should the panel somehow decide to close itself, or should someone else come to the same conclusion.

Then she slipped into the passage.

She tingled with the excitement of the situation as she moved down the narrow corridor. Her steps were slow and deliberate, doing her best to proceed in silence. The scenes of a thousand screen thrillers flashed through her mind with every step she took.

Her eyes darted from side to side examining her confining surroundings. If this were a secret passage, it certainly didn't fit the normal description given to one by writers, she noted as she grew closer to the turn in the corridor and the dim glow. There were no cobwebs and interspaced on the ceiling every twenty feet or so, she could detect light bulbs, although none of these were lit at the moment.

Gingerly, she felt her way down the fifty feet from the closet and rounded the corner. There she found the passage opened into a small nook. Side by side in the limited space of the cubby hole area were six folding chairs, facing the curtain-covered wall where she stood. The glow, which lit the room in a dusk-like quality, suffused out from behind the edges of the drapery. On the far side of the chair-filled room, the passage began again. However, to continue only offered darkness.

All in all she found her discovery rather anti-climatic---a conclusion that was short-lived as she tucked her fingers between the heavy drapery and parted the cloth slightly for a peek at what lay on the other side.

The other side was a huge glass window!

And beyond the transparent barrier was a spacious bedroom containing a bed that could have been a sister to the one in her room. She then saw the occupants of the strangely windowed room-- -Paula and Kate.

The stepsisters stood at the side of the bed nearest the glass. They were dressed only in panties and bras. The remainder of their clothing was strewn on the floor at their feet.

As Diana watched, confused by the unexpected sight, the two young girls stepped to each other. Their hands reached and touched for a brief instant. They smiled and spoke, but Diana was unable to hear what was said. But when they suddenly embraced in an open- mouth kiss, their arms wrapping around each other tightly, there was no doubt in her mind as to what had been the substance of their brief exchange.

Diana found herself mesmerized by the alluring beauty of the young, half-clad bodies pressed together in voluptuous pleasure. Unexplainable shivers coursed through her as she watched their still forming breasts press against their near nakedness; the whiteness of their flesh attempting to spill out over the confining cups of their bras.

Their lips worked together. She felt a dampness welling within her as she detected the flurried pinkness of their exploring tongues dance back and forth into their mouths, probing and teasing each other.

Unable to withdraw from her voyeur's position, she stared as their hands slowly roved over the gentle curves of the backs, slipping along the slopes of their spines to the pert roundness of their asses. Their fingers toyed and played, ducking under the elastic of their panties to soothingly caress the tantalizing cushions of their hindcheeks.

As she watched, the blonde-haired Paula stepped away from the embrace. Her arms reached behind her back and easily unclasped the tiny hooks holding her bra. The white garment fell away to join the rest of the clothes on the floor. Her tits, young and firm, did a bouncy little dance, eventually standing from her chest like two proud cones of beckoning delight.

While the black-headed Kate at her side and Diana, from her position behind the glass, gazed with admiring eyes, the slim blonde tucked her fingers under the band of her panties and slowly wiggled the nylon briefs downward, over the youthful curve of her shapely hips and an equally shapely pair of sleek, supple legs.

Holding her hands out, she summoned the younger girl to her and their mouths joined once again. This time Kate's slim, graceful fingers were

given full rein to her partner's body. Lightly her fingers fondled the smooth texture surface of the unblemished skin. Downward they traveled once again finding the tempting slopes of jutting rear mounds.

She grasped, her hands squeezing into the softness of the other girl's ass with almost brutal force. Heated, red ass flesh squinched up between her fingers as she kneaded the plump curves. Over and over, her eager hands squeezed and moulded tightly into the pliant cushions.

Then her fingers were moving again---moving toward the deep crease separating the firm buttocks. Taunting, her fingertips toyed up and down the dark, tight-pressed line. The naked girl pressed against the body of her manipulator, trembling and tightening her hold on the dark-haired beauty that teased excited thrills at her bottom. The naked cones of her tits pushed hard against her feminine lover, their firm shape flattening to balls of resilient flesh.

Still exploring, the titillating fingers delved into the dark crease. In determined fashion they twirled and tickled, then there was a sharp plunge.

The naked blonde jerked rigid. Her mouth wrenched away from her partner's. With urgency, she pressed against the girl before her as if trying to mount her. Her red young lips parted in a silent moan of lust-pleasure as the still clothed girl's finger penetrated into the tight confines of her anal mouth. She clung to the black-haired girl as the spearing digit began to pump in and out of her asshole.

Faster and faster the finger of the younger girl lunged into the tight rectal pocket of her partner's rear. In penis-imitating fashion, she worked her attack. In and out she drilled into the volcanic fire of the squeezing hole. Out and in, her finger speared toward the back recesses of the ass she now possessed.

The long strands of blonde hair flew like a furious mist of gold, as the older youth received every lancing impact of the finger-fucking she was getting. Her head rolled on her shoulders in wanton abandon. Her mouth was open in a constant groan of growing lust.

In an almost subtle movement, the dark-haired girl slipped her free hand from the ass it held and slid it around to the soft blonde pubic moss covering the exposed cunt that was open to her. With little or no

difficulty, she tickled a finger upward into the waiting lips of the hungry pussy before her. Matching the rhythm of her poling finger in the rear, she plowed into the silken, wet vagina with her newly entrenched finger.

Doubly impaled and doubly fucked, the blonde's body was one quake of trembling flesh. Her body rolled and ground into the girl manipulating her desire. Her conical tits rolled against the still partially clothed girl. Her body glistened with excited perspiration. Her hands clutched desperately at the girl's back, nails biting into the whiteness of young flesh.

Her hips bucked back and forth trying to accept the dual impalement simultaneously. Her body quaked and jerked as she took the two fingers that slid into the liquid warmth of her young snatch and the fiery channel of her bowels at the same time. She rocked and writhed in her standing position as if unable to get enough of the double finger attack soon enough.

In and out the probing digits sluiced into her throbbing pussy and drilled into her aching ass in unison. Out and in, they blasted

undeniable lust through her willing body. In and out, they pumped through the pleasure-pulsing portals of her near agony need.

In a fevered frenzy, she came, her body going rigid, then collapsing into a mass of quivering, quaking flesh caught in the fantastic throes of orgasmic satisfaction. Trembling and clutching, her writhing body pressed urgently against the girl who had brought such prodigious gratification to her.

Somehow, as Diana still peered on from behind the curtain, the younger Kate managed to lower her step-sister to the side of the bed, gently caressing and kissing her as the lovely blonde slowly descended from the heights of pleasure she had been exploded into.

Diana quivered with growing arousal as she watched the two girls. She had never before realized that the sight of two women making it could be so exciting. While she had often wondered what it would be like to have another woman exploring her body, she had never allowed the situation to occur, although during her first years in college dormitory life had presented more than one such chance.

Now as she stood as a voyeur to these two beautiful young girls, she found her body reacting with undeniable excitement. She almost felt the sleekness of their skin against hers, their exploring hands and fingers on and in her body.

Diana pulled the thin robe she wore closely to her. Not so much to close out the chill that was still present, but to keep her own hands from creeping to the wet cleft of her loins to satisfy the growing need that flamed within her.

Chapter 4

"She's a very pretty girl, Michael," Lorraine said simply, as she maneuvered her stepson into the mansion's library.

"Very attractive," Michael smiled, glancing at the older woman. "She's everything I'd hoped to find in a woman, attractive, intelligent and...."

"And sexual ..." Lorraine's lips formed a coy, knowing smile and her

blue eyes flashed with sudden amusement.

Michael didn't answer, but moved away from his stepmother, his eyes darting around him, surveying the floor-to-ceiling shelves of books that lined the walls of the Hightower library. His father was a collector, This one room contained a small fortune in first editions.

But Lorraine's mind was far from the rare volumes. "Your telegram came as a surprise. We knew that you and Diana were living together, but marriage?"

He twisted around to face the woman again. His eyes widened, obviously irritated by her last remark

But Lorraine ignored his reaction and pressed further, "Does she know about the Hightowers?"

Michael's eyes glanced to the floor and he shook his head, receiving a chuckle of growing amusement from the woman.

"Your father and I had expected that you would have at least brought

Diana to meet us before you married her," Lorraine continued. "I'm disappointed in you."

"Why?" Michael snapped. "Why should I have brought Diana here? I wouldn't have done it now, if it hadn't have been for the trust."

The woman no longer chuckled, but laughed. Michael had known this was going to happen. He should have tried to avoid it, but he knew that that would have been impossible. He had never been able to avoid Lorraine. Never!

"Poor Michael, afraid his family will frighten off his young bride," she laughed louder, the obviously unconfined mounds of her breasts juggling freely beneath the silky fabric of her caftan.

Damn! he silently cursed himself, as he felt the familiar tightening of his groin. He shouldn't have let this happen. But now that it was here, there was no way of getting out of it.

"I'm sorry, Michael," his stepmother abruptly ceased her laughter. "I didn't mean that. Please forgive me. It's just that this is so unlike

you. I don't understand."

The young man's dark eyes studied her, remembering and trying to forget. "Things are different now, Lorraine. Diana and I are starting a life together. The things that happened here are ... well, they're gone. They're part of the past!"

"Are they, Michael?" she smiled gently, the blueness of her eyes alive with a light of certainty. "Are you sure it's gone? Just like that; just because you say it's gone?"

"Yes, I'm sure," he nodded, lowering his eyes from hers to escape her probing gaze and feeling more and more uneasy by the moment.

The softness of her fingertips were on his cheek, lightly caressing. His eyes rose to her again and that confident smile on the fullness of her lips. There was no denying that Lorraine was a beautiful woman, a fact that had always drawn him and a fact that she had used on him ever since her marriage to his father. He wanted to escape her gaze, but she held him as she had always held him.

"I don't think anything has changed, Michael. I don't think you want anything to change," she whispered, her head moving slowly toward him. "I think you want me as much as you've always wanted me."

He moved his head away, but the fingers on his cheek increased their pressure, easing his mouth back. Then her lips were on his, teasing with a light brushing quiver. She pressed harder, her tongue darting from her mouth and flicking over his lips. But he held firm, refusing her the entrance she wanted.

"Why are you fighting it?" she glanced up to him, when she finally pulled away. There was hurt in her eyes; a hurt that filled him with an aching hollowness. "It's been a long time, Michael. I've been waiting for this. I want it and I can feel that you want it as much as I do."

She pressed her lips to his again. This time her arms circled his back, pulling her body close so that the heavy balls of her tits rolled against him, taunting him with their cushiony softness. Her pelvis wedged its way to his crotch, rubbing the plump mound of her pubis over the rising length of his prick.

You're right, you hot bitch! he cursed his weakness, as his mouth opened to accept the welcomed offering of her probing oral digit. I never could refuse you! Never could deny that exquisite cunt of yours!

Totally confident of herself now, her sureness boosted by the thickening pole she had created in the crotch of his jeans, her tongue drilled into her step-son's mouth, swirling and twirling around his tongue. Her lips pressed hard to his, forcing his mouth wider as she tried to drive her oral digit down his throat. As his arms closed around her, she moved her body, mashing her breasts harder against his chest and greedily rubbing the firm, fleshy mound of her sex over the solid rod of cock straining out from his pants.

Enticing him into her mouth, her lips and teeth lightly closed around his tongue. She sucked, as her pelvis undulated into his, emphasizing what it was that she wanted. She sucked, promising the oral delights she had so expertly laved on his cock innumerable times in the past. She sucked until a slight saline taste suffused through her mouth, then she released his tongue and their mouths parted.

"It has been a long time, hasn't it?" she smiled, reveling in the feel

of his young arms around her.

"Lorraine ..." he began.

She interrupted whatever he had intended to say as her mouth covered his again and the flickering flurry of her tongue invaded his mouth once again, twisting with its tantalizing gyrations. She parted from him only when she felt his hips swaying with the sensuous rhythm of her pelvis. And when her lips did leave his, she removed his arms from around her and stepped back.

Her eyes glowed with the growing lust that coursed through her body, as she reached behind her back and found two small snaps and unclasped them. Then her fingers discovered the zipper beneath and edged it down its jagged-tooth path. Her smile of confidence widened as she noticed that her stepson's eyes were riveted to her every action, his nostrils flaring slightly with excitement.

The caftan fell away from her body in one smooth motion, like a sheet unveiling some sculpture. But this work of art was alive. He found himself gulping deeply as he stared at her. Not only was she braless,

but she wore no other undergarments.

He had forgotten just how beautiful Lorraine was, just how desirable a woman she was, just how much she affected him, as the throbbing stiffness bulging from his jeans testified to.

The fairness of her blonde hair matched the creamy texture of her flawless skin. Her tits were big! Breasts that were heavy globes of pendulous flesh that danced resiliently on her chest as she breathed. Topping each of those fascinating, pillow-like mounds were light brown aureoles and nipples that had already begun to stiffen with desire.

Her stomach had lost the flatness of youth, but it was far from a gross, bulging midriff. Her belly was a slight protruding slope that led his eyes downward to the plump mound of her pubis. No longer did her love knoll sport the soft brown sexual fur it had worn the last time he had seen her. Now there was only a continuation of the milky smoothness of her skin. Shaven and bare, her cunt posed with the innocence of a young girl.

His balls drew themselves tightly into the security of their sac as she

moved back toward him, wagging the delightfully flaring curves of her hips in an exaggerated sway. Her tits juggled liquidly from her chest. Her eyes flashed with abandoned lust.

Back in his arms, she covered his mouth with hers, as his hands roved over the sleek smoothness of her back. His fingers eagerly crept to the jutting roundness of her buttocks and squeezed into the fleshy cheeks of her ass, arousing moans from the depths of her throat. She wiggled, rolling her voluptuous nakedness against him, as if trying to push herself through the clothing he still wore.

In a surprising abrupt movement, the nude woman suddenly pulled away from him and with a devilish grin, dropped to her knees before him. With the same quickness, her long fingers darted to his fly, attempting to free the zipper. But his hands were on hers, moving them away from his crotch.

"Lorraine ... please ... Diana," he gazed down at the lovely vision of womanly servitude at his feet. Naked and willing, she stared up to him, uncomprehending this last moment of hesitation.

Unwilling to be denied, her head leaned forward and her lips kissed along the swollen bulge covered by the coarseness of his jeans. Even through the fabric of his pants, he could feel the warmth of her breath permeating the cloth and flowing around the solidness of his manhood. He shuddered as he weakly fought the desire that swirled up through his loins, then moaned and released her hands.

Her fingers, free once again, found the metal hinge of his fly and yanked down its jagged- edged course. The smell of his manliness flooded her nostrils, even before her lust- controlled fingers tucked inside his fly and touched the stiff column of manmeat. The odor was far from offensive. It was a deep musky aroma that she had come to love during her years, an erotic scent of manhood that only stimulated her more.

Carefully, she worked the thick pole of his prick from his pants, then sat back on her calves to examine the swollen shaft as it came free. It has been a long time, she mused to herself, as her fingers tenderly traced along the rod of hardened flesh she had created.

She relished the smoothness of his cockflesh and the virile solidness

that throbbed under her fingertips. Even as she watched, the plumpness of his glans seemed to swell even fuller.

Her head moved forward as her stepson watched. Her red, puckered lips kissed at the sleekness of his cock's crown, sucking away the clear preseminal juices that welled out from its slitted mouth. He felt good, manly, his sex warm and soft against her lips. She felt him quiver and found herself doing likewise in a lusty reaction.

Edging her mouth from his lust-wand, she rolled her eyes upward and smiled at the pleasure she found on his face, then turned her eyes once more to the fat stalk possessed by her fingertips. Closing her eyes, she moved forward, letting the flicking probe of her tongue tip guide her to his cock. She delighted at the shuddering thrills she ignited within her stepson, as the feathery touch of her tongue brushed over his blood-engorged glans. But more than that, she relished the oral-tactile taste of him that she received.

In long, lubricious laps, she lost herself in the pleasure of the task she had taken on. Up and down the thick circumference of his sex, her tongue curled and caressed. The cock she laved twitched and jerked

strongly under her ministrations, only stirring her eagerness. Over and under the firm length, she licked and washed. His feel was marvelous, hard, smooth, soft and demanding all at the same time. She couldn't get enough of it quick enough to suit her!

She scooted even closer to him, allowing her lips to join the revelry her tongue had found on his sex. So smooth! she moaned as she mouthed her way up and down the lust-laden shaft of sex. She trembled with mounting excitement with the thought that she soon would bury this pulsating pole within her face. So warm! And so smooth!

Licking and kissing her way from the hairy base of his cock to the pleasantly thick knob of his glans, she once more pulled away from him. Opening her eyes, she glanced back to the young face above her. He smiled, as his hands reached out and his fingers weaved through the pale blonde strands of her hair, then slowly eased her face back to the jutting shaft of his prick.

Her lips kissed the plum-like crown of his cock and her tongue drilled into the slit-mouth. But his hands, increasing in their urgent pressure, demanded more.

Her lips pouted deliciously over the swollen glans, accepting his cock into her mouth. Following the pressure at the back of her head, she eased forward. The ponderous mass of his sex invaded her face, filling her mouth and sliding into her throat. Suppressing the urge to gag, she breathed deeply through her nose, then inched all the way down the thickness of his root, until her lips flattened around the base of his cock and she had taken every pulsing inch of him.

His balls did an arousing series of flip-flops as he watched his stepmother slowly slide off the lancing shaft of his manhood. He had known this would happen. He had known and still he had come with her. Perhaps she had been right. Perhaps he had no desire to bury the past. He certainly had no urge to stop the fantastic sensations she was creating with her mouth. He wanted her to suck him. He wanted her mouth eating at his cock. He wanted to slide atop the welcoming bed of her body and fuck the juice-filled pussy between her legs. She was right! It had been a long time! And whether he liked to admit it or not, he had missed the sensual delights this beautiful woman, his father's wife, could so expertly give him.

Diana! his mind flashed to his young bride, who awaited him in their room. His young wife, who he had left alone so that he could once again share the carnal pleasure that his stepmother could provide. What would Diana do, if she knew?

Suddenly the provocative mouth so lovingly wrapped around his prick began to suck, driving away all the uneasy thoughts of Diana, demanding his full attention!

She pulled at his glans, doing her damndest to dislodge them from his cock. She sucked, drawing even more blood into his already gorged length. Her lips were taut and white around him, under the strength of their hold. He moaned and hunched his hips forward. In a well-timed reaction, she abruptly eased her oral grip and opened her mouth to accept the shafting column that speared deeply into her face. Then she sucked her way back to the fat crown at its tip.

Downward, her lips slid again, swallowing up his swollen length, then off she came, then she swallowed him up again. He watched hypnotized by the greedy movements of her lips. Up and down, her head bobbed along his stalk of meat. His balls were firing with desire. They simmered,

then boiled, as his hips began to pump in and out, fucking her mouth.

Suddenly, he jerked himself away from her lips of pleasure. Her eyes flared open and gazed up at him filled with confusion.

"I want your pussy," he moaned, his face twisted with the determination it had taken to pull himself free from her magnificent lips. I want those beautiful tits of yours."

The dull confusion of her eyes failed quickly and was replaced by flaming lust, as she rolled to her back. The creamy whiteness of her thighs spread, allowing him an unobstructed view of her cleanly shaven pubic mound and the slightly pouting, pink lips of her labia.

Managing to rid himself of his own clothes, he knelt beside her on the carpeted floor. He suppressed the overwhelming desire to immediately scoop up handfuls of her abundance of titflesh. Instead, he leaned over, his lips smothering hers and his tongue darting into the humid warmth of her mouth, that had seconds ago held his cock.

When they parted, it was only for a moment, a brief pause to catch a

quick breath, then her mouth was planted strongly against his, the soft wetness of her tongue duelling over the interior of his mouth. Opening his jaws wider, he accommodated the strong thrusts of her oral probe, as she strove to drive down his throat. Her hands were cradled to each side of his face, holding him firmly as she worked around in his mouth.

Seemingly eons later, she eventually withdrew, allowing him entrance into her mouth once again. Repeating her own actions, he drilled his tongue toward her tonsils, as if trying to crack her jaws. But she simply opened wider, accepting his searching of the recesses of her mouth. A wanton "ooooohhhh" came from her throat as they parted. But more important, the slight interruption of their mounting passion had allowed him to once more gain control over the lust that burned within his testicles.

Her eyes fluttered open, misted with the desire that consumed her voluptuous body. She smiled, moving her hands from his face and found his wrist on the rounded smoothness of her milky shoulders. It took only the barest minimum of pressure to slide his fingers downward to the pillowy mounds of her tits. She trembled and whimpered with excitement as his hands nudged at the curving circumferences of her

breasts.

No longer repressing his desire to manhandle the heavy, slightly flattened globes, he accepted his stepmother's invitation and roughly grabbed up two handfuls of creamy, moldable titty and squeezed. A grateful moan came from her and the woman beside him arched her back upwards, pressing the heavy mounds into his warm palms.

Firmly grasping the summery mounds, he pulled upward, stretching the globes into pointed cones. Then he released his holds, watching as the elastic-like flesh bounced resiliently and juggled back into its original shape. Again and again, he pulled the pliable globes upward and released them, playing like a child lost in the world of a new toy. When he tired, he pushed them upward on her chest, delighting with every jostling bobble, as they rolled back into shape. He tugged downward, enjoying the similar, reversed action of her tits.

Then he moved in with his mouth, sucking up and nibbling on an unsuspecting nipple that was perched hard and erect atop one of the tempting pillows of flesh.

"UH! Arrggghhh!" his stepmother grunted under the unannounced oral attack

Quaking, she arched her back higher, trying to smother him in the satin-covered cushions of her chest. Widening his mouth, he gobbled up as much of the warm, excited flesh as he could. Again she grunted and trembled, her hands clutching at the back of his neck and pulling him to her.

Occupying one of the aroused globes with a barrage of licking, sucking and nibbling, he made sure that its twin sister was not left unattended, by cupping as much of the quivering, marshmallowy flesh as he could and rolling it on her chest.

Her excitement reached a fevered pitch and he jerked his mouth away from the now pleasure-aching crown of her breast, despite the lust obscured protests that garbled from her lips. Without pausing he dropped to the other massive tit and reversed his attack. Using mouth and hands together, he whipped this desire-laden woman back to the heights his abrupt change of pace had wrenched her from.

From years filled with past experiences of exploring this tantalizing woman's body, he knew that with just a little more teasing, he could bring her off by simply manipulating her breasts and with no other stimulation. But he wanted to be inside her cunt; that delightfully shaven mound of sex he knew was throbbing between her spread legs.

As abruptly as before, he pulled away from her breasts, leaving only his hands to gently fondle the warm, aroused flesh of her tits. Again her eyes fluttered open, showing a mixture of lust and confusion.

