**Everyone Loves My Ass Ch. 02**

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"Mom and Dad are in there having another talk about your 'sexy bikini,' you little slut!"

Having rejoined us in the pool, Paul was grinning over his little piece of news. Rick was in the deep end, we were at the shallow end, and even though I knew Rick always cheated like crazy we were playing Marco Polo anyway.

"How do you know?" I asked.

Holding up a hand to Rick, I motioned for him to give us a minute. Nodding, he moved to shallower water and jackknifed himself into a wobbly handstand before returning to the deep end.

"I was coming back from the bathroom, about to go through the living room, when I heard them talking. They were just around the corner from me, watching you through the patio door."

"You intentionally eavesdropped on their conversation? You sneaky rat!" I laughed, splashing him.

"Hey, look who's talking! I learned from the best!" he grinned, splashing me right back.

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. So, what'd they say?"

"I heard Mom ask, 'Do you think she does it on purpose?'"

"Does what on purpose? Jeez, Mom!" I laughed, looking back into the house. Dad gave me a small wave, and I pretended to splash him too. He just chuckled.

"They were talking about the skimpy things you always wear around the house, like your bikini. Basically, they were wondering whether you're intentionally trying to show off and be a tease, I think."

"Okay, and what about you, my darling little brother? Do you think that, too?"

"I don't know. Are you?" he grinned.

"Paul! God, you're as bad as Mom! Now I can't even get my own brother to stick up for me? So, anyway, what did Dad say?"

Paul smirked. "Taking the Fifth, huh? Coward. Okay, Dad said something like, 'Honestly? I don't think she does it on purpose. She's just never been hung up on stuff like that. She still walks around the house in tiny see-through panties and tops like it's perfectly normal. It's almost as if she doesn't realize she's not twelve anymore, that she has full-sized breasts now, and we all can see them in those skimpy tops she always wears. Do you think she has any idea how her bottom looks these days in her little bikini, compared to when she was fourteen? I really doubt it.'"

Having finished telling his story, Paul gave me a dopey grin.

"Oh, you like that, huh?" With a coy smile I flipped a little splash at him.

"Yeah, I do, and I think Dad does too, you know."

"You never acted as if you liked it. You never even noticed before, so neither did I."

He offered me a shy smile. "Maybe I did, and just never said anything because I didn't want you to stop doing it."

"You really are a sneak, but I love you for it. So what else did they say?"

"Dad asked her, 'What else would she wear to go swimming, regardless of whether Paul and the boys are here? She always wears that same bikini. Does she even own any others?'"

I have to admit, I was really enjoying being in league with my brother. It was great to be talking and having fun with him again; just the two of us. He seemed to be enjoying it too, which made it feel even better. The flirting we were doing only made things that much more fun.

"What'd Mom say? She knows this is my only bikini. I don't understand why she's suddenly making such a big deal over it."

"Mom said, 'I don't think so. I know I haven't bought her another one, so unless she bought herself one without my being aware of it, probably not.'

"Dad said, 'See? What else is she supposed to wear? Would you prefer she swim with the boys in her even skimpier underwear?'"

"Dad really said that? Right on, Dad!"

"Yeah, and he was sort of laughing when he said it. But get this. You'll love what happened next. Mom actually laughed while saying, 'Oh, please, as if you'd really mind seeing that!' I'm telling you, Dad loves watching you, and Mom even kids him about it! Face it, girl, you're surrounded by a house full of people who think you're totally hot!"

"Including you?" I asked teasingly, giving him a quirky smile.

"Including me. Especially me." Grinning, he nailed me with a huge splash.

Still, I wanted to tease him some more. "You're such a liar. You're just saying that. I heard you in the kitchen with Rick. You don't think I'm anywhere near as hot as Rick does. You know what? I think I'll go be hot for him, and you and Dad can just eat your hearts out. If Mom's going to think I'm teasing everyone on purpose, even when I'm not, fine, I may as well have some fun and actually do it!"

I spun around and kicked the water, hitting him in the face with a killer splash as I swam away. "You're 'it' now, and try not to cheat like Rick always does!" I said, calling back to him loudly enough that Rick could hear me too.

I swam over to Rick, though not before taking another peek into the living room. Mom and Dad were still watching. Perfect.

'You think I was teasing before, Mom? Check out your teasing daughter now…' I thought, smiling to myself.

Once I'd made my way over to Rick, I lifted myself halfway out of the pool, raising my bottom above the water. I plopped down on my stomach, with my head resting in my folded arms. My bottom was sticking up, and my legs were hanging straight down as I lazily kicked my feet.

Rick was smiling at me, and because of what I overheard him say to Paul I was looking forward to watching how he looked at me. I wanted to see if he'd be obvious in checking me out. I'd already decided to flirt with him a little, just to see what he would do.

I also wanted to make Paul, Dad, and especially Mom a little crazy. She'd gotten so much glee out of watching Paul spank me, and I loved the way she'd stared and even grinned at his gigantic erection.

Yes, I really wanted to tease her.

So, keeping in mind what Rick had said he liked best on a girl, of course the first thing I did was let him fully enjoy my bottom. Pretty much, I put it right in his face. He was leaning back on his elbows, and I'd plopped down directly beside him, my dripping wet bottom pooched up high in the air. His face couldn't have been more than eight inches away, and judging from his expression he definitely wanted to take a bite out of me.

"Hey, cheater," I grinned.

"I don't consider looking at pretty girls 'cheating.' I consider it 'smart,' and 'impossible not to.' I bet everyone cheats, once they know it's you they're chasing."

"Paul doesn't. He always keeps his eyes closed."

"What can I say? Paul's a big, gay fag," he chuckled.

I guffawed, then I elbowed him. I also giggled over the way he ran that favorite saying of his together, like 'big-gay-fag' was all one word. Rick always did crack me up.

Still, I had to defend Paul. "He is not a fag! He likes girls. Look at his bedroom, with all those posters of blonde bimbos and their huge boobs."

"Those things?" he laughed. "C'mon, a blind man could see right through that act. That's just a beard for Paul. He only pretends to like slutty bimbos to hide the fact that all he really cares about are those super gay fantasy dweeb games he plays on the internet."

I smiled to myself, recalling how easily Paul got all big and hard just from wrestling with me and seeing my bottom in my tiny panties.

"You're wrong, Rick. Paul likes girls."

"Yeah, and how would you know? Have you ever seen him with a girl? I mean, literally…ever?"

"I'm his sister. A sister knows her little brother. If he were as gay as you say he is, I'd know, and I know he's not." Then I did a lisping 'gay guy' voice. "Besides, sweetie, if he's such a raging fairy, why are you his best friend? Takes one to know one, maybe?"

Batting my eyes at him, I made a little kissy-face.

He elbowed me and laughed, "Hey, I'm not the one who keeps my eyes closed whenever you come near me in the pool, remember? Only a fag would try to avoid looking at you."

I giggled and elbowed him right back. "Good, you finally admit to being a big, fat cheater. Donny cheats just as much as you do, but he always denies it, even when I totally catch him doing it."

"So? All you're really saying is Donny is a pervert, and I'm a pervert too, but at least I'm an honest pervert. Paul is still just a big, gay fag."

"No, that's not what I'm saying, you jerk," I giggled. "Besides, how do I know you're not also opening your eyes when you chase after them? Maybe you're not really a perv so much as you're just a big, fat cheater."

"No, it's just you," he smiled, running his eyes up and down my body.

"No fair. You're not even 'it,' and here you are, cheating again. Okay, maybe you are just a perv," I grinned.

"If I am, it's your fault. What do you expect, with that bikini you're wearing."

"Again, with my bikini? God, what is it with you people? Why is everyone suddenly making such a big deal about this stupid bikini?" Arching my back, I leaned up on my elbows.

He laughed, yet he continued to stare at my body. "What are you talking about? Who else said something about your bikini?"

"Mom did! We had this big 'family talk' yesterday about it. She thinks I make you guys get all excited with what I wear...especially this bikini." Giving him a really flirty grin, I made a big show of conspicuously checking out his crotch. "Umm, never mind. I guess you do get all excited by seeing me in this bikini."

Rick blushed as I smiled happily at his obvious erection.

'This is getting to be so much fun!' I thought. While still grinning at the sight of his bobbing cock tenting his swim shorts, I said, "Also, Paul told me that he just overheard Mom asking Dad if he thinks I 'do it on purpose,' whatever that's supposed to mean. Now you're even bringing it up. My god, it's just a bikini. Why are you all suddenly making such a huge deal over nothing?"

I looked down my body, and...

...umm...

...holy crap.

Rick was intently watching me as I sat there, frozen. I'm sure I was totally blushing.

"Still think we're all making a big deal over nothing? I mean, seriously, can you blame us? You're right, your bikini is almost nothing now," he said quietly, with a warm smile.

I was so glad that he smiled like a friend, not just a perv.

"I had no idea. I...I never realized. Oh, god. Has it always done that?"

"Uh-huh," he grinned, openly staring at my bottom.

Wanting to take a peek at my bikini top, I lifted even higher onto my elbows. He watched as I peered down at my breasts, then he laughed when he saw the full recognition finally dawning on me.

"I guess the, umm, front of...down there…you know, I mean my bikini bottom, in front. Same thing?" I stammered, almost unwilling to roll over and look down.

"Yep. Just as amazing as the rear or the top."

Paul swam up to us, asking if we were going to play or not?

I kicked my legs at him, splashing them both. "No wonder Mom said something! Why didn't you guys warn me, you pervs!"

"Warn her about what? What's she squawkin' about?" Paul asked, turning to Rick.

"Why didn't you warn me about what happens with my bikini, doofus! You didn't think you should maybe warn your own sister about this?" I dunked my bottom into the water, then I lifted it and wiggled it right in his face. Not only did I want to make him look at it, I also wanted him to acknowledge that he was looking at it.

"I...I mean, I..." he stumbled.

Laughing, Rick jumped in. "Yeah, right! And ruin our whole summer? What, do you think we're stupid? Why would we want to warn you?"

I frowned at him. "Oh, I get it. If you warned me, I might go and do something terrible, like buy a new bikini."

"Exactly. See, I always knew you were a smart girl!" he crowed, covering himself with his arms as I playfully slapped at him.

We all looked at my body. My bikini bottoms were so old, threadbare and thin that they'd become totally see-through. I could literally see my entire ass. I could see the smooth brown skin, including the tiny bumps from my little hairs. I could see the tan lines forming a slightly paler thong shape before disappearing into my deep crack. When I shifted and moved around, I could see my bouncing curves quiver, then quickly settle. Forming a beam of golden sparkles over the center of my left thigh, the sunlight danced up the gentle slope of my lower cheek, across the shadow of my crescent divide and onto the high peak of my right cheek, where it shined with a dazzling brilliance.

I reached back and slipped my fingers beneath the bikini, tugging it aside to press a finger into my naked bottom. The impression left by my fingertip was just that slight bit paler, but my golden brown curves looked nearly the same where I'd uncovered them.

Bursting from those tiny panties, my ass looked so round and full that it almost appeared...hungry.

I never realized my bikini completely disappeared once I got it wet. I guess I knew that it was becoming pretty see-through, but being in the pool made it totally transparent. We could see my deeply curved ass crack as clearly as if I were naked. From Paul's position directly behind me, I'm sure he could see my pussy, and probably even my asshole. All I had to do was spread my legs a little.

Except they were already spread. They were spread plenty wide enough, I realized.

Paul was staring between my legs. Even with Rick there, he wasn't trying to hide the fact that he was perving on me. He was looking right into my ass, studying my pussy, and his mouth fell open.

Just the thought of him staring at me like that made my nipples harden and my pussy become wet. Rick being there too, watching Paul drool over the sight of my spread-open ass and pussy, that made it even hotter for me. Knowing Mom and Dad were probably also watching, god, that just excited me to death.

Having gotten over the shock of discovering how naked I'd really been for them all those times we'd been in the pool together, I was feeling a growing horniness. Unable to stop myself, I spread my legs even more.

My bikini being so see-through wasn't the only thing, either.

"How long has my bikini been too tiny to cover me?" I asked, noticing that the bottoms were so small on me that three or four inches of my crack were completely uncovered. It looked like someone had pulled my bikini almost halfway down my bottom. On top of everything else, it had become so narrow that it was really just a thong, leaving most of my bare ass exposed.

