

Intimate In-Laws(48k) by David Crane

Chapter One

Hank Houston was horny.

He'd had a hard-on for a week and no matter how often he beat his meat and emptied his balls, his prick stiffened up again without any delay.

It had started at his sister's wedding.

Hank was a teenager and his sister Yvonne was a very nubile eighteen on her wedding day.

Hank had often had naughty thoughts about his adorable blonde sibling in the past, but as he stood in the church, looking at her in her virginal white wedding gown, it had struck the youth that his sister was going to get fucked that very night!

His prick had sprung out most embarrassingly in his pants, and he'd had to shove his hands down into his pockets and stoop over to hide his hard-on during the continuance of the marriage ceremony.

As soon as he got a chance, Hank rushed home to his room and jacked off vigorously. Then he did it again.

It felt good, as it always did, but it brought the boy little relief. No sooner had he squirted a load of jizz out and deflated his balls than he thought about his sister in the wedding bed and got randy all over again.

Yvonne and her husband had gone off on their honeymoon-and her younger brother had spent the whole damned week with his cock in his hand, pumping passionately away as he imagined what the bride was doing. It almost got boring in the end. There wasn't much he could do to vary a handjob.

He switched hands and shifted gears, but prick-pulling was much the same and he couldn't even vary his fantasies-all he wanted to think about was his sister getting fucked.

He tossed off in his bedroom, standing, lying down or kneeling. He wanked in the bathroom sink, in the bathtub and the shower. He jacked off in the garage and the toolshed and the laundry room.

He even fucked a hunk of raw liver in the kitchen-and later, watching his voluptuous mother chewing that same hunk of liver into which he'd spilled his spunk, he had gotten such a booming hard-on at the dinner table that he almost blacked out-and he might have, if he hadn't conveniently, but embarrassingly, cum in his pants.

Today-the day that Yvonne was due back from her honeymoon-he had had a stiff cock all during his classes. As soon as school got out, he had rushed home, hiding his hard-on behind his schoolbooks. He knew that his mother and father would both still be at work and that he would have the house all to himself, to jizz off where he pleased.

He decided to have his first handjob of the afternoon in the living room, instead of having to haul

that heavy burden up the stairs.

Not expecting to be interrupted, believing that he had both time and privacy, instead of just pulling his prick from his fly, he took the time to remove his trousers.

Standing by the floor-length curtains that blocked the picture window, he cupped his bloated cumbags in his left hand, where they lay solid and as heavy as a bowling ball.

He folded his right hand around his thick, throbbing cock-stalk and started to stroke.

Then he was startled to hear the front door open and footsteps come down the hall.

He snatched up his discarded pants -, but there was no time to put them on. And, besides, he didn't think that he could have yanked them out wide enough to drag them up above his thundering cock, or get them zipped up around his rampaging prick-rod and ballooning balls.

In a panic, unable to think of any possible excuse for having his pants off and his prick looming out like a fucking telephone pole, the youth quickly slid behind the floor-length curtain and hid by the window.

He peeked out through the gap to see who it was who had interrupted his solitary sex life.

His father walked in and sat down.

Hank wondered why in hell his dad was home from work at this hour and how long he would remain-how long Hank must lurk behind the curtains, unable to tend to his bloated balls and iron-hard cock.

Then the boy noticed that the front of his father's pants was bulging out, the contours of an obvious hard-on showing.

Holy shit! Had Dad come home early to give himself a handjob, too?

But Jake Houston wasn't opening his fly or anything. He just sat there, smiling in a mysterious manner and looking at his wristwatch from time to time.

What was he waiting for?

Jeez-was Mom coming home early, too? What was going on? Had his parents arranged to both get home early for an afternoon fuck? The idea drove Hank wild.

Maybe they would fuck right there in the living room, so he could watch!

The possibility made his fevered imagination run amok, and his prick got so hot that he was afraid it might set the curtains on fire.

The horny young man had often listened at their bedroom door and heard them fucking, but he had never seen them-or anyone else-fucking.

Naive and innocent, the biggest thrill that he had ever had was walking in on his nubile sister as she lay soaping her tits in the bathtub.

He had jerked off at least thirty times in remembrance of that occasion and calculated that he must have spurted out a gallon of spunk.

He could just imagine how he would have to beat his meat to a frazzle if he got a look at his voluptuous mother getting fucked on the couch.

He held his breath-and held his cock, as well-then waited to see what was going to happen. Then he heard the door open again. The click of high-heeled shoes sounded from the hallway.

His father stood up with a huge, expectant grin. His pants were bulging out with a boner that must have been every bit as huge and in need of servicing as Hank's own cock was.

Hank figured that it just had to be his mother who was coming down the hall.

Who else could it possibly be that his father was waiting for so eagerly?

Then in walked Hank's sister.

And, to Hank's amazement, his father showed no surprise-nor did he make any attempt to conceal the massive swelling in his pants.

Hank had no idea what was about to happen.

But he was sure as hell glad that he happened to be there to find out ...

Chapter Two

Yvonne was glowing with the well-fucked radiance one expects of a nubile young bride just returned from her week-long honeymoon.

She was a gorgeous girl with long golden hair and misty blue eyes and a wide, sensual mouth. She had high, thrusting tits, long smooth legs and pneumatic hips. Her ass was hard and round, her whole pelvis seemingly designed as a sort of fucking platform.

She was wearing a scoop-necked blouse that showed plenty of deep cleavage and a short skirt that revealed a length of sleek, nylon-sheathed thigh.

"Hi, Daddy."

"Hello, baby. How was the honeymoon?" Jake asked, still smiling and showing no concern whatsoever for the way that his pants were jutting out.

"Okay," Yvonne said with a shrug.

"Is Ralph a good lover?" her father queried-in a tone that implied more than normal curiosity or parental concern or fatherly solicitude.

Yvonne giggled gaily.

"Well, he sure tries hard. He's been fucking my ass off all week, Daddy-"

Her father laughed.

Her brother damned near fainted as he hunkered over his hard-on in his hiding place.

"Got a big prick, has he?" Jake rasped.

"Um-hm. Not as big as yours, though," the saucy blonde bride replied, moving closer to her father.

"Miss me, honey?" Jake croaked.

"Ever so much, Daddy. Ralph's gonna be a good husband, I guess. But I'll always miss you-"

The girl was standing right up close to her father now, her lovely face a mask of desire.

Hank was bewildered and bemused-and intrigued.

"Even when he was fucking me silly on our wedding night, I thought about you, Daddy," she whispered, huskily. "I couldn't wait to get home from our honeymoon-"

She suddenly giggled like a naughty schoolgirl.

"What?" Jake asked, arching one eyebrow.

"The first time I sucked his prick-he was amazed. He asked me where in hell I learned how to give a guy such a great blowjob, Daddy-" Jake grinned. "You tell him?" "Well, now, I couldn't, could I?" But she sure as hell had told her eavesdropping younger brother a fascinating thing.

Yvonne placed a hand on her father's shoulder and pressed up against him. His hard-on was pushing a long indentation into her gently rounded belly.

"I'm hungry for your cock, Daddy. Ralph's cum doesn't taste as yummy as yours-"

"Ohhhhh, baby!" Jake rasped. "I been waiting-I ain't fucked your mother in three days. I was hoping you'd want a big load saved up."

Yvonne sighed and licked her lips.

Then she licked her father's lips.

His arms went around her and they began to kiss hungrily, mouths grinding together, tongues flashing back and forth. They swapped saliva, panting into each other's open mouth passionately.

Hank was gasping as he watched that incestuous French kiss, and he knew he was in for a thrilling show from his ringside seat behind the curtains.

"Remember the first time, Daddy?" Yvonne purred, her lips shifting on his as she murmured. "When I walked in on you in the shower?"

"Yeah, kid. How could I forget?" Jake moaned.

"How old was I then, Daddy?"

"Young enough that I thought you were still just an innocent kid. I wasn't even embarrassed when you stepped into the shower with me- and then you knelt down and began to suck my cock. Christ! You didn't say a fucking word. You didn't even ask my permission. You just went down on my cock and milked my meat off like it was normal."

"I was too shy to ask." She giggled. She fed him more tongue. "Shall I blow you that way now, Daddy? Just like I did the first time?"

"Oh, yeah, honey-take me in your sweet mouth, first. Then I'll fuck you to jelly-"

Hank trembled violently. So much pre-cum had oozed from his pisshole that he had already spent as much as a lot of guys do when they get their rocks off.

He gripped his prick hard, as if he was trying to strangle a boa constrictor. But he didn't start pumping it. Hank was waiting to see all that he could, before he drained his cock, and the horny young man got to see all that he could have wished for . . .

Yvonne stepped from her father's ardent embrace and began to undress.

Jake-and Hank, of course-gazed at her in admiration as her naked flesh emerged.

Her tits were firm and plump, capped by nipples like pink gumdrops. Her cunt-bush was a jungle of blonde curls spreading out verdantly on her lower belly. Juice was trickling down the insides of her thighs and her whole groin was lathered.

The sight reminded Hank of how she had looked when he had walked in and found her in the bathtub-except this lather was a lot creamier and more fragrant than any soapsuds he had ever seen.

Hank inhaled deeply, breathing in the pussy perfume that was permeating the room, sweet and cloying, seeping into the fabric of the curtains behind which he hid.

It made his mouth water.

Hank had never sucked a pussy, but the aroma of his sister's snatch was making his tongue sizzle.

How he envied her husband-not to mention his dad!

It had dawned on him, too, that if his sister was into incest with their dad, she might be interested in some brotherly love, as well-or even fair game for blackmail.

He gazed from behind the curtains, making sure that he saw all the juicy details-the evidence he might use as a lever in subsequent sibling sins.

Naked, tits jiggling and hips flipping saucily, Yvonne moved up to her father again, ready to show him that the honeymoon was well and truly over and family relations hips were back to normal.

Her husband was all right, but Yvonne much preferred her daddy as a lover, both physically and because it was breaking a taboo, adding the charm of incest to the things that they did.

She would have married her father, if silly societal and arcane laws-not to mention her mother, of course-had not made that union impossible.

Now that she was married, Yvonne was even more excited by the prospect of sex with her father, because now it was not only incest but adultery, to boot. And the naughtier a thing was, the more fun.

She kissed him on the lips again, fluttering her tongue, as if demonstrating how she would soon be licking his prick, or getting her lapper limbered up for the job.

Then she sank lithely down to her knees before him, bringing her blonde head level with his loins.

He still had his pants on, his fly closed, and she gazed at the swollen fabric hungrily. She blew on his groin through his pants and the huge lump pulsed.

He placed his hands on her slim shoulders and shoved his loins out toward her face. She was glowing radiantly, as if her lovely face had been illuminated by the fiery heat of his enflamed cock.

She nuzzled his prick through his pants, then began to slowly unbuckle his belt and draw his zipper down. His pants opened in a wide vee. His nylon briefs were packed solidly with his cock and balls clearly outlined, and the elastic waistband tugged out from his flat belly.

A damp patch was spreading out where pre-cum was seeping through the material.

Yvonne drew down his trousers and removed them from his feet, taking her time, enjoying the slow build-up before the action commenced.

She pulled his briefs out wide of his prick and drew them down, as well. His huge cock and enormous balls loomed out naked before her face.

Hank, who was blessed with a massive rig, himself, was deeply impressed by the size and shape of his dad's cock-and squirming in anticipation of seeing his sweet sister sucking on that gigantic prick.

Jake stepped from his briefs and stood with his legs apart and his loins lunging out.

Yvonne placed her hands on his naked hips and gazed at his cock and balls like a hungry kid being presented with a big candy bar. Just by looking at the girl, one could tell that she was the sort that truly adored a mouthful of cockmeat, that she was an avid and enthusiastic cocksucker.

Her cute little nose rippled as she breathed in the gamey bouquet of his smoking hot meat. His balls swelled and his cock-stalk throbbed violently.

Jake's cockhead was a flaring slab of flushed purple meat and the underside of his long, thick stalk was seamed by a pulsing ventral vein. Preliminary seepage drenched his cock-knob like whipped cream on a fat plum.

She pressed her nose to his greasy cockhead, sniffing and snuffling. Then she nuzzled his balls, rubbing her nose and lips on the swollen bags.

Jake groaned and humped up and down, but his little girl wasn't ready to dine, yet. She loved to linger over the slow preliminaries when she gave head to her daddy, taking things one step at a time.

The best part of giving a blowjob was the magic moment when a guy-any guy, but especially her daddy-blew his spunk into her mouth and throat, to be sure. But that didn't mean that she couldn't enjoy the meat course for awhile, before she swallowed the creamy dessert.

She relished an appetizer, as well.

"Turn around for a minute, Daddy," she sighed, tugging on his hips.

Jake spun around, grinning expectantly, knowing how talented his daughter was. He was facing the curtains now, and he could have seen

Hank peering out if he'd looked, but his eyes were narrowed in passion.

His ass jerked back toward Yvonne's face.

She placed her hands on the firm cheeks of his ass and opened them, exposing the brown bud of his asshole. She ducked in and began to slurp her lapper up through the musky cleft of his ass, purring with pleasure, savoring an anal appetizer.

Holy shit! Sis is real dirty! Hank thought, feeling his own asshole fluttering as he watched. Yvonne licked at the tiny, puckered slot of her father's shithole. Her lapper probed in, rimming and reaming. Her lips sucked on that flavorsome socket. She drooled into his asshole, then sucked her own saliva back out.

Jake groaned and squirmed, his neglected cock standing like a lighthouse, the knob glowing and dribbling with preliminary seepage. His little girl's tongue was doing lovely things to his asshole as she snacked on that shit-slot starter, whetting her appetite for the main course.

She licked up the backs of his legs, lapped at the crack between his firm asscheeks, then pounced on his tangy-tasting shitter again.

"Ummmmm! Yummy!" she sighed.

She slid one hand beneath his crotch and cupped his balls, kneading and squeezing gently. More pre-spunk bubbled from his open pisshole and trickled down his stalk like a strand of melted pearls.

