

Nights Are For Family

by David Crane

Chapter One

Gloria Knight pulled her flashy red convertible onto the verge of the road and looked out at the new house. The exterior seemed to be finished, painted and trimmed, and she hoped that the work inside was coming along well, too. The Knight family had recently relocated and was living in a small apartment while they waited for their new home to be built. The rented apartment was pleasant enough, but too small. She felt sure that their teen-aged kids, Rick and Sherry, could hear the bed squeaking when she and her husband, Mike, were fucking, as they very often were.

Fucking played a very important part in Gloria's life, and she couldn't help making a lot of noise when she creamed off, kids or no kids. So she was really looking forward to having her own home again, with plenty of space and privacy for energetic fucking.

She decided to go up and see how the interior work was progressing, hoping that the spacious new house would be habitable by the weekend as the builders had promised. She slid from the car, her short skirt riding high up her lush, nylon-sheathed thighs. She tugged the hem down and strolled up the lawn, her ass and hips swinging in her habitually provocative gait.

Gloria was a spectacularly voluptuous Woman, with an hour glass-or brick shit house-body, a heavy mane of tawny blonde hair, misty grey eyes and a wide, sensual slash of a mouth. She had a body that seemed to have been specifically designed for fucking, which was just as well, since that was what she mostly liked to do.

She went up the steps and entered the house. The hall and the rooms leading off it were finished, although not yet furnished. She could hear steady hammering and sawing sounds from above, proving the workmen were hard at their task. She went on up the stairs.

The interior walls were all finished but one- the wall between the master bedroom and what was going to be a spare room or storage area. And as she stepped into the main bedroom, she found that three workmen were installing the pine panels at that very moment.

She recognized them as Gus, Jake and Tony, sinewy laborers wearing dusty work clothes. They were not unattractive men, in a crude sort of way, and she watched them from the doorway for a few moments, admiring the way their muscles bulged as they wielded the hammers, stroked with the saws. She liked to watch men hard at work. Their sweating efforts reminded her of men making enthusiastic love.

Most things reminded Gloria of making love, in one way or the other. Her main passion was for teen-aged boys, preferably virgins, but she could get good and hot over most guys, including the working classes.

The hammers fell and the saws stroked and Gloria's cunt began to simmer. How she was looking forward to her first cuntful of prick in her new home. She had supposed it would be supplied by her husband, of course.

But Gloria was neither particular nor faithful.

How really naughty it would be to fuck a builder in her new home even before the work was finished!

And naughty things always turned her on.

She stepped into the room and the three men looked up, nodding. Their eyes lingered on her body. Gloria loved to be admired and she arched her slender back so that her heavy tits thrust out. She never wore a bra and her nipples were standing out in perky peaks against her tight sweater, stiff and swollen and tantalizing.

She could feel three sets of eyes burning into her tits like laser beams. Her tit tips stiffened even more under that welcome workmen scrutiny.

She didn't really intend to get gang-banged by this screw, and anyhow there were no beds in the place. But it was a kick to tease them with her charms, anyhow.

She moved closer, swinging her hips.

Tony was sawing a plank across a sawhorse and Gloria leaned over him, as if looking at what he was doing. She rubbed her tits against his muscular arm.

His breath hissed in sharply and she saw beads of sweat stand out on his furrowed brow. She brushed her tits up and down, tips flaring. As she leaned over Tony, the other two were gawking at her, admiring her lush body and obviously envying their companion the contact.

Gloria was getting hotter by the moment.

Breathing in, she inhaled her fragrance of her own heated pussy perfume as that aroma poured from her crotch and permeated the room, mingling with the pleasant scent of freshly sawed pine wood. Her naughty imagination sparked.

She felt deliriously wicked and wanton. Should she have a sort of open house party? she wondered. Should she have a house-warming precipitously, before the work was done?

Oh, I better not be naughty, she told herself.

But then she saw that the front of Tony's denim pants had started to stand out in bas relief. The wiry, sinewy fellow looked well-hung.

Straightening up, she gazed at the other two.

Their work pants, too, had begun to bulge as their pricks got hard as hammers.

How could a horny woman resist such temptation?

She turned, letting them stare at her curvaceous body from front and back and tit-thrusting profile. Her blonde hair cascaded over her shoulders as she spun. Her eyes were bright and her lips were moist.

"You've done a lovely job, boys," she said.

She gave them a very mischievous look, gazing at each in turn and letting her eyes play over the prominent swellings in their groins.

"This will be the master bedroom, of course. I'm glad it's almost done because I'm really looking forward to going to bed here-and getting my first fuck in my own home-"

The three workmen gasped as one.

They stared at her in disbelief, glanced at each other, gaped back at the lewd lady. They seemed shocked by her bold and brazen words and suggestive behavior.

Their communal attitude was delighting the blonde bombshell as she continued to tempt them. She turned again, ass and tits jutting out, as if those firm, full curves were counterbalancing her supple torso.

It was little wonder that they seemed so stunned and eager and impressed. Gloria could just picture the contrast between herself and the wives of these workmen. She imagined their wives wore baggy cotton housedresses and plain cotton bras and rollers in their dyed hair. These guys probably got laid once a week, most likely on Friday nights after they had delivered their paychecks and if they were lucky they might get a blowjob for Thanksgiving.

The workmen looked worried, as well.

They had all erected interesting structures in their pants, but obviously they couldn't believe their luck and feared Gloria was a cockteaser.

Gloria was a tease, for that matter-but only to a point. She loved to make guys horny by playing the temptress, but she always came across, as well.

By this time she realized that she had taken things beyond some simple flirtation. Having caused them to build such firm phallic foundations, Gloria felt obligated to let them demolish those structures in her loins, to help them raze the randy pricks they had erected.

She began to unbutton her blouse, still slowly turning. Their eyes bulged out like hard-boiled eggs. Her blouse fell open and her naked tits loomed out.

Her nipples were standing out like high caliber bullets. She cupped her tits lifting the heavy globes and deepening her smooth cleavage. Her thumbs switched back and forth against her nipples, making those nubbins swell more.

"Lady," Tony croaked hoarsely. "If you think you can just play with us and-"

"It's no game," she whispered. "I love a good old-fashioned gang-bang, fellas!"

She shoved her tits out toward him.

Tony reached out tentatively. He touched the tips of his work-hardened fingers against her tit and drew his hand back immediately, as if he'd touched a hot stove. But when he saw she didn't object, he touched her again. He began to maul her tits with both hands.

Encouraged by this, Gus and Jack moved closer.

Gloria unfastened the side of her short skirt and let it drop, swirling down her long, shapely legs. Her panties were tiny bikini types, just a wisp of cloth drawn tightly across her pneumatic hips and ass.

She hooked her thumbs under the elastic waistband and began to tug, then down very slowly, still playing the tease, disrobing as provocatively as an exotic dancer in a sordid strip show. But the builders could see by this time that she was far more than a flirt.

Her honey-blonde cunt bush emerged.

Their wives might well have bleached or dyed hair, but Gloria obviously didn't. Her curly vee extended up her lower belly, bushy and luxuriant and natural, like some sunlit tropical forest flourishing around the swamp of her fuckslot.

She tugged her panties down her legs and kicked them from her feet. They were so sodden with cuntjuice that they sloshed when they fell into the sawdust on the floor. The wood chips darkened in the seepage. Gloria, naked now but for her nylon stockings and black garter belt, leaned back against the sawhorse. All three men stared in awe at her golden vee, framed by the sexy black straps of her garter belt. She would have been willing to wager that all of their wives wore pantyhose.

She parted her thighs slightly and tilted her crotch up, showing them her wet slit. Her cuntlips were unfolded in a wide oval and that coral pink slot was flooded with the nectar of her cunt. Her stiff clit was standing out like a gumdrop in a bowl of cream.

Tony lowered his dark head and clamped his lips on a fat tit tip, nursing with whimpering gusto.

Gus moved to the other side. He began sucking on her other tit. Both workmen's heads were brushing together as they mouthed her from both sides.

Jake stood before her, leering. He looked smug-and with good reason.

His greedy companions had fallen so eagerly on her tits that they had left the best part for him.

He sank down to his knees, bringing his head on a level with her groin.

Gloria gave a whimper and parted her thighs a bit wider, offering him her pussy.

Jake just stared at that treat for awhile. His wife had never packed him such a succulent-looking lunch. Gloria's cunt was like some delectable pink shellfish served in a creamy French sauce.

Her cunt was steaming hot and streaming with juice. Jake inhaled the bouquet with a hungry sigh. She tilted her cunt up a bit higher, as if she were offering him a savory snack on a hairy tray.

Jake whimpered and dove on her cunt, burying his face in that soaking slot. He held her by her lush hips and turned her pelvis gently as his head burrowed in, wallowing in her wet pussy.

She closed her thighs around his cheeks for a moment, then opened them wide again to let him work away without any restraint in her cunt.

Her firm ass was perched on the sawhorse, her long, sleek legs extended, widespread, to the floor. Tony and Gus were bent over her big tits, one on either side. They were stroking her ass and hips, their firm hands helping her to stay balanced on the tottering sawhorse.

Jake was kneeling before her, his head down as though bowing over her loins in worship.

Gloria began to tremble.

The oversexed woman never had any trouble in getting her rocks off, even with just one lover attending her. Now, serviced by three, she was surging towards the blissful peak of her promiscuous passion.

Her nipples exploded in sucking lips and her clit went off like a blasting cap in Jake's mouth. That detonating bud set off a deeper explosion in the creamy core of her cunt. Her pussy melted and her cunt cum swirled down her tunnel of lust, pouring into Jake's mouth.

"Oh! Ooooooh, I'm getting off!" she cried.

She had her hands behind Tony and Gus' heads, holding them cradled to her tits. Her belly was pumping as she mopped Jake's face with her cunt. Her whole voluptuous body was vibrating with the thrill.

The seepage from her cunt got hotter and thicker and richer as her cuntjuice turned to cum cream. Jake was drinking from her pussy, making lots of soft, moist slurping sounds as he swallowed.

She jerked her loins out and gasped as the highest crest rushed through her belly and shot up her trembling thighs like a high-voltage current.

Jake munched her cunt greedily and she fed him mouthful after mouthful, draining off to the dregs. He gulped her girl goo down voraciously, eating away enthusiastically in her creamily melting cunt.

Finished cumming, Gloria sighed with contentment, a dreamy smile lighting

her face.

She stopped squirming, still softly panting.

"Ohhhh! That was lovely!" she purred.

Tony lifted his face off her heavy tit and, an instant later, Gus looked up from her other fat tit. They saw the satisfied look on her radiant face and, exchanging a glance, both frowned slightly.

Then they looked down at Jake.

Jake was still gobbling away in her cunt, using his tongue to spoon out the cream from her open pussy and sucking on the slot with his lips. He stayed stuck on her pussy for a while, enjoying this snack to the last drop.

Finally, he raised his head from her groin and looked up, his jaws dripping like a feeding wolf.

Then he, too, frowned with concern, as he saw how blissfully satisfied the blonde woman looked.

All three workmen were sharing the same terrible thought. Now that this sexpot had gotten her rocks off under their three-way mouthing, maybe she would no longer be interested in taking care of their erections.

It was a troublesome idea, and one that they were all well-accustomed to, to their regret. All three of these laborers had selfish, dowdy wives who would never

give them anything unless they were in the mood themselves.

Why should this gorgeous woman be more charitable than their own spouses?

They looked at her so piteously that Gloria laughed.

But Gloria was always in the mood.

"Open your tool boxes, boys! There's work to be done!"

Chapter Two

Rick Knight was pedaling his bicycle awkwardly as he neared the house under construction. His balls were swollen in the saddle and his prick was sticking out as hard as an auxiliary crossbar.

Like his mother, Rick was eager for the new home to be finished, and for the same reasons. There simply wasn't enough privacy in the small apartment where the family was living at the moment.

Rick was a habitual meat-beater. He liked to jack off first thing in the morning and last thing at night and, often, two or three times during the day.

In his bedroom in the apartment he felt constrained. He shot his wad off with regularity, but he had to stifle the moans and cries that went along with cumming and the need to be quiet about it spoiled the pleasure.

When he got home from school today and found that his mother wasn't there, he had been delighted, thinking that he could have a nice loud wank.

But no sooner had he gone to his room and produced his thundering prick when he heard Sherry, his younger sister, come into the apartment.

Shit, he had thought, in disappointment.

With the girl around, he wouldn't be able to enjoy his handjob, knowing she could hear him.

That was when he got a clever idea.

He decided to bicycle out to the new house where, if the workmen had finished for the day, he could beat his meat to a frazzle in the privacy of the unoccupied building.

He hurried out, nodding to Sherry as he passed.

He failed to see the glint in the girl's smoky grey eyes or the impish smile on her sensual lips when she noticed the bulge in his jeans.

My brother's got a boner, she thought.

The idea thrilled her and made her hot.

Just like her mother and her brother, naughty little Sherry needed her privacy.

Now the teenager was pleased that she was all alone in the apartment.

Sherry was going to give herself a lovely, lingering, loud finger-fucking in undisturbed comfort, figuring she would have plenty of time to finish before anyone got home.

Rick pedaled up to the new house and scowled when he saw his mother's red convertible parked off the road. He coasted to a stop. There wasn't much sense going in the house if she was there, he figured. But then he thought that she might have been looking out and seen him ride up and that it would look funny if he just cycled off again, without stopping. Guilty about his constant cock-pulling, Rick was a bit paranoid and figured that everyone was probably suspicious.

All he ever thought about was emptying off his balls, so it was reasonable for the youth to assume that others had the same interests and would deduce his motives.

He sighed and dismounted, moving awkwardly as he heaved his hard-on from the saddle.

He jammed his hands in his side pockets and stooped over, hiding his erection as best he could. Then he walked up to the house and went in.