"Probably for at least a year now. It just keeps getting smaller and thinner," grinned Rick.

I slid into the water, all the way above my head. Slicking back my long hair, I slid right back up onto the side of the pool. Rolling onto my back, I looked down my body.

I was naked. I could see the faint tan lines and goose bumps on my breasts, as well as the little bumps on my large, slightly raised areolas. Their light brown color was so obvious, it was like I was wearing cellophane. The water, the slight breeze, and especially the circumstance made my nipples grow fully hard. I could see their pebbly texture, and even the little indents on the tips. They were achingly erect turrets, standing tall above my rich, full mounds.

Since the boys were openly staring at my nipples, I shyly smiled first at Rick, then Paul. "Do you like them?" I asked quietly.

Never taking his eyes off my breasts, Paul just gulped. Rick tried to hide his erection by pressing his body against the side of the pool.

Giving him an inviting grin, I let the tip of my tongue play between my teeth. "Rick, I know you have a big hard-on right now. You don't have to hide it from me."

"You're…perfect," he whispered.

If possible, my nipples grew even harder.

The way I was sitting, my flat tummy tapered down into the valley between my hip bones. I could see my little black bush equally well either by looking in the open space beneath my faded pink and white bikini or by looking straight through it. I shave my pussy completely bare, leaving only a small rectangle above my slit, and I have a really prominent clit, at least according to Trish and Michelle. I guess I do, because mine is a lot easier to see than the ones on most of the other girls, even when my face is right there at their pussies.

Sitting with Paul and Rick by the pool, my face was nowhere near my pussy, and still I could easily see my clit; we all could. The bikini was so thoroughly transparent that the large dome shape, smooth texture and vibrant pink color of my swollen nub were as obvious to us as the noses on our faces. I was totally turned on; if my nipples hadn't already betrayed my horniness, my erect clit was screaming it loud and clear.

I wanted to touch it. I wanted Paul or Rick to touch it. I would have shot off like a rocket had either of them even slightly grazed it with their fingertips. 'God, I wish Michelle was here right now. She would touch it, and then some,' I thought.

Spreading my legs, I brought my knees up. I didn't lift them too high, though, since I didn't want to block Rick's view. He was just off to my side, while Paul was directly between my thighs. They each had a front row seat to what I was willingly showing them.

Following Rick's pointed gaze, then Paul's too, I joined them in staring between my spread legs.

Lips. Beautiful, glistening wet, deep pink lips. We were all thoroughly checking out my bare pussy lips, which were pressed into a crinkly smirk by the sheer bikini.

I spread my legs a little wider, and we watched as my fine petals moistly separated, revealing a blush of brighter pink. I was offering them a point-blank view of my pouting, virgin pussy.

With that thought burning in my mind, we all watched my pussy spasm. "Mmmmmm, see? She loves the way you're looking at her...the way you want her…" I said, smiling softly.

"That's good, because I love to look at her, and I definitely want her," said Rick, staring hungrily between my legs.

"Isn't she beautiful? I love my pussy. I'm glad you love her too," I purred, reaching down to caress my lips through the effectively invisible material.

Touching myself for them, god, I was so turned on.

Then it hit me. Mom and Dad were probably still watching.

I looked over to the patio door, and yep, there was Mom, sort of biting her pinky. Dad was no longer by her side.

'Oh, god,' I moaned inside my head, my thighs trembling. I was cumming! Just knowing that Mom was watching me touch my pussy for the boys totally set me off! Even better, it seemed to be turning her on, too! Mom always bites her pinky whenever she's "the good kind of nervous, or really excited," as she puts it, and I could see her eyes shining as she traced her pinky over her bottom lip, sometimes nipping at it with her brilliant white teeth.

That's when it also hit me that I had apparently been running around completely naked in front of all my family and friends for god knows how long. Years, probably. At least the past couple of summers, definitely.

Returning to earth following my sudden orgasm, I was still caressing my pussy as I gave Paul a slow, teasing smile. "So, little brother, what about you? Were you ever going to tell me about my invisible bikini, or were you, Rick and Donny just going to perv over my bare breasts and naked pussy all summer long? I know your eyes work, Paul. You see everything they see."

He started to stammer an explanation, but I cut him off. "Mom was apparently the only one who was ever going to say a word, so this is obviously how you all want to see me. At least now I'm aware of it, and you know what? You heard her, Paul. 'Wear or even don't wear whatever you want, Dawn. If you make the guys crazy, that's their problem. You can all deal with it on your own.'"

Rick had a look of surprise, and also of admiration. "Wow, your mom actually said that?"

"Yep. Paul heard her, and Dad was there, too. Everyone agreed to it," I grinned. "The thing is, I never even knew what was going on. You guys sure did, though, and since you all like it so much, I guess she figures she's outvoted."

"Or maybe she likes it too," said Paul, with a little grin.

"You guys have the coolest mom ever," Rick said, shaking his head and high-fiving Paul.

"She really is. She even teases Dad about how he'd love to see Dawn wearing only her tiny panties to go swimming!" laughed Paul.

Wide-eyed and slack-jawed, Rick just stared at us.

"Like it would really matter," I giggled. "The only difference would be my panties are smaller, but I can hardly imagine how they could be any more see-through than this bikini. Paul, you see me in my panties all the time, so—"

"Dude! You do?" exclaimed Rick, interrupting me to guffaw at Paul. "Dawn walks around wearing nothing but panties in front of you? Oh my god! That'd be awesome!" Then he turned to me. "You gotta do that when I'm here!"

We all laughed as Rick again high-fived Paul, who sheepishly returned it with a really weak effort before giving his friend an embarrassed little grin. "Yeah, she does that almost every night, and usually at breakfast too. A lot of times she'll wear nothing but panties the whole day."

Despite Rick's head looking like it was about to explode, Paul turned back to me. "Dawn, what were you about to say?"

I just smiled at him. "I was saying you've seen me in lots of my panties. I know they're mostly smaller than these bikini bottoms, so they probably show more of my ass, but are any of them more see-through? And does my naked crack stick out on top this much?"

"I dunno, Dawn," Rick said, cutting in with a laugh. "That bikini is getting to be really see-through. If you never got it wet, I would still know exactly how your nipples, ass and pussy look. We can see right through your bikini, even when you're just standing around in the kitchen or whatever."

Shaking my head, I smiled and turned back to Paul.

He gave me a small grin, then turned serious. "When they're both dry, yeah, some of your panties are more see-through than your bikini. So are some of your tops. Dawn, a lot of your panties and tops are totally sheer. Rick's right, though. Even dry your bikini is really see-through now. Only a couple of your panties show as much of your crack as your bikini does, but most of 'em show way more of your ass. If you were to wear your panties to go swimming, it'd be about the same as wearing your bikini. Either way, you might as well go naked. Just hanging around the house? Your panties usually show more than your bikini."

"Okay, so even when dry, wearing my bikini is about the same as wearing panties. Once I go swimming there's no difference at all, since my panties and tops couldn't be any more see-through than this bikini. Right?"

When Paul just shyly nodded, I grinned triumphantly at Rick. "See? You're not missing anything. You've already seen me a million times in my panties and didn't even know it!"

"Okay, then there's no reason you can't hang around the house in your panties when I'm here," he countered, with a big, goofy grin.

I gave him a sexy smile. "No, there isn't, and who says I won't? It's what everyone wants, right?"

"You won't hear any complaints from me," Paul smirked.

"Really? You seriously wouldn't mind if I hung around with you, Rick and Donny wearing what I wore last night, or something even skimpier?"

"What'd you wear last night?" asked Rick, his excitement plainly evident.

'God, this is fun,' I again thought to myself before saying, "Just some little panties and my Kansas Jayhawks top, same as always when it's hot. We were on my bed, wrestling and fooling around. Those panties are a lot smaller than this bikini, and Paul ended up spanking my bare bottom right in front of Mom! She was even cheering him on!"

"So? You loved it!" laughed Paul.

"We both loved it," I smiled, splashing him. "I'm just saying, in those panties my ass was basically naked, and you whacked it over and over, with Mom egging you on. Paul, for real, you wouldn't mind if I wore those panties around your friends? You'd spank my bare ass right in front of them? I mean like when we're watching movies, and I'm lying on the floor with you guys?"

"Why would I mind? It's not like Rick or Donny is going to do anything. They're not gonna flip out and attack you, or anything stupid like that. Besides, they've basically already seen you naked. What difference does it make now if they also get to see you in your panties and see-through tops? Heck, Rick is always going to think you're the hottest girl on the planet anyway, no matter what you wear."

Rick punched him, which made me laugh. "Oh, is that so, Rick?" I cooed, teasing him.

"Dude, don't let her pull that innocent crap on you. She already knows what you think of her. She overheard us talking, that day in the kitchen," Paul said, smirking at me.

Rick blushed scarlet, then turned away. He started to stammer an apology, but I stopped him. "You don't need to apologize. C'mon, what girl doesn't want to hear what you said about me that day? I was flattered. Besides, if anything, it's Paul who should apologize for what I overheard. He's the one who prefers blonde bimbos to his 'invisible' sister."

I grinned at Paul. I was having fun driving the teasing knife in a little deeper.

"Yeah, I know. I told you, he's just a big, gay fag," Rick crowed again.

I thought it was about time to let Paul off the hook. "Okay, knock it off with that 'fag' stuff. I was just teasing him. Paul already explained everything to me last night. He didn't need to apologize, at least no more than I did. It's more my fault than his that we've been 'invisible' to each other. Besides, I know he's not a fag, you big butthole."

I reached out to squeeze Paul's forearm, and he smiled in appreciation. Feeling mischievous, I grinned at them. "So would you rather I wear this bikini, or my panties and tops?"

"Here in the pool, or just for hanging around, like watching TV with us and wrestling on the bed?" asked Paul.

"Either. Both…" I said, still grinning.

Rick gently elbowed me in the arm. "Before I could make an informed decision, I'd need to see you in those panties and tops. Also, what about Option C? Maybe sometimes you could go completely naked? I mean why not, since you're basically naked now anyway."

I smiled at Paul. "What about it, big boy? Would you all just freak if I started going totally naked? I know Rick would love it, but what about you, and could Mom and Dad handle that?"

"Dad? Probably. Yeah, no problem. Mom? I might not have thought so before, but now I think she'd be fine with it. She gave you her blessing to wear as little as you want around us, or even nothing at all.

"You wouldn't really do it, though, would you?"

"I don't know…maybe. I bet it sure would be fun. If going naked with you guys would make your dicks get nice and hard for me, especially when we wrestle on my bed or watch movies together, mmmm, I just might. I think that would be awesome. I'd love it if you all gave me your big, hard cocks every time you saw me.

"The main thing is I just wanted to see what you'd say, Paul. I know Perv Boy over here would love it if I ran around naked in front of him, but I wanted to see if you'd admit it too. Would you admit you want me naked, and would you admit you don't even care if Rick also sees me naked?"

I kicked the water, splashing him. Splashing me back, he gave me his most evil grin. "Okay, hot shot, you think you're so tough? You think I won't have the balls to admit anything to you, especially in front of Rick? Well, you can just blow me. Yeah, I admit it, I'd love it if you ran around naked in front of me. Who wouldn't? You're fucking gorgeous. You're totally perfect, just like Rick said. You want me to admit something else? Fine, no problem. I love it when your bikini gets wet and disappears, and I love seeing you in your see-through panties. You're hot as hell, and seeing you like that drives me insane. If it were up to me, you'd always be nude. If Rick or Dad or even the Man in the Moon also get to see you naked, good for them. All I care about is that I get to see you, too. How's that? Is there anything else you want me to admit?"

"See?" I said, grinning at Rick. "Not only does he want me naked, he says I can blow him. I told you he's no fag." I gave Paul the warmest smile, and rather than splash him again I raised my foot to caress his chest. I was totally spreading myself open for them, and their eyes feasted on my pink lips.

Dumbfounded, Rick was just staring at my pussy, until finally he turned to my smug little brother. "Dude, who are you, and what did you do with Paul?"

Giving his best friend a look of serious determination, Paul grinned, "You know what? Screw all those blonde bimbos and their fake tits. I'm done with that phony crap. Megan Fox rules, and I'm never going to ignore my sister again."

