**Everyone Loves My Ass Ch. 04**

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I had Paul's hard cock poised at the entrance to my pussy. His large, spongy tip was spreading my lips, then it was plunging into my dripping wet sex. Leaning forward, I gasped at the feeling of his immense shaft splitting me open. Biting my arm while moaning for more, I pushed my ass against him, taking every last inch of his huge dick deep inside my tight, virgin pussy.

We were doing it. I was letting him fuck me. Making it even better, I was going to be watching Michelle, Trish and Lisa have wild sex while experiencing my first time with a boy. I was surrendering my virginity…to my baby brother. And he was giving me his.

It was perfect.

So there we were, starting to fuck. He had just driven his hungry cock all the way inside me, and my silky pussy was kissing his long, thick shaft, welcoming it in a warm embrace...

...when suddenly we heard laughter from the girls, right outside the door.

In sheer panic, we froze. We were about to be caught bare-assed naked, fucking. There was no time to get dressed. The girls were in the hallway, heading straight towards Paul's open bedroom door.

We were toast.

Just as we were pulling away from each other, certain that we were at least going to be caught naked together, with Paul sporting a huge, shining wet erection, we heard Trent Reznor sneer, "I want to fuck you like an animal…. I want to feel you from the innnnside.…"

Laughing, the girls stopped in the hallway, only a few feet from the door.

Thank god for cell phones.

Trish's favorite band is Nine Inch Nails, and Lisa and Michelle can't help but laugh every time her phone goes off with that ringtone, especially if we're somewhere quiet like a restaurant or the school library. Whenever that happens we always become totally embarrassed, while Trish just smirks.

She's simply incapable of feeling anything that even remotely resembles embarrassment, and we all love her for it.

When her crazy song went off just outside the door, Lisa laughed, "Jesus, Trish! I thought you said you were gonna change that damn thing!"

"I will, I will. I just haven't found anything I like better yet."

"You mean you haven't found anything more perfectly appropriate yet, you little slut. So who is it this time? Are we guessing a boy or a girl?" grinned Michelle.

"Why would those be the only two choices? This is Trish we're talking about here," added Lisa, and they all laughed.

"Oh, shut up. You're just jealous. Okay, let's see…" giggled Trish, pausing to check her phone. "Oooo, it's Carrie," she smiled.

Lisa and Michelle laughed again, and so did I, even as I was scrambling to throw on my baby doll top and panties. We all knew exactly why Trish smiled when she said, "Oooo, it's Carrie." That girl would only ever text Trish for one reason: "I'm horny, and my parents just left for the day, so get over here and fuck my brains out!"

Rushing to jump into his shorts while the girls were still teasing each other in the hallway, Paul dove onto his stomach atop his bed. Once I had my panties on, I dropped to the floor and leaned back against the wall, trying to look as casual as possible.

Uh-oh. Right in front of me, at the foot of the bed, lay Paul's cum-splattered boxers. I quickly tossed them into his open closet, where they landed on his golf clubs.

Folding my arms around my raised knees, I was just settling back against the wall again when the bedroom door swung open. Laughing together, the girls came stumbling into the room.

Chancing a quick glance between my legs to see how well I'd covered myself, I noticed that in my haste to throw everything on I'd left my panties slightly askew. They were sitting crookedly on my hips, leaving fully half of my wet pussy exposed. I was about to reach down and adjust them, but everyone was looking at me. I didn't want to draw their attention to my pussy, and that's exactly what would've happened had I started tugging on my panties.

"Well aren't you Mister Anti-Social? Jeez, were you ever going to come down and say hi to us?" Michelle asked Paul, as her means of greeting. Then she looked over at me. "And were you just going to ditch us and never come back? Sheesh!"

She smiled sweetly, letting me know she was only teasing.

Trish and Lisa flopped down onto the bed on either side of Paul, and Trish giggled as she gave him a huge whack on the ass. "Hi, handsome! Nice butt!"

"Hey, Trish," he said, looking up sheepishly as he rubbed his ass. "That hurt, you know."

"Oh, waaah!" she smiled.

He returned her smile. "Yeah, yeah. Anyway, why did everyone laugh just because Carrie called you?"

We all laughed again.

"What? Tell me!"

Michelle said, "Paul, I'm going to ask you something, and you have to answer honestly. I'll know if you're lying."

"Ummm…okay, what?"

"Were you watching us out your window?" she grinned, sliding down beside me against the wall.

Paul looked at her, then me, and I gave him the tiniest nod possible. Turning back to her, he nodded guiltily.

"So you saw us girls playing, right?"

Nodding again, he looked over at Lisa. Hiding her smile behind her long hair, she blushed and turned away. She was absolutely gorgeous.

"What you saw us doing out there, that's why Carrie calls Trish," said Michelle. "She wants to play. That's the only reason she ever calls Trish."

"Couldn't it be for something else? You know, maybe like cheerleading stuff, or school?"

"Sweetie," I grinned, "Michelle's the captain. If it has anything to do with cheerleading, she calls Michelle. If it's about schoolwork, she calls me."

Michelle laughed, "And if it has to do with sex, she definitely calls Trish! That's why we laughed, Paul. If it has anything to do with sex, we all call Trish."

"Not necessarily, Michelle. Our perfect little heartbreaker here usually calls you," said Trish, flashing me a knowing smile.

"That's because she knows I love her," grinned Michelle, happily hugging my thigh.

I subtly glanced up at Paul, who looked towards Lisa. When she saw him turn to her, she quickly turned to me.

The tension in the room was thick; only Trish and Michelle seemed unaffected by it. Trish seemed like she didn't even notice it, while Michelle seemed to be intentionally working it.

"Nice golf clubs," Trish said, laughing as she hopped up to grab Paul's underwear. Grinning, she showed us his boxers. After running her fingertips across the cum-smeared front, she rubbed them together, feeling his semen. "Yep, you were definitely watching us. I guess you really enjoyed the view, huh?"

Paul looked like he wanted to burrow right through the bed, all the way to China.

Trish threw the boxers at a shrieking Lisa, who tried to avoid touching them, only to have a giggling Trish pounce back on the bed and attack her with them.

While they were busy fighting over Paul's cummy underwear, Michelle whispered to me, "Baby, you know we can all see your beautiful pussy, right? Your panties aren't even covering anything. Your brother has been staring at it this whole time."

I looked at her with what I'm sure were wild eyes. She nodded, gesturing with her glance to my pussy.

Glancing down at my panties again, I could see both lips, including the slightly darker skin on either side. My entire pussy was out in the open. Somehow my panties had scrunched over into the crook of my thigh, completely exposing me.

Also, god, I was so wet that my lips and clit were literally glistening. With my knees raised to my chest, I was offering up quite the explicit display of my excited pussy.

Taking advantage of the fact that Lisa and Trish were still engaged in a furious wrestling match over Paul's boxers, Michelle said, "Lift…." When I lifted my hips, she quickly reached down with both hands to straighten my panties. After caressing my pussy with a few seconds of gentle, teasing strokes, she pulled the tiny mesh covering over my lips and primly gave them a couple of friendly finishing pats.

I responded with a "Thank you!" smile.

She shot me a sexy little grin and whispered, "Not that it matters much, since we can totally see your pussy through these panties anyway. Still, whatever you two were doing up here that made you take them off, you might want to be a little more careful next time with how you put them back on...especially when your pussy is this wet and horny."

She playfully nipped at my ear, and I couldn't prevent myself from blushing. Affectionately squeezing my thigh, she gave me a sinister smile.

Wanting to hide my face from her, I looked towards the bed. The girls were still wrestling and laughing, with Trish trying to shove the boxers in Lisa's mouth.

Having managed to slip out from beneath them, Paul stood shaking his head beside the bed.

"God, girl, your little brother has an awesome cock," grinned Michelle, leaning into me.

"Yes, he does," I said, nodding. We both just stared at the enormous tent Paul was making in his loose shorts. Apparently the addition of three more scantily dressed cheerleaders hadn't helped him to calm down any, especially with two of them wrestling over his underwear right on top of him.

Suddenly Trish blurted out, "Jeez, Dawn, does everyone in your family have to be built like porn stars?" Giggling, she tossed Paul's boxers at his jutting flagpole. He was sticking out so far that the flying underwear actually caught the middle of his massive shaft and just hung there, like a wash cloth on a towel rack.

"Sorry," he muttered. Reaching into his closet, he quickly threw on an oversized t-shirt. It was long enough to cover his bulge, and while he had his back to us I could see his hands working. He was obviously tucking his cock into the waistband of his shorts, hoping to hide everything with the t-shirt.

"Awwww, don't put it away! We want to see it!" whined Michelle, tickling my tummy as she groaned her disappointment.

Trish grinned at Lisa. "You sure are being awfully quiet, all of a sudden. It's funny, too, since I bet he got so big and hard from looking out the window at you." Turning to Paul, she adopted a more serious tone. "Okay, now we need you to tell us the truth again. Is Carrie your type? Lisa seems to think that you have a crush on Carrie. Dawn says you don't. Who's right?"

Paul came over and sat down next to me, opposite Michelle. He looked at all of us before breaking into a slow smile. "Dawn is."

"See, Lisa!" crowed Trish.

Flashing a beautiful smile, a beaming Lisa flipped back her long black hair. My god, she was so pretty. The way she did that, it was just devastating.

"Wait a second…" Michelle said with a wicked gleam in her eyes, looking first at Paul then at all of us. "Are you saying Dawn is right about Carrie not being your type, or did you actually mean Dawn is your type?"

"He meant Carrie is not his type. I already told you that," I said, jumping in.

