

Family Entertainment(47k) by David Crane

Chapter One

Carmen Caraveile was smiling at the ceiling.

But the voluptuous, raven-haired woman wasn't smiling because of the ceiling, she just happened to have her face turned up toward it as Bruce, her muscular husband, threw a vigorous fuck into her.

They fucked in all sorts of positions but, at the moment, he was pouring the prick to her in the missionary posture, which accounted for the fact that her dreamy smile was directed at the rafters.

Her lush hips and shapely haunches were heaving about as she enthusiastically matched his grinding pace, her arousal as great as his. She loved these frantic morning fucks as much as their more prolonged bedtime balling. Bruce was a big, handsome, muscular guy, but at the moment, driven by lust, his broad face was twisted into a mask of carnal, primitive passion so that he looked almost brutal, even bestial, with his lips squared back from his solid white teeth and his eyes hooded.

Carmen's own expression mirrored her man's, her lovely features contorted by sexual abandon. Her wide, full, red lips were parted and panting, her dark eyes narrowed to gleaming slits, her jet black tresses tumbling heavily over the pillow as she jerked her head from side to side.

His hard ass corkscrewed and she whipped her limber loins around, taking his cock with delight. Bruce rammed in hard, grunting like a rutting moose as he buried his huge prick balls-deep up her creamy fuckhole.

Carmen undulated under him, throwing her curvaceous body into the action with wanton abandon.

They were drawing towards the crest.

His swollen balls were whacking against her upthrust ass with dull, solid thuds, his heavy cum load sloshing around inside the bloated bags.

His head ducked down and he sucked a swollen pink nipple into his lips.

Her mouth murmured at his ear, her tongue flicking out as she whispered.

"Shove it up me, you big bastard! Fuck my ass off, you brute!" she moaned huskily, using her particular terms of endearment.

She threw her legs up and hooked her knees around his humping haunches. Her heels drummed on his ass, then locked him in a scissor grip.

She arched her back, angling her groin so that all of his fat cockshaft was rubbing over her clit as it sank in and pulled out of her pussy.

Cream was spilling from her cunt. Each time Bruce's thick prick stabbed in, it was pumping

more cuntjuice from her pussy, lathering her loins heavily.

Her ankles unlocked and her knees jerked up.

Her feet began to pedal in the air over his ass, as if she were pumping a bicycle up a hill. "Cum-cum, baby!" she wailed, urging him on. She was all set to juice off herself, but she held back, wanting to feel his fuckjuice spraying into the core of her cunt before she let herself melt.

Bruce grunted, gasped, growled.

He threw his head and shoulders up and back, bracing on his knees. His big hands slid under her ass and hiked her up a bit higher as he hammered in.

Now that Bruce was angled up, no longer pinning her down as he rammed the cum strokes into her, Carmen gazed down between them instead of looking over his shoulder at the ceiling. She loved to watch his thick, heavily veined prick as it pumped in and out of her creamy pink cunt, driving in below the thick mass of her raven-dark bush.

She looked down past the thrust of her enormous tits and saw his cock ram in, pull out glistening with her girl goo, then hiss up her hot cunt again.

Then she saw something else.

Carmen blinked in surprise.

She was staring through the arch of his crotch and as his bloated balls swung back out of the way, she could see the bedroom door behind him.

And that door was ajar.

She knew that it had been shut tight before, because Bruce had gotten up to make sure when he decided to empty his morning hard-on into her.

Now it was slightly open. Carmen frowned, puzzled. His balls rolled in, blocking her view as he stuffed her cunt. Then those solid bags swung back and she could see the door again-and now she could make out the shadowed outline of two heads peering into the bedroom.

Carmen gasped as she realized that not only one, but both, of their teenaged kids were spying at the door, playing the peepers on the parental passion.

"Holy shit," she mumbled. Bruce assumed the expression was only another of her terms of endearment and he kept right on pounding his prick up her cuntsleeve savagely. And Carmen kept right on churning merrily away, not even missing a beat in the shock of her discovery.

Some mothers might have been aghast at finding their kids watching as they got fucked. But Carmen began to buck and jerk with renewed vigor, fucking herself on his cock like a crazed weasel.

She adored being watched. Always the passionate performer, the erotic exhibitionist, Carmen loved to have even passing strangers see her taking it up the cunt-and how much more thrilling it was to know that her own kids were spectators! And both at once, to boot! Her fevered

imagination flared. Were the teenagers just looking-or were they feeling each other up as they crouched there at the door? Were her children only voyeurs-or did they also dabble in incest? But that idea troubled her not at all. Carmen was only sorry about one thing. She regretted that she was getting fucked in the staid missionary position, instead of putting on a more detailed show for the watchers.

She guessed that all the kids could see now was their father's jolting ass and swinging balls from their viewpoint at the foot of the bed.

But that was okay, for starters.

Because now that Carmen knew that her children were into peeking, she could give those naughty teenagers a lot more to look at.

Chapter Two

Carmen's gorgeous body seemed to explode with frantic energy as she threw herself body and soul into the fucking. She was heaving about so dynamically that she damned near tossed her husband off her bucking loins. He clung on and drove in with determination, not realizing why his wife had doubled her efforts, but sure not minding.

Her fuckhole was so soaking wet now that it was like poimding his prick into a pool of quicksand or launching a torpedo in a swamp.

His cock hissed in and splashed at the core of her cunt and her clinging pussy was sucking loudly as he pulled his prick back out.

Carmen knew that those sound effects would be adding to her children's enjoyment of the performance, and she added some moans and whimpers and sighs.

The bedroom was permeated with the cloying fragrance of hot pussy perfume and she knew, too, that the kids would be breathing in that tantalizing aroma, turning the performance into a real senso-rama.

She jerked and slithered and squirmed, trying to show as much of her naked body as she could, feeling her kid's eyes on her hot flesh so fiercely that it seemed their gaze was actually touching her physically.

She wished that she had become aware of the audience a bit sooner in the action, so that she would have had time to change positions, maybe to get on top or to take it doggy fashion or to do some cocksucking for the benefit of the avid onlookers. She sure didn't want them to think that their mother only fucked on her back, like some prudish wife simply allowing her husband his marital rights.

But it was too late to think about altering the angles at this stage. She was already juicing off and Bruce was whipping it to her on the cum strokes.

Her clit exploded and her pussy dissolved again, as she clung to the heights.

"Jizz me, darling! My cunt is creaming! Ohhhh-squirt your hot, thick slime up me!" she pleaded, both because she longed for his steaming load and also because she wanted her kids to know she

was longing for it. "Pound my pussy to paste! Fuck my ass off! Ahhhhh-shit! Fuck! Piss! Hose my hot hole!" she wailed, creating a new sort of monologue in this spontaneous performance.

Bruce was not surprised, though. He knew his wife was a foul-mouthed fuck, so he never suspected that she had ulterior motives this morning.

His ass jolted and his cumbags flailed into her groin as he plunged in with lightning strokes, filling her wet cunt with his thunderous cock.

"Here it cums, baby!" he howled, not knowing that he was making a speaking role for himself, adding dialogue to the drama unfolding for the teenagers.

His balls burst and the thick sap rushed up through the hollow core of his cockshaft and came foaming out into the depths of Carmen's cuntbox.

"Yes! Yes! Flood me!" she cried. Her own cumming peaked and she clung at the crest as Bruce kept on pumping and squirting. He was hosing her as he plowed in and spurting more out on the backstroke, shooting off in steady abundance!

"Ahhhhh-I love it! I love your cum! Don't stop, darling!" keep shooting in me!"

He fed her a few more jizz jets, then began to falter. His strokes got jerky and uncertain and the last of his spunk came out in a mere trickle. He stopped humping and clung to her, still mounted and stuck up her cunt. He was panting heavily, taking his weight on his elbows and knees as Carmen kept on wriggling under him, working off the final sweet spasms of her own cumming, making sure she had eked out all her juice.

She kept her legs as wide apart as she could get them, hoping that the children would be able to get at least a glimpse of the coupling in her crotch.

Then she slid a hand down and cupped Bruce's balls, squeezing gently, making sure that they were empty-and hoping that they might fill right up again, too.

Carmen was eager to do an encore for the kids.

But although his formidable cock was still fat and firm in her cunt tunnel, his balls were slack and deflated and failed to respond to her fondling.

After a few moments of recovery time, Bruce gave her a grin and rolled off. His semi-stiff prick came snaking out of her sodden cunt and flopped around.

Even turning rubbery, it was still an impressive hunk of meat, Carmen thought. She hoped that her little girl was getting a kick out of eyeballing her daddy's prick, all gooey with cunt cum and jizz.

But she didn't have long to look.

Whether or not Bruce might have lingered on the bed with his cock on display had he known that his daughter was peering into the bedroom was a moot point. He might have or he might not have, Carmen speculated. But he was unaware of the watchers. He got up, his prick swinging like a hose, and went into the adjoining bathroom, to shower and shave and get dressed for work.

Carmen stayed where she was. The two shadowy heads were still in the opening of the bedroom door and the woman sprawled out wantonly, keeping her thighs parted and her groin toward the door. She arched her back, undulating, making her fat tits thrust up. The tips were still stiff and swollen. Carmen was still horny as hell. She had creamed off very satisfactorily, but knowing the teenagers were still looking at her was keeping the lustful lady on simmer.

Her cuntslot was gaping open in a wide oval, retaining the outline of the thick prick that had just been stuffed up her pussy. Her cunt was bubbling over with cum and cunt nectar and her clit was echoing her nipples, standing out taut in the gooey tide.

She sat up and looked down into her own groin, wanting to see what she was showing the kids. Ribbons of cum were trickling down her inner thighs and a ropy stream of goo was seeping into the crack of her ass.

Feeling deliciously devilish and depraved for teasing her own teenagers so wantonly, Carmen began to knead her firm tits and pull at the perky peaks.

She fancied she heard a gasp from the doorway.

She supposed that it was her son who had gasped, yet wondered if it might have been her daughter. Was the girl, too, excited by the sight of creamy cunt?

It could well be, Carmen reckoned.

She knew all about such things.

She played with her tits for a bit, then, on a sudden impulse, slipped a hand down into her groin and began to stroke her cunt and finger her clit.

She definitely heard a gasp then.

She tipped her head down, as if staring at her own crotch, but she gazed at the open doorway through lowered lashes as she rubbed her unfurled cuntlips and flicked at her clit and nudged a finger up into her fuckhole.

Then she drew her hand up to her chin and began to lick her slimy fingers, purring happily. She slid them into her lips and sucked, as if nursing on prick by proxy.

Carmen was wishing that her husband had already left for work. She would have loved to give herself a juicy fingerfucking while her kids watched.

But she heard the shower stop spraying and knew that Bruce would return at any moment-and would certainly be very surprised, if not hurt, to find his wife giving herself a handjob just after they had screwed.

The pleasure of another performance was going to have to wait, she knew.

But not for long.

Chapter Three

The kids were looking studiously innocent at the breakfast table. If Carmen hadn't known better, she would never have suspected those teenaged cherubs of being peepers. But, already in the know, she could detect a glow of arousal about both of them.

Vince was a sturdy, athletic youth with his father's rugged good looks. His mother wondered if the boy had also inherited his dad's outsized cock.

Donna was very nubile, with plump tits and a high, round ass, showing every promise of becoming as well-developed as her buxom mom. The whole family had come down to breakfast shortly after Bruce and Carmen had finished fucking and Vince and Donna had escaped back to their own rooms. Carmen knew that spying must have gotten the teenagers really sexually excited and wondered if they had had time to frig off.

Dropping her knife deliberately, the woman bent down to retrieve it and sneaked a glance at her kids under the table as she did so.

The front of Vince's striped cotton pajamas was bulging out with a huge hard-on. She grinned. If the boy had managed to get in a quick toss of the wrist, it certainly hadn't left him anywhere near satisfied.

She fumbled around as if the dropped knife was proving elusive and switched her gaze to her daughter. Donna was wearing a nightie and sitting with her knees slightly parted. Her mother couldn't quite make out any visible details as she stared up under the hem, but when she breathed in she was inhaling the musky scent of steaming cunt.

It was more than evident that both of her children needed to get their rocks off soon.

But did they just frig themselves off, or were they in the habit of fooling around together? The idea gave their mother a kinky kick. Carmen didn't mind in the least if her kids were being naughty with each other.

But if they were, she sure as hell wanted to know about it-and, better yet, get a look.

Carmen was certainly an exhibitionist.

But just because she loved to perform didn't mean that she didn't enjoy playing the spectator, as well. Voyeurism and exhibitionism were not mutually exclusive-they were two sides of the same coin.

And, of course, a bit of audience participation was never unwelcome with her, either.

Carmen had been planning on fingerfucking herself with the bedroom door left ajar as soon as her husband had left for work, but now, seeing and scenting how turned on both of her children were, she was wondering if it might not be more fun to spy on them, instead.

She would adore to sneak a look while her handsome young son beat his meat and sprayed his youthful fuckjuice out in creamy cascades. And the prospect of peeking on Donna while that sexy little girl was shoving her fingers in and out of her steaming pussy was equally exciting.

And, to be sure, if the naughty teenagers happened to be doing things together, It would give their horny mother an even greater thrill.

Still, pretending that the knife was skittering from her hands, Carmen got her head and shoulders right down under the table.

It was like a perfume factory down there, as Donna's cunt poured out the rich scent of wet pussy, her bouquet blended with the tantalizing aroma of gamy, overheated cock and ball meat.

Carmen's own cunt was adding a piquancy, as well, as she got steamier by the second.

She groped on the floor and pushed her head as close to Vince's groin as she could. His pa-jama fly was gaping open slightly and she; caught just a faint glimpse of his swollen prick in the cotton confines.

