This particular chapter with written the assistance of a wonderful friend, one who will soon be sharing her incredible talents with us. She introduced the argument against our treasured activity and without her continued support this chapter and every chapter would be the worse for it. Thank You K…

 “Is there anything else I can get you?” The waitress asked them after bringing their drinks. “No, thank you, but could we have some privacy please?” Said the woman looking sternly at her. “Of course, I'll leave you alone, just wave me down if there's anything else you need.” Replied the waitress, anxious to get away from this group. Once she was away from the table the woman looked across the table at her mother “I fucking hate you!” She hissed. Mary looked back across the table at her daughter, a look of determination on her face. “Remember, as mad as you are I'm still your mother Julia and you won't talk to me like that.” Mary said returning her daughter’s steely glare.

 The look on the younger woman’s face turned instantly from one of fury to one of confused anguish. Tears streamed from her eyes as she stammered. “How do you expect me to feel Mom?” She sobbed. “That's not my father! I don't know who that is, but that's not my father!” She repeated softly. Mary’s glare had softened to one of concern, one of a mother feeling the anguish of her baby to her core. Scot sat quietly, he didn't think his presence was going to help anything, but Mary had insisited. “You're right, he's not the dad you always had baby, but this is what He wanted.” Mary said. Taking a deep breath to steel herself she started again. “ He wanted this, this was his idea.” Mary said.

 “It's that fucking pervert place, it's messed all of you up! I always knew it was wrong.” Julia said half in anger and half anguish.

 “That fucking pervert place, as you call it, has been a special place to your whole family young lady. Your grandfather was one of the first guests, hell he'd been going there before it was the ranch. Your father practically grew up there, and as much as you hate it, it's what saved our marriage.” Mary was fighting to retain her composure, Scott could feel the effort in her every word, in every move. Your daddy hasn't been happy for a long time Jules. You know that, right?” Mary asked deciding to rely on her daughters sense of reason.

 “Yes, but…”

 Mary cut her off getting the answer she wanted. “Have you very known your father to do anything he didn't want to do? Mary asked.

 “No, but…”

 “So if you're dad who wasn't happy is now doing something that he says makes him happy, don't we have to respect, and accept his decision?” Mary said, more than a hint of sadness creeping into her voice. Julia looked at her mother, then down at the table. “But god Mom, really? Some kind of slave? It's like he's not even a person anymore!”

 Sighing heavily, “How do you think I feel Jules? I married that man 30 years ago, I raised his children, who have turned out rather well don't you think? I never expected this, I didn't want this. But it was this or we were over baby, he didn't give me a choice. I don't know how long he's wanted this, he hasn't even told me, but it was either we stayed together like this, or he was going to find someone who would let him live like this, and I couldn't handle that.”

 Julia’s initial fury seemed to be broken, but Scott knew enough to know his turn was coming. “And you,” she said looking at him “what did you have to do with this?”

 Scott calmly looked at Mary's spitting image “I had nothing to do with it.”

 “Bullshit, my parents wouldn't be acting like this on their own.” Julia said. “Do I even need to guess where they got you from?” She said more to herself than anyone.

 “Look, Julia, you think I don't know how fucked up this is?” He said calmly. “ Your mother was right, this had started before I reconnected with them?” He started looking directly at Julia, deciding that he had enough of Mary taking blame that wasn't hers to take.

 “What do you mean reconnect?” Julia asked.

 “I hadn't seen your mom and dad for what, 2 years baby?” He asked Mary who quietly nodded, a tear streaming down her cheek. “I ran into your Uncle Bill and Aunt Molly who invited me to visit them and that's how I started seeing your mom, dad, uncle Todd, aunt Lindsay, and things just kind of happened. But I can promise you, whatever was going on with your parents had started before then, it was clear your dad wasn't happy.”

 “And you thought it would be a good idea to get involved?”

 “I thought I really liked both your mom and dad and they liked spending time with me. They sprung this whole thing on me just like they surprised you. Don't think I understand it, I don't, I've talked to your dad over and over, and he told me the same thing he told you. But I've watched him Julia,” Scott felt it best not to use her nickname now, she needed to feel respected and he didn't feel he was in a place to call her any name other than her proper one. “As weird as it is, he's happy now. He wasn't when I met back up with him after two years, your mom wasn't either. And, well, things grew between your mom and me, while your dad was starting to act like he is now more and more.” Scott took a drink from his glass before continuing. “Look, I don't expect you to understand this, I don't understand this. But I do understand I'm in love with your mom and I love your dad too. I know that since your mom has agreed to your dad’s request to let him be like this I've never seen him this happy, not even years ago when we first met, as fucked up as it is, he's happy, and that's all I can say.”

 Julia looked frustrated, then a defeated look spread across her face. Scott was angry now, he felt this girl, who had never met him, had decided arbitrarily he was less than her and it pissed him off. “Now it's your turn to answer me Julia.” He said firmly. “It's been what 8, 9 years since you've lived at home? Where do you get off coming back and tearing into your Mother and your Father about how they choose to live? I know what you just saw had to blow your mind, I live with it and I still get freaked out. But you don't get to just show up and start telling them how much you're embarrassed and ashamed them!”He hissed at her. Scott quickly looked around him, leaning in towards Julia. “What’s your problem with how your parents, he'll the whole rest of your family lives?” He asked in a whispered tone.

 A look of disgust washed over her face. “Are you fucking serious?” She said. Julia too took a quick look around to assure herself nobody was close enough to overhear. “My family has based their entire lives around fucking, especially fucking kids, it's sick, it's also illegal you freak.” She took a breath and continued. “My beloved family,” she said in a mocking tone “makes children sex objects, they make them sexual before their time.”