He felt her legs open further and glanced downward. The wetness of her desire oozed from the deep cleft of her loins. Her hand crept to his prick and gently pulled.

Following the urging tug of her fingers, he slid atop her and between the inviting spread of her thighs, lowering himself on the luxurious bed of her body, so that the majority of his weight was borne by his elbows on either side of this willing and wanton woman.

Between his own legs was the wonderful feel of her hand guiding the turgid tip of his cock into the pouted lips of her pussy. The sensation

was fantastic, familiar, but exciting, like a homecoming. The fantastic sensation increased tenfold as her hips twitched and her cunt swallowed his glans in the outer lips of her labia. It was his turn to moan as he lay there motionless, feeling his stepmother tremble and quiver in anticipation of what would transpire next.

It would have been enough to just lay there until her lust became uncontrollable and she begged to be fucked. But her mouth and his eager manipulations of her ponderous breasts had affected him as much as it had her. Lust won out over control!

In one hard thrust, he plunged into the liquid warmth of her cunt, lashing into her like a rapist taking a virgin. But she was no virgin, nor had she wanted to be one since that first cock had torn its way through her hymen leaving its never healing wound in her vagina. Her hips leapt up to welcome his entrance. Their bodies slapped together. Together they moaned, lost in the fulfillment of two willing and desirous people having achieved sexual union.

There were no longer thoughts of control as he wrenched out and lunged back into her body. He had but one thought---to fuck the hell out of

this woman, who had brought him into the library for the sole purpose of having him fuck the hell out of her!

She had the same thought! Her legs locked around his, holding his firmly between her thighs, as if she expected him to attempt an escape. Her hands were at his back, fingernails biting into his skin. She twisted and rolled the heavy cushions of her breasts against his chest, exciting both him and herself at the same time.

Like a spike of flesh, he slammed into the humid hole of sex that swallowed his length and squeezed it in a chamber of velvet- covered steel muscles. As hard as he thrustured inward, he jerked out of the encompassing softness, knowing as he came free, her pussy flowed with him, its pink lips flowering outward.

Then he plunged inward again, trying to bang his cockhead against the opening of her cervix waiting in the depths of her belly. Grunting with pleasure, she welcomed the thick circumference. Deeper and deeper he drove and she felt the piston of pleasure stretch and fill the channel of her vagina. Her own muscles worked as best they could, as lust took complete control of her body. Squeezing, she desperately tried to grasp

the hot rod that sliced in and out of her cunt.

"Harder," she mumbled in his ear between deeply sucking gasps of pleasure. "Harder! Drive it back into my mouth!"

He obliged by reaming as hard as he could into the exquisite heat of her pussy. He pounded and ravaged into the juice-slick tunnel of her belly. Like an angry jackhammer, he poled into her depths, his own lust screaming from the tight friction of her cunt.

Her hips worked in unison with him. As he plunged downward her pelvis jumped up and accepted every inch of swollen cock he could stuff into the mouth of her sex. As he wrenched out, in preparation for another lancing thrust, her hips fell away, her ass bouncing onto the floor beneath her. Then she was there with that predatory hunger for cock, sheathing his prick once more as he rammed into her again.

Their bodies melted into a tangle of hot, urgent, aching flesh as they worked together, feeding the flames of desire that consumed them. In and out, he pumped into the clutching socket of her sex. Faster and harder, he tried to drive his thick, swollen lance of prick into her

mouth as she had urged him.

Groaning and bucking, she existed only for the fat slab of manmeat that packed its way into her cunt. Her whole body was caught in a rushing tidal wave of sexual desire. Higher and higher, he whipped her on. Centering at their joined cores, swirling fingers of pleasure washed out and covered her. Each torrent of desire growing in strength, she was blasted into the exploding universe of orgasmic oblivion.

Clinging to the young man, her stepson, who still pumped himself into her body, she soared on a skyrocketing nebula of pleasure. Lust completely shattered her soul, then re- assembled it over and over.

Feeling the woman beneath him go rigid, he let the last wall of control crumble from his body, allowing the thick rush of sperm and semen to boil up through his cock and blast into the contracting hole of pussy surrounding him. Groaning in the stream of ecstasy that raced through his loins, he emptied his balls into the awaiting chalice of her belly. Gratefully, the steaming fountain of come spurted from his testicles, coating and soaking the quaking folds of her vagina. His whole body jerked and twitched as he drilled deep into the woman, his father's

wife, under him, as the last drops of his release drained from his still hard and aching cock.

Clinging together, they entered the satisfaction of fulfilled desire. Caressing, they kissed and held each other. Still locked together, they rolled to their sides, man and woman, stepson and stepmother, as his hips once again began the steady in-out rhythm they both still hungered for.

Chapter 5

Still clutching her thin robe to her aroused body, Diana tried to move away from the window into the girls' bedroom, but she couldn't. Paula's and Kate's sexual play fascinated her, drawing her eyes as the light of a candle draws a moth.

This uninhibited lovemaking between stepsisters was something new; something that incited strange, previously unfelt desires within her. As she watched them embrace and caress on the bed, she could feel their young, exploring hands on her body and wished that the sensations that

coursed through her were more than just mental. She wanted to be in the room with them; wanted to feel their mouths and hands and bodies pressed against her.

Paula, removing Kate's arms from around her nakedness, suddenly rose from the bed and held her hand out to her sister. The dark-haired, younger girl smiled, obvious excitement in her dark eyes, and bounced up, taking the blonde's hand. The older girl leaned forward and gently kissed her companion's lips, then led her before the window.

Together they stared at Diana!

She had been discovered!

Diana's heart missed several beats. No better than a common window peeker, the two girls had found her gazing in on their sexual pastimes. She felt a hot, embarrassed heat flush through her body.

No! They didn't see her! she suddenly realized. The two teen-age girls had not found her out. They were staring straight at her, but they didn't see her. Relief flooded her body and at the same time, her mind

reeled with confusion. How could they not see me?

Then it dawned on her.

The alcove, the chairs, the curtained window---all of it made sense.

The window wasn't a window at all, but one of those one- way mirrors which allow persons behind them to see out, but persons on the other side see nothing but a silver surfaced mirror. And the alcove and the chairs were nothing more than a small viewing area for spectators to gaze upon the activities in the bedroom. Sexual activities, she assumed.

Another of the mansion's "quirks," she grinned to herself, as she wondered how many guests to the Hightower estate had been placed in this bedroom. And even more interesting were the possibilities of who used the alcove. The lack of dust she had previously detected and the electric lights that hung from the ceiling pointed to the fact that the alcove with its special "Window" were used. Was this the strangeness of the Hightower family that Michael had tried to warn her of? Was this viewing area here when the Hightowers bought the mansion? Or was it an addition that the elder Hightower had dreamed up? The whole

implications of this voyeuristic haven fascinated her.

But even more fascinating was the activity of the two girls on the other side of the one- way mirror. Now secure in her position, Diana watched, feeling the wanton throbs of lust rising in her again.

Paula now stood behind her sister. Both girls gazed into the mirrored side of the glass, smiling and unaware of their new sister-in-law who watched their every move.

For a few brief seconds, the older girl was busy behind the dark-haired girl, then Kate's bra came free, falling away from her body. Diana found herself gasping with excitement as she stared at the young girl's exposed tits. Still developing, the young breasts were perfect cones, white, soft and smooth and topped by dark mushrooms; nipples that were stiff and erect from the sexual play she had so vigorously taken part in.

Unseen hands suddenly began to move the girl's briefs down the rounded curves of her hips, as Paula worked at the panties from behind. The light cloth panties dropped around the girl's ankles and she stepped

free, gazing at her nakedness in the mirror, as did Paula. And as did Diana from the other side of the mirror.

The older girl's arms slid around her partner's midriff and pulled the girl back to her. Taunting with her lips and tongue, the blonde slowly and tantalizingly kissed her way up her stepsisters shoulder. Her teeth joined in as she reached the younger girl's neck, teasing her way to the sensitive lobe of her ear. As she tongued and kissed at Kate's neck and ear from behind, Paula's hands eased their way up from her waist and cupped gently beneath Kate's cone-shaped breasts.

Both the girls' eyes once more turned to the mirror as they watched Paula fondle and taunt the beautifully matched tits she possessed.

Lightly, with a show of knowledge that spoke of several similar experiences, her fingers lightly brushed and caressed the young cones. Over and around the sleek whiteness of the breasts, her fingertips swirled in exciting little circles. Spiralling upwards, her hands rose, until at last the tips of her fingers nudged at the aroused dark buds of Kate's nipples.

Diana could see the younger girl gasp with rising desire under the expert manipulations of her stepsister. Kate's dark eyes fluttered, doing their best to remain open and view the titillating scene of her body being caressed, but the sensations Paula ignited in her body were stronger, eventually winning out, and the younger girl closed her eyes, losing herself amid the pleasure that flowed through her tits.

The blonde beauty suddenly stepped in front of the girl she fondled and dipped her mouth to the breasts she handled with loving care. Her cheeks hollowed deeply as she sucked up one of the dark cherries of flesh atop one of the cones. The younger girl trembled, her hands reaching out and squeezing brutally into the tits of her companion. Neither of the girls seemed to mind in the least.

Moving her mouth to the opposite knoll of breast, Paula's tongue, wet and pink, flicked out from behind her lips and lashed back and forth across the new nipple it found. Vigorously, she worked her oral digit until the black-haired girl moaned for her to stop. When she did, she opened her mouth and stuffed as much of the titflesh as she could into her. She ate, contented with the silken textured cushion of flesh her mouth had found. She sucked and nibbled, her tongue laving its way over

the hard button of nipple their passion had created.

Her hands moving to Kate's shoulders, Paula slowly edged the younger girl back toward their bed, while her mouth continued to excite fresh thrills through the enticing young body. Automatically, the black-haired girl sat on the bed, jerking her reddening breast from her companion's eager mouth. She smiled, then lay back, spreading her thighs wide, presenting an unobstructed path to the plump little mound of her sex and the black pubic moss that was bushed over it.

Paula dropped to her knees and leaned forward. Her lips lightly kissed the dark triangle of shiny fur covering her sister's snatch, eliciting quivery little trembles from her partner. Then her tongue once more darted out and weaved through the forest of pubic down, tickling and teasing around the already wet cleft of Kate's sexual lips, but never dipping into the hot hole of her young cunt.

Easing back just a little, the blonde-headed girl moved her hand between her sister's thighs, spreading the lips of her pussy so that she could see the extended bud of the girl's clit and the scalloped inner lips of her labia. Again, her head ducked downward. Her tongue

flicked out and ran up and down the pink slash of the girl's sex.

Expertly, her tongue tip dipped lightly into the musky cleft, tapping and twirling out its exciting dance of pleasure. The girl above her moaned and reached down, grabbing her head. She resisted the urgent fingers that pushed her face forward, delighting in the effect her tauntings had produced. Up and down the pink slit of Kate's opened pussy she teased and aroused.

Then her tongue skipped upward, gently caressing the nubbin of ecstasy. She tenderly kissed the super-sensitive clit, hearing the moans of approval that came from above her. She licked and carefully lapped at the enticing button, twirling her tongue around its tiny circumference. Her lips closed around the bud of sensation and she sucked at it as a woman might suck at the cock of a man.

The black-headed beauty, half on and half off the bed, writhed as her lovely companion unlocked thrill after excited thrill in her body. She begged and moaned. Her hands pulled at the blonde head that taunted and played with her growing arousal. Her satisfied groans filled the spacious bedroom as the titillating oral digit slipped from her clit

and entered the heated channel of her cunt.

Paula's entry into her sister was far from gentle. It was quick and hard, spearing as deep as she could into the honey- filled socket, burying her face in the wetness of the girl's vagina. In and out, she probed in her penis-imitating oral style. She licked and lapped, eating her stepsister with unrestrained relish.

Soft and smooth, like oiled silk, her tongue moved around within the humid interior of the girl's cunt. She sucked deeply, swallowing the thick sexual juices she drained from the quivering channel, then drilled her tongue back into the enticing folds of Kate's pussy.

Around and around, her inciting oral digit twisted its pleasure as Kate's hands pushed her face into the mouth of her belly. The younger girl writhed and quivered on the bed as her passion rose to a consuming fever of lust. She groaned as she felt the delightful tongue once more change its tactics, pumping in and out of her vagina. Her own pelvis began to move, undulating with the rhythm of the mouth that ate at her.

Suddenly, there was a finger on her clit, rolling and fondling the

aroused button. The dual stimulation rocked her with lusted madness.

Body jolt after body jolt sizzled through her over and over as the waves that throbbed in her thighs expanded, blasting outward.

In and out, the blonde's tongue drilled, spearing to its limits within her. Faster and faster, her oral probe reamed around in the humid softness of her cunt. Around and around, the fondling finger rolled her clit.

She groaned and moaned as she rose on the skyrocket of ecstasy. Her thighs exploded and pleasure raced through her body. Crying out in desire, she pushed desperately at the head working so wonderfully at her sex, then abruptly released her hold, giving way to the sweetness of oblivion.

Giving her sister's throbbing cunt one last hasty kiss, Paula rose. She smiled down on the younger girl who writhed and moaned on the bed, then stepped across the room to a chest of drawers.

Diana gasped once again as she saw what the older girl extracted from the top drawer of the chest. She had seen them before, in the men's

magazines Michael brought home, and had occasionally sneaked peeks at them amid the glass cases of adult book stores they had gone to. They carried the sterile name of "marital aid" on all the advertising she had seen. Commonly they were called dildoes. And the one Paula was now strapping around her waist was at least seven inches long, and an inch thick. It was hard looking and complete with a red rubber head and rubber balls dangling beneath.

Smiling lewdly to herself, the blonde-haired beauty stepped back to the bed and eased her sister's thighs open. She grasped the imitation cock with one hand and stepped between the inviting "Y" opened before her. Carefully guiding her rubberized manhood into the target she sought, her hips jerking forward and burying most of the thick hose into her stepsister's cunt.

Still lost in the waves of pleasure that swirled through her body, the sudden plunging entrance of the dildo jolted Kate. Her body twitched and her eyes jerked open with surprise. A startled "Ahhhhhh!" was wrenched from her lips. Then she relaxed and gazed lovingly up to the older girl standing above her.

Leaning over the black-haired girl, Paula stretched her arms out and planted them to either side of her sister's head so that they supported the weight of her body. She lowered herself once, so that their lips met briefly. Kate's hands reached up and once more busied themselves with the elongated cones of titflesh that now dangled sleekly from Paula's chest. The older girl moaned and her pelvis hunched forward slamming about an inch of the dildo into her companion's pussy.

Raising her legs and resting her feet on the side of the bed, Kate opened the angle of entry into her body. She moaned as the thickness slid deeper into her. It filled her with its hardness, stuffing her cunt to the brim.

Paula edged back, glancing down to watch the imitation prick she wore glide from the snatch it had impaled. Long and slick with young womanly lubricants, it came out. She paused only when the knob-like head of the device was still buried within the hole she was now fucking. Then, slowly this time, her hips inched forward, drilling the rubbery hardness into her sister.

The younger girl groaned as she accepted the substitute manhood that

skewered her body. Her hands squeezed and kneaded their approval into the firm cones of tit she held. Her own pelvis arched slightly to help take in the thickness that slithered into her belly.

Grinning with delight at the pleasure she fed inch by inch into the girl, Paula eased her hips outward once again, then moved them forward. Pleased with her role of a man-made man, her pelvis took up a steady in and out rhythm, a rhythm which Kate's hips matched stroke for stroke, welcoming the invading length of dildo that reamed into the depths of her quick.

Lovers once again, the two teen-age girls lost themselves in their lovemaking. Kate groaned and moaned as her body was filled and packed with artificial cock. And Paula reveled in the sensations she ignited in her stepsisters body.

A movement to one side of the room diverted Diana's gaze from the two young girls. The overly large brass knob to the door moved and the heavy wooden portal inched into the bedroom. A boyish face, surrounded by a reddish-blond mop of shaggy hair, poked inquiringly inside---
Bryan!

The youth's eyes widened to saucers as his gaze moved around the room, alighting on his two sisters so obviously involved in themselves and the pleasure of their youthful bodies. The surprised expression quickly faded from his face and was replaced by one of pleased amusement. He edged inside the bedroom and stood silently watching the feminine couple, completely unnoticed by either Kate or Paula.

Perplexed and somewhat annoyed by the boy's presence and possible interruption of her private session of voyeurism, Diana intently eyed the intruder from behind the security of the one-way mirror, hoping he would leave as quietly as he had made his rude entrance into the room. But he didn't. Bryan just stood there, grinning from ear to ear as he gazed at the alluring, writhing bodies so lustfully joined on the bed.

Diana detected a definite increase in the labored rise and fall of the youth's muscular chest, which strained at the white fabric of his T-shirt as he sucked in his breath in deep gulps of arousal. But more notable was the growing bulge that filled the crotch of his jeans. There was no denying the testimony of his body. Bryan was every bit as affected by the stepsisters' carnal activities as she was.

In a quick flurry of eager young arms, the boy reached down and grabbed the bottom of his T-shirt and hastily wrenched it up and over his head. As he pulled the white cotton shirt off his arms and tossed it atop the chest of drawers, Diana found herself gasping out loud to herself once again. Not the knotty, thick muscles of a football player or a weight lifter, but the long, graceful muscles of a young swimmer covered his body. She shivered as she watched the rippling strength that corded sensuously beneath the golden brownness of his suntanned skin.

Kicking his loafers free from his feet, the youth's fingers dropped to the front of his jeans and made short work of the series of awkward buttons running down his fly, then skinned the denim pants down his legs. His thighs and calves and tight- looking ass were a perfect match for his athletic physique.

And if there had been any doubt that Bryan was a young man, rather than a boy, it was quickly dismissed from Diana's mind, as his hands jerked his net-webbed briefs downward, revealing the rigid lance of his manhood that stood thickly from a forest of flaming red hairs covering his groin. His peeping-tomasita sister-in-law clutched her thin robe

closer around her body, as she viewed the full size of his solid, pulsing cock.

Suddenly Diana's whole body quaked with flaring arousal as the youth's intent pushed its way through her lust clouded mind. He was going to join his sisters entangled so wantonly on the bed!

Stepping quickly to the same chest of drawers Paula had gone to for the dildo that was now strapped to her waist and reaming the tender, young pussy of her stepsister, Bryan retrieved a blue jar of petroleum jelly from that same top drawer. Dipping two fingers into the jar, he extracted a thick glob of the heavy lubricant and smeared it over the jerking thickness of his prick, until it glistened beneath the room's overhead light. Smiling down at his handy work, he recapped the jar and replaced it in the drawer.

He moved barefoot across the room, stopping but a foot behind his own sister. Gazing down, he watched the rhythmic undulation of the girls' lovely young bodies, as they continued their lovemaking still completely unaware of the masculine eyes that watched from behind.

Then he stepped forward, abruptly wrapping his arms around his blonde-haired sister's slim shapely waist, pressing his body firmly against her in a strong hug. The young girl's hips abruptly ceased their steady in-out motion and she jerked upright, slamming the full length of the dildo around her waist into the vulnerable cunt of the dark-headed beauty beneath her. Both the girls, surprised for their own separate reasons, looked around in confusion and in shock from the separate sudden intrusions.

Diana could see their worried looks quickly fade to ones of relief as they recognized the familiar body of their brother. Again the strange stirrings of lust flared violently within the young bride as she realized this incestuous scene had occurred before and on what appeared to be a fairly regular basis. Even more than before she felt the want and need to enter the bedroom behind her wall of one-way mirror and share the carnal pleasures of the three young bodies before her.

Bryan's lips and hands had now gone to work delightfully caressing the sleek, creamy curves of his sister's nakedness. His mouth languidly kissed and nibbled along the gentle slope of the smoothness of her bare shoulders and the graceful arch of her long white neck. In an aroused

response, the blonde's hips slowly rotated, rubbing the white, rounded cushions of her rear mounds against the swollen stalk of cock pressed to her ass. On the opposite side of her tempting young body, the thick shaft of man-made dildo moved in a slow-motion churning within the wet pinkness of her stepsister's skewered cunt. Kate, in turn, moaned as she accepted the inciting gyrations of the girl's pelvis. Her eyes fluttered closed and her hands clutched tightly into the bedcovers beneath her naked body.

Unable to work his finger below the secure strap of the device Paula wore, the boy's hands drifted over the smoothness of her flat stomach in long, caressing circles, eventually creeping upward to the firm cones of tit that stood out proud and uptilted from her chest. His palms cupped the tepid silkness of her breasts. His fingers squeezed gently into the womanly luxury of her flesh, delighting as aroused moans worked up from the depths of her throat and pushed out over her writhing lips. Massaging and kneading the sleek, conical mounds, his fingers teased outward, tapping at the stiff buttons perched atop each of the tits. She quivered as the delicious excitement of his hands rushed through her body on a sizzling hotline to her loins. Her hips increased their provocative gyrations and received the lustful groaning

of the girl impaled under her in approval.

As the boy's mouth found its way through the blonde cascade of his sister's hair to the sensitive lobe of her ear, his hands tightened their hold on her lovely young breasts. Kneading with an urgent firmness, his fingers worked roughly into the pliant mounds. He squeezed and rubbed over the firm cones, tweeking and taunting the hard nubbins of flesh that topped each of the cushion-like knolls like some sensual cherries.

Paula's head rolled back on his shoulder, her full red lips writhing their pleasure under the dual stimulation of her body. She groaned and shuddered with each new volley of delights he ignited within her. Her hips moved in a quickened pace, whipping the rubber cock she wore around in the opened hole of the black-headed girl between whose thighs she stood.

The youth's hands gave up their holds on her tits and moved to the rounded slopes of her white shoulders, gently pressing her forward. She followed the urgings of his palms and once more leaned over her stepsister, her arms extended before her for support. Kate's hands

again rose, fondling the manhandled, heated cones of tit that dangled above her.

Bryan's hands, however, had slid around to Paula's temptingly upturned buttocks. His palms lovingly caressed the enticing smoothness of her plump, jutting ass cheeks. She moaned, shivering as she wiggled the twin cushions into his hands. The increased rotation of her hips brought fresh groans of arousal from the stepsister she poled so thoroughly.

In a quick backstep, the boy dropped to his knees behind his sister. His head leaned forward and tenderly kissed the now pink- blushed rear mounds. Waves of excited gooseflesh rippled up and down the plane of the girl's back. She moaned and quivered. His hands then grasped each of the charming cheeks and slowly spread them. The deep, dark crease of the girl's ass widened, revealing the brown, taut ring of her anus.

Once again, his head moved in, homing on the dusky little target. Her supple young body jerked rigid with surprised pleasure as his lips softly brushed over her asshole. She moaned and quaked with growing arousal, urging him to further probings. Again, he kissed the tight

nodes of her ass, feeling her quiver and the pillows of ass become taut under his fingers. Her plump little butt pushed into his face, pressing the warmth of her rear around him. She groaned as his mouth flattened against her rectum.