She turned her face and looked up the insides of her daughter's slim and shapely thighs. The thought of die juicy cunt that was nestled in that nubile vee was making Carmen's tongue sizzle in her saliva.

Eventually she came back out from under the table, her lovely face flushed, her gaze averted. The woman was just a little bit embarrassed at feeling so horny for her own kids and for planning such naughty things.

But no amount of embarrassment was about to detract her from her purpose today.

Bruce finished his coffee and left for work soon. The kids lingered at the table. Carmen figured that Vince didn't dare stand up with the massive outline of his erection standing out in prominent bas relief.

And Donna would have much the same problem, being so hot and wet that her cunt was liable to squish and squelch and spill juice down her thighs if she rose.

Carmen saw the teenagers exchange a heated glance, conspiratorial and surreptitious. She figured that it was time to leave the kids alone in the house-or, rather, to let them think they were alone in the house.

Acting as casual and unsuspecting as her aroused state would allow, she stood up and took the dishes to the sink, then announced that she was going shopping.

She heard Vince inhale sharply and saw a fleeting smile pass over Donna's sensuous lips.

"I probably won't be home for hours," Carmen added to remove any doubts that they might have about how long they would have together.

Then Carmen left.

She got her car out and drove down the street, turned the corner-and parked at the curb. She smoked a single cigarette as she waited, calculating just how much time it might take for the action to begin.

She still wasn't sure if she was going to get to spy on two solo performances or a duet.

But she was certain that she was going to get to see something well worth the watching.

Leaving the car parked where it was, Carmen walked on back to the house. She entered via the front door, moving quietly but not stealthily. If either of the kids saw her she could always claim that she had forgotten her credit cards or something. She certainly didn't want the teenagers to become suspicious and curtail their activities.

She looked in the kitchen and found that they had left the breakfast table. She cocked her head, listening for the sounds of creaking bedsprings from above. She was about to go on up the stairs when she heard a sound from the den at the back of the hallway.

Carmen grinned lewdly, knowing that at least one of her horny children was in that rumpus room. Had Vince's hard-on been too heavy to haul up the stairs, Donna's legs trembling too much to mount to the second floor-or had both of them rushed to the nearest trysting point, too horny to bother to go to a bedroom?

The den was appropriate-after all, it had been built as a family fun room.

Carmen tiptoed down the hall and sneaked a furtive look into the pine-paneled activity room-and silently sighed as she found she had arrived just in time.

The first show was about to begin.

Vince and Donna were standing a short distance apart, staring at each other with far more than sibling affection in their heated gazes. Donna had one nubile hip thrust out and she was toying with the bodice of her sexy, semi-transparent nightie while her brother was standing with his hips thrust out, the bulge in his groin filling the front of his pajamas heavily and threatening to spill from his fly.

"Boy-Mom sure was hot this morning, huh?" The lovely little girl giggled.

"She always is-she likes her cock, all right," Vince rasped, leering lustfully.

It thrilled the watching woman to know that her kids had spied on her more than just once.

"And it sure made me hot, too," Donna whispered.

"Yeah-me, too. I got a prick like a baseball bat," Vince grunted, making his cock muscles throb. His prick was threatening to burst from his pajamas.

Donna opened the front of her nightie and arched her slim back, shoving her naked tits out. Her tits were plump and upright, and they were capped with rosy tips as big and juicy as pink gumdrops. Her brother stared at those tits hungrily.

So did her mother, for that matter.

Donna cupped her tits, lifting the globes and deepening the cleft. She flicked the edges of her thumbs back and forth against the swollen tips.

"Too bad that you're my brother," she sighed wistfully. "I'd let you suck them, if you weren't."

Vince groaned.

"You'd love to, wouldn't you?" the girl purred teasingly and tauntingly. She dropped her head and flicked her lapper at her own nubs, regarding her brother through fluttering eyelashes as she did so.

"Yeah, Sis!" Vince croaked.

Then, to get even with the girl for teasing him with her forbidden fruit, he grinned.

"I'd rather suck Mom's big tits, though," he said.

But She only giggled at that.

"I know," she sighed. "I wouldn't mind sucking Mommy's tits, myself."

Vince gave a little gasp at that admission.

And it had a profound effect on the mother in mention as well. It was only natural that her son, being a red-blooded American boy, would fantasize about his mother's tits, which were, after all, quite spectacular. But for her little girl to want to mouth them, too, was kinkier-and therefore even more thrilling.

With bisexual tastes herself, Carmen was delighted to find that her daughter had the same inclinations. And where would it all lead?

Where was the watching going to lead, for that matter? Donna and Vince were still a distance apart, making no moves toward each other. Donna let her nightie slide from her shoulders.

Her cunt bush was a luxuriant vee of silken tresses, lighter than her mother's bushy black mound, a glossy chestnut shade. She parted her thighs and tilted her crotch up slightly, so that her brother-and her mother, too, although the girl was unaware of that-could see her pussy. Her cuntlips were unfurled like the dewy petals of a fleshy pink blossom, and her open pussy was swampy with the flow of her juices. Ribbons of cunt cream were slowly unwinding down her inner thighs and her clit was sticking out like a bullet.

She ran her hand up through her groin, lightly stroking her cunt with the tips of her fingers.

Vince was gasping and panting and beads of sweat were dotting his brow.

"I bet you'd love to suck this, too," the little minx sighed, jerking her loins up.

"Jeez, Sis-you drive me nuts!" the boy moaned.

But he was not without a weapon in this little war of temptation and taunting. He reached into his pajamas and hauled his cock and balls out.

"How'd you like a mouthful of this, Sis?" he rasped.

From the way her eyes were glowing and she was licking her lips, it was evident that the girl would relish nothing more than a suck on her sibling's cock.

And their mother shared her unholy hunger.

Carmen felt as if her tongue were starting to melt in her mouth like hot wax as she gaped at her son's magnificent prick. She was panting so loudly that she was afraid that the kids might hear her.

But they were preoccupied.

Vince was gazing at his sister's cunt, and she was staring at his prick and Carmen's eyes were turning back and forth as she looked longingly at both her kids.

Vince had a gigantic cock and balls. It looked even huger than his fathers massive prick, although she realized that because the boy was slimmer, his cock might seem bigger in proportion to the width of his youthful loins, more out-sized in relation to his smooth torso.

His bulging purple cockhead was a flaring slab that looked as fat as a clenched fist, and his cockshaft was long and thick and seamed up the underside by a dark, pulsating vein. His balls were inflated like balloons.

His piss-slit was gaping open, and the tip of his meaty cock-knob was greasy with pre-cum. Oh, how it made Carmen's mouth water! But when she slid her gaze across at her little girl's cunt, it made her drool as much.

Donna's cunt was like a steaming tropical pool below the forest of her chestnut bush.

Carmen didn't know which she longed for more-to sink her frenzied tongue into that teenaged cunt, or to munch on a mouthful of her son's cock.

There was nothing very maternal about the emotions that she felt as she played the peeper. Carmen felt as if she were being dragged into the room. Her nipples and her clit were pulling out like pliable iron filings being drawn to a powerful magnet and so was her tongue.

But her eyes were horny, too, and she forced herself to stay where she was-at least until she saw just what her kids got up to in this sibling session.

Vince tore his pajamas off awkwardly, his enormous hard-on getting in the way. Then both teenagers were stark-naked as they stared at each other in open admiration.

"You ready, Sis?" Vince croaked.

"Yeah, I'm real, real hot. You wanna go first, or you want me to?"

"Let's both do it at the same time," he grated.

"Okay," she panted. "That's fun."

Donna moved over to the leather couch and sat down, her adorable little ass perched on the edge of the seat and her long, shapely legs trailing to the floor, wide apart.

Her brother moved over and stood in front of her. Donna slid a hand into her groin and Vince folded his fist around his prick.

Carmen realized that her children, inhibited by the taboo of incest, were simply going to frig themselves off, each watching the other.

The lack of contact was disappointing.

But the situation was promising, too.

There were still a few things that a mother was going to have to teach her kids.

Chapter Four

Donna ran her fingertips up her unfolded cunt-slot and brushed them against her clit. Staring down at her pussy, Vince seemed to be sighting on that creamy cunt across his towering cockhead.

He grimaced, grunted and gave his prick a slow push-pull in his fist. As he yanked up, his foreskin curled over the ledge of his cock-knob in a fleshy carpet and as he friggied back toward his balls that huge slab flared out wide.

They were moving in unison, and slowly, obviously wanting to make the pleasure last.

Carmen was dying to join them, to encourage them to do more than just play with themselves to play with each other and with her. Yet she was intrigued by spying on this mutual self-abuse and wanted to see the creamy conclusions. What was the hurry, anyhow? She had all day-and she was certain that both Vince and Donna would want to cum more than once.

She was hot to cum, herself.

But Carmen fought off the impulse to give herself a fingerfucking. The wanton woman wanted to stay as horny as she was, so that she didn't have any second thoughts or misgivings once she had gotten her rocks off.

Carmen had made up her mind to be very naughty, indeed, on this memorable day-and peeping on this sibling frig session was only the start.

Donna began to use both hands on her cunt. She was holding her fuckslot open and stabbing three fingers up her pussy and her other hand was steadily massaging the frenzied bud of her clit.

Cuntjuice dribbled down into the crack of her ass and turned the leather seat slimy under her.

"Ummmm-ummmm!" she sighed as her clit tingled and her juices flowed, the flood from her fuckhole getting hotter and thicker all the while.

Vince grunted as he pumped his prick. It was swelling and writhing so much that it felt like he was trying to choke a boa constrictor.

Pre-cum oozed from his pisshoie and ran down his cock, sluggish as quicksilver, so thick that it seemed more a solid than a fluid.

He slowed his strokes, holding back.

Donna, too, slowed her frigging. She brought a hand up to her chin and licked her sticky fingers, because she knew that turned her brother on greatly-and also because she loved the flavor of cuntjuice.

"Yummy!" she purred.

Vince shoved his ass and hips out so that his giant cock was looming over his sister, the knob bulging before her face and over her tits.

She stared at his spunk-drenched cockhead this time.

Vince jacked back and his cock-knob ballooned.

"D-don't put it any closer!" Donna whimpered. "I might not be as able to help myself, Vince. Your cockmeat looks so fucking scrumptious!"

Carmen saw that the kids had placed very strict limits on what they did, restricting their lust to just looking. It seemed a shame to her, a waste of cum.

"Sis, just lick it!" Vince begged.

"N-No!" she whimpered.

"Please, Sis? Just take a taste!" he pleaded.

Donna looked sorely tempted and awfully hungry. But her inhibitions held firm.

"I can't, Vince! It's wrong! But you can shoot on my tits and in my face, as long as you don't touch me with your prick!" she gasped.

She began to fingerfuck herself in a frenzy now. She had been trying to prolong the pleasure, but now she wanted to get creamed off quickly, before she weakened and succumbed to the joy of oral incest.

Vince groaned in dismay, realizing how close he had come to coaxing her into licking his prick and knowing that once the horny girl started to tongue him, it was going to lead to a creamy conclusion in her mouth.

He began to beat his meat faster now, too, keeping pace with his sister.

Her fingers slid in and out of her gooey cunt, and she whipped and plucked at her clit. His fist was hissing up and down on his throbbing cock. They were both panting like steam engines as they surged toward a simultaneous peak.

"Ooooooh-gonna cream! Shoot, Vince! Cum with me!" Donna cried.

The waves of joy were rushing across her loins and shooting like electricity up her trembling thighs. Her clit was sparking, ready to explode. But she was waiting for her brother to join her at the crest, yearning for his sibling slime as much as her own relief.

Her cunt opened wide and a flood of cunt cum poured through her crotch, breaking around her swollen clit like a tide on a rocky shore.

A split second later, Vince joined her.

His balls went off like a bomb as he jerked his hand back to the hilt of his prick. His stalk rippled as the juice came foaming up the tube.

"Ahhhhh!" Donna wailed as she saw the silvery glint of a jizz jet spurt from his pisshole.

She strummed on her cunt and arched her back to shove her heaving tits out toward his squirting cock.

Vince's first squirt splashed heavily on the upper slopes of her tits, sliming into her cleavage and swirling like soap suds over the mounds.

His fist frigged up and he shot a second gooey geyser out on the backstroke, his prick recoiling as the steaming hot juice rocketed from the tip.

He jerked a creamy jet into her face. Her lips were parted and the pink tip of her moist tongue was poking out. Her brother's fuckjuice splattered right on her mouth. Streaks of jizz ran along both cheeks and shards dripped from her trembling chin-and some of that succulent cum went right into her mouth.

"Ulphhhh!" she sputtered as the gooey grease slid down her gullet.

Her tawny head tilted back slightly and her throat pulsed as she swallowed.

Her face was radiant-and her lips parted wider.

Vince kept on hosing her, his hips twisting as they pumped, his huge cock spraying her like a hose. He played the spunky stream into her face and onto her tits. Jizz hit the hollow of her throat and matted her hair. A frothy deluge ran up her nostrils, making her gasp.

And as her brother bathed her with his cum, Donna kept on creaming off, as well. The cunt cum was pouring out of her steaming slot damned near as plentifully as his jism was pumping from his pisshole.

"More! More! Drown me!" she gurgled.

Vince kept jacking his brotherly fuckjuice out, spurting again on every stroke of his flying fist, washing her face and tits and torso with stream after stream.

His balls seemed to hold an endless supply and his sexual vitality seemed boundless. His hot, thick cock spume was shooting out by the bucketful as his nubile sister squirmed and arched under that wanton spray.

Her face was frosted like a cake, her tits and belly glazed by his goo. And her groin was almost as swampy as she kept on frigging her own juice out.

At long last Vince flagged.