With a smoldering fire still burning in her deep brown eyes, Michelle grinned at me. She just loved seeing me squirm.

Paul looked at all of us again. "I meant both. Carrie isn't my type. Dawn is. You are, too, Michelle. You too, Lisa…definitely." Turning to Trish, he smirked, "No offense, but you would be too, except I'm a little afraid of you."

We all cracked up, Trish included, then she gave him a huge grin. "Sweetie, there's no reason to be afraid of me. I don't bite."

"You do too!" I laughed, making a big show of rubbing my bottom.

"Hey, that's not the same thing! I can't be blamed for that! Okay, Paul, other than your sister's perfect ass, I don't bite much. Still, no offense taken. I know what you mean, and I think it's very sweet."

"It really is," said Lisa, finally saying something.

We all looked at her.

"What? I'm just saying, yes, the way he tries to compliment all of us without placing any of us above the others, it's very sweet."

"Okay, Paul, they're right, that is very sweet, and definitely well played," Michelle said. "Still, if you had to pick one of us as the girl who's most your type, who would it be?"

Wanting to cut Michelle off at the pass, I said, "Leave me out of this. He's my brother."

"Chicken," she grinned. "Fine. Okay, Paul, leaving your sister out of this, because we all know you'd pick her anyway, just like everyone else would, who would you choose?" Smirking, she playfully elbowed me in the ribs, making me laugh.

"Michelle, that isn't fair! Now you're just being mean!" Lisa said. Bolting from the bed, she ran out of the room and down the stairs.

I took off after her and caught up to her in the living room, where she stopped and turned to me. "Why does she do that? Why does she have to push so hard? Couldn't she see how embarrassed he was?" she shouted, nearly in tears.

"Baby, c'mon, it's just Michelle," I said, taking her by the hands. "That's the way she is. She's always trying to be a matchmaker, and she wants to get you two together. You know she means well."

"Dawn, it's really uncomfortable. Paul's got this huge erection in front of us, which he's obviously trying to hide. Of course we all have to tease him about it, making him even more self-conscious, after we already made a big deal about him cumming in his underwear. I'm surprised he didn't just run right out of there. If I were him, I would've died from embarrassment."

"I know, he was way embarrassed, but you and Trish had him trapped," I said, squeezing her hands. "You really care about my brother, don't you?"

She nodded shyly, her eyes welling up. "Yes, I do. I care about him a lot, and Michelle has to go and put him on the spot like that! What if he really likes her the most? How embarrassing would that be, to have to tell her under those circumstances?"

"Or what if he really likes you the most? Same thing."

"Exactly. What's he supposed to do? Is he going to say, 'Sorry, Michelle, and you too, Trish, but Lisa is my type. You're not.'"

"I think she knew that Trish wasn't going to be his first choice. I'm pretty sure she was trying to get him to admit that you are. She just wanted to see if she could get him to say something to you."

"That's not the way to do it. Maybe I'm not his type? I was right outside his window, totally naked. Why didn't he come down and talk to me, or at least perv over me, like any other guy would?"

"He's too shy. That's all it is. He couldn't go out there, not while we were naked and fooling around. He would have felt like he was intruding."

"But we all wanted him to come join us."

"He didn't know that. He thought he was catching us in a private moment, and c'mon, it freaked him out. Of course it did."

"He told you that? Is that what you guys were up there talking about that whole time?"

"Yep, pretty much."

"Is that why he came in his boxers? Was it from watching us? Did he tell you that, too?" she whispered excitedly.

"Yes, he admitted he was watching us. He said Trish and I were asleep, not doing anything. He said he only saw you and Michelle…you know.…"

I'd decided that a half-lie would be okay.

"Michelle and I fucking…" she said, finishing my thought. "God, now he must think I'm some huge lesbo. No wonder I'm not his type. He probably figures I'm nothing but a carpet muncher, right? I am such an idiot. Why did I let him see me like that?"

"He jacked off and came in his boxers, didn't he? He must not have been too put off by what he saw," I grinned.

"Did you catch him like that? You know, jerking off?" she giggled. "How did he get his underwear off in front of you, or was he already done by the time you got there?"

'Crap, this is getting messy,' I thought. I didn't want to have to keep lying. Still, what choice did I have? I had to keep telling half-truths, so I said, "He told me he'd been jerking off before I got there."

She exhaled. "So by the time you went upstairs to check on him, he'd already tossed his boxers away and put his shorts back on. Damn, he got lucky. What if you would have walked in on him like that? He would've died."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "He said he knew we'd caught him peeking, and when he saw me make a move to go into the house he quickly tried to hide what he was doing. By the time I made it up to his room, he was acting like he had just gotten home."

"So how did you pry it out of him? Seriously, what did you do to get him to admit that he'd been jerking off while spying on us?" she asked, with a big grin.

'Damn it,' I thought. Again, I had to dodge. "A sister has ways of making her brother talk," I smirked.

"Oh, c'mon! I don't have any brothers or sisters, and I wanna know!"

"Lisa, it was pretty obvious. I told him I'd heard the doors opening and closing again, along with feet running. This was all after I saw him peeking. I just told him I knew, and he admitted it."

"Was he embarrassed? I mean like insanely embarrassed, you know, that his sister caught him spying and jacking off?"

I laughed, "It's not like I actually caught him spanking his monkey! By the time I got there, he'd already put his shorts back on. Still, yeah, he was super embarrassed, but I told him it was okay, and not to worry about. In fact, I told him that you guys don't mind."

"You told him that we don't mind if he masturbates while spying on us? Wow!" she giggled, her hands going to her mouth in amazement.

"No, silly! I told him that you guys wouldn't mind him coming outside and seeing you all playing naked in the pool."

As soon as the words left my mouth, I knew I'd royally screwed up. Sure enough…

"So why didn't he come racing down to join us? You're right, we definitely wouldn't have minded."

Having backed myself into a corner, I had to lie my way out. "Ummm, he said he was too embarrassed. He told me he couldn't do it. He wanted me to stay there with him."

Lisa got a thoughtful look. "He would've seen you naked, too. He would have seen his sister fucking a girl."

"He did see me naked."

"But he didn't see you fucking anyone," she smirked.

"Nope, he didn't. At least that's what he told me."

"So, do you think he's lying? Do you think he saw you with Trish, or with all of us? God, can you imagine seeing your sister like that, especially when you're both virgins! He probably thinks you're a huge lesbo too, just like he probably thinks I am."

"Well, we kinda are, aren't we?" I giggled, tickling her.

"We are so NOT lesbos! I like boys, and I know you do, too!" she laughed, tackling me to the couch.

"Yeah, yeah, so how come your pussy always becomes so wet whenever we all get naked?" I grinned, rubbing our noses together.

"Why do you think? It's because of your amazing ass, you crazy bitch!" she laughed, pulling me to the floor. Wrestling and tickling, we rolled all around the living room, until finally she sat up on top of me. Panting, she gave me an evil smile. "Besides, I happen to know that I'm not a lesbian. I have proof."

Grinning, I asked, "What proof?"

"I want to fuck your brother."

We shrieked with laughter, then she giggled, "If you could, you know you would! I saw you drooling over his big dick, just like we all were. Admit it, you want him too." She grinned happily, and I couldn't help but blush. "Oh my god, it's true! You want to fuck your brother! Dawn wants to fuck her little brother!" she shouted with glee, laughing while tickling me.

She was only joking, yet suddenly everything she was saying must have all come crashing down on her. Maybe my face betrayed me, I don't know, but I was no longer laughing, and she instantly became panic-stricken. Flinging herself down on top of me, she hugged me tightly and wouldn't let go. "Oh, Dawn, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean that. I didn't even think about what I was saying. I just got carried away. Baby, I'm so sorry."

I pulled her to my neck, where she couldn't see my face. She just kept frantically apologizing.

'God,' I thought, 'she is such a wonderful girl. She really wouldn't hurt a fly. She's completely beautiful, inside and out.'

That was the moment when I realized Paul and I would need to leave for California, and soon, before our friends caught us. I could deal with Mom and Dad finding out, but I couldn't handle the idea of all our friends and the whole school knowing.

As I stroked Lisa's hair, she sat up and pulled me back onto the couch. Holding my face in her hands, she was searching my eyes for anger, resentment or even shame. I knew that if she thought she had caused me any pain, it would absolutely break her heart.

I suddenly felt like such a selfish jerk for trying to keep Paul from her. I made another decision, which I told her right then and there.

"Lisa, you know Paul and I are leaving soon."

"How soon?"

'Tonight, if I could,' is what I really felt like saying, but instead I said, "In about a week."

"I'm going to miss you like crazy…and no, not just your amazing ass," she said, smiling softly while caressing my face.

'You really are the sweetest girl ever,' I thought. Kissing her hand, I said, "Lisa, I want you to be with Paul."

"You do? For real?"

"Yes, I do. I couldn't possibly ask for anyone better for him. I love you, Lisa, and I'd love it if you two were together."

Lisa hugged me and began to cry. Over and over, she told me how much she loved me.

I had another decision to make. Did I still need to be Paul's first? Or…did I want to push Lisa into his arms before we even took off for California? The thing is, I knew that once we were out of the house and on the road together, there was no way we weren't going to be having sex.

In the end, Lisa's beautiful, loving face made my decision for me. I'd leave it up to her, and to Paul. If he took Lisa first, then so be it. If he decided not to do it with me at all once he was with her, I would have to live with that too. If they just didn't hit it off, okay, that would be one thing, but I wasn't going to stand in their way. Lisa deserved a chance with him. She didn't need me trying to cock-block her.