There was no one downstairs. He could hear sounds from above, but they were muffled and muted and not at all the sounds of builders at work-not, at least, the sort of work that he had contracted to do.

Curious and still hoping that he might get a chance to pound his prick to foam, he went up the staircase quietly. The noises were becoming more distinct as he drew nearer. They were all coming from one room-the one designated as the

master bedroom-and there was something intriguing about them.

He could hear moist slurping and soft sighs, heavy breathing and passionate moaning.

What the hell? he wondered.

The naive young man could only deal with things that he knew about and he naturally associated those sounds with the sound of a handjob.

Holy shit! Is Mom frigging off? he thought.

Since he seldom thought of anything else, it was quite natural for Rick to suspect that. It thrilled him to the core, although it didn't thrill him half as much to hear those suspicious sounds as it was going to be to see just what was causing them!

He advanced cautiously and curiously, still hunkered over his hard-on and hoping like mad that he was going to see his sexy mom being naughty.

Coming to the open doorway of the spare room, he glanced in and saw that the interior wall was still unfinished, several panels not in place. He realized that he could look into the bedroom through those gaps.

Which, of course, he did.

He tiptoed across the bare floor and placed his eye to one of the open spaces-and almost passed out.

His mom was being a lot naughtier than just giving herself a finger-fucking. Rick gasped aloud. But the cluster in the other room was making too much noise to hear his cry. So much blood rushed into his cock that Rick swayed, light-headed and dizzy. His mouth gasped open wide and his eyes misted. Through those misty eyes, he watched in total fascination, like some overseer on a carnal construction site.

Rick had arrived just in time to see the first act come to a conclusion and the creamy curtain fall on the passionate performers. Two guys were sucking his mother's tits and a third was plating her pussy, and that voluptuous, promiscuous woman was creaming off lavishly.

Rick licked his lips as he saw his mother's cunt melt in the workman's face. He heard the man gulp as he swallowed. Rick swallowed, too, his Adam's apple churning up his throat. His cock was hammering so savagely it was threatening to burst right through his fly. It seemed hot enough to burn a hole through the fabric, as well.

Fumbling blindly, his eyes glued to the scene, Rick opened his fly and hauled his hard cock out.

But he didn't start frigging yet.

He was waiting to see if there was going to be any more action to spy upon before he unloaded his loins. When Rick set about beating his meat, it took all of his concentration and, at the moment, the fascinated young man didn't want his attention divided.

His eyes took precedence for now.

And those eyes were deeply gratified.

Chapter Three

Tony and Gus looked up from her tits and Jake pulled his lips off her cunt with a juicy slurp and all three horny laborers looked hopefully at Gloria. She told them to produce their tools, delighting them, and delighting the young man looking on just as much.

Jake stood up and began to open his fly.

Gloria did that service for Gus and Tony, reaching down with one hand for each. She expertly unzipped their pants and deftly pulled their pricks out. Jake had his out by then and the horny lady looked from one to the other, her grey eyes widening and registering approval.

These builders were well equipped.

Their tools weren't as big as her husband's, but they were sizable and shapely and pleasingly individual, which was always welcome in a gang-bang, to a woman who loved variety as Gloria did.

Jake had a cock like a hammer or mallet, heavy-headed and hard enough to drive nails.

Gus had a prick shaped more like an awl or screwdriver, tapering up from a thick handle to a tapered tip, so that it would fill a woman more inch by inch.

Tony's cock had a huge vein raised in a gnarled ridge up the underside of his

shaft, so that it would rasp like a plane across a lady's clit as it sank in and out.

All three had big, bloated balls.

Gloria didn't know which prick pleased her more.

But luckily she wasn't going to have to make a choice since she intended to fuck all three.

She was smiling and squirming in happy anticipation. What a lovely way to initiate love in her new home. It would have been more appropriate had it been a houseboat, she thought. She could have launched it and christened it with those cocks, like bottles of bubbling champagne.

Jake shuffled closer, his loins jammed out. Gazing at his groin, Gloria stroked the other two, but slowly, careful not to fall into any steady rhythm that might bring one or both off in her fists. She wasn't taking any chances of wasting their loads on handjobs.

Jake pressed his cockhead to her stomach.

She wriggled against it. It was as hot as a branding iron, searing her flesh. She leaned out and kissed him on the lips, tasting her own delicious cunt cum on his tongue. They swapped lappers back and forth, drooling cunt slime and saliva back and forth between their lips.

She sucked his tongue, then fed him a tongue sandwich in turn, her lapper probing his maw. His prick was bucking like a bronco against her belly. He was slowly dripping at the knees, drawing his prick down. The fat knob rustled in her

curly vee, juicing her tresses with pre-spunk.

Gus and Tony humped, fucking through her fists as she stood like a gunfighter with a weapon in each hand. But they, like Gloria, had no desire to cum off in her hands and they humped slowly and erratically.

They were glowering sullenly at Jake, envying him first crack at her cunt. He had gotten to eat out her pussy and it didn't seem fair that he was going to get the first fuck, too. Still, sloppy seconds or thirds were no hardship with a dreamboat like this lascivious lady.

Jake grabbed his cock by the hilt and began to rub the knob into her cunt bush. Then he sank down lower and angled the bulbous slab into her crotch.

She leaned back on the sawhorse and tilted her cunt up, ready to get stuffed. Gus and Tony held her firmly, their hands on the cheeks of her ass, keeping her from toppling over the wooden bar. Although they resented their fellow workman getting up her cunt first, they were more than willing to assist, knowing that the more smoothly this initial coupling went, the sooner they would be in the saddle.

Jake began to wedge his cockhead into her gooey gash. Her pearly cuntlips pulled and sucked and slurped. His cock-knob vanished in her slot and her cunt collared his prick. Juice was washing down his cock and onto his balls, her cream shot through with thicker streaks of pre-cum.

Inch by precious inch, he sank his prick in.

Then his hard ass jolted and he slammed in all the way, plunging balls-deep into her seething pussy.

"Ahhhhh!" she moaned.

He held his cock buried as her talented cunt muscles worked on his prick, inner rings rippling to his outline. His balls were ballooning against the curve of her ass as she balanced on the sawhorse.

His big, hammer-headed cock was pulsing in her loins. The swollen knob was smoldering in her cunt core and the iron-hard prick levered up her chute. Thick cunt milk oozed from her pussy, seeping out around the coupling like glue bonding his plug to her socket.

Jake held his cock in root-deep, grinding on the full penetration and not starting to hump. It was as if he couldn't bear to pull his prick out of her sweet cunt for an instant, not even just long enough to stuff it back in.

Gloria began to fuck before Jack did.

She pulled her pussy up and down on his cock, frigging frantically on the hard prick. Her voracious cunt was swallowing his meat like a hungry mouth.

Then Jake began to pour the prick to her;

Meeting her in counterpoint, his ass corkscrewing, he rammed in as she shoved her cunt down his cock. The hot meat hissed up her steaming slot. They were working in perfect harmony. She was a well-to-do housewife and he was a common workman, but they jolted together as if his cock had been forged for her fuckhole.

The sawhorse almost toppled as he lunged in and jammed her ass onto it. Gus dropped to his knees behind her, supporting her firm ass with both hands.

As she slid back, her asscheeks parted, exposing the puckered brown ring of her shithole and, while he was on the spot, Gus began to sink his tongue into that spicy little slot.

Wailing and moaning in rapture, Gloria threw her legs up and clamped her thighs around Jake's hips, holding him clamped in a velvet vise.

Her heels drummed on his ass. Then her feet shot straight out behind him, ankles arching, feet pointed at the unfinished wall behind Jake's jolting ass.

She slowly dropped back across the sawhorse so that her lush body drew parallel with the floor, then slid upright again, as if she were doing sit ups. Her trim tummy ridges showed as her belly muscles tightened. She seemed to be exercising on the bar of Jake's prick.

Gus was still kneeling under her, supporting her ass with his hands and whipping his tongue steadily around in her tight little asshole. His head tipped back as she sank down, then bobbed forward as she sat back up.

Jake hooked his elbows under her knees, helping to support her straining body at the other end. Trim and athletic, Gloria bobbed up and down fluidly.

Tony felt out of the exercise.

Standing beside her, he lunged his cock and balls out, rubbing his knob against her tits. Then he angled it higher. Her lips brushed his bloated cockhead as she sat up and her lapper flicked against that big slab as she sank back down. But she didn't take his meat into her mouth. Gloria loved sucking cocks in general, but when she had a chance to get gang-banged she preferred it up her cunt, taking a meat train up her pussy one by one. She didn't want to risk having Tony shoot in her mouth since she had no idea how virile he was and couldn't be

sure that he would have a second load available for her loins if she swallowed his first.

His knob was oozing pre-cum and she slurped it up with her nimble tongue. It was so delicious that she would have gladly milked him off. But still she avoided a mouthful, hungry as the slimy seepage was making her.

Her fleeting tongue felt great, but it was frustrating Tony, too. He figured the best thing was to help his friend Jake to get his rocks off quickly, so that he could sink his cock into her as soon as possible.

Tony moved around behind Jake and grasped Gloria by her ankles. He began to pull her across the sawhorse, hauling her cunt onto Jake's driving prick.

Jake slammed in savagely and with Gus shoving her ass up and Tony dragging her back by her feet, they were sliding together with lightning strokes.

His huge cock pounded into her. It felt big as a ham bone as it filled her cunt. Gloria was gurgling with the joy of it. Her cunthole was starting to melt around his meat like a wax candle on a flaming wick.

"Shoot up me!" she wailed, eager to feel the builder's balls drain off in her creaming fuckhole.

As she got wetter and slipperier, his cock slid in even faster. The friction was intense as the speed increased. His plunger stuffed her and cunt cum came gushing out from her well-filled pussy.

Her goo streamed down her groin, seeping into the crack of her ass and

soaking the sawhorse. Her ass slid around on a film of her own seepage.

Gus was spooning cunt cum out of the musky crack of her ass as it came foaming down that tight cleft. She jerked spasmodically as his lapper probed her shithole again.

Tony dragged her onto Jake's prick as if he were pulling a tight boot onto a clubbed foot. Each time he yanked her onto Jake's cock, more juice oozed from her slot. Her crotch was lathered with her flow and Jake's balls were awash with the slimy stuff. As those bloated bags swung in, they splashed loudly in her sodden groin.

His balls were so full now that they were whacking her with a dull thud, heavy and solid as sandbags.

"Jizz me! Juice me!" she moaned.

"Here it cums, lady!" he croaked.

His cock drove in and his fuckjuice came pouring into her cunthole like boiling oil. She cried out and her clit exploded. Her cunt cum seeped out, blending with Jake's jism. As he slammed in, their combined cum creams pumped from her pussy in a milky tide.

He drained off in a series of separate spurts, hosing her heavily. Then he began to falter, swaying back and forth and panting in the aftermath.

His balls were slack now, whipping into her crotch like punctured balloons.

He had slowed down to a snail's pace. His cock was no longer squirting and the last of his slime seeped from his pisshole in a meager trickle.

Gloria kept on squirming and humping, working off her own cumming to the last spasms. It had been a lovely fuck, she thought, smiling radiantly.

It hadn't lasted as long as she liked.

But that didn't matter at the moment with two more hard cocks to take turns in her cunt.

Chapter Four

Rick was in a frenzy as he peeked through the open wall and watched his naughty mom getting balled. He felt ashamed of himself for enjoying that scene so much. After all, she was his mother and she was acting like a nymphomaniac and cheating on his dad. But whatever shame the boy felt was nothing compared to the lust that was raging through his loins and seething in his mind.

His prick was like a thunderbolt.

Rick had wanted to delay his frigging, seeing all that there was to see before he finally unloaded his liquid lust, but he didn't see how he could wait much longer.

His cockhead was flowing like a fountain.

His balls were inflated as big as melons and he knew that he was going to

suddenly blow his wad off even if he didn't so much as touch his cock.

And the potent youth knew, too, that a single handjob wouldn't even begin to sap his vitality or to deplete his spunk supply or diminish his dark desire.

Even when he was only having solitary fantasies, Rick could often jack off three or four times with no more than a few minutes rest between spurting. Now, under the stimulation of playing the peeper on his parent, inspired by that visual and vicarious incest, he figured that he would be able to shoot countless times.

He placed his trembling hand on his throbbing prick, folding his fist around the thick hilt. He took one skimming stroke, his palm gliding up fluidly on his own preliminary seepage. He pulled back down that greasy cock. More spunk came from his gaping cleft, thick as molasses.

He heard his mother beg for the workman's jizz.

Then he saw that builder's balls burst. Jake hammered his cock in and began to hose Gloria's cunt. Rick could see the cum dribbling from her slot as Jake's prick pumped in and he fancied that he could even feel the heavy slime splash as it jetted into his mom's cunt core.

His grip tightened on his cockshaft. His prick stood from his fist like a pointer quivering as it homed in on its quarry. Rick's whole, body was quivering as well, the savage vibration of his iron-hard cock passing from the root of his prick and into his groin.

He grimaced and his eyes rolled. His lips squared back from his clenched teeth.

Then he gave himself a single stroke.

His fist pulled up his shaft and his foreskin rolled in a fleshy carpet up over the ledge of his wedge-shaped cock-knob. Then his hand yanked back toward his balls and his cockhead flared out in a smoking hot slab of naked purple meat. His cum hosed out in a torrent.

He pounded away violently, jerking more jizz out each time his fist hammered down to the hilt of his cock. The stuff was spraying all over the place, drenching the walls, rising damned near to the ceiling, falling back to form slimy puddles at his feet.

A foaming cascade shot right through the opening in the unfinished wall and skidded across the floor in the other room. Cum globs bounced like pearly beads.

But the fuckers were too occupied to notice.

Rick, experienced wanker that he was, was amazed at how much spunk he was spilling. The creamy stuff seemed to be coming out in an endless stream, enough of it to fill a good-sized fruit jar.