A final torrent hosed her cleavage and ran on down her belly, soaking into her bushy vee. Then his cock stopped hosing off. His fist kept pulling away and the dregs of his cum oozed out in a trickle. The viscous beads clung to his knob for a moment, but then he snapped his wrist, cracking his cock like a whip, and those final globs sprayed her face.

He stopped pumping finally. His balls were hanging slack in his groin but his impressive prick was still standing firm in his immobile fist, hardly shrinking or softening at all following his furious climax.

Donna kept on fucking her fingers up her pussy and pulling on her clit as she worked her own cumming off to the last creamy drips and the last shuddering convulsions.

Then her hands slowed and she smiled dreamily.

"Ooooh-I love it so when you shoot your spunk all over me, Vince!" she sighed. "It's so hot and thick and-and it tastes so good!"

Her tongue slipped across her parted lips, gathering up some of the residue.

She let the slime trickle around on her tastebuds, savoring the taste and the texture. Then her lips opened wide and she swallowed with her mouth open so that her brother could see her drinking his juice.

He groaned and his prick jumped violently.

"Ummmmm-your spunk is like hot condensed milk, all thick and cream and yummy!" she purred.

She scooped some up from her tits and licked the stuff from her palms. The fact that those palms were also full of cunt cum only made it more succulent.

She had her head tilted on one side and she was gazing at the prick that had supplied the scrumptious stuff. Her thoughts were plain in her expression. If her brother's cum was so delicious licked up from her hands, just imagine what it would be like to drink it from his cock.

Vince, correctly interpreting her emotions, shuffled closer and offered his slime-coated prick to her lips. But she sighed and turned her face to one side.

He muttered in frustration, wagging his cock around close to her chin. His big balls were already beginning to swell up with another load. "Jeez, Sis! You swallow my jizz when I jerk off-how come you won't suck it from my prick?" he croaked.

Their mother was wondering that, herself. Carmen had never been known to turn down a mouthful of cockmeat or a bellyful of fuck-juice and it made her wonder if her daughter was a changeling, perhaps switched at birth by a careless hospital attendant?

But Donna whispered, "You know I'd love to suck you off, Vince. I'd rather blow you than just about anybody. But it would be incest." "What's the fucking difference?" he rasped, exasperated by her bizarre definition of incest. "Once your jizz leaves your prick, it's just jizz," she replied, with her weird logic. "I can swallow it just like I swallow any guy's spunk. But your cock is part

of the rest of you-and that makes it incest." Vince grunted in perplexity. "Wanna do it again?" Donna chirped cheerfully. Figuring that a blowjob wasn't on the agenda, he shrugged and nodded.

Donna turned her face up again, eager for another bath, her hands dipping back onto her crotch.

She began to frig her fuckhole, and her brother started to toss himself off again, sighing, enjoying what they did but obviously lusting for contact.

The boy badly needed a blowjob.

And the fact was not lost on his mother.

Carmen had greatly enjoyed watching her children misbehave. Her cunt had gotten so hot that she thought it would have burst into flames if it weren't much too wet to burn. Her mouth had filled up with drool. Her eyelids had seemed about to melt as they registered the action.

And she couldn't bear to watch any more.

The childish games that the siblings played together were all well and good, fun as far as they went and a kinky kick to spy on.

But now it was time for Carmen to take a hand, encouraging and abetting them in breaking the taboos and going beyond their self-imposed limitations.

What she intended to do made her feel really wicked and ashamed of herself. But she enjoyed those feelings of delicious depravity, since the more naughty a thing was, the more thrilling it was, as well.

She lingered for another moment, waiting for the handjobs to get into full swing.

Then, smiling, Mother walked in on them.

Chapter Five

Donna's eyes went wide and she gasped.

Vince jerked around, his cock coming about like the boom of a sailing ship and his jaw dropping open.

Both kids looked embarrassed and flustered, which was understandable under the circumstances, having been caught together naked, with a hard prick and a creamy cunt and the congealing evidence of their sins all over Donna's belly and tits.

Carmen stood with one hand on her lush hip, faking a look of indignation. But she was unable to keep the smile off her sensuous lips.

"We-we didn't do nothin', Mom!" Vince croaked.

"Is that so?" Carmen said, looking from her son's booming hard-on to her daughter's cum-drenched body.

"I mean-we don't touch each other," he rasped.

"Yeah, Mommy! We just look!" Donna put in.

"So you like to look, do you, you naughty kids?" Carmen said, grinning.

The kids gaped at her, amazed by her attitude. She didn't seem angry or scandalized at all. She looked as if she approved.

"Shall I give you something to look at?" Carmen huskily whispered.

"Without waiting for a reply, she began to unbutton her blouse. The startled, incredulous expressions of her kids' faces would have amused her if she hadn't been far too horny to feel other emotions.

She shrugged her blouse off and her heavy tits thrust out, naked and firm and capped by nipples that were standing out like little rockets on the rosy launching pads of her areolas

Then she unfastened her skirt and let it drop, stepping out of it. She didn't have any panties on. Knowing what she intended to do, it had seemed pointless to wear panties, which would only get sopping wet as her pussy creamed and would have to come off soon, anyhow.

The kids gasped. They had seen her naked before, of course, when they played the peeper on parental sex, but they had never seen her from this close and full frontal-and with her full awareness and cooperation.

Carmen slowly revolved, showing them her magnificent body from front, back and sides. She had an hourglass figure, all ass and tits around a tiny span of waist.

In profile, she stood swaybacked, her tits shoved out and her ass thrust back. With her back to them, looking over her shoulder, she bent down as if she were going to touch her toes, showing them her cunt from under her ass. Her hands cupped her asscheeks and tugged them open, letting the kids see her asshole.

Donna and Vince were gasping, glancing at each other, totally awed and confused. Why was their mother behaving like this? What else was she going to do?

She faced them again, legs parted, tilting her belly up to reveal her cunt from the front now.

Her son's giant cock was throbbing and his balls were getting fat as melons. That response delighted Carmen-and she noticed, too, that Donna was running her tongue back and forth across her lovely lips, looking as fascinated by that lush female form as her brother was.

"Do you like to look at Mommy?" Carmen sighed.

She shot a hip out provocatively, running her fingers up her inner thigh, then stroking her cunt as the children stared at her in disbelief-and desire.

"Would you like to touch Mommy, too?" she purred.

She shifted closer to Vince.

He looked hesitant and uncertain. Carmen gave him a challenging look and shoved her tits out. The boy reached up and touched a solid globe tentatively. His hand jerked back as if he'd touched a hot stove. But then he touched her again, beginning to feel her up.

Carmen slid a hand behind his neck and gently drew his head down to her tits. His tongue flicked at a swollen tip, then he sucked it into his lips, nursing with far more enthusiasm than he ever had as a suckling infant.

"Ummmmm-that's nice!" she purred.

Donna was gazing at them in awe and envy, the girl was thinking that her brother was going to have all the fun and rather wishing that it had been their father who had joined them instead of Mom.

But Donna wasn't going to be disappointed.

Vince was moving his mouth from tit to tit, sucking on the fat peaks with relish. He guessed it was very naughty to fool around with Mom, but he wasn't about to stop.

Mom was lots more fun than Sis.

And she had bigger tits, to boot.

Carmen was well aware of how envious her little girl looked. Holding Vince's face cradled to her tits, she moved closer to the girl on the couch. Donna gazed at her in rapt speculation. Her mother was obviously not a lesbian, but did she ever like to be a little dyky, like Donna did?

Carmen raised one knee and placed her foot on the couch beside her daughter's sleek flank. Her groin jerked up and she winked at the girl.

Donna reached out as her brother had, tentatively, looking up at her mother's face uncertainly.

Carmen nodded, shoving her cunt out.

Donna cupped her mother's creamy cunt. It felt so hot she thought it would blister her palm. The girl began to stroke and pet that juicy pussy as Carmen rocked back and forth, holding Vince's head to her tits and tilting her cunt up for Donna to fondle and finger.

Vince turned his head, his mouth locked on a stiff tit peak, staring down in fascination as he saw his sister caressing their mom's pussy. That depraved sight made his cock jump as much as the mouthful of tit he was cherishing.

"Your sister wants a suck, too," Carmen purred in his ear.

She dipped at the knees, ducking down and taking Vince's head along with her.

Donna craned her neck up and sucked a swollen nub into her lips. She began to nurse hungrily on her mom's tit as she played with her pussy. Cheek to cheek, the siblings suckled on those maternal mounds voraciously.

Carmen swayed and wriggled, loving it. But then she gently broke from their embrace. Vince's lips popped from one nipple, Donna's slurped from the other.

Carmen stepped back and gazed at both of the kids, knowing exactly what she wanted to do and was damned well going to do-but wondering which teenager to do first.

Vince's cock was booming and Donna's cunt was spilling out sweet nectar. It was a hard choice to make, but a pleasant one, since she would have both in the end.

Carmen decided that heterosexual head should be first in a day of oral incest.

She gave Donna a beguiling smile.

"Okay, you little looker-look at this!" she purred to the girl-and turned to the boy.

Vince started to dive on her fat tits again, but she shook her head. He straightened up, bemused, not sure what to expect next, but knowing that whatever it was, it would be wonderful.

His mother reached out and cupped his balls.

Then she wrapped her other hand around his thick, thundering cockshaft, skinning his foreskin back, baring the bulging cock-knob. The boy moaned and humped, trying to fuck through her fist, thinking she was going to jack him off.

But then she drew her hands away and sank gracefully to her knees before him.

"Mom! Oh, jeez!" he gulped.

"You-you gonna blow him, Mommy?" Donna wailed.

Vince's cock and balls were looming up in her face, but Carmen was glancing across at Donna, not wanting the girl to feel left out or neglected.

"I'm gonna suck your brother off," she sighed.

Donna groaned and Vince gasped.

"And then I'll suck your cunt, too," Carmen added.

And that was sure as hell something to look forward to, as she looked at the first stage of a doubleheader.

Chapter Six

Vince couldn't really believe that his mother was going to blow him. It seemed too incredible, and too good to be true, and he wasn't going to believe it until his cock was in her mouth. But she was kneeling right in front of him and he shoved his loins out in frantic hope.

Carmen gazed at his cock like a glutton. His prick sinew pulsed and his prick jerked about. Her glossy, dark head shifted as she followed the spasmodic jolting of his cock, licking her lips in

anticipation.

She blew her breath onto his prick, then breathed in, inhaling the gamy aroma.

"Suck my prick, Mom!" Vince begged, shoveling it out toward her mouth.

Carmen teased him, turning her head so that his slimy cock missed her mouth and skimmed along her cheek, laying a greasy streak. His cock was already filmed by his previous jack off, and more juice was bubbling lavishly out of the cleft of his asshole.

Then the wanton woman ducked down under his prick and began to lick his balls. Vince jerked as if he had been shot through with a high-voltage current as his mother's nimble tongue laved all over his bloated bags.

"Urnnnnnn!" she purred, relishing the nutty goodness of ballmeat and feeling his cum load sloshing around inside the swollen sacs.

She sucked gently on his cumbags, moaning as she thought about the huge load she was going to soon be swallowing out of those potent young gourds. She seemed to be trying to suck his jizz right out through the tissue.

The cock-hungry woman was in no hurry.

The most thrilling part of a blowjob was the instant when a cock began to squirt off in her mouth and she got to drink her reward, of course, but Carmen loved to linger over the preliminaries, relishing the meat course before she got the creamy dessert.

And since this was the first blow job she was giving to her son, she wanted to enjoy it for a long time and to make it a thrilling experience for the boy-and, also, to put on a hot act for her watching daughter.

Carmen nuzzled and nibbled, licked and sucked, as her teenaged son humped and swayed before her, his hands resting on her shoulders, his tight ass jerking.

She drew back slightly, gazing at the feast before her like a gourmet, her appetite whetted by the canape of his cumbags. She licked her lips and whimpered. He shoved his cock out and she sniffed at his fragrant balls, then drew back to stare at the banquet again.

She was tantalizing her eyes for a moment before she began to satisfy her mouth again-and turning her daughter on, as well, as that teenaged tart watched and waited eagerly for her turn in her mother's mouth.

Carmen worked on his cumbags some more, savoring the musky appetizer like a chef sampling from a simmering pot before serving it. Her tastebuds sparked wildly at the gamy, musky flavor of ballmeat.

Then she began to run her tongue up and down on his iron-hard cockshaft. He whined and Donna wailed. Carmen flattened her tongue at the root of his cock and drew it slowly up, tracing along the raised ridge of his ventral vein. Cockmeat had a subtly different flavor from ballmeat, and she savored it with greedy glee.

Carmen was in cocksucker heaven, incest Eden, prick-plater's paradise. Her son's sweet cock was nectar and ambrosia to her tongue. She slurped slowly up to his flaring, wedge-shaped crown, flicked her lapper against the sensitive underside where the vein spread out onto the knob, then repeated the juicy caress.

She adored licking her son's teenaged cock-and all the more with her teenaged daughter such an avid onlooker, eager for her own turn on Mommy's tongue and envying the woman that tasty cockmeat.

She crisscrossed her lambent tongue up and down, varying her technique. She looked across and winked at her panting daughter as she nuzzled her son's prick. Donna's tongue and lips were moving as if she, too, were licking a cock, imitating her mother's mouth.

"Yeah-lick his cock, Mommy!" the girl encouraged her mother in her forbidden feast.

Donna was hot to watch Vince cum in Mom's mouth-and also eager for that creamy conclusion so that she could claim her own share of sucking.

A gooey glob of preliminary cum squeezed out of Vince's pisshole and ran slowly down the slope of his purple slab, then onto his thick, veined stalk.

Carmen watched the viscous slime trickle down, flowing like heated wax. She waited until it had slid halfway down his cockshaft, then flicked her steaming tongue out and gathered up the frothy glob.