By then we were no longer in the mood to play Marco Polo, so we got out of the pool. As we toweled off together, I felt their eyes roaming over me. Knowing that Mom and maybe even Dad might also still be watching, I stood straight and tall, letting them all look at me.

"Enjoying the view?" I asked, trying to fake a confident smirk, which wasn't easy since my heart was racing like crazy.

"I don't know how it could possibly get any better," Rick said, nearly drooling.

Deciding I may as well go all in, I turned and began slowly walking away. Without stopping, I looked back over my shoulder. "Maybe like this? Isn't my ass what you said you like best about me?" Swinging my hips, I walked as sexily as I could before pausing to retrieve my sunglasses from the grass. Bending at the waist with my legs straight, I lingered in that position a beat or two longer than was absolutely necessary. While still bent over, I slid two fingers into my bikini, ostensibly to slip it out of my deep split. Tugging the sheer strip aside before repositioning it, I felt the sudden kiss of cool air on my exposed pussy.

I heard a low whistle from Rick.

'I could really learn to love this,' I thought with a smile.

Back in the house, Dad was in the den watching TV. While the boys made a beeline for Paul's bedroom, I went to Mom, who was in the kitchen. Hugging her from behind as she stood over the sink, I whispered, "I swear I didn't know. You were right, but I just didn't know."

She stopped what she was doing to cross her hands over mine atop her stomach; leaning her head back, she brought our faces cheek to cheek. "It's okay, sweetie. I know you didn't know, and you're not hurting anyone anyway. I meant what I told you yesterday. This is your home, so if you want to wear that tiny thing until it literally falls apart, go ahead. Enjoy it." Turning within my embrace, she cupped my face and kissed me. "You are the most wonderful daughter and sister anyone could ever hope for, and you don't need to change a thing. You're perfect, just the way you are."

Hugging me again, she whispered in my ear, "Just try not to break too many hearts, okay?"

"Mom, what you and Dad were trying to tell me yesterday, after Paul left the table…." I gave her a curious look.

"Yes, sweetie? What about it?"

"How did you know? I mean he never said a peep to me, so how did you know? Did he tell you something?"

"Yes, he did; a thousand times, in a thousand ways. Honey, your brother thinks you're the most beautiful girl in the world. And you know what?"

"What?" I whispered, wondering what she would drop on me next.

"He's right. You are the most beautiful girl in the world, inside and out, only now your outside is really distracting everyone. Sometimes even I catch myself looking at you, and I can't help but stare in amazement. I don't merely mean with the pride of a mother, either. I mean just as a person, admiring a beautiful woman...an exceptionally beautiful woman."

I sighed, then she blushed as she said, "Baby, I know this is not something a mother is ever supposed to ask her own daughter, but I have to ask anyway, okay?"

Again, I looked at her in wonder. "What is it? You know you can ask me anything."

"We'll see about that, after I ask you this one," she grinned.

"Go ahead. This is fun. It's like playing Truth or Dare with you. So, okay, I pick truth. Ask away."

Pausing, she gave me a thousand-watt smile. "Baby, do you have any idea how incredible your ass is?"

"Mom! Oh my god!" I exclaimed, shrieking with laughter. I couldn't stop laughing, and neither could she, then we fell into another hug.

"I'm serious! I get the feeling you're truly not aware that you have the most amazing ass any of us will ever see," she said, holding me tight.

"You know I got it from you," I purred, softly kissing her neck.

"Don't I wish!" she said, with a pretty laugh. "Mine was never quite that good. I would kill to have an ass like yours. I swear, your ass is so perfect that it almost makes a person forget how beautifully you've filled out everywhere else, too. Baby, you're pin-up girl material, top to bottom…especially that bottom!"

Giggling, she pinched my bare ass!

Laughing while swatting at her hand, I said, "Oh, please, who do you think you're kidding? You have an absolutely perfect bottom. Even Trish and Michelle say it looks just like mine." I pinched her ass, then we got into a full-on ass-pinching battle, laughing like crazy as we tried to fight off each other's attack. When we were done, and had gone back to hugging, I said, "Seriously, though, can I ask you something? What is it about my bottom? To me it's just like any other girl's, yet you're not the first person to say what you're saying about it."

Pulling back for a moment to bask in her warm, loving smile, I made a decision. "C'mere…" I grinned. Taking her by the hand, I tugged her along behind me up the stairs and into my bedroom.

I'd hidden my pink and blue toys inside a box, deep in my closet. She never went through my stuff, so I felt safe hiding them there.

"Look what the girls gave me…" I said, handing her my trophy. I'd originally planned to keep that hidden from her too, but suddenly it just seemed right to talk to her about it.

"Why, Mom? Why is everyone saying these things about my…you know.…"

"Your ass, dear. It even says so, right here on your trophy!" Beaming, she giggled, then started laughing again.

God, it was so nice to be with her that way. Hugging her again, I kissed her beautiful face over and over, and she couldn't stop laughing. She wasn't laughing atme, though; she was just happy because of my reaction, as I was over hers.

"Honey, you are a full-grown girl now. It's okay to say 'ass,' and even to think of it that way sometimes. Sweetie, believe me, you don't have a 'butt,' not anymore. You most definitely have an ass; a flawless, incredible, world-class ass."

I sat her on the bed, then I stood in profile in front of my mirror, where we could both see my ass. Studying my body, I ran my hand over my bottom and down my thighs. Sure, it all looked perfectly okay to me, but so what? I asked her, "Why, though? What's the big deal about my ass? People keep making such a huge fuss over it, and to me it's just my bottom; the same bottom I've always had. It's no different than yours, Michelle's or Lisa's. I mean, except that I'm a girl, so I have hips, it's no different than Paul's either, right? Seriously, I don't get it."

Sighing, she smiled. "You really don't, do you?"

"No, I don't. I mean, okay, I know I don't have a big, ugly butt. I exercise too much to be fat. Still, lots of girls my age don't have fat butts, and neither do you." I took her by the hand and made her stand in front of me, facing away. Turning us sidelong to the mirror so we could compare our bottoms, I ran my fingertips along her back, down her ass and over her thighs. She was wearing a sundress, not a bikini, but that didn't stop her from looking absolutely fantastic.

Her ass definitely looked fantastic, and it felt even better. "Wow! You don't wear panties!" I exclaimed. Totally jazzed at my discovery, I ran my hands more playfully over her smooth bottom, cupping and squeezing it. "Bad mommy!" I giggled.

She turned cherry red, and it felt like her whole body tensed up.

Reacting quickly, I said, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. It just surprised me, is all. I promise, I don't think you're bad. Actually, I think it's one hundred percent awesome that you don't wear panties."

She slowly turned to face me. Sighing again, she put her hands on my shoulders. "Don't mind me. It's not your fault, honey. I just didn't know you were going to touch me like that. I'm fine, baby. Okay, now check this out…." She stepped closer, until our breasts were touching.

"Your boobs feel really nice," I said, and I truly meant it. Her boobs are simply spectacular. Even compared to my girlfriends, she has outrageously awesome breasts.

"Never mind that right now. Look…" she grinned, reaching around me to put her hands on the backs of my thighs. "Two things, sweetie. It starts off with two things that are just flawless with your body. The first one is this line, here...." She slowly trailed her fingernails over my hamstrings; up, down and across. She turned my body a little left, then a little right, showing me my thighs from different angles.

Touching me that way, she was giving me the tingles, and she smiled when she noticed my reaction.

"See how your lines curve so perfectly, without a single interruption? Your thighs have such a beautiful sweep. They're not too straight, and they're not too thick…just a graceful, wonderful arcing before they dip inward, right...here." Turning me to where I could see my bottom from behind, she traced her fingernails across the tops of my thighs, then into the triangular opening between my legs, directly below my pussy. "You have a perfect gap, baby. It really is perfect. Your thighs are formed so well there, it's like a work of art."

Fascinated, I watched her demonstration in the reflection of the mirror. "Don't all girls have that? I know some of the girls on my team have it."

"Yes, sweetie, many girls do, but few are blessed with what you have there…such a well-developed diamond shape. Many girls' thighs just go straight up, without your inward sweep at the top. It's the overall line, honey. It's the way everything is so perfect on you. See, you also have this…." She traced her fingertips across the bottom of my...well, the bottom of my bottom!

I shivered, and she gave my ass a gentle squeeze. When I let out a small moan, she flashed a beautiful smile. She squeezed again, longer and more firmly, before switching to sexy caresses. "You feel incredible, baby. Your bottom is like the most luscious fruit, covered in pure silk," she said, stroking a little lower. "Anyway, most girls have a crease here. They have a very definite line where their thigh joins their ass. You don't. You have no crease at all. Really, it's quite remarkable. Honey, your ass is like your breasts."

She untied my bikini top and tossed it on the bed. Grinning, she reached over to grab a pencil from my table.

"Watch, sweetie…." She held the pencil sideways beneath my left breast, then she slowly rolled it down my ribcage. Bringing it back up and over the lower swell, she teased the pouting curve, making me giggle. "Shhhh. Just watch…" she whispered. Pressing the pencil to the base of my breast, she smiled when it immediately fell to the carpet.

"Stay still. Don't move," she said, kneeling to retrieve the pencil. "Look…." She repeated her pencil trick, only this time she pressed it to the bottom of my ass. Again it fell immediately to the floor.

After giving each rounded cheek a sweet kiss, she stood and slipped off her shoulder straps. With a subtle shake of her slinky hips her sundress fell to the floor, and suddenly she was naked.

"God, you're beautiful," I gasped in wonder, and I wasn't just trying to be nice. She was a total hottie!

She started to say something, but I interrupted her. "I always knew you had an amazing body, but my god, you are just breathtaking. You have the most incredible body I've ever seen. Seriously, you have to let Paul, Rick and Donny see you naked. They will completely lose their minds."

Grinning, I caressed her bare, sexy hips.

"Oh, I think they've got more than enough on their plates already, what with you running around the house, but we'll see. Thank you, though, honey. That's really sweet of you." Taking an appraising glance in the mirror, she smiled. "I suppose I'm doing okay for a mom."

"C'mon, you're only thirty-seven, and you are not just doing okay 'for a mom.' You are so gorgeous, you could easily be one of our cheerleaders, and you'd be the hottest one. I'm not exaggerating, either. On top of being much prettier, you have a way better body than most of the girls on the team. Michelle, Trish and Lisa are the only ones who are even in your league."

Suddenly shivering beneath my hands, she stared into my eyes in the mirror. Finally pulling me to her for another big hug, she kissed the nape of my neck. "Thank you, baby. You are just so sweet to me. Still, I didn't get naked for you just to fish for compliments, no matter how much I do appreciate them. Okay, sweetie, watch...."

She did the pencil trick on herself.

Her breasts are much bigger than mine; easily full D-cups, compared to my large C's or small D's. The pencil below her breast stuck for a moment, then a beat longer, before falling to the floor.

She quickly knelt to retrieve it. Handing me the pencil, she stood and turned her back to the mirror. "See? Now do my ass."

"Mom!" I guffawed, laughing in shock.

"Oh, hush. You know what I mean," she said, laughing too. Wiggling her hips, she cooed in an intentionally slutty voice, "C'mon, baby, do my ass…." She stood straight and tall, and I couldn't help but run my hands up her thighs, onto her luscious ass. Kneeling to look between her legs, I noticed she was shaved like me. She was also temptingly wet, with full, gorgeous lips. I smiled and gave her beautiful bottom a kiss, right next to her pussy.

"Mmmmmm," she breathed, so I kissed her again and again, squeezing her ass with both hands while pressing my lips to her soft skin, and her hips went into a sensual little rolling motion. "Use the pencil, baby. As wonderful as your kisses feel, do my ass with the pencil, not your gorgeous lips," she said, turning to give me a warm smile.

'You are the most beautiful woman ever,' I thought, shifting my gaze from her glistening pussy to her shining eyes. Still smiling, I rolled the pencil back and forth over her ass before trailing it down her thigh.

"Quit playing! You're making me horny!" she laughed.

"Okay, okay! So pushy…" I grinned, tickling her sexy curves.

Giggling, she swished her bottom for me.

After kissing her again, I trailed my tongue up her thigh, into her wide split. "I'm not sure what your point is with this pencil thing, but every inch of you looks absolutely perfect to me," I smiled, giving her innermost contours a couple of teasing nips.