Kate's moans mingled with those of her stepsister's as she felt about an inch of the hose- like dildo slither from the clutching channel of her belly. The younger girl's hips began a writhing, bunching motion, as she began to fuck herself on the device so deeply impaled within her body.

The boy's tongue now joined his lips. Teasingly, he flicked the warm wetness of his oral digit over the hard little nodes of her anus. Her moans increased as the feathery tongue tip danced at the entrance of her ass. She wiggled and jerked, loving the feel of his mouth licking and taunting her.

Thoroughly slackened with his saliva, the tight, puckered ring of muscle relaxed. Soothingly, he continued his oral ministrations, knowing that with each broad laving stroke he now used, the desire of his sister's body was flaming higher and higher. And with each swirling

lap of his tongue, he opened the way for the ultimate purpose of his tantalizing foreplay.

Next, the inquiring tip of his tongue darted to the center of the now relaxed ring of muscle. He drilled into her ass, an action that elicited a fresh chorus of thrilled moans from both the young girls, as they responded to the separate probes that moved in their bodies.

In and out, in cock-imitating fashion, the soft wetness of his tongue reamed its way into his sister's ass. He licked and laved within the velvet-like channel of her rear, slickening the path that would eventually accept the rigid, swollen shaft that throbbed at his loins; throbbed with the growing excitement of his lust. Around and around his tongue swirled, setting off thrills of sexual electricity that tingled along the open network of the girl's pleasure-heated nerves. In and out, he speared into her rectum, eating at her ass and preparing her for him.

The blonde's pelvis now moved in rhythm with the short quick strokes of the mouth at her ass. She helped his tongue fuck her asshole. And at the same time, her hips and the thick diIdo that was securely attached

to them fucked the willing pussy of the black- haired young girl, voluptuously stretched out under her on the bed.

In his tongue drilled, taunting its warm way into the heat of her ass. And in turn, Paula's hips jerked forward, spearing the rubbery hose into Kate's flayed slash of sex. The younger girl, in the chain reaction response, arched her hips upward to receive every inch she could get, while her hands squeezed into the firm sleekness of her stepsister's elongated tits.

For minutes they worked this way, as Diana watched, her own arousal growing to near desperation. With increasing difficulty, their hidden sister-in-law hugged her robe to her, trying to keep her hand away from the wetness that flooded the throbbing channel of love between her thighs.

Bryan's face suddenly pulled away from his sister's ass. Giving each of the reddening rear cheeks one last quick kiss, he rose. His cock was a pole of hardened flesh, rigid and pulsating with its virile life. Its flowering knob-like head glistened with a mixture of clear lubricating jelly and preseminal fluids.

He eased the spread cushions of Paula's ass further apart, as he stepped forward again. The jerking glans of his prick kissed at the brown ring his mouth had so marvelously prepared. She groaned, tensing at the intimate contact of their naked bodies. Patiently, he waited, whispering and soothingly working the dual mounds of her perky ass. Slowly, she relaxed again, nodding for him to proceed.

Which is exactly what he did!

The gorged crown of his jelly-slickened rod nudged at the taut ring of muscle. He pushed forward against the puckered mouth, gently increasing the pressure of his hips. In an abrupt motion, her anus relaxed and the blood-laden tip of his cock was swallowed up.

He groaned as the quaking pleasure of her youthful tightness squeezed down around his glans. His hands gripped brutally into the flesh of her ass, as the exquisite vise of her sphincter muscles clamped down on the head of his prick. Heat, volcanic heat, seared over the sensitive, swollen spearhead. Her ass did another of its delightful little wiggles and he groaned again, as ball-aching sensations lashed through his

groin.

He felt good, plugged into her that way, from behind. She shivered with the swollen feel of him. She liked it! And what's more, he knew she did!

Forcing herself to think relax, the strained channel of her rectum once more loosened and the invading thickness of his cock slithered deeply into the recesses of her bowels. Purposely this time, she clutched down on his fat rod, squeezing herself around its gorged circumference. Together they moaned, filled with the satisfaction of their joined bodies. Brother and sister locked together cock to ass.

Marvelous! The volcanic heat of her ass burned with a delightful fire that devoured his total length. And smooth! She was smooth like velvet! A round velvet glove that was perfectly made for the thick roundness of his prick. Heat and velvet! The sensations were indescribable! There was a gratification all its own just in being entrenched with her bowels. A satisfaction of just standing there behind her with her soft rounded buttocks pressing to his crotch and the grasping tightness she held him in.

The feeling was mutual.

She could feel him like she could never feel him when he was drilled into her cunt. He was big! Bigger and thicker than anywhere else in her body! He filled her. He stuffed and packed her with hot, gorged cock. She could feel every small throb of his prick, pounding there as it was crammed deeply up her back.

And then she relaxed.

She quaked as each thick inch slowly extracted itself from her asshole. Like a tree trunk of flesh, it moved from her, leaving a hungry hollowness in its wake. Inch-by-slow-inch, he pulled from her. Inch-by-pulsating-inch, she moaned and ached for it.

Then he was slicing back into her rectum, filling and packing her to the brim once again. Hard and demanding, he drilled her. The tight, slick walls of her ass strained around the bigness that she accepted. Poling the full length of his sex into her ass, she felt the tickling nest of his pubic hairs nestling at the curves of her buttocks and the

dangling sac of his testicles slapping lightly against her.

The fiery heat flared through his pounding shaft as he pulled free once again. He moaned as the flames lashed along and around his cock. He groaned as he slid from the velvet-lined tunnel, his balls seething with their heavy load.

He worked in a slow steady rhythm, letting her accustom herself to the swollen brand of his sex, allowing her body to prepare itself for the poling that she knew from past experiences would eventually come.

Taking up that slow, gentle pace of his cock, her hips rocked back and forth, much to the pleasure of the dark-haired stepsister who was still joined to the blonde via the dildo strapped to Paula's waist. The younger girl fell into the in and out sluicing of her quivering cunt. Her hips gently rose and fell to accept the thickness that slid into the depths of her hungry pussy, then lurched its way outward.

Suddenly the youth plunged forward.

The thick, blood-gorged length of his prod stabbed sharply between the

sexy buttocks and speared deeply into his sister's asshole.

Paula's head jerked up, a disarray of blonde strands flying wildly. She grunted under the impact, her breath jarred free from her lungs. Her hands clawed into the bed as he shafted into her depths.

But she took it!

Took every unyielding inch of the hardened javelin of flesh he wedged into the tight socket of her ass.

As did Kate!

The younger girl's eyes snapped opened as the thickness of the dildo slammed into the young harbor of her belly. Her lips writhed in pleasure as an excited hiss of wanton desire rushed from her lungs.

Still holding the soft, trembling half-moons of her haunches spread before him, he abruptly jerked out, groaning under the searing heat that licked at his cock. His hips jumped forward again to plunge his rod further up the smoothness of her back channel.

Again she took it!

He plowed into her fiery interior, burying his hugely swollen prick completely up her asshole. His crotch slammed into her buttocks, jarring her and her dildo forward. Her hands clutched even harder into the bed, trying desperately to maintain her half- standing, half- leaning position above the girl under her.

The fever of his desire built within him; an explosive force that drove him in and out of the gripping sheath in a violent piston-like action. In and out he lunged into the intensely tight hole of her rear channel, grinding himself into the volcanic recesses of her ass.

Her body rocked as he reamed his way through her opened rear. Yet her hips worked in time with his. She bucked back and forth to accept the thorough fucking he was now giving her. She ached for the white-hot fire he seared into the depths of her bowels. She begged for the brutal, forceful shafting that slammed into her again and again.

Beneath her, Kate writhed and bucked. Her hot snatch was filled with

the reaction poling of the dildo. Her urgency was growing as the thick hose of imitation cock sliced in and out of her young greedy body.

Her thighs throbbed under the pounding impact of the dildo. For the second time that night, she came. Moaning and groaning as her hands brutally squeezed into the softness of the tits she clutched. Her body twisted and turned as she rose into the sensual oblivion of climax.

And when she at last descended from the heights of her pleasure, new waves of sensations lashed through her loins as the continuing plummeting of the dildo ravaged in and out of her cunt. Unable, or even unwanting to control herself, she soared again toward the threshold of orgasmic rapture.

From behind, the youth's still jackhammering cock lunged in and out of the soft, smooth rectal channel of his sister's sexy ass. Like a rutting stag, he plunged his adamantine rod of pleasure into the squeezing confines of her anus. Groaning, he wrenched himself free and the marvelous heat of her bowels flared around his shaft, searing over the aching head of his cock.

He thudded into her now, jarring her with each ravenous stroke of his plummeting penis. Over and over, he invaded her ass and she took it and loved it. She bucked and threw her hips back to him, no longer aware of the effects her violent actions were having on the girl she was fucking. She didn't care! All she cared for was the swollen brand of flesh that burned its way in and out of her rear.

She relished it. Worshipped it! Her whole body was alive with him. In and out, he speared into her and she felt the rush of mounting pleasure. Like growing waves behind a barricading sea wall, the increasing flood of sensations throbbed through the open nerve endings of her totally aware body.

Out and in, her brother slammed home the hugely swollen length of his prick. And she took it into her depths, squeezing it tightly as she crammed her rear muscles around him.

She was racked with explosive power as her hips jerked back and forth, helping him skewer her even more fully. It throbbed and seared. It sizzled with its heat. It burned and ached. In and out, out and in, he rammed and slammed into her.

She came, crying out in urgent passion. Her body tensed as the whirlwinds of pleasure screamed and lashed. She moaned and writhed as she rushed head on into the welcoming arms of orgasmic oblivion.

The snugness of her asshole tightened even harder around him. She held him like a vise. He could feel her squeezing it out of him. His come, hot and boiling, like liquid fire. He felt it spout up from his balls and burn its way through the already flaming length of his cock. He groaned as the burning load leaped outward, searing over the ass-gripped crown of his shaft. He quaked as his muscles gave way to the soul-wrenching pleasure of release.

Spurt after spurt of penned-up sexual cream blasted out from his balls. He coated the velvet-lined channel of her back with a new lining of hot, thick sperm and semen. He emptied himself into her with glush after glush of come. Then clung to her, his arms wrapped around her waist for support.

And below the quivering, gratefully locked together bodies of the brother and sister, a forgotten black-haired stepsister writhed and

twisted, lost in the fourth climax that had racked her body that evening.

Chapter 6

Drained and exhausted, the brother, sister and stepsister fell to the bed in a writhing pile of young, desirable flesh. They kissed each other gratefully, paying little mind to who they kissed, or to what sex their partner was. Gently, with caressing tenderness, their hands moved lovingly over the nakedness of their three bodies, exploring and probing.

All this occurred while their new sister-in-law watched from the other side of the one- way mirror opening into their bedroom.

More than somewhat amazed by the threesome's complete sexual abandon, Diana watched, still unable to draw her eyes away from the sexy scene that she knew she would be sharing in, had it not been for that less than an inch thickness of glass that kept her from them. Her body ached to feel Bryan's young cock or Paula's mouth. She would have been more

than grateful for Kate's expertly fondling fingers or even the thickness of the dildo still strapped to Paula's waist.

In the past she had wondered about sex with another woman. Now she knew. She knew that if the chance presented itself, she would enter the arms of another woman with the aroused feelings that were now flooding her body. She felt no shame at the self- admission. Her body was too laden with the lust the youthful threesome had flamed within her. She wanted sex. She wanted to be taken and used. She wanted the desires that washed through her loins to be released and set free.

Two hands, coming from behind her, suddenly grasped the heaving globes of her robe- covered breasts! She gasped and jerked upright, startled by the fondling palms that lasciviously rolled the veiled mounds of her tits.

"Michael?" she gasped again, hoping and wishing for the familiar sound of her husband's voice.

"Yes," he whispered.

Relief coursed through her body. Despite her embarrassment at having been caught window peeking, she leaned back resting in his arms. He felt good. Even with his startling method of announcing himself, she was glad he had followed her from their room and down the secret passage way. She needed him. She needed him to take her!

"Why did you scare me like that?" she moaned-whispered, her eyes closing as his hands worked their magic on her breasts.

His lips lightly kissed the exposed nape of her neck, then moved his tongue to her ear, flicking over the tempting morsel of her lobe, "I was watching too."

She moaned, long and low. This is what she wanted and needed. Right here in this dim lit alcove. No waiting to walk back down the passage to their room and the over-sized bed that waited. She wanted him now and he knew it. And from the thick bulge that strained at the front of his jeans and pressed at her buttocks, she knew he wanted the same thing.

Light and teasing his tongue darted over her ear, sending shivering

thrills of delight through her. She moaned again and snuggled back into the arms of her husband, worshipping the secure feel of his body. This was the real thing. Bryan, Paula and Kate had been real too, but not like this! This she could touch! This mouth was there taunting at her ear. And these hands were on her breasts, actually fondling her with their gently massaging fingers.

New shivery sensations shot through her body as she felt the silken smoothness of her robe slowly part and slide over the firm globes of her breasts, rubbing delightfully at the stiff aching hardness of her nipples.

Her eyes fluttered open for a brief second, just enough to glimpse into the bedroom and see Paula and Kate busily using their hands to bring Bryan's cock back to its full manly size. Then she closed her eyes again and lost herself in the marvelous tingling sensations that filled her as his hands cupped beneath her bared breasts.

Softly manipulating, his hands drifted around the under curves of her pink tits, as if feeling out their true proportions. It was a gentle massage that eventually worked around the broad circumferences of the

fleshy mounds. The feel of his hands on her body was exquisite. Fresh waves of deliciously tingling thrills suffused from her breasts throughout her whole body. Moaning softly, she snuggled back even more, resting in the arms that surrounded her.

In a barely brushing movement, his palms circled the bountiful bulges of her tits. Slowly, ever so slowly in a taunting, teasing fashion, he worked. Upward and around his hands spiralled, his skin lightly kissing the summery heat that radiated from the gentle curves of her flesh. Again she wiggled back, her breath hissing under the tantalizing manipulations. Her chest heaved as her breathing became labored and aroused.

Then his palms were hovering over the coral buds of her nipples. She could feel the warmth soothingly suffusing from his hands and mingling with her own sexual heat. He brushed cajolingly over the erect, rubbery points of flesh, his mouth dropping to her neck as she groaned with mounting excitement.

There was nothing abrupt about his movements. Everything was natural and flowed together. His hands closed over her breasts and lovingly

squeezed into their pliant firmness, eliciting even more moany little sounds of pleasure from her lips.

Gently he kneaded, molding her flesh under his wonderfully exciting fingers. She had never doubted that he knew her body and how to give her what she wanted and needed. But this was fantastic. A slowly building explosion inched higher and higher in her willing and ready body.

With more pressure now, his hands kneaded into the fleshy globes of her tits. He squeezed and rolled their pillowy shapes against her chest, then pressed them down into her so that their roundness pancaked out from under his palms.

He wasn't rushing her or himself. His fingers maneuvered their way back along the sleek, sloping path to her nipples. Gently, he tapped the erect tips and again a sharp in-rushing hiss of aroused pleasure came from her lips, filling the small alcove.

Around and around, the tantalizing digits circled the hardened buds of flesh, creating all sorts of fantastic sexual friction that burned,

ached, throbbed and aroused all in the same instant. His fingers scissored around the taut buttons, their pinkness glowing red with desire.

His all-knowing hands moved away from her breasts and drifted with titillating determination down over the quivering flatness of her belly. She groaned now, pushing herself harder against his supporting body, wiggling her flaring curved buttocks against the swollen bulge in his pants, tempting him, urging him, luring his fingers even further downward.

She sucked her breath in a sharp, deep hiss of excitement, when his fingertips finally brushed into the silky, curling triangle of her pubic moss. Slowly he weaved lower, his finger finding the moist cleft of her loins and running down the dipping slit.

Up and down the lubricious lips of her sex his inciting digit glided, but refused to slide into the pulsing slash of her cunt. He teased her, taunted her, toyed with her body, until her pelvis moved in a slow motion gyration to match his playful touch.

Then and only then, did he wiggle his finger up into her pussy.

She groaned, pressing herself closely to him. She accepted the tickling probings of his finger for what it was meant to be--- an exciting appetizer to the main course that would soon come.

She was wet inside. She could feel the sexual juices that flooded the heated hole of her sex and she could hear the wet sounds his finger made as it slowly pumped in and out of her.

Like a small cock, he worked his delving digit into her pussy and she loved it. She relished each dipping, twirling motion he made. She trembled as his finger crammed into her cunt at an ever increasing pace. He twisted and turned, then slipped another finger into her vagina, packing her that much fuller. She groaned and ground her pelvis down on the double digital impalement of her sex.

Then there was another finger, tauntingly gliding along the moist crease of her labia. It dipped between the plump pouted outer lips and inquisitively tapped at the extending nubbin of her clit. There was no moan this time. She groaned, long and low and filled with the growing

desperation of her desire.

Taunting playfully, his fingertips caressed the excited bud of pleasure as his two other fingers fucked their way in and out of her juice-filled cunt. He rolled the delicate bud and circled it. He fondled and fingered it until her groans filled the room and she was afraid that her whimpers would finally bring the attention of the three youths still involved in their sexual romp in the bedroom.

"Please," she groaned. "I need you. Please I need this!"

Her hand reached behind her and clamped onto the still covered length of her husband's cock. He grunted and drove his fingers hard up into her hot pussy, increasing the driving strokes of their fucking motion.

"Please!" she pleaded. "I want your cock. I want you to fuck me!"

Abruptly he pulled his hands away from her wanton sex, his fingers sucking wetly from her body. His mouth returned to her ear, kissing her once more, gently.

"Lean over," he whispered in a deep, husky voice, that spoke of his own

arousal.

Doing as he directed, she leaned over, using her hands to support herself on the window ledge-like frame that surrounded the one-way mirror. The position gave her a clear view of the activities in the other room.

Kate was now getting her share of her stepbrother's cock, a whole face full, as it were. Her young lips were firmly wrapped around the fat stalk of his manhood as she lay on her stomach, her face buried in the bright redness of his pubic hairs. The young, black-haired girl's cheek hollowed deeply as her head moved up and down on the rigid manly rod.

Bryan's mouth was far more inactive. His pink, glistening tongue was lapping vigorously through the sandy blonde hairs that brushed over his sister's cunt. Diana could see him lapping up and swallowing the glistening juices that flowed from the pink lips, then spear his tongue into the waiting pussy.

She couldn't see Paula's face because the blonde-headed girl once more had her head buried between Kate's creamy thighs.

Their young, willing bodies formed a triangle---a love triangle, Diana couldn't help but think as she stood, positioned for her husband and the cock she desperately wanted and needed.

From behind her, she heard the curt sound of Michael's zipper and the rustle of his jeans as he pulled them from his legs. There was the padded sound of bare feet and then the hardness of his prick pushing against one of the round curves of her buttocks.

She felt his hands reach down and lift the veiling bottom of her robe and fold it over her back so that hung above her hips, exposing the half-moons of her ass. The air felt cool and stimulating on her heated body.

Then his hands were on her again. Palms on her inner thighs opened her legs wider, then he tickled another finger into her cunt for a few quick strokes that only fed the flames of anticipation swirling within her loins.

She felt the naked warmth of his crotch as it pressed into her upturned

buttocks and the tickling forest of his pubic hairs. She groaned as the fat pole of his prick throbbed against the waiting lips of her cunt. His hips moved back and forth, gliding the length over the wanton crease of her labia, taunting her even further.

His hand was between her spread thighs again. She felt his fingers close around his cock and the tip of his thumb spread the lips of her pussy as a guide for the pulsating, wet target he sought.

His hips lurched!

She groaned deeply under the full-powered impalement of his sex.

Then she cried out in a startled, whimpering gasp!

This isn't Michael!

His pelvis snapped briskly into the perky uptilted slopes of her buttocks.

This isn't my husband!

Big, bigger than her husband's cock, fatter at least, the man behind her lunged the full length of his prick into the humid folds of her cunt.

Who is it! What's happening to me!

The realization that the man behind her, the man that was now cock-deep in the wanton hole of her sex, wasn't her husband racked her mind. His arms wrapped around her waist and his hips snapped forward burying more of the hardness of his shaft within her belly.

"Ohhhh!" she heard herself moan, embarrassed and ashamed of her wanton lust.

She moaned again as the fatness of his prick eased back a bit, slithering out of the juice- filled channel of her vagina. Then his pelvis jerked forward, sinking his length into the liquid warmth of her pussy.

Scream, she thought, but the most her mouth could manage was an

incoherent, "Ahhhggghhh!"

What's happening to me? she shouted to herself. Some man ... some stranger is raping you, and you can't even call for help!

No! she answered herself, I can't call for help. I couldn't face Michael and tell him how all this happened!

"Ahhhhhhh!" she groaned, as the thickness that was packed into her once more eased out, then drove back into her body.

You don't want to scream for help! she continued the mental conflict that raged in her brain. You want it! You want to be raped!

The squeezing muscles of her young and oh so vulnerable vagina spoke the truth. They clamped down on the unfamiliar intruder, clinging to the fullness that thrilled her.

Whore! You cock hungry bitch! You don't care that you're being fucked by some unknown, unseen man! All you care about is that cock! That fat cock that's fucking your pussy!

"Harder, Michael!" she moaned, hoping at least to conceal her discovery from the man behind her, hoping to hide the wanton, shameless lust she was feeling for this man she had never even seen, "Deeper! Fuck me deeper!"

The swollen shaft of his prick drove in, slamming its satisfying fullness into her body. She grunted under the heavy impact and whimpered as her throbbing cunt begged for more.

Which is exactly what he gave her!

His hands gripped tightly at her hips, his pelvis jerked back and forth in a rapid series of powerful lunges. His cock shafted in and out of her belly, sluicing through the humid channel in a searing, uneven rhythm.

"God!" she heard herself moaning despite herself. "Oh, sweet God! It's good! Damn good!"

Her thighs ached, throbbing unmercifully. Her long view of the bedroom

activities and his more than arousing manipulations of her body were too much for her. Lust! Her body was one sheer force of unleashed lust!

Though she told herself she didn't want to, her hips began moving with each driving jerk of his hips. She helped him. She helped him feed his cock into her body. She helped him fuck her wanton pussy like a dog takes a bitch in heat.

He slammed back into her. The thickness of his shaft drilled deep, straining into the pink folds of her pulsing vagina, stretching the tightness of the channel to accommodate his size.

Her ass bucked back, slapping into his crotch. She shuddered with pleasure, as she accepted the swollen rod that crammed into her.

Whoever it was behind her, he wasn't brutal, just virile, driving deep and hard. And he hadn't threatened her. He had just taken advantage of the situation. After all, she had begged and pleaded with him to fuck her. And that was exactly what he was doing.