"Ummmm!" she sighed, letting the spunk drop slide around on her tastebuds.

She stuck her tongue out so that Vince could see his jizz on the moist meat, then turned her face so that Donna could get a look, as well. She swallowed the thick blob, making more noise than necessary, gulping it down to excite her children by the sound effects of spunk swallowing.

More pre-cum oozed from his cock-knob and his mother lapped it up as it flowed like mercury down his shaft. Carmen was delighted that she had waited and allowed the lad to jerk himself off on his sister's tits, knowing he would last longer since he'd drained his balls off once-and wanting the oral love to endure as long as possible.

Vince was shuddering, gripping her shoulders firmly. He wanted to shove his prick into his mother's maw and throw a furious facefucking into her head, but he figured that she knew what she was doing and how to make it best for both of them, so he didn't want to interfere with her enthusiastic style and skilled technique.

The boy was desperate for her to drink his juice, yet was enjoying the preliminaries as much as she was, willing to wait awhile before he hosed her magic mouth.

Carmen arched her back and cupped her tits, taking his cockshaft into her smooth, hot cleavage, figuring a little tit fucking was in order.

She flicked her thumbs against her nipples as her son fucked between her tits. His cockhead came looming out of her deep chasm and slid on up her breastbone. Her head was turned down as she watched. His pisshole spilled out spunk in her cleavage and on up, filming the hollow, of her throat.

Carmen started to lick the head of his cock as it came squeezing from her cleavage. That smoking hot slab, all greased by his seepage, was the most scrumptious part of his cock and balls she had tasted so far.

She kept her tits clamped around his cock-shaft, and he frigged merrily away, gripping her by the shoulders as he drove his prick up and down. His bloated cumbags were slamming against the underslopes of her tits as his long, throbbing cock came pushing up and out.

Donna was gasping and playing with her own neglected tits, kneading the globes and fingering the perky tips and dropping her face to lick herself-but keeping her eyes on the action as she did so. Her mouth was watering for both her brother's cockmeat and her mother's tits as she stared at them in conjunction.

Carmen was squirming happily against the boy's potent loins, loving the feel of a stiff prick sliding up and down in her tit tunnel.

But she was keeping a careful watch on his balls, as well, because she didn't want her son to shoot off on his tit-frigging action. She wanted his cock firmly in her facial fuckhole when he creamed off.

Now that oral incest had begun, she would have lots of chances to let the boy spill his spunk between her plump tits, but she was hot to take the first load of his foaming nectar right in her hungry mouth.

She slid back and his stiff prick snapped out of her tit tunnel and flew up to slap against his lean belly, reaching almost to his chest.

Carmen dove in and fluttered her frenzied tongue against the underside of his mushroom-shaped cockhead, slurping up goo and slobbering down his prick.

Her raven tresses curtained his cock and she heard Donna wail in frustration at having her view blocked off. Carmen tossed her head and her hair tumbled out of the way, so that the girl could see all the juicy details again.

She glanced at Donna as she danced her tongue against Vince's drumming cockhead. Donna was shaking spasmodically and her cunt-juice flowed down her groin like a swamp spilling over a waterfall. But the girl wasn't frigging herself. She was leaving her pussy strictly alone.

Her mother knew why, too.

With a tonguefucking promised, what girl would waste a cumming on her own hands?

And Carmen was every bit as keen to sink her tongue in her little girl's gooey cunt as that sexy teenager was to have her mother's mouth on her pussy.

Carmen pulled her parted lips up and down on Vince's jolting cockshaft as if she were gnawing on a meaty bone. More pre-spunk gushed out and ran down into the corner of her mouth as her lips fluted up.

His seepage was getting thicker.

If Carmen and her son had been alone, she would have continued to linger over the licking and prolong the preliminary tongue play.

But with Donna waiting to have her pussy eaten out, her mother decided it was time to milk Vince off.

And she sure knew how to accomplish that!

Chapter Seven

Cum dribbled from his pisshole as his mother licked lovingly at the base of his bulging cock-knob, mixing with her drool and streaming down his prick. Then she turned her face down over his crown.

"Watch me, Donna! Watch me drink out of your brothers big prick!" she panted.

"Ooooooh-milk him, Mommy!" the girl squealed, eager to see it-and to have it finished, too, so that it would be her turn to melt in

Mom's mouth.

Carmen kissed his slimy cockhead, then let her lips part and fed the slab into her mouth.

Vince gasped and trembled as he felt his mother's mouth engulf his cockhead.

He was gazing down, as intrigued as his sister was by the sight of his cock vanishing in the oval collar of their mother's sweet lips.

Carmen's cheeks drew in and her wet lips peeled outwards on his prick. Then she blew down the cock. She sucked in and puffed out, as if she were doing some deep-breathing exercises to get warmed up for the action ahead.

Only his swollen cockhead was in her mouth so far, and his long, vibrant stalk was standing out like a bolt fixing her face to his balls. She drooled. Saliva, shot through with gooey threads of jizz, slid down his prick.

"Ahhhhh!" she whimpered, nursing, enjoying the sucking even more than she had the licking.

Her son was enjoying it more, too. He wasn't a very experienced young man, but he knew instinctively that his horny mother must suck prick about as good as it could be done.

He shot a smug look at his sibling, as if taunting her with what she was missing.

But she grinned back and made a kissing motion with her lips, letting him know that she would never again turn down a mouthful through inhibitions.

Carmen's radiant, glowing face slowly rotated as she turned her head from side to side, rolling the collar of her lips around on the head of his cock. The boy stood arched back as his mom screwed her mouth on his prick.

Carmen stared down his prick at his ballooning balls, looking up through fluttering eyelashes at his lust-twisted face, glanced sideways at his sister, almost as excited by their reactions as she was by the pure pleasure of having her mouth full of smoking hot cock.

Then she began to bob her head up and down.

She took a bit more of his elongated prick in each time she bobbed down. The head nudged in her cheek, then went deeper, sliding over her dancing tongue.

She took half of his cock into her mouth, then three-quarters, tossing her head to flick her raven curls out of the way so that Donna could see the details.

Vince tightened his grip on her shoulders and frigged up, fucking into her face as she ducked down. Then his hands slid up and he held her lovely, lustful face between his open palms as he jerked the cock in. His muscular ass corkscrewed and he pumped all of his big prick into her willing mouth, driving in to the hilt.

His balls rolled up to her chin, then jammed against her lips as she swallowed down to the root of his cock. Carmen made a gargling sound as his bulging cock-knob clogged her gullet. She gasped and gulped and gagged, but took it all in gladly and held it buried.

His cockhead was ballooning back in her throat and her lips were glued to the hilt of his prick, pasted open at the hairy roots. Her nose was in his pubic vee, her chin grinding in his groin.

"Holy shit, Mom! You're deep-throatin' his cock!" Donna squealed, looking upon this feat with awe.

"Mumpphhfffff!" Carmen sputtered.

Vince held it all in for a moment, then slowly pulled his prick out through the collar of her lips. Her sensuous mouth clung to him and her pliable lips distended down his withdrawing prick as if his prick were pulling her mouth inside out on the backstroke.

"Ahhhhh!" Carmen sighed, sucking on his cockhead again, his long stalk glistening with drool as it towered up from his balls to her lips.

He fed it all to her again, tilting her ebony-maned head back on the thrust.

"Unghhhh!" she gasped, as he filled her gullet.

Then she purred as he plucked it back out and she sucked adoringly through every sweet inch.

Vince facefucked her frantically, his iron-hard prick ramming in and his cumbags swinging up beneath. He was shaking so deep down her throat that Carmen thought he might spill his spunk straight into her belly, depriving her of the delight of swallowing it.

Vince held her head steady between his hands and jacked his cock in steadily, his balls looping around at the roots as his prick went in and came out.

"Glugggg-slurp-mumpfffff!" The juicy sounds of avid cocksucking came muted from her mouth as she felated his prick with total enthusiasm.

She loved it all, the taste and the texture and the fragrance-and best of all she loved the fact that it was her own son's cock in her mouth, that what they were doing was wicked, that the cum she was starving for was taboo. It made her even hungrier to know that his cock was proscribed, his fuckjuice forbidden her.

Carmen bounced her head up and down, meeting his cock as he fucked up into her mouth. His prick kicked and bucked as it hissed through her lip socket and skimmed on back across her bridged tongue.

Her mouth was filling up with pre-cum. The virile youth had already spilled out as much jizz as a lesser man would spend when he shot his wad. The flavor of that sweet slime was driving his mom wild for the full dose.

Vince's balls were getting too solid and heavy to swing around now as he neared the crest. They rolled up like bowling balls in the lane to her lips.

Carmen screwed her mouth down like a socket on his prick, swallowing his cock whole.

Then she held her head in place as he slogged in a few times, feeding her. He was filling her face so full that she felt like a boa constrictor trying to swallow a fat pig.

She pulled back to his dribbling knob.

"Fuck my face, Vince! Use my mouth like a cunt, darling!" she gurgled on the slab, as if she were addressing his balls via a meaty speaking tube.

Vince rammed it in, choking off her pleas. She gulped on the throat-clogging thrust. Then he whipped back out and she moaned on his cock-knob again, whimpering her passion down the intercom of his cockshaft.

"Slime in my mouth! Whitewash my throat! Feed me your fuckjuice!" she panted.

Donna was damned near as excited by that prospect as cum-starved Carmen was.

"Ooooooh-yeah-jizz her, Vince! Juice off in Mom's mouth!" the girl squealed in glee as she leaned close, her eyes drinking in all the details as their mother got set to drink the creamy reward for her sucking.

Carmen's mouth was working like a sump pump now, sucking like a vacuum cleaner as she strove for the conclusion. She pulled with her cheeks and dragged with her lips and swept her lapper all around his cock. Her tongue was humming like a vibrator on his throbbing prick.

"Shoot-ulphhhhhh-cum-gluggggg!" She was alternatively begging for his ball load and babbling as his driving prick clogged off her words, blocking her voicebox.

Vince was almost at the crest.

He held her head steady and hammered in, burying his cock balls-deep in her radiant face. He was pounding in on the savage cum strokes and his mother was going suck-crazy on his cock-and Donna was emulating the action as her hot mouth filled up with saliva and she swallowed it

down, pretending that her own drool was cock spume.

The boy heaved up from the heels and his facefucker plowed down her gullet so far that his mother almost thought it was going to come out of her asshole.

"Here it cums, Mom!" he cried.

"Ummmm-ummmmm!" she moaned.

"Drink it, Mom! Swallow-this!"

His balls blew as he plunged in and her son's spunk sped up his cock and flooded her throat. That first heavy load boiled straight down into her belly, going from his balls to her gullet without touching her mouth.

Vince yanked back and a second gooey wad sloshed out on his mother's frantic tongue. She whined with bliss as her taste buds registered the flavor and her tongue soaked the slime up like a sponge.

The potent teenager kept on squirting it out and his mom drank deeply. His load was lavish, but the woman couldn't seem to get enough.

Carmen seemed parched for prick spume, drinking as if she had come dehydrated from a desert. She sucked and swallowed, swallowed and sucked.

Vince was pouring the spunk to her so heavily that despite her greed she couldn't gulp it all down. Jizz overflowed her lips and spilled down her chin.

The flood gave Donna a chance to see just what her mom was drinking as the seepage washed down Vince's cock. Then Carmen bobbed her head down and sucked it back up.

A jizz jet played on the arched roof of her mouth and a cable of cum unwound in her cheek. The thick goo sloshed through her teeth and smeared her lips. Her tongue was floating in a sea of spunk.

She sighed with rapture-then sighed again, wistfully, as his cock and balls began to fail. Carmen already had a bellyful of her son's spunk, but she was still hungry, insatiable in her lust for that incest oil.

His humping got jerky but he was still spraying her with the last of his jizz, painting her palate, plastering her with a limestone wash, gooing her gums. A final spurt hit her tonsils and the boy stopped moving.

Carmen kept bobbing her head up and down as she made sure that she had it all. She swallowed up and down his cock, then collared his cockhead in her lips and used her fist to frig out the last of his pearly spunk.

Her tongue curled around, coaxing the final glooey globs from his pisshole. She kept on gently sucking, just to make sure that he was drained.

Then she pulled her mouth off him and tilted her head back. Her lips parted as she showed the

stunned youth the last of his jizz filming her tongue. She turned, letting her little girl enjoy that sign, as well. Then she swallowed the residue down, drinking with her mouth open. "Jeez, Mom!" he croaked. His cock was starting to slacken, looping in a meaty bow out from his groin. Carmen ducked in and used her tongue to lick up a few stray drops that had escaped her lips and run down his prick. She slurped a glob from his balls. Then she took the head of his emptied cock back into her sordid mouth and sucked some more.

When she let it spill from her lips again, she had polished it to a gloss, like some fat purple gemstone.

"Was that nice, darling?" she purred. "Oh, Mom-jeez! You're a great cocksucker, Mom!" he blurted out.

Carmen smiled at the lovely compliment. She was well aware of Donna panting just beside her, but she was deliberately ignoring the girl, teasing her, pretending that now she was full of cum she had forgotten her promise to eat pussy, too.

"I'll suck you off all the time, now that we've started being naughty," she promised the youth.

His prick was semi-hard, swaying around like a hose. Carmen pushed her face out and nuzzled his cock-knob, taking a few more casual laps.

It began to stiffen and swell immediately.

Vince shoved his groin out, thinking he was going to get another blowjob straight off-and his sister groaned in dismay, under the same delusion.

But then Carmen turned to her daughter.

And now it was time for Vince to look at some licking.

Chapter Eight

Donna was perched on the edge of the leather couch, and Carmen, still on her knees, moved over to her. They both had Vince's spunk smeared on their lips and now they kissed, open-mouthed, panting, swapping saliva and tongues back and forth. Vince's jizz liquefied again in the heat of their mouths and they tasted it between them, sharing the dribbling goo back and forth.