He pumped away, his fist pounding down his cock and bumping against his pulsing balls. Jizz was dripping down the wall like limestone seepage in a cave and the youth was standing in a spunk pool of the stuff.

At long last, his final squirt sped out.

He kept on frigging doggedly away, milking out the dregs in trickles that clung

to his cockhead and coated that flushed slab with a milky film.

Panting, he glanced down. He had cum so violently that he expected his cock to be limp, his balls deflated. But his huge prick was standing as hard as it had been, as swollen as if he hadn't shot off at all.

His balls had dropped down, drained. But even as he gazed down incredulously, those potent balls were beginning to fill up with a brand new dose. He groaned. He could feel each drop seep in as his spermaries pumped it into his balls.

Watching his voluptuous mom getting gang-banged had thrilled her son so much that his lust was boundless.

He grinned fiendishly. Rick would have been willing to bet that, standing behind that wall, he was going to spill out more jizz than all three of his mother's lovers combined would squirt up her pussy.

Holding his cock, Rick waited happily for the next act to begin. He was planning to pump himself off in harmony with the workmen, spurting another load against the wall each time one of them slimed his mother's cunthole.

He didn't have long to wait.

Jake was standing on shaky legs, his cock still stuck up Gloria's cunt as she wriggled around, hung up on his hook and frigging up and down on his immobile prick as she made sure her creaming was complete.

Tony released her ankles and stepped back.

She clamped her thighs around Jake's haunches and ground her cunt down to the hilt of his cock again. Then she dropped her feet to the floor and sat up on the sawhorse. Jake stepped back, wobbling.

His drained prick slithered from her pussy.

It stuck out straight for a moment, then twitched and sagged, the dripping knob aimed down at the floor, spilling cunt cum and jizz into the sawdust.

Seeing that his cock had gone limp, Gloria was happy that she hadn't sucked Tony off. These workmen were all the same to her, and she figured that if Jake was only good for one dose, Tony would be no more potent.

You needed virile young boys to properly enjoy a mouthful, she thought. Teen-aged boys could always manage to cum in her mouth and her cunt, both.

And she had a teen-aged son who would have been thrilled had he known what his mom was thinking.

But he was plenty thrilled, regardless.

He stared through the wall as Gloria balanced on the slime drenched sawhorse. Her lush legs were parted and now that it was unoccupied, Rick was enjoying a clear view of her cunt. Her coral-pink slot was still gaping wide open, retaining the shape of Jake's cock, as if her pussy had melted in the heat of cumming and then jelled again, cock-shaped.

Her clit was still stiff and swollen, sticking out like a little pink stump in a

morass.

Girl goo and spunk poured heavily from her cunt, turning her whole groin to a slimy sea. Ribbons unwound sluggishly down her inner thighs and spunky trickles dribbled into the crack of her ass where Gus was still munching away on that tasty anal appetizer.

Now Tony stepped up, taking a position as Jake had, with the woman still balanced on the sawhorse.

But Gloria enjoyed a variety of positions. Besides, her ass was getting stiff on the hard wooden bar.

As Tony stepped in, his cock looming up, she slipped down from the sawhorse. Her asshole pulled off Gus' tongue with a juicy slurp.

She stood belly to belly with Tony, rubbing her loins against his cock. That thick, raised ventral vein throbbed against her belly and she sighed, imagining just what it would do to her swollen, sensitive clit.

She fondled his balls and he mauled her tits as she arched, heaving them up.

Gus was looking a bit disgruntled as he came around from the other side of the sawhorse. It looked like he was going to have to settle for a third shot at her cunt. Still, he wasn't going to complain. His wife had warts and weighed more than he chose to even think about, and bringing up the caboose was no disgrace when they were running a train up a blonde cunt like this one.

He had enjoyed that snack of shitter, too-a thing that his wife would never have permitted. Now he knelt down behind Gloria again as she stood belly to

belly with Tony. His long, tapered tool was standing up so high it seemed as if the knob might brush him under the chin as he leaned down.

Gus helped himself to another asshole hors d'oeuvre, holding her by the hips and running his lapper up her crack, then dipping it into her asshole.

As Gus licked out her flavorsome shithole, Gloria pressed more tightly to Tony. Sandwiched between them, she was starting to simmer like a fuse.

She rose up onto her toes and placed her hands on Tony's brawny shoulders, urging him lower. He dipped at the knees, dragging his prick down her belly. She went a bit higher and his cockhead whipped into her crotch.

Then, hanging onto his shoulders, she began to work her cunthole down on his towering cock. Half of the heavily seamed prick sank into her. She raised one knee and hooked her thigh around Tony's lean hip.

Gus was bracing her ass. He had his open hands on her firm asscheeks as he spread them apart and opened up access to her tasty shithole. Taking advantage of his support, Gloria lifted her other knee up and clamped that leg, too, around Tony's hips.

Now the curvaceous blonde was completely off the floor, held there by Gus under her ass and her own hold on Tony's shoulders and the huge, iron-hard brace of his cock as it jammed into her pussy.

Tony's thighs quivered as they took her weight, but he held her happily and grasped her hips to help. She screwed her cunt on down and his long, gnarled cock went into her pussy balls-deep.

She squirmed on the penetration, turning her sinuous hips and pumping her belly. Then she began to ride up and down. Her sinewy thighs tensed around Tony's flanks and her arms pulled on his sturdy shoulders. He helped her by tugging on her hips and Gus aided by shoving her ass up.

Working in unison, they ground together. Tits flopping, blonde hair tumbling, ass squirming, Gloria fell into a steady rhythm as she rode Tony's cock in a knee trembler.

Gus sucked her asshole, then leaned back slightly and gazed into her groin. He watched Tony's veined shaft slide in and out enviously. Tony's balls were swinging just in front of Gus's face.

Gus breathed in the tantalizing aroma of hot pussy and moaned hungrily. Tony's prick was going in and out very slowly. In this position, with her weight hanging from his shoulders and hooked on his cock, he was unable to hump fast and could only shovel it to her steadily.

That suited Gloria to a tee. She was welcoming a nice slow screwing following the frantic fuck that Jake had jolted into her on the sawhorse.

But it didn't suit Gus.

He watched Tony's cock pull out, all glistening with cunt nectar, the meat steaming with her juices and his own neglected prick writhed in torment.

Yet he could tell that he was going to have to bide his time as this snail's pace coupling unfolded.

He studied her cuntslot, wondering if there was room to slip his own long,

sharply tapered cock up into her from behind, tucking his prick in tandem with Tony's prick. But he doubted that her juicy fuckhole would accommodate them both at the same time. To take two pricks at once she would have had to have a cavernous cunthole like his wife's.

And Gus didn't even want to think about that lady with the rollers in her hair and her tits hanging down to her belly button and her huge cunt like a cavern unmeasurable to man.

Groaning with need, trying to be patient, he dove in and licked asshole some more.

And he got a wonderful idea.

His tongue had been probing her shit chute and he knew that snug passage was hot and wet and pliable. His prick was ideally shaped for wedging into a tight space.

The connection was obvious.

Chapter Five

Gus, quivering with excitement, got to his feet, standing behind Gloria as the woman clung to Tony's loins and torso with her arms and legs. His cock was up her cunt and her firm ass swung and churned as her thighs rippled as if she were climbing up a pole.

With Gus no longer helping to support her, Tony began to sag at the knees, muscles jumping in his hard thighs. Gloria was trim, but her ass and tits were

well-packed and the lady was no lightweight.

Gus grasped her hipbones and, thrusting his belly out, frigged his prick up and down through the saliva-soaked crack between her ass cheeks.

Then he changed the angle and guided his tapered eockhead into her puckered brown asshole.

With only the pointed tip probing the snug slot, he tensed his cock sinew, making it flare and throb.

"Oh!" she cried.

He leaned over her shoulder and rasped in her ear.

"You take it up the ass, lady?" he hissed, feeling it was only polite to ask permission before he commenced to plunder that forbidden funnel.

"Ooooooh! Yeah!" she whimpered. "Yes! Yes! Shove it up my shit chute!"

Gus grinned.

Tony grimaced.

And, behind the unfinished interior wall, Rick groaned like a fiend in hell as he saw another facet of his mother's depravity come into focus.

Gus' pointed prick was a perfect probe and

Gloria's shithole was all slippery with his slobber. As he nudged in, his cock-knob began to slip in easily.

She dropped her fuckhole down to the hilt of Tony's cock and stopped humping up and down, holding his prick buried up her proper chute as she waited for the other man to stuff it up her ass.

Inch by inch, he wedged his cock in. The tapered tip stabbed deeper, blazing a trail for his cockstalk to follow. His long prick grew fatter towards the base, but her shit tunnel accommodated him easily, rippling and clinging and sucking as if she wanted to ingest his living meat from the wrong end of her digestive tract.

Gus could tell that her ass was not virgin.

With a guttural grunt, he slammed in to the roots. All of his prick vanished up her ass and his balls swung out and slapped against Tony's balls.

Gloria squealed with joy as she felt both of her twin tracts stuffed full at the same time. Being a happily married woman, it had been quite a while since Gloria had been double-fucked. She adored it.

Now Gus was sharing the load again, taking some of the weight off Tony. Gloria was squatting on Tony's cock and sitting on Gus' prick, balanced on two hard spikes like some trophy hung on twin hooks.

The men began to fuck into her in harmony.

Tony pulled his prick out of her cunthole until only the club-shaped knob was in her pussy, then hammered it back up into the depths.

Gus moved in counterpoint, shoving his cock up her ass as Tony withdrew from her fuckhole, then drawing out to the tapered top. Her trim asshole pulled out, clinging passionately to his sliding cock.

Their pricks passed in the twin tracts of her loins like trains in a tunnel. The undersides of their cocks rubbed together, separated by the slender partition that divided her two chutes.

Then they rammed in at the same time, stuffing both of her channels to the brim. Tony's cock surged in the core of her cunthole and Gus' prick flared in her bowels.

"Ooooooh! Ahhhh!" she wailed in rapture. "Stuff my cunt! Fuck me to jelly!"

Her loins were being hammered and battered, buffeted between them. She threw herself into the movements with wild abandon. She felt as if her hipbones were going to jump from their sockets as both cocks fucked her.

Her head swayed back and forth, her forehead on Tony's shoulder, then her blonde hair tumbling onto Gus' shoulder. Her face was a mask of passion, eyes narrowed, lips slack and moist and panting.

"Fill me up, boys!" she moaned.

She spiraled her ass, screwing her shit chute down on Gus' cock and pumped

her belly, whipping her cunt on Tony's towering prick.

She began to melt in another orgasm.

"Spunk me! Slime me!" she cried, yearning for that double dose of sweet joyjuice.

Tony growled and hammered up, bouncing her on his meaty cock. Gus groaned and forged up her guts, his cockhead plunging into her belly.

Their balls swung together and exploded like bombs as they collided.

Tony's jizz hosed her cunt in a gooey geyser and Gus spurted his steaming enema into her bowels. Like some two-stroke engine, they pumped the pricks in and filled her with the phallic fuel.

Cum bubbled from her asshole and ran down the crack of her ass, joining the slimy stream that was pouring from her pussy and running on down her thighs. They kept on pounding in, balls bumping as they sank their cocks into the roots, stuffing her steadily.

The men slowly ebbed, draining off in unison.

When they both stopped humping, Gloria bounced around between them, both of her twin tunnels sucking, milking out the last trickles of their jizz as she ground off the final spasms of her cumming.

Finished, too, she smiled dreamily.

Their pricks were beginning to diminish inside her now. As those firm supports softened, Gloria started to sag down between them. Gus stepped back and his long prick came snaking out of her asshole like a sinuous serpent. The pointed end slipped from her shit slot and dropped down, limp and quivering, the cock spiled from her ass.

Tony's legs were shaking and he could no longer hold her up unassisted. He dropped down to his knees, taking her with him. Gloria's feet planted on the floor and she bounced up and down, riding his cock a bit longer.

But Tony's prick had turned limp now, too, and it came slurping from her sodden slot.

He toppled over backward and sprawled out in the sawdust, spread-eagled, arms and legs spread out as though he had been crucified to the floor.

Gloria looked from man to man-from cock to cock-wondering which of these workmen would be good for a second go round.

Now that she had both her cunt and her ass so nicely full of fuckjuice, the insatiable woman was thinking that it would be lovely to drink a load, completing the full cycle of her carnal holes.

But all three laborers were limp as noodles and their balls were flat as piss on a plate.

Married men with uncharitable wives, none of them was accustomed to serious fucking and none had ever gotten his rocks off more than once a week since the nuptials. Even a woman like Gloria could not inspire more than a single

load from their balls.

She frowned, disappointed.

They looked sheepish and embarrassed.

But they weren't going to get hard again, unlike her teen-aged son who, accustomed to regular handjobs, could shoot off countless times.

He was shooting off at the moment.

He had waited until he watched the two men spurt their spunk into his mother's ass and cunt, then started giving his prick a savage pumping.

With his eyes locked on his mother's naked body, seeing slime ooze from her shithole and cunt, Rick battered his cock and his balls blew violently.

His jizz sprayed the wall and looped up into the air like anti-aircraft fire, tracers of slime lacing and crisscrossing over his loins.

The virile boy shot out every bit as much spunk as he had on his first spectacular cumming. When he was finished, his potent balls were still solid and firm, recharging their vigor immediately.

He calculated that he would have to cum at least a dozen times after what he had just seen.

And he would have liked to see more.

But all three of his mother's lovers were worn out and the show was obviously over. There was no reason to stay any longer, risking discovery, nor did he want his mom to leave before he did. If she saw his bicycle outside, she might wonder where he was and where he had been while she was having an orgy.

He jammed his hard-on back into his jeans, grimacing as he forced the iron-hard prick to bed. When he dragged the zipper up, his crotch bulged out as if he had stuck a basketball down his pants.