The ponderous mass of his prick slid free. Her muscles clamped down in a vain attempt to hold the flowering knob of his glans. She moaned and

trembled, realizing that she was enjoying it. She was enjoying being poled from behind by a man she didn't know. Her whole body quaked with excitement as she relaxed and prepared herself for the next fleshy invasion.

It came, big and hard, spearing into the heated recesses of her aching pussy. Her pelvis jerked back and wiggled around the massive stalk of manmeat, squeezing the youthfulness of her love channel around it. She heard him grunt with pleasure and felt a strange satisfaction course through her body, adding to the thrills that already whipped at her.

He wrenched himself free from the clinging moistness of her sexual sheath, then drew himself back into the hot pocket of flesh. Their bodies thudded together, ass to crotch. They grunted and moaned as they worked together, fanning the flames of passion that licked within them.

In and out, she accepted his strong steady rhythm.

Out and in, he lunged the bigness of his cockshaft into the upturned slash of her belly.

Then his arms were around her once again. And his fingers were delving between the splayed lips of her love mound.

She groaned as he found the bud of pleasure his fingertips searched for. Her body quaked with sensual tremors of delight. He touched and rolled the excited little nubbin of her clit.

Lunging, thrusting, drilling and spearing his cock lashed in and out of her body. Around and around his fingers worked her clit.

She came. Her whole body exploded as the white-hot light of passion flared, throwing her into the heavens of ecstasy. Her legs and arms quaked, doing their damndest to maintain the body they supported, as she threw herself back into the man, impaling herself fully on the pole of flesh sporting from his groin.

Wave after wave of soul-shattering pleasure broke over her, washing their marvelous sensations through her body. She felt her legs crumble and her body slowly collapse and fall to the floor. She groaned as the thickness that had been packed into her slithered free, leaving her empty.

Unable to move, she lay on the floor panting and moaning as she rode atop the swirling winds of ecstasy.

After what seemed like hours of endless sensual explosions, Diana floated downward, touching earth and regaining control of her body. Shakily, she pushed herself to her knees and glanced behind her.

A confused feeling of disappointment and relief flooded her. He was gone! Vanished back to wherever he had come from. She shivered and pulled the thin robe back around her body.

A glistening stream of thickness that oozed from the lips of her sex was the only evidence she had that he had ever been there to begin with; a pearly stream of seeping sperm and semen, the only evidence that he had achieved the release that he had brought to her.

Her body still trembling, she slowly rose and retraced her way down the dimly lit passage. The lamp she had placed in the closet had been a good idea. It led her toward her room and the secret panel that opened into the closet.

Once back in the relative security of the bedroom, she hastily dislodged Michael's shoe and pulled the panel closed, then replaced the lamp on the night table near the bed.

It all seemed dreamlike now. The passage, Bryan, Paula, and Kate and the man who had taken her, all of them a dream. But the still quivering mouth of her love mound told her it had been real. She shivered again, unsure whether the reaction was one of relief or excitement.

In a daze, she stumbled into the bathroom and quickly turned the knobs of the shower full blast. The water was like tiny fingers massaging her, bringing her back to reality and at the same time soothing and relaxing her.

Feeling refreshed, but definitely tired, she toweled herself dry and climbed into the cushiony softness of the over-sized bed to wait for her husband, wondering what she would tell him.

She tried to sort the events out in her mind, but with little success.

The more she thought about the incident the more embarrassing it was to

her.

Like most women, she had thought about rape. The thought of some man, one she knew and was attracted to, forcing her into sex had always been exciting. But that wasn't rape, just an erotic fantasy.

Rape was brutal, degrading, with no thought of pleasure, only the humiliation of the woman. Rapists were mentally sick people who were out to punish women. People who thought sex was dirty and degraded their victims by forcing them into sex.

But the man in the passage had been nothing like that.

He had been more like a lover. He had known what a woman wanted and had given it to her. He had worried about her pleasure as well as his own.

She shivered again. This time there was no doubt in her mind, it had been excitement. Not something she would want to happen every day, but definitely exciting.

Yet, she felt used. She didn't even know the man that had taken her.

She hadn't seen his face. He had taken the advantage of her position and used her to expel his lust.

Who was he?

What will I tell Michael?

The questions echoed over and over in her mind as the comforting security of sleep slowly crept over her, leaving the answers lost in the darkness.

Chapter 7

Diana rolled over in the bed. Her long, graceful arms reached out to hold her husband. But only found emptiness on his side of the bed.

She pushed her sleep-laden eyes open and stared beside her. Michael's side had been slept in, but it was empty now. She quickly glanced around the room. Her husband was gone.

"Hrmph!" she snorted out loud. "Not much of a way to treat your bride on the second night of your marriage!"

Then she remembered the man in the passage and was grateful that her husband hadn't awakened her.

It's passed now. Let it be. There's no reason that Michael needs to know. Not now at least. He's upset enough as it is, at having had to make this trip to his family's home. I'll tell him later, when we're away from here. Later ... maybe ...

She rolled to her back and stretched. It would be nice to have Michael now. He's good in the morning. Hell, he's good any time!

She smiled and pulled his pillow to her and hugged it. She could detect the slight smell of him. She shivered, wishing the pillow was her husband, imagining she was holding him close while he was atop her.

No! Forget it! she scolded herself. No reason to get yourself hot and bothered. Michael's not here!

Groaning with disappointment, she tossed the imaginary Michael-pillow back to the other side of the bed, gave it a loving pat, then swung herself out of the bed. After a few moments in the bathroom, tending to the regular morningly duties, she came back into the bedroom and selected a pair of burgandy hip huggers and a cream-colored blouse from the suitcase. Not sure how the Hightowers would take to the braless look, she also pulled out one of those thin, very sheer, nylon bras, that did little more than keep her nipples from poking out under her blouse. Her breasts were still firm, even without a bra; they did little more than jiggle around pleasantly.

Quickly stepping into her casual, but attractive, clothes, she glanced longingly at the empty and unused bed once more, then made her way downstairs.

The mansion seemed deserted. She made a quick check of the room she had been in the night before, but could find no one, let alone her husband.

Deciding that if she had been left to fend on her own, she'd do something about the growing hunger in her stomach. After all, it was time for breakfast.

With little difficulty---she did make two wrong turns that led her to the den---Diana located the hall leading to the kitchen.

"Good morning," Lorraine cheerfully greeted her as she swung the door into the kitchen. "Sleep well?"

"Wonderfully," Diana smiled at the blonde-haired woman, finding herself still disbelieving Lorraine was the mother of two teen-age children.

If I can only hold my age as well! she thought, but said, "Where is everybody?"

Her mother-in-law smiled and offered a cup of coffee, which she accepted, as well as two pieces of toast and several slices of crisp fried bacon.

"Your Michael got up earlier this morning and drove in to the courthouse. Both the girls went along to do some shopping," Lorraine said, seating herself at the breakfast counter with Diana, nursing her own coffee. "Bryan and my Michael are around the house somewhere."

Diana listened as the woman talked, mostly idle conversation about her family and the Hightower estate. However, Diana couldn't help but wonder if Lorraine really knew what was going on with her family. Did she know that her son and daughter had shared anal intercourse last night, shared it and enjoyed? And did she know that they were both their stepsister's lovers?

She smiled to herself, remembering the lusty scene she had witnessed from behind the one-way mirror last night.

Then the memories of the man in the dark came to her again. Less distressing than last night, but still perplexing.

"Look, Diana," she heard her mother-in-law suggest. "It's a beautiful day. Why don't you go outside and see our place? It's really rather beautiful. Michael One did most of the work himself."

"I think I will," Diana agreed, mostly because she wanted to think.

"I'll be back shortly to see if I can help with lunch."

"Don't bother," the older woman answered. "I'm just going to throw some cold cuts together. Take your time. I might come out and join you in a little bit."

Nodding, Diana left her mother-in-law alone in the kitchen and left the immense plantation house via the back door.

It was a nice day, spring warm, but lacking the humidity that comes with Louisiana summers. A light breeze added to the fresh feel of the day. A mildly, sweet scent of the blossoming magnolia trees suffused through the air.

Moving idly and without any set purpose, Diana walked away from the house. She stopped once and reached down to remove her shoes. The St. Augustine grass, with its broad flat blades, was a thick green carpet that felt cool and alive under her bare feet. It was almost a sin to walk on this grass with anything but bare feet. Beautifully manicured, the lawn of the Hightower estate was almost a work of art.

Who had it been?

Despite the marvelous feel of the day, her thoughts kept returning to the secret passage, the alcove with its sexy viewing arrangement, and the man who had fucked her so thoroughly, the man she hadn't seen--- only felt!

"Good morning!" a voice called to her, her husband's voice.

She pivoted, glad that he had gotten the legal business out of the way so quickly. But it wasn't Michael that was coming toward her. At least, not her Michael. Rather, it was her husband's father.

"You look especially lovely this morning. The way all new brides should," he smiled at and received a smile in answer. "Beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Yes," she replied. "Lorraine suggested I come out and see what you've done with the landscaping. I'm glad I took her up. It's beautiful."

His face beamed with pride, "Thank you. I won't be humble about it. This took a hell of a lot of work and I did most of it by myself. I guess it's the New England farm boy I never was coming out in me.

There's something special about planting things and watching them come to life."

She smiled, then chided, "Don't tell me you're responsible for these magnolias!"

"No," he chuckled. "They were here when I bought the place. But they were in bad condition and I did nurse them back to health."

"A man with a green thumb," she laughed.

"Thumbs don't get green by working with the earth," he corrected. "They get dirty."

She laughed again. Last night, she had decided she liked her new father-in-law and those feelings were being confirmed now. "Is there anything special I should see? Any labor of love you're especially proud of?"

"Why of course," he smiled, offering her his arm, which she took. "The pond is just over there. If you'll kindly come with me."

The walk was farther than Diana anticipated. The mansion had disappeared behind them, hidden by the small forest of magnolias. But it was worth it. Michael One's pond was special.

Skirted by trees on all sides, the small pool of water was clear and calm looking. To one side was a small clearing, complete with a picnic table and benches.

"I had to call in the bulldozers to help me with this, her father-in-law explained. "It's my design, though. The pond's spring fed and most of the year it's downright cold, which keeps the snakes away."

"Snakes?" Diana glanced up at him.

"This is bayou country. There's plenty of cotton mouths around," he answered. "But don't worry. Like I said the water is plenty cold, too cold for them. But on a hot summer's day, this pond beats the hell out of a swimming pool. Lorraine and I often sneak away from the house during the summer for a little skinny dippin'."

Diana laughed. It was quite easy for her to picture her father-in-law and his sexy wife swimming nude in the pond. He might be in his fifties, but he still presented a virile image. The humor, however, was Diana's mental images of Bryan, Paula and Kate doing exactly the same thing without the knowledge of their parents. This quiet, little pond had probably been the scene for more than one of the sexual romps the threesome had shared.

"Your home really is something special," she commented, as they paused, leaning against the trunk of one of the towering trees.

"We think so," Michael One smiled at her. "There's a lot here to work with and we're always finding something new, some remnant of this estate's history."

"Like those cellars they used to keep runaway slaves in until passage north could be arranged?" Diana asked.

"Mmmm hmmm," he nodded, gazing out over the pond. "Or some buried wagon wheel. Or like those andirons for the den's fireplace. I found them while the workmen were digging this pond. There must have been

another house out here at one time. Perhaps a guest house. If not, then I discovered the Duvalle's old trash dump."

She chuckled with him at the thought of the antique andirons once being someone else's garbage.

"This whole place is like the house," he continued.

"Full of those quirks you mentioned last night?" she asked.

"Right," he smiled at her, his eyes locking to hers. "Did you know that the house has secret passages?"

"Yes...." she suddenly stopped.

It hit her all at once, like a ton of bricks!

Her father-in-law's eyes flashed with a devilish glint.

He knew!

And she knew!

The man in the alcove had answered to the name Michael last night! He had sounded like her husband! Michael One sounded like her Michael! They were both the same size. The similarities were unbelievable!

"You!" she gasped. "It was you!"

Her hand lashed out, fully intent on slapping her father-in-law's face. It was silly, a childish reaction. But at the moment, it was all that she could think of; all she could do to relieve the anger and the embarrassment that flushed through her body.

But even that was ineffectual!

His own arm jumped up and grasped her wrist. Her anger growing, she slapped out with her other arm. Which again, he blocked, raising both her arms above her head and pinning them firmly against the rough trunk of the magnolia. She struggled, twisting to free herself, but he held her solidly.

"You bastard! It was you!" she spat. "You were the man last night! You ... you ... rapist!"

He chuckled and grinned at her, "Rapist?"

"Yes, you son of a bitch!" she grunted, still trying to wrench her wrist free of his one vise-like hand.

"Come now," he chided, his eyes laughing with amused delight. "Surely you don't expect me to believe that. I doubt whether you've been able to convince yourself that it was rape!"

Her knee lashed out, directed toward his groin. A measure he had apparently been anticipating, since he easily sidestepped the would-be painful thrust and laughed, obviously enjoying the position he held his daughter-in-law in.

"My dear Diana, you wanted it as every bit as much as I did," he grinned lewdly down at her, knowing. "You never so much as tried to get away from me. And I know you could tell I wasn't my son."

She kicked out again, but it was a vain effort. He was now positioned beside her, out of reach.

"You bastard!" she hissed, renewing her struggle to get away from his hand, but he held her tight

"I only did as you asked," he continued smiling at her. "As a matter of fact, I didn't do a damn thing until you asked me to. Unless you want to count my copping a feel of those marvelous tits of yours."

Again she twisted and writhed and again her struggles received the same results. Nothing!

"And you can't tell me you didn't enjoy it as much as I did," he went on. "My God, girl, you had one of the strongest climaxes I've ever seen in a woman!"

"No! That was not rape," he concluded. "One of the farthest things from rape I've ever seen!"

"Yesss!" she hissed. "It was! You raped me!"

"No," he answered simply, as he reached up and tightly grasped her chin with his free hand. "No."

His head dipped forward.

He's going to kiss me!

The thought jolted her. It was the last thing she had expected.

The conceit! The egotistical bastard!

She tried to jerk her head away, but his clamping fingers held her steady and immobile. Lightly his lips brushed over hers, then his head rose and he smiled, as she glared with indignation.

Releasing her face, his fingers tauntingly glided down the smooth arc of her neck, resting on the top button of her blouse.

"I guess, if you won't admit that it wasn't rape," he grinned, "I'll have to demonstrate my point to you."

His fingers fumbled with the button momentarily. She felt the top of her blouse suddenly loosen and knew he had been successful.

Again, he reached up and grasped her chin and jerked her face toward him. His head lowered and their lips met again, pressing a little harder and lingering for a second or two.

Repeating his movements, his fingers drifted down the softness of her neck and down the front of her blouse, dipping a little lower this time.

The fabric of her blouse tugged as the second of the five buttons was freed from its hole. As before, his hand caught her chin and pulled her face to him. His lips pressed hard against hers. With enraged determination, she kept her mouth tautly drawn closed.

Again his fingers slid down along the curving arch of her neck and dipped through the opening "V" of her blouse. Downward his fingers softly caressed, moving much lower and much more intimately through the valley separating her breasts and over the thin nylon that covered the

well-proportioned globes. He found the fourth button and easily slipped it from its hole.

For the fifth time, his fingers clamped under her chin and pulled her to him. His mouth covered hers. His tongue, warm and moist, danced out from his mouth, as his lips parted, then taunted over her lips. But she was determined! Her mouth refused the probe. She shivered, remembering its feel on her neck and ear last night.

Once more, following the now familiar path, his fingers caressingly glided down her neck and drifted over her bare skin, through the smooth valley of her breasts and over the quivering flatness of her stomach. They found the last of the five buttons and quickly slipped it from its hole.

Her blouse was now completely opened.

His free hand tucked under the edges of the shirt and pushed them back over her shoulders so that the blouse remained on her, but her chest was exposed to him.

"Beautiful," he whispered glancing at her, then letting his eyes drop to the nylon- confined mounds of her tits, so that she knew exactly what he was speaking about.

The bra was flimsy and sheer. It held absolutely nothing from his eyes. Her nipples and aureoles looked brown under the flesh-colored fabric, rather than their natural coral pink, but what the hell did that matter, she found herself thinking.

"Beautiful," he whispered again, as if to make sure that she heard him.

His hand was back on her body again. This time gently caressing the sleek flatness of her stomach, his fingertips teasingly ringing the deep well of her navel. She shivered.

Damn! she cursed herself. She could feel her nipples responding to the taunting gentle manipulation of his hand. Slut! You're nothing better than a cock hungry slut!

It didn't help. Her nylon-confined nipples still tingled, pushing against the fabric of her bra.

Working slowly upward, his hand glided beneath the restrained globe of her right tit and slowly caressed the bulging lower curve. She shivered again. Then his palm cupped beneath the sister mound and repeated its loving fondle.

The bastard! He's doing exactly like he did last night!

Thinking she felt the grip on her pinned wrists slacken, she suddenly jerked and twisted. The strength of his hand hadn't diminished in the least. He held her firmly and continued his play without the slightest pause for her struggles.

Circling in a spiralling path, his fingers brushed around and around the captive globes of flesh. Despite the covering of nylon, she felt him, felt every little movement of his fingertips. The sheer fabric seemed only to increase the sexy feel of him, suffusing the pleasant sensations of his hands. Her nipples were alive, straining outward, pressing against the cloth of her bra.

His fingers then drifted into the deep valley between the mounded forms

of her breasts. Carefully, they tucked under the fabric.

His eyes rose to her again, glinting with delight as they caught the excited flare of her nostrils and the wide-eyed gaze of definite interest.

His hand jerked forward. A sharp biting pain ran across her shoulders. It was the broad strap of her bra! Then it was gone as suddenly as it had come. He had ripped the front of her bra open. Her tits, pink and vulnerable, now stood out from her chest, displaying their nakedness, while wispy bits of torn nylon dangled to their sides, moving in the slight breeze.

Involuntarily, she sucked her breath in. It hissed as it rushed through her teeth on the way to her lungs. Whether she wanted it or not, her body was reacting to him. She was enjoying this rough treatment. Just as she had enjoyed the things he had done to her last night!

His hand rose to her tits again. This time his fingers were met by the summery warmth of her flesh. She quivered, trying to push the mounting excitement of her body away.

His fingers lightly brushing and tapping at her erect nipple did little to help. Nor did the wonderfully squeezing finger that expertly kneaded and rolled the firm cushions of flesh.

And when he cupped one of the tempting globes of melon-like tit and pushed it upward so that he could just barely get his lips and tongue on the deep pink cherry of aroused flesh that topped it, there was nothing she could think to do, except moan.

His tongue was like a feathery whip of pleasure. He licked and laved, slickening the fat, plump nipple. He lashed and whipped over its hardening surface, causing her chest to heave with labored breaths.

His lips closed over the excited bud and he sucked---an action that only increased the wonderful tingling that flooded through the billowy mound and suffused down into her loins.

She moaned again, arching her back away from the wrinkled trunk of the tree, in a hope of giving him more of her wanton breast. But the confining position he had her pinned in did little to help.

If he'd only let my hands go! she found herself wishing and not caring.
She knew as she had known last night that she wanted what he had given her. She wanted it now, as she wanted it then!

With a moist little sucking sound, his lips slid from her nipple and his hand squeezed around the fleshy globe as he rolled it against her chest.

His eyes met hers again and he leaned to her.

Their lips met. This time, he found no resistance, no struggle, no protest!

She opened her mouth to admit the moist, warm probe of his tongue. She accepted the oral digit into her mouth, caressing it and teasing it with her own tongue. He drilled deeply, flicking toward her throat.

She felt him move at her side, pressing against her, then covering her from the front. She could have made her kicks connect now, but that was the furthest thing from her mind, as she felt the bulging thickness

that pressed against her from the crotch of his pants.

Her pelvis pushed out and rubbed into the bulge. She felt him tremble a little, but enough for her hands to slip free and cling tightly around his back.

As his tongue retreated from her mouth, she moved after it into his mouth. Her gyrating oral digit flicked and twisted within the humid warmth of his mouth, dancing lightly over and under his tongue.

His hand climbed up her back and slowly worked at her blouse. Briefly she unwrapped her arms from around him, so that he could slip it and the shredded remains of her bra free and toss them to the ground. Then her arms were around him again, drawing him close.

Eventually, they parted and he gazed down at her, an undeniable light of certainty in his eyes, "Kneel down."

She obeyed his whispered command, trembling as she dropped before him, her green eyes never leaving his face. He smiled reassuringly.

"Suck me off," he whispered his next command. It came as if to make sure she knew neither one of them no longer spoke of rape.

She glanced at the thick knoll that strained from the front of his pants and nodded without looking at him.

Her fingers slowly drifted out and traced up and down the swollen shape beneath his jeans. His legs opened, spreading a little as her fingers found his zipper and moved it downward, then dipped inside his fly, carefully maneuvering the fat rod of flesh she found free of its confinement.

That it was thick, she already knew. She had felt it last night and it had packed her to the brim. But seeing the full size of his club-like prodger was something else. While no more than six inches long, it was at least two inches in diameter, and the gorged glans looked like some small red apple.

And from the long, slitted mouth at the direct center of the arrow-shaped crown welled a large drop of crystal clear fluid. Juice that she stirred from his loins.

Grasping the thickness of his cock with both of her hands, she leaned to his crotch. Her pink tongue snaked out and lapped away the heavy drop. The familiar taste of sex filled her mouth. It was a taste she liked. No! A taste she loved! She rolled the singular drop in her mouth, savoring it, then she swallowed.

Her tongue flicked out again, this time washing its way over the bloated-looking crown of his cock. It looked so firm and hard, yet it was smooth and soft. The delicious combination was arousing. She licked some more, thoroughly enjoying the task her father-in-law had set her to.

He moaned as she continued her delicate laving over the sensitive thickness of his glans and moaned as her tongue ran up and down the firm column of his sex, leaving it glistening with the wetness of her saliva.

She nibbled and teathed her way up and down the plump hardness, delighting in the virile feel of his manhood. Then she gave its bulging head one last kiss and pulled away.

Her emerald eyes rolled up to him once again.

"Suck it!" he repeated, his voice less steady and filled with the desire she was igniting within his loins.

Which is exactly what she did.

Her predatory lips moved in, opening in a wide "O" of tightly pressed muscle. Over the hugely massive crown knob, her lips pouted.

Then she sucked!

She sucked, pulling on the ponderous head. She sucked as her tongue whipped and lashed over its agitated surface. She sucked delighting in the fatness of the manmeat she possessed.

He groaned and his lips lurched forward. At least half of his length plunged into her mouth, vanishing into her face.

She gulped and sucked in her breath through her nostrils to suppress

the urge to gag. Then she slipped further down the fat rod.