Then Carmen started to go down on her daughter, but as she had with her son, she was making a slow approach toward the ultimate goal of cunt.

The whole front of Donna's nubile torso was glazed with fuckjuice, making a slippery path of her pussy, flavoring her belly and tits exquisitely.

Carmen licked up her slime-drenched cleavage, swept her nimble lapper around the plump mounds, then began to nurse on her tit tips, switching back and forth, sucking her daughter in a strange reversal of the nursing role.

Donna moaned and arched back, tilting her tummy up and parting her legs wide to make her cunt easily accessible. The girl was eager to feel her mother's mouth on her muff-but she was enjoying the build-up, too.

Vince was standing over them, his prick rising in a series of sharp jolts. The naive youth had no idea why his mother and sister would want to suck each other, since they were both female, but his confusion over the issue in no way detracted from his desire to see it.

Carmen slid on down, tonguing up the spilled spunk from Donna's stomach and belly, flicking her lapper around in the girl's shallow belly button.

She worked her way into Donna's curly vee, her lapper rustling in the chestnut thicket. Since she could go no lower without encountering cunt, Donna jerked her groin up, all set to get sucked.

But her mother drew back and twisted down, beginning to lick up the girl's slim, shapely legs, approaching the cunt target from the other direction.

She went up and down, tonguing from ankle to knee, pausing to suck the girl's wriggling toes and lick her arched instep, then gliding back up to her inner thighs.

Again the woman could go no higher without by-passing Donna's pussy. She was lapping up the creases where the girl's thighs joined her groin, her tongue moving parallel with her daughter's open cunt but not making contact.

Donna whimpered and moaned, yet knew that her mom was an expert and that the experience would be all the more enjoyable if she let the woman set the pace.

As Carmen turned her face from thigh to thigh, her nose brushed her little girl's gooey pussy and she breathed in the heated fragrance. Carmen was as hot to suck the girl's tasty cunt as she had been her son's prick, but she was restraining herself, taking it slow and easy.

She drew back a bit and stared at Donna's cunt like a hungry child looking at a cream-filled bun. Donna's cunt was open so wide it was damned near inverted and her pussy was flooded with foaming juice. Her crotch looked as if a honeypot had been poured into it.

"Do me, Mommy! Do my cunt!" she begged.

She tried to shove her pussy into her mother's face, but Carmen teasingly avoided the vital contact still, teasing her tongue as much as Donna's cunt.

Carmen held Donna by the hips.

"Turn over, baby!" she moaned, lifting the teenager's supple pelvis higher.

Donna looked puzzled at the request.

"I wanna do your backside-first," Carmen sighed.

"Oh! Oooooooh!" Donna squealed as she realized that no holds were barred and that her mother's appetite was all inclusive.

She twisted her nimble loins around and turned belly-down on the couch, hiking her adorable little ass up high in the air.

Carmen licked up and down the girl's backbone from the base of her spine to the nape of her neck. Then she knelt behind her ass and placed her open hands on the trim asscheeks, spreading them open.

Donna's tight little asshole was revealed as the girl wriggled about in expectation. Carmen stuck her nose in that tiny shit socket and nuzzled about, tantalizing herself with the steamy fragrance.

The lustful lady began to lick up through the musky cleft between her daughter's round asscheeks. Then she began to stab her lapper into her tart little shithole. Her tongue fluttered in and Donna's shitter sucked on it as her mother rimmed merrily away.

"Ooooooh-ahhhhhh!" Donna squealed as her mom French kissed her ass ring.

Vince was going bug-eyed as he watched this sordid shithole sucking, wondering if there was anything too depraved for his mother to do and to enjoy.

"Yeah, Mommy! Munch my ass out!" Donna wailed.

Carmen drove her tongue up the girl's asshole and sucked on the puckered rim. She drooled into the tangy slot and then sucked her own saliva back out, exquisitely flavored by her daughter's shitter.

She stuffed her tongue into that highly scented fudge chute, packing Donna's guts with tonguemeat as her lips nursed on her asshole ecstatically.

"Ream me out! Suck my asshole!" Donna whimpered, going wild with the thrill.

Her mother's hot tongue seemed to be snaking right up into her bowels. Any enthusiastic tongue would have felt lovely in her guts, but having her own naughty mother eat out her asshole was driving her crazy with the desire of depravity.

It made her own tongue tingle at the prospect of returning that exotic caress-of feeding on fudge slot, in turn.

Carmen sat back for a moment, taking a look, catching her breath. Then she dove in and dined some more, whetting her appetite on the anal canape. Her forehead pressed to the pert cheeks of Donna's ass and her tongue burrowed into the tainted socket some more.

Carmen drew her tongue in and out slowly, then shoved in fast and hard.

Carmen always relished a snack of shitter, male or female, and she would have gladly nibbled away for ages in her little girl's aromatic fudge slot.

But Donna was squirming so ecstatically and the fumes rising from her fuckhole were getting so redolent that her mom was afraid the girl might cream off-and she didn't want that to happen before she had her mouth firmly fitted onto the teenager's tasty cunt.

She stirred her sinuous tongue in a few more times, then drew back. Donna's haunches jerked up and down, eager for more.

"Turn over again, baby!" Carmen purred.

Donna shuddered. As good as it had felt to have her mother tonguefucking her asshole, she knew damned well that it would feel even better when that avid lapper was plowing into her creamy pussy.

The teenager rolled over and came face up again, her wet ass perched on the edge of the couch, her legs trailing to the floor, her thighs parted wide.

Carmen hovered over her vee and Donna tilted her cunt up as if she were serving some delectable pink shellfish on a hairy tray. Carmen's eyes glowed as she stared hungrily at that steaming pussy. Cunt nectar was bubbling from the teenager's fuckhole lavishly, and her clit was swelling out as if reaching for Carmen's lips. Carmen's tongue rippled out, attracted to that throbbing nugget, as if her mouth and Donna's cunt were both magnetic.

The heated aroma was making Carmen lightheaded as she poised over her little girl's pussy for another moment, savoring the scent as she prepared to dive into those lunchbox loins and sate her sexual frenzy.

She glanced over to make sure Vince was watching.

Which he was, to be sure, his eyes glued to his sister's groin.

Then Carmen went in to feed.

Chapter Nine

"Ohhhhh!" Donna cried as her mother's tongue flashed against her pulsing clit, making the sexy teenager tremble all through her nubile body.

Carmen gasped with joy at the first taste. Her little girl's pussy was even more delicious than it looked. It was as sweet as a melting honeycomb, as delectable as a steamed pudding, as succulent as the scent had promised.

Carmen licked lightly up the unfurled lips and flicked at the stiff nugget then used her lapper like a scoop in the slot, spooning out tonguesful of goo.

Drool poured into Donna's cunt and Carmen slurped it back out, laced with loin juice. The cuntjuice was spilling from Donna's pussy as abundantly as the pre-cum had oozed from Vince's pisshole, promising cunt-hungry Carmen a lavish load when the girl creamed at the crest.

Carmen used only her tongue for a while, whisking and flailing, alternately between cunt and clit as she varied her technique.

Wanting to make the cunt meal last, she paused each time it seemed as if her little girl's clit was going to explode. She drew back and gazed into Donna's groin as she let her recede from the peak, then dove in and resumed her talented tonguing.

Donna clamped her slim thighs around her mother's raven-dark head, holding her in a scissor grip for a moment. But then her legs flew wide open again.

She didn't want to hamper her hungry mother's feasting in any way and, too, she wanted to keep

her groin spread out so that her brother could enjoy the view.

Which he certainly was, thrilled to the core at the sight of that maternal tongue stirring and slurping around in his sibling's sweet pussy.

His cock was so hard again that he felt as if it began in his heels, nailing him to the floor.

But he felt sure that one of them would be more than happy to help him empty his balls again, once they had finished their distaff dalliance.

Carmen slithered her tongue in, curling up the edges to form a scoop, then drew it back to her mouth with a pool of pussy nectar in the folds.

She used her fingertips to spread Donna's cunt open wider and lapped in as deep as she could reach, rubbing her nose on the girl's clit as her tongue sank up the sleeve of her fuckhole and whipped around hungrily.

Then Carmen began to suck as well as lick. She clamped her sensual lips to her sweet little girl's pussy and started nursing steadily.

Donna cried out in rapture. It was the same for her as it had been for her sibling-the licking had been lovely and the sucking was even better.

Carmen's pliable mouth was flooding full of Donna's cunt nectar. The woman's lips were glued to the girl's pussy like a suction cup on a clogged drain. As she sucked the slot, her tongue slid up and down the hole, French kissing the smoldering cunt like it was a bearded mouth.

Vince, bending over them in fascination, saw some cuntjuice spill down his mother's chin. He grasped his stiff cock automatically, giving the shaft a stroke. Then he realized what he was doing and yanked his self-abusing fist away, horrified by the thought that he might have milked his own prick off, from habit and purely by mistake.

Jacking off was a habit that Vince knew he was going to have to break, now that this family frolic had commenced and he had lots better places to spill his spunk than out onto his own pumping fist.

He clasped his hands behind his back, keeping them away from temptation. As he bent down, his massive cock was looming up so tall that it was almost brushing him under the chin. It looked as if, with a little nimble contortion, the well-endowed lad could have sucked his own prick.

Not that he would, when he had a mother who was only too happy to take that job on.

But at the moment, that mother had another tasty task on the tip of her tongue. She was working steadily now, bringing Donna to the heights.

"Cum, baby! Cream off for Mommy!" she sighed, the words muffled on the girl's pussy.

Her dark head turned from side to side, like a terrier shaking a wet rat. Her tongue shot in and her face rotated around that focal point. Her mouth seemed to be plastered to Donna's fuckslot, glued there by a paste of pussyjuice and drool.

Then she started to bob her head up and down, using her tongue to slurp all the way from the crack of Donna's ass on up through her groin, across her frenzied clit and into her bushy cunt hair.

She long-stroked a few times, then began to suck toward the creamy climax again.

Her hands cupped the cheeks of Donna's ass and she tilted the girl's loins up higher, as if her cunt were a chalice she was draining to the dregs.

Donna whimpered and lashed her pelvis about, mopping her mom's face with her cunt. Carmen gurgled as the girl gave her that fuckable facial. She was coated with cunt cream from her chin to her cheeks.

Donna's pussy was so slippery by this time that her mother's tongue was sinking in like a post driven into a pool of quicksand. The girl's cunt was sucking on Carmen's mouth, just like a mouth, itself. Carmen quaffed on her pussy and the juice came out like melted pearls.

Carmen did some clit work, sucking that swollen bud in and out of her pursed lips as if it were a tiny, vibrant prick or a French-kissing tongue. Then her mouth opened wide and she glued it to the girl's cunt again as Donna surged towards the crest.

"Cummin', Mommy! Creamin'!" Donna wailed.

But her mother was well aware of that, since she was drinking the results.

"Yes, baby! Yes, darling! Give it to Mommy! Feed me your sweet goo!" Carmen gurgled as she gulped.

The flow was getting hotter and thicker and creamier and the fragrance was even more redolent as Donna's fuckhole began to melt.

Waves of pleasure fluttered across the girl's slender belly and rippled up her trembling thighs. The waves were coming faster and peaking higher, blending into one tidal crest. She felt as if there was a maelstrom in her pussy, a monsoon swirling in her cunt.

Her clit exploded like a blasting cap and the core of her cunt turned to cream. The cum juice swirled down her cunt tunnel and poured into her mother's mouth. Carmen sucked it up and gulped it down greedily.

"Ahhhhh! Ohhhh, baby! Keep it up!" she gurgled.

Her mouth filled brimful of cunt cum, she swallowed it down and it warmed her belly like a fine brandy. Then the girl obligingly topped her maw up yet again.

"Glubbbbbbb-gulpppp!" she sputtered in a feeding frenzy on that foaming fuckhole.

She never wanted to finish. Her daughter's cum juice was the sweetest she had ever ingested and it was cumming out endlessly, as if the little girl's cunt were a cornucopia full of cream.

"Ahhhhhhh-drink me, Mom!" Donna moaned.

She was thrashing about in tremulous joy. She felt as if her eyeballs were going to cave in from the suction on her cunt as Carmen hungrily mouthed the pussy paste out.

Donna fairly screamed as the very highest crest came ripping through her loins. A great wash of cunt cum spilled out, splashing all over Carmen's lips and chin and cheeks, drenching her in a deluge.

Donna sank back in rapture.

Carmen kept sucking merrily away, coaxing out the last succulent drops and working off the fading spasms, sucking her lovely little girl down gently.

When she was sure that Donna had finished foaming off, Carmen lifted her face from those lunchbox loins, her jaws festooned with banners of cunt cum.

She gave Donna a questioning look.

Donna knew what the question was-and she stuck her tongue out by way of a reply.

Chapter Ten

Vince had been hoping-and expecting-to sink his tormented prick into a mouth or cunt again as soon as Mom had finished sucking off his sister. But now the youth was learning a lesson well-known to girls-that cuntlapping was almost always reciprocal.

Getting her cunt sucked off had made Donna hungry and eating the girl's pussy had made Carmen horny. Cunts and tongues got hot alternately in the creamy course of a cuntsuck-ing session.

Donna fluttered her tongue around and, smiling radiantly, whispered, "Sit on my face, Mom!"

Her tongue was sizzling like an immersion heater and she was salivating so heavily that she felt as if her mouth were melting.

And Carmen had just what the hungry girl needed.

Carmen ducked down and kissed her daughter's cunt as if to show her gratitude for the gooey feast it had provided. Then she began to crawl on up the teenager's slender body. Her cunt brushed in Donna's curly vee, matting the chestnut tresses with cream. Then it slid on up her belly, laying a slug trail. Cuntjuice pooled in her belly button.