"Christ, baby! I'll shoot off in a second if you keep on doing that!" Jake croaked.

She smiled, pleased that he enjoyed it.

But she sure as hell didn't want him to shoot while he was facing the other way. What a waste of sweet spunk that would be! She'd have to lick the fucking stuff up from the carpet, and drinking

second-hand spunk was never as good as gulping it straight from the source.

She nuzzled and rimmed into his fudge slot for another tasty moment, then leaned back, licking her lips, relishing the lingering residue.

"You better turn around again, Daddy," she whispered, smiling bewitchingly.

Her lips formed an oval socket and her tongue slid around. She was drooling heavily and her blue eyes glowed mistily.

Jake spun back around and thrust his cock out toward her radiant face. His hands rested on her delicate shoulders again. Her head tilted this way and that as she studied his cock and balls from all angles, like a gourmet approaching a well-laid banquet table.

She blew on his cock-knob, making it flare and glow as if she were fanning a log to flames. She was salivating so much that her breath wafted out in a damp mist. Her hands shifted to his hips again. When she gave a blowjob, she never used her hands, she did it all with her mouth.

It took longer that way.

And that suited her to a tee.

Then the naughty newlywed began the succulent blowjob that would lead to the creamy conclusions.

She had no idea that she was performing for an audience, of course, but Yvonne would have enjoyed it all the more, had she known her brother was watching ...

Chapter Three

Yvonne started on her father's balls, licking and sucking enthusiastically, feeling his heavy cum load shift and slosh inside the hairy bags.

He swayed, groaning and grimacing, humping his prick up and down in front of her face. She fitted her flattened tongue to the base of his stalk and slowly drew it up to his crown, tracing along the pulsing vein.

Pre-cum dribbled down, and Yvonne slurped it up with joy, savoring it on her hot tastebuds for a moment. Then her throat pulsed as she swallowed.

"Ummmm-I love your jizz, Daddy!" she purred, batting her silken eyelashes.

Her tongue danced up and down his cock-shaft and fluttered against the sensitive spot where his massive cock-knob flared out from the tubular rod.

Using only her nimble tongue at first, she licked and darted up and down his cock. Then she fitted her parted lips to his cockshaft and began to pull them up and down as if she were playing a mouth organ.

More preliminary slime juiced out, trickling down into the corner of her mouth. She bathed her tongue in the hot, thick seepage, then swallowed it. It warmed her belly like a vintage brandy,

making Yvonne hungrier than ever for his full dose.

Her lips fluted up and down. She hummed on his hard cock, making it vibrate like a tuning fork. She sucked his balls as she swooped down, then laved the underside of his wedge-shaped cock-knob as she drew up to it.

She was loving this preliminary mouth-play, but his pisshole was weeping so lavishly now that she was afraid he might shoot off at any moment. She didn't want his first spurt to just jet up his belly.

She leaned back for a moment, licking her slippery lips, gazing fondly at his prick. His cock was standing so tall by this time that it looked as if he could have sucked on the knob, himself, if he leaned down over it. But why would he do that, when he had a teenaged daughter eager to do the job for him, hot for his meat and hungry for his cum?

"Suck my cock, baby!" he moaned.

Yvonne leaned in again and turned her face down over the top of his rampant rod. Her tongue began to whisk and flail on his prick. She licked up his pre-cum and dipped her tongue into his pisshole.

His cock was so hot that her saliva was evaporating from his cockhead, steaming into her face.

She laved his cockhead lavishly, purring and sighing with cocksucker's ecstasy, spooning up his spunky seepage as it dribbled out.

Then she parted her lips and began to feed his cock into her mouth, sinking down slowly. He gasped as his cock-knob vanished in her hot, wet maw.

Her cheeks sank in as she sucked, and her pliable lips peeled outward on his cock-stalk, just below the head. Saliva, shot through with streaks of frothy pre-cum, spilled from her lips and ran down his cockshaft.

Holding only the cockhead in her mouth, she sucked and blew so enthusiastically that she seemed to be trying to inhale him right down into her lungs.

His thick cockmeat stood out, spanning the gap between her lips and his balls, like a pipeline through which he would bring in the geyser of his incest oil.

"Ummmmm-ummmmmmm!" she sighed as she sucked, cherishing that meaty mouthful, savoring his slime.

The girl loved everything about giving head-the taste and the texture and the tantalizing fragrance of smoking hot cockmeat-and knowing it was the forbidden fruit of her own father's cock made it all the more thrilling for her.

She blew on his cockstalk and his cumbags expanded as if she were inflating them with her breath. Then she sucked in as if she were trying to pull his fuckjuice up his hollow tube by suction.

Jake humped, fucking deeper into her mouth.

"Ooooooh! Yeah, Daddy! Fuck my face! Use my mouth for a fuckhole!" she moaned, speaking on his cock-knob as if it were a microphone.

Her blonde head began to move up and down, her lips going farther down his cock with every stroke, then pulling out as she bobbed back up.

His hands shifted from her shoulders, and he held her face between his palms as he friggd into her mouth with slow, steady strokes.

His balls dragged up her plump tits and rolled in under her chin. His prick hissed in and out, running over her flashing tongue and sliding back to her throat.

"Unghhhh! Ulpppfff!" she sputtered as his cockhead sank into her gullet.

But she took it gladly, her head ducking down to the hilt of his huge prick. Her chin was jammed to his balls and her nose rustled in his wiry pubic thicket and her lips were plastered to the hairy root of his cockshaft.

"Ummmmmm-ahhhhhh!" she purred as she pulled back up, sucking every precious inch. She twisted her head around, screwing her lips down on his cock, taking it all in again. She gurgled and gulped as his cock-knob clogged her throat, choking her sweetly.

He hammered into her head faster and harder, and she knew he was going to get his rocks off soon. His cock was swelling more on every stroke, stuffing her mouth. His cock was so hot by this time that she thought it was going to raise blisters on her tongue.

His pre-cum was pouring out lavishly, running down her throat like boiling oil.

Yvonne was relishing his meat by now, she was hot to drink his load and she began to dance her head up and down faster, in the classic blow-job action, gorging on his long prick as she swallowed him in balls-deep.

"Cum, Daddy!" she moaned on his cock-knob.

She ducked down and gurgled as she deep-throated him, then pulled back up and begged for it.

"Juice me, Daddy! Jizz me! Feed me your fuckjuice!"

Her words enflamed him as much as the sweet magic of her mouth. He pounded in, holding her face steady.

"Shoot-unghhhhhh-slime me! Umpfffff- spunk off in my fucking mouth. "Ulppppp!"

She was wailing, her words choked off each time her head slammed down and his cock-knob rammed into her gullet.

"Here it cums, baby!" he gasped.

His nuts blew as her head pushed down, and his first hot spurt shot straight down her throat, so that she didn't even have to swallow.

She pulled back up, and his second dose sprayed out with only his cock-knob in her lips, so that the sweet cream cascaded over her lap-per, igniting her tastebuds.

She kept moving her head up and down as he kept pumping his prick, shooting off as he plowed in and spunking again on the recoil.

Sputtering with cum-drinker's rapture, Yvonne gulped and gargled her daddy's goo. She was drinking greedily, but his load was too much for her. Jizz spilled from her lips and ran down both sides of her chin.

His cumbags were starting to sag, deflating slowly as he drained them off.

"More, Daddy! Don't stop! Keep cummin'!" she gasped, wanting to drink from his cock for hours.

He topped her mouth up again and she swallowed noisily. He was starting to flag and falter, missing the beat, his strokes becoming jerky. Her lips moved down, and she sputtered as she gulped on his cock-knob. His jizz had stopped squirting out now and the dregs oozed out in a trickle.

Yvonne coaxed more from his pisshole with her tongue and lips, then wrapped a hand around his stalk and friggged up and down, milking a final pasty glob onto her tongue with the pumping action.

She kept his cock in her mouth for awhile, nursing gently. It had softened only slightly when he finished foaming off, and now she skillfully nursed him up to another iron-hard erection. His balls started to fill up again.

She drew her lips from him and raised up, opening her mouth so that her daddy could see his spunk filming her tongue. She let the last of the sweet slime slide down her throat, drinking with her mouth still open, knowing that the sight would turn him on.

It was turning her brother on, too, but she was unaware of that-so far.

But she would have been delighted to know that she was performing for his eyes. Yvonne had gotten just as horny as Hank had that day that he walked in and found her naked in the bathtub.

If he had pulled his prick out, she would have sucked him off enthusiastically.

But Hank hadn't realized that, and after he left the bathroom, with his crotch bulging out tantalizingly, his sister had given her cunt a thorough fingerfucking while she entertained lurid fantasies about sibling sex.

She had always meant to seduce her younger brother since that occasion. But somehow she had just never gotten around to it. That was probably due to the fact that whenever she had any spare time, she usually spent it with her daddy's cock in her mouth or cunthole.

So, although brother and sister were both hot for each other, they had never enjoyed incest together.

That was a lack that was soon to be rectified. But first Hank had some more peeking to enjoy...

Chapter Four

Yvonne used her tongue to gather up the errant cum drops that had escaped her lips and trickled down his cockstalk, onto his balls- returning whence they had come.

Then she took his cockhead back in her mouth and polished it to a luster, keeping it iron hard as she waited for his balls to recharge their vigor.

When she pulled away again, his long cock-stalk was throbbing, and his cock-knob was gleaming like a purple gemstone. Yvonne loved drinking her daddy's jizz so much that the insatiable little minx was almost tempted to suck him off again.

But swallowing spunk always made her cunt smolder and, at the moment, she figured that her fuckhole needed his next load more than her mouth did. Her clit was hotter than her well-juiced lapper and her pussy took precedence. "Fuck me now, Daddy?" she asked. "Yeah, kid," he grunted. He glanced at his wristwatch to make sure that they had plenty of time. His wife wouldn't be back from work for over an hour and he assumed his son was at baseball practice, as usual-not realizing that Hank had skipped practice today, more interested in playing with his own big bat and balls than with the wood and horsehide type.

Still on her knees, Yvonne moved over to the big easy chair that her father had been sitting in. She twisted limberly up into the seat, her trim ass perched on the edge of the cushion and her legs extended to the floor. She lifted her knees and parted her thighs.

Her cunt was gaping open in a wide pink oval, and creamy juice was flooding out, soaking her crotch and seeping down into the crack of her ass.

Her clit was poking out like a little rosy stump in a swamp. Her cunt looked hot enough to scald a prick, as if meat would melt in that raging inferno.

But her father had just the sort of foaming fire extinguisher that she needed to douse her flaming lust.

So did her brother, for that matter-but Hank had to bide his time.

Jake knelt down between his daughter's long, slim, shapely legs. His cock towered up, the head of his prick standing tall, like a spear that had been thrust into his pelvis, transfixing him.

He pulsed his prick sinew, making it jerk. He felt as if his hard-on started in his heels, as if he was nailed to the floor on his own iron spike.

Yvonne tilted her pussy up to the fucking angle as her daddy wriggled in between her thighs. She bent down to give his cockhead a loving, affectionate kiss, as if expressing her gratitude for the lovely meal that he had given her or thanking it in advance for the cunt-stuffing that it was about to supply to her seething loins.

Her tits swung out, and Jake frigged up and down through her cleavage a few times, as if he were honing his horn up for the work ahead of it, stropping it like a razor on the meaty slopes of her tits.

Then his ass hiked up, and his cock slid down her belly and his cock-knob lay heavily in her golden vee for a moment, like a lizard basking on a mossy shelf.

Yvonne jerked her groin up higher and his cockhead dipped into her pussy. She wriggled, and he gripped his cockstalk by the hilt and shifted it up and down, using his cock-knob like a ladle to stir her honeypot.

Cunt juice poured out and a little pre-cum oozed into the pearly tide. He brushed his cockhead against her clit, making it vibrate. "Shove it up me, Daddy! Fuck me silly! Screw my ass off!" she gurgled as he lingered at the portals of her steamy, swampy pussy. Hank wondered if fucking her father was more wicked than sucking him off. He wasn't sure, but he sure was anxious to see them couple so sinfully.

Watching his sister getting fucked would be almost as good as fucking her, himself, he thought, but he knew that couldn't really be true.

Jake began to inch his cock into his little girl's gooey cunt, sinking in very slowly, enjoying every inch of the sliding friction as he buried his boner.

Her cunt was sucking on him just the way that her mouth had done. Being married now and getting plenty of cock from her husband had in no way damaged her fuckhole. Her pussy was as tight and trim as ever. Yvonne had a mouth like a cunt and a cunt like a mouth, the ends of her body almost interchangeable.

With a sudden jolt, her father sank his cock in all the way, balls-deep up his daughter's pussy. She cried out with bliss as she felt his huge cockhead flare and throb in the depths of her cunt.

He held the full penetration for awhile, thrilling to the sensation of having all of his hot, hard prick enveloped in her suction-cup pussy and letting her enjoy the feeling of being brimful of his cock.

Yvonne gasped and moaned and shuddered. She felt as if he had cored her cunt like an apple. His cockhead was like a lump of molten iron in the heart of her horny loins and his long cock was levering like a crowbar up her pussy.

She wriggled on his cock, her ass rubbing against his bloated balls. Her cunt muscles began to pull, the inner rings compressing as her pussy molded itself to the contours of his prick. He groaned with pleasure as her cunt worked its magic on his meat. His head dipped down, and he sucked her titty tips, switching from peaky nub to nub, feeling them explode in his loving lips.

Yvonne played with his balls and squirmed on his cockstalk, pulling her pussy up and down through a few solid inches, starting the fucking motion before her daddy did.

Her thighs locked around his hips, and she rubbed her heels in the crack of his ass and dipped them down into his groin from behind.

Then her legs parted wide again, so that he had free access to her crotch.

"Hammer me, Daddy! Pump me up!" she squealed, eager for the friction of his frantic fucking.