"The pencil, sweetie…the pencil. And no funny stuff with it, either," she said, flashing an adorable smile. She looked twenty years old. Oh, was she pretty.

I slid the pencil beneath her ass, where her smooth curve joined her thigh, then I released it. The pencil immediately fell to the floor.

"Do it again, and don't cheat," she giggled, playfully wiggling her ass.

"I didn't cheat. It just wouldn't stay."

"Do it again."

Grinning in anticipation, I pressed the pencil firmly to her soft flesh before letting go. It stuck for a second, then it peeled away and fell to the floor. Holding her thighs with both hands, my face nuzzling her ass, I smiled happily. "The only reason it stayed at all was the moisture of your skin sort of made it stick a little. Honest. You don't have even a hint of a crease there to grab it, and the only reason the pencil hung for a second before falling from your breasts is they're just so big. No one with real breasts the size of yours would ever do any better."

Still holding her in place, I kissed the beginning slope of her ass. Thrilled that she wasn't trying to stop me, I rained kisses all over her beautiful bottom. She moved her hips in small, sexy undulations, drawing my lips into contact with her gorgeous pussy. Gently kissing her moist flower, I said, "You're perfect." She moaned a little, trembling in my hands as I gave her soft, pouting lips a dozen tender licks and kisses. I loved her sweet taste, and her breathy moans had me on cloud nine.

"These too…they're just as perfect," I said, standing to kiss her breasts. She let me cup and kiss them, and I was overjoyed to be the one to prove to her that she could pass her own tests.

She seemed a bit embarrassed, but I think it was the good kind of embarrassment. "Okay, maybe your mom still has it," she giggled, holding my face to her breast as I nibbled on her erect nipple.

"You definitely still have it," I said, playfully slapping her bare bottom.

With another cute giggle she jumped, grinning, "Baby, it's not just the pencil test. Many girls your age can pass the pencil test. Most can't, but yes, some smaller-breasted girls can, and so can girls with barely any ass at all. You're not small-breasted, sweetie, and you definitely have a woman's full, sexy ass." She ran her hands down my bottom. "That's the other thing about you. Look…." Firmly pressing her hands into the backs of my thighs, she slowly moved them over my ass.

I watched in the mirror as she demonstrated her next test.

"Now do that to me. Press really hard," she said, so I did.

Okay, I saw what she was getting at there, but it was barely noticeable.

"See, sweetie? I admit it, I'm in pretty good shape. I don't have any visible cottage cheese, and while my lines aren't as tautly defined as yours are, they're still smooth, with no interruptions. Look what happens, though, when we press really hard into each other's thighs and ass. There's no hiding it. Your thighs and ass simply resist, firmly. They spread out, but that's it. My thighs and ass look super smooth too, at least until you really press into them, then they soften and pucker just that little bit. Baby, you have amazing skin texture, and you're perfectly toned. You're not overly hard and ripped. Somehow, even with such a soft, lush, curvy ass, you still manage to be lithe and supple. It's truly remarkable, honey, and incredibly sexy. Your ass is literally mouthwatering, especially with this golden tan that outlines your gorgeous divide."

Turning me away from the mirror, she said, "Look at that…." Using her hands to describe my shape, she was showing me the tapering of my waist and the gentle flaring of my hips. "Perfect symmetry…" she smiled, painting caresses along the outside of my ass and down my thighs, then back over my cheeks.

"You even have an incredibly deep and beautiful cleft," she whispered, trailing her fingertips into my exposed crack above my bikini bottoms. "You just have it all, baby. Everything that could possibly make for a prettier, sexier ass, a more perfect ass, you have it."

She continued whispering as she studied me in the mirror. "Along with some of those sheer tops and panties you love to wear, this bikini looks absolutely amazing on you. We can always see the top of your ass, and you may as well be naked once you get it wet. I can't imagine why you would even bother to wear it in the pool anymore, unless you simply enjoy the tease factor. Otherwise, you should just swim in the nude."

Giving her another happy smile, I slipped off my panties. "I know. I just discovered how see-through it really is," I said, turning to look again in the mirror. Spreading my ass, I ran my fingertips through the deep split, and her hands joined mine in exploring every inch of my naked bottom.

"I know, baby. I was watching the entire time. I know you didn't realize until today how sexy you've become in that bikini," she said, pressing her lips to my neck as she squeezed and fondled my bare ass.

"You really wouldn't mind if I started swimming in the nude? God, that sounds awesome."

Caressing my hips, she smiled. "I wouldn't mind at all. If that's what you want to do, then go for it. You'll love the feeling."

"What if I'm with the boys, or Dad?"

"Baby, of course I'm not just talking about when you're alone. I'm saying you can do it with the boys too, including your father. Sweetie, I won't mind. Whether you guys are fooling around in the pool, watching movies in the den or hanging out together in your bedrooms, you can be as naked as you please, and I'll have no problem with it. In fact, I think it would be really fun for you. Honey, I want you to enjoy your beautiful body.''

Leaning down to give my ass a playful bite, she came back up flashing a bright smile. "If you do start running around here naked, though, don't be surprised by all the hard cocks you'll be seeing."

"I think I would come to enjoy that!" I laughed.

"I'm sure you will," she said, with a knowing grin.

"Could you blame me?" I giggled.

"No, sweetie, of course not. You are your mother's daughter, after all."

Still grinning, she gave me another big hug.

"Okay, speaking of being my mother, not to mention getting to see all sorts of hard cocks, I just thought of something. As beautiful and sexy as you are, why haven't you been wearing whatever you want around the house? All we ever talk about is what I'm free to do, but what about you?"

"I know, baby, and you're right. I used to do it all the time, remember? Believe me, I miss those days of wearing next to nothing around the house, the way you always do. Now that the boys are all grown up, I'd love to start doing it again.''

Pausing, her grin grew mischievous. ''That is, as long as you don't mind seeing your mother running around naked in a house full of hard cocks."

"Mind? Are you kidding me? Like I said, you have to let Paul and his friends see you like this! As awesome as you look naked, they'll have nonstop hard-ons for sure, and I'll absolutely love it."

"Thank you, baby. Let me finish though, okay? This is very difficult for me to say to you."

Smiling nervously, I nodded.

"Sweetie, I've been noticing your tiny panties and barely-there bikini for a long time now. I've watched them slip further and further down your ass, exposing more and more of you even as they keep becoming more see-through. So has your father, and you can just imagine how crazy it makes him. 'Dad' or not, he's still a man, and you're just incredibly beautiful. I've noticed how much you've been showing, and do you know why I haven't insisted that you start wearing less revealing things around the house, at least in front of your father and the boys?"

Waiting, I followed her hands in the mirror. We were each painting slow, meandering circles all over my ass. I was slipping my fingertips into my deep split while she teasingly traced along the lowermost curves, coming agonizingly close to my wet pussy.

With a sweet blush coloring her glowing cheeks, she offered me a shy smile. "I didn't want to, baby, that's why. It's as simple as that. Angel, you're too pretty to cover up. The way you move, the way you're so carefree and innocent, it'd be a shame to make you become self-conscious just because you drive us all crazy. Also, if I'm being completely honest, I love seeing your beautiful body. Watching you dance through the living room in your tiny bikini fills my heart with joy, and I never want to lose that feeling. I mean, so what if Rick is totally erect every second he's here? It's good for him."

Trying not to giggle, she gave my bare cheeks a firm two-hand squeeze.

"Mom! Rick is not totally erect every second he's here! God!" I said, laughing while swatting at those greedy little mitts of hers just freely helping themselves to my poor, vulnerable bottom. Crazily forgetting that we were both stark naked, I playfully smacked her breast. Going all bug-eyed, she laughed and smacked me right back, nailing me with a solid whack on the ass.

We were both laughing, and she was gently rubbing where she'd spanked me. "Okay, maybe not every second, but don't tell me you didn't notice his huge erection today. For that matter, I'm sure you saw Paul's, too. When you rolled onto your back and showed them your gorgeous pussy, you had to have seen how hard you'd made them. C'mon, I could see the tents in their shorts all the way from the kitchen," she grinned.

"Well, maybe a little. I saw that Rick had one," I admitted, smiling happily.

"Sweetie, I promise you, that was not the first erection you've ever given Rick orPaul. Honey, you've done it to every man in this house a million times, and again that includes your father. In my ever-so-suave husband's case, it's usually while he and I are on the couch watching movies with you and Paul. He tries to act like I'm the one who's causing it, but he isn't fooling anybody. I see him glancing down at you in your sexy panties, and he's already hard when I reach into his lap. Baby, you do it to all of us."

"Does that ever bother you? If it does, I won't do it anymore," I said, hugging her.

She just smiled. "Does it bother you that you have that effect on him?"

I thought about it for a moment. "No, not at all, just as long as you don't mind. If I knew it was upsetting you, then yes, it would bother me. For myself, I've never even noticed it before."

"And now that you know?"

"Still the same. It doesn't bother me, not unless it bothers you. As far as I'm concerned, I love the idea that Dad, Paul and the boys get hard simply from looking at me. I just need to see it! I want to check out all these hard cocks you say I keep missing!" I said, laughing.

"Well, baby, then there's your answer. If you're not bothered by it, I have no problem whatsoever with your father getting hard from looking at you. Since you say you really enjoy the idea, go ahead, indulge yourself. Be as sexy as you want with him."

Pausing, she gave me a wry grin. "Believe me, I definitely won't mind. Every time you turn him on, I get the benefit of it."

"You mean..." I said, giggling.

She was beaming again. "Yes, honey. We don't always go to sleep just because we tell you it's time for us to go to bed. Sweetie, your ass is like instant Viagra."

"Oh god," I said, blushing into her shoulder.

She laughed, "Baby, I shouldn't be putting you up to this, but seriously, just you watch! The next time you're lying on the floor in some hot little panties or your bikini during Movie Night, take a peek at your father whenever he gets up, and especially when we head off to bed."

"You mean, check out his…."

Grinning, I didn't finish the sentence, and she rolled her eyes before returning my grin. "Yes, honey, that's exactly what I mean. When he gets up from the couch, turn around and check out his bulging cock. I want you to see it, sweetie. After staring at your ass all night, he's usually as hard as a rock, and baby, your father is extremely well-endowed. Even in his pajamas or slacks, there is no way you'll miss it. I can only imagine how big and hard he and the boys would be if you were to do Movie Night without any panties on. It'd just be Erection City!

"God, you really have no idea how many hard-ons you cause around this house, do you? Well, I sure do. I've watched you make Paul's enormous dick get hard more times than I can count. Seriously, as if I'm not going to notice when my baby boy has a huge erection, and he's staring at my baby girl's perfect ass. C'mon, I may have been born at night, but it wasn't last night!"

She laughed so hard, her breasts were shaking against me.

"Now you're just making fun of me!" I whined, giggling at her laughter. She kept laughing, and I kept pouting, then she actually stuck her lower lip out. She was making a boo-boo face at me!

"Grrrrr!" Growling playfully, I bit her breast.

"Ooooh!" she exclaimed. "You did not just bite my boob!"

"Oh yeah? Want me to do it again? Keep teasing me, and see what happens."

Grinning, she stared at me, measuring my resolve. We were both still panting from all the laughing we'd been doing. Watching her face, waiting for the slightest provocation, I was poised to pounce on that perfect breast.

Slowly, millimeter by millimeter, her teasing lower lip began to sneak forward. Her eyes were shining with mirth.

"Don't do it…" I growled. Lowering my head, I brought my mouth menacingly close to her breast. I hovered my hands over her ass, readying them to latch on and secure her into position.

"Boner causer!" she whispered gleefully.

CHOMP!!

"AYYYEEEIIII!!"

Like a pit bull attacking a car tire, I'd clamped down on her left areola. Squeezing her ass with both hands, I flung us onto the bed and simply mauled her glorious boobs. She was laughing hysterically, which made me remember my cake party. "Motor boat! Motor boat!" I shouted, pulling my hands out from beneath her ass to cup her breasts. I buried my face in her giggling cleavage, making a huge 'thhhhhhppppthhhhhhhh' sound against her chest.