"What are you thinking?" she asked, touching my lips.

Hugging her, I kissed her hair. "I was thinking how truly wonderful you are. Lisa, before we go on our trip, you should take him."

"You mean like…have sex with him?"

She stared intently into my eyes again.

"Of course that's what I mean. You're both virgins. Sink your hooks into him before he goes to California, then he'll be dying to come back home...to you."

"I'd love to, but I don't know whether I can move that quickly. Also, what if he doesn't even want me? Either way, I don't think we should rush into sex just because he's going to be away for a few weeks. If he really wants me, I promise I'll be here for him when he gets back. Whatever happens, though, I think we should take it at our own pace."

Grinning, she took me by the hand. "C'mon, let's get back upstairs, before he loses his virginity to both those sluts!"

I stopped her. "Are you okay with Michelle? Baby, she didn't mean any harm. She wants the same thing I do. She just wants you to be with him."

"I know," she said, pulling me in for a hug. "I'm fine. I just wish she was a bit more tactful, but don't worry, I'm not quite yet ready to kill her. Thank you, though, for caring so much."

Holding hands, we raced upstairs together. When we got to Paul's room, we were met by my bemused-looking little brother sitting on the floor with a goofy smile. He was watching Michelle and Trish wrestle on his bed. Michelle had managed to stretch his cummy boxers over Trish's head, and Trish was giggling like a lunatic while chomping away at them.

"Dawn, don't just stand there like a dork! Give him yours!" said Michelle, laughing as she spread Paul's cum all over Trish's eager, happy face.

"Sure, why not? It's not like he hasn't already seen me naked…" I said, smiling like it was no big deal as I tugged my tiny panties down and off. With Lisa looking on in stunned silence, I casually draped them over Paul's head.

He stared up at me in a panic, as if to say, "Are you crazy? Don't tell them about us!"

I gave him a mischievous grin. "You just saw me lying out in the nude only a half-hour ago, so what difference does it make?"

"Nice save," he said with his eyes, and I smugly returned his smile.

Lisa caressed my ass, then Michelle reached out from the bed to stroke it too. Meanwhile, Trish had worked her face through a leg hole of Paul's underwear; even being so silly, she still managed to look really sexy when she added her hand to theirs on my ass.

Paul gave me a nervous grin, watching in awe as I allowed my girlfriends to fondle my naked bottom right in front of him.

Michelle turned me by my hips, showing Paul my pussy, then she kept turning me, stopping when my ass was directly in his face. "Paul, did you know that your sister has the best ass in our entire school? It's official!"

"Yeah, I saw her trophy. You guys are crazy," he laughed.

"You showed it to him?" she guffawed, amazed that I would be so brazen.

I laughed, "Of course not! He found it in my closet. I had it hidden, but forgot to close my door. He just came blundering in and saw it. Besides, I still say Lisa has the best ass." I gave Lisa a sexy look, and she blushed before returning my smile. I reached out and slid my hand beneath her skirt; slowly drawing it inch by inch up her perfect thighs, I just had to tease her a little.

Something in Lisa snapped then. Her brown eyes suddenly flashed white hot, and her whole demeanor changed. She surprised the daylights out of me when she took my hand and slid it all the way up to her hip, baring her naked ass and pussy. After shooting me a spreading wildfire of a sinful grin, she sat right down on Paul, straddling him. Grinning over his startled expression, she hooked her arms around his neck and cooed, "I'd give you my panties too, only I'm not wearing any."

"I can see that. What happened to your panties?" he grinned. He was trying to be all suave and cool, like it was no big deal, but he was totally blushing!

"Nothing happened to them. I just prefer the feeling of going bare, so I rarely wear panties. Would you like me to put some on? I'm sure I could borrow a pair from your sister…maybe even these…that is, if you haven't already grown too attached to them," she said, fingering my tiny mesh panties he was holding in his lap. "You know what? Let's keep these pretty things someplace safe." Giggling sweetly, she stretched them over his head and down his neck, giving him a panties bandana!

"Okay, I'm not going to be the only one who's bottomless here…" I grinned, unzipping Lisa's skirt. When I had it all the way undone, she stood and shimmied her hips, making her skirt fall to the floor. She daintily stepped out of it, leaving her sexy hips and baby-smooth pussy only inches from Paul's astonished face.

"Isn't she totally gorgeous?" I whispered to him. Kneeling behind Lisa, I ran my hands over her silky thighs and supple ass. "What a beautiful, beautiful girl."

"Hush, you," she smiled.

"You really are completely gorgeous," added Michelle, coming over to put her hand on Lisa's shoulder. "I mean it. You are so beautiful," she said, caressing Lisa's face.

"You too. Hush…" Lisa whispered.

Paul looked at me, then Lisa. "God, yes, you're gorgeous. Lisa, you are unbelievable."

Trish had finally pulled Paul's underwear off her head. She was lying on her stomach, her face propped up in her hands.

Paul looked over Lisa's shoulder, questioning me.

Gently squeezing Lisa's beautiful hips, I nuzzled her shoulder with my lips, and she pressed my cheek to hers.

This was it. I could feel the change in Lisa, and even though part of me was still wracked with envy, plus a little jealousy, I felt the change come over me, too.

It was time for me to grow up.

I kissed Lisa on the side of her mouth, and she never moved away as I turned to Paul. "She wants you, little brother. She's been waiting forever, hoping you would be her first. This perfect girl wants to fuck you, right now. Take her, Paul."

He stared at Lisa, who shyly pressed her lips to my cheek, trying to hide her eyes. He looked at me again.

"I love you, and I'll be okay. Take her," I said again.

His eyes studied mine, and I gave him a tiny nod. Just the very corner of his mouth began to lift into a smile, then a sudden shadow darkened his expression. He looked at Michelle and Trish. "Lisa, do you really want to, or are they just pressuring you?"

Michelle was about to say something, but Lisa stopped her. "No, they're not pressuring me. It's all me, Paul. I really have wanted you forever. You just never noticed, and I didn't know how to make you notice. I thought you wanted Carrie."

That made Paul a little agitated. "Why does everyone always think I like Carrie? I mean, yeah, she's hot, but you're all hot. A guy would have to be crazy not to want every one of you, but Carrie was never my favorite. Not even close."

Lisa leaned into him, which made her ass entirely too tempting. Her back was arched, and her legs were spread. I swear to god, my mouth watered. When I slipped a finger down through her crack and over her slit, her pussy sucked it right in. She was as wet as I'd ever felt her.

Grinning at him, she said, "You've always been my favorite, and now I want to become yours. I don't want to wait any longer. Your sister is right. I want to feel you inside me. I want you to fuck me, with our friends watching. I want us to lose our virginities together, right here, with people who love us."

Turning to me, she added, "And I want you to keep helping."

"How? I'm a virgin too, remember?" I giggled.

"I don't care. I need you to keep helping me. Dawn, help me fuck your little brother."

The sound of hot moans filled the room, and I realized it wasn't only Michelle's voice I was hearing; it was mine, too.

"Baby, I'll do anything you want," I said, kissing the nape of her elegant neck.

"Then show me how to fuck him," she answered, raising my chin to stare into my eyes.

"Incredible…" whispered Trish.

Turning Lisa back to Paul, I placed her hands at the snap to his shorts. "Open them. Pull his shorts off, and take him in your hand," I said, beginning to unbutton her wispy blouse. Once I got it started, I had Paul finish the job. When it was undone all the way, I pulled it aside, slowly unveiling her stunning breasts.

"Jesus…" he said, awestruck by her flawless beauty.

I lifted her breasts in offering before reaching out to place his hands on them; noticing how erect her delicious light brown nipples had become, I left her blouse on, deciding she looked even sexier that way. With the filmy white material whispering across her seductive thighs and the top of her ass, she was a vision of young gypsy sex.

"Girl, I don't think you have to worry anymore about whether you're his type. You are so his type…" giggled Trish, watching as Lisa's small hands brought Paul's incredibly hard cock out into the open.

Paul just nodded, wordlessly telling Lisa that she had nothing to worry about. She was definitely his type.

"Lift…" I said, sliding his shorts off while she pulled his long t-shirt over his head.

They were completely naked except for Lisa's open blouse, and right away she arched her back; taking the hint, Paul took her breast into his mouth, making her moan. She moaned a whole lot more, though, when I slid two fingers deep into her pussy. "Yes…" she whispered, which we could barely hear over the awesome squelching sounds of her wet sex. As she slowly fucked herself on my hand, her strong, sculpted thighs began a rhythmic up-and-down flexing motion.

Paul switched to her other breast, and I marveled at the sight of her soft flesh forming into delicate shapes as it accommodated his pressing fingers and hollowing mouth.

My baby brother was as hard as a rock, and leaking cum like a river. Lisa was using it as lube, noisily jacking him with both hands.

"Taste him…" I whispered in her ear; she responded by going to all fours between his legs. With her succulent ass raised high, I looked down the smooth, tapering delta of her hips. "You are so damn sexy…" I purred, running my hands over her ass and across her sinewy golden brown back.

While I watched in growing envy, she slid his length as far as she could into her mouth. Pausing to take hold of his hips, she went down, down, down, until only a few inches of hard cock were visible beyond her full lips.

"She's really never done that before?" Michelle asked Trish in obvious admiration.

Without releasing him, Lisa shook her head no. She was breathing through her nose, and her breathing only intensified when I slipped a third finger into her pussy.

"Good girl. If she's going to fit that monster in there, you'd better open her up," said Trish.

Lisa moaned around his cock, lifting momentarily to take a deep breath before plunging her head all the way down.