He moved from the room and ran quietly downstairs, then left the house. He mounted his bicycle gingerly, his balls ballooning like a bellows in the saddle.

He headed for home, pumping furiously.

As soon as he got to his bedroom, Rick was going to begin beating his meat over and over again.

And if his kid sister heard the sounds and guessed what he was doing, it was just too damned bad!

Gloria was frustrated now.

Her cunt and ass were pleasantly content, but her horny mouth was watering for cockmeat and cum. She had been silly not to blow one of the three, making certain that she got all of her needs satisfied.

She bent over Tony as he sprawled out as if nailed to the floor. She slurped

his limp prick into her mouth and sucked skillfully, hoping to harden it.

But Tony wasn't used to blowjobs and his balls stayed slack, his cock limp.

Gloria moved away and crawled up to Gus as he stood swaying like a tree in a storm. His tapered prick was hanging straight down as if bowing its head in shame, cum and ass juice dripping from the tip.

Gloria tipped her face back like a baby bird being fed a worm and sucked his slick cock in. But his prick, too, stayed soft as a noodle.

She enjoyed a snack of ass-flavored prick for a few moments, then crawled over to Jake. He had shot his wad first and she was hoping that maybe he had had enough time to replenish his spunk load.

But there, too, she failed.

His cock bent and snaked around in her mouth, the heavy knob curling into her cheek. Suck as she would, with all her practiced and accomplished talents, Gloria could get no tension in his prick at all.

She sat back on her ass and spread her legs, hoping that one of her failed lovers would at least have the grace to tonguefuck her again.

But they were common workmen. What did they know about graciousness and class? Now that they had emptied their balls into this blonde bombshell, they had lost interest. She was only an upper-class slut to them, now that their lust had been spent so completely.

Jake seemed more polite than the other two and he stepped up and offered his cock to her face again. Gloria took it into her mouth automatically and he stood over her, letting her feed but not responding.

How long would it take to harden one of their pricks and mix herself a drink? she wondered.

And time did come into it, but not in the way that the cock-hungry lady figured.

Even while she was nursing on his cock, Jake lifted his arm and looked at his wristwatch.

"Hey! It's past five!" he remarked.

And he pulled his prick out of Gloria's face and tucked it into his work pants.

Frowning, she looked at the other two.

Gus and Tony were also zippering their pricks back into their pants.

"What? Why?" she stammered.

They all shrugged. Creatures of habit, they would not work after hours.

Their union would not approve.

"Well, thanks, lady," Jake said, leaving.

"Yeah-nice cunt," Tony complimented her, following Jake from the unfinished room.

"Swell ass," grunted Gus, as he went.

Gloria sat there, dismayed. She didn't resent the way they had used her.

They just hadn't used her enough.

Presently, she got dressed and left.

And that was why the last panels were not fitted into the wall that day.

It was also why Gloria, with her cunt bubbling and her asshole dribbling, headed home not long after her son, hungry for prick and. feeling frustrated.

She was driving and Rick was bicycling and Gloria got home only minutes after he did.

Chapter Six

Sherry Knight had discovered the pleasure of frigging off almost by accident quite some time ago. She had been soaping herself in the bathtub, and, as she lathered her crotch, her clit had started to tingle. It had felt so good that she began to concentrate on that sensitive bud, soaping herself to a creamy

cumming.

She had been frigging off steadily ever since.

Today the nubile teenager was in a particularly horny mood because she had seen the bulging outline of her older brother's prick in his tight jeans. Rick looked well-hung and it had made her hot as hell.

Sitting on the living room couch, she opened her blouse and hiked her skirt up above her hips. She squirmed out of her damp bikini panties and sat with her legs apart. Her cunt was steaming and spilling out juice.

But she was in no hurry to cum.

Having the house to herself for a change was a rare treat for the sexy little nymphette and she wanted to make her self-gratification last for a longtime.

She played with her plump tits for starters, kneading the firm mounds and pulling on the stiff tips. Then she cupped her hands under her tits and lifted them, tilting her pretty little face down. She licked her nipples, then sucked them into her lips and nursed on the tingly nubs, switching back and forth between them.

Tit sucking was lovely.

It made her wonder what it would be like to suck some other sexy girl's tits. She wasn't interested in some lesbian, like the gym teacher who was always gaping at her when she took a shower, but the idea of making out with a normal, feminine girl turned her on.

She drew her fingers up through her sodden fuckslot, making her taut clit throb. Then she brought her hand up to her mouth and licked her own cuntjuice from the tips of her fingers.

Pussy nectar was yummy, she thought.

She wished that she were a contortionist so that she could go down on herself. What a treat it would be to suck her own hot cunt. She knew that it would pleasure her mouth as much as her pussy.

She fantasized a little about seducing the gym teacher, going into her office and dropping her panties and sitting on the deviate lady's face. But that fantasy wasn't really very satisfying. She would much rather do it with some other sexy young girl and make it reciprocal. Sherry wanted to suck cunt as well as be sucked.

If cunt cream was so scrumptious lapped up from her hands, she could just imagine what it would be like to gulp the sweet stuff right out of a melting cunt, drinking a load straight from the source.

She played with her clit and nudged a finger-tip into her asshole, then licked it. She figured that rimming out a nubile girl's shitter would be fun, too.

Then she sank all four fingers into her fuckhole and twisted them around inside the tight, clinging sleeve. She frigged in and out, going knuckle-deep. Then she brought her hand back up to her radiant face and pushed her fingers into her mouth, bunched together in a phallic bundle. She slid them in and out through her sucking lips.

She was pretending that her juicy fingers were her older brother's prick.

She wondered if giving her brother a blow-job would be wicked or only naughty.

She wasn't even sure if oral sex was incest.

But the idea was really exciting her. She pushed her fingers in and made believe they were her sibling's cock and sucked up her own juices hungrily.

She rubbed cuntjuice onto her nipples, then sucked it back off. She was wriggling and squirming and her cunt was steaming like a kettle on the boil. She wasn't going to be able to hold her cumming back much longer, she knew. But it didn't really matter.

She could always cum again.

Then she began to work on her cunt with both hands. She tilted her wrist and shoveled her fingers up into her cunthole. As she finger-fucked herself with one hand, she massaged her clit with the other.

The waves of pleasure began to ripple across her slim belly and to shoot up her trembling thighs like a high-voltage electric current.

She frigged steadily away and the waves began to come faster and higher, each one rushing upon the one before, starting to merge into one tidal crest.

She leaned down, gazing into her groin. She loved to watch her cunt cream.

Her clit went off like a blasting cap, setting off a second explosion in the core of her cunt. She gasped and whimpered. She shoved her fingers up her pussy and flailed her clit quickly. Her cunt was dissolving. Cunt cum poured from her gash, lathering her crotch like soap suds and seeping down into the crack of her ass.

She thought about Rick's big cock as she slammed her stiff fingers up her cunt chute, pumping more joyjuice out each time she plugged her sex socket.

The highest peak hit her and she shuddered and cried out. She held at the crest, creaming deliriously. Then she slumped back, drained and smiling dreamily. What a lovely handjob. It felt a lot better to cum when she was having naughty thoughts about her brother.

She relaxed for a while, not touching herself now but slowly getting turned on again by imagining all sorts of forbidden sins, thinking about her brother and her daddy and even giving a few deviate thoughts to her mother's voluptuous body. As an infant, she had nursed on her mom's big tits, and how she would like to nurse on them now!

Fantasies played through her mind and danced in her imagination. She pictured herself fucking her daddy and sucking her brother's cock and drinking his jizz. She tantalized her fevered mind with images of plating her mother's cunt and wondered what it would feel like to have her father's prick rammed up her asshole.

Her pussy began to simmer, then smolder.

It was time to cream off again.

She dipped her hands into her groin.

Then she heard the door open.

Embarrassed and disappointed at being interrupted, Sherry quickly pulled her skirt down and yanked her blouse closed and assumed an innocent attitude.

Too late, she realized that her sodden bikini panties were still lying on the carpet, dripping cuntjuice out from the crotch.

Then Rick walked in.

Chapter Seven

Rick nodded to his sister and walked past, heading for the sanctity of his bedroom, with that enormous bulge standing out in his tight jeans.

Then he saw her discarded panties.

He paused and gulped and gazed at the girl.

"What you been doin', Sis?" he croaked.

Sherry looked sheepish.

"You been finger-fuckin' yourself?" the youth rasped, beginning to leer at her.

"Well-what if I have?" she snapped. Because she was already all hot and juicy, she wasn't as shy as she might have been. Being horny made her bold.

"Anyhow, you got a bone on," she retorted.

Rick's leer became a taut grimace.

He hadn't intended to tell anyone, least of all his sister, what he had just witnessed. But now, seeing her panties on the floor and hearing her admit that she had been frigging her pussy, he spoke on impulse.

"Guess what I just saw Mom doing!" he blurted out.

Sherry's eyes went wide.

She was very interested to hear.

And so, too, was their mother.

Gloria had got home right after Rick but she had stopped at the landlady's apartment on the ground floor to tell the woman that they would be moving out. Mrs. Turner was just on her way out when Gloria knocked and, through the open door, Gloria saw the landlady's teen-aged son, Mike, watching the television in their apartment.

Mike was a good-looking young man the same age as Gloria's own son and Gloria had considered seducing him. But she never had, mainly because they were tenants of his mother and if anyone found out that she had robbed the cradle with the kid, there would be an unpleasant scene.

But now they were moving from the apartment.

His mother was just on her way out and Mike was going to be home alone.

And Gloria was well fucked and buggered, but her mouth was still hot.

It was worth thinking about.

But she hadn't really made up her mind about it and after speaking to Mrs. Turner, Gloria went on up to her own apartment. She went into the hall. She could hear Rick speaking in the front room.

When she heard what her son was saying, Gloria damned near fainted.

"I was out at the new house," Rick said. "Mom's car was there so I went in and Mom was upstairs with the three builders and she-

"What? Tell me?" Sherry squealed.

Gloria was every bit as anxious to hear.

"She was fucking all of them!" Rick rasped.

"Holy shit!" Sherry gulped. "I was watching and she fucked two of them. She was sucking their pricks, too. And one of the guys even fucked her up the ass!"

"Oh, wow! I sure wish I'd seen that, too!" Sherry wailed. "Boy, would that have made me hot!"

"It sure did me!" Rick said. "So I see," Sherry giggled, gazing boldly at her brother's bulging prick. Gloria was holding her breath. She was embarrassed, of course. But the knowledge that her son had been watching her getting gang-banged was making her sizzle. She wished that she had known that the boy was peeping. She wouldn't have stopped. She simply would have enjoyed it all the more, knowing that she was putting on a show for her kid! Sherry liked to peek too, evidently. Gloria began to think all sorts of naughty things, planning passionate performances now that she had found out that her kids were Peeping Toms.

The prospect was making her so horny that she decided to go back downstairs and put the make on Mike Turner.

Which was just what she did.

But, by leaving, Gloria had missed out on a ringside seat at another naughty performance, one that she would have enjoyed very, very much.

"I was beating my meat like crazy while I watched Mom get fucked. But I'm still horny," Rick said.

"So am I," Sherry admitted. "I was horny, anyhow, but now I'm really hot. Boy! How naughty Mom is, huh? I'm gonna finish frigging off, Rick," she paused,

giving her brother an impish look. "You wanna watch me?"

"Oh, yeah!" he cried.

Too randy to be shy, Sherry opened her blouse again, thrusting her pert tits out. Rick gaped. Then the girl yanked her skirt up above her waist and parted her slender thighs, showing him her cunt.

Her cunt was wide open and flowing like a fountain, lavishly lathering her groin.

Rick stared at her in awe.

"Take your cock out, too, okay?" she moaned.

Rick opened his jeans and reached into his fly, hauling his cock out. Sherry whimpered when she saw how big and hard his prick was and how bloated his balls were. She began to rub her pussy.

"Jerk off, Rick," she whispered huskily.

He wrapped his fist around his cockshaft and began to pump up and down. His sister frigged into her fuckhole with her stiff fingers. Her slot slurped and sucked and more cunt nectar oozed out.

Rick stepped closer. His cock was angled up like a howitzer aimed at the girl.

Sherry started to speak, paused, licking her lips and batting her eyelashes.

"This is silly!" she moaned.

"Huh?" he grunted. It didn't seem silly to him and he sure didn't want to stop.

"Doing ourselves," she sighed. She gave Rick a bewitching, enchanting smile. The pink tip of her tongue showed as her sensual lips turned up at the edges.

"We could do each other," she suggested.

Rick groaned. He grimaced, then grinned. His eyes were shining with glee.

"You wanna, Sis?" he gasped.

"Sure. It's naughty, but that makes it more fun, you know? I-I was thinking about your big prick while I was playing with myself, anyhow, Rick. I was thinking really terrible things-fucking and sucking-"

Rick could hardly believe this was happening. He wondered if he had wanked himself into a black out and was having a dream. A wet dream, for certain.

He stepped right up to her and took his fist off his cock, jutting it out over her tits.

"Jack me off, Sis," he groaned.

"Ummmm! I wanna! I'll make you cum, then you can give me a finger-fucking, okay?"

"Yeah! Yeah! Fucking hell, Sis!" he croaked.

Rick was dying for a handjob.

He didn't realize, yet, that things like this can soon get literally out of hand.

Without any hesitation, all of her inhibitions melted in the heat of her desire, Sherry reached out and cupped her brother's balls in her palm.

She lifted the solid sac as if she were weighing his cum load on a scale.

"Ooooh! Your nuts are so full!" she sighed.

"Empty 'em, Sis!" he gasped. Her hand slid up and folded around the hilt of his rampant cockshaft, squeezing and rubbing. "You're so big and hard, Rick," she whispered.