Okay, so it was more of a raspberry than a motor boat sound, but that's what I did. Regardless, I had my head buried in her breasts, squeezing them around my face while tugging on her nipples. Making it even better, she was thrashing and wailing beneath me, with frantic tears streaming down her cheeks. I'd never seen her laugh so hard or buck so wildly in my whole life.

It was awesome!

I finally lifted my head, though I didn't stop tugging on her nipples. They'd become just as big as mine were when I was showing them to Rick and Paul in the pool.

"Gonna stop teasing me? I know a whole bunch of other fun tricks," I said, giving her a comically sinister look. While still tugging on her nipples, I started to slide down her chest, over her stomach; slowly, inexorably...down.

We both knew where I was headed.

"Okay, okay! Uncle! I give up!" she cried, laughing as she wrapped her arms around me. She pulled me back up to her face and hugged me against her chest, breasts to breasts.

I rubbed noses with her and giggled, "I still don't think my ass is any better than yours."

"Silly girl," she grinned, staring into my eyes.

That singular moment - the two of us alone in my bedroom, hugging and simply breathing together - god, it was the nicest feeling I'd ever experienced.

"I love you so much," I whispered, nuzzling her neck.

She caressed my face and smiled. "I love you even more."

Basking in the sensations of her warm breath brushing my hair and her soft hands stroking my back, I lay in total bliss between her spread legs. Our pussies were touching, and so were our breasts. I moved down a bit, grinning when her tiny patch of fur tickled my tummy, then I slid back up her body, making our pussies kiss. Tilting her hips for me, she let out a small, sexy moan as we gently rubbed our wet lips together.

"Thank you," I purred in her ear.

"For what, baby?" she whispered.

I gave her earlobe a tender nip. "Thank you for making me feel so good…for being so beautiful…for letting us be together this way. This is wonderful.''

"Mmmm, it really is," she breathed. Taking my hand, she placed it between her breasts, making me feel her rapid beat. "Darling, this is what I meant earlier. Just try not to break too many hearts, okay?"

"You too," I whispered, kissing her on the lips. She had the softest, sweetest lips I'd ever tasted. She hungrily returned my kiss, so I did it again, giving her my tongue. Moaning, she offered me hers, and before long our naked bodies were writhing together as we made love with our mouths.

When we finally came up for air, her face glowed with happiness. She was absolutely radiant, and I stared in wonder.

Caressing my cheek with the back of her hand, she gave me a warm smile. "What is it, baby?"

I hugged her again, and wouldn't let go. "It's you. Just…you. I love you so much, I want to scream. Everything you do is perfect. You have the softest lips, and the voice of an angel. Your touch is like heaven. God, I bet Dad must love you to death. You are the most wonderful, beautiful woman in the whole world."

"Oh, honey," she whispered, her joyous eyes glistening. My god, she had the most heartbreakingly pretty smile. Pressing her face to my neck, she quietly trembled beneath me, and my heart burst into a thousand pieces.

My beautiful mother was crying.

~ ~ ~

It was early in the evening, and I was feeling mischievous.

Mom and I had spent the better part of the afternoon asleep in each other's arms. Giving me one last sweet kiss on the lips before slipping from my bed, she picked up her sundress and strutted off naked and giggling to her bedroom.

As far as I knew, the boys were still in Paul's room, though I was thinking maybe they'd already gone out for the night. I'd come downstairs in my bikini to get a glass of ice water from the fridge, and I noticed that Dad was stretched out reading on the couch while having a cup of coffee and some toast. When I saw him all by his lonesome, I went over and plopped myself down beside him, intentionally jostling his book.

Sitting up a little, he fixed me with an accusing grin. "Still feeling a bit impish, are we? I must say, that was quite a performance you put on out there today. With the way you and Paul were talking while constantly glancing back towards your mother and me, then your antics with Rick at the other end of the pool, it almost seemed as if you were somehow privy to our conversation. Have you now added 'mind reader' to all your other sterling qualities?"

Looking through my glass of water, I gave him a coy smile. "What do you think?"

"I think you had a spy working for you," he said, smugly returning my smile. "My guess is that he spilled the beans on us, and you decided to rub your mother's nose in it. Am I at least in the ballpark?"

"More like a direct bull's-eye," I grinned. "How did you know? Did Paul tell you?"

Setting his book down, he gave me a gentle smile. "No, kitten, he didn't need to. It was really quite simple to figure out. See, your brother is a bit of a heavy breather, and he had to pass us to go back outside. I take it he overheard us talking and stopped behind the corner to listen. Then he just had to rush out and tell you all the juicy details."

"You know, for a professor you're pretty smart," I said, clapping politely.

He bopped me on the head with a throw pillow. "Sweetie, seriously, take it easy on your mother. Don't go out of your way to make her crazy, that's all I ask."

"I wasn't before, and she thought I was anyway, so what difference does it make? Besides, she doesn't mind. She said so herself, remember?"

Grinning, I threw the pillow back at him. He caught it and immediately put it over his lap.

That's when I noticed Mom standing naked at the top of the stairs, watching us. She saw me sneak a peek at her, and she silently giggled. I tried not to giggle too, but Dad caught me.

"And just what is so funny, Miss Silly Giggles?"

"Oh, nothing. Don't you think Mom is totally gorgeous? Well, okay, I know you do, but I'm talking the most-perfect-woman-who-ever-lived type of gorgeous."

Swear to god, he looked at me like a pterodactyl had suddenly just perched on my shoulder.

I smiled, pressing the issue.

"Why on earth would you ask a question like that, and why would it make you giggle? What's going on inside that duplicitous little head of yours?"

"Nothing much. I just think she's so beautiful, and the best mom ever. I sure hope I grow up to be like her," I said, subtly glancing her way.

Blowing me a kiss, she snuck back to her bedroom with a happy smile.

"Sweetie, that's a wonderful thing to say. You should say it to your mother, though. I'm sure she'd love to hear it from you. Any mother would take that as the highest compliment her daughter could ever pay her."

"It still wouldn't be enough. No compliment I could pay her would ever be enough, and the same goes for how much I love you. I wouldn't even know the words to express just how wonderful you are to me." Grabbing the pillow he was holding in his lap, I tossed it aside and climbed aboard to give him a full-body hug, just like the one I'd given Mom on my bed. Kissing his neck and jawline, I whispered, "I love you, Daddy. Always know that. You two are the greatest parents any girl ever had."

"So I take it you're no longer mad at your mother for accusing you of being an evil, wicked tease?" he grinned, wrapping his arms around me.

"I was never mad at her. I just didn't understand. Still, thank you for defending me," I said, kissing him on the lips. "Mmmm, you taste like strawberry jam. I like kissing you," I whispered. After lingering a moment to nibble on his bottom lip, I sat up and straddled him.

"You never needed defending," he said, smiling up at me as I towered over him. "Your mother wasn't accusing you of anything. She was merely wondering out loud. Sweetie, you do that to all of us, you know."

I flopped back down on top of him, resting my chin on his chest. When I plucked a hair that had strayed outside his shirt, he playfully yelped. Grinning, I asked, "So what do you wonder about me?"

Right away, his expression turned sad. "I wonder how I'll ever manage without you, once you go away to college. Even though that will be one of the happiest days of my life, it will also be one of the most heartbreaking. Honey, a lot of parents can't wait to become empty-nesters, meaning the kids are finally grown and gone so they have the house to themselves again. While your mother and I will enjoy reconnecting, we're not looking forward to seeing you go. First off, it's not as if we lack privacy just because you kids are here. You don't cramp our style at all."

"Cramp your style? Dad, nobody talks like that anymore! I swear, you're such an old hippie!"

He laughed, "Fine, you young whippersnapper! Having you here, it's not like you cock-block us, okay?"

"Oh my god! Tell me the words 'cock-block' did not just come out of my father the professor's mouth!" I shouted, completely cracking up. As I was pounding on his chest, laughing my ass off, he began pummeling me with pillows. I couldn't stop laughing, and he added a tickle attack to his pillow assault. While trying to defend myself, I began tickling him right back.

Pretty soon we fell off the couch, landing on the floor with a thump. He was on top of me, tickling me again. "Gotcha now! Cock-block! Cock-block! Cock-block!" he crowed, and I screamed with laughter.

I guess we were being too loud because suddenly Paul, Rick and Mom were gathered at the top of the stairs, laughing and cheering us on.

"Paul, Dad called us COCK BLOCKERS!" I yelled, laughing and squirming beneath him.

"I most certainly did not! Get your story straight, young lady! I said you don't cock-block us!" he grinned, sitting up.

"Veeeeery mature lingo there, dear. So professorial…so fatherly," Mom said, laughing as she descended the stairs. Strolling into the living room, she playfully kicked Dad in the butt. "Move it, frat boy."

Dad scooted over to give her room to get by. She curled up on the couch, then Paul and Rick came down to join us.

"Wow, honey, did I miss a memo? Is today Casual Friday, or what?" asked Dad, grinning like a fiend when he noticed what Mom was wearing.

Or, more to the point, what she wasn't wearing.

"Are you complaining? I could always go back upstairs and change," she said, her sexy smile telling him that he'd better just sit back and enjoy it, if he knew what was good for him.

He gave her a huge grin. "No, no, please, not on my account! As far as I'm concerned, you can have Mind-Blowing Mondays and Wild Wednesdays too. What the hell, just go ahead and consider it Sexy Wear 2007, how's that?"

"Wow, Mom. You look...wow…" Paul said, demonstrating his usual verbal brilliance.

"Umm, thanks, honey…I think," she replied, giggling over his sudden inability to form even a single coherent sentence.

I beamed at her. "See how amazing you are? That's what started this whole thing. I asked Dad a simple question, 'Don't you think Mom is incredibly beautiful?' And here you are, looking absolutely gorgeous. You should always dress like that."

She gave us a sassy grin. "Maybe I will. Up until the boys became teenagers this is how I normally used to dress around the house, and maybe I never should've stopped. Anyway, how did my dear hubby answer your little question, hmmm?"

Dad threw up his hands. "Hey, no fair! I never got a chance to answer her. She was already attacking me, plucking chest hairs and being a real imp. Then she starts giggling like a little devil, and the next thing I know it's Wrestlemania!"

I smiled at Mom. "He's so full of it. I was being perfectly sweet and innocent, then he just started throwing out all these 'hip' terms, and suddenly I was being attacked by Austin Powers! He was all, 'Groovy, baby!' C'mon, what woman could ever resist that?"

Dad stared at me in horror, and I stuck my tongue out at him. He looked over at Paul and Rick, who each handed him a pillow.

"Get her, Mister S," Rick said.

Mom grinned at me. "Sweetie, I don't think we believe you." Then she turned to Dad. "You heard the man. Get her."

When Dad began raining down pillow blows all over me, I squealed and tried to twist away. I was flailing my arms and kicking my legs, attempting to block him while bucking him off me. Mom and Paul joined in, beating me with their own pillows, and Rick was cheering them all on.

"OKAY, OKAY! MAYBE I FIBBED A LITTLE!" I shouted, and finally the pounding ceased.

Once Mom and the boys had returned to the couch, I quickly flashed my eyes at her while gesturing with my head. Peeking down, she saw her completely exposed breast. Giggling, she made an exaggerated "Oh my!" face, then she casually tucked herself away before anyone else saw it.

Well, maybe not. I'm pretty sure that Rick caught a good shot of it.

Grinning, she made the same gesture to me. I looked down and saw that my breasts had escaped my tiny bikini top, then I noticed Dad staring at them as he sat straddling my hips.

"Boys, could you go fix us all some sodas and snacks, please," Mom said, quickly taking control of the situation.

Laughing like baboons, Paul and Rick took off for the kitchen. Once they were gone, Mom threw a pillow to us. "Here, baby. I think you'll be needing this when the boys come back."

Watching in amusement as I made an awkward effort to cover my boobs with the pillow, she laughed, "Not you, silly! Him! He needs it way more than you do!"

I didn't understand. Handing Dad the pillow, I gave her a questioning look, and she made a wide-eyed smiley-face gesture. I followed her pointed gaze to...Dad's huge erection tenting his pants! Oh my god, she was right! I'd caused Dad to get a hard-on!

"Sweetie, you can simply pull your bikini top back in place, or just go ahead and take it off. It doesn't really matter now. Your adorable father, however, finds himself in a bit of a pickle. As you can clearly see…a very big pickle. That thing isn't going away anytime soon, so all he can do is try to hide it."