Leaning in, luxuriating in her rich, clean scent, I started licking her pussy. Although I was mostly doing it because I loved it, I was also making sure to drool inside her, trying to get her as wet as possible.

Her thighs began to spasm around my head, then I felt her first orgasm wash over my tongue. It was a warm, gentle flow, her superheated pussy turning to butter in my mouth.

"Paul, how are you doing up there?" I finally asked, lifting from Lisa's beautiful treasure.

He just moaned.

"I think he's getting close, and I want him in my pussy when he cums," Lisa said, pulling off of his cock. She quickly sat up, straddling him again while pressing his face to her breasts. "Suck me...suck my breasts in deep, like you were doing before. That felt amazing…" she panted, steadying herself with a hand on his shoulder. Using the other hand, she took his bobbing length and positioned it between her spread legs, directly at her dripping opening.

"Please…put it inside me…" she breathed, bringing my hand to Paul's cock.

"Wow…" Michelle whispered, watching as I grasped my brother's erection.

Trish said, "Lisa, Dawn is holding Paul in her hand. She's about to fuck you with her baby brother's huge cock. You are just awesome, girl, and Dawn, holy fuck…you're a goddess."

I couldn't help myself. I started stroking up and down that huge cock. I was acting like I was simply lubing it, but I just wanted to hold it and stroke it.

What I really wanted was to put it in my mouth and suck it.

No, what I really wanted was to switch places with Lisa and have that beautiful cock fuck me.

"God, baby, you look like you want to suck that big dick even more than Lisa did," Michelle said, watching as I stroked it. Gliding my hands up and down his shaft, running my thumbs over the head, I was clearly doing it for my own pleasure.

When I turned to her, I'm sure the longing in my eyes was unmistakable.

"You really want to put it in your mouth, don't you?" she grinned, and I could only sigh and nod while continuing to stroke him. Bringing it to my lips, I opened wide and slid it inside. I sucked the head, licking the clear pre-cum from his drooling slit; then, cupping his balls, I took his entire cock into my mouth. Moaning all the way down, I let it fill my throat before drawing back to nuzzle his smooth length with my cheek, licking and kissing it as I stared at her.

"You want to fuck your little brother," she mouthed, sliding her hand inside her track pants.

Shooting her a sexy smile, I turned back to Lisa's pussy, giving it a quick kiss before spreading her lips. With my other hand I guided Paul's big, beautiful weapon towards my target. Grasping the center of the shaft, I felt his fiery heat beneath the soft, silky skin. His veins were throbbing; I squeezed tighter, making him throb harder.

God, his little moan really turned me on. Reducing the tension around his shaft, I aimed the pee slit of his enormous, rubbery mushroom head right at her sweet sex.

Lisa cried out when I guided his tip between my spread fingers, pressing it into her hot, tight cunt.

"Oh god…oh god…" she whispered when I released her lips, letting them close up around his large crown. With one hand still on his shaft, I used the other to spread her ass as I leaned in and licked the rim of her gaping pussy, right below her pink, winking asshole. Stiffening my tongue, I wedged it into the tiny space available between the underside of his shaft and the very bottom of her stretched-open pussy.

I could taste both his pre-cum and her full flowering.

His pre-cum...inside her flowing pussy.

"Lisa, what about—" I started to ask, only to have her cut me right off.

"It's okay, I'm on the pill, and I lost my cherry a long time ago in gym class."

"You sneaky devil," giggled Trish, and Lisa giggled too.

Paul was groaning up a storm, and Lisa added a sweet little chortling moan as I began to feed a bit more of his imposing length inside her. When I had it in far enough that I could no longer see the head, I again plunged my tongue back into the tiny space above Paul's cock. With my free hand I guided her ass up and down, urging her to fuck him. Once I had her hips moving smoothly, I began to jack him off inside her pussy; inch by inch, she kept taking more. The spectacle of her gorgeous sex embracing his towering erection turned me on to no end, and I slipped my tongue through her crack; after making a stiff point of it, I stabbed it into her asshole.

She screamed, her ass bucking against my mouth.

Giggling, I released his cock and licked back down to her pussy. Using two hands, I spread her nice and wide before sliding my tongue inside. Just when I began to pull up and down on her ass, Paul's cock quaked beneath my tongue, then I experienced the coolest thing ever: with my chin, lower lip and tongue pressed against the underside of his shaft, I felt his cock pulsing and pulsing from all the hot cum surging up his length.

He was still only about halfway in her pussy when, with a huge moan and a final shove, he jammed his entire length home, and they cried out together through his powerful eruption of cum.

Clutching her trembling bottom, I licked at their junction while his heavy balls jumped against my chin, his massive orgasm seeming like it would never end. Suddenly, though, his cock popped out, and a flood of cum poured into my mouth. Squealing with joy, I sucked Lisa's pussy as if my life depended on it, then Paul's enormous slab slapped across my lips.

Past the point of caring what the girls might see, I quickly took it all the way into my mouth; using both hands to pump him, I moaned around his dick as he shot the rest of his huge load down my throat. Michelle gasped when she saw me openly sucking his cock and swallowing his cum; still I kept going, taking everything he had before finally slamming him back inside Lisa's beautiful pussy.

"Stay inside her. Don't let yourself go soft. Keep fucking her," I said, then I went back to drinking their cum. Firmly grasping her hips, I drove her up and down; he was going all the way inside on each stroke. "Yes, Lisa! You're fucking him! Make that gorgeous pussy take every inch of my baby brother's huge cock!" I shouted into the crack of her ass.

She started using her toned thighs to lift and drop her pussy, and I flattened my tongue to lick their combined cum from the bottom of his shaft on every backstroke.

Thankfully, Paul had managed to remain fully hard.

Once they had their rhythm established, I returned my tongue to her asshole, which was winking like crazy. With every downstroke it gaped wide, then it puckered right back up on each backstroke. Holding her ass open with both hands, I began to wedge as much of my tongue as I could into her tiny hole. Lisa was screaming at the top of her lungs, yelling for Paul to fuck her, and for me to eat her ass. She also called me a "fucking hot bitch" once, barking at me to "rape that slutty ass," which made us all laugh out loud.

I had to pull away, I was laughing so much. When she felt me pull back, she looked over her shoulder and blew me a kiss. "You are a fucking hot bitch," she panted, "and you are raping my slutty ass. I love you to death for it, too."

Looking back at Michelle, I saw that she was locked into a crazy sixty-nine with Trish. The funny thing was, neither of them even had their pants off. Michelle's stretchy tracksuit bottoms were only pulled down low enough for Trish to be able to wedge her head inside, and Trish's tight jeans were bunched up around her knees. They were both laughing at her struggle to kick off her shoes.

I turned back to Lisa, and she'd repositioned herself to face away from Paul. Bouncing up and down, she was fucking him reverse cowgirl style. She drew me to her and quickly whipped off my top before hugging me close. After a few giggling moments of pressing our breasts together, I slid down to take her nipple into my mouth while pinching and squeezing the other one.

Pulling me back up, she wrapped her arms around my neck. While still fucking Paul's pounding cock, she gave me a hot kiss, whispering in my mouth, "I love you, Dawn, and I will never forget this. Thank you so much."

When I leaned in with a happy grin to bite her breast, she let out a long, glorious moan. She was cumming, so I slid down to lick and kiss her clit while she thrashed in Paul's lap. Her thighs were bucking so much that Paul's cock slipped out again, the head smacking my lower lip. Since she was still leaning back against his chest, I took his pussy-drenched cock and sucked it all the way down. Savoring it just as long as she would let me, I kept sucking his dick until finally I felt her hands flailing around near her pussy, searching for her missing toy. Reluctantly I released it from my mouth and guided it to her grasping fingers, watching intently as she fed it back inside her pussy.

She was still lying nearly prone, so I licked his balls before switching up and sucking them, and she gave a deep moan when I pinched her clit. Knowing they were fast approaching blast-off again, I clamped down and just sucked and sucked, drinking my fill when his cum started pouring into her gorgeously flowering pussy.

Once he finally finished cumming, and his cock slid out of her overflowing sex, I licked up everything I could. Totally going out of my mind with lust, I was licking her pussy and sucking his cock for all I was worth when I felt her hands pulling on my head, drawing me to her face. "I want some, too…" she said, opening her mouth. I fed her like a baby bird, letting their cum pour from my mouth into hers, then we started kissing; our tongues danced together, sharing the taste of Lisa's and Paul's first lovemaking.

"Was that all him?" she asked breathlessly, after we had both swallowed.

"No, some of that was you."

"Then you have to let me fill my mouth with your cum and your guy's cum, just like this. I love how we taste."

"Will do, if I could ever get someone to fuck me," I said while saluting her, and we both laughed.

"I doubt that will be too difficult," she grinned. "Girls who love cum the way you do, even their own brother's cum? I don't know much, but I know that girls who love to suck cock as much as you do usually have no problem finding guys who'll want to fuck them, especially with a face and body like yours."

She laughed again, smacking me on the ass as she kissed me.

When we heard laughing behind us, we sat up to see what Trish and Michelle had gotten themselves into.

Naked from head to toe, they were playing the Flick Game, which is this crazy thing they always did whenever they ended up in a sixty-nine. Basically, they would just take turns flicking each other's clit, using the backs of their fingertips. They'd start softly, then go harder and harder, and the object was to see who would give in first.

I knew from firsthand experience that Michelle never gave in. I could take a chainsaw to her, and if it were part of the Flick Game that girl still wouldn't cry uncle. When those two went at it, they would literally bring each other to tears from laughing so hard amid the shocking pain.