She was glazing Donna's torso with cuntjuice almost as liberally as Vince had hosed it with spunk.

She shifted higher and squatted astride the girl's upthrust tits, rubbing her cunt on them, brushing her stiff clit on the distended nipples. Cream flooded into Donna's cleavage like a swamp in a ravine.

Donna's head was craned up, her chin resting on her breastbone as she gazed down hungrily into her mother's sodden, steaming groin, eagerly anticipating a faceful of that foaming fuckslot. Donna's tongue was already flashing in and out, as if she were practicing probing pussy,

limbering it up for the loin lunch that was about to be served.

It felt great to have a cunt creaming on her tit-especially her mom's cunt-but Donna knew it would be much, much better to have it melting in her mouth.

"Don't tease me, Mom! Feed me!" she

Carmen was happy to do just that. If she had rubbed her cunt on those delectable tits much longer, she would have juiced off all over them-and she didn't want to cream before she was on the saddle of Donna's lovely face.

She wriggled on up, her firm ass flinging itself from side to side. Donna's head tipped back. Her eyes narrowed and her lips parted and she thrust her chin up like a baby bird waiting to be fed.

Carmen knelt astride Donna's head, grinding her groin around just out of reach of the girl's questing tongue. Donna was gazing right up that unfurled fuckhole, staring into the open slot and at the inner rings, watching the delicious juice swirl and froth within the bowl.

She held her mom by the ass and pulled her pussy down, shoving her face up to meet it. Carmen's cunt slapped on Donna's mouth and Donna began to suck voraciously. The girl might not have had as much experience or practice at sucking pussy as her mother did, but she was going about it with innate talent and total enthusiasm.

Her tongue snaked in and her lips sucked on the flowing fount. Carmen was so horny from sucking her son and daughter both off in succulent sequence that her fuckhole began to melt immediately, cascades of cunt cum flooding out.

Donna drank and Carmen creamed-and Vince just had to get involved. Watching was a kinky kick and wonderful in its way, but the boy felt left out of things.

He knelt down and began to lick his mother's cuntjuice off his sibling's belly. He moved on up to her tits and nursed on the cream-soaked tips as they swelled in his lips. He had never had his mouth on his sister before-nor even his hands, for that matter. They had watched each other frig off often enough, but without any contact.

A mother's thoughtful initiative had soon changed that frustrating situation and now there were no holds barred in this family frolic.

Vince licked back down Donna's slim tummy and buried his face in her cunt. He sniffed and licked and sucked on the tasty pussy.

Jeez! he thought. It was no fucking wonder that Mom liked to eat pussy. Cunt was so scrumptious that the sex of the sucker didn't matter at all and now the boy understood why Mom and Sis were cuntdivers without being lesbians.

Donna gobbled Carmen's cunt and Vince tonguefucked Donna at the other end of her undulating body. Parental pussy was pouring out paste and sibling cunt was sluicing off in the boy's ardent mouth.

Vince munched merrily away for a while, then he licked back up his sister's belly.

The lad had a smorgasbord all spread out before him, a varied banquet, and he wanted to sample each dish and relish every delicacy.

Sucking on his sister's deliciously coated tits, he looked up into their mother's groin from behind, seeing her cuntlips flutter open and Donna's nimble pink tongue slurp in and out of the coral-colored slot.

As Carmen squirmed and churned on Donna's face, the cheeks of her ass opened, revealing the puckered bud of her tight little shitter.

Vince slid higher and ran his tongue up through the crack of her ass. Then he began to suck on his mom's asshole. It was just as it had been when he was mouthing his sister's cunt. With the very first taste, he understood just why his mom loved to rim out shitters.

His mother's asshole was tangy and gooey. His tongue wedged in as if he were licking a caramel candy or sampling a pot of fudge. He sucked on the chocolate delight and slobbered into the tiny socket.

Carmen was going crazy now that she was getting tongued in both of her twin tunnels.

The promiscuous woman had been cumming before, but now she was soaring to a savage peak. Her cunt cum rushed out as if a dam had burst in her loins.

Vince wedged his tongue as deep into his mother's guts as it would go, probing for her bowels.

He could feel his sister's tongue shooting in and out of the parallel passage, separated from his own tongue by the slender, delicate membrane of Carmen's taint.

Carmen cried out in bliss. Her cunt was dissolving and she felt as if her asshole were creaming, too. She fed her daughter cum nectar and served her son an ass buffet. Donna drank deeply and Vince swallowed voraciously.

A shuddering crest hit Carmen and she wailed, thinking her dynamic cumming had peaked.

But then her son's tongue sank into her fudgehole and her cunt exploded yet again, bathing Donna's whole face with the lavish flood.

Donna gulped it down and sucked for more. Her belly was so full of her mother's cunt milk that the greedy girl felt inflated like a balloon. The sweet slime was sloshing around in her tummy like a neap tide.

Another tremendous peak hit Carmen and again she wailed out her ecstasy. Then she began the slow, spiraling descent, coming down from the crest gradually.

Donna kept on tonguing and sucking, bringing her mom down gently, and Vince continued to sink his tongue up into her shit chute, stabbing in so deep she half expected his lapper to slide into her mouth, so that she would be French kissing him from out of her own throat-as if his probing tongue was transfixing her digestive tract.

It made her wonder how it would feel to have his huge prick up her ass, as well.

And that prick was certainly ready to go into some hot, wet hole. Now that they had started family fun, Carmen knew that her son would be up her shit chute soon enough.

But she still hadn't fucked the boy.

And Carmen figured that her asshole could wait.

It was time to make Vince a motherfucker.

Chapter Eleven

Still squirming around on Donna's sodden face, Carmen reached behind her and groped for her son's cock and balls. Vince obligingly put his cock in her hand. She squeezed and stroked and sighed when she felt how hard his prick was. If anything, her son's prick was even bigger and stiffer than it had been when she was sucking it.

Watching a mother and daughter eat each other out was obviously inspirational for a son and brother.

Holding on to his cock, Carmen began to crawl off Donna's face, moving up, still mopping Donna's face with her cunt as she slid onto the girl's nose, then her forehead.

Pulling Vince along by the leash of his cock, she crawled on off Donna's head.

Vince's prick was following, angled down and running up Donna's belly like a plow cutting a furrow. The swollen knob slid into the girl's tit cleft. Vince humped, frigging in his sibling's hot cleavage.

Carmen pulled him higher.

Donna was sprawled out, panting, her face tilted up and her mouth open. She was so soaked with cunt cream that it looked as if she'd had a cheesecake shoved in her face.

Vince's cock brushed her chin.

Donna licked at it, sighing, loving her first taste of her brother's delectable prick. She had swallowed his cum, but only second hand. Those limitations were a thing of the past now.

She sucked his cockhead into her mouth.

"Ummmmmmmm!" she purred, adoring it, loving the taste and the texture and really looking forward to the first time she gulped the brotherly jism out of his cock.

Carmen waited patiently while her daughter mouthed her son's cock for a while. But then, in a selfish mood and hot for a cuntful of that massive cock, she moved on up the couch, still pulling Vince by the prick.

His cockhead was firmly planted in Donna's mouth and his prick was much too stiff to bend.

As Carmen hauled him along, Donna's face was tilted back on that iron-hard lever and Vince's ass heaved up on the back end of his hard-on.

Astride his sister's face, the boy fucked straight down into her mouth, gagging her as he plowed into her gullet. But she took it gladly, then sucked through every precious inch as it slid back out.

Carmen halted long enough to allow Vince to fuck Donna's mouth half a dozen times. Then she tugged his prick up and the fat knob came out of Donna's lips with a slurp. Vince shuffled on, dragged by his cock.

His heavy, bloated balls rolled up over his sister's lips and she licked and sucked, savoring the musky, gamy, nutty flavor of his cum-bags and wishing she could drink the delicious load they contained.

But she could see that her mother was bent on getting the boy's next ball load.

And watching Mom get fucked by Vince would be almost as good as getting stuffed herself. She mouthed his cumbags as they slid up, then squirmed down and rolled over, ready to enjoy the next performance.

Vince wasn't sure what to expect, thinking that his mom might turn around and take another mouthful. But she kept her ass turned to him as she pulled him on top.

Carmen was on her hands and knees, her dark head down and her delectable ass hiked up high. She drew her son in from behind and fitted the head of his energetic and enormous prick into her cuntslot.

The boy gave a gleeful yelp when he understood that his mother wanted him to fuck her.

The prospect was even more thrilling than that of another blowjob!

The boy braced his knees and tightened his ass and tried to bury his cock up her cunthole right away. But Carmen was still holding his cock, and she prevented him from lunging in straight away.

About to get her first cuntful of her son's cock, the woman wanted to enjoy the initial action and savor the anticipation of breaking that taboo.

Tilting her wrist, she rubbed his cock-knob up and down in her gooey cunt, using it like a meaty spoon to stir her cream pot to foam. She brushed the greasy tip of his purple slab against her clit. Levering it up, she fitted it in the crack of her ass. Vince humped, driving his prick up and down in that saliva-soaked tunnel. Then she tugged his cock back into her crotch.

Very distinctly, enunciating each syllable as if she wanted no mistakes, Carmen said hotly, "Fuck-me-like-a-dog!" Her ass switched like an animal's wagging tail. "Shove your big cock up me, darling! Fuck Mommy silly!"

She moved her hand away, releasing his cock.

Vince grasped her by the hipbones, looking down, seeing his cockhead nudged in her pussy. Her cuntlips were sucking on that slab just like a mouth.

It didn't surprise the boy.

He had fucked her mouth just like a cunt, so why shouldn't her cunt be like a mouth?

He began to fuck in very slowly, burying his prick inch by inch.

Donna was belly down, her chin on the couch, watching in fascination. The girl envied her mom that huge cuntful, but she was willing to wait for her own turn and, too, she was looking ahead to a real treat-sucking her mother's cuntjuice off her brother's prick and sucking his cum out of her mother's cunt.

Inch by inch, Vince's cock vanished up into Carmen's soaking, steaming pussy. He paused with half of it in, then paused again with three-quarters enveloped. Her cunt muscles were sucking on his prick, the inner rings fluttering up his stalk as if she were jerking him off inside her cunt. The elastic tube was molding itself tightly around the contours of his cock.

Then, with a lurch, he went in balls-deep.

"Ahhhhhhh!" the passionate parent purred.

Vince held his cock buried, his cumbags jammed tight to her crotch. He turned her by her hipbones as he ground his cock around on the full penetration.

The sensation of having his cock stuck up that suction-cup cunt was unbelievable. Every inch of his smoking hot prick was being caressed in her fuckhole, as that slippery sleeve clung to the outline.

Carmen squirmed and wriggled with joy on his prick, crazed by lust with her cunt filled to the core, stuffed to the very brim. He was up her so deep that she felt like a virgin again.

How lucky she was to have a handsome, teenaged son with such a gigantic prick!

And how lucky, too, that she was naughty enough to let him fuck her with it.

They stayed coupled for a while, not humping, holding the deep penetration. Then Carmen began to move, pulling her pussy up and down on a few inches of prick.

Her cuntlips distended as she dragged her fuckhole up his cock, then tucked back into her slot as she shoved back down toward his balls.

"Fuck me, Vince!" she cried.

As if the boy had been awaiting those instructions, he suddenly exploded into motion, hammering his hard cock into her with thundering thrusts.

Carmen met him with equal zest, springing back on her knees as he shoveled it to her, tumbling about, spinning and grinding her haunches about wildly.

His cock sank in and his balls swung into her groin like weighted blackjacks, thudding solidly. She reached back between her thighs and fondled his swollen bags for a few strokes, but then released them so that she was in no way hindering his freedom to fuck as fast as he could.

His flat belly slapped on the curve of her upthrust ass and she tipped up higher, the platform of her pelvis going up and down like a seesaw.

Donna lay behind them, her chin on the couch, watching the prick-pistoning action. She wriggled up closer and began to lick her sibling's cumbags as they swung back. Cunt cream was spraying from Carmen's pussy each time Vince poured the prick up her. The stuff hung in her groin in a mist and drops speckled Donna's cheeks like creamy freckles.

Donna rose up to stick her tongue in Vince's asshole for a while, just to keep her appetite piqued and her tastebuds on the simmer.

Vince yelped as his sister's nimble tongue snaked on up his shit chute. It felt as if she was licking the root of his hard-on inside his groin.

She bobbed up and down, rimming out shithole and licking ballmeat and burrowing into his groin from behind to tongue his cockshaft as it sank in and out. Then the girl wriggled back to watch for the final frenzy. She was as hungry for cunt and cock as she could get and needed no more asshole or cumbags hors d'oeuvres. She feasted her eyes as she waited for her turn at the table.

Vince dipped at the knees and slid his cock into his mother's cunt with a long, rippling, underslung stroke that ran every inch of his hard cock across her stiff clit, making her wail with bliss.

Then he heaved his haunches up and hammered down from above, piledriving her into the couch.

Carmen undulated and squirmed. She arched and bridged and bowed sinuously. Her head jerked from side to side, eyes misty, lips drooling, and her heavy tits swung under her like fruit ripe for the plucking.

Getting her cunt stuffed by her teenaged son was even better than sucking his big prick, she thought.

His hard ass corkscrewed and her firm haunches twisted around as the cock drove in below. Mother and son were balling in perfect harmony, keyed to each other's passions, sharing the rising thrill.

Her clit started to ignite, smoldering like the fuse that would set off a deeper detonation in her pussy. Her cunt was filling up with pussy paste as thick and solid as putty-like plastic explosives packed in her cunt.

"Shoot, Vince! Cum in Mommy!" she wailed.