Jake cupped her ass in his hands, hiking her haunches up higher. Bracing his knees on the floor, he slowly pulled his prick out until only his cock-knob was stuck in her cunt-slot. Her cuntlips distended as they clung to his cockshaft so he seemed to be pulling her pussy inside out.

Then he rammed it all in again, rattling her hipbones as he buried his huge cock to the balls.

Yvonne fell into rhythm with him, jamming her cunthole down, as he stabbed in and twisted her hips on the backstroke, so that her cunt-sleeve was winding on his prick like a juicy nut on a meaty bolt.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" she wailed, each time he stuffed her to the core again.

His belly slapped against hers and his balls swung out and thudded solidly against the curve of her adorable, upthrust ass.

His cock hissed into her pussy. Each time his fat prick filled her, he pumped more cuntjuice from her pussy, turning her groin to a morass. Juices soaked down into the crack of her ass and slimed the cushion under her.

Her knees jerked up and she began to pedal behind his corkscrewing ass, as if she were pumping a bicycle up a steep incline. Then her knees shot up higher, almost touching her tits, curling her torso into a hoop.

He dipped down and fed her a long, rippling, underslung stroke, then reared up and shoveled it in from above, so that all of his long shaft rubbed across her clit as he sank it into her pussy. Yvonne was going crazy now. She arched and bowed and bridged. Her whole lithe, nubile body was undulating sinuously, writhing in rapture. Her head jerked from side to side, lips slack, eyes misty, silken blonde tresses tumbling about her cheeks and shoulders.

Her ass and hips weaved through a slow spiral. Her knees jerked up again as she rolled into another hoop, the tight round cheeks of her ass jammed to her father's flat belly as he poured the prick to her. She looped her ass and pumped her hips like pistons. Her knees hooked over her daddy's shoulders and her heels drummed on his back.

Jake was shifting up and down on rippling thighs,. His cock was much too hard to bend, and he had to angle his ass up and down to alter his fuck-thrusts. He pounded in from this way and that, his ass corkscrewing, as his little girl danced a wanton waltz to the driving beat.

His balls felt as heavy as sandbags as they swung in to thud against her ass. Her cunt was still taut and clinging, but it was getting gooier with every stroke. Her juice was pouring out steadily, getting thicker and creamier and hotter as it turned to cunt-cum.

"Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!" she whimpered.

Her clit was starting to go off like a blasting cap, setting off the main explosion deep in her cunt. Waves of joy came rippling across her loins, shooting up her thighs. Her pelvis seemed to be electrified.

"Cum in my cunt, Daddy!" she cried, trying to hold her crest back, wanting to feel his fuckjuice squirting into her pussy before she peaked.

Her feet kicked, her ass churned.

His prick plunged in, and, as he stuffed her, her pearly cunt-cum sprayed out from her steaming pussy-slot, drenching his belly and balls.

Jake howled like a wolf. "Now, baby! Gonna cum!" he rasped. "Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!" she panted, letting her own creaming surge out of control.

The waves rushed faster and higher through her loins, blending into one tidal crest. "Ooooooh, cummin'!" she gurgled. Jake could feel her melting on his meat like a wax candle on a flaming wick. Her fuckhole was so sodden now that it was like shoving his cock into a pastepot. Bow waves of cunt-cum were breaking around his wedge-shaped cock-knob.

His cumbags exploded as he sank in, and his jizz jetted into his daughter's cunt in a tremendous spurt. The girl wailed when she felt his lust lava streaming into her creaming cunt, and she soared to another peak, her cunt-juice gushing out to mingle with his spunk.

She could feel every separate spurt as it sped up her pussy, and she loved every drop of it.

He rocked up and down on his knees, stuffing his cock in and out, sliming as he sank in and squirting out more on the backstroke as he hosed her cunt brimful of cum.

His balls spilled off and emptied, then he slowed down. His insatiable daughter continued to hump, locking her knees over his shoulders, then clamping her thighs around his haunches, spiraling her pussy on his prick as she worked off the last sweet spasms of her cumming.

"Ohhhhhh, Daddy, that was lovely," she sighed.

He grinned with paternal affection, pleased at having given his girl a treat, delighted that just because she had her own home and a husband now, there would be no termination in the breaking of taboos.

With his cock still stuck up her cunt, he leaned down and kissed her spunky lips, then ducked lower and gave each fat pink titty tip a lingering suck.

His balls were slack again, but his virile prick was still semi-stiff in her pussy. When he swayed back, he seemed to be suspended on the coupling of cock and cunt-hung up on his own fat meat hook, as it were.

He pulled his cock out as he had gone in, slowly, his prick emerging inch by inch. The cock-knob stuck in her cunt-slot for an instant, then came out with a slurp.

His cock was glistening with cunt-cum and jizz as he sat back on his heels.

No longer rock hard now, his prick looped out from his loins in a fat, meaty coil, the heavy head bobbing up and down, dripping spunk from the tip.

Her vacated cunt-slot stayed open wide, retaining the shape of his prick. Their combined cum creams flowed down her crotch like spilled milk.

She gazed at him expectantly.

Understanding this, he looked at his wrist-watch again, checking to see if they had time for more naughty fun-and grinned when he saw that they did.

Hank groaned, torn between desire to see more and the urgency to get his own rocks off.

He was determined to confront his sister and blackmail her if he had to, as soon as he got the opportunity to be alone with her. But he didn't dare reveal his presence while his father was there, and it didn't look as if the man was ready to leave yet.

Yet Hank was reluctant to relieve his cock and balls by a self-imposed handjob. For one thing, he figured they might see the curtains swaying, or hear his fist skimming up and down on the hot meat or the cry he would be unable to suppress when he shot his gooey wad.

But more importantly, the youth was saving his cum load, desperately hoping he would get a chance to empty his sibling seed into his sister, being far more interested in incest than he was in sterile self-abuse.

Hank figured there still might be time and that he could bear to leave his balls unemptied for a bit longer, as he watched the third act of this passion play.

Yvonne leaned down, tits bobbling.

Her daddy's prick stood out in a thick parabola, still firm and fat, ready to be sucked back up to another rampant hard-on.

It looked even more delicious and fragrant now that it had been soaked in her cunt and she figured she had plenty of time to savor it.

Actually, her mother would be leaving the office early today. But that was okay. Molly Houston was going to get sidetracked on her way home....

Chapter Five

Molly worked as a receptionist at the offices of a wealthy business man named Gerrard- where she was very well paid for her services, mainly because her duties included receiving a lot more than visiting clients.

Molly was a curvaceous lady, all firm ass and big tits around a narrow waist. She had honey-blonde hair that she wore tousled, as if she'd just tumbled out of bed-and bedroom eyes to go with that image.

She was hoping to be able to leave early today, knowing that her daughter was due back from her honeymoon and bursting to ask the girl all about it.

There would be no embarrassment in asking for all the intimate details because Molly and Yvonne had never been shy about such things- and it had been Molly who advised the girl that the way to a man's heart was most certainly through his prick.

She didn't know that Yvonne had kept one fascinating fact secret from her, however.

Molly had never found out that her daughter and husband were having incest together. Not that she would have minded. At the moment, she was just about to buzz Gerrard on the intercom and ask if she could leave early.

Then the caterers from the seafood restaurant downstairs in the same building came in, pushing carts. They headed straight back to Gerrard's inner office and Molly smiled, knowing what this implied.

Gerrard had exotic tastes in his catered snacks, and he was always in such a jolly mood after he had dined that she knew he wouldn't mind if she left early, as soon as he had satisfied his appetite. While she waited, she took her panties off. The caterers came back out and left and, a moment later, Gerrard buzzed for her. Gerrard was already at the table. He was a distinguished-looking gentleman with silver hair and gold-rimmed eyeglasses. He was wearing a three-piece pinstripe suit and still had his necktie on, but he had tied a bib under his chin. His eyes glinted at Molly through the lenses of his glasses.

The table was laid with linen and silver, a bottle of champagne in a bucket on one side and a dozen raw oysters on the half shell on a bed of ice.

Knowing that sometimes he liked a three-course meal, slathering her whole magnificent body with delicacies, Molly started to unbutton her blouse.

"No, dear. Just a snack, today," he said.

That was fine with Molly, since it meant that she wouldn't have to take a shower afterwards, as she did when he used her whole body as a tray.

She hiked her skirt up above her hips and slid gracefully onto the table. She perched on the edge and parted her thighs wide, facing the man as he sat there just like any normal diner about to feast on a catered meal.

Her cunt-muff was bushy and her cunt-slot was open and sopping wet, streaming down her groin.

"Ahhhhh!" he sighed appreciatively, licking his lips in gourmet anticipation.

Molly tilted her cunt up, as if serving it on a hairy platter.

Gerrard kept his eyeglasses on.

He liked to see what he was eating.

And it was certainly a mouth-watering sight. Molly's pussy looked like some exotic pink shellfish presented in a creamy French sauce, the perfect complement to the raw oysters and champagne.

Gerrard inhaled her musky cunt fragrance. Because Molly had been horny, thinking about her daughter's honeymoon, her pussy was steamed to perfection today, making her boss' mouth water. He smiled at her and she tilted higher, a receptionist about to receive a randy tongue.

But he was a gourmet, not a glutton, and he was never in a hurry to gobble indiscriminately. He

took the champagne bottle from the bucket. It had already been uncorked, and Molly was pleased to see it was vintage French champagne.

Gerrard had a lot of class.

He dribbled some of the bubbly into her groin, then lapped it up.

Molly squirmed. The lively liquid made her clit tingle deliciously.

Gerrard tongued the champagne from her cunt-slot and poured a bit more in. He clamped his lips to her cunt and sucked it out now, blended with cuntjuice.

"Exquisite," he sighed.

He took a large oyster from its shell and dipped it into her creamy bowl, shifting the fat morsel around in the pink, pearly folds. He drew it out, dripping, then admired it for a moment. He popped it into his mouth and swallowed, smacking his lips in appreciation.

He alternated champagne and oysters, dining delicately and enthusiastically.

Molly was enjoying it enormously, swaying on the edge of the table, a damp patch spreading out under her ass as her cunt overflowed. She loved supplying these simple snacks. Sometimes he packed her cunt full of imported caviar or stuffed her with Hungarian goulash or yogurt, but he always had good manners and taste.

He had never insulted her with a hot dog. "Is it nice, Mr. Gerrard?" she purred. "Delectable, Mrs. Houston," he replied, in his formal, well-bred fashion.

He took an oyster and slid it up the crack of her ass, dipping it in her shit-hole for a moment, then gulped it down with relish.

He sank another mollusk into her muff and held it up to her lips. Molly took it into her mouth, and he smiled with pleasure as he watched her tasting her own creamy cunt nectar. She swallowed and murmured appreciatively. Her cunt juice was scrumptious, Molly thought. It was no wonder that Gerrard loved to dine in her pussy.

If she had been supple enough, Molly would have bent right down and joined him in her cunt, eating cheek to cheek like pigs at a trough. Gerrard lunched leisurely, alternating oysters between her cunt and her asshole and feeding her a couple along the way. He emptied the champagne gradually.

When all of the wine and the whole dozen oysters were finished, he adjusted his bib and straightened his eyeglasses. Then he dove on the dessert of her cunt with relish.

His tongue flailed and whisked in her cunt: slot and his lips sucked hungrily on the hairy rim. He nibbled on her clit and stabbed up her fuckhole, French kissing her pussy. Molly began to shudder as the spasms began. Her clit exploded and her cunt melted. "Dessert, Mr. Gerrard!" she moaned. Whipping her hairy muff around on his mouth, she served him the juicy confection of her cunt-cum, and Gerrard wolfed it down ravenously. He was slurping and slobbering now, losing his table manners for the moment, wallowing like a hungry hog at her twat table. He sucked her dry, and Molly slumped, panting.

Gerrard used his pliable tongue to gather up the stray cream from her crotch and thighs, dipped down to slurp some from the tight cleft of her ass, spooned some more up from the shelf of her tawny blonde vee.

Molly hiked up, rolling her ass and raising her knees, so that Gerrard could have a slurp on her asshole. Then she jerked down again and held her cunt-slot wide open with her fingers, exposing the darker inner folds. He sank his lapper in to gather the dregs.

"That was lovely, my dear," he said. "A culinary masterpiece, cooked to perfection and served with style, presented in the most pleasing fashion."

Then he sat back, sighing with well-fed contentment. His bib was damp with spillage and he raised it to his face and chewed on it, forgetting himself for a moment. Then he realized what he was doing and looked mildly sheepish over the way he had abandoned his table manners.

But Molly didn't mind.

When she fed a man, she liked to know that the meal was appealing and appreciated and to see the diner lick the platter clean.

She slid down from the table and adjusted her skirt as he sat licking his lips.

When she asked him if it was okay for her to leave early, Gerrard was perfectly agreeable so that rare receptionist departed, curious and eager to hear all the details of nuptial bliss from her daughter.

But, of course, the woman had no idea that her little girl had already gone over to her house.

She naturally assumed that Yvonne and her new husband, Ralph, would have returned to the high-rise apartment that was to be their first home together. So it was there that Molly went upon leaving the office, and there that she found handsome young Ralph alone.

Molly had had no designs on her son-in-law.

But one thing was about to lead to another.

And she never did decide if it was incest with an in-law ...

Chapter Six

It was sure as hell incest between a father and his daughter, though, and at that very moment, Jake and Yvonne were still going at it hot and heavy.

She was sucking his prick again, slowly, enjoying it as she brought him back to another iron-hard erection inside her moist mouth.

"Ummmmm, your cock tastes so yummy after you've had it up my cunt," she purred. She gave him a teasing look as she whispered on the meaty slab of his cockhead.

"I love cuntjuice almost as much as cum," she added significantly, knowing that it would excite

her daddy to guess that she might be bi-sexual.

It did.

And her brother, as well, as he lurked behind the curtains, groaning and panting.

Jake frigged in, slowly fucking her in the face, not sure if she wanted to drink his next load or to take it up her cunthole again. It was all the same to him. Her mouth and her cunt felt exactly the same on his prick.