Lisa leaned over to Paul. "I'll be right back. Don't you dare go anywhere."

She jumped up, and Paul and I watched as she happily bounded onto the bed. "Hey, you two! No flick games, not now! Didn't you watch? We did it! We're no longer virgins!"

"Yes, you big dummy, of course we watched! Like…duh!" giggled Trish. "You were so awesome, it made us way horny!"

"They had an incredible first time. It was way better than mine, huh?" Michelle grinned, looking at Trish.

"I didn't see your first one, but from what you told me, nope, no way was yours anywhere near as good as theirs. C'mon, though, you also didn't have the benefit of the sexiest pair of siblings ever to walk the earth going totally crazy on you. You only got fucked, and it was just by one normal guy. Lisa's first time was with Captain Cock and Miss Universe. She got fucked by two porn stars!"

Still grinning, Michelle turned to Paul and me. "No doubt. Anytime you two want to gang up on me like that, feel free. You don't even have to ask."

Trish just smiled at us. "Dawn, you already know how I feel about you, and Paul, you can definitely fuck me anytime you want."

Lisa grabbed a big pillow and clobbered them both, knocking them clear off the bed as she shouted, "Hey! Get your own guys! I waited forever to find the right one, and you two just wanna barge in and take him?"

Although she was laughing, I could tell she really felt threatened. I jumped on the bed and took her by the hand, bringing her back to Paul. "Don't leave him alone. Go be with him. This was his first time too," I whispered. As she leaned down into his welcoming arms, I tenderly caressed her ass.

I had to laugh at Trish and Michelle, who were both giggling as they slithered back onto the bed. "Serves you right," I said. "You two, just leave Paul alone. Let Lisa have someone all to herself for once."

I was trying to put on my best stern look, but I couldn't keep it up. Finally I just started giggling too, and Trish beamed at me. "Are you and Lisa quite through with your little lectures? Jeez, it was just an offer. If she doesn't wanna share, I promise, I'll be good."

I looked at Michelle.

"Me too…" she sighed. "I promise. As much as I'd love it, if they don't want to do anything with me, I won't try to push it."

Grinning, she stuck her tongue out at Lisa.

"That's right, it's 'they,' as in two people," Lisa said, sticking her tongue out right back at Michelle. "Paul isn't just some dress you want to borrow. He's not mine to share. He has a say-so in this too, you know, and this is only our first date anyway!"

Paul leaned back and let out a hearty laugh. "Hooo! Oh really? This is our first date? Ummm, okay, I hereby formally declare that there will definitely be a second date, plus a third and a fourth, then a bazillion more, at least if it's up to me!"

Lisa happily hugged him close. "Oooh, I'm glad I passed the first-date test. You sure did!"

She snuck a quick peek at us, like she wanted to say something to him in private; giggling, she said it loud enough for us all to hear anyway. "You can definitely fuck me anytime you want. That was totally incredible!"

He hugged her, and they shared their first kiss. She rolled onto her back, pulling him into her arms and opening her mouth to kiss him more deeply.

"You can fuck me anytime you want, too," he said, pulling back with a big grin. "You were awesome, Lisa. You're even a great kisser!"

"Anytime I want?" she asked mischievously, reaching between his legs.

"Anytime you want," he nodded.

She looked over at us and giggled, "He's already hard again." Guiding his cock to the mouth of her drenched pussy, she spread her legs and gave him the sexiest smile ever. "If I can fuck you anytime I want, okay, I want to fuck you again, right now. Put that big cock back inside me, baby. Fuck me all day, then fuck me all night. I want you to fuck me every way possible."

She wrapped her legs around his hips, pulling him in. When he began stroking inside her, she brought her knees all the way back to her shoulders, fully offering herself to Paul's driving cock. "Ohhhh, yes! I love you inside me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" she moaned, and we could hear his enormous pole moistly sluicing in and out of her oh-so-tight pussy.

I leaned down to give them each a kiss. "C'mon, you two, let's get you onto the bed. You're going to get rug burn from hell doing it on the floor all day."

Never unsheathing himself, Paul pulled her up with him, and she giggled as he carried her over to his bed. He gently set her down, then they skootched across the covers until he was on his knees. Having gained solid purchase, he kissed her again while stroking into her.

"Fuck me forever…" she purred, wrapping her long legs around his hips as he drove his massive club of a cock deep into her gorgeous pussy. Looking on with warm smiles, Trish and Michelle gently caressed her beautiful face, and she reached for my hand; squeezing it, she wouldn't let go. Taking his cock that way, her face so radiant in ecstasy, it was as if Lisa had been born to make love.

"You are so beautiful together. I love you both…" I whispered, again leaning down to kiss them each on the lips.

Paul pressed my face to her shuddering breasts, wanting me to kiss them. "I love you, big sister…" he panted, simply ravaging Lisa's shining sex. While he was madly fucking her, I was kissing her breasts, and Trish and Michelle were kissing every inch of her spectacular body. Alternating kisses and caresses from her face to her pussy, we were all making love to our beautiful Lisa.

"Love you, Dawn…love you so much…oh, god…Michelle…Trish…" she moaned, tears running down her soft cheeks as she gave herself over to the magical feeling of being loved by her closest friends.

She didn't mind at all when Michelle and Trish began kissing and touching Paul as he pumped his thick shaft into her. She let them lick his cock and feed it into her pussy, even encouraging them to squeeze his ass and make out with him while they fucked. Sometimes he would pop out of her pink slit, and one or more of us would be right there to suck his dick; moaning in delight, she always cheered us on.

When it all eventually became too much for Paul, he tensed up and exploded a second time inside her pristine pussy. Locking her arms and legs around him, she let out a deep, gorgeous moan, and she couldn't stop kissing him. Panting while holding his face to her breasts, she mouthed to me, "Thank you."

Grinning at the girls, I said, "Let's give them some time together by themselves."

Michelle and Trish gathered up their clothes, then the three of us clasped hands and walked naked from the room. I knew my baby doll top lay somewhere near the foot of Paul's bed, but I'd lost track of my panties.

Glancing back at the two lovers one last time on our way out, I saw Lisa almost frantically kissing Paul's neck, and that's when it dawned on me…my panties were still there, right where she wanted them.

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"Lisa? Our Lisa, the cheerleader? Really?"

"Yep…our Lisa," I said to Mom, beaming at her and Paul.

She grinned at Paul, who was staring bashfully into his plate of meatloaf. Although a bit embarrassed he was nevertheless smiling with pride, and rightfully so.

Having spent the night in Paul's bed, Lisa had only gone home just a few hours before Mom, Paul and I had sat down together at the kitchen table that following evening. By the time she'd said goodbye, she was one thoroughly worn out and very happy girl.

"Nine times," she whispered gleefully, hugging me at the door.

"Serious?" I giggled.

"Yep!" she squealed with excitement. "We did it five times yesterday, then four more today! Dawn, he came inside me nine times, and I loved every second of it! Thank you so much, baby. You have no idea how happy you've made me. I couldn't have done it without you."

"You did it. He did it. I just got out of the way," I said, hugging her.

"Yeah, right!" she laughed. "When you got naked in front of him and pulled my skirt up, you know that's what did it. That was definitely what set me off, especially after that awesome talk we had in the living room. I never would have lifted my skirt to show him my bare pussy like that, not if you hadn't first said all those wonderful things to me. Then, god, you took your panties off right in front of him, and you let Michelle totally show him your amazing ass! You were just so sexy, it was driving me crazy!

"Dawn, did you even realize that your pussy was showing the entire time you were sitting on the floor? Paul was up on the bed, looking right at it. We could all see it."

"Yep, I know. Michelle eventually told me, when you and Trish were wrestling over Paul's cum-filled underwear!"

"Hey, that's right!" she squealed. "He came that one other time, too, before we even got there! Your horny little brother came six times yesterday!"

"Maybe more!" I said, giggling. "Who knows whether that was even his first one of the day?"

We laughed like idiots, hugging at the door.

"God, he cums so much every time, too, and he makes me cum like a maniac. And you, missy, sticking your tongue up my ass like that, and drinking his cum from my pussy. It was so awesome, the way you kept sucking your brother's huge dick and letting him cum in your mouth. You were a naughty, naughty girl…" she grinned, touching our noses together.

"You asked me to help," I smiled.

"Yes, I did. I knew I needed you there." Becoming serious, she cupped my face. "God, girl, I will love you forever for what you did for me yesterday. All of it, baby; everything you said, and everything you did. You were so wonderful to me. You're the most beautiful person I've ever known, and the sexiest, hottest lover too. I love you, Dawn. I really do. I'm going to miss Paul and his amazing cock like crazy when you two are gone, but I'm going to miss you just as much."

"I love you, too. I wish you were coming with us."

We hugged again, and it was like we just couldn't stop. Finally I whispered in her ear, "His cock really is amazing, isn't it?"

She nodded happily. "It really is. That big, sexy cock of his made me cum a lot more than just those nine times…especially when I took it up my ass."

Grinning smugly, she gave me a wet kiss before heading home.

So there I was, sitting at the kitchen table later that same night, rubbing Paul's leg with my foot. Over a late dinner he and I had told Mom all about his wild weekend. Okay, I did most of the talking. He just nodded at the appropriate times, constantly blushing like a fiend.

He also became hard again. His cock was tenting his boxers so much, it pulled the fly open. Sneaking peeks into his lap, I could see his pubic hair and the side of his thick shaft through the large gap. I noticed his enormous bulge hadn't escaped Mom's attention either. She too was sneaking more than the occasional glance at his huge erection.

I flashed her a knowing grin. "Your son is a total stud."