The boy hauled her back by the hips and pounded his prick in violently, seeking to join her at the peak. Carmen was at the crest and holding there and Vince was hammering away and surging toward his own peak.

"Gonna-blow-off!" he gurgled.

"Yeah-yeah-yeah!" she panted.

His balls were big as melons now, whacking in like grenades, while his cock was expanding massively, stretching out her fuckhole as it swelled inside her. He was driving so deep that she fancied the head of his prick must be pushing her vital organs aside to make room.

"Juice me! Jizz me!" she cried.

Vince grunted. His head tipped back and he howled like a baying wolf as his balls exploded. The cum spurted up his prick and splashed in the core of Carmen's cunt, hitting her so solidly she imagined she could hear it splatter.

She let herself go and her fuckhole turned to a whirlpool of foaming cunt cum. His spurting prick plowed in through the tide of her cream, a bow wave braking around the prow of his cock-knob. More jizz squirted from his pisshole and slid into her swampy seepage.

They held together at the crest, cumming and creaming, peaking again and again. His final jizz jet splashed into her and Carmen dissolved in rapture.

Donna was looking on in awe.

That action had been so frantic that she wondered that smoke wasn't pouring from her mother's fuckhole, that her brother's prick wasn't steaming. The aroma of hot cock and cunt and cum was so strong that it seemed as if they might have melted together.

They stopped fucking at last, stroking slower and finally ceasing the motion entirely. Carmen's head sank down onto the couch. Her ass was still jacked up high and her son was still plugged up her pussy. He clung to her haunches, grinning and gasping, hung up on her ass by his own meat hook.

His formidable cock was still hard.

His balls were hanging down like punctured wineskins, but his cock stayed stiff. After a few moments, he began to slide it in and out again, as if he intended to throw another doggy fucking into his mother without removing his prick from her cunt for even a moment.

But Donna was desperate now.

She grabbed his deflated balls and began to tug his cock out of their mom's cunt. Vince offered no protest. Having already fucked his mother in mouth and cunt, it seemed a good idea to give his sexy sister some, too.

His prick came out inch by inch, against the clinging suction of her cunt. Her cuntlips clamped tight, holding the slab like a squeezebox. Donna had to jerk hard on her brother's balls to pull his cockhead from that snug pussy.

Vince twisted around toward the girl and Donna began to lick the mother's cunt milk off his prick.

And Mother looked on approvingly.

She was still hot and horny and hungry, herself, being an insatiable sort of lady, but she knew it

was only fair to give her daughter a crack at the only available prick.

Carmen assumed that they had all day to carry on with this family orgy.

But they didn't.

Chapter Twelve

Bruce thought that the customer was acting peculiar. Bruce was the manager of a furniture store and the curvaceous blonde in the tight-fitting, jade green dress had come in a short time ago, saying that she wanted to select a comfortable chair. But then she had proceeded to sit in each of the chairs he showed her, squirming about, looking indecisive. Presently she asked him to leave her alone while she made her selection. He moved away, but kept an eye on her as she continued to shift from seat to seat, as if she were playing some solitary game of musical chairs.

Finally she settled into a leather recliner, angling it back slightly. Then, to Bruce's surprise, she hooked her knees up over the armrests, so that she was sitting on the edge of the seat with her legs wide apart.

He couldn't help but glance up under her skirt, being a red blooded guy-and he gulped when he realized that the sexy blonde wasn't wearing any panties.

He wandered toward her, trying to pretend that he wasn't peering up her skirt. She smiled at his approach and made no attempt to conceal her naked crotch.

"Errr-comfortable?" Bruce inquired.

It was an expensive chair and he hoped he could sell it to her but, under the circumstances, the lovely lady was more than welcome to sit there as long as she liked, with her legs apart as if she were airing her cunt.

"Well, yes-but I'm trying to figure out if my husband will be comfortable," she replied.

"The chair's for him?"

"No, it's for me."

This bemused Bruce.

"Maybe you can help me decide, though," the blonde woman said. "You're just about the same height as my husband-would you mind kneeling down in front of me?"

"I don't get it, lady," Bruce said.

She blushed very delicately. "You see, my husband loves to eat my pussy while I'm sitting in a chair with my legs up, just like I am now ..."

Holy shit, Bruce thought.

"But if the chair is too low he gets a crick in his neck, and if it's too high he has to crane his head up and he gets a stiff spine. So if you could just kneel down here, I can see if the height is right.

Okay?"

Brace was more than pleased to drop to his knees before her, both because he was a good salesman and also because it gave him a better look at her pussy.

He couldn't blame her husband for loving to go down on such a sweet cunt. Her mount was a golden bush and her open pussy was running like a waterfall below the vee. Ribbons of cunt-juice trickled down her crotch and soaked into the crack of her trim ass.

He noticed that she was spreading a gooey pool on the seat of the chair, as well. But it was leather and the slime could easily be washed off afterwards-or even licked up, if he wanted a taste of her cunt spillage.

The blonde studied the elevation and activated the switch that rocked the recliner back another inch. She pulled the hem of her knit dress up above her hips. Seated on the edge of the tilted-back chair, she seemed to be offering her cunt up like a snack on a leather tray.

The tantalizing fragrance wafting out from between her open legs was making Bruce drool. Her husband was a lucky guy, Bruce reckoned. It was little wonder that the man had such a hearty appetite.

"Could you move your head just a bit closer?" the blonde politely requested.

Bruce leaned out, his fascinated face poised right over her perfumed pussy.

"Yes, I think that's about right," she surmised. "I guess Ed can get at me in comfort in this chair."

"Errrrr-would you like me to make sure?" the furniture salesman volunteered. "We like to stand fully behind everything that we sell."

"Oh! If you wouldn't mind-" she purred.

"It will be my pleasure," Bruce gallantly assured the blonde bombshell.

He dropped his head down and sank his salivating tongue into her fuckslot.

"Ahhhhh-is that comfortable for you?" she asked.

"So far. But maybe I'd better lick you for a while, just to make sure my neck doesn't get stiff."

"How kind of you," she graciously agreed.

Bruce began to lap away with gusto, spooning cuntjuice out with his tongue, sucking on her swollen clit, stabbing his lapper up her pussy.

She rocked back and forth in the chair, swaying and squirming as she mopped her cunt on his mouth. Drool and pussy nectar washed down her groin. Bruce ducked down lower and licked the seepage out of the crack of her ass, then returned to her creamy cunt.

His cock was on the rampage now, trying to burst from his fly-or maybe to burn its way through the fabric, like a welder's torch.

He was hoping that he might interest her in trying out a bed as well as the chair. But he wanted to finish this sweet snack, first.

She slid a hand down and used her fingertips to open her cunt wider. Bruce tongued up as far as his lapper would reach, licking out the inner folds. He held her by her sleek flanks and ground his head around as she jerked against his face, drenching him heavily.

He knew that he should have taken his necktie off. Cunt cream was spilling down the front of his shirt. A guy needed a bib on a cunt like this one. Bib, hell-she was so juicy that he could have used an apron!

And she was getting juicier by the moment as she surged to the crest.

The cunt cum was filling him so liberally that Bruce figured her husband must be a fat guy, if he spent so much time swallowjng from her cunt.

She cried out and shuddered. Bruce sucked like a vacuum cleaner, gulping from her pussy with glee. Her whole body went stiff, legs shooting out. Then she hooked her knees up to her tits, curving her ass, turning her horny haunches up like a hoop.

Bruce kept his mouth plastered down on her cunt as she rolled her groin up in the seat.

Her feet kicked in the air and she hooked her knees over his shoulders. Her legs shot straight up again. Her fuckjuice was foaming out in a torrent.

"Oh-oooooh-ahhhhhh!" she whimpered.

Then she slumped back, a dreamy smile on her lips, her eyes misty with contented pleasure.

Bruce kept on munching for a while, sucking the dregs from her pussy, mopping her crotch up with his tongue. He went down to lap the stray slime out of the crack of her ass and lick the ribbons from her thighs.

Finally he raised his head, grinning.

She gave him an affectionate sort of look and he felt sure he had made a sale.

And he was wondering if he should invite her to try out a bed, or shove his cock into her as she perched there on the edge of the wet chair.

"You're a super salesman," she complimented him. "That's the best demonstration I've had in ages!"

Bruce blinked.

Did she do this often? he speculated.

"Errr-shall I have the chair delivered?" he asked.

"Oh, I won't commit myself yet, I'm afraid. I'd like to shop around a bit more and see what the other furniture dealers have to offer. You do understand? I'll be spending hours and hours getting eaten out in whatever chair I choose, so I must be certain."

Bruce was astounded. There were lots and lots of furniture dealers in town and he could just imagine that sweet-cunted lady going from one to the other, making the rounds and getting her fuckhole sucked off at every stop.

It even made him wonder if maybe she wasn't married at all. It made a good cover story for a single woman looking for some head.

"Yes, I quite understand," he said. "But you've made me awfully horny and I do hope that you're going to allow me to empty my balls into you before you go?"

She looked scandalized.

Bruce was starting to open his fly, but she stopped him with a withering look.

"What do you think you're doing?" she snapped. "What sort of person do you think I am? I told you I was married and I certainly won't cheat on my husband. You're disgusting to even think such a thing!"

Poor Bruce was dumbfounded.

The blonde slid from the recliner and smoothed her green knit dress slowly down over her loins. Then, giving him another scathing look, as if she found him distasteful and depraved, she walked from the shop.

Bruce was sadly disillusioned.

He was also very, very frustrated.

He licked up the spilled curit cream from the chair just for the hell of it, but that certainly did nothing to help his condition. His cock was beating like a gong.

He considered beating himself off.

But then he had a better idea. Bruce decided to close up early and go home to sink his tormented cock into his sexy wife, instead.

He was in for a big surprise.

Chapter Thirteen

With their mother looking on approvingly, Vince was pouring the prick to his sister. Wanting everything, the boy was switching back and forth from her cunt to her mouth. He mounted her loins and fed her a few strokes up her pussy, then crawled on up her body and pumped some prick into her mouth, alternating.

His cock went into her cunt wet with her saliva and into her mouth slathered with her cuntjuice.

He wondered which hot hole he would shoot his spunk in when he surged to the peak. He didn't care-nor did his sister, who was equally horny at both ends.

Because he was giving his prick time to cool down and recede as he moved it from mouth to cunt and vice versa, Vince was prolonging their pleasure.

Carmen was curled up beside them, watching all the juicy details of the sibling sex. She looked, licked, then drew back to look some more. Her tongue was flirting around the rim of the coupling, slurping at the edges.

She licked her son's cock and balls as he transferred his cock from fuckhole to face. She French kissed Donna while the girl was getting a cuntful, then slid down and sucked her pussy while Vince fucked her face.

Naturally, Carmen was getting horny as could be again, eager for the siblings to finish fucking and sucking with each other so that they could once again turn their undivided attention to her.

Vince switched his steaming prick from hot cunthole to hungry mouth and Carmen shifted up and down as she panted on the periphery of the action. Then she started sucking steadily on her son's balls, moving along with him as he went up and down on Donna's versatile body. The steady suction at the source was making Vince rise towards the heights now. With his mother's mouth on his balls, his cock wasn't getting a chance to cool off as she traded places in his sister's sexy form.

Carmen murmured gleefully when she felt his cumbags bloat towards the bursting point in her lips.

"Cum, Vince! Jizz in your sister!" she whimpered on his bomb-like balls.

She was keen to drink her son's spunk out of her daughter's mouth or cunt, then to claim the boy's next creamy dose for her own sizzling pussy.

"Gonna blow-soon!" Vince rasped.

Donna squealed and squirmed, hoping that he had enough juice so that he could spurt some up her cunt and still spray some into her mouth.

That was when Bruce got home.

"Darling? You here?" he called.

"Ohmigod!" Carmen gasped.

Vince yanked his cock out of his sister's fuckhole and crouched back. They all exchanged glances of horror and alarm and foreboding. They couldn't imagine what Bruce would say or do if he walked into the family fun room and found them locked up in an incestuous orgy.

"Home and horny, baby! You here?" he called out, his voice sounding closer now as he came down the hall.

"Hide, kids!" Carmen squawked. But where could they hide? There was no closet or alcove in

the den and they couldn't leave the room without encountering their father in the hallway, and there was certainly no time to get their clothing on.

Vince looked around in a panic, then ducked over the back of the couch and hid behind it. There was no alternative and his sister jumped over, as well.

That left Carmen alone on the couch, naked, with her mouth spunky and her cunt soaking wet. All that she could think of to do was to pretend that she had been giving herself a solitary handjob.

She lay back and cupped a hand over her cunt, just as her husband looked in.

He blinked, then grinned.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said. "It's a good thing I decided to come home early. I got a hard-on like a fucking redwood, baby-and it sure looks as if you're all set to get screwed silly, eh?"

He began to whip his clothing off.

Behind the couch, Vince and Donna were holding their breath with frustration, their sibling sex having been so rudely interrupted in mid-stroke.

And they were trapped. As long as Daddy was in the den, they wouldn't dare to carry on fucking, knowing that he was liable to hear the sounds of randy rutting.

Donna held Vince's prick and he slipped three fingers up her pussy, but they didn't start frigging each other, fearing their father would hear the noise they would make.

Naked, Bruce approached the couch. His cock was looming out like a gigantic medieval weapon and his thighs were bowed wide around his bloated balls.

He started to mount the reclining woman.

But Carmen twisted upright. The back of the couch wasn't very high and she was afraid that if Bruce began to throw the prick to her from above, he was likely to turn his head and see the kids cowering behind.

"Lie down, darling!" she suggested. "I wanna ride on your big cock!"

That suited Bruce to a tee. His hard-on was so heavy that it would be unwieldy if he tried to thrust it in and out in the missionary position. With a boner like he had today, it was much more comfortable to lie back and let his lady do the labor of love.