Yvonne was having trouble deciding, too, loving it in both ends equally. But she wasn't sure if they would have enough time to cum a fourth time, and she knew that if she drank the next dose it was going to leave her cunt sizzling for attention. The girl calculated that it was better to be hungry in her mouth than horny in her cunt.

She slurped and sucked with relish, taking his cock-knob over her arched tongue, into each cheek, then down her throat a few times. His prick was sizzling in her drool now, and a few globs of pre-cum spilled onto her tastebuds, warning her of another impending crest.

She drew her lips from his cock with a sigh, reluctant to stop nursing, wishing that her daddy had two cocks, so that she could suck and fuck him at the same time.

"Lie down on the floor, Daddy. I wanna sit on your big prick and fuck myself silly," she moaned.

Her father grinned and sank back, his saliva-soaked cock-stalk looming high over his groin. The fat cock-knob flared out like some meaty mushroom atop the thick, heavily veined stalk and his balls were once more bloated at the base. Yvonne bent down for a last suck on his tasty cock-knob, then threw one knee across and straddled his hips. His cock loomed up before her belly and she squirmed against it, then hiked up higher and let it slide into her crotch. She balanced on top of his prick, wriggling around with only the dribbling tip in her pussy.

Her cunt-slot sucked on his prick, and pearly pussy-slime trickled down his cock.

Jake reached up to fondle her tits, then slid his hands down her slim flanks and held her by the hips, ready to help her ride his cock.

She slid down his prick very slowly, taking his huge cunt-raker in a bit at a time. Her ass switched as she screwed herself onto his towering cock. Then she sank down all the way and his prick disappeared.

She whimpered. Sitting on his cock, she felt as if it had gone in even deeper than before. She almost expected it to come out of her mouth.

She held it buried, jerking and wriggling around on the full penetration, her cunt-slot oozing pussy paste out around the root.

Her brother had a perfect view in this position, loving to look, yet filled with envy.

Her cunt-slot was plastered to his prick as if glued there by her sticky pussy paste. As she squirmed, the trim cheeks of her ass parted, revealing the tiny brown bud of her shit-hole. Cunt cream was pouring down the insides of her thighs and washing heavily over her father's balls as

they ballooned under her butt.

She arched her back, thrusting her tits out. She began to ride up and down on his cock, slender thighs tensing as if she were posting to a trot as she saddled her snatch firmly to her father's loins.

Jake humped up from the floor to meet her as she squirmed down, bridging like a wrestler under a pin.

Her cuntlips pulled outward as she rose up, and his thick shaft came out glistening with her goo. Cunt juice slid down, threaded through with pre-cum.

She moved from a trot to a canter, building up to the mad gallop of her cumming. Her head jerked from side to side as her tits swung saucily up and down, nipples standing out like rockets ready to be launched.

The preliminary sucking that had made her daddy's cock as hard as a stone again had also enflamed the girl, and she was beginning to juice off already.

She rode up and down frantically, wanting him to join in her juicing. Her ass was bouncing off his thighs as she angled herself so that his cock skimmed over her clit.

She was shaking so much that she seemed to be fucking herself apart on his prick, rattling her pelvis, jarring her joints, moving like a slut.

"Cum! Cum!" she gasped as his cock hissed up her like a heated crowbar.

Every nerve in her lithesome body was sparking, every sinew jumping. She felt as if her blood was turning to cunt-cum, her brains to cream, her whole being melting in the intensity of her crest.

Jake rammed up savagely, tossing her on his cock, sinking in as she dropped down in her delirious dance. His bloated cock was filling her pussy to the core. His cock was slamming in so deep that she felt like a virgin again, as his massive cock-knob plunged into cherry territory.

She gave a strangled, choked-off cry, as if his cockhead was clogging her voicebox from within. The tidal crest came gushing through her groin.

Then he was at his own peak, howling as he heaved up and his cumbags burst. His fuckjuice sped up in a steaming geyser, splashing into her cunt so hard that he damned near blew her off the end of his prick.

He hammered up, she plunged down, they ground together in perfect harmony as they creamed off together.

Oceans of cunt-cum and jizz washed from her fuckhole as she stuffed herself to the hilt on his spurting prick. His balls pulsed as they blew the joyjuice up his shaft and into her loins in tremendous streams.

They passed through the pulsing spasms at the same pace, slowing down together, draining off their seething dregs through the ebbing waves of lust.

Then she slumped over him, swaying around, transfixed on his cock as it began to diminish inside her juice-filled pussy.

Leaning down, she kissed him adoringly.

His cock, spent at long last, came snaking out of her pussy and flopped down against his hard thigh, still fat and meaty, but becoming limp now.

His potent cumbags looked as if they had been punctured as they lay empty in his groin.

Yvonne slipped from his loins and swooped down to suck his soft cock into her mouth. She was satisfied completely, for the moment, yet she still enjoyed the flavor of a cock that had just come out of a creamy cunt. She greedily slurped their mingled goo from his prick.

She rose up, grinning impishly, her lips slimy and her eyes glowing joyfully.

The honeymoon, it seemed, was over, and the naughty bride was happy to be home.

But by now it was almost time for her mother to get home-had she been coming at the usual hour.

Jake sat up, looking happy and satisfied, reaching for his pants with one hand and checking his wristwatch with a quick glance.

"I better go back to work, now," he said. "Just for half an hour. Are you going to stay here and wait for your mother to get home?"

"I might as well," Yvonne concurred.

"It's probably just as well that I'm not here when she arrives. I don't suppose that Molly would be suspicious, but there's no sense taking chances. I mean-" he winked at her "-you do look awfully well fucked, not to mention the fact that there's jizz smeared all over your fucking lips, honey. You better wash it off and brush your teeth-"

"I don't like to do that, Daddy. After I been sucking you off, I like to taste it for ages." She giggled. "I wonder what Ralph would think if I went home and kissed him with your cum on my lips?"

Those saucy words made Jake's well-used cock give another lurch. But he didn't want to start something else, something that they might not have time to finish.

He pulled his briefs on and stepped into his trousers, putting his prick away.

"Errrrr, hadn't you better get dressed?" he queried, seeing that the girl was sprawled out naked, looking comfortable and dreamy in her well-screwed contentment.

"I will, Daddy. Before Mom gets home. I just want to relax for a few minutes while I remember what we've been doing-and can still taste your yummy spunk."

Yvonne dipped a hand into her groin, scooping up some cum. She brought her hand to her face

and lapped it from her palm, eyeing her daddy wickedly. He shook his head, in awe of the insatiable minx.

Then he left-leaving the girl still naked on the living-room floor-and unknowingly giving his horny son the opportunity that the boy so desperately yearned for . . .

Chapter Seven

Ralph had evidently been in the bath or shower when his mother-in-law rang the doorbell, for he answered with his hair damp and wearing only a bathrobe. He was a tall, good-looking guy with curly black hair, who looked mildly surprised but not displeased that Molly had stopped by.

Mentioning that Yvonne wasn't home, he invited Molly to come in for a drink. They got along well enough, mainly because Molly had never been protective of her daughter and had allowed the courting couple all the privacy they wished.

Too, Ralph figured that not many guys had a mother-in-law as friendly and sexy as Molly.

He didn't know the half of it-yet.

Molly, with natural maternal curiosity, had wondered what sort of lover her son-in-law would make, as a husband-and, too, if he had a big prick? She generally speculated on how big a man's cock was, anyhow, but having a vested interest in her daughter's lovelife and well being, she was more interested in Ralph's sex tackle than usual.

Ralph fixed them both a drink and sat down opposite the tawny-haired woman. He felt quite at ease in her presence and sprawled out casually, probably unaware that the flaps of his bathrobe had parted.

Molly sipped her drink and, gazin[r over the rim of the glass, peered into the shadows of . Ralph's groin. The bathrobe wasn't open far enough for her to study his tackle in any great detail, but the obscure outline of the young man's cock and balls was quite impressive.

"Well, is Yvonne treating you okay?" she asked.

"Oh, sure," he replied, smiling.

He couldn't help but stare at Molly's big tits as they thrust so heavily out in her blouse, the nipples standing out in sharp peaks.

She noticed where he was looking and smiled automatically, loving to be admired. It made her feel flirtatious, bold, teasing-and a bit randy, as well.

"And what about sex?" she asked, in a sultry, husky tone. "Is screwing as much fun, now that you're married and it's all legal?"

Ralph blushed faintly, but grinned, too. He was a self-assured young man, not easily embarrassed.

"It's great," he said.

"Yvonne takes care of you, huh?"

"She sure does!"

Molly smiled with parental pride, then squirmed a bit, shoving her tits out. At this point, she didn't really intend to do anything naughty, she was just enjoying talking risqué and having her son-in-law gape at her tits and sneaking looks up his naked thighs.

But then she saw that the dim, shadowy outline of Ralph's prick was shifting, growing larger and lengthening. It gave her a kick to realize that she was starting to make her daughter's husband horny.

Feeling deliciously wicked now, the tawny-haired temptress looked at his groin.

"It looks as though she'll have a job to do as soon as she gets home," she bantered.

He looked flustered, glancing down sheepishly at the lump in his bathrobe. But knowing that his mother-in-law was aware of it failed to make his hard-on recede. Quite the opposite-it gave a lurch and swelled bigger. "Ooooooh! Yvonne is a lucky girl!" Molly squealed, when she saw the magnitude of his meat.

Ralph was a little embarrassed, but not much. It was evident that his voluptuous in-law was cock-eyed and it turned him on to have her staring at his crotch. His swelling erection was spreading his bathrobe open farther and he knew that he really should pull the flaps closed. But he didn't. He simply let them part.

His cock and balls emerged.

"Oh, my!" Molly exclaimed, batting her eyes, impressed by her son-in-law's prick and balls.

His prick was long and tapered, the knob sharply pointed atop the thick stalk. Although she knew that he must have been keeping his balls well drained on his honeymoon, they were nevertheless huge and bloated.

Grinning, he hiked his groin up slightly, letting her admire his cock as he, in turn, stared at her delectable tits. It was turning them both on greatly.

Ralph had often wondered what his sexy mother-in-law was like in bed, and she was squirming now as his heated gaze made her tingle and feel all warm and wanted.

Saucy talk and lustful staring was a turn-on, in itself, but the fact that they were related by marriage was adding a special thrill to this situation.

Molly cocked her head, looking flushed and impish. "Is that fucking thing as hard as it looks?"

"Are your tits as big as they look?" he countered.

"Um-hm-wanna see?" Molly asked.

Ralph nodded, gulping.

Molly unbuttoned her blouse and arched her supple back, heaving her heavy tits out.

Ralph breathed in sharply. Her nipples looked like high-caliber bullets as they swelled from the fat spheres. They were losing all inhibitions now. Ralph was panting as he peered at her delectable, mouth-watering tits, and Molly was drooling as she stared back at his delicious-looking cock.

She cupped her tits in her hands, lifting the mounds and deepening her cleavage. She rubbed the edges of her thumbs against the tips, making them hard.

"Well? I asked you a question," she rasped. "Is that whopper as hard as it looks?" "Yeah-wanna feel it?" he croaked. Molly hesitated for a moment. Fooling around with her daughter's husband was awfully naughty. But her fingers were tingling and her palms were itching for a feel of his spectacular prick.

Just touching his prick wasn't really naughty, she assured herself. It wasn't like fucking him or sucking him would be, nothing truly serious.

A handful, after all, was a far cry from a cuntful or a mouthful, she reasoned.

And it was too good to pass up.

Molly slipped her blouse off all the way and, naked to the waist, got up and walked over to where her son-in-law was sprawled out, his loins jerked up. She stood over him for a moment, gazing down, then curled up beside him.

He began to feel her tits, kneading her firm tit-mounds and pulling at the stiff peaks.

Her nipples exploded in his fingers and burst into his palms. Molly moaned. She reached down and cupped his huge balls, lifting them as if to weigh his cum load. Then her hand slid up onto his cock. She closed her fist around his thick prick, squeezing and fondling, then she began to skim her hand up and down, lightly brushing his cockstalk. "Ahhhhhh! Jack me off!" he groaned. That didn't seem very wicked to Molly. She hesitated, but only for a brief moment.

The prospect of feeling her daughter's husband's cock throb and thunder in her stroking fist as she jerked him up towards the crest and then seeing all of his hot, thick fuckjuice spurt from his knob was driving Molly mad.

"Yes, I'll jack you off," she sighed.

He stiffened all through his body-although he was much stiffer in his prick than anywhere else.

Bending over her fat tits, he began to nuzzle his nose and lips against the flaring pink peaks.

Ralph had never known whether he should address his mother-in-law as Molly or Mom.

Now, because it somehow seemed to make what they were doing more thrilling, he began to murmur against her tits: "Mom-Mom-milk my meat-"

Molly stroked his head and cradled him to her thrusting tits as she played with his pecker.

"I'll frig you off, Ralph," she purred. "But just a handjob, nothing else."

But Molly should have known that such things always got out of hand . . .

Chapter Eight

Ralph began to nurse on her swollen titty tips with whimpering, drooling relish, grinding his face against her well-packed succulence as his lips pulled with gusto on her nipples.

Molly skimmed her fist up and down his cock, stroking him lightly. Then she tightened her grip and frigged more firmly.

As she pulled up, his foreskin rolled over the ledge of his tapered cock-knob, and, as she pushed back down toward the root, that purple slab flared out naked and pulsing.

She adored that throbbing handful, feeling his fat stalk pound like a hammer and the dark vein writhing as her palm slid up and down. She watched as his cockhead squeezed out from between her thumb and forefinger, skinned out naked and very hot. The triangular slab was like the blade of an African spear, and it was starting to dribble preliminary goo out from his open pisshole, greasing his cock-knob. Jerking up, she worked her thumb against the snout of his cock-stalk, at the sensitive spot where the head flared out wide on the top of the long rod. She rubbed his slimy seepage into the seething meat. More pre-cum oozed on down his shaft, lubricating it so that her fist slid more fluidly as she pumped.