He was too big for her to take all of him. At least too big for this first time in her mouth. Perhaps after some time, she could accommodate his ponderous mass in her face. But not now. Still, she took enough of his swollen stalk to let him know she was giving him head and enough for her to know that he could easily crack her jaws, if suddenly he became overactive.

But he didn't.

He just stood there, letting her do the work, watching as her head bobbed up and down on his pole of flesh. Delighting as she slid her lips on and off his cock. Thrilling as her cheeks hollowed while she sucked, then stuffed outward as she swallowed up his prick once again.

She could hear him moaning. She could feel the rigidity that stiffened his cock to a hard pole of flesh, And she could feel the thick knot that pushed up along the underside of his shaft.

Then he blasted into her mouth.

Hot come in a direct race from his balls splattered over her tongue and coated the roof of her mouth. She swallowed and sucked, welcoming each of the thick spurts of sexual cream that exploded out from his loins. Again and again, she gulped down the viscosity that exuberantly spilled from the head of his cock.

She sucked at him, milking at his throbbing rod for even further offerings.

"No more," he groaned, his hips jerking back, rudely wrenching his shaft from her lips. "No more!"

Still on her knees, she stared up, pleased with the grin of satisfaction that spread across her father-in-law's face.

Chapter 8

It took a few moments for Michael One to steady himself. Diana's oral passion was something he had not reckoned with. However, he had

disproved the "rape" theory of his daughter-in-law to his satisfaction and hopefully to hers.

But that was something he intended to make sure of at the moment.

Diana shivered with excitement as her father-in-law smiled down at her. It stemmed from the lubricious gleam in his dark eyes and the still stiff lance of man flesh that jutted from his groin. She trembled and whimpered.

The aroused thrills increased as he leaned over and lifted her to her feet. Without speaking, he pulled her half-naked body to his, crushing her supple form to him. She came without hesitation, the stiff nipples of her melon-like breasts stabbing at his chest.

There was absolutely no protest this time as his tongue darted from his mouth. Her lips opened and accepted the oral probe that filled the emptiness left by his withdrawn cock. Her own tongue playfully dueled around the flicking invader, then pushed its way into his mouth.

Carefully, she wedged a thigh between his legs and rubbed it over the

exposed length of his manhood, still hard and powerful feeling, despite the demand she had just placed on his seminal reservoir. He moaned around the mouthful of tongue that speared toward the back of his throat.

She pressed tightly to him, relishing in the inciting sensation of her tit mounds flattening against his chest, then slowly swaying her hips so that the pancaked globes rolled deliciously over him. Her hand slid down his back, anchoring into the taut boulders of his ass and pulled his crotch to hers.

Simultaneously, his hands followed hers, dipping beneath the tight waistband of her slacks and under the elastic tops of her panties. Her little wiggle movements increased to a provocative dance as his hands covered the perky, rounded curves of her bottom. He squeezed down. His fingers firmly dug into the fleshy demiglobes, kneading her silken buttocks as he had fondled the moldable mounds of her young, proud breasts.

For several minutes they clung to each other, their tongues darting and exploring the now familiar interiors of their mouths. Their hands

squeezed and urged. Their bodies pressed together with a sensual nearness.

Reluctantly, they separated, gazing at one another for a silent second or two. Then his hands withdrew from her ass and moved to the front of her burgandy hip-huggers.

While he worked the button and zipper to her slacks free, her own fingers occupied themselves with the imposing shaft that speared wantonly from his fly.

With loving tenderness, her fingertips glided up and down the still moist spike of flesh; still damp with the traces of her saliva. It jerked and jumped under her spright teasing. Its red glans glistened from the fresh sexual oils that oozed from his balls.

A little tug came from each side of her hips. She wiggled and helped him work the clinging slacks down her thighs until they fell around her ankles. He followed the same procedure to remove the naughty pink mesh panties she wore.

She had to give up her hold on his thick prick as he leaned over and suddenly lifted her in his arms. Not particularly caring where he was taking her, she wrapped her arms around his neck and playfully nibbled at his ear.

About twenty feet from where their enjoyable confrontation had begun, he gently laid her on the ground between two towering magnolias. The grass was thick there, like a natural bed. It felt cool and exciting against the nakedness of her body as she stretched out voluptuously at his feet.

Smiling down at the willing young woman, his fingers worked free the buttons to his shirt and threw it aside. With the same quickness, he managed to peel away his pants and the boxer shorts he wore, to join his enticing daughter-in-law in her nakedness.

Lowering himself beside her in their grassy bed, he once more scooped her up in his arms. Her inciting fingers were back at his cock, as he slid one of his hands between her silk-textured thighs. She whimpered with arousal as his palm closed around the fleshy mound of her pubis.

He squeezed, roughly molding the vulnerable knoll of her sex. Her hips twitched eagerly, hunching their willingness into his fingers. He could feel the moisture of her anticipation welling from between the outer lips of her labia. There was no need for further foreplay, but that was exactly what made the things he did to her so enjoyable.

Wiggling a finger into the thick, quivering lips of her cunt, he sluiced into the juice-filled channel of her vagina, twisting and twirling the intimate digit. The soft folds of her tunnel of desire responded, squeezing around the probe that had invaded her body. Her pelvis moved up and down, working itself on him as if it were feeding on the thickness of a cock, rather than a single finger.

His nakedness only made the wonderfully firm mounds of her breasts that more enjoyable. Heavy and round, they pressed against his chest, rolling and spearing the stiffness of their erect nipples into his skin.

Her hands slid up and down on his prick, neither demanding or urgent, but letting him know she was more than ready to have its thickness buried within the tight sheath of her belly.

But he still waited, gliding another finger into her heated hole of passion, while yet another fingertip tapped at her clit, taunting it out from under the thin membrane of its hood. It was as if he teased her body to quell forever whatever traces of "rape" still remained in her body. He taunted her, stirring her lust in the same manner he had used last night in the dim-lit passageway.

She whimpered, writhing against his body, as big fingers expertly manipulated dual digits into the enveloping socket of sex, while his third finger flicked and fondled a prodigious series of thrills through her body.

She felt him move beside her and his free hand rolled her to her back. He edged up a little and his mouth kissed at her neck working downward until it captured one of the high- perched cherries of flesh topping a warm, pink-colored tit. His tongue moistly caressed the stiffened bud as his lips sucked.

She groaned. The double stimulation of her body was fantastic. Her lips twisted with the mounting desires that trembled through her. Her body

writhed, swishing over the crisp, green bed of grass. Her hips rose and fell in time with the steady in-out pumping of his fingers. Her hands clamped tightly around his cockshaft, squeezing and jacking along its pulsating length.

He was controlling her once again. It was a repeat of their first meeting in the voyeur's alcove. He knew the sexual needs of a woman and even more important, he cared about fulfilling them. Only one man had had that type of control over her body until now- --her husband, Michael. Now she had found another---her father- in-law.

She groaned, as his fingers upped their tempo, sluicing into the hot mouth of her belly. Her hips surged up and down, matching the increased rhythm.

Michael! What would he think ... what would he do, if he knew I were here? If he knew I were giving my body to his father with the same willingness that I gave myself to him?

She wanted to straighten the thoughts out in her mind. She wanted to know what to do and how to handle the situation, but those marvelous

fingers gliding in and out of her vagina were too demanding.

I'm a whore! A shameless slut who can't get enough sex! Can't get enough hot, hard cock stuffed up my cunt!

But she didn't feel like a slut. She felt like a passion-filled woman who was getting the sex she needed and wanted, from an experienced man who knew how to satisfy her.

God! He feels so good! I'm going to come if he keeps this up! I want his cock for that! Not his fingers!

Still, her father-in-law pumped his vigorously gliding fingers into the trembling groove of her pussy. In and out, then twisting a little, he finger-fucked her, eliciting desire-laden whimpers and moans from her writhing lips.

Does he want me to beg? Does he want me to plead for his cock, like I did last night?

She knew the answers to her questions even before she asked them to

herself. She knew he wanted to be asked to fuck her. He wanted her to know that he had only given her what she had wanted last night and at no time had there ever been a question of rape. He was right. She had wanted him. Even when she had discovered the cock that filled her wasn't her husband's, she had wanted him; wanted him just as she wanted and ached for him now.

"Fuck me!" she moaned, gasping for her breath. "Please, I want this wonderful cock of yours! Please! My God, PLEASE!"

His mouth immediately pulled off her tit and he slid atop her, his full weight pressing her into the ground and she loved every manly ounce of his body. His fingers jerked free of her snatch and gripped her hips.

Her hands guided the knob-like thickness of his shaft's head to the waiting, throbbing entrance of her cunt. His hips jerked violently and he slammed up into the quivering wetness of her pussy.

She grunted-whimpered with the abrupt penetration of her passion-keen body. His thickness packed her to the brim.

There was no pause, no hesitating moment to revel in the union of their bodies.

His pelvis jerked up, wrenching the filling firmness of cock from her vagina in a brusque manner, then he lurched forward, cramming his bigness back into the sheathing envelope of desire.

She grunted again, as his heavy impact forced the air from her lungs in a startled "Hoouffff!" But this is the way she wanted it. Hard and rough!

Again the straining hugeness of his sexual pole jerked curtly back. She felt her clinging cunt follow its rapid retreat, flowing wetly around his cock's circumference.

Downward his hips plunged again, grinding into her, as he shafted the ponderous root of flesh back up into her belly. The tight channel of her cunt stretched back before the invading arrow-shaped tip of his cock. The walls of her vagina closed around his swollen mass, squeezing tautly.

His breath was hard and fast, like the sound of a rutting animal, as he pumped in and out of her wet, pink cunt. The bestial manner of his assault only heightened the avid need she had for him, this new lover, her father-in-law.

Despite the heaviness of his weight, she worked her hips in the same rigorous tempo of his jackhammering strokes. Up and down, she hunched, arching her back to meet each slamming thrust of his cock, then dropping her ass to the grassy coolness of the ground beneath her, as he jerked out.

His hands were moving on her. She could feel them through the lust-haze cloud that suffused through her body. They were moving downward, from her hips, caressing her thighs. No, they were sliding behind her knees.

Abruptly, her legs were whipped upward and pushed toward her chest, his arms holding them there!

The juice-filled furrow of her desire opened to him in an increased angle of entry. His still ramrodding prick lunged forward, spearing into the innermost depths of her cunt.

She groaned and writhed, her hips no longer able to move. Deep, thick and gorged, his inflexible length of cock skewered her body.

"Ahhhaggghhh!" she accepted the deep-rooted impact of his sex.

Brutally, almost in a punishing fashion, his hips rose and fell. He slammed into her. He ground his crotch into hers, his hairy ball bag slapping at the curves of her uptilted ass cheeks. He lashed. He pounded.

She loved it!

Her hands were dug into his taut buttocks. Her fingernails were biting into his ass as he fucked her. She pulled at him, trying to force even more of the deeply slamming man meat into her pussy.

Her vagina seared with the rising, consuming heat of her desire. He was a living lance that speared again and again into the open wound of her body. Unable to move, she made up for it by squeezing. Her cunt was a sucking mouth that ate at the thick shaft that filled and packed it.

She squeezed down, attempting to make her channel of sex a glove-like socket for him. She strained, drawing her pussy tighter and tighter.

He grunted like a lust-maddened bull, his hips lashing up and down. His cock whipped in and out of her. Harder and deeper, he crammed into the burning socket of her body. He skewered her. He rammed her. He plowed into the wanton slash of her hot sex.

Higher and higher, she rose. Nearer and nearer to the release her body screamed for, he whipped her on.

Her hands were raking claws of desperation on his buttocks. Pulling and urging him, she dug into the taut rocks of his ass.

He responded, his pelvis slapping into hers harder and harder. His cock was a fiery piston that only strove deeper, trying to split her up the middle.

She squeezed and writhed, unable to get enough of the fatness of his sex, as she soared closer and closer to climax. She groaned and whimpered the urgent demands of her body. She moaned and grunted as his

body pounded over and over into her.

In and out, out and in, his lust-laden shaft impaled the quivering slash of her sex. He drilled and ground. He skewered and poled. His whole body was tense, as he held back the flood that once more boiled up from his balls. He fucked! He fucked her, doing his damndest to slam his cock all the way up her!

Like a series of unleashed earthquakes, it racked through her body. Tremors, flesh tremors of desire and release, writhed through her. She thrashed and twisted under him, screwing her cunt fully with the fat, swollen length of his shaft.

She cried out in wailing whimpers of delight. Her body exploded and blasted free. Her passion swirled and lashed in the ecstasy of its freedom. Every nerve in her body sizzled with white-hot heat. She came, rocked and caressed by the ultimate of pleasures.

Simultaneously, his balls broke free, gushing a fresh load of come into the orgasmically contracting folds of her cunt. He fountained into her opened body, flooding the sheathing well of her sex with the thick

fluids of his release. He filled her until the creamy whiteness of his come oozed around the buried thickness of his cock and seeped from her cunt.

Chapter 9

Neither of them moved for several minutes, their bodies still locked together. But, eventually, she felt his cock deflate, slowly slithering out of her body and he rolled from atop her and lay at her side in the grass.

"That was good," she whispered, as she cradled into the hollow of his shoulder.

He squeezed her and lightly kissed her forehead in answer.

"Last night ..." she started, then stopped, unsure of exactly how to pose her question.

"Mmmmmm?" his hand idly slid along her side, pausing to fondle the

bulging base of a breast.

"Well, I don't know how to put it," she started again. "But last night, did you know what I was doing in the passage?"

"Sure," he chuckled. "You, were peeping in windows."

"I mean," she pressed, "did you know what I was watching?"

"Yes," he kissed her lightly. "You were watching Bryan and the girls making love. I could see through the mirror too, you know."

His abrupt answer with all its candidness somehow shocked her.

"What were you doing there?" she went on trying to get to the bottom of what was bothering her.

"Other than what obviously occurred," he chuckled again, pulling her to him, "I was going to do exactly what you were doing."

"What?" she couldn't believe what he had just said.

"Why not?" he questioned with amusement. "Paula and Kate are quite attractive young girls. Together they're quite a sensual pair. And they both enjoy having Bryan."

She was silent, comprehending what he had just said, but still disbelieving the incestuous relationships that apparently existed within the Hightower family.

"Lorraine was occupied," he went on, "and I must admit I find watching my daughters quite stimulating. Didn't you?"

Something rang funny in her mind. Diana rolled her father-in-law's last comment. Then it struck her---Lorraine was occupied! Michael!

"Were Michael and Lorraine together!" she stammered. "I mean were they together!"

Michael One laughed and hugged her close, amused at her befuddlement, "I think you'll have to ask them. But before my son found you, he and Lorraine were quite a pair."

Diana tried to get angry. But she couldn't. Hell! What have I gotten myself into! Here I am naked, thoroughly fucked by my new father-in-law, who has just told me my husband is having an affair with his stepmother!

Actually, the whole picture was perfectly clear to her, she just was having a hard time accepting it. She had suddenly been brought into a family that believed in togetherness, especially when it came to sexual matters.

"Let me make sure I know what you're saying," she pressed one more time. "You, Lorraine, Bryan, Paula and Kate..."

"Don't forget Jim," her father-in-law laughed. "We're all in love with each other and dig the hell out of balling."

He paused, staring into her green eyes, "Welcome to the family."

Despite her confusion and her mild state of shock, the meaning of his words penetrated and she shivered with anticipation, remembering

everything she had seen last night. Even the mental picture of Michael screwing his stepmother didn't seem to bother her. In fact, she found it rather exciting. She and Michael had had lovers before they met and she had always assumed that they both would continue to do so at one time or another. Perhaps it was better this way. Let everything come out in the open.

After all, it's all in the family!

Michael One stirred again, "I don't know about you, but I think I could use a quick dip in the pond before heading back to the house. Care to join me?"

Diana nodded. While the thick St. Augustine grass was beautiful to look at, it was starting to irritate her skin, reminiscent of the prickly feeling she used to get when she was a kid and used to rough house in the grass with the other kids in her neighborhood. A playtime activity that had stopped once the boys started to notice that the girls were girls and suddenly began to add new little twists to their football games.

Michael One helped her from the ground and they walked to the pond. Without hesitating, he did a springy little dive and knifed into the clear water. Then, without thinking, she followed. As she struck the water, she remembered his earlier comments about the pond being spring fed.

COLD!

Even in the warm spring weather, the water was icy. Shivering, she quickly splashed around, rinsing away the itching traces of the grass, then clambered out of the water, clutching herself at the edge of the pond. Her father-in-law laughed, but quickly followed suit.

"Sorry, but we forgot to bring towels," he said, running his fingers through the thick mop of his black hair, then shaking his head vigorously. "The sun will dry us in a little bit."

Together they gathered the scattered clothes they had hastily disposed of earlier, then walked to the picnic table, stretching out and letting the sun warm their chilled bodies. Neither of them said much, as they enjoyed the toasty feeling of the sun soaking into their skin.

Somehow, as they turned over, they ended up in each other's arms again.

This time Diana took the role of the aggressor, realizing that she wanted this man, her father-in-law, again. He had the same sexual attraction she had only found in her husband up until now. Just looking at either one of them sent shivery waves of gooseflesh racing up and down her back and flooded her cunt with wetness.

In short time, she had worked his sleeping prick back to its club-like size. This time, she straddled him, impaling herself on his cock.

Neither of them rushed. Instead, they let the seeds of desire slowly blossom under a gentle, steady undulation of their hips and the tender caressing of their hands.

She came first. Then increasing the rocking, plunging motion of her pelvis, she fucked him until she received another flood of sperm and semen gushing hotly into the welcoming recesses of her belly.

She declined another offer for a "refreshing plunge" into the pond in favor of just rinsing the well-used mound of her sex, as she waded at

the edge of the pool. Michael One (which she now thought of as one word, and pronounced it that way, as did the rest of the family) splashed around for a few minutes, then came running out of the water.

Picking their clothes up from the picnic tables and tucking them under his arm, he said, "The sun'll dry us on the way back to the house."

Her head jerked around, doing a classical double take, "You mean, you want me to go back to the house like this! Naked!"

"Yes," he said, making no effort to hand her her clothes. "The only ones at the house are part of the family ... your family."

Still unsure of her new relationship, she trotted to his side, as he started toward the mansion. She understood him. She was part of the Hightower family, a thought that excited her. She was free to have open sexual relationships with the members of her new family, as they were with her.

But what about Michael? He might have been balling Lorraine last night, but he doesn't know I've fucked and have been fucked by his father!

She remembered his own uneasiness as they drove into the estate yesterday. Had it been because he thought she wouldn't accept the open incestual life of his family? Or was it because he wanted to keep her away from that same life?

It couldn't be the latter reason, she told herself, or could it?

She didn't know. But whatever his thoughts and worries were, it was too late for her, she realized, as her father-in-law opened the door to the Hightower home and she stepped inside the kitchen.

Lorraine and Bryan were sitting at the table, preparing to make themselves sandwiches from a platter of cold cuts and breads laid out neatly on a large tray. Both their eyes widened as they turned to the newcomers, then their lips smiled.

Diana tried to smile back, but her nudity made her feel more than slightly uncomfortable. She felt Michael One's hand pressing at the small of her back, moving her through the kitchen and into the hall, then to the den. Her father-in-law motioned for her to sit on the

couch.

"Relax," he smiled, as she took her seat. "Lorraine and Bryan will join us in a moment. Remember, you're a member of our family now."

A member and fully initiated, she thought, feeling her stomach doing all sorts of nervous quivers. Initiated by the head of the family.

Diana's head twisted a little in reaction to the padded footsteps she heard coming down the hall. They grew closer, moving through the rooms of the mansion.

Then Lorraine and her son entered. Both of them had shed their clothes somewhere along the way to the den.

Bryan's body she knew well, having watched it and longed for it as the youth so expertly serviced his sisters last night. But Lorraine was something else. The older woman never ceased to amaze her. It was easy to see where Paula inherited the womanly flares of her youthful body.

There were faint stretch marks that gave away the fact that the blonde-

haired woman had born children, but other than that, Diana would have stuck to her original estimate of Lorraine's age being in the twenties. Her breasts were like large, cushiony pillows, swaying temptingly as she strode proudly into the den, apparently completely comfortable in her nakedness. The pointed tips of her light brown nipples traced invisible circles in the air, moved by the pendulous juggle of her bountiful tits.

She was wagging her hips in an exaggerated fashion, as if to draw all their attentions to the shaven smoothness of her pubic mound. But for Diana, there was no need. The sleek, creamy plumpness of her mother-in-law's pubis had already caught her eyes.

It looks so vulnerable, so tempting, she mused mentally, I wonder how Michael would react if I did that. Then she fumbled in her thoughts, I wonder how Michael liked that?, remembering what Michael One had said. I bet she's had her cunt surgically tightened after she had her children. Any woman who's taken so much care with her body would have done that.

Lorraine smiled at her again, as if confirming her unspoken

speculations, as she crossed the room and joined her husband, perching herself on the arm of his chair.

The elder Hightower's caressing arms slid around her in an intimate greeting. One of his hands worked its way up her nakedness and cupped under a huge mound of tit. Diana could see the excited waves of gooseflesh ripple over her mother-in-law's creamy skin, as the fingers that possessed her breast kneaded into the pliable pillow of flesh. Lorraine sighed softly, not so much with desire, but with soothing comfort.

The sigh was abruptly transformed to a deeply sucking hiss, as the woman jerked a little. Michael One's other hand had crept between her slim thighs and he had embedded his index finger into the shaven nakedness of her cunt. Diana watched as his finger slowly moved in and out, glistening with the sexual moisture it had found waiting within Lorraine's body. Her mother-in-law's gleaming blue eyes misted quickly under the steady pumping of the hand that had invaded her body, then fluttered closed. The full redness of her lips writhed slowly, as she gave herself to the pleasure her husband was inciting within the cleft of her loins.

Diana shivered despite herself. What she was watching was sexy! A beautiful woman had just given herself to a most desirable man. And in turn, he was giving her pleasure. A warm wetness welled within Diana's loins. She wished that she and Lorraine had exchanged places. She wanted her father-in-law to be fondling and caressing her. She wanted his delightfully taunting fingers to be working in her pussy. That he had just fucked her twice less than an hour ago didn't matter; she wanted him again. She would even allow him to take her here, in front of Lorraine and Bryan, if he would just take her.

Michael One glanced up and seeing Diana's arousal-widened eyes, smiled. As if to tell her that he was now occupied by the delightful bundle of womanflesh in his arms, his finger quickened its in-out skewering of his wife's pussy. Lorraine groaned, thoroughly lost in the pleasure he had ignited in her. And Diana shivered with mounting desire again, hoping.

But her father-in-law diverted his attention back to his wife. His one hand kneading and squeezing into the creamy whiteness of Lorraine's breasts, while his other hand sluiced in and out of her cunt.