He stretched out, locking his hands behind his head and bridging his body so that his cock jutted up. Carmen slung a knee across and straddled him.

With his balls ballooning in her cunt bush, his cock-knob stood so tall that it was brushing her heavy tits. She squirmed on it, then began to rise up on quivering thighs. Her wet cunt pulled up his cock. She rose to the top and the bulging head dipped into her groin.

She slowly shoved her pussy down and filled her loins with his looming prick.

She held him bails-deep, squirming on the full penetration, winding her pelvis around sinuously.

Bruce grunted and groaned in glee.

How fortunate that he had come home just as his wife was fingerfucking herself, he thought. He was greatly interested in what she had been doing, too.

"What were you thinking about, baby? While you were playing with your pussy?" he croaked.

Carmen hesitated. They both enjoyed indelicate pillow talk and she knew that Bruce wouldn't mind no matter what lurid fantasies she expressed.

She figured it would thrill the kids, too.

Sitting upright on Bruce's prick, she turned her head and looked down behind the couch. Vince and Donna gave her sheepish grins, as if they were embarrassed by their own frustration, holding unrequited love in their hands and unable to do anything about it.

"I-I was being very, very naughty, darling," Carmen whispered, blushing slightly.

His cock pulsed violently in her cunt and ex-citement glowed in his face.

"Yeah? Tell me, kid!" he urged her.

"I-I was pretending that I was sucking Vince's cock" she softly sighed, looking demure and modest.

She gave him a look to see how he would take that wicked fantasy. But she needn't have worried.

Bruce looked absolutely delighted and his cock began to pound like a jackhammer.

Encouraged, Carmen said, "I think about that a lot, darling-about blowing Vince and letting him cum in my mouth and swallowing it."

"Ohhhhhh-tell me more!" Bruce moaned.

"And-I think about fucking him, too!"

Her words were inflaming her husband even more than the feel of her suction-cup pussy. His prick was as hot as a branding iron in her cunt.

"And-and sometimes I think about sucking Donna's juicy cunt, too!" Carmen added.

Bruce gasped, getting as turned on by those naughty confessions as he had ever been.

"Do you think I'm wicked?" Carmen asked.

"Yeah! But I love it! Oh, shit-I'd love to watch you fuck and suck with our kids!" Bruce groaned, getting into the spirit of the conversation.

"You mean-really?" she panted.

"Oh, yeah! I'd love to suck Donna's cunt, myself-and fuck her, too!" he croaked.

He began to hump up and down and Carmen started to ride on his prick, dropping her cunt down to meet his cock as he shoved it up.

Her face was turning from side to side, dark tresses tumbling about her cheeks. As she rose up on his cock, she looked behind the couch again.

The kids, she saw, had been as stimulated by the pillow talk as their father.

Donna's cunt was spilling out a deluge of fragrant juice and Vince's pisshole was oozing preliminary goo out like toothpaste from a tube.

Carmen realized how terribly frustrating it was for the teenagers to be so horny and helpless. And it dawned on her how she could help them out, freeing them for action, clearing the decks for further dalliance.

If she were to sit on Bruce's face, she could blind his eyes and baffle his ears between her thighs. It would give Vince and Donna a chance to fuck behind the couch, or to tiptoe from the den and finish up elsewhere.

She drove her cunt up and down a couple more times, then heaved up and pulled her pussy from his prick.

Bruce looked at her in surprise.

She gave him a dazzling smile.

"Darling-I'm in the mood to sixty-nine," she sighed.

Bruce grinned his agreement, knowing her magic mouth could milk him as well as her cunt.

Carmen twisted lithely around into the position of inverted oral lovemaking. His head craned up to meet her as she lowered her pussy to his face.

He began to tongue her out with relish.

Carmen's cunt was a lot creamier than the blonde customer at the store, he noticed. If he hadn't known better, he could have sworn that she had just been shot full of a lavish load of fuckjuice.

Holding her by the haunches, he burrowed in, licking and sucking hungrily.

Carmen sat upright and looked behind the couch again. She gave the kids a wink and nodded her head sideways, indicating that it was safe to sneak away now.

Then she dropped her head and took her husband's giant prick into her mouth. Her lips fluted on down and she began to inhale on his tasty prick as if she were breathing through a snorkel tube.

Vince and Donna cautiously rose and peered over the back of the couch. They saw that their

father's face was buried in creamy cunt and that he could be aware of nothing beyond the span of Carmen's crotch. They watched her sexy mouth slide up and down his cockshaft.

Then they moved out from behind the couch and headed for the door, intending to go upstairs and fuck each other's eyeballs out.

But they halted at the same moment, some tacit understanding coming between them. They looked back. How could they leave the room when that action was going on?

As long as Mom kept squatting on Daddy's face, it was perfectly safe to linger.

And, besides-Daddy had already said that he longed to fuck his little girl.

Hand in hand, the kids walked back to the couch.

Carmen saw them approaching from the tops of her eyes as she ground her mouth down on Brace's prick. But she could do nothing about it but keep him in the damp dark-and see just what her naughty kids intended to do.

Chapter Fourteen

Donna curled up beside her father's flank, giving her mother a saucy and impish grin. Carmen was sucking on Bruce's cockhead and Donna bent down and began to tongue her father's swollen cumbags.

Bruce moaned, the sound muffled in Carmen's pussy. His wife always gave talented and enthusiastic head, but today she was excelling herself. How in hell was she managing to suck his balls and his cock-knob at the same time? It felt just as if two mouths were at play on his cock and balls.

He heaved up, fucking deeper into Carmen's mouth. As his thick prick pulled out, his daughter danced her tongue against the heavily veined underside.

Donna licked up and down, tonguing her mother's mouth at the top and her daddy's balls at the bottom and thoroughly laving his cock in between.

A bit of pre-cum slid out of Carmen's lips and trickled down Brace's cockshaft. His little girl slurped it up and sighed. Her father's jizz was even more yummy than her brother's, she figured, and oh, how her hot, horny fuckhole was yearning for a load of that massive cock.

Donna was beyond inhibition by this stage, totally abandoned to pure lust. Her brother was a motherfucker and the girl was just as eager to be a fatherfucker.

She gave his cock a few more hungry strokes with her tongue, then rose up and threw a leg across so that she was kneeling over his thighs. She squirmed higher up his flanks and jerked her cunt out.

Carmen, still mouthing his cockhead, realized what her daughter intended to do. But she didn't see how to prevent it, even if she had wanted to. By denying Donna Daddy's cock, she would run the risk of exposing her presence.

Instead of stopping the girl, her lascivious mother decided to help her.

Carmen drew her lips off the slab of Brace's bulging prick. Knob and stalk were soaking with drool. She held his cock by the hilt and levered it up into Donna's crotch as the girl squirmed onto it.

Tilting her wrist from side to side, Carmen rubbed Brace's cockhead around in Donna's creamy cunt. Donna's pliable pussylips pulled and sucked on the purple wedge.

The slim, supple teenager balanced atop her father's prick, swaying and wriggling. Then she began to push her cunt on down his cock.

Inch by inch, she screwed her sodden pussy on down her daddy's massive prick. Then she lurched and squatted down, taking all of his cock up her fuckhole.

She gasped, feeling as if she was transfixed, thinking that his cockhead must be bumping against the dome of her skull. His enormous cuntstuffer throbbed in her pussy so savagely she thought that her hipbones were going to jump out of their sockets.

She began to slide up and down, goring her pussy on his prick, pulling up until only the head was in her slot, pausing there in delicate balance, then dropping down and taking him balls-deep again.

She hiked her ass back, angling her groin so that every inch of his long, hard cock was running over her clit as it went in and out.

Bruce was gasping in Carmen's crotch.

What new tricks had the woman learned? How the fuck was she managing to make her mouth feel so exactly like a cunt? He was sinking in to the hilt. His cockhead must be going all the way down her throat.

It was a mystery. Bruce was baffled and bemused and puzzled. But he sure as shit wasn't complaining. He humped with vigor, fucking into his little girl's cunthole as he thought he was deep-throating his wife's mouth.

Carmen had her chin on Brace's belly and she was looking into Donna's groin, watching the man's enormous cock vanish and emerge.

Then she slid in tongue first and began to play her lapper around the rim. She licked Donna's cuntlips and clit and she tongued Bruce's prick as it pulled out.

She stuffed her tongue up into the girl's cunt along with Bruce's prick, fucking in tandem. Then her lips clamped on Donna's clit and she began to suck it in and out of her mouth, making the girl wail.

But poor Vince felt sadly neglected.

He was standing over them, his cock jutting up-and he had nowhere to put it. He offered it to his sister's lips, but she was concentrating on fucking their father and paid his prick no heed. His mother's sweet mouth wasn't available, since it was clamped to the coupling.

He moved behind her and stared down, wondering if he could slip a secretive doggy fuck into her cunt without his father knowing about it. But the boy didn't suppose his dad could fail to notice that the cunt he was sucking had suddenly filled up with meaty cock.

Then, as she wriggled and squirmed about on the saddle of Bruce's face, the firm cheeks of her ass parted enough to show her son her asshole.

Remembering how tasty that tangy slot was, he automatically bent down and shoved his tongue into her shitter. Her tight ring sucked on his tongue, and the hard-pricked young man began to get some lurid ideas.

If his mother's snug asshole could pull so pleasantly on his tongue, he could just imagine what it would do to his cock. He swept his tongue around, getting her asshole as juicy as possible. His cockhead was already well-greased up from the preliminary seepage.

He lifted his head and grasped his cockshaft and fitted the knob into her shit socket.

He paused, not sure if his mom took it up the ass, half expecting that she would stop him. But Carmen groped back behind her ass and took his cock in her hand and began to pull it deeper into her asscrack.

Vince held her by the hips and as she kept on grinding her groin on Bruce's face, the teenager began to wedge his hard prick up into her shitter.

It was evident that her asshole wasn't cherry.

The fit was snug, but smooth. Her shit tunnel fluttered and loosened to accommodate his fat cock.

Inch by inch, he stuffed it in.

Carmen gurgled on her daughter's cunt as she felt her asshole fill up with her son's vibrant prick. It hurt just a little-only enough to add to the pleasure by embellishing it with a tingling sensation.

Vince moaned. Her tight shit chute seemed to be sucking him in, swallowing him from the wrong end. He tipped his head down, watching his reamer vanish. He wondered if his cockhead was splashing around in the lavish cum load that his mother had drunk from the other end of her digestive tract.

Then he was buried to the root. Her pliable ring held him tight. His bloated balls were bouncing off the top of his father's buried head.

He held fast, then began to hump, fucking his mom's ass in a frenzy. The cockmeat hissed in and her inner rings rippled and clung as she took him all the way up into her steamy bowels. His cock-knob was at the depths and his iron-hard prick was working like a crowbar up her passage.

They were all having plenty of fun-but Carmen was in seventh heaven, enjoying all the things that she loved so much at the same time.

She was eating pussy and sucking cock together, her own cunt was being sucked enthusiastically

and her asshole was getting buggered by her son's massive prick.

"Cum-cum-cum!" she began to cry.

Still blissfully innocent and unaware that anyone else was involved in this carnal cluster, Bruce assumed that she was addressing him-which she was, in fact, but not him alone. He stabbed his tongue up her frothy fuckhole and slogged his cock up into the cunt he believed to be a mouth.

The family unit plowed together like some well-oiled machine, working in relative harmony, rutting with joy as they drew towards the creamy conclusions.

Carmen's cunt melted in Bruce's mouth and Donna's pussy creamed on his rampant cock. The girl's groin turned to goo and her mother sucked it up with glee as she spilled her own nectar out from the other end.

Moments later, Vince gasped and the hot enema of his fuckjuice shot into Carmen's bowels, like vanilla laced into gooey fudge.

As his prick plunged in, packing Carmen's asshole, his jizz came foaming from the slot, pumped out by the prick that was spilling it. The hot, thick slime ran down the crack of her ass and streamed into her crotch, mixing with the cunt cum that Bruce was drinking.

Gulping from his wife's pussy, Bruce was amazed at how much she was juicing off. His cock gave a mighty lurch and his jizz came out in a geyser.

"Ahhhhh-swallow my spunk!" he wailed in Carmen's crotch, still thinking that it was her hungry mouth that his cock was draining off into.

But his little girl's cunt was like a mouth, soaking the fatherly fuckjuice up greedily.

His prick was foaming like a fountain and his cum was blending with her pussy goo. The combined cum cream gushed from her cunt and Carmen lapped it up voraciously as she kept going off on Bruce's face and their son kept pouring the boiling incest oil up her ass.

They pumped through the simultaneous spasms, all coming down slowly from the crest. Vince spilled the last of his jizz into her shit chute and sank back, trembling. His prick came snaking out of her asshole, softening at last.

As his knob pulled from her shitter, Carmen flopped forward and her cunt skidded from Bruce's face. The man stared up in amazement as he saw a big prick swaying around just over his slimy face.

Then he gasped when he saw who was on the other end of that impressive prick and realized that their son had been assfucking Carmen.

Was a husband always the last to know?

Not that Bruce minded at all. And then Carmen, shaking in the aftermath of her dynamic cumming, slowly toppled to the side. Her head rolled from Bruce's loins. Why did it still feel as if there was a hot mouth swallowing his cock?

The confused man stared down his torso-and saw his teenaged daughter happily bouncing up and down on his prick, working her cumming off as she emptied the dregs of his.

She gave him a shy, uncertain smile.

Bruce just looked astounded. It was a shocking thing to discover he had been fucking his little girl without even knowing it. But then he grinned.

Bruce had no regrets at all.

And he was pleased that he had a job at a furniture store, as well. Because he could get a good discount on a new bed-and from now on they were going to need a huge one.

End...