He gave her a sheepish smirk, and she made kissy lips at him.

Returning his gaze to my naked breasts, Dad smiled and said, "Sorry to tickle and run, sweetie, but I think I better get going while the going's still good."

After giving my tummy one last teasing tickle, he took off up the stairs, heading for safety.

"Coward! Stay and take your medicine!" Mom yelled after him while throwing a pillow at his butt, which made us all laugh.

"Discretion is the better part of valor, dear, and discretion just isn't possible right now if I stay down there, not with you two looking like that," he grinned, from the top of the stairs.

"Wimp!" she giggled.

"Cock blocker!" I added, pointing accusingly.

"Damn skippy!" he replied, heading for his bedroom.

Mom turned to me with a look of merriment in her bright, shining eyes. "Did you just call my husband a cock blocker?" Giggling again, she crossed her legs.

What could I say? I decided to opt for the direct approach. "He is. You saw what he did. He took it away from me, so that makes him a cock blocker."

She patted the spot next to her on the couch. "C'mere."

I joined her on the couch, and she looked into the kitchen. After confirming that the boys were still busy, she reached over and caressed my bare breast. "So do you believe me now?" she smiled, speaking quietly. "You saw how huge his erection was, and you know you're the reason he became so big and hard, right?"

I gave her a little grin. "Uh-huh, I saw it, but not until you pointed it out to me. I wasn't even looking before then."

She sighed in exasperation. "Sweetie, are you always this oblivious? How do you not see these things? How do you not feel these things? You had to feel it pressing against you. I could see it from up here on the couch, pushing into your bare tummy. Baby, he got that way when your beautiful breasts slipped out of your bikini top. God, he became erect so quickly that I half expected him to whip it out and titty-fu—…umm, I mean I just can't imagine how you haven't noticed all our boys getting hard-ons because of you, and I'm talking literally dozens of times. Before today in the pool with Rick, you've never noticed any of them getting hard? Not once?"

I debated whether to tell her about the wrestling match on my bed with Paul. I was thinking, 'Should I keep that a secret since she might get worried, or should I trust her enough to confide in her?'

Too easy. Of course I had to tell her. "Yes, once," I said. "Last night I saw and felt Paul's hard-on, when we were wrestling. God, he got really big. You saw it, too."

"I couldn't exactly miss it, could I? As I stood there admiring it, I found myself wondering whether he'd gotten that excited simply from spanking you, or had something more been going on?"

Her sly grin made it obvious that she knew.

I couldn't help but smile. "There was more going on. We were wrestling, and he became totally hard. At first, I didn't feel it. I finally saw it when we sat up together, and later I felt it with my hand. Wanting to see it and touch it, I even took it out of his boxers. I also felt it pressing against me…you know, against my panties. Just like Dad, he initially tried to hide it with a pillow."

She giggled, "Yes, you'll find that most men are quite adept at the old 'cover the boner with a pillow' trick. Your father has it down to an art form, and Paul is becoming pretty slick with it too. Rick and Donny are way more obvious. Those two always seem to have raging hard-ons, especially when either of us wears a bikini in the house. As soon as they catch me looking, they simply grab the nearest pillow. They aren't the least bit subtle about it. In a pinch, guys will use anything that's handy. They'll try to hide it by raising their leg, or sometimes they just hunch themselves over. I think it's so cute.

"Anyway, tell me about this 'I felt it pressing against my panties' stuff."

She fingered the string tie to my bikini bottoms, and we exchanged knowing grins.

"I was sitting on him, and he was really hard. I could totally feel it. Last night was the first time I'd ever felt him when he was hard. At first it was just pressing against my ass, then it was rubbing directly against my pussy. I always had my panties on, but I could still feel every inch of it, especially after I took it out. Pushing between my legs, it felt so good, and I was dripping wet. Then we heard you coming up the stairs, and we instantly panicked. As quickly as we could, we scrambled to pull ourselves together."

Pausing for a moment, she gave me the sweetest, most loving smile. "I'm sorry I interrupted, baby. I didn't mean to, I promise. Had I known, I would have stayed downstairs.'' Looking deep into my eyes, she caressed my face. ''How far do you think you two would've gone?"

"I don't know. It wasn't like we planned it. I mean it just sort of happened, completely out of nowhere," I said, shrugging.

"You didn't care that it was your brother? What you and I did in your bedroom today…you don't mind, even though I'm your mother? Baby, I know you and your girlfriends enjoy playing sexy games with each other, but weren't you concerned that this time it was with me? You made me cum. Angel, you made your own mother cum."

After staring into each other's eyes for what seemed like forever, I finally said, "I was nearly bursting with happiness to have made you cum, and you were amazing. I know it's supposed to be wrong, but honestly, no, it never crossed my mind. It didn't feel wrong to me. All I was thinking was that I love you more than anything, and you're so beautiful. I don't mind it at all that you're my mother. I think that makes it even more beautiful. With Paul, I guess I feel the same way. I know it should bother me, but it just doesn't. Is that wrong?"

"No, baby, it's not wrong. It's beautiful, and you're absolutely wonderful."

"Does it bother you, what we did?"

"'We,' meaning you and Paul, or you and I?"

"Both."

She looked at me with even softer eyes. Still caressing my face, she said, "No, honey, it doesn't. I know your heart is in the right place. I know Paul's is, too, and I know that I love you more than anything in this whole world."

After sitting quietly together for a few long moments, just holding each other's hand, she broke into a wide grin. "Was last night with Paul seriously the first time you ever noticed any of our boys getting hard because of you?" She pulled me closer; when I snuggled into her, she kissed the top of my head. "Tell me. It's okay."

I put my hand on her thigh, and it was all just so remarkable to me. Right there in our living room, even knowing that the boys would soon return, she was caressing my bare nipples, and her thighs were completely uncovered.

She was wearing a blood red kimono, and it was very short. Barely reaching the tops of her thighs as she'd descended the stairs, the silken hem had climbed to the beginning curves of her ass the moment she'd taken a seat on the couch. The robe was parted over her thighs, revealing warm, smooth skin all the way up to her pussy, which I couldn't see because of the way she had her legs crossed. Her awesome boobs were only partially covered, easily becoming exposed whenever she moved around at all. I was sure she was completely naked beneath her tiny kimono.

I found myself wanting to pull aside her robe and take her breast into my mouth. Needing only the slightest bit of encouragement, I was dying to go down on her. God, I wanted to taste her beautiful pussy again.

Tracing fingertip circles on her bare thigh, I said, "Yes, last night was the first time. This morning in the pool with Rick was the second time, or the first time with Rick, and just now was the first time I ever noticed it with Dad. Paul and I were wrestling on my bed when suddenly it just happened. He said he saw my ass in the mirror as we were hugging, and that got him going. Once he felt it with his hands, which was while we were wrestling, that really did it. He got totally hard. He tried to hide it, but I made him move his pillow, and he let me see. He's really big, like Dad."

"Yes, he is. So was that your first one?" she asked, caressing my hair.

Looking up, I noticed her robe had gapped. Her breast was completely exposed again.

She caught me looking and smiled, "You really like my breasts, don't you?"

"I love them. You know I do. They are just so beautiful…the prettiest breasts I've ever seen." With no hesitation, I leaned in to cup them and take one into my mouth. Moaning around her nipple, I devoured her gorgeous areola.

She continued stroking my hair, almost in a thoughtful way, before finally whispering, "Not here, baby. The boys will be back any moment now."

"So?" I asked, kissing her nipple, which responded by hardening in my mouth. As I hungrily sucked her amazing tits, I couldn't help but marvel over how incredible they looked.

Laughing gently, she went back to caressing my face. "In front of the boys? Baby, you'll need to let me work up to that, okay?"

Reluctantly pulling away from her wet tip, I snuggled more tightly against her. "'K," I grinned. "It's your fault, you know, for being so beautiful. Anyway, no, Paul's wasn't my first. I've held one other, but it wasn't nearly as big. I'm not even sure I could get Dad's or Paul's all the way inside my mouth."

"This other one you saw, you took it into your mouth?"

"Uh-huh. I loved sucking it. I did it for hecka long, too. It was fun, and it felt awesome to make him so happy. I totally loved it when he shot his cum in my mouth. That was my favorite part. I've only done it once, but I really liked it. He wasn't very big, I don't think, so it was easy."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, baby. You're right, boys are a lot of fun," she smiled, running her hand down my arm and over my back. Letting it come to rest at the top of my ass, she explored my exposed crack, lightly trailing her fingertips inside. She was teasing me, and I was loving it.

Stroking her thigh, I pulled it down off her other leg. Finally…there it was. I could see her pussy, and I skritched my fingertips through her small patch of soft black hair. She shifted, pressing her back into the corner of the couch. I tried to skootch my body between her legs, but she kept me on the outside of her right hip. "Sweetie, we can't, not right now. Be patient."

I kissed her thigh and brushed it with my cheek while making little whimpering puppy sounds. Peering up, I shot her a pouty-face look, and she laughed, "Fine, but only for a tiny bit, and the boys better not catch us!"

Nodding eagerly, I gave her a big, silly grin, which made her laugh again. I nudged her knees apart, and she caressed my hair as I kissed my way up the tempting warm flesh of her inner thigh. "Oh, god…" she moaned, closing her eyes and spreading her legs when I kissed her pussy. I untied her robe, pulling it open. Cupping her breast while sliding two fingers past her flowering lips and into her luscious honey pot, I lowered my mouth to her glistening wet slit and began kissing and licking everywhere. Slowly fucking her, I noticed her ass lifting from the couch, urging me to take her breathtaking sex. Using two hands to hold my face firmly to her pussy, she just writhed on my tongue; feeling it penetrating deep inside her, licking and stroking her soft, silky walls, she threw her head back and moaned, ''Mmmm…so good…fuck me, baby.''

Releasing her breast, I used both hands on her thighs to spread her all the way open. When I trailed my tongue from her pulsing clit down to her cute little pucker, she screamed into a pillow. Seeing her wild reaction, I stiffened my tongue and pressed inside; she let loose with a long shriek into the pillow, which made me indescribably happy.

As I licked her gorgeous asshole, she pushed back hard against my face, dislodging my mouth and making me giggle. I moved to her pussy, sliding my tongue inside while pressing a single finger into her ass. Her whole body began to tremble, and with a muffled shriek she came in my mouth.

I was ecstatically lapping away at her flowing pussy when she tossed the pillow and moaned, "'Nuff, baby…'nuff." Pulling me up by my shoulders into a tight hug, she shook in my arms. "Baby…baby…baby…" she whispered, kissing my neck, cheek and ear before turning my face to kiss me on the lips. "God, Dawn," she said, holding my face while staring into my eyes.

I was so happy, I started to cry. Seeing what she'd done to me, she kissed me again and hugged me like crazy. "I love you, angel," she whispered. Patting the spot beside her on the couch, she said, "Quick, before they come back.''

Returning to her side, I buried my face in the nape of her neck, nuzzling into her. ''Mmmm,'' I purred.

Smiling, she reached up to stroke my hair. "Did your sexy girlfriends teach you all those things?"

Grinning as I caressed her amazing legs, I nodded.

"Wow, baby," she sighed. "You're incredible, you know that?"

"All I know is that you are just too beautiful to resist," I whispered, nibbling on her long hair and nipping at her neck. When I breathed into her ear, I felt her body shiver, and I hugged her even more tightly.

Again, she turned my face to hers. "Honey, we need to slow down a little. You're about to drive me completely out of my mind, and they're going to catch us. C'mon, tell me more about the time you were with that one boy. Did you two also have sex?"

Pretending to pout, I molded myself into her side. Slipping my hand back onto her thigh, I said, "I can't help it. You're just too gorgeous. Anyway, no, we didn't have sex. I'm still a virgin. And like I said, I've only had just that one guy in my mouth. Including last night with Paul, that's all the experience I've had with boys, and cocks. I know they're fun, though. You sure like Dad's, right? I mean you like to have sex with him, don't you?"

She beamed in delight. "God, how did I ever get blessed with such a wonderful daughter? Yes, baby, I love your father's cock, and I love having sex with him. If it were up to me, we would do it every day. Still, you need to understand something. It's not just because of his cock, though he does have a really, really good one."