"Mmmm-hmmmmm…and wow, Lisa Aragon…such a beautiful girl, and she gave Paul her virginity…" she said, smiling wistfully.

"She gave him a lot more than that! Mom, she only just left a few hours ago. She was here for more than a day, and she said Paul spent almost that entire time fucking her brains out!"

"I would imagine he did, as pretty as she is," she grinned. "I suppose you're right. I guess my son is a total stud."

Still grinning, she got up and walked around the table to give Paul a hug. Draping her arms around his neck, she sat down sidesaddle in his lap, and her eyes immediately shot wide open!

"See? I told you! He's a total stud!" I said, laughing at Mom's reaction to landing right on her son's enormous erection.

"Oh my god, Dawn, he's so big...and so hard…" she said in wonder. After moving her ass around for a few moments, almost as if double-checking, she sat up to let him reposition himself; when she lowered her bottom again, his eyes joined hers in shooting wide open!

"Mom! Wait!" he shouted.

"Oh, god, baby!" she exclaimed, half laughing, half moaning.

"Sorry! I didn't mean to!"

He was nearly in a panic, and they fidgeted again. She sat up a second time, fidgeting some more before settling back in with a playful hip-wriggle.

"Wow! Not even going to give a girl a little warning, huh?" she teased, with the hugest grin ever. Leaning in, she gave him a big, warm hug, including a happy kiss.

I noticed her forehead had become moist, and Paul was blushing furiously.

With her arms wrapped around his neck, I also noticed that her new white lace robe had opened to expose her breasts all the way to her bumpy areolas. Though her nipples were still covered, they were totally erect. I think she was really turned on by wearing her sexy new wrap in front of us.

'Paul's huge cock pressing into her naked bottom is probably also helping…' I thought, laughing to myself.

I could certainly see her nipples jutting through the sheer lace. Her golden skin and long, dark hair looked stunning in contrast to her bright white wrap.

When she'd gotten up to walk around the table, I saw her eye-catching patch of black pubic hair. I first caught a glimpse of it when she turned in her seat and slid her leg forward; then, once she was standing, I saw it through the sheer lace.

Paul saw it, too. He had practically been staring at Mom's tempting pussy.

Seeing her exposed nearly to the nipples, her beautiful breasts looked unbelievable. With the sheer size of her amazing boobs, there was just so much skin showing. Since her nipples and pussy showed right through her see-through wrap, we were treated to every luscious inch of her gorgeous body.

She had perched her wonderfully sexy ass in Paul's lap, and her wrap was so short that when she sat down it uncovered her up to the beginning curves of her smooth, pantiless bottom. She was completely naked below the waist, and I knew he had an amazing erection pressing into her.

I don't think I was helping matters much for Paul, either. I was only wearing a spaghetti-strapped t-shirt. No panties. That old t-shirt was even shorter than Mom's tiny wrap, plus it had huge arm holes. The lower hem was frayed at the edges, only just covering my ass when I was standing; sitting, my pussy was fully exposed, and I knew he'd been stealing peeks.

Noticing that she was looking at my pussy too, I brought my feet up onto the middle rungs of the chair and teasingly spread my legs for her.

While staring at my moistening lips, she fidgeted in his lap to such an extent that she didn't even notice when her entire breast finally popped out of her robe. I saw it, but I don't know whether Paul did also, since he was too busy squirming in his seat. He had his hands on her hips, moaning softly as he shifted her bottom in his lap.

"Mmmm, yes, right there…just like that. Jesus, baby, you feel so good…" she said hotly, lifting again before settling back down.

He seemed to breathe a sigh of relief.

I grinned slyly at her. She gave me a wry smile in return.

When she'd lifted from his lap that second time, I'd managed to catch another glimpse of Paul's cock...his bare cock. It was jutting through his fly, and before he'd gotten it stuffed back into his boxers I'd noticed that it was shiny wet.

I thought she might have just sat on it lengthwise, drenching it with her wet pussy. Or maybe when she was fidgeting around in his lap she'd managed to work it loose from his boxers, and it had slipped inside her. Either way, as wet as she'd made it, she was obviously very turned on.

I giggled at her, and she stuck her tongue out at me. She had started to do that a lot, just like a little girl, and I loved it. I stuck my tongue out right back at her. "So, what were you about to say before you were so rudely interrupted by…ummm…."

She laughed, "You mean before I was so wonderfully interrupted by your brother showing me just how much of a stud he really is? That was almost a serious moment there! In fact, I think some states would say it already was a serious moment!"

She smiled at me and wrapped her arms around his neck again. Her breasts were barely covered as she kissed him, then she said, "Honey, I was going to say two things. First, while it's all fine and dandy that my handsome stud muffin of a son here is so happy to have gotten his first taste of a woman, I'm not quite ready yet to be a grandmother. So, Paul, did you two at least use protection?"

"She said she's on the pill," I grinned. "She told us she knew she was getting close to the day when she might be needing it, so she went on the pill a few months ago."

Paul nodded.

"Is that true? Or is your sister just covering for you?" she asked, smirking at me.

"As far as I know, it's true. That's what Lisa told us," said Paul.

"Us? You mean you, right?"

"Well, yeah, me too. Dawn asked her about it, so Lisa told everyone."

"My god, how many people were there?"

"Just the five of us," I said. "Paul and I, plus Lisa, Trish and Michelle."

With an amused little guffaw Mom asked Paul, "You two were doing it with your sister and the girls right there watching? Weren't you embarrassed? Wasn't Lisa embarrassed?"

Paul squirmed again, only this time I think it was from a different kind of discomfort. "I guess," he said, clearly agitated. "I wasn't exactly thinking about it that way. I was kinda busy, you know, and I was actually more nervous, and excited, and—"

She put her finger to his lips. "Shhh. It's okay, baby. I was just asking. I totally understand that you were nervous. I bet she was, too, especially once she saw the size of what you were about to put inside her."

"Mom! Oh my god!" I exclaimed, laughing in shock.

"What?" she giggled. "Baby, I just sat on it, and felt it pushing—" she began to say, before stopping herself. "Let's put it this way: Your brother is very large, okay? I can only imagine what a sweet young virgin like Lisa must have thought when she first saw it. If I were her, and this was my first one," - she sexily wiggled her ass in his lap - "I probably would've ran off screaming in terror."

Paul grinned at me. "I'm sure glad Lisa didn't."

"Having survived her first time with this big guy, I'm sure she is too! I'll bet that's one decision she'll never regret!" laughed Mom. Wiggling on him again, she made an obvious show of grinding her naked bottom on his cock. "That brings me to my second point, which I can now say without any reservations, since I know you didn't get her pregnant."

We both looked at her.

"I came over here to hug you, sweetie, because I'm so happy for you! From what Dawn is saying, you were an absolutely wonderful lover. Lisa was, too, and you all shared a beautiful experience. I'm really proud of you for waiting for the right girl, and for treating her the way you did. You made her feel like a goddess, and most men have no idea how important that is to a woman. I truly am super proud of you, baby boy." She gave him a long hug, kissing him all over his eyes, cheeks and chin before planting a big, joyful smooch square on his lips. "MWUUUAA!" she said, ending the kiss with a wet, lip-smacking sound. "I love Lisa, and I'm glad she was your first," she added, reaching up to caress his face.

"I know she's glad he was her first," I said, smiling at them. "Paul, you really were awesome. She's totally happy that she waited. I'm so proud of you too." I leaned over to hug him, and he pulled me close with one arm while hugging Mom with the other.

Leaning into him that way, I noticed what he was seeing. Mom's wrap had separated over her thighs, and a hint of her sexy little landing strip was peeking out. The only reason I couldn't see more of it was she had her legs held tightly together. Her breast was also completely exposed.

Feeling silly, I reached out and tickled her nipple. "Kitchy koo…" I giggled.

She jerked in his lap, which made Paul's eyes light up again. Giggling while swatting playfully at my hand, she said, "Why, you little imp! I should paddle your pretty bottom, young lady! Or maybe I should have Stud Boy here spank your bare ass again? Mmmmmm, yes, that might be just the thing to help him work off some of this wonderful horniness I feel poking between my legs…." Grinning, she happily ground her ass on him.

"Oh, I don't know, Mom, I think he'd rather paddle you. You're the naked, gorgeous MILF in the beautiful robe grinding your bare bottom on his ginormous erection. You're also the one who caused him to get that way in the first place, remember?"

"He was already like this when I got here," she said, smiling at him before smirking at me.

"Of course he was! He saw you in that awesome robe, looking completely naked!" I laughed.

Paul just sat there in silence, listening in amusement to the two of us bantering back and forth about him.

"Oh, please," she grinned. "That tiny t-shirt you're wearing is even shorter than my robe. You were out here long before I was, so he probably got this way because of you."

I touched her nipple again, but in a less tickly way, and she let me. Caressing her hard tip, I smiled accusingly. "Sure, Mom, that's how it happened. You merely wandered in, totally minding your own business, completely innocent, and just happened to reap the benefits."

"Mmmm-hmmmmm, I sure did…big benefits," she purred, wiggling in his lap again.

I couldn't help but snerk. "See? You're doing it again!"

We exchanged warm smiles as I continued caressing her breast. Moaning sultrily, she pressed her erect nipple into my palm. "Mmmmmm, yes, my beautiful, sexy daughter, I am doing it again. It feels so good, I think I'll keep doing it. In fact, maybe you should try sitting in your brother's lap while I caress your naked breasts. Leave your gorgeous sex and mouthwatering bottom completely bare, the way you are now, wearing such a skimpy t-shirt with no panties, and I'll bet you find that his 'ginormous' erection feels just as good to you as it does to me."