The blonde groaned, leaning back further for the support of her husband's body. Her thighs opened a little more, allowing his now flying digit even further access to her pouting cunt. Unable to work her pelvis in rhythm with the probing finger---if she did, she'd have rudely unseated herself---her hips swayed in a delightful little wiggling motion that rippled the wall of her finger-fucked vagina around the gliding digit.

Lorraine's head rolled back on her shoulders and rocked from side to side. Her lips twisted with the mounting agony of need that filled her. Her body quaked and she groaned and whimpered.

Harder and faster, his finger sliced between the now trembly shaven lips of her labia. Diana could feel the growing electric excitement that possessed her mother-in-law. She could also feel the rapid-fire strokes of the finger that buried itself in the woman's open sex. Involuntarily, her body tensed each time his hand slammed roughly into the naked pubic mound. Her breathing increased to labored heaves of arousal, following the lustful metamorphosis that had transformed Lorraine.

Then her mother-in-law came. The voluptuous bundle of woman moaned and panted as her body was possessed by the breaking waves of released sexual energy. She groaned and whimpered in a high- pitched squeal of unabandoned delight.

Michael One's finger immediately slowed its quick driving motions and glided soothingly in and out of the wet socket of her pussy. He pulled his wife to him, holding her close as she descended from the plateau of pleasure he had led her to.

Slowly, but surely, Lorraine regained her composure and turned to her husband, planting a long, loving, wet and loud kiss on his lips. When they parted, they both turned to Diana, who felt like squirming under the sudden interest of their gazes.

"I found Diana using the alcove last night," Michael One said almost casually. "She was quite aroused by our children."

Lorraine smiled again, a smile that said she fully understood Diana's reaction, but she did not comment. However, Diana had the distinct

feeling that the older woman knew exactly what had happened in the passageway last night. She did squirm a little, when she realized that it was Lorraine that had suggested she take a morning's stroll around the estate. Had she and Michael One planned the encounter? Had they been willing partners in a conspiracy to initiate her into the Hightower family?

She heard something stir to her side and glanced toward the entrance to the den. Bryan still stood there. She had forgotten about the youth. The effects of watching his parents were quite evident. His naked cock jutted powerfully from his groin, stabbing upward into the air at a forty-five degree angle. Her eyes followed the pulsing throb of its stiff arousal for several seconds, before turning back to Michael One and Lorraine.

"Bryan, don't you think you should welcome Diana into our family," the elder Hightower suggested to his stepson then added almost as an afterthought. "I think she was particularly interested in your and Paula's activities last night"

The young boy grinned at his stepfather, then turned to Diana, his face

an expression of willing enthusiasm and uncertainty at his sister-in-law's reaction.

I can take that, Diana found herself thinking, as she smiled and nodded reassuringly at Bryan without a second thought to her actions. Her memories of his thorough fucking of his sister's ass last night had made an impression. And the thought of him shoving that long, hard, young cock up her ass, after the sexy manipulation of Lorraine's body she had just seen, was more than her body could take without relief.

He crossed the room eagerly, nearly banging his shin into the side of the couch, as he came to her. As if he were afraid she would change her mind and suddenly refuse him, he reached out and pulled her to him. His tongue had wiggled itself into her mouth and was flicking around wonderfully before she had gotten over the start of his abruptness. Then she opened her mouth to give his tongue free rein.

Probing toward her throat, his oral digit danced and darted around in her mouth, tickling against the roof of her mouth. Her lips writhed against his, clamping lightly down as she sucked suggestively at its warm wetness. The tantalizing suction slowly increased, until he moaned

as she threatened to swallow his tongue with it still rooted in his mouth.

When she released her strong hold on his oral probe, it quickly slithered back into his mouth, with her chasing it. This time she threw her tongue into his driving his lips wider to accept her enthusiastic thrust. She imitated his actions, playfully teasing over his tongue and licking at the roof of his mouth.

Her own startled little moan came not from his sucking at her tongue, but the tightness of the hand that abruptly gripped at the mound of her sex. He squeezed her pubic knoll roughly, with a youthful vigor that sent thrilling shivers running up and down her spine. He kneaded at the plump protuberance of her sex, grinding his palms against the quivering lips of her labia.

The stiff firmness of his cock pressed closely against the smoothness of her thigh did little to quell the growing excitement that rushed through her body.

As they remained locked together in their embrace, her own hands

tauntingly tickled their way down the muscular ripples of his back and out the taut roundness of his buttocks. His ass was hard, tense with her presence. That realization thrilled her. She liked the sexual arousal that men displayed. That she was responsible for that excitement made it that much better.

As his hand continued the intimate massage of her sex mound, her fingers gripped at his ass, squeezing with inciting firmness. Her hands dug into his hind cheeks, turning the whiteness of his skin to a bruised red, then a tortured white. The urgings of her fingers and palms only increased the kneading of his hand.

She squeezed herself close against his youthful chest, rolling just a little so that the balls of her tits flattened. His tongue speared back into her mouth and she sucked welcomingly at it.

Her fingers tickled up and down the deep crease separating the hard cushions of his ass cheeks. He squirmed against her, moaning as best he could with his tongue still trapped between her sucking lips. Lower and lower, the seductive dance of her fingertips drifted. His squirming increased, as he pressed himself harder against her, pushing her back

into the couch.

The action slightly raised his rear mounds enough for her fingers to part them further. The delving tantalizations of her brushing fingertips dipped deeper, softly drifting over the taut ring of his anus. Once again he groaned and pushed himself hard against her. A response that only increased as an inquisitive little fingertip pushed up into his asshole and wiggled around as a reminder of the greeting into the Hightower family he was supposed to give her.

Squeezing tightly down on the now lust-aching mound of her sex, he managed to tickle a finger into the moist lips of her labia, then eagerly drilled into the juice-flooded channel of her vagina. Excited shivers rocked through her body as she accepted the impaling digit and contracted the muscles of her cunt around it with approval.

Slowly, the embedded finger began to move, doing a small twisting movement, then wiggling. Responding, she repeated the motions with the finger she had plugged into his ass. Together, they worked each other's bodies, stirring and fanning the flames of desire that sizzled through them.

As his stepfather had finger-fucked his mother but moments ago, the boy slowly slid his finger in and out of the hot pocket of sex between his sister-in-law's thighs. There was no doubt in his mind now. She was enjoying it as much as he was. Her hot cunt seemed to grip at him, sucking at his finger each time he plunged it up into the mouth of her belly. She was moaning now and her hips were swishing around on the couch beneath her.

That she was ready and willing to take the hardness of his pulsing cock was more than apparent to him when he finally slid his mouth from hers and whispered in her ear, "You've got to get up and lean over."

She nodded reluctantly and slowly pulled the finger she had embedded two knuckles deep from his ass. He whimpered a little as the digit came free. As she did when he slid his finger from her cunt, leaving her evacuated and empty.

Extracting herself from his young arms, she stood. Michael One and Lorraine were still seated in their chair. They smiled at her with approval. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she felt that she should

be uncomfortable with them just sitting there watching her and their son satisfy the lust of their bodies. But she didn't. In fact, she found herself admitting she enjoyed the thought of the older couple watching them. And that Lorraine's hand was gripped tightly around the fully erect length of her husband's cock, slowly jacking at him, only added to the excitement that was filling her body.

Smiling back at the couple, she turned her back to them and leaned over the couch as Bryan had directed. With her arms out- stretched to fully support her weight, she spread her legs, opening her body up to the rear attack that would come shortly.

The boy was behind her now. The fat head of his cock nudged at the upturned curves of her buttocks. She could feel the warm wetness of his preseminal oils smearing their clearness over her skin as his cock jumped and jerked with its excitement.

She remembered the deliciously thrilling method he had used to prepare Paula to take his cock and shivered. The thought of his mouth kissing at her anus and the soft warmth of his tongue probing into the little mouth of her ass was enough to drive her wild. She did her damndest to

relax, knowing with the first exquisite contact of his mouth she would go rigid with excitement.

She trembled as his hands reached out and soothingly roved over the upjutting half- moons of her hind cheeks. He was gentle. His hands tenderly whispered the command to relax and prepare herself for the entry he was going to make into her bowels. She thought relax, letting the soft caresses of his hands lull her toward the state of readiness he wanted.

His gently circling palms drifted between her thighs and pressed against the silken softness of them. She eased her legs further apart. He could see the uptilted mound of her pussy now and the moisture of her desire that dampened the light brown pubic fur covering in like a soft carpet.

His hands slowly and gingerly massaged at the plump knoll for a few seconds, then once again, his finger wiggled into the wet pocket of her cunt. She whimpered with the unexpected invasion of her body, but did not protest, as his finger swirled around, then once again withdrew.

She moaned in disappointment and excitement as she felt his hands grip each of the cushions of her buttocks and spread them. His moist finger dipped into the deep cleft of her ass and tapped at her anus, transferring the juices it had brought from her vagina.

While she would have preferred his mouth and tongue, the finger-to-cunt-to-ass method he used to make her body ready for him was far from a turn-off. First he drilled and pumped his digit into her pussy, whirling around in the abundant juices that readily flowed within her. Then he returned to her anus, slickening the tiny ringed mouth with a supply of the natural lubricants he had taken from her pussy.

Over and over, he repeated the process. His finger slowly worked its way up into her ass. Then it glided in and out, as he oiled the tight channel with her own juices. She moaned as the probing length of his finger pushed its way in and out of her hot ass. The sensation was fantastic, like an appetizer to what was to come next; a sampler that prepared her for the thickness that was coming.

When his fingers finally left the juice-filled mouth of her sex, she could feel him reach up and grasp the rigid shaft of his cock. Relax!

she urged herself, anticipating the newness of the Hightower cock she was so willing to take within her lust commanded body. Relax! she repeated, as she heard him move closer, readying himself for the attack.

Then he was there, sharply driving the full length of his hard sex into her body!

But he wasn't in her ass!

He had plunged his full throbbing shaft deeply into the vulnerably exposed, upturned slash of her cunt.

She groaned.

Her ass wiggled in a provocative dance against his groin.

Her whole body trembled under the abrupt impact.

Despite the complete surprise of his maneuver, she relished the long hardness that packed deeply into her pussy. Perhaps he's changed his

mind, she thought in the sudden confusion of the moment, though not really minding. He felt good inside her. And at the moment, that was all that mattered. Lorraine and Michael One's activities had left her body aroused. Bryan's delicious finger-fucking had only tripled the excitement. Now all she wanted was to be fucked and have the consuming desires of her body released. Immediately, her hips began to work with his pelvis as he pumped himself in and out of her.

Yes, she moaned to herself, yes, this is it. This is good!

In and out, he plowed into her cunt, shafting himself in deep, grinding strokes. His crotch slapped into her uptilted ass, making a sharp little popping sound as they collided flesh on flesh. She rocked back and forth, sliding on and off the plunging length of manmeat that impaled her over and over. She rose, climbing higher and higher on the clouds of pleasure. Her whole body focused on the thickness of his sex and the hard length that plowed into the furrow of her pussy.

He rocked her, his hips whipping back and forth. He speared her, his rod of cock pumping in and out. She was close, closer than she could believe, especially since her father-in-law had already seen that she

was well-fucked that day. But this young boy, the youngest member of the Hightower clan, had her going again. Her spread thighs were throbbing at an ever increasing rate. Her body was quaking as waves of heightening pleasure washed through her.

NO!

No! No! No! Nooooooooo!

The deep-rooted stalk of his manhood had suddenly jerked free from the sheathing channel of her belly with a wet sucking sound. She was empty, hollow, abandoned on the very edge of her release. Her body quaked and screamed in violent protest.

"Ahhrrrrgggahhhh! God! Oh, my God!"

The complete thickness and hardness of his prick was suddenly embedded to the hilt in her ass.

The shock of the abrupt impalement was almost painful. She knew it would have been, had it not been so quick.

But, instead, she only felt packed. She felt every throbbing inch of his unyielding cock slammed deeply into the tight tunnel of her rectum. Like a ponderous pole of flesh, his presence filled her body. He was a brand of fire shoved firmly into her bowels, burning with a sexual heat that swirled and flamed in a sunburst of lust.

In an involuntary reaction, her muscles clamped with viselike tightness around the column of sex that invaded her. She heard his pleasure-filled moans above her own grunting groans. She pushed and squeezed trying to expell the massive rod that stuffed her so fully.

But he remained. His thickness remained firmly implanted in the pushing and squeezing channel of her back. He throbbed and pulsed, jerking with inflexible lust.

His hands were back on her buttocks, slowly caressing the creamy smoothness of her pink ass cheeks. The message of his palms penetrated the shock-ridden clouds of her mind. Relax, it said, quelling the violent quivering of her ass muscles. She once again let his hand lull the tenseness of her body. Slowly, but surely, the taut squeezing vise

of her bowels went flaccid, stretched over the rigid length of his cock
She accustomed herself to him, feeling out his full size and knowing
she was quite capable of taking all that he could give her.

Still, he did not move. Instead, he just stood there, his body washed
in the exquisite velvet tightness of her ass. His cock was drenched in
the fiery heat of her bowels. Her ass squeezed down on him again. This
time the violent desperation of her first clutch was gone. Now her
tightness came more as a relishing caress. He moaned deeply as his
prick jerked and throbbed.

In a slow circling movement, her upturned ass wiggled as she squeezed
and relaxed the smooth sheath of her asshole. His groaning rose,
echoing a little within the den. She picked up the tempo of her swaying
hips, washing the thickness of his rod in a ball- aching flare of
exciting friction.

Then his hips moved.

Outward his big cock came. The walls of her ass tunnel strained out and
over the blood- gorged knob of his glans as he pulled from her. The

emptiness he left in his wake was five times worse than the sudden wrenching from her pussy.

Further and further, he pulled until only the plump crown of his prick was embedded in the tiny, squeezing mouth of her back. She wiggled a little and he groaned.

As she did, his pelvis started inward. Forcing her body to relax, she accepted the ponderous mass of his sex. Inward the unbending pole of his manhood drilled back into her ass. Inch by inch, she accommodated him, as he strained and stretched the round, smooth socket of her rear.

Her body came alive again, trembling with hungry delight as he entered. Deeper and deeper the throbbing heat of his cock penetrated, rooting itself into the velvet recesses of her rectum. His crotch pressed into her ass cheeks and his hips jerked, forward a little spearing his cock even deeper.

She moaned, clutching at the bigness of his sexual rod. Her ass clamped lovingly around the pulsing circumference that plugged her asshole. Her hips gyrated again, swirling the volcanic heat of her bowels around

him.

Then he was pulling free again, slowly, as if unwilling to give up the well-rooted depths he had achieved, but at the same time unable to remain still. She relaxed and let him withdraw, quivering as his movement set off a whole series of blazing sensations.

As he inched his way back into her rectum, she forced her body to remain calm, allowing him to probe back into the seething depths he had set afire with desire. Over and over, he stroked slowly in and out of her, as if he were getting the feel of unfamiliar territory.

Then, as his pace increased, her ass started working on its own. Relaxing, she accepted all of the burning sex brand he could give her. As he withdrew, she squeezed tightly down, delighting in the pleasure-aching moans that she drew from his throat.

Her own hips still circled in their provocative dance, but now they moved up and down, helping him as he fucked her with taunting slowness. It was under the slow-motion pace of his prick that she started the rise toward the plateaus of pleasure his abrupt exit from her cunt had

so rudely wrenched her from. Her whole body was alive again. Every nerve was opened to the arousing sensations he sent rocketing through her. In and out, he plowed into the quivering furrow of her ass. She focused her being on the thickness of his fleshy piston, worshipping the filling mass of its size.

She thought about Lorraine and Michael One, who sat watching the expert poling of her body, and wondered if the scene they now viewed was affecting them the way their sexual play had gotten to her? But she knew she really didn't care. All she cared about was the growing hunger of her lust-laden body and the adamant pole of flesh that moved in and out of her ass in a steady rhythm.

Her greed for cock got the better of her and her hips jerked quickly back and forth. The boy behind her got the message and immediately increased the rocking of his pelvis. No longer did he inch his way into her bowels, but glided in a long, smooth stroke, then reversed his motion and slithered outward.

It was good, but she wanted more. Her hips increased the pace once again and he responded. Their bodies met in a spongy sort of cushioned

thud, crotch to buttocks. The hairy sac of his testicles slapped at the upturned curves of her hind mounds.

She gyrated and swirled around his ever moving cockshaft. He groaned and poled into her. She squeezed and sucked at his length, relishing every fat inch of pleasure he fed into her. She rocked back and forth, aiding in the repeated impalement of her body.

His hands gripped into her butt, his fingers digging roughly into the firmness of her ass cheeks. He clung to her, using her buttocks for support. His hips lurched and once more he quickened the tempo of his anal spearing.

Groaning with delight, she accepted him over and over. Her own body met his rhythm. She bucked into him, driving his plunging rod deeper and deeper into the volcanic depths of her ass. She jerked away from him, wrenching the pole of sex from her.

Her body quaked under the ever increasing impact of his body. He seared in and out of her and she loved it and wanted more. Which is exactly what he gave her. His crotch slapped loudly into her buttocks now,

jarring her and setting the elongated cones of her tits juggling back and forth.

She grunted and moaned as the fever of ardent lust grew and blazed outward. She lurched back into him, trying to bury the stiff shaft of sex even deeper into her ass. He burned into her, pistoning in and out of the tight, clinging tunnel of her rectum.

She wanted to cry out, urging him on harder and deeper, but he pounded into her, jarring the words from her throat so that only aroused hisses of flaming desire were emitted into the air. She felt it was growing now. Hot and higher it swirled within her. Flaming out from her seething asshole, it consumed her loins and set the sensitive button of her clit to aching.

Her hands gripped into the cushions of the couch. Her knuckles were deadly white, strained with the intensity of her growing fervor. Her ass rocked and bucked, swallowing up and sucking at the thick shaft of cock that filled her.

Harder and harder, he speared. Like a jackhammer of flesh, he ground

himself into the burning recesses of her anal tunnel. His balls were lashing with fire, boiling as the need for release grew. He grunted as he slammed and shafted into the sweet tightness of her anal sheath.

Back and forth, their bodies rocked together, feeding the consuming passion that now filled their bodies. Again and again, they pounded into one another. His cock drove its full length into the glove-like tightness of her ass. And she accepted the burning rod of pleasure; a rod of pleasure she now lived for.

Higher and higher, they whipped each other on, driving them ever closer to the peaks of their desire. Harder and more urgently their bodies demanded the release that throbbed and ached within them.

She came first, her whole body erupting. Pleasure unleashed within her in a wildly flaring nebula of delight. She cried out her satisfaction, as quake after soul-shattering quake of relief and pleasure washed through her body. Her ass contracted and trembled, sucking greedily at the still poling length of his prick.

From behind, she heard him groan and his hips suddenly lurched forward,

driving his shaft deeply into her back cbanne. The fat crown of his shaft jumped and jerked. Then there was the wet warmth, as he spilled the juice of his desire into the recesses of her bowels.

Spurt after spurt of thick cream blasted into her, as he clung to her ass. She could feel every little throb of his release and loved every tiny quiver of his shaft.

Gratefully locked together ass to cock, they groaned and whimpered in the magnificent sensations of their mutual climax.

Chapter 10

"What in the hell is going on here!"

It was Michael's voice, her Michael's voice, that boomed through the pleasure glowing cloud of her satisfaction. Diana's body suddenly went rigid.

With the same suddenness, Bryan's rigidly embedded cock went limp. In

one second it was packed fully up her ass, still oozing the last traces of his release. Then in the next moment, it went limp and slithered from her body in a hasty withdrawal. The reaction would have been humorous under different circumstance. As it was, Diana found absolutely no humor in the situation.

As Bryan rolled to one side and dropped to the couch, she rolled to the other and collapsed on her still pleasantly throbbing rear. She pushed her eyes open and somehow managed to peer through the veiling mists and find her husband standing in the doorway to the den. Apparently he couldn't find any humor in Bryan's quick evacuation of Diana's asshole either. He was just standing there scowling at her, then glaring at Bryan. The youth at her side just lay there, unable to react in much of any manner, except to glance glassy-eyed at his stepbrother and pant trying to catch his breath. The effects of blasting his balls off in his sister-in-law's ass had been somewhat draining on him.

"I asked what the hell is going on here!" Michael demanded again.

"Just what the hell it looks like," the elder Hightower answered his son.

"Bryan was just welcoming Diana into our family," Lorraine added, smiling at her stepson.

"And I suppose you were waiting your turn?" Michael snapped with contempt.

"Of course I was," Lorraine smiled widely. "Diana is quite an attractive girl. And if she has no hang-ups about women, we could...."

"Damn!" Michael shuddered. "I can't believe this! I'm gone for a matter of a couple of hours and you just can't wait to get your lustful claws into my wife!"

"What is this, Michael? A double set of standards? One for you and one for Diana?" Lorraine chided. "You really didn't mind our romp in the library last night. But when Diana gets balled by someone other than her husband, you can't take it."

"That's right," Kate piped up from behind her brother, who until now had gone unnoticed by Diana. "You didn't seem to mind Paula giving you

head on the way home from town."

"Yeah!" it was Paula that now chorused up from behind Michael. "I seem to remember him suggesting that we all should go for a stroll down by the pond this evening."

"Right!" Kate echoed. "My brother is a real stick in the mud!"

"Michael, is all this true?" Diana asked, somewhat amused by the sudden sheepishness that raced embarrassingly over her husband's face.

"Of course it's true!" Kate laughed. "My brother digs balling his sisters!"

The dark-haired girl coyly reached down and lovingly massaged her brother's crotch. Michael just stood there, looking helplessly at Diana, unable to say anything. However, Kate's hand eventually left the front of his jeans. The bulging strain under his fly told the whole story.

Diana felt like she should be angry, but all she felt was relief. The

confrontation with Michael had been met and was water under the bridge now. She knew he had made it with Lorraine and now Paula. And those facts didn't bother her. He was still her Michael, still her husband and she still loved him. Nothing had changed.

At least nothing had changed with her, that was. She was still unsure about how Michael was reacting to finding Bryan fucking her ass. Or how he would react to the knowledge that his father had balled her and she had come back for more. She wanted to get him off alone and discuss the whole thing.

But Kate and Paula had other things in their minds!

"I think we should show Diana just what Michael had in mind for this evening," Kate grinned to her blonde stepsister.

"Mmmmm hmmmm," Paula nodded. "Really think Diana should see the type of man she married."

Michael stepped back from the two girls and shook his head, "Just hold on ... this is neither the time nor place."

But neither Kate nor Paula held on. Instead they rushed him. Two bundles of very eager and very sexy teen-age girl were suddenly swarming all over him, while Diana sat back grinning with amusement at the predicament her husband had gotten himself into.