I giggled, and she giggled at my giggling. "Well, he does! You saw it! But honey, that's not it. What I'm trying to say is that I thoroughly enjoy making love with him; the whole man, not just his cock. If your father's lovely cock was on some other man, sure, it would still give me tremendous pleasure, but it wouldn't be the same. Not at all."

"Because you love him. That makes everything way better, right?"

"Yes, very much so. Pardon my French, but when we make love, it's not just fucking. Don't get me wrong, a lot of times that's what I really want. I love to be wildly fucked. See, that's my point. I want it all. I want to make love, I want to fuck, and I want to cuddle. When we have sex, I want to do more than just take his cock and his cum in my pussy. I want him everywhere inside me, and all over me."

"You mean in your mouth too, and your ass?" I grinned.

Taking my hand, she returned my grin. "Absolutely, baby. I love oral sex, both giving and receiving, and I just adore being fucked in my ass. I almost can't get enough of it. You saw how easily you made me cum from only a little bit of ass-play, so imagine how crazy I get when a well-endowed man is pounding deep inside me. I truly love the feeling of a long, hard cock fucking me, whether it's in my pussy or my ass. When your father and I have sex, god, I want him to do everything imaginable to me. What I'm trying to tell you is there's more to a boy than just his cock, and there's more to sex than simply having vaginal intercourse. All sex is wonderful. Sex is like pizza!"

I laughed, and she smacked my bottom. "You know what I mean! Even 'okay' pizza is still better than no pizza, right? Sex is like that too. You'll end up having your favorite things, but you'll enjoy all sex. I just don't want you to view men as nothing more than cocks to be used for brief enjoyment. I want you to find deeper fulfillment than that. I hope you'll be able to make love, as well as fuck, and I hope you'll learn to enjoy the entire man - or men, for that matter. I know you'll have many lovers, both men and women, and I want you to experience the utmost pleasure from every one of them. I want you to go for the whole enchilada, including, yes, all sorts of wonderful cocks."

We were sitting quietly together when Dad came back down the stairs, followed shortly by the boys returning from the kitchen carrying trays of cheese and crackers, with sodas for everyone. Giving Paul and Rick a smirk, Dad sat on the arm of the love seat and said, "Don't trust 'em, boys. They may look harmless now, but beneath those peaches-and-cream exteriors beat hearts of trouble." Then he turned to Mom and me. "Just look at you two, thick as thieves. Whose imminent destruction are we plotting now?"

After checking to see that my bikini top was at least semi-covering my nipples, I got up and climbed into his lap.

Paul and Rick sat beside Mom, who leaned into the arm of the couch, curling her legs beneath her as she pulled her untied robe partially closed.

Dad picked me up and sat us on the ottoman facing the couch, my arms around his neck, my ass in his lap. I offered him a sweet smile. "Nobody's imminent destruction, not just yet, although we may have to put you on the list since you still haven't answered my question," I said, adopting a stern tone.

He looked at all of us. Mom smiled gamely. Rick was smirking. Paul was a blank.

"She's still waiting to hear your answer to her question about whether you think Missus S is beautiful," Rick grinned, then he turned to Mom. "Personally, I think that one's a total no-brainer, and I'm not even some super-genius college professor."

She laughed and threw a pillow at him. "Good answer! Keep it up, and while you may never be a college professor, no one will ever doubt your genius. Oh, and for god's sake, would you knock it off already with the 'Missus S' and 'Mister S' stuff? This isn't Happy Days, you're not Fonzie, and we both have names. Call me Samantha, or Sam, and call him Doug. If you'd prefer, call us Mom and Dad, at least when it's just our little group here. Now that you're eighteen, though, I'd really prefer it if you called me Samantha or Sam."

Dad fidgeted beneath me, so I fidgeted right back, just to tease him. I could feel him beginning to harden between my legs. "Well?" I asked, waiting for his answer. Leaning into him, I brought my lips to his ear. "It feels really good when you press it against me like that," I whispered, and he flinched. His cock and his whole body twitched, including his facial expression. I giggled and turned in his lap to face the others again.

With a crooked smile he looked at me, then Mom. "Well, Missus S," he began - earning him a swift pillow launching from Mom - "in answer to our scamp of a daughter's question, allow me to respond thusly: Along with certain present company," - at which point he held me up, presenting me like a prized rainbow trout - "you are the single most beautiful creature I have ever laid eyes on...or anything else on, for that matter. You were stunning, the first time I ever saw you. You were even more beautiful on our wedding night. You were a vision of loveliness when you delivered this pretty sack of flour here, and you were glowing radiance when you blessed us with that silent hump sitting next to you on the couch. As beautiful as you've always been, however, you still looked like one of Rick's old sweat socks compared to how devastating you look right this very moment in your fetching little ninja courtesan's ensemble."

I clapped in approval, Paul saluted Dad with a manly knuckle bump, and Rick went to his knees in the "We're not worthy!" bow. Mom? She pretended to be unimpressed. Though her eyes fairly sparkled, her arms remained crossed. "Nice effort. Maybe a B-plus, but I'm sorry, you lose a point for saying I look like a Japanese hooker. Want to try that one again?"

Dad laughed, "Shit. You caught that, huh? I thought I'd slipped it by you."

She just smirked at him. "Slip something by me? Darling, if you really want to score points with me, try a more pleasurable preposition."

It took me a moment to catch her meaning, then I silently guffawed. Dad certainly caught it right away, as evidenced by the obvious twitch I felt against my ass, but before the boys could noodle it through she quickly went for the diversion by asking Paul to hand her the crackers.

As Paul reached over to grab them for her, she smiled at Dad, who responded by shifting me in his lap. He was definitely becoming hard again, and I loved Rick's sudden look of excitement when Mom intentionally leaned way forward, baring her breasts to him while accepting the plate of crackers from Paul.

Having sat beside her just a few moments earlier, I knew the view Rick was enjoying. Even from my perch atop Dad's lap I noticed that her robe had separated quite a bit. I could see the inner halves of both breasts, which was just a mind-blowing thing to me, the idea that Mom was allowing herself to be so exposed in front of the boys. My suspicions were confirmed when Paul sat up straight, blocking Rick's view of her. Rick's immediate response was to lean back further into the couch in an effort to see around Paul.

"Good crackers, Mom?" I smirked.

"I know I certainly wouldn't throw her out of bed for eating 'em," Dad replied, causing Mom to laugh and cough up some crackers. Although she made a bit of a mess of herself, I thought she recovered really well, what with the way she brushed away the crumbs from her breasts and thighs. Sweeping her hands back and forth over her boobs seemed to make her nipples harden, while brushing her thighs managed to separate her kimono a little further. Without a doubt just the mere act of brushing her breasts drew our attention, then we all watched them jiggle and bounce as she kept touching herself. Her nipples were poking long and beautifully thick into the thin silk, and I could feel mine hardening too.

The phone rang, and Paul went to get it. When he disappeared into the kitchen, she shifted again on the couch, drawing her legs up closer to her body.

Dad's enormous shaft throbbed in the split of my ass, and I knew why. Mom had pointed her perfect ass directly towards Rick, and her shifting had pulled up her kimono. It was stretched even more tightly across her hips, exposing the very tops of her thighs and the beginning curves of her beautiful bottom. More importantly, she'd moved her knees and feet forward to where I could see...everything. If I could see her, then so could Rick and Dad, which meant that we were all savoring the sight of her bare pussy lips pressed neatly together between her delicious thighs.

"Dad, it's for you," Paul called out from the kitchen.

"Excuse me, honey," Dad said. Rather than just letting me get up, he stood and deposited me on the broad arm of the end chair; using me as his 'hide the boner' pillow, he'd made sure to hold me in front of his crazy erection until he was well beyond Rick's line of sight.

With Mom grinning at us, I reached out and grabbed Dad's dick, which was visibly straining against his slacks. Running my hand all along the thick length, feeling its warmth, I eventually grasped the bulbous head.

"Hold on, Paul, I'll take it upstairs," he called out, smirking first at Mom, then me. I squeezed his cock, giving him an exaggerated pouty face for wanting to bail on me again. Shooting me a sheepish smile, he ran up the stairs and into his office. "Okay, you can hang up now," he shouted to Paul, before closing the door.

Coming back from the kitchen, Paul took my spot on the ottoman directly in front of Mom, and I got up to go use the bathroom.

When I returned to the living room, I grabbed my drink and flopped down on the love seat. Mom was sitting up, grinning at the boys while leaning back against the corner of the couch. They were talking about Rick's old girlfriend, and she'd positioned herself diagonally between Rick and Paul. She had her knees pressed together and raised to her chest, her arms hooked around them.

"So neither of you is seeing a girl right now?" she asked.

I snerked so hard, Dr Pepper shot straight out of my nose!

"Are you okay, dear?" she asked, smiling innocently. While I wiped my face, she just continued to smile like an angel. When the boys weren't looking, she stuck her tongue out before blowing me a kiss.

Dear god. With the way she had her knees raised, we could see the entire backs of her thighs; I'm talking all the way down to her completely exposed pussy, and even her pretty asshole. It was wonderfully pink, without a hint of a darker surrounding ring, and I was sorely tempted to dive right back between her legs. Ogling her pussy, I could see moisture on her bright cherry lips. Her outer labia were pressed together by her thighs, forming two sweet, puffy crescents. Her silky inner lips were flowering, extending beyond the taut, rich curves of her luscious ass, just above her cute crinkle. A shaft of light shone on one crimson petal, catching and highlighting the growing dew.

No mistake. She was intentionally showing Paul and Rick her beautiful naked pussy. Oh yes, they were definitely "seeing a girl right now," an incredibly sexy girl, and that girl was reveling in teasing them.

Rick suddenly said that he needed to use the bathroom too. When he got up, I made a point of checking out the front of his shorts.

Sure enough, he had an obvious erection.

Once he'd hurried out of the room, Mom turned back to us and smiled. "Hmmm, I wonder what got into him? Anyway, Paul, throw me that pillow, please." When he tossed it to her, she stretched out on her stomach, resting her head on the pillow. Right away, her kimono slipped all the way up to her hips. The view she presented us with was just an endless expanse of long, smooth legs and heavenly ass, including her beautiful pussy peeking out invitingly from the gap at the top of her bare thighs. Wiggling into a comfortable position, she tugged her kimono down to where the hem was kissing the elegant rise that defines the beginning of her ass. The short robe slipped into her crack, perfectly separating and highlighting each cheek, and still we were spellbound by the visual rumor of her enchanting pussy.

"You're amazing," I said, grinning with pride.

"Damn, Mom…fuck…" added Paul, which I thought constituted a pretty stellar effort on his part.

She gave him a serene smile. "Are we enjoying the official new dress code we discussed yesterday? I know we only defined it in terms of Dawn having our blessings to wear as little as she wants in front of the men of this house, but for the life of me I couldn't come up with a reason why I shouldn't also enjoy that same freedom. I really think I've been missing out here. I should relax and have some fun with you boys, too. I feel like I have a lot of catching up to do."

"Oh, absolutely. You look incredible in that kimono. Dad just has to be thrilled," I said, getting up to go to her. Running my fingertips over her ass, I began to caress her bare legs.

She grinned, "Oh, I certainly don't think he'll complain. And you, Paul? What do you think about us girls wearing whatever we want around the house?"

I laughed, "I can already tell that Rick is loving it!"

She just chuckled. "I figured he would. He's a teenage boy, and he's not my son. Again, what about you, Paul? You're a teenage boy, and you are my son."

Seemingly trying to steel his nerves, Paul just stared at her. "I'll tell you the same thing I told Dawn when she asked me that question earlier today in the pool. Yes, I'd love it if you started wearing the kinds of things Dawn always wears. You look outrageously hot in your little robe, and I'd much rather see you in something like that than in your boring 'soccer mom' clothes. If you two want to run around here with nothing on, that would be totally great with me. I'm not stupid, you know. I'll take whatever I can get from the two most beautiful girls I've ever seen. And before you ask, no, I don't mind if Rick and Donny also see you barely dressed, or even naked. As long as you don't mind, and Dad doesn't mind, I say go for it."