Smiling, she kissed Paul. "I'm sure you wouldn't complain, would you?"

"I'm not complaining now, am I?" he laughed.

She wiggled again. "You did before, when I first sat down."

He grinned smugly. "Not when you first sat down. You had issues then, not me."

"Okay, the second time. You complained the second time," she said, moving in his lap.

"Do you blame me? I was shocked!"

"So was I, but you didn't hear me complain, did you? It was just an accident, right?" she giggled.

Turning to me with a sexy grin, she said, "It's a good thing Lisa already took his cherry; otherwise, technically, he might now be able to say I took it." She reached up to pinch my hard nipple through my t-shirt, making me yelp. Flashing another sexy grin, she moved my shirt aside to tug on my bare nipple. I moaned, and she gave me a happy smile. She began caressing and stroking my erect tip, openly fondling me as she exposed my naked breast to Paul.

"C'mon, Mom, you know that was an accident," he said, tickling her.

She wiggled again in his lap, and he jumped. "Oh, I'm not so sure about that, baby boy. I let you reposition it, figuring you'd give me somewhere to sit. I lifted my bottom for you, and somehow your super hard cock chose that precise moment to pop out of your boxers? Then it just happened to point straight up, aiming right where you knew I was about to sit? I don't know, sweetie, I don't know…" she teased, giving him a comically suspicious look.

I smiled knowingly. "Even if that were true—"

"It is true. That's exactly what happened," she grinned.

"Okay, but what I was going to say was that even if he did it on purpose, could you blame him?"

She studied him for a long moment before giving him a wonderful smile. "No, I couldn't, and I don't," she said, squeezing him tight.

"Of course not," I said, smiling as I watched them hug. "He just spent the whole weekend having sex. Now you're here, looking and feeling amazing. When you sit down naked on him, he's naturally going to get hard and want to do it with you, isn't he? You obviously love how it feels, so why wouldn't he love it, too?"

Paul just continued to sit there in silence, staring at her naked breast.

She gently touched his lips. "Is that true, baby? Are you enjoying this? Do you like how I feel?"

"Yes, I do, and I really liked how you felt that second time," he chuckled, looking up from her breast.

"If you liked it so much, why did you complain? Why didn't you just hold me in place and do it to me, hoping I wouldn't say anything…keeping it our little secret?"

"I don't know. It just happened, and I reacted." He gave her a look that said, "What do you expect? I'm an idiot!"

"What 'just happened'? Your panicked reaction, or what actually happened?" she asked, smiling warmly. She was clearly enjoying their little game.

"Both," he laughed.

She leaned in to nuzzle his neck. "So if it 'just happened' a third time, what would you do? Would you blame me again? Would you try to keep it a secret and act like nothing happened, chalking it up as just another accident? Would you stop it, or would you simply hold me in place and take me right here in front of your sister?"

Moving her ass in subtle figure-eights, she nipped his ear before sitting back with a coy little grin.

Poor Paul, all he could manage was a dopey look.

"What's the matter, baby? Cat got your tongue? Okay, let's try another question. What if your sister wanted to give you a hug? What if she and I swapped seats, and you had an 'accident' with her too? What would you do then?"

"I'm not in a seat. I'm standing," I giggled.

She giggled too. "Okay, Miss Smarty Pants.…"

"I'm not wearing any smarty pants, or any other kind of pants. See?" I lifted my little shirt, showing her my pussy.

"God, baby, I'm trying to stay focused here, and you're not playing fair," she moaned, biting her lip as she stared at my naked pussy. Wiggling again in his lap, she made them both flinch.

"Enjoying yourself?" I cooed, smiling sweetly.

"Mmmm, yes, I am…very much so. Baby, you know your brother can see your pussy, too," she grinned.

"So? It's your fault," I smirked, lowering my shirt.

"It's my fault that you're showing your baby brother your beautiful pussy? You're letting him see that perfect ass, and I'm to blame? Hmmm…how so? Wait. Don't make me lose my train of thought. Oh yeah, now I remember. My point was, what would you two do if you were to sit in his lap like this, and something 'just happened'?"

"That's different. I'm only his sister, not his mother. I can't get mad and ground him, or worse, like you can. He can't get me in trouble either."

"That's really not what she's asking you," Paul said.

She smiled at us. "Exactly. Dawn, I'm not asking you to compare risk factors. I'm asking how would you react - how would you feel - if you were the one sitting where I am right now?"

I just grinned. "How convenient for him, since he never answered any of your questions in the first place. He still hasn't said what he would do if it happened again with you, or if I were in his lap and we had an accident of our own. Now you're totally letting him off the hook, and putting it all on me."

"Uh-huh, I am," she said, giving me a silly smirk.

I sniggered to Paul, "You suck." Shaking my head, I grinned again at Mom. "Okay, my first reaction would of course be fear that we'd get caught, and we'd be in big trouble with you."

That one made her laugh. "'Busted!' huh? That's really all you'd be thinking? Seriously…that's it? The only thing you'd care about is whether or not you were in trouble with me? Wow. I highly doubt that, baby, but okay, what if you could tell that I hadn't noticed, and you knew you could get away with it? What would be your first reaction?"

"Shock, I suppose, then maybe pain, if it hurt. I've noticed you flinching a few times, so I'm thinking it might be hurting you a little when he pokes you."

She laughed even more, and I said, "Hey, you asked, and I'm just trying to give an honest answer. Unlike some people, at least I didn't chicken out and totally dodge the question!"

Grinning, I kicked Paul, who laughed right along with Mom.

She pulled me in for a big hug. "I'm sorry, honey, I really am. I don't mean to laugh. Sometimes you're just so adorable that I can't help it," she said, caressing my face. After giving me a tender kiss on the lips, she released me with a warm, loving smile. "No, baby, he's not hurting me. If you notice me occasionally reacting, I assure you that it's not pain you're seeing. Your brother's long, thick cock feels absolutely wonderful. It just shocked me a few times, like you said, but those were definitely good, pleasurable shocks, not pain."

Deciding to turn the tables, I smiled, "Okay, since it's not hurting you, what would you have done if Paul hadn't complained that second time?"

Paul looked intently at her. I noticed he was still staring at her exposed nipple, so I took his hand and brought it to her smooth, soft breast. Holding it in place, I made him give her a firm squeeze.

She flinched, then they both looked up at me.

Shrugging, I said, "You're letting us see your awesome breasts, and he's been drooling over your nipples this whole time. I figured he might as well finally feel them."

She nodded. "See? That's what I'm talking about. That was shock; not pain, but shock. It was a good shock, yet I still flinched."

"I notice you aren't moving his hand away," I grinned.

She gave Paul an inviting smile. "Were you wanting to touch me, baby?"

Savoring their fullness, exploring her lush contours and supple textures, he stared in awe at her naked breasts. "God, yes, I've been wanting to touch you. You're so beautiful, it drives me crazy. When you dress like this, all I can ever think is that I want to touch you."

Kissing him, she nuzzled his lips. "Then touch me, baby boy. Touch me any way you want…" she purred, opening her robe and placing his hands on her breasts. Turning in his lap, she offered a nipple to his mouth, and he gently took it inside.

I grinned at her again. "See? What if that had been his reaction when you sat on his erection that second time? What if instead of freaking out he'd simply told you how beautiful you are, and how amazing you feel?"

"That's exactly what I should've done," he said, without even looking up.

She smiled, watching as he sucked her beautiful tip. Sighing, she gave me a quirky grin. "I don't know, honey. Maybe I would've done exactly what I've been doing this entire time."

Grinning sexily, she wiggled her hips again, making Paul flinch.

I touched his face. "Does she feel good?"

"Oh yeah," he said, squeezing her breasts, which made her erect nipples extend really far. With a breathy moan she arched her back, and he treated each thick bud to a slow torture of teasing nibbles and playful bites. "She feels fantastic. You're both just so amazing," he said, finally looking up at me.

I leaned down to kiss him on the cheek. "Sweetie, I meant does her bare bottom feel good, touching you this way? To have her naked and moving so sensually on your hard cock, how does it feel?"

"Dawn, she's driving me insane."

I looked to her. "How good does it feel, what he's doing to you?"

She flashed me a gorgeous smile. "This?" She pressed her breasts into his hands, moaning again when he gave them another firm squeeze. "Or this?" She wiggled her hips in his lap, making him flinch and groan.

"Both," I grinned.

"Mmmm, you already know how wonderful it feels to be touched here…" she said, guiding his hands all over her bare breasts. "The way he feels against my naked bottom, and especially between my legs, it's simply amazing. Baby, if I didn't love how he feels, I wouldn't still be sitting in his lap, moving this way…." Letting out the sexiest little moan, she finished her thought with another sensual grinding of her hips.

I kept grinning. "You love how he feels against you…or inside you?"

"Both," she said, returning my grin.

"He was inside you?"

"Yes, baby, he was. Your brother's wonderful erection slid inside me. Mmmmmm, his warm, thick cock spread my lips and pushed deep into my pussy."

I took her by the hand. "Was it just an awesome feeling? How far inside you did he go?"

"Honey, I really didn't get much of a chance to enjoy it before he went into a panic and pulled right back out. All I felt - I guess all we both felt - was that initial shock of unexpected penetration. He only slid maybe half of it inside me, but your brother is so large that it felt like he was splitting me open. He was as deep in my pussy as most men are when they're buried to the hilt."

"For him to be able to slide such a thick cock inside you so easily, you must have been very wet," I said, softly kissing her hand.