Molly was stroking his prick slowly, enjoying it enormously and in no hurry to end it. The most exciting part would be seeing his jizz spew from his cock-knob, certainly, but she wanted to have lots of fun along the way. Ralph had a hand on her knee, squeezing. Her thighs parted, but her son-in-law seemed shy, as if he was waiting for her to take the initiative, not sure just how much she would allow.

She took him by the wrist and pulled his hand up her leg and into her groin, tilting up to meet him.

He began to rub her pussy through her sodden panties, then wriggled his fingers inside the leghole.

She jerked when his fingers came into contact with her pussy.

She stroked his cock slowly, and Ralph began to fumble around inside her panties. But it was awkward, caressing inside her sodden bikinis, having to lever his wrist against the tug of the elastic waistband.

Since he was already feeling her bare pussy, Molly saw no reason not to take her panties down. She tugged them over her hips, hiking her ass up, then drew them down her sleek legs and kicked them off. They fluttered to the carpet, spilling out cuntjuice from the crotch-band.

Then she figured that she had might as well get completely naked. If she creamed off as he fingerfucked her, there was no sense getting her skirt all slimy. She unfastened it and let it drop down her legs.

Her son-in-law gaped at her spectacular body in open admiration, then he shrugged out of his

bathrobe so that he, too, was naked. They began to kiss and cuddle. Molly was really enjoying this modified lust. It made her feel like a teenager again, still cherry but courting with hot necking and heavy petting. Knowing that she wasn't going to actually fuck her daughter's husband, that lust was to be limited, was strangely exciting. And if a handjob didn't feel as good as, say, her boss's eager lapper, it was more than compensated for by the fact that it was her son-in-law who was groping her groin, her own daughter that she was cheating on so enthusiastically.

They kissed, mouths grinding together, tongues gliding back and forth, panting and drooling.

She continued to stroke his cock, but very slowly, not falling into the steady frigging action that would bring him off. She wanted to enjoy this session for a long time.

Ralph had one hand on her tit, the other playing with her pussy. He stroked the unfurled lips of her cunt and flicked against her clit. He turned his wrist and nudged two fingers up into her cunt. As he finger-fucked in and out of her cunt-hole, he whipped his thumb against her clit.

Molly wriggled and squirmed, ass and hips jolting as she ground her pussy against his caress. But there, too, she was avoiding the steady motions that would lead her loins to the crest, wanting to make her own cumming linger for awhile, just as she did her son-in-law's spurting peak.

Cuntjuice poured from her pussy, drenching her crotch and running into the cleft of her ass. Precum oozed from his asshole, greasing his cock-knob and shaft.

Ralph gasped into her mouth, then lowered his head and began to lick her tits, switching from nipple to nipple and sweeping up into her cleavage as he crossed over.

She thought about pushing that dark, handsome head down to her groin, wondering if he would be able to detect the taste of oysters and champagne in her pussy. But she guessed that greedy Gerrard had lapped up every trace of those delicate flavors and, having recently creamed in his mouth, she wasn't really interested in in-law lapping now.

He mouthed her tits for awhile, then drew up again. Molly leaned over his lap, in turn. Her tits swung out above his cock. Holding his cock-shaft by the hilt, she began to rub the cock-knob against her nipples.

Ralph humped up, stabbing his prick into the deep cleft between her tits. He began to frig up and down, running his cock through the smooth canyon of her cleavage.

Molly watched the head of his prick come squeezing from her tit-tunnel. His cock ran on up her breastbone, spilling hot spunk in its wake.

Molly salivated at the sight, yearning to suck that delicious-looking cock as it loomed before her face like a lighted taper, the preliminary goo flowing down the stalk like wax on a candle.

Her lips parted and her tongue slid back and forth like the twitching tail of a hungry tiger.

Her eyes crossed as she gazed at his cock-knob.

To her credit, Molly was trying her best not to dive on his prick, to keep the affair restricted to the less-serious pleasure of mutual handjobs. But her willpower was starting to weaken as her

mouth drooled and she breathed in the delicious scent of hot prick and pre-cum.

If it went on much longer, she knew that she was going to succumb to her cock hunger.

With a valiant effort of maintaining her resolve, she began to beat his cock with vigor, trying to jerk him off quickly, ending it while she could still manage to maintain the sanctity of her mother-in-law mouth.

Ralph began to hump up and down, fucking her fist, as she pumped his prick deftly. The heel of her hand nudged his bloated balls and his cockhead flared out naked, then she pulled up on his foreskin.

Molly was trying to get her own rocks off with him, pumping her pussy on his hand, but her son-in-law was distracted by his cock now, concentrating on draining his load off more than he was on frigging her to a foaming frenzy.

"Cum on my fucking tits!" she wailed. "C'mon-jizz my jugs-blow on my belly and boobs!"

She thought, for a moment, that she had succeeded in keeping it to a handjob.

Ralph was nearing the crest, his prick bucking savagely, his balls ballooning, and the experienced lady knew he was going to shoot off at any second, on any stroke.

"Spunk, Ralph! Slime for me!" she cried. "Yeah, Molly-Mom! It's cummin'!" he gasped, ramming his cock up vigorously as her hand sped down his prick.

His balls exploded as her fist hit the hilt of his prick, and Molly felt his joyjuice spurting up through the hollow core of his cockshaft.

His cock spume sprayed out in a creamy geyser.

The hot, thick slime splashed on her tits and squirted into her cleavage and hosed her nipples. A solid lump hit the hollow of her throat.

Molly thought that she had done it, that she had milked him off by hand alone. But she had miscalculated. As she bent her head over his lap, watching his cum spray out in fascination, fully intending to finish the job with her fist, her mouth opened. Ralph jerked back, dragging his slimy cock through her palm as she pulled up to the cock-knob. Then he humped up again. His second spurt jetted from his pisshole and flew up into his mother-in-law's flushed face.

Cum splattered on her chin and lips and slid back into her open mouth, washing over her tongue.

The instant that her tastebuds registered the delicious flavor of that in-law oil, Molly was a goner, her appetite whetted and all willpower vanished.

Still jerking on his squirting meat hose, she lowered her tawny head over his cock, lips parted wide and tongue curled out. She jacked another thick cloud of cum onto her tits. Then her lips were only an inch above his cock-knob. She pumped down toward his balls. Molly was still jerking him off. Only now she was jerking her son-in-law off right into her fucking mouth!

His long, tapered cock-stalk slid up from her fist and his next jizz jet splashed on her tongue.

Molly gurgled with joy and gulped it down.

It was hot and thick and scrumptious-and it was her daughter's husband's spunk, adding the thrill of depravity to the act.

And since she was already swallowing his cum, there was no reason not to taste his prick. Her head bobbed down, and she collared the knob of his spurting cock in her lips, sucking wantonly as her fist kept frigging on his shaft. Nursing on his cockhead greedily, Molly pumped his prick, milking him through the spasms and the spurts. She filled her mouth, gulped it down, filled it again.

It was far more than a handjob now, although her fist was still jacking merrily away. Spunk hit her cheeks, slimed over her tongue, bounced heavy beads off the arched roof of her mouth. She was drinking with delight, swallowing his sweet fuckjuice as fast as he fed it to her.

He humped, fucking deeper into her face and flooding a creamy river down her gullet.

Her son-in-law's jizz was thick and a lot sweeter to her taste.

Abandoned to cum-drinker's rapture, Molly milked him to the bone, savoring every precious drop. More jizz oozed onto her lapper. It felt as if she had taken a melted marshmallow into her mouth.

Ralph was flagging at last.

He had forgotten all about frigging her cunt now, as he concentrated on cumming. His head was back, eyes on the ceiling, mouth working as if he were emulating the action of his mother-in-law's maw.

His body was bridged, looming up, and his heels were hammering on the floor, his hard thighs rippling, his ass jerking spasmodically. He stroked her head and cheek as Molly kept on bobbing up and down, stuffing her face. Her fist bumped against her lips as she pulled up. Then his cock-knob flared as she pumped back down to the root of his prick. He stopped squirting and slumped. Molly continued to work, coaxing out the dregs, pulling the last drops out of his cumbags. Satisfied that she had swallowed it all, she sank down on his lap, her cheek nudging his emptied balls and his cock still buried in her mouth.

She searched her emotions, expecting to feel at least a twinge of guilt, a hint of remorse.

But the experience had been too wonderful to leave her with any regrets.

She felt only a well-fed contentment. And then the horny woman felt something far more fascinating than contentment.

Cushioned against her cheek, his balls began to inflate with another load of cum!

It was obvious that she had to drain his balls off again before she left. The only question was how.

Chapter Nine

A slimy thread of jizz seemed to seep from Ralph's pisshole and trickle in an unbroken string down Molly's throat and into her belly.

She smiled around his cock root, wondering if that spunk flow was the last of his cum juice from the sucking and frigging that was finished, or was it the first pre-cum of his next ball load?

It was a moot point. The stuff was delicious, whether it was the dregs of one cumming or the prelude to the next.

Still determined not to fuck her daughter's husband, Molly thought she would suck him off again, getting another nourishing drink without for a moment removing his meaty prick from her greedy mouth.

She began to slide the collar of her lips up and down on the lower part of his cock, sucking softly and bobbing in a slow rhythm. "Ummmm! Ahhhh!" she murmured. She wasn't using her hands at all, now. It had been silly to believe for one moment that she could jerk that big, scrumptious cock off without getting her mouth involved, and she had given up the pretense.

She played with his balls but left his cock to the moist magic of her mouth.

Ralph began to play with her pussy again, starting the job that he had begun before, then neglected as he soared to his own creamy crest. He stabbed up her fuck chute and pulled at her tingling clit. Her seething cunt was sucking on his probing fingers just like her mouth was sucking on his cock, the inner rings pulling and dragging. Naturally, it made the young bridegroom

She sucked gently on his prick, relishing the meat and the goo and feeling deliciously degenerate and depraved for having let her son-in-law spunk in her mouth.

She wondered, vaguely, if an in-law counted as a partner in incest. She wasn't certain of the definition, but rather hoped that it had been forbidden fruit she had swallowed from his cock and balls.

Molly was intrigued by the idea of incest, and she would have been thrilled to the core if she had realized that her daughter had beaten her to the punch.

Ralph's prick had slackened slightly after the spurting had stopped, bending and snaking around in her mouth, slithering over her tongue and into her cheeks.

Big and slimy, his cock rolled on her tongue and undulated like a serpent in her lips.

But his cumbags began to inflate against her cheek as his cock hardened into an iron bar again. As his cock straightened up, it lifted her head as if on a lever, until she was facing his groin again, with the socket of her lips stuck to the hilt of his cock. wonder what her cunt would feel like on his prick.

Her mouth was lovely, to be sure, but he had already fed her a foaming facefuck and the thought of sinking his prick in his wife's mother's pussy was compelling.

With one hand fondling her frothy fuckhole, he put his other hand behind her tawny head and

shoved down, humping up at the same time and fucking deeply down her throat. She gurgled and gulped and gasped. Then he twisted his fingers into a hank of hair and pulled her face off his prick. Her lips clung to his cock for a moment, then came away with a slurp. She looked up at him, surprised. In her whole adventurous lifetime, Molly had never once had a man willfully remove his cock from her mouth while she was still sucking. "Let's fuck!" he blurted. "Ooooooh!" she squealed and her cunt rippled and juiced in his hand.

She looked back down at his massive prick, biting her lip with indecision. She wanted to, of course. She knew it would be lovely to have that long, tapered prick ramming into her fuckhole.

Too, she was desperate to cream and not at all sure that Ralph would have paid her pussy sufficient attention to make her cum if she had carried on with her sucking. The selfish young man seemed more interested in getting his own rocks off than in fingering her pussy to foam.

Yet some maternal instinct was telling Molly that it was really wrong to fuck her daughter's husband.

As she hesitated, pondering her dilemma, Ralph humped his cock up and down in a fucking motion, showing her how vigorously he would fuck her pussy.

Molly gazed at his cockhead, noticing again how slick and smooth and tapered it was, as if designed to be wedged into tight sockets.

And, in a flash, the horny woman saw the solution to their problem.

She smiled sweetly at him.

"We mustn't fuck, Ralph," she whispered.

He groaned in disappointment.

"But," she sighed, grinning mischievously. "But you can stick it up my ass."

Ralph's jaw dropped and he looked amazed. But then he bared his teeth in a wide, wolfish grin. He was thinking that his mother-in-law was a real tramp-and he was heartily glad of it. "Yeah!" he enthused. Molly bobbed down to mouth his prick some more, but now she was no longer working towards an oral orgasm, she was getting it slippery with her saliva, drooling and slobbering heavily on his cock-knob and fat stalk, greasing him up with one end of her digestive tract so that it would slide more easily into the other end!

His cock was humming in her mouth, so taut and throbbing.

Now that she had made up her mind to get buttfucked, she was wildly eager for it. Not wanting him to cream in her mouth again, she pulled away, licking her lips, seeing that she had made his cock nice and slick.

She slid down to the floor and knelt on all fours, her head lowered and her firm ass hiked up to the highest point of her posture. Ralph knelt behind her. He slapped his cock against the shapely cheeks of her ass a few times, with dull thuds, as if he were in the on-deck circle, limbering up the lumber.

Then he placed his open hands on her ass-cheeks and spread them apart. He eyed her tiny, puckered shitter dubiously. He wasn't at all sure that his big reamer was going to fit up that snug slot.

Still, she seemed to know all about it and she was showing no qualms at all. Some mother-in-law! Ralph felt in awe of the lustful lady.

He reckoned that it would be a good idea to get her asshole wet and slippery, just as she had done to his cockhead, to ease the passage.

He didn't want to hurt her, and, more to the point, he didn't want to skin his prick in a dry tunnel.

Holding her asscheeks open, he bent down and jammed his tongue into her cornhole.

He rimmed into the brown ring, slurping and slobbering, sucking on the fluttering slot.

A look of amazement came over his face.

This wasn't the first asshole that Ralph had tongued out, but it was far and away the tastiest. It astonished him that a woman's fudgehole could be so flavorsome.