She pumped up and down once, then held him by the hilt again. His cock was looming out of her fist like a war club, jutting above her tits and aimed at her face.

"And your meat looks yummy!" she purred.

She very deliberately licked her moist lips as she gazed up at Rick's face through fluttering lashes. "Shall I lick it a little?" she whimpered.

"Yeah, Sis! Yeah!" he cried.

If this was a dream, he sure as shit didn't want to wake up yet. The thrill of the physical sensations was enhanced by his sense of sin. It was really wicked to have his kid sister lick his prick, and it was all the more thrilling because it was so naughty.

Sherry bobbed her head down and her lapper flicked against the smoking hot slab of his cockhead.

She drew back, savoring that first lick on her tastebuds and purring with perverted pleasure.

She lapped his cock-knob again.

His meat was so taut that it was humming like a tuning fork. He could have used that stiff prick to play a fiddle or to launch an arrow.

He watched her pink tongue ghde around on the purple wedge of his cockhead, gasping and moaning. He could feel his balls swell enormously.

He thought it only fair to warn her.

"Sis-you're gonna get a faceful," he croaked.

He expected her to shift out of the way.

But she grinned wickedly.

"Would you like that, Rick?" she sighed.

"Oh, Sis-yeah!" he gurgled.

"So would I," said that naughty girl. "And a mouthful, too."

She proceeded to get it.

Chapter Eight

Sherry was delighted that her brother had come home with a hard-on and found her with her panties off and her fingers all sticky from frigging. The naughty girl had the hots for Rick anyhow, but probably she would never have gotten up the nerve to make him a seductive offer under normal circumstances. Today, with both ragingly randy and the fascinating news that their mom had gotten gang-banged, it seemed the most natural thing in the world, and one of the most delicious things, as well, she figured, as she swiped her sensitive tongue against his flavorsome cockhead. She knew that the best part of blowing her brother would be when his cock exploded in her hot mouth and she got to drink his sibling spunk. But she was in no hurry for that magic moment, wanting to savor the meat for a while before she gulped down the creamy rewards for her oral efforts. She pushed her pretty little face down, letting his cock skim along her cheek. She began to lick his balls, then kissed and sucked them. The flavor of ball meat went well with the musky taste of prick.

She licked up and down his hard cockshaft, turning her blonde head as she whipped her lapper against all sides of the thick tube. Then she worked on his balls some more. She could feel his huge cum load sluggishly sloshing around inside the hairy sacs.

His cockhead was getting sticky now as preliminary spunk oozed from his pisshole. A frothy glob slid down his cock, following the ridge of the ventral vein. Sherry watched it slowly dribble down. Then she moaned and gathered the gooey nugget up with her tongue.

"Ummmmmm!" she sighed, savoring it in her mouth. Then her throat pulsed as she swallowed.

Rick gasped at the sight. He still felt a sense of unreality, a dream-like quality. But the touch of his sister's tongue was very, very real.

"Your jizz is scrumptious, Rick," she purred.

She shifted up to his cock-knob and spooned some more up as it bubbled from the cleft. She was in cocklapper's heaven, adoring everything about giving head-the taste and the texture, the heated temperature of cockmeat and spunk and the tantalizing fragrance of his cock and balls.

Fitting her parted lips to the heavily veined underside of his stalk, she drew her mouth up and down, humming on his prick as if it were a harmonica.

Rick's hard cock snapped and jerked and bucked savagely as her avid mouth caressed him. Lots more pre-cum juiced from his pisshole. But although he was spilling out plenty of seepage, his balls just kept getting larger, filling faster than

they dribbled off.

Sherry began tonguing his slick slab again, slurping up the joyjuice as it slimed out and dipping her lapper right into his open pisshole as if she were so eager for the stuff that she couldn't wait for it to ooze out.

She tongue-bathed his cock-knob to a purple luster and her drool washed down his cock in frothy ribbons, soaking onto his balls. His balls were as wet on the outside from her slobber as they were on the inside with his load.

She gurgled and gasped and gulped as she filled her mouth with preliminary jizz, whetting her saucy appetite for the treat of his full dose.

"Ahhh, Sis! Lick it up!" Rick croaked. "Drink it all out of me, Sis!"

"Ummmm! I wanna, Rick! I love it!" she murmured, her lips working on his cock-knob as she spoke. Those words excited him almost as much as the feeling. "Feed me, big brother! I'm hungry for your hot, thick slime!"

Her mouth slowly opened and she fed his cockhead into the oval collar of her lips. More ooze soaked onto her flashing tongue. She nursed on his meaty prick, her cheeks drawing in as she sucked and her lips peeling out around his thick cock just below the knob.

Rick humped, stabbing deeper.

"Ummmm! Yeah, fuck my face, Rick! Use my mouth for a fuckhole!" she wailed.

He held her face between his open hands and shagged his cock in steadily, plunging deeper. Her blonde head bobbed down to meet him as he thrust. More prick sank in on every stroke. Her lips went down and plastered to the hairy hilt of his shaft. Her chin was jammed against his swollen balls and her cute little nose was snuffling around in his wiry pubic thicket as she swallowed all of his cock.

"Umpffff!" she gulped as his cock-knob stuffed down into her greedy gullet.

Then she sighed, as she pulled her mouth back up, sucking through every precious inch.

Rick was in rapture. He was panting and moaning, eager to get his rocks off and yet, at the same time, reluctant to end this joy. He was glad that he had already jacked off a couple of times, enabling him to last longer.

Sherry was in the same mood, hot to drink his jizz, yet loving the meat course so much that she was in no hurry for the final result.

Yet she knew it wouldn't be much longer. She could feel his cock vibrate and expand in her mouth and his pre-cum was seeping out even more heavily.

Her tongue danced against his sliding prick, then arched up into a moist bridge over which he was gliding as he shoved to the back of her mouth.

She ducked up and down faster as he pumped his prick in, moving in the classic blowjob action. She gulped as she deep-throated him and purred as she sucked so lovingly on his flaring cockhead.

His prick was so hot now that her saliva was sizzling on it. She thought it might blister her tongue. But she figured that even if it did it was a small price to pay for

such a succulent mouthful and she kept on jumping her head up and down with ardent enthusiasm.

"Juice me, Rick!" she burbled on his cock-knob. She slammed down and gasped, making a gargling sound as he filled her gorge, then sucked back up and panted. "Jizz my fucking mouth! Slime me good, Rick! Whitewash my tonsils!"

He began to hammer in on the cum strokes.

He sank down onto his knees on the couch, holding her blonde head in both hands as he steadily shoveled his prick into her facial fuckhole.

His balls swung against her chin, then rolled on up to her lips. Sherry kissed those bloated balls as she fluted her mouth down to the root of his cock.

"Sis! It's cummin', Sis!" he howled.

He threw his head and shoulders back, bridging his body as he rammed his cock into her mouth. His cock-knob pushed into her cheek, outlined in a huge bulge, then sank down into the greedy girl's throat again.

His balls erupted as he plunged in, bursting as they hit her chin. His first squirt sped straight down her throat, so that Sherry didn't even taste the sweet slime, although she felt the boiling stream and it was warming her belly like a vintage brandy.

Rick shot again on the backstroke and the second creamy cascade spurted onto his sister's tongue, driving her tastebuds crazy. She relished it for an

instant, then gulped it down to make room for more.

The jizz-starved teenager was swallowing gluttonously, but her sibling's spunk load was too much for her. Jizz overflowed her lips and spilled down her chin, heavy globs splashing onto her upthrust tits.

He began to jerk spasmodically, legs trembling as he unloaded his lust.

"More-more-more-" she whined. She already had a bellyful, but Sherry just couldn't seem to get enough of that boiling brotherly love juice. Her head jumped up and down, hair cascading wildly, as she gorged on his squirting prick. Finally, Rick began to falter. His cock stayed firm, but his balls were draining off and the frantic spurting ceased. His sister kept on sucking and bobbing her head up and down, milking out the last of his juice in gooey trickles.

Rick slumped back, whimpering.

His sister mouthed merrily away and when she was certain she had coaxed out every precious drop, she pulled her mouth off him and used her nimble tongue to slurp up the trickles that had escaped her lips and run down his cock. She lapped up the seepage from his cock and balls, then took his cockhead back into her mouth for a last spit and polish.

"Jeez, Sis, you're a great cocksucker!" he croaked, looking stunned by his fierce cumming.

"Ummmm! I love it!" she purred. "I'll suck you off every day, if you want!" He grinned and nodded with enthusiasm. "But I like to cum, too," she suggested. That was no hardship. The prospect of making his nubile kid sister cream pleased Rick almost as much as getting his own rocks off. And he hoped they would have time for him to empty his balls yet again. He was like a satyr in his

lust now, inspired by peeping on his mother and by oral incest with his sister. He figured that the gang-bang must have ended by now and wondered when Mom would be home. Of course, she had already been home. But now she was busy.

Chapter Nine

Rick was inexperienced as a lover, but what he lacked in practice he more than made up for in enthusiasm. He kissed his pretty kid sister passionately, grinding his mouth on her spunky lips. They swapped tongues and saliva, panting into each other's open mouth.

Then he dropped his head onto her tits and began to suck tit. As he nursed on her perky nipples, he slid his hand down her flat tummy and cupped her crotch. With the heel of his hand resting on her curly blonde shield, he dipped his fingers in and played with her clit and cunt. Sherry thrust her tits up as he nuzzled them. "Your mouth is lovely, Rick," she sighed. "Why don't you kneel on the floor now-between my legs?"

He grinned, his lips turning up on a tit tip. He owed her some head and she obviously was looking forward to the other half of reciprocal oral sex, and her brother was eager to sink his tongue into her cunt.

He sucked her nipples a bit longer, then slid down to the floor. His cock was still hard as stone, angled up before his belly. His balls were recharging rapidly again, as well. But he ignored his cock for the moment.

Sherry tilted her cunt up and her brother gazed at it, licking his Ups hungrily. He breathed in the heated fumes of her sodden fuckhole, drooling and whimpering. He shoved his lapper out and twitched it around as if getting it limbered up for the exercise ahead of it. "Lap my cunt, Rick!" she begged. He dove in tongue first. Burrowing into her groin, he began to lick her unfurled cuntlips and flick her swollen clit. Then he tongue-fucked up into her juicy pussy.

His sister's cunt was so delicious that it was making his eyes water and so hot he thought that his lapper might melt inside her.

His face turned from side to side as he wallowed in that gooey pussy. Cuntlapping seemed to come natural to the youth. He used only his lapper for awhile, then clamped his lips to her steaming slot and began to suck.

He was still sinking his tongue in as he mouthed the rim, French kissing his sibling's cunt. Her clit was exploding in his lips just as her tit tips had done and cuntjuice was streaming into his mouth.

He held her by the hips and hiked her ass up, tipping her cunt up as if he were draining a creamy goblet. His tongue was floating in a tide of girl goo as he whipped it in. That flow was getting richer and creamier by the slurp.

Sherry jerked her groin in his avid face and gazed down past her heaving tits, watching her brother gobble her cunt, mopping his face with her pussy.

She saw that his balls had filled up again and that his steel-stiff prick was thundering violently. She was already looking forward to sucking him off again. But she was afraid they might not have time, that their mother might get home before they were finished.

It seemed better if they both creamed together.

She ground her cunt on his face for a bit longer, then grasped his hair and pulled his head up. His mouth left her pussy with a slurp and he gazed up at her in surprise, wondering why she had stopped him before she creamed.

"Frig me off with your prick, Rick!" she squealed. "Don't put it in me, just frig

my slot with it, like it was a big fucking vibrator!"

That seemed a jolly idea.

The boy was really enjoying snacking on his sister's sweet cunt, pleasuring his tongue and lips, but his neglected prick had been giving him all sorts of hell, demanding some further attention. He knew that from now on he would be able to eat Sherry out whenever he liked and, at the moment, a mutual eumming seemed most rewarding.

He dropped his head back on her pussy for a few last slurps, then rose up and thrust his cock out. She arched, spreading her thighs wide apart.

Rick grasped his cock by the hilt and nudged the swollen slab into her cunt. Tilting his wrist up and down, he began to use his cockhead like a meaty ladle, stirring her bowl to a frothy frenzy.

She ground against his cock-knob as he whipped it around in her slot and rubbed it against her clit. His huge prick was sinking in a little, just the tip probing the portals of her pussy. Sherry knew that it would feel even better if he were to ram that enormous prick balls-deep into her cunt and throw a savage fuck into her. It would be the ultimate act of incest and very naughty-but it would be pure rapture, too. Now they had begun fooling around together, Sherry knew that it wouldn't be very long before she and her brother went all the way, breaking the final taboo. They were both horny teenagers and no amount of self-denial or restraint was likely to keep them from fucking like crazed bunnies. But just having his cockhead whisking around in her cunt felt swell, too, and she figured that they could wait awhile before they actually fucked.

She began to shudder as if she had been galvanized, her whole nubile body quivering.

Cuntjuice washed over his cockhead and streamed on down his pounding prick. She tipped her face down, watching his purple slab throb in her coral pink socket. His pisshole was open again and a string of slime seeped out, running into her pussy like spilled glue.

"Ooooooh! Gum with me, Rick!" she cried. "Jizz in my slot while I cream off!"

He was still holding his cock by the hilt, rubbing the head up and down. Now his fist began to slide on his prick at the same time, so that he was still stirring the cock-knob in her pussy but frigging his cock as well.

Rick was well-accustomed to handjobs, but jacking off right in his sweet sister's cunt was far, far better than any frigging he had experienced before.

His fist pumped up and down and his cock-head surged in her cunt, the tip sinking a bit deeper. Sherry threw her thighs around his hips for a moment, holding him tightly. But then her legs flew open wide again, giving him free rein to wallow in her open groin.