She gave us an appraising look. "I certainly can't say you're being perverted or hypocritical. Mornings and evenings, and sometimes even all day long, you both wear nothing but skimpy underwear. Dawn, your brother bounces around almost obscenely in his boxers. Paul, your sister is basically naked half the time, what with her itty-bitty panties and tops, and everything being completely see-through. So how can I doubt what you're telling me now?"

"You can't, so don't. Just be happy," I said, stroking her smooth thighs.

"I am happy, baby, and thank you." She reached back to caress my forearm as I stroked her leg.

"It's too bad you're not in your skimpy boxers right now. With me in my bikini and Mom in this awesome robe, we'd be a matching set," I grinned, turning to Paul, who stared wide-eyed as I caressed Mom's amazing ass through the kimono, then beneath it.

"Mmmm, baby, that feels so good. You have wonderful hands," she said, wiggling her bottom in appreciation. Reaching out to caress the back of my thigh, she grazed my ass. After giving it a gentle squeeze, she left her hand there, lightly stroking up and down.

Rejoining us following his frantic escape to the bathroom, Rick hopped over the back of the couch before settling in near Mom's feet. When he turned to her, his eyes instantly went big.

I stood directly in front of him, and she was still caressing the exposed part of my ass, only inches from his face. I was stroking her completely bare bottom, making wider and wider circles. Slipping my hand further beneath her robe, I drew it higher, treating him to a clear view of her flawless nudity; from her pretty feet and sleek legs, all the way to the forbidden magic of her succulent pussy and the perfect curves of her soft, smooth, supple cheeks.

She was moving her ass in a sensual dance beneath my hand, making her blushing pink petals flower open in response to my gentle caresses. Stroking her gorgeous sex, I couldn't help but linger in her silken heat, and my fingers came up glistening.

Rick gasped, and she flashed me a sexy grin before sliding her hand inside my bikini bottoms to squeeze my ass.

Suddenly a cell phone went off, startling everyone. Laughing nervously, Rick read his text message, and his shoulders slumped. "Awww, crap. I gotta head on home. We have family coming over for the weekend."

Mom got up to give him a goodbye hug, which was so cute to watch. Rick didn't know where to put his hands, especially once her breasts slipped out from behind her open kimono. Glancing down at her exposed nipples, she smiled while demurely tying the sash. "Just hug me like you always do," she said quietly, moving into his tentative embrace. As they stood hugging, his hands eventually came to rest on her gently swaying hips. When he pressed his erection to her pussy, she grinned, "You've been hard nearly this entire day, sweetie. Doesn't that thing ever go soft?" With her arms draped around his neck, she sexily rubbed her pussy against the bulging tent in his shorts. ''Not that I'm complaining. It feels absolutely wonderful,'' she said, giving him a warm kiss before releasing him.

When I went over and hugged him too, he whispered with a little laugh, "I cannot believe everything that's happened today! God, I'm gonna die if you really do start hanging around with us in your panties, or even naked. That would just be totally awesome."

"Patience, young Jedi! Still, okay, since you pretty much already got to see my stunningly gorgeous mother naked, consider this a sneak preview of what I'll probably be wearing the next time you come over…." Grinning, I pulled off my bikini top and tossed it on the couch. Standing topless before him, I raised my arms above my head, and we all laughed when I shook my breasts like a stripper.

"So you're telling me there's a chance!" Rick crowed, whooping it up all the way out to his car. "Later, Paul! Thanks for everything, Missus...umm, Samantha! See ya, even hotter Megan Fox!" he shouted, then he was gone.

It was just the three of us again, and Mom said, "I need to go check on your father here pretty soon." Giving Paul another sweet grin, she moved into his arms. "Before I go, though, I suppose you'll feel cheated if you don't get what Rick got."

"Wouldn't you, if you were me?" he chuckled, then they both laughed.

"Yes, I probably would. In fact, I'd probably want a little more." Offering him a painfully sexy smile, she undid the sash that was only loosely holding her robe together. Resting her hands on his shoulders, she stuck her tongue out again at me. "I'm not quite as brave as your sister. If you want to see me, you have to finish undressing me." She guided his arms around her waist before pulling him in for a close hug. Her robe had separated when she'd released the sash, and she pressed her plush breasts to his bare chest.

He was as stiff as a board. He had no clue what to do.

"It's okay. Go ahead," she whispered, and he slowly reached up to slip her robe off her shoulders. She lowered her arms, letting the red kimono fall to the carpet. Stepping back into his hug, she smiled while staring into his eyes. "Is this what you wanted? I'm wearing even less than your gorgeous sister is now, since she still has those silly bottoms on."

Looking over his shoulder, she grinned wickedly at me. I returned her grin and brought my hands together, quietly applauding her.

Paul's fingers seemed frozen on her hips, until finally she began to sway against him the same way she had during her hug with Rick. Her swaying motion seemed to unlock his hands, which soon found their way onto her soft, beautiful ass.

"Very nice," she breathed into his chest, and I could see that she was rubbing her pussy against the amazing erection tenting his board shorts, just as she had with Rick.

He suddenly tensed up, and we all laughed when he darted out of the room, heading straight for the bathroom.

Still giggling, she turned her attention to me. "Baby, I really do need to get going," she said, as we stepped into each other's arms. Knowing we wanted to press our breasts together, we wasted no time in doing so. "You were very bad, touching me like that in front of the boys," she grinned, rubbing her nipples against mine.

"And you were very bad, showing off your impossibly sexy body in that killer kimono. I couldn't believe it when I saw you teasing them with your gorgeous pussy," I said, returning her grin.

"Me? Would your mother do such a thing?" she smiled, innocently batting her eyes.

"You know, I think she just might. She's very beautiful, and guys go insane over her."

"Sounds like quite the crazy mom. I wonder where she would ever get such wild ideas?" She lowered her head, taking my breast into her mouth. "Baby, you're not the only one who's been dying all night to have a taste." Cupping me, then squeezing gently, she began to kiss and suck my breasts.

Caressing her face, I moaned, "Mmmm, I love the way you do that…." I moaned even more when she bit my nipple.

She sucked on my tip for a few moments before pausing to look up. "Now what was that trick you did on me?" She grabbed my ass and pulled our hips together, holding me tight. "Bwwwwooooooarrrr!!" she growled playfully, rubbing her face back and forth between my breasts until I was losing my mind from laughing so hard.

"See, sweetie, you're supposed to make the sound of a motor boat. You're not razzing an umpire," she grinned, and we hugged again.

When we finished our hug, she bent at the waist to grab her robe, and of course I just had to smack her on the ass. "Like I didn't know that was coming!" she giggled. "You two have a wonderful night, baby. I sure intend to."

Giving me a sexy smile, she took off like a deer, giggling while darting up the stairs. I'm sure she could feel my eyes on her dancing bottom, and she stopped halfway to the top to pose for me, hotly grinding her ass on the banister. Thrusting her hip out, she reached back and ran her fingers through her shining wet sex. With another giggle she slapped her ass, then she was gone.

A few minutes later Paul returned, looking thoroughly flushed and more than a little embarrassed. He'd obviously just finished masturbating.

"Mom's upstairs with Dad," I said.

He looked around the room, as if searching for clues. "Wanna watch TV or something?" he finally asked.

I grabbed my soda and some crackers. "Sure. Here, or my room?"

He thought about it for a moment. "Do you think they're done for the night, or will they come back down again?"

Looking towards their bedroom, I smiled to myself, imagining all the sexy things that had to be going on up there. "Do you really think it matters?" I grinned.

"Nah, I guess not. Okay, pick a movie, and I'll meet you back here."

"Meet me? Where are you going?"

"To go get undressed."

"Yeah, I guess that would only be fair, seeing as how I've been mostly naked all day. Still, I don't see why you need to go anywhere just to get undressed."

"No?" he asked, with a lopsided grin.

I dropped to my knees in front of him. "Nope. Right here is just fine," I said, smiling as I pulled his shorts down and off. His cock lobbed towards me, and I didn't care that he wasn't totally hard. I just wanted to see it again in the flesh. Besides, I was pretty confident that I could make him get another erection.

I slowly stroked it, marveling at its sheer size and rubbery texture. "It's absolutely gorgeous," I said, looking up into his eyes. "Mmmm, it's just perfect. God, it's so sexy. You have an awesome cock, Paul. You're not even hard, and look how huge you are. I really want it."

He smiled happily, obviously quite pleased and justifiably proud that his older sister found his cock so appealing.

Gazing worshipfully at his bobbing length, I just had to see if I could get it all inside. Taking a deep breath, I grasped it with both hands and fed it into my mouth.

"God! Fuck!" Paul exclaimed, and I giggled around his cock.

I knew then that I would always love to suck cock, and as it turned out, I was right. I love it more and more all the time. I love how guys seem to become like putty in my hands when their cocks are in my mouth. I also just enjoy doing it. I love the feel and the very idea of having a cock in my mouth. I love everything about taking a guy's cum, and I especially love swallowing it.

From being in the pool, Paul mostly tasted like chlorine. I was hoping his cum would taste as good as it had with my first guy, and I was going to find out very soon. He was growing hard inside my mouth, and I already knew that I wouldn't be able to take the whole thing, not without some practice. That was okay, I decided. I never did mind practicing things I enjoyed, or things I was good at, and I was planning on becoming an expert at sucking his big cock.

'Mmmmmm-hmmm, I'm going to be practicing this as often as I can,' I thought, happily moving my head up and down his huge dick.

"Dawn, you better stop! I'm gonna…you know..." he grunted.

"Not on your life," I giggled, pulling off.

"S'what I figured. That's why I warned you, so hand me my shorts! Hurry!"

I grinned in triumph. "Baby brother, you misunderstood me. Not on your life will I let you shoot your cum anywhere but on my tongue. I want to taste you. I want you to do it in my mouth."

He looked at me like I was a goddess, and that's exactly how I felt as I stuck out my tongue and fed his cock back inside. "Thoood id!" I giggled, my words a thick jumble. He laughed, but he also groaned, then he was doing it! He was shooting his hot cum right into my mouth! My cheeks were billowing because I didn't want to swallow any of it until he was finished, and I also didn't want to let a single drop drip down my chin.

When he was finally done, his cock made a funny 'thwop' sound as he pulled out. Quickly closing my mouth, I used my finger to clean my lips and chin before giving him a big smile. I opened wide, showing him that I still had it all inside.

"Are…are you going to…or do you need something to spit it into?" he stammered.

I'm sure that I had a totally blissed-out expression as I swished his cum around in my mouth. Grinning from ear to ear, I gulped it down, one slow swallow at a time. Once I'd swallowed every drop, I again opened wide, showing him that it was all gone. "Ahhhhh!!" I said, smiling happily.

He just stared, with a look of pure worship.

"Yummy!" I grinned, rubbing my tummy for effect. Staying on my knees, I asked brightly, "How soon can you do that again?"

"Almost right away, with the proper motivation," he laughed, pulling me up into a hug.

"Okay, how's this for motivation?" I answered, shooting him a flirty grin while reaching for my bikini bottoms. Never taking my eyes off of him, I slid my little panties ever so slowly down my thighs. When they were at my knees, I spread my legs, trapping them. Cupping my naked breast with one hand, I trailed the other over my stomach, lingering to trace teasing circles around my belly button before sliding my fingers straight through my tiny patch of hair and into my dripping wet slit.

"You should have stuck around a little longer, little brother. You missed seeing what Mom did with her ass, and it was amaaaaazing," I purred. Seductively fucking myself, I moved my hips in slow undulations, enjoying the moist sounds of my pussy.

Paul couldn't move, or even blink, and it didn't look like he was breathing either. He was just gawking at my brazen display.

I brought my knees together, letting my panties fall to my feet. Facing away while bending from the waist, I invited him to feast his eyes on my swaying breasts and bare lips as I scooped up my little bottoms. Noticing that his bobbing cock was already beginning to rise again, I hooked the tiny scrap of cotton over my finger and twirled it near his chin. I teased my wet panties across his lips, offering him a taste, then I used that same finger to give him the "C'mere…" gesture. Doing my best imitation of Mom's sexy strut, I moved past him and headed towards the stairs.

I was finally showing Paul my completely naked body, and his amazing cock just kept growing…and growing…and growing.

Slowly, smoothly, I swung my hips up those stairs. "Coming?" I smiled, looking back over my shoulder.

He still couldn't move. He was frozen in place…staring at my ass.