There were five quick tearing "pops" and five white buttons that went sailing across the den, torn from the front of Michael's shirt. If he were doing more than putting up a token fight against the girls, it was hard for Diana to discern. By herself, Kate was able to quickly strip her brother's shirt, while Paula hastily slithered from her skirt and blouse, then peeled away her under garments.

The supple blonde single-handed went after Michael's jeans, as Kate performed a rapid strip that matched the disrobing of her stepsister.

Together, they somehow managed to wiggle Michael's jeans down around his knees. He stumbled backwards, then his legs came out from under him. His bare ass thudded heavily onto the carpet and the girls wrenched his pants up and off. He now shared their nakedness.

Paula was at the downed man's side first, her nakedness pressing sensually over his chest and her mouth covering his. Michael's arms hesitated momentarily, then wrapped around her youthful body, hugging her close.

Kate, left out of the embrace, made do with the thick swollen shaft that jutted up from the black hairs covering her brother's crotch.

Reaching out with her hand, her fingers wrapped around the pulsing column of cock and tantalizingly glided up and down its length. Diana could see the muscles of her husband's buttocks tense tightly and his hips jerk upward slightly.

The girl's hand squeezed at the still thickening pole of sex and jacked excitedly along its pulsing length. Her eyes widened with delight.

Suddenly, her head lowered and her mouth opened widely. In one slooping motion, she captured the gorged thickness of his glans within her lips. Her young cheeks hollowed deeply as she sucked at the plum-like crown.

Again his hips jumped upward, shoving one or three inches of fat prick

into her face. She accepted the ponderous mass of sex into her mouth.

The still stroking grasp of her hand never missed a beat.

Working with youthful eagerness, Kate's hand and mouth began working in a singular rhythm on her brother's manhood. Her head bobbed up and down as her lips sheathed and resheathed themselves over the jutting shaft.

Diana was amazed. Amazed both at herself and the scene she was watching. This was her husband buried under a writhing blanket of two eager girls. And it was one of the sexiest things she had ever seen.

She had always wondered about couples who got into swinging and their claims that watching their spouse ball with another person was one hell of a turn-on. They were right! Despite her full day's activities with Michael One and then with Bryan, she found herself ready and willing.

She glanced at the youth still seated at her side. But Bryan was engrossed with the activities on the floor. And apparently his own body had not recovered from his recent sexual romp---his cock was asleep in the reddish-blond bush covering his groin.

Diana's attention turned to Lorraine and Michael One. The big-titted woman was now on her knees before her husband, his cock fully entrenched in her mouth. The elder Hightowers eyes rolled back in his head as his pelvis lurched upward. Lorraine's throat bobbed as she voraciously swallowed the fountaining cream of her husband's release. Michael One collapsed back into his chair, moaning out the sated gratification of his pleasure.

Feeling left out, Diana once more turned her eyes to her husband and the two sisters that had him occupied on the floor. Kate had given up her oral caresses in favor of a much more mutually satisfying coupling for her and her brother. The young black-headed girl now sat straddled over Michael's crotch, her supple thighs tightly pressing to each side of him and the swollen length of his cock crammed up into her pussy. Michael's mouth was still busily occupied by Paula's and his hands had a firm hold on the sleek cones of her youthful tits.

Kate completed the union of the threesome by slipping her hand between Paula's thighs and wiggling a finger into the blonde's cunt.

Literally sitting in the pilot's seat, Kate slowly began to push,

rising up the fleshy rod of pleasure she sat on. The movement also caused her finger to slide from Paula's upturned slash of desire.

Higher and higher, she slid up the thickness of cock, until she hovered above her brother's loins with only the gorged head of his prick sheathed by the pinkness of her outer lips. Then she glided downward, shafting his manhood back into the willing cunt and at the same time she drove her finger into the flowering lips of Paula's pussy.

Again and again, Kate repeated her rising and falling motions until her body was jerking rapidly up and down on the long shaft of flesh she so willingly impaled in her body.

Diana shivered with full arousal. Then shivered again as someone softly touched the interior of her thighs. She turned and glanced down. There kneeling between her opened legs was Lorraine. The woman's blue eyes were rolled up to her, a lewd, knowing smile on her full lips.

Diana shivered again, this time with the realization of what her mother-in-law had planned. She had wondered about it in the past. She had wanted it last night when she had watched Kate and Paula from

behind the one-way mirror. Now she was being offered a very tempting proposal from a woman she found as sexy as the two girls. Perhaps even more so.

Not quite sure of herself, Diana nodded.

The blonde-haired woman's smile grew as her eyes tilted down to the light brown triangle of pubic moss veiling the lips of her daughter-in-law's cunt. Her head slowly moved forward.

Diana's heart jumped in a double-time beat and she sucked in deeply, as she stared down, watching the misty, golden-haired woman inch closer and closer to the quivering lips of her sex. Shivery little trembles raced through her body as she felt the gentle, warm streams of her breath flowing from Lorraine's nostrils and tickling their way through her pubic down. Uncontrollably, she moaned as the red lips of her companion pressed lightly between her thighs.

Lorraine's head pulled away just a little. Diana could see her lips part and her tongue, pink and wet flick behind her lips, then slowly snake out.

Then it was there!

The tip of another woman's tongue was wetly working through the bush of her pubic hairs and softly brushing at the quivering lips of her cunt.

Diana whimpered as the excitement of the moment rushed in heated waves through her loins.

In a long, teasing lap, the probing oral digit languidly worked its way up and down the deep crease of her cuntal mound, delicately tickling at the pink pouted lips.

Trembling with excitement, she reached down and tenderly caressed her mother-in-law's cheeks, giving her approval of the woman's actions. She could detect no difference in the feel of Lorraine's tongue and the manly tongues that had found their way into her quim. The only difference was the lust-arousing knowledge that this mouth belonged to another woman.

Waves of quivery gooseflesh rippled in thrilled excitement over her body as Lorraine's hands slowly moved lovingly over the interior of her

thighs. Higher and higher, the woman's exploring fingertips crept, working their magic as they came. Then they were at each side of her pubic knoll, gently massaging at the plump mound of her sex.

She moaned as the woman's hands pressed down and pushed outward to each side. From her position on the couch, she could see the pink lips of her labia spread and open and Lorraine's head duck further between her thighs.

Her tongue darted out again and licked gingerly up and down the pinkness of the opened glash. At the top of the wide slit of sex, the flickering tip of her tongue discovered the aroused nubbin of her daughter-in-law's clit. She pushed her face into the spread cunt and her lips tenderly kissed the sensitive button of flesh.

Diana moaned loudly and caressed the woman's head, wanting to press her even closer, to bury her face within her snatch, but unsure of how Lorraine would react. Instead, she decided to allow the other woman to work at her own speed and fully enjoy the new thrills she was awakening in her body.

Lorraine's lips reached out again and kissed the excited bud of pleasure. She sheathed its sensitive little length, caressing it softly with her lips, while her tongue tenderly tapped and laved at it. There was no doubt that ministrations were appreciated. She could feel the trembling and quivering of her daughter-in-law's body and the pleased moans and sighs that came from above her.

Still licking and taunting at the bud of her clit, she sucked at the small length of penis- imitating flesh, delighting in the sharp gasps of pleasure that accompanied her maneuver. Her own body was growing in its arousal, as the taste of male and female sexual juices mingled in her mouth. She was a vessel of sheer sex that could and would satisfy either man or woman.

Lorraine's hands spread the lips of Diana's cunt wider. Her mouth and tongue were moving again, lapping in broad wet strokes up and down the cleft of her loins. Tauntingly, she worked, teasing at the inner lips of the young woman's labia, but never entering.

Diana groaned; the sensations were fantastic, as was the total view she had of the woman between her thighs. In the past, there had only been a

couple of times she had actually gotten to see a man give her head. Now that she was having her first experience with a woman, she was glad that she was able to see as well as feel the full sexy movements of Lorraine's tongue.

Abruptly that teasing oral digit speared its way into the juice-filled hole of her vagina.

Diana's body quaked as pleasure flooded through her loins. Like a velvet-covered finger, Lorraine's tongue dipped into her cunt, then flicked around in a twirling, reaming motion.

The woman withdrew and lapped up and down the opened lips of pussy, teasing the budded nubbin of her clit, then drove her tongue back into her partner's quim. In and out, in penis-imitating fashion, she ate at her pussy, sucking away the thick flow of lubricants and swallowing them into her stomach, where they mixed with the heavy cream of her husband's groin.

Diana's hips began to rise and fall in a bunching manner, as the driving tempo of her mother-in-law's oral digit took control of her

body. She moaned and whimpered with each drilling rush of tongue. Her eyes, heavily laden with lust, fluttered closed as she centered her being on the rapidly laving pleasure.

She felt Lorraine's finger creep up the outside of her pubic mound. Then an inquisitive fingertip was tapping and fondling at the button of her clit. Electricity sizzled through her body, jarring her with waves of growing lust. The woman's face suddenly pushed into her cunt, burying itself in the wetness of her pussy. The spearing tongue drilled in and out, ever increasing its whipping tempo.

Again, for the fourth time that day, she felt the throbbing rage of her thighs expanding and breaking outward. She welcomed the rushing sensation that caught her up in its arms and swept her into the halls of orgasmic oblivion. Somehow amid the flashing colors of ecstasy, she reached down and pulled Lorraine's finger from her clit, which was aching from the pleasure-pain of her manipulations.

Slowly she descended from the dreamy world her climax had sent her hurtling head-on into. There, still licking and lapping at her cunt, was Lorraine. Forcing her eyes open, she stared down at the woman, then

grinned.

Bryan had at last come to life again. Standing behind his mother, he had lifted her ass up, which explained the sudden burial of the woman's face in her cunt, and had entrenched his swollen cock within her pussy. Diana now found herself being lifted toward oblivion again, as Lorraine's excited tongue was whipped on by Bryan's plowing prick.

In and out, the boy's hips jerked, shafting his manhood into his mother's belly. The blonde-haired woman's trembling increased, as well as did the rapid spearing of her tongue. Diana closed her eyes and let the sweeping flesh tremors of her body throw her back into the welcoming pleasure of soul-shattering bliss.

This time as she settled gently down to earth, she heard Lorraine's own pleasure cries and opened her eyes to find her mother-in-law lost in her own climax and Bryan once again emptying his balls, this time into his mother's cunt.

Then two of them, mother and son, collapsed on the floor at the foot of the couch. Diana was just able to pull her legs out of the way and

swing them atop the sofa to avoid a painful end to a satisfying and pleasing experience.

She glanced over to Michael One's chair, but it was empty. She found the elder Hightower on the floor where she had last seen her husband. Stretched out on his back Michael One now had Paula straddled over his crotch, with the thickness of his club-like cock embedded within her pussy. His mouth was fully occupied with his own daughter's cunt, as Kate sat above his face, enjoying the pleasures of his tongue. Both the girls had found something to keep their hands busy. They fondled and rolled each other's breasts.

"Hi," Michael piped from behind the couch. "Could you use some company?"

Her head twisted up to find her husband grinning down at her. She smiled and nodded.

Eagerly, he crawled over the back of the sofa and slid down beside her. "I've missed you."

He gave her a quick, light kiss and pulled her to him.

"If what Kate said was true, you seemed to be getting along all right by yourself," she pouted in mock disapproval.

"And what about you? You and Bryan seemed to have found something to keep yourselves occupied in my absence," he chided, kissing her again, this time, his tongue moving lovingly into her mouth.

"As well as your father," she added, as they finally parted. "All three times."

"Three times!" he shook his head in disbelief. "And now there was Lorraine!"

"And now there's you," she grinned, reaching down to his crotch and finding the hardened length of his cock, somewhat surprised at its condition after Paula and Kate.

"I was watching you and Lorraine," he explained without her having to ask, then moaning as she stroked up and down on the firmness of his

manhood.

"Michael, why didn't you tell ... uh ... about your family?" she asked.

He shook his head, "I don't know. I guess I was afraid you'd disapprove. What would your reaction have been if I suddenly said, "Look, for the past several years my family has been balling each other. Want to join in?"

She stared blankly at him, then grinned, realizing how ridiculous he would have sounded if he had told her, and wondering if she would have even believed him.

"Then, you're not hurt. I mean, about your father and Bryan," she asked.

"No. What about Lorraine, Paula and Kate," he replied.

She shook her head in the negative, "I thought you and the girls together were sexy. It was sort of a surprise watching my own husband make love with another woman, but I dug it."

She paused, still confused by all that had happened within the last twenty-four hours. "If you're not upset by finding me and Bryan together, then why were you angry when you walked in?"

He chuckled, "Upset with myself mostly. I did a hell of a lot of worrying about how you would react if you found out about my family and myself. You see, it took me a long time to find a woman like you and I didn't want to lose you. I was ready to give this whole scene up for you. Then, when I walked in and found you balling with Bryan, I just couldn't believe it. After all that worrying, you had accepted what was happening with the Hightowers without the slightest hesitation. Somehow the whole thing made me a little mad. You should have made a little protest, just to satisfy all that concern I've been living with ever since I met you."

She smiled and pulled him to her, "I protested, sort of ... but that's a long story. We can save it for another time. Right now I feel marvelously good and I want my husband to make love with me."

He grinned, then dropped his mouth to hers, his tongue flicking and

dancing and doing all sorts of wonderfully arousing things that ignited and fanned fresh flames of want and desire.

Sliding onto her back, she pulled him atop her. Directing the thick, pulsing shaft of his cock between her opened thighs, she nuzzled the swollen crown of his sex into the willing lips of her labia. Despite the want and lust she had felt for Michael One and his stepson, this was the Hightower for her.

His hips did a quick little jerk and slid the full length of his cock into the liquid warmth of her vagina.

"Ohhhhhhh!" she moaned deeply, as her teeth nibbled at his neck.

Lorraine's mouth had done an excellent job of preparing her for him. While she now had to admit that a woman was exciting, tongue and lips, whether they be a man's or a woman's, could in no way compare with the fantastic feel of a man's cock firmly embedded deep within the harbor of her body. And nothing could compare to the wonderfulness of her man!

"God!" she whispered, moving her lips and still nibbling teeth up to

the tempting morsel of his ear lobe. "You feel so damn good inside me!
Like you were made for me!"

He turned his head so that their mouths met and his lips brushed lightly against hers as he spoke. "I was. Haven't you noticed that before!"

"Hrumph!" she snorted playfully. "I'm married to a cocksure bastard!"

"At your service, madam," he grinned and covered her mouth with his.

His hips did another one of those sexy little wiggles that sent his prick jerking and twitching within her vaginal channel. At "my" service, she repeated with smug satisfaction.

"I love you, Michael," she sighed as his lips once more slipped from hers.

He grinned, loving the marvelous feel of their union, "I know."

She kissed him lovingly, "And that's what makes you such an arrogant

mother fucke...."

"Hold on, wife," he corrected quickly. "I never made it with my mother!
Only my stepmother!"

She grinned, squeezing down on the fullness of his sex sheathed into her belly. He moaned softly as he stared into her eyes.

"Well, right now, I want you to make it with me," she said. "I want my husband to ball me. Fuck me! Screw me! Make love to me!"

"My pleasure," he grinned widely and once more moved his lips and tongue to her mouth.

And it was---his pleasure!

Languidly, his hips slowly rose, withdrawing his cock from its deep-rooted haven in the warm recesses of her belly. He moved a tantalizing fraction of an inch at a time, while his tongue completely occupied her mouth with a flourish of darting probes.

She moaned, feeling him withdraw. The very slow-motion movement of his manhood was a taunting trick that he knew drove her wild. She loved it and the exciting anticipation of the moment he would eventually quickly jerk his hips and thoroughly spear the pulsing pole into her sex.

But the sudden movement she wanted wasn't to come this time.

His hips moved downward in the same snail-like pace he had used to pull from her.

She could feel every minute movement of the swollen length of his cock. She quivered at the gorged knob of his glans twitching in their excitement. She whimpered as she squeezed down on his fleshy root and forced him to strain against the velvet textured walls of her vaginal folds.

For several minutes, he slid in and out of her body in this slow taunting manner. She realized that had any other member of the family been watching, they would have been hard-pressed to say if his hips were actually moving. But she knew! And she felt the slight increase of his flowing speed.

She also knew that there wasn't going to be any quick stabbings of his cock that would suddenly rock her body. Not this time, at least. No, now he was savoring the marvelous feel of their bodies joined in love and want for one another. This time, he was going to make it long and loving, slowly working their need into an excited frenzy of desire.

When his hips increased speed again, it was still too slow for her want. But that was the sweet torture of this prolonged method that Michael had discovered. He wouldn't be rushed. He taunted her with pleasure, never giving her all she wanted until the last moment, then plunging in and out, trying to drive his hard shaft all the way through her body and into her mouth.

"Oh! You bastard!" she moaned, as his hand wedged between their bodies and slid into the slit of her cunt, playfully fondling her clit. "Two can play that game."

His fingertips swirled wonderfully around the aroused bud of her clit. Her body trembled as the fantastic sensations of pleasure shot through her. For moments her own hand that was wedging itself toward their

loins could do nothing but stop and wait until he let up just a little.

And when he did, her hand shot between his legs, capturing the hairy sac that dangled securely from behind his cock. He moaned.

"But you've got these," she chuckled, noticing the quickened tempo of his hips. He now glided in a smooth steady stroking motion.

Tenderly caressing the kidney-shaped forms of his testicles in her fingertips, she rolled his balls. His moaning delighted her. It reminded her that she had the same sexual power with him that he had with her.

She let the wrinkled bag rest warmly in her palm, while she playfully used her fingers to shoot his balls around in the confines of their sac. His moaning increased as she created that pleasurable mixture of slight pain and delight.

His hand abruptly left her clit and grasped her wrist, pulling her hand from his balls, "No, you'll have me blow off in no time at all."

"Mmmmmmm," she flicked her tongue around his ear, feeling the excited quivers that raced along his back.

His hands moved along her thighs and tucked under her buttocks. The angle of his entry abruptly increased and he slid deeper into the enveloping channel of her belly. She moaned and reached down grasping his ass.

Again his rhythm increased into a quick, smooth shafting stride that whipped in and out of her. She moaned and pumped her hips to meet each driving drop of his pelvis. The stirrings of release were suddenly there and flaring quickly. From the tenseness of his ass, she could tell his balls were once again preparing to empty themselves into the chalice of her vagina.

"Close," she whispered. "Close."

His hips jerked quickly, slamming into her, sluicing down into the heated interior of her quick. Her own pelvis hunched up and down, sliding over the full length of his cock like a fleshy, clinging scabbard. She contracted her muscles, squeezing him and milking at the

swollen, pulsating wand of pleasure he so readily fed into her.

Harder and deeper, in a striving drive for release they worked each other, giving and taking each ounce of pleasure their bodies had to offer. Grunting and groaning as they neared the moment of completed sensations, they became two people joined as one, man and woman, lovers, husband and wife.

She came first, skyrocketing with multi-colored starbursts that sizzled with orgasmic electricity through the overloaded nerves of her body. She clung to him desperately, her contracting channel of love gripping at the throbbing staff of his sex.

Like a volcano, his balls erupted, blasting off another thick load of sperm and semen. His body shook and quivered as the creamy fountains spurted from the pin-prick hole in the center of his glans and deluged the hole of her cunt.

Chapter 11

Sunday morning! Diana couldn't believe it, as she lay in bed, listening to Michael in the shower. They had only been at the Hightower estate for a day and a half. It seemed like years ago and yet at the same time, only a matter of minutes.

And today, she was to meet the last member of the family. She found herself idly wondering if he had the same sexual prowess of the rest of the family. And trembling a little with excitement she knew it wouldn't be that long until she found out.

"Water's fine! Care to join me?" her husband suggested from the bathroom.

Swinging over the side of the bed, she trotted to their private bathroom and poked her head behind the shower curtain, "Hope you meant that, because I'm coming in."

Which is exactly what she did.

The mutual shower was great. There's really something to having someone else bathe your body, she decided, also making the decision that in the

future bathing together would become a regular habit.

"Hey, have the Hightowers ever had a big group bath?" she grinned as Michael firmly sudsed over the furred mound of her sex.

He smiled up at her, "Nope, but you might suggest it. We didn't know what we were missing. However, we've all gone skinny dipping in the pond together."

Diana then took her turn, bathing her husband, enjoying the quivery little thrills that she sent racing through his body. Afterwards, they took their turns toweling each other dry, which gave a whole new meaning to drying one's self after a bath. Another of those habits to be cultivated, she decided.

In keeping with the informality of the Hightower family, Michael slipped into blue jeans and a T-shirt again. Diana chose some aqua-colored bell bottoms and a loose fitting blouse, leaving it unbuttoned and tying it in a big knot below her breasts. Today she definitely put aside any thoughts of wearing a bra. Michael One had made short work of one already. And although his rather rough manner of taking it from her

body had been sexy, the damn things did cost money!

The rest of the family had already gathered downstairs and assembled in the kitchen, where Lorraine and the girls were busily preparing French toast. Michael's other brother, Jim, had already arrived.

The Hightower resemblance was more than apparent in the latest member of the family, Diana noted as she and Jim got acquainted over breakfast. He had the same black hair and dark eyes that Michael and Kate had. However, he was much more square built than the others, but just as attractive in his own way.

Afterwards, the family slowly drifted into the den, while Diana and Lorraine stayed behind to clean up the breakfast table. When they finally joined the others, Diana found a reception committee of two waiting for her---Paula and Kate!

She realized now why Michael had been unable to fight the two eager girls off yesterday. He didn't want to, nor would they have let him. She gave in and within a matter of seconds found herself stripped and on the floor.

Unaware of what the rest of the Hightowers were doing, Diana was lost in a flurry of naked girl flesh. Kate, kneeling beside her sister-in-law, took Diana's hand and placed it on the black triangular patch covering her pubic mound.

Unsure of exactly how to handle the situation, Diana tenderly kneaded at the plump knoll, imitating the actions of hands and fingers that had found their way to her pussy in the past. Kate sighed softly and stared down at her smiling. The young girl's own hands reached down and cupped under the pink globes of Diana's tits. Her fingers lovingly caressed the creamy smoothness of the satin-covered cushion of flesh.

Meanwhile, Paula proceeded to demonstrate that she had inherited more than her beauty from Lorraine. The young blonde was down on her hands and knees, spreading Diana's thighs, then crawling into the inviting, opened "Y" of her legs. Her long, slim fingers delicately covered the light-brown down of her sister-in-law's pussy, gently squeezing and massaging.

Diana moaned under the dual attention being given to her body. Kate's

hands now were squeezing and rolling delightfully at her tits.

Occasionally, her fingers would find their way to the tops of the high cresting globes and playfully tweek the rubbery cherries of flesh that were her nipples.

Paula's finger had worked its way into the deep cleft of Diana's loins, sensually tickling up and down the deep cease of her outer labia. With the same type of playful attention, the blonde's fingertips flirted with aroused excitement around the button of her clit, taunting it with delicious shivery thrills of pleasure.