Her cuntjuice was turning to cum cream now, pouring out like paste onto his flaring cock-knob. Trickles slid down into the crack of her trim ass as she jerked her hips up. The couch was swampy under her ass.

Her clit exploded against his cockhead.

The core of her cunt began to dissolve and more girl cum poured from her slot. Sherry was biting her lip and clenching her fists, trying to wait for her brother to shoot before she let herself crest.

"Cum, Rick! Slime with me!" she wailed.

He grunted and jerked himself faster. His fist slid up and down, bumping her crotch as he pulled to his cock-knob, then bumping his balls on the backstroke.

Pre-cum ran from his pisshole, soaking her slot, drenching her clit. Her cunt cum was gushing out in a pearly tide and that wanton wash was shot through with thicker streaks of her brother's seepage.

"Gum-cum-cum-" she cried in her ecstasy, staring down, watching his cock-knob flare and throb and pump out more pre-spunk on every stroke.

Their combined juices sizzled and steamed in her gaping cunt, lathering her crotch. A little preliminary spurt shot up into her curly blonde vee.

Rick jerked savagely as his prick surged, ready to bring in another geyser.

"Cummin', Sis! Here it fucking cums!" he gasped.

Sherry let herself go completely and her cunt core melted as she crested. A split second later her brother sprayed his spunk into her groin in a torrent. Thick, slimy fuckjuice pumped from his pisshole, splashing her creamy cuntslot, soaking her thighs, spurting up into the tangle of her curly bush.

Sherry's haunches heaved and her pelvis jolted as she juiced off intensely, spilling out cunt cum as if a dam had burst inside her cunt. Her sibling's spunk streamed into her groin lavishly. He was shooting the thick incest oil out so plentifully that Sherry wondered how on earth she had ever managed to swallow

one of his loads. She peaked, ebbed, peaked again. Rick emptied his load to the dregs. Her groin had turned into a morass, a bubbling tropical swamp and her cunt bush was a rain forest, a steaming jungle.

Rick's fist began to slow down as the last of his lavish load seeped out into his sibling's pussy. She jerked her cunt against his cock-knob, working off the last sweet spasms of her dynamic creaming. Her clit exploded one last time, then the sensation ebbed back to a tingle. The siblings grinned at each other. They both knew it wouldn't be long before they were fucking each other's eyeballs out.

He gave his cock a last stroke. That virile rig was finally beginning to soften and shrink and as he pumped it now it was no longer hammering like a bludgeon, but snapping like a whip. His cockhead was coated with cunt cum and jizz and his sister just had to taste it again. She held his balls and pulled him up into her face. Her head bobbed down and she sucked his cock into her voracious mouth. The meat was rubbery now, but still delicious, maybe even more scrumptious, she thought, now that the huge slab was flavored by her cunt cum as well as his jizz.

She sucked gleefully.

The girl wondered why she adored sucking cock and drinking cum so much.

But, of course, it was an inherited taste.

Chapter Ten

Mike Turner answered the door when Gloria Knight knocked. He couldn't help but notice how her huge nipples were standing out in her blouse.

"Errrr-Mom's not home," he said.

"I know," Gloria replied.

He gave her a surprised look.

"You know that we're moving out tomorrow?" she asked, arching her back so that her tits pushed out, pleased by the way the young man was gaping at her.

He nodded, puzzled by her attitude.

Normally, Gloria would have been a bit more restrained in seducing a youth, working up to it gradually, with hints and suggestive glances, enjoying the flirtation. But today she was hot enough to be brazen. The gang-bang had made her hungry for young prick, the fact that her son had been spying on her had enhanced her horniness and, too, she had no idea how long it would be before Mike's mother returned. She figured there was no time to beat around the bush.

"Since we probably won't ever see each other again, I thought-" she paused and grinned lewdly, showing the tip of her wet tongue, "I thought I might blow you goodbye!"

His jaw dropped open wide and his eyes bulged out in total disbelief .He couldn't have heard her right, the boy thought-could he?

"Well? Would you like a blowjob, Mike?" she asked.

Yeah, he'd heard her right!

And he saw no reason to be shy with a lovely lady who had propositioned him so directly. He blushed, but grinned as he held the door open. She entered the apartment, brushing against him as she passed.

"Do you like blowjobs, Mike?" she said, sweetly.

"Oh, yeah! I never knew you was a cock-sucker, Mrs. Knight," he babbled. "Boy! Do you swallow the stuff?" His youthful enthusiasm delighted her. "Ummmm! I love a drink on a stick," she said. "I love sucking off young boys and drinking from their cocks! I know you'll feed me a lot and you'll love it!" She licked her lips provocatively. "Will your mother be gone long?" she asked. "Errrr-I ain't sure," he said. "Well, in that case, maybe we'd better get started. I'd hate to have her come home before we're finished!"

She kissed him very lightly on the mouth, then sank down onto her knees before him, right there in the hallway just inside the front door. She didn't give a damn about the setting-the mouthful was the object. He stood there, quivering. Gloria didn't fool around. She knew how frustrating an interruption would be for both of them. Half a blow-job is worse than none at all, she figured. A boy needs to get off and a woman needs a drink once the oral action has begun.

She unbuckled his belt and drew down his zipper and hauled his cock and balls out. Holding his balls, she gazed longingly at his tasty-looking prick for a moment. With the potency of his tender years, he was hard as a rock and his balls were inflated like a balloon.

He was the same age as her own son-a fact that made Gloria all the more eager for his young cock. She was thrilled by her own wantonness, her own delicious depravity. She rubbed her nose against his cock-knob. His pisshole began to bubble instantly and she flicked her lapper out, tasting his pre-cum. "Ummmm! Yummy!" she purred. Usually, when Gloria sucked pricks, she liked to take her time, working up to the creamy conclusions slowly, savoring all the

embellishments and varying her technique.

But under the circumstances, hungry for jizz and not sure how long they would have, she figured that it would be wisest to get the young man milked with dispatch.

If they had time for a second go-around, she could linger over the sweet task, but on the first job she intended to drain him efficiently-and she was a master at that.

She took the flushed, flaring head of his young prick into her lips. Her fist folded around his iron-hard shaft. She began sucking on his cock-knob and pumping her hand up and down his prick, giving him the double stimulation of oral suction and manual caress-jerking him off into her mouth, in effect, and knowing that would bring him to the peak in the quickest possible way.

Mike humped, fucking through her fist and into her mouth with gleeful gusto. Her fist nudged her lips, then pushed back and bumped his balls. His open cleft was flowing and her lapper was already awash with slime.

"Ummm! Umpffff! Unghhhh!" she gurgled, savoring that sweet teen-aged meat and panting for his cum.

Mike was a virile young boy and Gloria was as skilled as a cocksucker can get.

It couldn't take long at all.

Mike gasped and jerked as his loins surged towards the frantic crest. His cock

hissed through her lips and steamed on her tongue.

He shot off like an erupting volcano.

Prick slime plastered her palate and painted her cheeks. The thick stuff was all pouring out in a sticky string, creamy coils unwinding on her lapper, gooey ropes lashing her throat, jizz jets hitting the arched roof of her mouth. His cum was spurting out in an unbroken stream.

Gloria couldn't have stopped drinking if she'd wanted to-which, of course, was the last thing she wanted, savoring that teen-aged joyjuice heartily.

She sucked and swallowed, swallowed and sucked. She was gulping his goo down ravenously and the potent boy kept dousing her greedy maw with more. It was like drinking out of a fire extinguisher, she thought as his fuckjuice foamed so bountifully onto her tongue.

She sucked with relish and her fist continued to beat up and down on his prick, draining him with the combined efforts of hand and mouth. His cock rippled and spasmed in her palm as she pumped more juice up through the hollow core of that mighty prick.

Mike began to wobble and stagger as his balls drained. He felt as if she'd sucked his guts out, as if he'd spilled his very life force into her mouth. He cried out in rapture and wailed in bliss. His hard-on seemed to extend back to his asshole. He felt as if he was cumming from his heels.

Emptied at last, the boy leaned back against the wall, his legs gone limp.

His cock was still stiff, though-and greedy Gloria kept on sucking and jerking

away on his cock, making sure that she had drained him to the bone. What a sweet meal he had given her. She pulled her lips from his cock-knob and nuzzled it. It was still nice and fat and tense. "Can you cum again, Mike?" she huskily breathed. "Oh, sure!" he gasped. Gloria sucked his cockhead back into her slimy mouth and began the double action of sucking and frigging. Her belly was already full, but the boy's youthful spunk was so scrumptious that she still wanted more.

But then the door opened and his mother stepped in.

"Mom!" Mike gulped.

"Umphhhfff!" Gloria gasped on his cock.

Mrs. Turner stood there, her eyes wide open in shock and her brow furrowing up in a scowl.

Gloria was dismayed. Not knowing what to say or do, she just kept on sucking. She drew her hand out of the way and shoved her mouth right down to the hilt of Mike's cock as if hiding the evidence of her sin in her face.

"You wicked woman!" Mrs. Turner cried.

"Ulphhhh!" Gloria gurgled.

"You stop this instant!" the irate woman demanded, stamping her foot in rage.

Gloria took Mike's prick out of her mouth, giving it a wistful look. She was blushing with shame, mortified at having been caught with a mouthful of teen-

aged cock. There was cum on her lips and chin and she realized that Mike's mother could see that she had already milked the boy off, too.

Still, it could have been worse.

The Knight family would be moving out the next day, so she would never have to face the landlady again. She had managed to get one drink of cum before she had been interrupted, at least.

She got up and gave Mrs. Turner a sheepish and apologetic look. She could think of nothing to say and only wanted to escape from the outraged looks Mike's mom was giving her. Gloria gave an embarrassed shrug and walked out.

Mrs. Turner stared at her son.

"Errr-you mad at me, Mom?" he whined.

"Of course I'm mad, you naughty boy," she said. But now the anger was fading from her face and she even began to smile a bit as she gazed at the hangdog lad.

"And jealous, too," she added.

She reached out and cupped her son's balls, giving them an experimental squeeze.

"I hope you saved some for me," she sighed.

Mike grinned, happy at her understanding attitude.

"I always got plenty for you, Mom," he said.

Whereupon his mother knelt down and took up where Gloria had left off.

Chapter Eleven

By the time that Gloria returned to her own apartment following the abortive second cock-sucking session, her kids had finished fooling around for the time being. They had both creamed together and then Sherry had sucked her brother's cock some more, but by then they knew they wouldn't have time to do much more and they had just managed to get their clothing fastened and themselves composed when their mother came in. Gloria looked all happy and her sensual lips were glistening with a film of fuckjuice.

Her kids, knowing nothing about what had happened in the apartment downstairs, naturally assumed that cummy coating was the residue of the gangbang that they did both know about- Rick in person and Sherry by hearsay.

Gloria was fully aware that her kids were staring at her mouth and suppressing giggles. But since they already knew that she had been having an orgy, she didn't care that they noticed the slimy slathering on her lips.

She planned to let them see a lot more than that, now that she knew they were peepers.

And she also took note of their attitudes-a strange blend of guilt and

smugness set on a background of glowing satisfaction. Had they been fooling around together, enjoying incest inspired by her own misbehavior?

She certainly hoped so.

Gloria loved to exhibit and perform and her teen-aged kids were an ardent audience-and how convenient it was that their new home had an unfinished internal wall.

Mike Knight got home from work shortly thereafter. As he was coming into the apartment building, Mike Turner emerged from the downstairs apartment, wearing a bathrobe and carrying two empty milk bottles out to the front steps.

The boy and his mother were planning an early night and neither would want to take the time to get out of bed and put the bottles out later.

Man and boy, the two Mikes nodded to each other.

The teenager looked nervous and guilty.

Mike Knight had no idea why and could only assume that the boy had been doing something furtive and naughty, like jacking off into one of the milk bottles.

He had no idea that he and the youth shared more than a first name.

His wife's mouth, to be specific.

Knight went on upstairs and Turner returned to the apartment where his willowy mother waited, naked, in bed. He joined her and, as was their habit, they began to fuck up a storm.

But their forbidden passion was more natural and more necessary than what Gloria Knight was planning. Mrs. Turner was a divorcee, and she needed it.

As soon as Mike Knight got to his own apartment, he could tell that his gorgeous wife was horny. The prospect of pleasuring her was always a welcome one. He figured, with a certain logic, that the voluptuous lady was horny because she had gone all day without a fuck.

The total reverse, of course, was true.

Whenever Gloria cheated on her husband, it always left her hot for him. Feeling wicked and wanton and promiscuous was a turn on for Gloria-knowing she was a shameless adulteress acted as an aphrodisiac.

And today, aware that her son had been watching her as she got balled and assfucked, the blonde woman was an inferno of desire.

Her looks and attitudes and vocal hints made it all very evident and Mike was not at all surprised when Gloria suggested they retire as soon as dinner was done.

The reason she gave was that they would have a hard day moving house tomorrow-and, her expression implied, a hard night in bed at the new home.

Tonight proved hard enough.

Gloria couldn't seem to get enough.

Everytime Mike shot a wad into her, she proceeded to suck him up to a new hard-on, squealing for more prick. She was always a raver in the sack but this evening her unbridled lust astonished him, but pleasantly so.

He guessed that she was excited by the prospect of moving to their brand new house- and he noticed, too, that she was making no attempt at all to be quiet as they cavorted. She was wailing and moaning and panting and the bed was squeaking under their frenzied fucking.

Didn't she realize the kids could hear?

For his part, Mike didn't give a shit if the kids heard them or not. In fact, as he threw the cock into his wife, Mike spared a few lustful thoughts for his nimble, nubile teen-aged daughter. It was all just harmless fantasy, though-or so he believed, never expecting reality.

Rick lay on his bed, listening to the sounds of violent parental passion and beating his meat with vigor. His fevered thoughts shifted back and forth between his beautiful mother, whom he could plainly hear getting fucked, and his lovely kid sister, who had already taken him in her mouth and who seemed game for further family fun.