Why, her asshole tasted just like oysters! - But, never for a moment suspecting the truth, assuming his mother-in-law just naturally had an oyster-flavored asshole, he snacked away in her shitter, enjoying it and getting it ready to be fucked.

His tongue felt nice, but Molly was impatient for an assful of prick now. She switched her ass around sinuously, jerking back and undulating.

"Bugger me! Give me cock!" she moaned.

He raked her shit-slot again with his lapper, then knelt upright behind her haunches. Guiding his cock by hand, he slipped it into her pussy from behind, as if he were going to doggy-fuck her.

Molly started to squawk in protest.

But then she realized that he was just further greasing his cockhead. He stirred his prick around in her cuntslot like a big spoon, soaking his cock in her juices. Cunt cream mixed with her saliva and a glob of pre-cum spilled from his pisshole, adding to the lubrication.

He angled his cock up and humped, sliding the stalk up and down through the crack between her asscheeks, the tip of his cock looming out over the small of her back. His cock skimmed across her asshole as he warmed it up on the external strokes, getting ready for the assault.

"Shove it up my fucking ass, dammit!" she cried, getting impatient with her son-in-law. Her bowels were steaming for a load of meat.

Ralph hiked his own ass up and angled his rock-hard cock down so that the tapered tip was aimed into her snug ass-passage.

He nudged it in.

The pointed cock-knob slipped in easily. He saw that he needn't have worried at all. His cock and her bunghole were both well oiled, her shit chute was quite obviously not virgin, and the tapering shape of his prick was perfectly suited for the task at hand.

He held her by the handles of her hipbones and shoved his loins out.

Molly pressed her ass back eagerly, meeting his thrust.

His cockhead vanished in her puckered shit-slot.

Ralph began to grind in deeper. His cock widened out toward the root, but his pointed cock-knob was spreading her shit tract open, forging a passage.

The cock-knob sank in like a plowshare, carving a furrow in the infertile soil of her shit chute. The thick part of his cockshaft inched in readily.

"More! More! Give me all of your cock!" she wailed, shifting her ass around in a spiral as she screwed her asshole down on his prick.

Hauling back on her hips, Ralph shoveled in, burying his bone in her butt. He shoved it in, throbbing, packing the fudge in her bowels.

Molly gurgled with glee.

His long cock was up her ass so deep that she almost thought she could taste it. She wondered if the cock-knob was splashing around in the fuckjuice that she had ingested from the other end of her digestive tract.

His cumbags were jammed into her crotch, and she cupped the fat, solid sacs in her hand, rubbing them against her sodden cuntslot and juicing all over them.

What a wonderful idea it had been! She was getting all the pleasure of being stuffed brimful of in-law insertion, yet still not committing the crime of fucking her daughter's husband in the true sense of the word.

She was only giving him another blowjob- from the other end!

Ralph held the penetration, grinding in her guts. Her talented ass muscles worked on him, clinging and wringing, rippling and fluttering. She seemed to be swallowing him up her voracious asshole.

Ralph was gasping in awe.

His mother-in-law seemed to have a hungry mouth at both ends.

Molly was whimpering, ready to cream on his balls as he stuffed her shit chute. It felt lovely to have all of his reamer up her ass, but she was eager for the pumping action to begin, to have her cuntjuice flow and to feel his hot jizz enema squirt into her bowels.

"Fuck my ass!" she wailed.

And, like any dutiful son-in-law, he did . . .

Chapter Ten

Ralph pulled his prick out of Molly's ass inch by inch, tugging against the suction of her greedy guts. With only the purple slab of his tapered cockhead lodged in her asshole, he paused, panting and staring down at the coupling, savoring the sight of that stalk-and-socket link almost as much as the heated sensations. Then he fed it all to her again. Molly met him in counterpoint, slamming her haunches back as he shoveled it up her shit chute. As he withdrew, she rotated her ass, adding torque to the straight in-and-out friction in her shit tunnel.

As her son-in-law rammed it up her ass, her cunt was not being neglected.

Molly was fingering her pussy and clit as he pulled out, then mopping her cunt-muff on his balls as those heavy bags came swinging in.

She wedged three fingers up her fuckhole. Through the narrow membrane of her taint, she could feel his cock sliding up her ass, throbbing savagely.

The wanton woman could have creamed off at any moment if she wished to. But she was holding back, not giving her clit the strokes that would detonate it, waiting for Ralph to spill his in-law oil into her bowels before she creamed in her adjacent fuckhole.

He hammered in, hiking her ass up, bouncing her knees on the floor. His hard prick hissed into her snug, pliable ass-passage. Her ass-muscles compressed, contracting around his cockshaft, grinding on every inch.

The film of cum lingering on her tongue was liquifying again in the heat of her mouth. Tasting it, Molly had the fanciful impression that her son-in-law's cock was spraying off again, his delicious jizz running into her mouth from out of her throat.

She salivated cum film, then swallowed with a gulp, ingesting it as she waited for him to supply more from the far side of her alimentary canal. His cock fucked into her trim little asshole and his balls rolled against her crotch, where her waiting hand palmed them and mopped them into her pussy.

His hands stroked down her flanks and curled under her to grab her tits and pluck at the tips. His wife-her daughter-had nice plump tits, but Molly's tits were much larger and the change was nice.

Then he grasped her pneumatic hips again, pulling her ass back onto his prick as he lunged. Then he dragged his ass-reamer back out. Her ass was moving like a whirling dervish crazed by lust.

His balls thudded into her groin again, and she seemed to be stuffing them right up her pussy, as if she wanted to fuck his balls. Thick white pussy paste oozed out over his hairy balls and banners of the girl gunk wound slowly down the flesh of her inner thighs, like creamy ribbons of bunting on a festive maypole.

His balls pulled from her hand and pussy as he yanked back.

She fingered her clit and cunt, waiting for those swollen balls to splash in again.

Thighs rippling with sinew, she swayed up and down as she rode his cock, squirming and wriggling as his huge cock drove in and transfixed her ass.

She began to wail, eager for his hot enema.

"Shoot it up my ass! C'mon! C'mon! My ass is fucking melting! Put the fire out! Hose me!" she cried, losing all delicacy and discretion in her desire.

She squeezed his balls as if she wanted to force them to yield their load by the pressure, and her shit chute was milking on his cock. Plenty of preliminary spunk was spilling out now, and she could feel each steaming drop as it slid into her ass-guts, making her yearn for more.

Her cunt was going out of control, starting to foam over into her hand. She shuddered as her cunt began overflowing. Cunt cum was swirling out in a swampy whirlpool.

She stopped snatching his balls as they swung into her crotch, not wanting to hinder his freedom of motion, wanting Ralph to fuck her at whatever pace and rhythm were going to bring him to the peak.

Ralph slammed in furiously, his fat cock vanishing, his lean belly whacking against the curves of his mother-in-law's wriggling ass. He gave a wail as he peaked. His balls blew off like time bombs at the root of his smoldering prick fuse.

His hard prick bulged in her bowels as his load sped up his cock-tube.

Then she was fairly screaming with joy as she felt his hot, thick fuckjuice pouring into her ass-guts in a frothy flood.

Jizz foamed into her bowels and swirled on up, running toward her belly. Her ass-guts absorbed the thick goo, soaking it up. He rammed in, filling her ass as her fuck-box melted below.

Molly felt as if steam and smoke must be pouring from her asshole as he whacked in and spilled off.

Her head hit the floor and her backbone arched deeply as she thrust her ass up high, a willing receptacle receiving his sweet slime. Her fuckhole drained off as Ralph filled her shit chute to the brim.

He shot a last spuming dose into her ass, then he slumped.

Molly grasped his balls again, finding them slack as empty windsocks.

Spent, he began to retract his cock. Her ass sucked on it, reluctant to be vacated. The cock came out slowly, sliding through the slippery fluids he had pumped into her shit chute. His cock-knob edged out and his prick sagged.

He flopped back, panting like a fiend in the fires of perdition.

Molly stayed as she was for a while, frigging her cunt and clit, working her cumming off to the end. Cum was streaming from her asshole and gushing down the crack of her ass, to mingle with

her cunt cream in her crotch.

Then, smiling blissfully, she swiveled around on her knees to face him.

Ralph's cock was drooping down, limp as a noodle, his cock-knob aimed toward the floor. Molly felt a fleeting pity for her daughter, to have a husband who was finished after only two cummings. Ralph was certainly an adequate lover while he was in action, but he seemed to lack the stamina that he would need to keep Yvonne satisfied.

Molly guessed that Yvonne would soon have to find a bit on the side, taking a steady lover or maybe just putting out promiscuously. It seemed a shame, but MoUy could hardly blame the girl.

Little did she know that her daughter already had a steady lover and that it had been going on for a long time, and that her daughter's lover happened to be Molly's husband!

Ralph looked embarrassed at the way that his cock was hanging, as lifeless as if it were suspended from a butcher's hook. But, soft or not, it still looked delicious, especially now that it had the flavor enhanced from Molly's fragrant fudgehole. A gossamer thread of cum, shimmering like the web of a spider, was strung out from the tip of his prick to the floor in an unbroken string.

MoUy lowered her chin to the carpet and slid in, lapping at the cum pool on the floor, then moving up the sticky string. She rose up, gathering the cum rope into her lips, winding her mouth toward his cock-knob.

The slimy prick' pulsed gently as it drooped down over her face.

She breathed in the aroma of cockmeat soaked in asshole, then turned her face upright and let his tainted cock drop into her mouth, like a baby bird gulping down a succulent worm. Game to the end, Ralph began to bob up and down as he squatted on his heels, dipping his limp prick into her open mouth, pulling it out, letting it drop lifelessly back into her maw.

His cock was soiled and succulent, and his mother-in-law sucked on it with pleasure.

His prick quivered, and for a hopeful moment, Molly imagined that she had misjudged the young man and that his cock was about to stiffen again. But no such luck.

Molly mouthed him with all of her considerable talent, using all of her wanton wiles. But she could coax no more than a quiver from his spent cock.

She spat it out with a sigh.

Yet she knew it was pointless to be greedy. It was a shame that he wasn't more virile, of course, both for today and for the future. As things stood, she didn't know when she would get anymore out of Ralph. If he could only shoot off twice at a session, it seemed more than likely that Yvonne would be claiming every meager drop of his fuckjuice, leaving precious little for her mother.

Still, Molly had had her fun and there was no sense in crying over spilt milk.

Now Molly was looking forward to getting home.

Her cunt had been sucked off at the office, and now she was glowing radiantly with the pleasure of having her belly and bowels full of cum.

The only thing left now was to get properly screwed, and the moderately faithful woman was looking forward to getting home to her husband.

She was hot to kiss him with her cummy lips and get him to rim out her well-jizzed asshole, too.

But, as it turned out, it wasn't her husband who got to do that ...

When Molly was dressed, Ralph escorted her to the door, looking apologetic for his lack of stamina. She dismissed his embarrassment airily.

"We can do it again, sometime-when you've recovered from your honeymoon," she said, excusing him, but also glancing down accusingly at his dangling cock.

She kissed him primly and properly, a mother-in-law's parting peck on the lips. She didn't want a wet, passionate kiss. She wanted the cum film to remain on her tongue when she warmly greeted her husband, stuffing her lapper into his mouth, offering him a suck on her asshole, being lascivious in general.

Molly, still unfucked today, was very, very randy and thrilled by how truly naughty she had been.

In-law incest was the most delightfully depraved thing she had ever done.

But Molly didn't know the half of it.

And she was about to find out that, compared to the rest of her family, she was yet a babe in arms ...

Chapter Eleven

After her father had gone, Yvonne got up from the floor but, instead of getting dressed, she sat down on the couch, still naked.

Her daddy had fucked her well, but the insatiable little vixen was still in the mood for more. Being a married lady now, she had been supplied with steady prick during the honeymoon, but Yvonne was the sort of girl who, the more she got, the more she wanted. With pricks, as with everything else, if you gave her an inch, she took a mile.

Her nipples were still standing erect, like little rosy cocks on her firm, plump tit-mounds. Smiling in a dreamy way, she began to feel herself up, shuddering slightly as she pulled on her swollen nipples.

Behind the curtain and over his raging hard-on, Hank was chomping at the bit, desperate to rush from hiding and shove his cock into his sister, hopefully because she would welcome it, but by blackmail if necessary.

But the young man figured it would be better to wait just a few minutes longer. If Yvonne was going to play with herself, it meant she would soon be hot and horny again, despite the creamy fucking Dad had given her and, in the mood, she would be more likely to be receptive to his advances.

Actually, his sister would have responded as he wished at any time, ever since the day that he had seen her naked in the bathtub. But the naive youth didn't realize that, as he lingered in hiding, waiting until he judged the moment to be right for his advances.

He was still enjoying the show, too, even though it was a solo performance now.

Yvonne fondled her tits for a while, then parted her legs and leaned down to gaze at her pussy. Her cunt-slot was still open wide, and plenty of fatherly fuckjuice, mixed with cunt cum, drooled down her groin.

Her face was flushed, her eyes shining, and she was licking her lips.

Yvonne looked as if she were hungry for her own creamy cunt, her brother thought. He liked to think so. The idea was a real turn-on for him although, innocent and inexperienced as he was, Hank didn't understand that a girl who adored cocks could also enjoy pussy.

He thought that only lesbians sucked cunt, silly boy that he was. Young Hank was soon going to get an education about the versatility of the female tongue.

Yvonne began to scoop up juice from her crotch and bring her hands up to her chin, lapping the cum and cream from her palms with relish.

She switched hands. One went down to her groin, slick with saliva, as the other came up with cunt cum and fuckjuice pooled in the palm and glistening in her fingers.

She tongued into her cupped hand as if her palm were a swampy pussy, then shoved her fingers into her mouth and sucked them like a prick.

She worked some spunk onto her big, taut tit-tips, then dipped her blonde head down and licked the stuff up from her own vibrant nipples. She hiked one haunch up and poked a fingertip into her asshole, wriggling it around. Then she tasted it, sighing lustfully, then dipped the finger into her cunthole, sinking it in knuckle-deep.