 “Who are you to decide when their time is, if you say these kids are forced, which in all my time I've never seen, aren't you trying to prevent them from being sexual when they might want to be?” Scott continued. “I've seen more families like this than I can count, and damn sure a lot more than you have. Never, never once have I seen anyone force anything onto any child.”

 “Well Mr. What about choice? If these girls get fucked at a young age, would you even agree too young to fully understand what sex means, that they've been robbed of the choice who would be their first partner?”

 “Well, when was your first?”

 “18”

 “And did you know what sex meant?”

 “I damn sure knew more than I did at 9, 12, 14…”

 “But did you know?”

 “No, not really, but I was a lot more mature than the girls are when my family starts them.”

 “And about your first, was it your boyfriend?”

 “He was a boy I had really liked and I really thought I cared for him.”

 “And where did your first time happen?”

 “In his car.”

 “Romantic.” Said Scott mockingly. “And are you still with this boy?” He asked.

 “No, he said he and his girlfriend had broken up, but I found out later they hadn't, she wouldn't have sex with him.”

“So, you're telling me you're going to tell me about the sacred ‘first time’ when your first lied to you, so he could fuck you in his car. Meanwhile your pervert family makes every child’s first time, male and female by the way, special, they commemorate it, treasure it, honor it as a special moment, one that by the way several have called off because they weren't comfortable, they are in the wrong, they are the monsters.” Scott took a deep breath. “Whether you approve of the choices they make, you're one of them,” he looked at Mary who sat quietly, kissed her cheek, then turned back to Julia, “one of us. You were raised in that lifestyle even though you've chosen not to participate in it. It hasn't held you back in your education, in your profession. All of the kids I've met are honors students or better, have full social lives, and yes have sex with other family members, when and how they choose. So maybe you can back the hell off and realize this is a lifestyle, one that maybe isn't for you, but doesn't seem to be hurting anyone else.”

 “Your dad and Uncle have built a highly successful business, your mom is a well respected Dr., was it an accident you chose to practice the same field of medicine? Your family is well liked, well accomplished and well known. Seems to me maybe what they’re doing is working. Now I'm not asking for your permission to love your mom and dad. I don't care if you like me, though I'd prefer if you did. But I won't let you treat your family like somehow you're better. Next time you think of what the girls in your family may be doing, they aren't getting lied to, and they aren't getting dumped after the sex is over.”

 The three sat in silence, until Julia looked at her phone. “ Mom, I've got to get back, I love you” she said getting out of the booth, kissing her mother’s cheek before turning and leaving. Mary sat watching her leave. Scott and Mary sat quietly until Scott waved the waitress over. “May we please have the check?” Scot asked. He paid the bill and taking Mary’s arm helped her out of the booth. He wrapped his arm around her waist as the exited the bar. Mary guided Scott towards the back of the building. Walking him briskly past their car Scott followed her lead. Mary took Scott next to the dumpster and pressed him up against the wall. Her pent up energy from the confrontation with Julia finding an outlet. “Fuck me here Scotty, fuck me like the whore I am, fuck me like I’m your whore.” She moaned at him. Before Scott knew what was happening his wife had freed his cock and was lubing it from a bottle she had pulled out of somewhere.

 Scott turned her around, facing away from him he pressed his cock against the first hole he felt. Pressing himself into her tight ass made her gasp as she urged him to “fuck his whore hard.” Scot grabbed her hips, the skirt she was wearing pulled up above her ass. Scott pumped her bare ass with the sound of cars on the street passing by, the sounds of the kitchen, the back door open could clearly be heard. Scott fucked Mary fast and hard, his orgasm not long in coming. Mary was fingering herself furiously while Scott unloaded his cum up her ass. The smell of her hair, her perfume, lingering in his head. The high from his orgasm had Scotts head spinning slightly. The lovers stayed pressed together until juice squirted on the pavement from Mary’s hungry pussy. Scott pulled his cock out of her hungry ass his cum dripping from her gape. He quickly pulled her skirt back down and took her to the car, his big cock swinging through the fly hole in his jeans.

 Mary grasped his greasy dick and started stroking him as they pulled out of the parking lot. She was moaning and cooing as Scott had never heard her before. He drove back to the house he now shared with Mary and Zach as quickly as possible. Pulling up in the driveway they exited the vehicle hurriedly. Coming together at the front of the car they kissed hungrily. Scotts massive cock could have easily been seen as it poked out of his pants. Scott took Mary’s hand and he took her through the back gate into the secluded patio. Scott tried to take Mary’s blouse off gracefully, but she ably assisted. In his haste he broke her very sexy, sheer bra taking it off. Mary undid his pants button, and ripped them to the ground. Scott pressed Mary against one of the pillars holding up the top of the deck and slid his cock inside her. Scott held Mary's hands together above her head, leaving her open, vulnerable to him. Scott fucked her savagely, her constant moaning and cooing in the car having taken him to a point of need where this had nothing romantic about it, this was raw fucking, fulfilling a need to cum. Still holding Mary’s hands above her head he pumped himself deep inside her until he exploded. This orgasm much stronger than the one at the restaurant, his body shook as he unloaded deep inside her. He collapsed against her pinning her to the column, his cheek pressed to hers. She smiled lovingly having just been taken, feeling as though Scott had finally claimed what was his, he stood up to her daughter, then fucked her as if she was his property to fuck, he owned her heart, and he had now taken her body, she was in heaven.

 “Clean her up” is all Scott said to the man eagerly awaiting a command, looking eerily like some kind of sexy maid in his outfit. Scott headed inside, needing to clean off from the fucking, and the moment he had just experienced.