Sherry, too, lay awake in her bed, panting as she pumped her fingers up her pussy. Her thoughts were shifting, as well-and fluctuating more diversely than her brother's, with more fantasies on which to dwell.

The naughty girl listened to Mom and Dad fucking and entertained very

graphic images of that scene, hot for both of her parents-as well as her brother.

It made for a long, wet night.

In the morning, making sure that both of her kids were listening, Gloria made two phone calls.

First she called the movers, asking them to begin shifting the furniture as soon as possible, and suggesting that they move the beds first of all.

Rick and Sherry exchanged a knowing glance.

Then Gloria telephoned the builders and told them that they needn't bother to finish the bedroom wall until the family had been settled in.

The kids shot another excited glance at each other when they heard that, which made their mother smile.

The movers arrived, the furniture was taken-not all of it, but the essential pieces- and the Knight family was ready to spend their first evening in their own home.

Once again, Mike was not at all surprised when Gloria suggested that they retire early.

Rick seemed totally preoccupied by a television program and Sherry was seemingly absorbed in a magazine. The kids were the very picture of innocence as, without even looking up from their deliberate distractions, they said goodnight

to their mother and father.

Gloria and Mike went upstairs.

In the unfamiliar bedroom, but with the ever-so-familiar bed awaiting and both of their familiar bodies all hot to get at their first marital mating in their brand-new home, Mike and Gloria undressed eagerly.

But then Gloria puzzled her husband by not jumping into the bed immediately. He was sitting naked on the edge but she was making a long production out of removing the final bits of her clothing.

Knowing that the oversexed woman was smoldering for a stuffing, he wondered vaguely why she was taking so long about stripping for action.

How could he know that the wicked woman was giving the spectators time to assemble.

He hadn't even noticed the gaps in the wall.

He stood up again, stepping towards her.

But enough time had passed by now. Shedding the last of her garments, Gloria moved to meet him, eager to get her cunt filled, and even more eager to play the performer.

As soon as Mike and Gloria had left the room, Rick and Sherry both dropped their pretenses. She tossed her fan magazine down and he looked away from

the insipid television show. The kids grinned like conspirators.

Rick got up and moved to her, taking her hand and pulling his sister to her feet. She swayed against him. They kissed with far more than sibling affection. Sherry rubbed her belly on his bulging hard-on and he dipped a hand up under her skirt and played with her pussy.

But this was only foreplay.

Whatever the naughty kids were going to get up to, together, they both wanted to see the show first.

Hand in hand, they went up the staircase and down to the room adjacent to the master bedroom.

Light was coming through the gaps in the wall and they were thrilled to see that their parents had left the bedroom lights on brightly-almost as if spotlighting the stage of their bed.

Rick opened his fly and hauled his cock out.

Sherry lifted her skirt and squirmed out of her soaking bikini panties.

Then they tiptoed up to the connecting wall and arrived just in time for the curtain to rise on act one.

Chapter Twelve

Gloria had already decided that it would be best to get on top to give the kids the best possible view. Mike was standing by the bed and she walked over to him, her hips swaying and tits jiggling.

"I want to ride your cock," she rasped.

Mike stretched out on the bed with his cock standing to attention like a sentry over his loins. Gloria snaked her body alongside his and folded a hand around his prick. Slyly, from the corner of her eyes, she glanced over to the slit in the wall.

She was pleased to see two shapes flit by the gap in the paneling. When the light filtering through was blocked out, she knew that the audience was in position and that it was time to start the show.

It was not to be a one-act play. Gloria bent over and began to tongue Mike's flaring cock-knob. She pushed her tongue way out and curled it around the meaty slab. She flicked her hair back over her shoulders, making sure it did not spoil the kids view. She wanted them to enjoy every scene. She wanted them to hear it too, and made exaggerated slurping and slobbering noises and sighed and moaned.

Mike pumped his cock sinew so that the huge prick throbbed and his cockhead trembled.

"Suck it, honey!" he croaked.

Gloria fitted her lips around his cock-knob, milking on it for a moment, then slithered down his prick. Her lips curled out over the thick root and then pulled

back up the cock.

She could hear muffled sounds coming from the wall and imagined how excited the kids were being made by the performance. Knowing as she did that they were already depraved beyond redemption, she decided to spice up the fun with some verbal naughtiness.

She gave Mike's cock a few noisy slurps up and down and then drew her mouth up to the tip.

"I've been thinking," she purred.

"Don't think, suck!" Mike hissed.

"No, seriously, darling," she said. "I've been thinking how nice it would be to suck Rick's cock. I'd love to drink his sweet jizz."

"Sounds good," Mike moaned. "I wouldn't mind a blowjob from Sherry. I'd like to get stuck up her little cunt, too."

"Ooooh, it's making me so hot, Mike," Gloria squealed.

Rick and Sherry were not unaffected by this conversation, either. They were squirming with lust. Fooling around together had been wicked enough, but hearing of their parents' incestuous desires was driving the depraved siblings wild with passion.

Rick was kneeling behind his sister. He arched his back and lodged his vibrant cock in the crack of her ass. He didn't hump, but just held it there between her

trim little cheeks.

Sherry's pussy was bubbling with hot joy juice as she imagined what it would be like to gobble her daddy's cock and the thought of having that great prick thrust up her cunt had her panting with lust.

They crouched at their vantage point, eyes glued to the spectacle and vibrated like pointers spotting a duck.

Gloria always relished a mouthful of prick and she was enjoying it all the more today, playing to an audience. But she was afraid he was going to shoot his load, and as much as she adored to swallow his spunk, she wanted to save it. She wanted the kids to see them fuck.

She dragged her lips from his cock and flicked up a drop of pre-cum jism from his pisshole with the tip of her tongue. She straightened up and straddled Mike's loins.

Tensing her thighs, she poised atop his cockhead, her back to the hole in the wall. She could just imagine the effect this sight was having on the kids. She squirmed on that meaty slab and her cuntlips sucked on it. Slowly, she lowered her cunt onto his towering prick.

Inch by inch, it disappeared up her slot and the kids stared in fascination as that gigantic cock gradually sank out of sight.

Gloria's cuntslot gripped the root of his prick, clutching and sucking as though she was trying to take his ballooning balls in, too. Holding the full penetration, she began to grind her ass around, twirling her cunt on the hot cock. Cunt juice pumped from the tight fitting slot and oozed down over Mike's balls in a thick stream.

She began to hump up and down, her ass rising and falling in a steady rhythm. Mike thrust up from the bed, meeting her slow strokes in counterpoint. He was grunting and gasping and his heavy balls slapped her ass like the clanger on a bell.

Gloria felt his cock expanding and throbbing against her cuntwalls. But she wasn't ready for the finale yet. She pushed down to the root of his prick and held the cuntload of hot cock buried. Then she began to twist around, screwing her body around on his cock. She turned in a half circle, still tightly impaled on that pulsing prick. Now she was facing the wall.

Rick and Sherry drooled at the sight of their mother's thrusting tits and cunt. Her bushy vee was split in a creamy pink slot, filled to overflowing with thick prick.

Gloria fingered her clit, wondering what effect the sight was having on the watchers. She was sure that Rick must be panting for her pussy and hoped that maybe her daughter was, too.

She had no need to worry about that. Sherry was being made every bit as horny as her brother by the sight of her mom's cunt, wanting it as much as her daddy's cock.

Gloria wriggled her ass on Mike's belly, her pussy jammed all the way down on his solid cock and then began to move up and down.

She went up slowly, climbing his prick to the knob. She held steady atop the crimson slab for a moment, then plunged her cunthole down toward his bloated balls. The full length of his gigantic cock raced up her pussy so far that she thought it must surely come out of her mouth.

Her slippery channel clung to every inch of cockmeat, pulling and sucking at it so strongly that Mike felt his whole body was in danger of being dragged in.

She began to move up and down, grinding away in a steady motion, ready to cream and eager for Mike's fuckjuice to squirt into her cunt.

He tensed his thighs and humped his ass up and down, meeting her stroke for stroke as she rode him to the winning post.

She was pushing down to his balls when his first cum load shot straight up into her loins. It gushed into her cunt to the very core. She pulled up his prick and slammed back down.

Mike's second steaming geyser splattered into her cunt with such force that she was almost blown off his prick by the mighty torrent. Up and down she rode, sucking more spunk from his pumping cock on every stroke. His thick cream blended with hers as her own joyjuice poured down in a hot cascade.

He blew more and more fuckjuice into her each time his cock plunged up her channel, hosing down her fiery pussy with the heavy fluid.

At last, his cock and balls drained, Mike flopped down on the bed and lay panting, his chest heaving. Gloria kept on riding him. His cock still felt nice and stiff and big inside her and she stayed mounted for a while, milking off the last spasms of her release.

Finally, she dragged her cunt up and off his cock-knob. Looking down, she watched as their combined fuckjuice seeped from her slit and slid down his prick to his spunk sac.

His prick was still standing rampant and she rubbed the glistening knob in her bushy cunt. She knew this was giving the kids a good look- that now they were not coupled it might even excite the teenagers more, since they could see cock and cunt in all the juicy details and contours.

Fucking was always lovely, but performing deliberately for her kids was pure rapture. She dipped her index and middle fingers into her sodden cunt, spooning up some goo. Playing to the hidden audience, she worked that spunk into her tit tips. Then she cupped her solid spheres, lifting them as she dropped her head.

She began to suck cream from her nipples.

From the tops of her eyes, through fluttering lashes, she gazed at the unfinished wall. She could see shadows flit and knew that two fascinated faces were peering through the gap, cheek to cheek.

She slurped on her nubs, making more moist noise than was strictly necessary, adding an audio effect to the thrilling visual display.

She wondered what the kids were thinking.

Rick, naturally, was wishing that it was his mouth nursing so hungrily on his mom's tit tips, sucking more hungrily than he had as an infant on those swollen peaks.

And Sherry, maybe not as naturally but with equal desire, was drooling for her mom's tits as much as her brother was. Her sensual lips worked and her tongue glided across her mouth, emulating the sucking that Gloria was giving herself.

The girl reached back between her tense, trembling thighs and held Rick's balls. They were heavy and full and she gave a soft whimper when she thought about milking him off and swallowing his sweet slime.

But, at the moment, the naughty girl was more intrigued by her mom's swampy, steamy cunt. Her lust was forbidden-and that made her lust all the more.

Chapter Thirteen

Gloria, passionate performer that she was, was basking in her children's gaze as she slowly squirmed up Mike's arched*torso. Mike's neck jerked up as she shifted her groin over his face. He clamped his mouth onJier soaking cunt and began sucking vigorously.

Her blonde head was hovering over her husband's loins as she squatted on his face. She snaked her tongue out and whipped the wet pink meat against his cream-drenched cockhead, Then Gloria decided it was time for another show.

making a studied point of giving the watchers behind the wall a clear view of the action.

"Ummmmmm! I love to suck my cunt cream off your cock, darling," she purred, adding audible effects.

Rick knew that cuntjuice was delicious stuff, but the naive boy couldn't understand why his mother, being a woman, should savor it so evidently.

Sherry, though, understood that very well.

The girl was drooling like a sodden sponge as she watched her mom suck a juicy prickhead and thought all sorts of wild things about her daddy's cock and her mom's cunt.

She twisted around and took a fleeting slug on her brother's big prickhead, then turned back to the wall. Rick frigged his cock up the crack of her ass again and gazed over the girl's trembling shoulder.

Gloria was making a big production number out of it, slurping loudly and juicily, running her mouth up and down on Mike's prick and working on his balls as she ducked down to his cock root.

At the other end, Mike was gurgling and gulping with greed in Gloria's foaming cunt. Sherry was turned on by both ends of that sixty-nine coupling. The girl was going crazy. She scooped some nectar out from between her kneeling thighs and then lapped the creamy goo from her palm.

She reached behind her ass and fingered her brother's cockhead as it slid up the cleft. His pisshole was weeping. She got her thumb and fingers slimy, then licked them and slid them into her lips. Her sibling's spunk was succulent-she could just imagine how flavor-some her father's fuckjuice was, envying her mother that mouthful.

Gloria gobbled down, swallowing all of Mike's towering tool. Then she pulled back to the tip. Playing to the audience again, she sighed. "I love sucking cock so much! I keep thinking about Rick's prick, darling. Do you mind? I'm so wicked! I dream about sucking our son off!"

Rick's cock jumped savagely at that.

Gloria wasn't about to leave her daughter out of it, either. She took another slurp on Mike's cock-knob and rasped, "I think about Sherry's hot little cunt, too, Mike-I'd love to lick our little girl's cunt!"

That made Sherry gasp and tremble.

"Am I too naughty, darling? Is it awful to want to shove my tongue up Sherry's sweet pussy?" Gloria panted, winding her lapper on Mike's cock-knob.

Mike's reply was incoherent, muffled on wet cunt.

Of course, as far as he knew, this was all just kinky pillow talk, meant to turn him on, since he didn't know that the teenagers being discussed were so ardently listening and looking upon the scene.

Falling into the spirit of this pillow talk, thinking it merely wishful thinking, Mike groaned, "I'd love to eat Sherry out, too, darling!"

Gloria grinned around his cockhead, delighted that he was saying just the right things.

"Yeah-yeah-I'd fuck our little girl silly! I'd suck her cunt and fuck her and-and you could screw Rick!" Mike was gasping, getting carried away.

"And after you fucked Sherry," Gloria moaned, taking up the dialogue, "I'd suck your jizz out of her pussy! I'd drink Rick's cum and then I'd eat Sherry's cunt! Ooooooh! We could have an orgy with our kids!"

The kids in question could hardly believe what they were hearing but loved every word. Like Mike, they thought it was just kinky talk, not realizing that their mother knew that they were there. But it was making them incandescent with lust, regardless. Knowing their parents had the hots for them was a tremendous turn-on.