Hank was thrilled by watching this solitary sibling show, but he didn't dare delay much longer, wanting to show himself before Yvonne creamed off again, while the sexy newlywed was still in need of a cum.

Her pussy perfume was wafting to his panting face, getting tangier and musker as her arousal increased, and he could see the flow from her fuckhole become thicker and richer, pouring out like melted pearls.

Hank set his jaw in determination, took a deep breath, then emerged from behind the curtains ...

Yvonne blinked in surprise when her brother appeared, with his pants off and a spectacular hard-on levered up before his lean belly.

But she grinned and made no attempt to cover up her own naked guilt.

"You naughty peeper!" she cried, her tone implying delight rather than recrimination.

Hank looked timid and shy and uncertain, yet hopeful, as he moved toward her.

"How long have you been watching?" she whispered huskily, her blue eyes glued to his cock.

"I-I saw you and Dad ..." he croaked.

His sister smiled, and, to his enormous relief, Hank saw that he wouldn't have to resort to blackmail, that his sudden appearance was more than welcome.

"It's my fault that you have such a lovely big hard-on," Yvonne reasoned. "I'm gonna just have to empty it for you, little brother."

"That's what I had in mind," Hank gasped, losing his timidity now.

Yvonne was thrilled. Fucking and sucking with her young brother might not be quite as naughty-or as fascinating-as doing it with Daddy, but it was plenty naughty, nevertheless, and it had the charm of novelty.

The sultry temptress sprawled out wantonly along the couch. She parted her slim thighs wide, and formed an oval slot of her lips. "Heads or tails?" she sighed. Hank was nonplussed, totally unable to deal with such dual options. How could a teenaged male virgin be expected to make a choice? Yvonne giggled at his expression. Looking at his gigantic balls, she could tell that there was more than a single shot in Hank. Loving to get fucked in the face as well as the cunthole, the girl decided to blow him first, as she had with her daddy, so that he would last a bit longer when they fucked.

"Come closer, Hank," she urged, reaching out, her palm turned upward.

Hank stepped up, moving with his thighs bowed around his balls. He shuffled in and placed those heavy cumbags in his sister's hand.

"Ooooooh!" she sighed, feeling the heavy weight of those solid sacs balanced in her palm.

She lifted slightly. His hard balls shifted in the swollen bags.

Her brother's cock was like a cornucopia filled with cum, and Yvonne gurgled in expectation as she drew her hand up from his balls and felt the rock-hard prick.

She sank down along the couch, squirming. Her face tilted up, lips parted, tongue sliding across.

"Give me a drink, brother," she purred. "Kneel on top of me and fuck me in the mouth!"

Hank eagerly scrambled up, mounting her slim, sinuous body, straddling her hips. His balls lay like beanbags on her blonde cunt bush. He could have shifted in either direction from that position, but if his sister wanted a mouthful to begin with, it sure suited Hank.

He began to shuffle up her body, his balls dragging up her belly. He straddled her tits, his hard

ass cushioned on the plump tit-mounds, his balls ballooning on the upper slopes and his cock looming up like a meaty mast.

Yvonne formed a fuckhole with her lips, inviting him to use it.

Hank groaned. His ass jerked up, and his prick angled down toward her radiant face. Her lips were trembling and her lapper flicking out. He thrust and sank his facefucker into that sweet sisterly mouth, 'Ummmmmm!' she whimpered as she tasted her brother's cockmeat for the first time.

Her eyes fluttered and glowed. Why had she ever waited so long for such a tasty treat? she wondered, as she nursed with relish.

Hank didn't move for a few moments, just holding his cock thrust out into his sibling's maw, thrilling to the feel of being enveloped in her suction-cup mouth.

"Fuck my face, Hank!" she murmured. He began to hammer into her head. His ass bounded from her tits as he sank his prick deep into her mouth. His balls hit her chin and rolled on up to her lips. He lunged in to the hilt of his prick, driving the huge, dribbling cock-knob back into her throat.

Yvonne was sucking like a vacuum cleaner.

She wanted to swallow his slime quickly-so they would have plenty of time for subsequent screwing-and she was using all her skills, all her talents to bring the youth to the creamy crest.

But Hank was so horny from his long spying session that even the most inexperienced, inefficient, even unwilling, mouth would have served as well.

His pre-cum was washing down his sister's throat in slimy streams as he fed the prick to her mouth and over her flashing tongue, driving his cock in to the hilt and jamming his balls to her chin and lips.

She tried to beg for his fuckjuice, but his cock was ramming in with such thunderbolt speed that she couldn't get the words out.

"Cu-unghhhh-sho-ulpppphhh!" she sputtered.

Her head was tossed back as his hard cock gored her mouth with savage strokes. His prick was hard as steel as her mouth molded to his meat, sucking on every sweet inch.

Hank loved fucking his sister's face.

Yvonne adored that mouthful of brotherly love.

And their mother was getting quite a kick out of it, as well, as she looked in from the doorway . . .

Molly had come home with cum smeared all over her tongue and lips and more of that inlaw juice oozing from the tiny bud of her shithole. She was hot and horny and hoping that her husband would be home from work soon.

But she got a bigger thrill than she would have gotten from a normal marital mating.

She halted in her tracks and stood, gasping, as she saw her kids facefucking on the couch.

Holy fuck! she thought. Her lovely, lascivious face registered shock and amazement for a fleeting instant-and then her expression became one of delight and desire.

And I thought I was naughty! she thought.

Her thighs rippled, as if her legs were trying to carry her into the room without any conscious command from her mind. But she resisted the urge, for the moment.

She could see that the blowjob was coming to a crest, and she knew it would be cruel to interrupt the kids, to deprive her son of the joy of draining his balls and prevent his sister from drinking the sibling spunk she was so obviously yearned for, after a less-than-satisfactory honeymoon with Ralph, who was only good for two shots at a session. Besides, it was fun to watch-- for a while . . .

Chapter Twelve

Blissfully unaware that their mother was watching, the kids continued to facefuck toward the crest.

Hank's cock hissed in, stuffing Yvonne's drooling mouth and ramming on down her throat as she gurgled and gulped.

"Gonna cream off, Sis!" Hank wailed.

Yvonne sputtered in hungry anticipation.

"Swallow my spunk, Sis! Drink my slime!" the boy cried, as his overlaid balls exploded violently.

Yvonne sucked desperately as his jizz sped up his stalk, then gulped with glee as a creamy cascade of fuckjuice poured down her throat. Her head bobbed up and down. She took a spurt on her tongue, the flavor driving her wild, then another down her gullet. She was going suck-crazy on that lavish load, drinking hot cum so thick that it seemed like solid lumps, swallowing as fast as his balls could supply it.

Between her ardent sucking and Hank's pent-up passion, it couldn't last long.

He spilled out a tremendous amount of jizz, but the stuff was spurting so fast and furiously that his balls were draining off quickly. Then they were drained and empty. He kept on shoving his cock into her face, and Yvonne kept on sucking and swallowing as she drank from her brother's cock, coaxing out a last trickle.

She was sorry it was over. But not very sorry, since his adorable prick was still fat and firm in her face and now her cunt was smoldering for a load of cockmeat and cum.

She pulled her mouth from him slowly, nursing a final gooey glob from his pisshole as, staring

down the cock-stalk, she watched his balls begin to swell again. His cock-knob spilled from her lips. Hank crouched over her, trembling and panting, feeling as if he'd just had a wet dream in his sister's mouth, filled with a sense of lovely unreality.

Yvonne opened her mouth wide, showing her brother his slime coating her tongue and slowly trickling back into her greedy gullet. The sight thrilled him. Her mouth looked like it had been whitewashed. Shards of spunk clung to the arched roof like limestone in a cave and painted her cheeks with a pearly film.

His cock erected vibrantly and his cumbags were refilled with a sudden rush.

Hank was about to sink his prick into her face again, imagining nothing more satisfying.

But she turned her head and his slimy cock-knob skimmed along her cheeks.

"Fuck my cunt now!" she moaned.

Hank groaned. He couldn't believe that her cunt could feel any better than her sweet mouth, but he sure as shit was game to find out.

He began to shift back down her body, hauling his hard-on after his hips. His ass brushed over her tits and slid down her belly. Her knees parted wide and lifted up as she formed a cup of her loins and hooks of her thighs.

Hank mounted her and grasped his hard cock by the root, guiding the head down into her steamy pussy. The cock-knob burrowed into her cunt-slot. Her cuntlips sucked on it, as greedily as her mouth had done.

Hank's cock was poised there at her pussy, savoring the moment, about to plunge in and lose his cherry in his sister's steaming cunt.

Yvonne tilted her pelvis up, forming a fucking platform, as eager for his meat as Hank was to shove his throbbing prick into her.

But Hank was going to have to remain a virgin for a bit longer-just a bit.

Unable to bear it any longer, their mother came swaying sensually into the room . . .

Hank yelped and moved from his sister's loins. Horror showed in his face. But his cock was still towering up, proud and potent. Yvonne blushed slightly, delicately.

"You mad, Mom?" she whispered. "No, darling-thrilled," Molly said. Hank gawked, but Yvonne, who knew her mother very well, grinned.

Molly slid onto the couch beside Yvonne. It was more than evident that she wasn't dismayed.

Molly glanced at Hank, a strange, smoldering look that the confused boy could see was promising. Then she turned to her daughter. "Is your brother's cum yummy?" she purred. Yvonne knew that all was well, and more than well, as she saw how lustful her mother was looking. She knew more of these matters than her naive brother.

"Delicious, Mommy," the girl sighed, running her tongue across her sensual lips. "Want a taste?"

Molly flicked her tongue against Yvonne's lips, then kissed her. Their mouths were open, lips grinding together. Cum and drool slid back and forth. They swapped tongues, sharing the flavor of spunk.

Holy shit! Hank thought. Mom and Sis are

French kissing! How can such things be?

He knew damned well that they weren't lesbians-and he knew, too, that there were many things he failed to understand, yet was about to find out.

Lips locked together, Molly began to feel up her little girl's tits, then ran a hand down her slim tummy and cupped her cunt. The heel of her palm rested on Yvonne's blonde cunt shelf and her fingers dipped down into her groin, flicking at her cunt-slot and clit.

"Ummmmm-yeah! Hank's jizz is scrumptious!" Molly moaned into Yvonne's slime-drenched mouth. Molly glanced toward the bewildered youth. 'Til have to drink a whole load all by myself . . . someday."

Her cunt-probing fingers shifted, nudging up into Yvonne's gooey cunt. They kissed some more, then Molly dropped her tawny head and began to nurse on her daughter's titty tips, in a bizarre reversal of the past-and with far more hungry enthusiasm than Yvonne had ever shown as an infant suckling for mother's milk.

"I should have waited-and watched a bit longer," Molly murmured, the words muffled on fat titty. She looked up speculatively into Yvonne's eyes.

"Why, Mommy?" the girl sighed, knowing full well.

"Your hot cunt would have been full of his yummy jizz, if I'd waited," Molly purred. "I could have sucked a load out of your sweet cunt, darling."

Hank looked as if he'd been pole-axed, not believing what he was hearing and seeing.

But Yvonne looked really devilish. The girl hesitated for an instant, wondering if she should confess. But she knew damned well her mother would be thrilled.

"My cunt is already full of cum, Mommy," she admitted in a husky tone. "I've been fucked twice."

"By Ralph?" Molly softly asked, still nibbling on Yvonne's nipples and not too thrilled by the idea, since she had already gulped down lots of Ralph's jizz.

"No, Mommy. By Daddy."

Molly gasped on Yvonne's tits.

"Do you mind, Mom?"

"No-no! Oh, fuck, no!" Molly moaned.

That confession had made Molly hotter than she had ever been in her adventurous life.

"I've been sucking and fucking with Daddy for five years," Yvonne added.

Molly was panting so hard that she thought steam must be snorting from her nostrils. There was nothing she wanted more than to suck her daughter's cunt now-although sucking her son's cock was a close second. But she was a bit annoyed, too. Her husband and daughter had been having fun together for years, and they had been deceiving her. Molly was delighted that they had been having incest, but she was pissed off that they had left her out of it.

Still, she knew just how to get back at them. And how lucky it was that, on her way home, she had stopped to suck and assfuck with her daughter's husband.

Molly stood up to remove her blouse, then dropped her skirt. She hadn't put her panties back on when she got dressed at Yvonne's apartment because they had been all slimy with congealed cuntjuice. Now, seeing this, Yvonne arched an eyebrow.

"No panties, Mom?" she chirped.

"I left them-at your apartment," Molly replied, with a fiendish grin.

Yvonne blinked in surprise as her mother stood over her, grinning and gloating.

"You been fucking my husband?" Yvonne gasped.

"So what? You been fucking mine for years!" Molly countered, in mock anger.

Then they both began to giggle.

"I should have never gotten married, Mom," Yvonne said. "It's a lot more fun at home."

And Hank, as he watched that fun begin, wondered what sort of family he had been born into. Then he waited eagerly to find out all the details . . .

Chapter Thirteen

"That rotten bastard!" Yvonne exclaimed, feigning anger, but unable to stop laughing. "Imagine! We've only been married for a week, and he's already cheating on me! The dirty swine fucked my mamma!"

Hank learned a thing or two about women in that instant, hearing his newlywedded sister complain about her husband's infidelity after all the fucking and sucking that she had been doing today.

"I didn't really fuck Ralph," Molly said. Yvonne looked disappointed. "But-" Molly sighed. Yvonne's eyebrows shot up in query as she sensed there was more to come.

Grinning wickedly, Molly shoved her fat tits out into the girl's face. Yvonne, intrigued, stuck her tongue out and licked at a swollen titty tip. Her eyes misted. She took another tentative lick.

"Taste familiar, baby?" Molly said tauntingly. "HMMMMM? Recognize the flavor?" Yvonne began to suck her mother's tits with relish, thrilled as she identified the flavor of fuckjuice on the heavy tit-globes and stiff tips. She couldn't have sworn that it was her husband's spunk, but she was sure as hell willing to believe whatever her mother said.