Likewise, Diana followed the flowing juices welling from Kate's young pussy and wiggled a finger up into the girl's vagina. The effects were immediately apparant in the high-pitched little whimpers that came from the girl's writhing lips. Her hips twisted and turned around Diana's finger, rippling the soft, spongy folds of her cunt.

Diana's hips were far from inactive. Paula's head had dropped between the supple thighs she had spread and her mouth was now kissing and lightly biting along the quivering outer lips of Diana's pussy.

Diana's pleasure groan was cut as she suddenly sucked in her breath in a sharp kiss. Paula's soft, inquisitive tongue was now darting up and down the tremulous cleft of her loins, occasionally dipping in the honey-dripping hole of her cunt.

She felt Kate stir at her side, then the moist warmth of a mouth covering the top of one of her breasts. She pushed her lust-leadened eyes open and found the girl arched over her on her hands and knees. While Diana finger-fucked her pussy, she reciprocated by sucking wonderfully at her tit.

The new position also placed a very tempting female nipple hovering but inches from Diana's mouth. Without so much as a second's thought or hesitation, Diana twisted her head and captured the dark brown nipple between her lips. She could feel the electric excitement that raced through the girl's body. Then she sucked and licked at the fattening button of flesh, while her finger flowed in and out of the juice-filled socket of Kate's vagina.

The girl came quickly, moaning and crying out in pleasure, then she was gone. Diana thought she saw someone lift her to her feet, but she

couldn't be sure. Paula's licking and laving tongue was controlling her now and her eyes weren't exactly in the shape of focus.

The quick little oral digit that Paula knew how to use so marvelously was now flicking in and out of her cunt, setting off all sorts of delightful little thrills. Letting her body follow the urgings of the blonde's mouth, Diana's hips hunched up and down, pushing her throbbing snatch into the young girl's face.

Writhing and twisting to the old familiar sensations of near climax, Paula responded to Diana's growing need. Her fingers reached out and tenderly fondled the aching bud of her clit.

The added manual touch was all Diana needed! Within seconds, her body was racked by a series of marvelous explosions of exquisite pleasure. The multi-colored starburst spun and sailed, taking her with them.

Moaning and quivering, she slowly descended to the firmness of the earth, once again realizing where she was. She pushed open her eyes and glanced around.

Paula was no longer between her thighs. Instead, the girl now was in the arms of her stepfather. The young supple cones of her breasts flattened willingly against the elder Hightower's chest as he pulled the young girl atop him, as they lay on the floor together, a few feet away from Diana.

The young blonde easily positioned herself atop the man. Diana watched as her graceful hand tucked between her legs and grasped the rigid shaft of his swollen cock. With little or no difficulty, she guided the thick shaft of man sex into the upturned lips of her pussy. The reddened head of his fat glans disappeared into her cunt. Michael One's hips jerked a little and the remainder of his meaty shaft vanished within the youthful belly of his lover, his stepdaughter.

Diana watched with trembling excitement as the couple's hips took up that age-old rhythm. Thick and hard, the stiff length of his cock pulled out of her body. The wet, pink lips of her pussy followed it, flowering outward. Then he jerked back, slamming into the enticing luxury of her vagina, forcing the folds of her cunt back in on themselves.

Michael One's hands were eagerly working on the summery slickness of Paula's tits, much to her delight. Her head was arched back and her mouth was wide, the pinkness of her tongue flicking wildly behind her lips.

Kate was equally occupied by her stepbrother, Bryan, who had once again found himself a willing ass to plug the aroused length of his boy-man cock into.

Bending over the couch as Diana had done yesterday, when Bryan had so expertly reamed her own ass with his prick, Kate accepted the lunging plunges of man meat Bryan sent shafting into the tiny hole of her anus. She could see the young girl's buttocks tense each time the youth threw himself forward, slamming into her body. Over and over their bodies popped together in a vigorous display of youthful sexual energy.

At the rate they were going at it, Diana realized it would only be a matter of moments before Kate was experiencing her second orgasm of the day.

If Diana had had any doubts about Lorraine and Michael's mutual

attraction, they were quickly put to rest as her vision moved to the chair positioned opposite the couch. Both Lorraine and her husband had shed their clothes as had the rest of the family. The big- titted woman sat back in the chair with her legs spread wide, while Michael knelt on the floor before his stepmother.

Diana watched, seeing the long, pink length of her husband's tongue slowly snake out and teasingly weave exciting circles over the bare, shaven lips of the blonde-headed beauty's pubis. The tip of his tongue left a moist trail of saliva as it worked, slackening the naked mound of her sex.

Then he playfully ran the taunting tongue tip up and down the dark crease of her labia. Again and again, he laved over the lips without dipping into the quivering and slightly pouting mouth of her body.

When he did, Lorraine's reaction was one of definite pleasure. The sandy blonde whimpered in the high-pitched voice of arousal. Her hands reached down and grasped the back of his head, pushing his face into the sleek lips of her pussy.

Immediately, his tongue increased its lapping and probing. In and out, in and out, he speared the softness of his oral digit. Her hips writhed and swayed, doing all sorts of hunching motions, trying to force even more of his tongue into her cunt.

Definitely sexy! she moaned mentally. Watching one's husband make it with another woman is definitely sexy!

Everyone was accounted for, except for brother Jim, she noted, glancing around the room, trying to find her most recent acquaintance in the Hightower family. She found him leaning in the doorway of the den, watching the various samplings of carnal delights presently underway. He was naked like the rest of the family and sported one very rigid and one very much in need cock that jerked and throbbed eagerly from the dark forest of pubic hair spouted over his crotch.

His eyes eventually turned to her. He smiled, unsure, but very much interested in the only unoccupied woman in the room. Diana returned the smile and raised her arm to him. Grinning now, he hastily crossed to her, straddling her body as she lay on the floor. Bending a little, he took her hand and pulled her up to a sitting position. The long

hardness of his cock bobbed but an inch or two from her face---and her mouth!

She didn't wait for him to ask for what he obviously wanted. Her long, glistening pink tongue darted out from behind her lips. It brushed tantalizingly over the smooth, gorged head. Then she kissed the straining glans. He moaned and his knees quivered.

She rolled her eyes up to him and received a grateful smile in return. Then she returned her attention back to the swollen bigness of his sex.

Her tongue went back into action, slickening up and down the underside of the shaft that jutted sharply into the air. Simultaneously, her hand glided sensuously over the insides of his spread thighs, drifting with taunting slowness upwards. She tickled her way to his scrotum and played there, as he continued to stare down fascinated by her every action.

He watched her head move back and forth and her sleek wet tongue dance worshipingly across the knob-like crown of his prick. He listened to the little wet oral sounds she made as she sucked away the clear drops

of sexual juices that welled from the center of his glans.

Her hand cupped his testicles, gently playing with their weighty size. He groaned and his legs quivered some more as she worked his aching balls around on her fingertips.

As he watched, her lips formed a puckered little opening. The fingers of her free hand reached up and wrapped around the base of his shaft, edging downward, gliding it to her waiting mouth. He groaned, as he watched the turgid, throbbing head of his cock slide into the round hole formed by her luscious, deep pink lips.

Her tongue taunted the underside of his glans, then swirled wildly around the sensitive cock tip. Another series of sexy slurping oral noises rose to his ears, adding to the alluring submission of this woman, his sister-in-law, was giving to him.

He was hard and thick and aroused. He intently watched her lips move forward, enveloping him. He wasn't sure which thrilled him more; watching the predatory lips take his length, or the damn fantastic feeling of her mouth working so marvelously on his cock.

His ass tightened and he eased himself forward, feeding her a couple more inches. She accepted it willingly, allowing him into the warm haven of her mouth. His shaft disappeared in her face and the throbbing crown of his rod nudged at the back of her throat. Her breaths were deep, her nostrils flaring as she fought off the urge to gag under the ponderous mass of cock she now held in her mouth.

Slow and deliberately, she slid her head back off the pole of pulsating flesh. Her tongue whirled and swirled in exciting flourishes around his swollen circumference. The moist, feather-like caresses played havoc with his control, but he forced himself to remain stiff and allowed her to take her time and give all the pleasure she so obviously knew how to administer.

His cock jerked and jumped eagerly around in her mouth. Her teeth clamped down around him and she sucked swallowing the saliva filling her mouth. Also savoring the very manly taste of the preseminal fluids that mingled delightfully in her mouth.

Reaching the blood-gorged tip of his prick, her lips tightened and

squeezed like a strong elastic hand, forming a straining white ring around the thickness of his cock. She eased her puckered lips back over him. Still unable to move his eyes from her, he watched, testicles aching, as his slackened length of manhood vanished into the humid cavern of her mouth.

Changing her approach, she pulled up from his rod of meat in a fast, fire-igniting motion. Her teeth bit down into the super-sensitive glans. She nibbled and licked the bulgy arrowhead, relishing its feel as if it were some rare tidbit of sexual delight especially grown for her. Then she slid up and down on the saliva-slickened pole, allowing it to bury itself in her face, then evacuate her mouth, over and over. She sucked. She sucked, showing the pleasure she took in performing the oral task of satisfying his throbbing staff of desire.

In and out, she sucked. Out and in, she licked. He watched her head bob in rhythm with the entrance and exit of his cock. His buttocks were boulders of aroused tension that swayed with the sliding tempo of her mouth. He cradled her head lovingly, fully appreciative of the tender care she was giving him. He moaned and groaned. His body trembled, fighting desperately to prolong the prodigious sensations she was

creating in his loins. At the same time, his balls were seething and burning with a rising tide of come. His scrotum was taut, like stretched leather on a frame. His balls throbbed as he fought to hold back the oncoming explosion of lust.

Realizing the fever of his urgency, she rocked back and forth, sheathing and resheathing her mouth on his lust-pulsing shaft. Faster and hotter, her mouth sucked. With growing, greedy vigor and ardent desire, she licked at his thickness.

Fire, boiling liquid flames, shot up from his balls and jetted free, writhing and lashing into the warm receptacle of her mouth. Lust unleashed exploded from the depths of his groin, rushed up through his shuddering cock, finally gushing from the small, mouth-like slit on the crown of his prick. Hot, white, steaming, creamy come blasted out.

Her lips quivered with excitement. Her delicate nostrils flared widely. He emptied himself into the willing oral chalice. He groaned as the thick flood of sperm and semen scalded over the soft, pink tongue that still lovingly caressed him. He moaned as the burning eruption of sexual cream splattered and coated the roof of her mouth. He grunted as

the heavy, fiery eaves spurted down her throat drenching her tonsils.

With his shaft firmly embedded in the moist interior of her mouth, the orgasm-racked tips of his glans pushed at the back of her throat.

Eagerly she drank every drop he had to offer, sucking up and devouring the heated liquid of his groin. Her throat bobbed and trembled as she swallowed over and over. She downed each thick blast as fast as she could to stop from gagging and strangling on his mighty release. She sucked as his cock jumped and fountained freely within the tender walls of her mouth. Her cheeks hollowed deeply as she sucked away every oozing drop from the lust-pounding length of his cock. And when the violent eruption ebbed, she rolled the thick viscosity of his cream in her mouth, milking away any traces that might have still been caught in the throbbing bigness of his sex.

He reached down and eased her lips away from his still jutting shaft. His cock popped free from her lips and bobbed wildly before her eyes. It glistened clean and red from the vigorous bath she had given it. He smiled down at her gratefully, then staggered back a couple of steps and backed into the wall. Blank-eyed, he stared around the room, then slowly slid down the wall and just sat there.

Diana chuckled to herself and once more turned her eyes to the rest of the family.

Michael One and Paula had apparently reached mutual satisfaction. They were still in each other's arms, lovingly caressing one another. However, the elder Hightower's prick had definitely lost some of its vigor and now slept limply at his crotch.

Kate and Bryan had also concluded their ass-to-cock pairing and the black-headed girl was now on her knees before her stepbrother doing her damnest to revive his prick. Her naturally red lips were tightly stretched around his prick, sucking and eating at him.

Only Michael and Lorraine were still in action. Well, she corrected herself, Michael was at least. Lorraine was lost in the oblivion of orgasmic ecstasy, writhing and groaning as Michael's tongue unleashed the consuming flood of lust in her body.

Her husband suddenly pulled his head from the pussy he had so thoroughly occupied and stared up at his stepmother, a pleased smile on

his lips. He reached up and grasped her hips and slowly pulled her from the chair. She moaned, but seemed to be unaware of what was happening.

Gently handling her, he positioned her on the floor, spreading her thighs wide open to him. Diana could see the quivering nakedness of her shaven cunt. The outer lips of her labia were parted and trembling. Within the wet slit, she saw the scalloped folds of the inner lips of her pussy. They, too, were still quivering with the pleasure of her climax. The palpitating folds dripped with the aroused juices that flowed from her depths. Her clitoris was extended for what appeared to be at least a half of an inch. It was thick and throbbing.

As a matter of fact, so was Michael---a fact he apparently meant to put to good use, Diana thought as she watched her husband.

Clutching at the heavy forms of Lorraine's breasts for support, he slid atop her and hung above her. His cock, hard and long, lurched hungrily at the mouth of her belly. His hands brutally crushed the sensitive tits beneath his fingers. Tortured white flesh squelched up through his fingers. Lorraine groaned.

Without giving her the slightest indication of his intentions, he slammed his lust-rigid cock into the desirous mouth of her pussy. He smacked wetly into the trembling folds of her inner lips. The swollen tip of his prick rammed its way between the pouting scallops and was sucked deeply into the juicy interior of her hot body.

Lorraine cried out.

Actually, Diana decided it was more of a mixture of surprise and pleasure.

Her eyes flared open and stared at her stepson. She started to speak, but he jerked out of her slick oil-filled, well-lubricated channel, stiffling the words so that they came out as a long "oooohhhh!" He smiled down at her. She smiled back.

Her smooth willing sheath of liquid warmth flowered around him. It clamped tightly and seemed to suck on the swollen length of his cock, which, in turn twitched and jerked in the heated inner lips of her hungry slit. It sucked him back into the moist, tight chamber of her belly. The velvet-textured walls of her vagina rippled impetuously,

fondling his length with thrilling caresses. He hung there above her, their bodies joined at their fiery cores. He hung there and soaked up her softness and arousing heat.

He moaned as he pulled himself from the tightening channel. She clung to him, stretching the sensitive skin of his shaft. He wanted to swing his hands away from her breasts and fall, crushing into the springy cushions on her chest. But his determination to finish as he had started won out. Once again, he was fully intent on fucking this willing woman, while raised high above her.

With a confident smile on his lips, he swung his hips inward, shooting his full length into her body. Her eyes closed. A muffled groan gritted out from behind her pleasure- clenched teeth. That clutching, naked pussy of hers clung to him, trying to hold him locked within her. He eased out and plunged back into the humid tunnel. Her breasts quivered under the grasping grip of his hands, trembly and shivering.

She arched her hips to him. The pouted, wet lips of her cunt reached out to swallow him, balls and all. Her muscles squeezed and relaxed in a thrilling exotic rhythm. The movement sent excited currents racing

through the stiff length of his cock. Pressure increased in his balls as he drove in and out of her saddle of desire.

He increased the power of his knifing thrusts into her sweet, hot hole. The muscles of his thighs were rock hard, chording beneath the skin of his legs. His raised position allowed him to use these muscles to boost the mighty surges of his groin. Their cores met in loud, wet slaps.

She welcomed the thrust and begged for more and harder plunges. He obliged and flung himself into the clingy cunt with such violence that it jarred the breath from her lungs. Little moaning cries trickled from her throat continuously. Her hands were on his shoulders, pulling him down. He came falling hard into the cushions of her breasts. Her fingernails were in his skin, raking and clawing like sexual talons. Her head jerked from side to side while her tongue washed across his slickened lips. Her body writhed and twisted with urgency. Her pelvis leaped up to accept each ramrodding plummet of his swollen cock.

He drilled and reamed into her flowering pussy. He drove with reckless abandon into the slippery well of her sex. He tried to knock the bottom out of her cunt. But she just opened up new untouched reaches of her

vagina. Grunting and groaning, he plunged and thrust. Like an organic jackhammer, his shaft ravaged her slit of lust.

She came jerking and bucking under him. She contracted and relaxed and contracted and relaxed over and over. A long, low pleasure scream tore from her lips. Her vaginal channel was suddenly flooded with even more juices.

Then he came. The sensation was fantastic. In fact, his whole body rocked and quaked under the tremendous outgushing of hot semen and sperm. The walls of her drenched cunt milked at him in the hope of securing a few more drops that might seep from the head of his cock.

Diana watched as the last throbs of his release passed from her husband. His deflated organ slowly slithered from his stepmother's well-pumped pussy. He rolled to his back on the floor beside her. Both of them panted. Neither had any intention of moving for several moments.

However, brother-in-law Jim seemed to have regained life. Diana turned watching the revitalized man push up from his seat on the floor.

Carefully stepping over the still caressing bodies of Michael One and Paula he headed toward Lorraine.

Michael was barely able to roll out of the way to avoid the descending foot of his brother, who straddled the still heaving body of his stepmother. Grinning down at the woman on her back, the youth suddenly dropped to his knees, then leaned over her with his arms extended. His cock settled in the deep valley separating the mountainous pillows of her white breasts.

Without a single word of direction, Lorraine's hands rammed solidly against the sides of her tits that jutted milky from her chest, trapping the aroused length of man meat between their cushiony forms. Jim moaned softly as the pliant flesh enveloped him.

His hips suddenly began to rock back and forth, shafting the angry red pole of hard cock in and out of the tunnel formed by her mammoth mammaries.

That Lorraine was ready to satisfy another man so soon after the double pleasure Michael had set free in her body didn't surprise Diana. The

woman had an incredible appetite for sex. A characteristic her daughter-in-law realized she shared. Just watching the rape of Lorraine's magnificent tits sent delighted thrills of sensuous lust through Diana's loins. It was easy for her to imagine what it felt like to have Jim's stiff cock gliding back and forth between her own breasts. An experience she admitted she wouldn't mind having happen.

Lorraine's hands now squeezed hard against the sides of her mountainous jugs. She squeezed them tightly together, trapping Jim's cock between the creamy walls of almost flaccid-looking flesh of her tits. Her head strained upward in an arch that Diana knew must be torturing her corded neck. Her mouth opened like a gaping cavern, that tried to capture the inflamed crimson crown of her stepson's prick as he pushed his way through the soft path formed by her hands and breasts. Both of them were shaking now, obviously enjoying the tit fucking.

Jim's hips increased their already frantic pace. He hunched into the woman's chest. He bucked like some wild mustang set on dislodging an unwanted rider. He groaned and grunted like a mounting stallion. His cock was burning with the friction of Lorraine's billowy breasts.

She was moaning and groaning. Those supersized tits of hers were just as sensitive as they looked. Diana wondered if she could get off on them alone.

She didn't have to wait long to find out.

With a last mighty thrust, Jim rammed his fleshy sword through the tight-pressed channel of tit. His bulging red glans prodded their way between the mounds of flesh and jerked into the air, throbbing lustfully on Lorraine's chin. Hot come fountained in thick, heavy spurts from the gorged tip of the shaft. Lorraine's mouth accepted the steaming load, welcoming the taste of her stepson's release.

Diana watched as the blonde's throat quivered and she swallowed. A major achievement in her strained position. But just as amazing was the violent quaking that had once more seized the blonde's body. She was coming! She had been able to get off on Jim's tit fucking!

Abruptly Jim lost his balance and fell from his stepmother. He lay half on and half off her. His cock stood jerking in the air like a flaming spike of flesh. Oozing come still welled from its swollen head.

The remaining couples in the room had changed partners, Diana found as her eyes glanced back around the den.

Michael One was now paired with his own daughter. He had the sexy young teenager down on her back. His arms were looped under her legs, jerking them into the air, while his thick cock stabbed in and out of her juicy little quim.

There was little Kate could do in the restrained position, other than moan with the filling pleasure of her father's cock. Which exactly was what the young girl was doing, accepting the deep drilling of the ponderous rod that slammed in and out of her body.

Still on the couch, Bryan and Paula were lying side by side in the old position of sixty- nine. Their tongues were working at a frantic pace, doing their damndest to satisfy the mounting urges of their young bodies.

A stir from behind Lorraine drew Diana's attention. It was Michael, pushing himself to his knees. He glanced around the entangled couple

surrounding him. He smiled with amusement. His eyes then moved to Diana and his grin broadened.

Rising to his feet, he turned toward her. His cock was already on the rise again. He stepped over Lorraine and Jim, coming to her.

Diana quivered with anticipation as he lowered himself to the floor beside her and pulled her to him.

It was going to be a repeat of yesterday, she thought as his tongue probed deeply toward her throat. A wonderful repeat performance of Saturday!

Chapter 12

They were waiting for them outside. All of the Hightowers lined up to say farewell to Michael and his new bride.

Diana kissed each one of them, sexy black-haired Kate, the perky blonde Paula and her young brother Bryan. Then there was Lorraine and Jim and,

of course, the elder Hightower himself, Michael One. Their kisses were like no other parting kisses she had ever had before. Each was long and lingering. Definitely the type of kisses one gives a lover to remember them by during a long absence.

She didn't mind. They were all her lovers now. And she returned the embraces with the same enthusiasm in which they were given.

And when all the hugging and kissing and intimate last squeezes had been completed, they all crowded around the car, as Michael and she prepared to leave.

"Look, let us know when you're settled in down in Houston," Michael One said then added, "And take care of Diana, I don't think you'll ever be able to find another one like her."

Michael grinned. "That's just what I intend to do."

With that they all stepped back and Michael switched on the ignition and shifted into low, moving around the circular driveway and heading out of the Hightower estate.

Twisting in her seat, Diana stared out the small back window, waving her last farewell to her new in-laws. Then as they disappeared behind the magnolias and eventually the whole estate disappeared behind the outside wall, she turned back and glanced toward the winding road they traveled.

Michael reached out and gently squeezed her thigh, "Sweet sorrow and all that?"

"Mmmmm hmmm," she nodded, then laughed lightly. "I must admit I'm going to miss my new family."

Michael grinned, "We'll come to visit often, if you like."

"I'd like," Diana smiled, suddenly realizing that visiting relatives had a completely new meaning for her.

"Meanwhile, we've got a long drive ahead of us and I need some directions," her husband said.

Diana punched the button to the glove compartment and pulled out the travel atlas. Flipping through the pages, she found the map Michael had previously marked. After she gave him the number of the highway for the first leg of their journey, she silently traced the remaining portion of the route to Houston, then flipped to the map of Mexico and surveyed the route to Mexico City.

Mexico City, she mused, and our honeymoon.

She chuckled to herself. My honeymoon's already started. One of the strangest honeymoons a woman could have ever imagined for herself. A honeymoon family style!

The End