Rick leaned over and spoke in Sherry's ear.

"Sis-can I?" he hissed.

Sherry knew exactly what he meant and yearned for it as much as he.

She reached back between her knees and grasped the hilt of his prick. His balls were jammed in her groin and his long, iron-hard cock was looming up, stuck in the crack between her asscheeks, the knob hovering over her haunches.

She began to pull his prick down.

The cock-knob skimmed into the cleft of her ass and flared against her shithole and she hesitated. That meaty slab felt lovely, throbbing in her puckered ring. Her mom took huge cocks up her shit chute and Sherry saw no reason why her brother shouldn't bugger her.

But her cunt was too hot now.

She would certainly let Rick ream out her asshole before very long, but at the moment she needed a cuntful. She wriggled her shithole on his cock-knob for a moment, then dragged him on down through the crack.

His cockhead slipped into her crotch.

She moved it up and down in the gaping slot, as he had done the day before. But simply using his cock to frig off with was not enough for her now.

She turned and whimpered over her shoulder.

"Fuck me like a dog, Rick!" she moaned.

Rick eagerly grasped her by the hips and, holding her heaving haunches steady, he began to wedge his cock into her cunt from behind. Her cunthole was tight, but she was so sopping wet and his cock was so iron-hard that he sank in without any difficulty.

Halfway up her, he paused, panting like the dog whose position he was emulating.

His sister's cunt chute was sucking and dragging, pulling him deeper, working like a wringer on his prick.

With a lurch, he buried his cock.

Sherry gasped and Rick groaned. His cockhead was pulsing in the core of her cunt and his balls were jammed tightly to her gaping slot. He held it buried, thrilled to feel every inch of his thunderous meat encased in sibling pussy, letting her savor the sensation of having her cunt filled to the brim with his huge cock.

Then he began to plunge in and out.

He pulled back until only his cock-knob was in her cunt, paused for an instant, then shoved in balls deep again. The girl moved with him, jolting her ass back as his prick stabbed up her cunt.

His cock slithered in, hissing up her cunt sleeve. He was hiking her ass up as he gorged her loins. Her knees bounced on the floor. Her head swung from side to side in a jumble of honey blonde hair and her plump tits swayed under her like ripe fruit ready to be plucked.

Grinding up her fuckhole, grasping her hips tightly, he was hovering over her. Both of the doggy-fucking teenagers still gazed through the gap in the wall, still thrilling to the sight as they enjoyed their own naughty sex.

They didn't realize how much noise they were making, not that the sounds could be heard through the open wall.

Panting and moaning, gasping and groaning, his belly slapping on her curved ass and his balls thudding into her crotch as he buried his prick, those kids were making every bit as much noise as their mother.

And Gloria well knew the sounds of fucking.

Her head was down and her mouth was plugged onto Mike's prick. She looked out from the tops of her eyes, cocking her head and lifting her eyebrows.

Her kids were fucking!

Gloria had no doubt about that and the dark knowledge was clearly reflected in her expression.

But neither Rick nor Sherry noticed, because they were both staring so intently at her cock-stuffed lips that they didn't have time to look at her eyes.

Gloria smiled on her husband's cockhead, letting some drool wash down his prick. Her mind was leaping in a frenzy. The lustful woman had only planned to give the kids a show, really. But now, knowing that Rick and Sherry were fucking, and that they were already guilty of incest, depraved and beyond corruption, she began to get some even more wildly exciting ideas.

Sucking cock softly now, she listened.

And as the kids surged towards the crest of their incestuous action, there was plenty to* hear.

Rick rammed in, flat belly jolting on her round ass, spiking her so full and so deep that Sherry half expected his cockhead to come out of her mouth.

Her cunt was creaming lavishly.

As her cunt cum seeped into her fuckchannel, her brother's prick sank in, sloshing and splashing.

"Hose me, Rick! Juice my cunt!" she moaned.

"Take it, Sis!" he growled huskily.

His balls slapped against her groin and his prick plunged in to the depths and his lust lava erupted into her seething fuckhole in volcanic spurts.

They had no thought for the silence at this stage.

Their daddy heard nothing, because his face was buried in sopping pussy and his ears were muffled between his wife's lush thighs. The only sounds he could hear were the squishing of her cunt and the gulping as he swallowed.

But Gloria only had a mouthful of cock, and there was nothing blocking her ears.

She listened attentively as the kids came off in a loud mutual melting.

Rick drained off spurt by spurt and Sherry's pussy turned to a swamp, flooded with their mingled cum cream. His balls deflated as he spilled out the joyjuice. Her ciit kept exploding on his sliding cock. Then they had peaked out and slowed down. His prick slid in with less urgency, then stopped like a train grinding to a halt.

He held it buried, hunched over her haunches.

She squirmed on for a few moments, draining off the dregs of her cumming. Then she stopped moving, too, and they posed there like mating dogs stuck together.

They were still horny, but finished for a moment.

And that fact did not escape their mother's rapt attention, as she hastened, her head cocked and her mouth cocked full of prick, as well.

Gloria was much too hot to hesitate.

She licked and sucked on Mike's massive cock for a few more moments, making it huge and hard and attractive to the little girl who was watching.

Then she began to shift back down Mike's arched torso, reversing her previous movement, breaking off the position of inverted love and moving back down to a prick-riding posture. Her pussy pulled off his face with a juicy slurp and dragged down his belly, laying a slug trail in its wake.

Facing the wall, she knelt upright once more, her crotch balanced atop Mike's towering prick. But she didn't sink her cunt down onto it now.

Gloria wasn't about to get stuffed again.

She was creating a mouth-watering display.

She slid her hands down over her trembling belly and dipped them both into her cunt. She used her fingertips to spread her cuntlips wide open.

Only the tip of Mike's bulging purple cockhead was nudged into her slot and she was holding her pussy open in an oval, exposing the juicy inner folds. Cunt cum and jizz dribbled from her cunt and streamed down her husband's rampant prick, washing over his balls. The seepage was making his cock look as creamy and as scrumptious as her own open cunt looked.

She squirmed around a bit on the end of his cock, her swollen clit flaring on the flushed slab. She dipped that taut clit into his open pisshole and more juice gushed over his cock-knob.

She tilted her radiant face down, gazing into her own groin. Her pussy looked so tantalizing that the sight was making her own mouth water. Her nostrils flared as she inhaled, breathing her own pussy perfume in deeply. She knew that the sight and the scent of her lavishly juiced cunt would be driving her son crazy and she hoped her daughter, as well. It was certainly a tempting sight for anyone, boy or girl, even faintly interested in cuntlapping.

Still she didn't sink down on Mike's prick. She was holding only the tip in her, making both his cockhead and her cuntslot available for eager eyes or tongues.

Now she did hesitate, with a last fading inhibition-much too faint to subdue her desire.

Mike humped up, wondering why she was poised on his knob instead of stuffing it up her.

"Mike, darling-was it just talk?" she whispered.

"Huh?" he croaked.

"About wanting to fuck with our kids-was it just kinky talk or do you want to?" she moaned.

Mike gave a wordless croak and his cock pulsed.

"I mean-if Rick and Sherry just happened to walk into the room right now-" she sighed.

"Hell, yes!" Mike cried.

And Gloria smiled invitingly at the wall.

How could two horny teenagers resist?

Chapter Fourteen

Mike was astonished when the bedroom door opened and the two teenagers walked in as if summoned. Obviously, his wife had known something more than he had about the situation. But he sure wasn't going to complain as he gazed past the lush swell of Gloria's hip and grinned at the kids.

Gloria winked lasciviously at them.

Rick and Sherry paused, blushing and flushed, giggling like the kids they were, looking shy yet enthusiastic, like obedient children waiting to be told their chores.

"You knew we were there, huh, Mom?" Sherry said.

"Yes, dear, and now you're here-" Gloria sighed and she patted her cunt significantly.

Sherry moved to the bed, Rick at her heels. Since the girl had already heard her mother express her desires, she saw no need to be coy. She curled her limber little body up at the foot of the bed and gazed longingly into Gloria's gooey pussy. Her tongue swept across her lower Up.

"Shall I, Mommy?" she murmured softly.

"Yes, darling-lap Mommy's cunt!" Gloria purred.

Rick was amazed by this and even Mike, much more worldly, was a bit taken aback. Still, the kinky talk during the performance had prepared them and they realized that a girl can be a cuntlapper without being a dyke.

Sherry pushed her pretty little face into her mother's cunt and began to eat away joyfully. Cuntsucking was even better than she had imagined, tastier and more thrilling-and it was all the more wonderful since she was being treated to a snack on her father's cockhead at the same time.

She tongued merrily away on her daddy's cock-knob as it flared in her mom's fuckslot. Her head twisted about as she wolfed and gobbled with glee. She licked out Gloria's cunt and sucked her clit, then slurped up and down the underside of Mike's pounding cockshaft, licking his balls at the base.

Mike wound his body around so he could look past Gloria's hip and enjoy the sight. Rick was kneeling beside them, his face turned down and his cock looming up.

They watched Sherry's nimble pink lapper dip and glide in her mom's creamy slot, slide up and down her daddy's prick stalk, dance on her mother's clit.

"Ummmmm Yummy!" the girl purred.

Mike heaved up but Gloria rose with him, her lush thighs rippling, keeping him from plunging up into her fiery fuckhole. She could always have all the marital cock she wanted-and she wanted a change now.

Squirming her cunt in Sherry's face, she reached out for Rick's prick and drew it to her lips. She sucked it in with a sigh, nursing on her son's prick and tasting her little girl's cuntjuice on the hot cock, too.

Sherry ate away and Gloria gobbled gaily. Then, wanting all the options and the variety in her greed, Gloria let Rick's sweetly scented cock slip from her lips. She grasped Sherry and drew the girl up. Sherry's mouth was glued to Gloria's cunt. It came free with a loud slurp.

Knowing what her mother wanted, Sherry rose up to her knees and shoved her loins out. Gloria dove on the girl's cunt, dining on her daughter's pussy with joy. She loved sucking pussy, anyhow, and sucking her own little girl was wonderful-especially now, when she was also sucking her son's slime from that creamy fuckhole.

Sherry sank back down for another munch on her mom's cunt, her lips plastered to the slot. She slurped her father's cock in and bobbed up and down, feeding down to the roots. Then she heaved up and shoved her cunt back into Gloria's face. The girl was so hot that she didn't know what she wanted most, what she needed first. Her mouth was salivating as heavily as her cunt was juicing and her tongue was as steaming hot as her clit.

Gloria mouthed Rick's cock as Sherry ate in her groin and Sherry was paying peripheral attention to her daddy's cock as she wallowed in her mom's crotch but the two females were concentrating more on cuntlapping than cock-sucking-for the time being.

Rick spilled some pre-cum on his mother's tongue. She swallowed it with a loud gulp.

Mike's pisshole dribbled some goo into Gloria's cunt and his daughter lapped it up, then gave his cockhead a suck, coaxing another tasty glob out.

Then mother and daughter gazed at one another, smiling with creamy lips. It was obvious that both Mike and Rick were going to need to get off soon-and that further cuntlapping would have to wait for a while. That was okay. They both knew their cunts would be even more scrumptious once they had been filled with another spunk load.

Gloria threw a knee across and dismounted from her husband's rampant prick. It stood like a thunderbolt, glistening with cuntjuice and saliva and dribbling pre-cum at the tip.

Sherry stared at that cock longingly, then gave her mom a questioning glance.

"Sit on Daddy's cock now, darling," Gloria moaned.

The lustful lady was as eager to see Mike fuck their daughter as she was to fuck their son- not to mention all the cunt-lapping to be done.

Sherry whimpered and bounded up, kneeling astride her father's towering prick. She rubbed the cock-knob around in her steamy, swampy cunt. Then she began to sink down, stuffing her pussy with his enormous cock. Her daddy's prick was even bigger than her brother's.

Sherry welcomed every fucking inch!

That elongated cock seemed to just keep going on up and in, transfixing her. She thought his cock-knob must be bumping around in her vital organs, nudging her heart and lungs out of the way to make room.

Then she plunged down and took it all.

Squealing with depraved delight, the teen-aged tart began to bounce up and down, fucking herself to a frenzy on her father's mighty prick. Her ass jerked as she rammed down and the firm ass cheeks parted.

Gloria knelt behind the girl and lowered her head. She began lapping up through the musky crack of Sherry's ass, then opened her trim ass cheeks and started to tongue out the teenager's taut asshole.

That snug slot was tangy and tasty. Gloria rimmed away happily and Sherry fucked faster on her daddy's cock as the thrill of a tongue in her fudgeslot was added to the friction of the coupling.

Rick felt neglected.

Then he realized that, on her hands and knees, with her blonde head lowered as she sucked out Sherry's asshole, his mother had assumed the doggy-fucking position that had recently become so familiar.

The boy knelt behind her ass and guided his prick into her fuckslot. He paused. About to become a motherfucker, he was savoring the final anticipation.

His mother's cunt sucked him in, swallowing his cock like a greedy mouth. The sensation was driving him crazy. He jammed in to the hilt, then began to whip his cock in and out frantically.

Sherry rode her daddy's cock in a furious gallop, shoving her ass back against her mother's eager face while, at the other end of this family function, Rick threw his cock up his mom like a snorting stallion.

Rick howled, and Gloria's fuckhole filled to the brim with his hot spunk. A moment later Mike's cock began to spurt gooey geysers up Sherry's pussy. The girl rode him off, creaming on his shooting prick and wailing with the wanton rapture of it.

Gloria slid down from her daughter's asshole and began to suck her cunt again, milking the cum from the slot as Rick kept topping her cunt up at the other end.

The woman happened to glance at the wall and grinned.

She might as well tell the builders to finish that job, now. They no longer needed spyholes-not when they were all on the same side of the wall.

End