Switching her mouth from nipple to nipple, Yvonne panted as she nursed. "Is-slurp-this Ralph's-glubbb-jizz on your-umpfhhh- jugs, Mommy?"

"Um-hm," Molly sighed. "Ooooooh! You naughty Mommy! Tell me! Did you jerk him off on your tits or-" "Yes, baby, on my tits and-" Her sensual lips parted and her tongue showed. "And in my mouth-"

Yvonne craned her delicate neck up and kissed her mother on the lips again, identifying more than her sibling's spunk now that she knew what to look for.

"Ohhh, Mom!" she squealed in randy rapture.

They kissed juicily for a moment, then Molly, enjoying these revelations, getting her revenge on the naughty young lady who had been fucking her husband for years, pulled away. "And that ain't all." Hank was looking stricken by all this. Yvonne, adoring every bit of it, gaped at her mother, waiting for more confessions. If she hadn't fucked him, what else could they have done but suck and-and . . .

The truth dawned on the girl at the same moment that Molly turned around and bent over, as if she were doing a stretching exercise. Her ass loomed up in her daughter's face. Then, instead of touching her toes, Molly placed her hands on the firm globes of her ass and spread them apart, exposing the bud of her shithole.

Yvonne whimpered as she saw jizz-her husband's jizz, to boot-dribbling from her mother's asshole.

Molly looked back over her shoulder, interested in seeing Yvonne's reactions. But she could have guessed. The girl's lovely face was contorted by pure lust.

Molly jerked her ass up, and Yvonne began to lap up the slime-soaked cleft, then into her shitter. Ralph's cum, deliciously tainted by Molly's tangy asshole, bubbled out onto Yvonne's tongue and lips.

The naughty newlywed gurgled with joy and went suck-mad on her mother's asshole, claiming the cum that was hers by marriage in a most peculiar fashion-sucking it, second-hand, from her parent's puckered fudgeslot.

Molly moved her ass around in Yvonne's face, enjoying a rimming from her daughter more than she did from her boss and wondering whether the girl was puzzled by the combined flavors of cum, champagne and oysters? But Yvonne hadn't noticed anything out of the ordinary, only that her mom's asshole was yummy. She figured that her mother's cunt would be even more scrumptious. The fragrance of that fiery fuckhole was wafting out of Molly's muff and drifting up to Yvonne's face, adding to the tantalizing aroma of the asshole she was eating out so enthusiastically.

Hank was hovering beside them, hunched down over her hard cock, his eyes popping out as he

watched his sister's pink tongue dip into their mother's asshole, saliva spilling from her lips.

Yvonne winked at her brother. Rimming out Mom's cornhole was even more exciting when the horny boy was such an avid audience.

Yvonne had sucked every drop of her husband's jizz out, and she now she was munching on a snack of shithole unadulterated by foreign substances. The anal appetizer was making her hungry for the main course of cunt.

Sliding down, she slapped her tongue into her mother's cunt from behind, dining doggy style.

Molly wriggled about, mopping her pussy against Yvonne's mouth, loving her little girl's tongue. She was delighted that her daughter was a cunt-lapper, eager to teach the girl all the culinary tricks that Gerrard had taught her.

Now she was happy that Ralph had little sexual stamina, knowing that Yvonne would be coming over to see Mommy whenever her pussy wasn't satisfied at home.

Yvonne would be calling on her father and brother, as well, but Molly didn't mind that at all. She heartily approved, as long as she could watch the action and lap up the residue when it was ended.

She swayed and jerked sinuously as Yvonne gobbled her pussy so greedily. But Molly didn't want to cream off on the girl's tongue-yet.

She was hot to suck Yvonne off, first, then figured that Yvonne would savor a snack even more later, when Molly's cunt was full of Hank's fuckjuice.

And Hank was obviously all set to deliver that incestuous oil, jerking Uke a puppet on a string as he became more and more aroused from watching his sister's tongue slurping in their mother's creamy cuntslot.

The boy wrapped his fist around the thick hilt of his rock-hard prick, as if he were about to start beating his own meat, unable to wait. But Molly shook her head. "No!"

Hank snatched his hand away, willing to suffer the wait for the promised pleasure.

Molly stepped away from Yvonne's face, her wet cunt pulling off the girl's lips with a slurp.

Yvonne looked dismayed at having her meal snatched away before she'd finished feeding.

"Don't you wanna cream my mouth, Mommy?" the cunt-hungry newlywed whined.

"Yes, darling, but first I want to tonguefuck you and-" she glanced at her son "-and let Hank make my cunt nice and cummy for you."

Yvonne squealed at the prospect.

Hank's lips formed an O shape but no sound came out. The boy was struck dumb by the knowledge tht he was soon to become a motherfucker!

Molly turned and knelt between her little girl's widespread legs.

Yvonne jerked her crotch up eagerly. For a long moment, Molly simply stared at that creamy confection awaiting her drooling lips. With a sweet, fragrant delicacy like that, who needed champagne and oysters? The only thing she wanted to pack that perfumed pussy with was her own sizzling tongue! Her tongue was sticking out like a pliable iron-filing being drawn to a magnet.

"Suck my cunt, Mom!" Yvonne pleaded.

Molly smiled, then those smiling lips descended as she dove on her daughter's creamy cunt.

Turning her face from side to side, Molly lapped out Yvonne's gooey pussy, moaning with cunt-lapper's joy. She licked the hairy pink lips and flicked against the girl's sparking clit.

"Mom! Mommy!" Yvonne screamed, driven crazy by that enthusiastic lapping.

Her mom was giving her the best cunt-eating she had ever had, and she was feeding the woman the most delicious pussy, in fair exchange.

Yvonne's thighs brushed against her mother's cheeks and her knees drew up, her nubile body curling sinuously. She kicked at the air.

Molly stabbed her tongue in, then fitted her parted lips to Yvonne's open cunt-slot, so that she was French-kissing it.

"Ummmmmm!"

Slurping sounds came juicily from Yvonne's vee as Molly made more noise than necessary, knowing that Hank would enjoy the sounds of sucking to go along with the sight.

Molly came up for air.

Her jaws were dripping, her tongue glazed by goo, her sensual lips smeared as if she had been eating a creamsickle.

Yvonne jerked up impatiently. But Molly turned to Hank and kissed him on the lips, sliding her tongue into his mouth, giving him a taste of sibling slime.

Then the woman ducked down on her daughter's steaming pussy and began sucking again.

Molly was in a feeding frenzy, and Yvonne was wailing with ecstasy as she fed that ardent muff-muncher. Her ass rolled up in a deep curve.

Molly cupped those trim ass-cheeks and lifted the girl's slim loins higher, as if her cunt were a brimming goblet she was draining off, a cunt cup she was quaffing to the sweet dregs.

Her lips were stuck to Yvonne's pussy like a rubber plunger, glued to her cunt by a sticky adhesive of cuntjuice and drool. The pussyjuice spilled lavishly into her adoring mouth as she merrily sucked away. It was getting thicker and creamier as Yvonne began to melt.

Looking up, Molly smiled. "Don't cum yet, baby! Let Mommy suck longer!"

Yvonne stared down past the thrust of her tits, seeing the top of her mother's head framed by her thighs and cunt bush, the lower part of her face buried. The sight added to the thrill as Molly's tongue continued to stir gently in her simmering, bubbling pussy.

How could a girl not cum?

"I'll cream twice, Mommy!" she promised, wailing and letting her loins dissolve.

"Ohhhhh! Oooohhhh, yeah! Juice me, darling!" Molly gasped, sucking in a frenzy.

If the girl couldn't hold her cumming back any longer, her cunt-starved mother was damned well going to drink it while she got the chance.

Yvonne's clit blasted off and her pussy melted. Her cunt cum poured past Molly's lips.

Molly gulped and gasped and sputtered as she swallowed.

"Cum-cum-cum!" Molly moaned, begging for more even as her mouth was Filling up.

Yvonne creamed and creamed, going off like a sky rocket, peak rushing upon peak. The highest deluge gushed on her mother's mouth, coming down slowly.

Molly sucked away until she was certain her daughter was drained, then she spooned up the seepage with her tongue. She looked up hopefully.

"Do it again, Mom!" Yvonne sighed, saying what she knew her mother wanted to hear. But now Hank just had to cum, too . . .

Chapter Fourteen

"Mom!" the youth cried, thrusting his tortured prick out desperately.

Molly turned toward him, her lovely face coated with cunt cum from chin to cheekbones. Her son's cock was thundering. He wasn't touching it, but the thick shaft was pumping up and down on its own, like a shock absorber, and he had already spilled out as much preliminary spunk as most men managed in a week of cummings.

Molly saw that she couldn't expect the boy to wait a second longer. But her daughter was eagerly waiting for a second sucking, too. It was a matter of two birds with one stone. Molly took her son's cock in her hand, tugging him to her. She gave his flaring cock-knob a loving kiss and sucked it for a moment, loving the way his flavored pre-cum blended with his sister's cunt cream.

Then she drew her lips away and guided Hank behind her. He knelt behind her ass. She released his prick and waited, expecting the horny boy to know what to do. But Hank just knelt there hesitantly. It was understandable. After all, she was his mother. Molly reached behind her ass and grasped his cock again, pulling and guiding the huge knob down into her crotch from behind.

The prick pulsed in her cunt-slot and Hank grabbed her by the hips, clinging for dear life to her haunches.

"Fuck me, Hank! Fuck me like a dog!" she moaned, looking over her shoulder.

Hank shuddered, lingering at the rim of her pussy, savoring the final moment before he changed from a virgin to a motherfucker in one fell swoop.

Molly shoved back impatiently, eager to resume feeding on Yvonne's delectable pussy, but wanting her son to get stuck up her fuckhole first.

"Pump my pussy up! Fuck Mommy!" she cried.

Hank jerked as if shot through with an electric current. His high-voltage cock was plugged into her cunt socket, the tingling thrill running through them both, as if her pussy were a transformer, stepping up the voltage.

Then the boy humped and drove every inch of his prick into his mother's cunthole.

He held it buried, some dim part of his mind questioning whether he was already a motherfucker, or if it didn't count until he shot his rocks off in her pussy. But it was a moot and fleeting matter.

Hank began to doggy-fuck his mom in a fury.

Molly's ass jolted as she heaved back, taking all of her son's virgin cock up her fuckhole, yearning to feel his cherry jizz spurt into her.

His cock vanished and his enormous balls thudded into her crotch. He tugged back against her cunt-suction and then plunged in again as she shoved her ass back to meet him. Her ass jerked up as he stuffed her full. Then he pulled his prick back out.

Loving to get fucked by her son, Molly was neglecting her daughter for the moment. j

And seeing her brother screwing their mother jj was making Yvonne hotter than ever. I

"Eat my twat, Mommy!" she whimpered.

Molly buried her face again, sucking and licking in her little girl's groin. The promiscuous woman loved to have action at both ends, and, now, she was in ecstasy.

She started to cream, her mother's cuntjuice oozing from her pussy-slot as her son's prick stuffed her to the brim and her salacious saliva flowing into her daughter's cunt as her tongue tingled like her clit.

Hank slammed in, driving his mother's head into his sister's crotch.

Molly's tongue shot out. She was tonguefuck-ing her daughter at the same rhythm that her son was doggy-fucking into her cunt. His cock slogged in and her tongue lapped out.

Hank's massive meat was pounding in so deep that she almost expected it to come out of her mouth and sink into his sister's pussy, so that he would be screwing his sibling via their mother's body.

"Jizz-cream-shoot!" Molly babbled, the words bubbling in Yvonne's creamy cunt.

Cumming, herself, the woman was desperate for her children's cream, her maternal body smoldering at both ends. She was eating pussy with parental passion and screwing her cunt onto her son's stalk in a foaming frenzy.

Yvonne began to melt again as her mother sucked her pussy voraciously. Then Hank howled and Molly gasped with joy as she felt her son's spunk cascading into her cuntbox. Hot and thick, it hosed her.

His belly slapped on the curve of her ass as he plowed in, spurting on every stroke, while his sister kept juicing off into her avid maw. Molly drank the cunt cum down gluttonously and her cunt swallowed her son's slime greedily, soaking it up like a sponge as he filled her fuckhole again and again. Sex with her kids was wonderful!

And it sure surprised the hell out of the two men who had just walked in . . .

Jake and his son-in-law had both arrived at the house at the same time.

Jake had returned, figuring he had waited long enough to allay any suspicious, and Ralph, horny again, had come to fetch his bride.

Meeting, they both looked embarrassed and guilty and sheepish-and for the very same reason, since they had been having sex with one another's wives.

But, not suspicious of each other, they greeted each other nervously and went into the house together.

Hearing the action, they exchanged a puzzled glance.

Seeing that action, as they came to the door, they both cried out in shock.

"My wife!" Jake gasped.

"My bride!" Ralph wailed.

Hearing them, Molly raised her hand. She gave her husband and son-in-law a devilish grin, then buried her head back in her daughter's groin to finish feeding.

She was sucking the cunt of one man's daughter and the other man's wife-in the same setting.

Then Jake and Ralph began to grin.

They stripped their clothing off in a frenzy.

Hank finished cumming and sat back on his heels, too happy to care that he had been caught fucking his mother.

Molly took a last slurp on Yvonne's cunt, then slid up beside her on the couch. They were hip to hip, perched on the edge, legs spread and cunts tipped up, waiting for the newcomers to join them.

Jake and Ralph advanced.

Automatically, from force of habit, each man moved up to his own spouse. But then it dawned on them both at once how absurd that was- and they traded places.

Kneeling side by side on the floor, they fucked each other's wife, completing the in-law link and breaking the incest taboo-and spanning the generation gap, as well.

What sort of a family have I married into? Ralph asked himself.

And he was sure glad he had taken those vows.

The Houstons hadn't lost a daughter, they had happily gained a son . . .

End