Nodding, she gave me a shy grin. "Yes, I was. I'm even wetter now."

I smiled at the thought of her naked, dripping wet pussy clenching Paul's enormous erection. Squeezing her hand, I said, "Your pussy must feel incredible. What got you so excited that you were already wet even before you moved over to hug him?"

She moaned, and I watched her hips move in his lap. "You," she said, pointedly looking up at me.

"Me? What'd I do?" I asked in surprise, squirming against Paul's shoulder. Releasing one of her breasts, he pulled me against him, holding me close.

She let her wrap remain open as she said, "First, when I came into the kitchen, I saw that you weren't wearing any panties."

"Neither are you," I smiled.

"No, I'm not, and that also makes me wet."

"Is that why you do it?" I asked.

"Absolutely. Going without panties always turns me on. Like right now, I've noticed you both constantly sneaking peeks at my bare pussy, which simply drives me insane. Then there's the fact that Paul is just so hard between my legs, and I know his thick, throbbing shaft is dying to push all the way inside me. My baby's beautiful cock keeps slipping into my wet pussy…god, he feels so good…mmmm, sitting in your brother's lap would never feel this amazing if I was wearing panties."

"Because everything always feels way better without panties," I grinned.

"Definitely. You'll see. You'll soon find out for yourself all the ways everything feels better when you go bare. The other thing you did, baby, besides letting me see your perfect bottom without any panties, was you kept looking at your brother's erection. Of course I had to see what you were checking out so intently; then I saw it, too. His cock was just so big and hard, and you were staring right at it."

"Is that when you decided to hug me?" asked Paul, shifting beneath her.

She moaned gently into his shoulder. "Mmmm, I love when you do that. No, baby, I was already going to hug you. I couldn't wait to hug you, but when I saw your huge erection, it made me nervous."

"Really? You, nervous? Wow."

"Yes, baby, I was nervous. I've hugged you many times when you were hard, though you may not know it. Sweetie, you're always hard. For years now, you've been getting erections from watching me and your sister. The first time I noticed it was during Dawn's fourteenth-birthday pool party, and you've been doing it ever since."

He looked up at me and blushed. Grinning, I patted him on the shoulder. "Don't worry. I never knew."

She laughed, "Well I sure did! A million times I've felt it pushing into me when we would hug, or when he'd move behind me while we were doing the dishes, and definitely whenever we snuggled together on the couch during movies. All those nights you were stretched out on your stomach in front of us wearing nothing but a teensy pair of see-through panties, believe me, he was constantly drooling over your curvy little bottom. He would just become huge, sweetie, and he always pressed it against my ass.

"Like I said, he's been doing that for years. Now, though, he's almost fully grown and even more well-endowed, and this was the first time I was going to be sitting in his lap when I had nothing on, not even a short sundress or one of my tiny bikinis. I knew he would feel how wet I am, and I knew I'd feel him, too. I was about to lower my naked pussy directly onto his beautiful erection, and he was as big and hard as I've ever seen him.

"Yes, baby, I was a little nervous.

"When I finally did go to sit in his lap, I thought he would move it up against his stomach, out of the way. Instead he pushed it down, across his thigh. I sat right on it, and it split my bare lips."

"That's when you first jumped," I said.

"Right. I lifted straight up, giving him room to reposition it. I thought for sure he would put it against his stomach then, so I'd have somewhere to sit."

Paul chimed in. "I tried to reposition it, but it popped through the front. I was just reaching to put it back in my boxers and move it out of the way when you sat back down again."

"That's when you saw me really jump, and that's also when Paul freaked out," she said, smiling brightly.

He gave her a mischievous grin. "Are you wishing now that I hadn't jumped or said anything?"

She returned his grin, even adding a pretty smirk. "Let's just say that I can imagine now how Lisa must have felt as she took every thick, satisfying inch of you, only she got to enjoy it for two straight solid days. Baby, that is one very fortunate girl."

I kissed Paul on the lips. "She's got that right. Lisa is definitely a very lucky girl." Then I giggled to Mom, "And yeah, I'm sure you can imagine it! So, do you regret that he didn't go all the way inside you, even if it had only been for just a moment?"

She smiled thoughtfully. "I definitely would have regretted that, yes, and I never want to regret anything. Baby, your father is also extremely large, so I knew that I would love the feeling of your brother completely filling me. It was always just going to be a matter of getting past the initial shock of letting it happen. Like I said earlier, even though he only managed to slide maybe half of it in, already I felt wonderfully full. If it weren't for the size of your father, absolutely, I would've been very curious to see how a really big one like this would feel all the way inside me."

Raising her hips while repositioning herself again, she gave him a long, wet tongue-kiss, then they both moaned as she slowly slid back down. Settling into his arms, she resumed her sexy little lap dance. With a soft smile she turned to me and purred, "Baby, this isn't curiosity. This is just the wonderful feeling I knew it would be. He's even larger than your father, and yes, I absolutely love it. Sweetie, I have no regrets that he didn't go all the way inside me."

"Any regrets that it even happened at all?" I asked.

She turned back to Paul. "Honey, does it bother you that we had our little accident?"

"No, like I told you, my only regret is that I spazzed out so badly. I just wish I hadn't jumped, or made you jump."

"Did you want to put it all the way inside me?" Smiling softly, she caressed his face.

"I wasn't trying to, not that first time. Once I felt it, though, yes, I found myself wishing that I'd put it all the way inside and kept it there. I know it was only for a few seconds, and it's not as if the whole thing slid in, but it felt like…like.…"

She moved her hips, making obvious grinding motions in his lap. "It felt like you were fucking me, and you loved it. Now it feels like you're fucking me again, only this time it's no accident, and it feels even better."

Nodding, he brought his hands back to her bare hips as she continued moving in his lap. She let out another quiet moan before looking up at me with a warm smile. "See, baby? No, I don't regret that it even happened at all. If you were me, and you knew Paul wasn't upset, would you have any regrets?"

I couldn't help but grin. "Not if we were both enjoying it, and I knew you weren't getting mad at us. I'd want him to take me by the hips and fuck my brains out."

"Well, there you go. Like mother, like daughter…" she said, flashing a bewitching smile. Moaning a little more as she moved her ass in sexy circles, she added, "So, are you getting mad at us?"

"Mad? No. Turned on like crazy? Yes. Wishing it was me? God, yes."

I totally meant it, too. Watching her perfect ass grind away on his cock was just killing me.

She took my hand. "Of course I wouldn't get mad either, honey. How could I? C'mon, with some of the things you wear, and as horny as you make your brother every time he sees you? Baby, I'll be very surprised if you two don't start having a whole bunch of happy little accidents together. In fact, as hard as every one of our boys already gets just from seeing you in your bikini, I can only imagine what's coming next. If you start going bottomless like this in their laps, or when you're fooling around with them in the pool, or even when you're just watching TV together, they're all going to 'fuck your brains out,' as you so eloquently put it."

"And you wouldn't mind?'' I asked.

Paul joined me in staring intently at her.

"If that's what you wanted? No, baby, I wouldn't mind. I love sex. I absolutely adore it, and I want you to love it, too. Besides, you're all eighteen now. As far as I'm concerned, you're free to do whatever you want. You're also all truly wonderful, caring people, so I'm not worried about any of you getting hurt. Beautiful girl, if you want to have sex with every man in this house, that would be fine by me. I'll probably end up right there with you, cheering you on. Angel, if that's what you really want, then go for it. Just don't get pregnant, that's all I ask."

Wagging her finger, she gave me a silly stern-looking face.

She turned to Paul, grinning while slowly circling her hips in his lap. "That goes for you, too, mister. As amazingly well-endowed, devastatingly good-looking and downright charming as you are, every woman on the planet is going to want to have sex with you."

We all laughed at her "downright charming" description, Mom most of all.

"Seriously, though," she continued, "just be careful not to get anyone pregnant, especially with a houseful of naked, horny cheerleaders lusting after you."

Grinning mischievously, she turned again to me. "You asked if I like to go without panties because it turns me on? See, baby, what's happening right now, this is why I find it so exciting to leave my sex bare. Yes, I love the physical sensation of going without panties. It just plain feels good, and I would do it for that one reason alone, but that's not the main reason I do it. The thing I love most about going pantiless is knowing that something like this can so easily happen. When my ass and pussy are naked and available, it makes me want to have sex. Honey, I love that feeling. I also love it when simply giving a man a flirty glimpse between my legs makes him want me so much that his cock instantly gets hard. I always love to imagine what he's thinking as he ogles me, knowing he's trying to catch another peek up my short skirt. It's not that I'm necessarily going to act on being so turned on; still, as the saying goes, it's the thought that counts, and all my thoughts are sexy ones when I don't wear panties."

Jesus, I was so turned on. Writhing against Paul's shoulder, I felt my pussy dripping down my thighs.

Sensing my need, she smiled. "Tell me, baby. It's okay."

"Mom, it's killing me, because I know exactly what you mean. I'm discovering that the less I wear, the more turned on I become. The more I know people are getting turned on by me…the more it turns me on. God, it just keeps feeding on itself."

Her eyes were filled with compassion as she squeezed my hand. "I know, baby. I can see your hunger. I can feel it when we're together, and it's growing stronger every day. I know you feel like you're about to explode, so let me finish answering your question. Dawn, it's just like you said. When I'm dressed this way and sitting in his lap, Paul's natural physical response is to want to have sex with me. You added that I could hardly blame him, and I agreed.

"Baby, I feel the same way about you. No matter who it is, if you're naked in someone's lap, moving your bare bottom on his erection, I wouldn't blame either of you at all for wanting to have sex. The thing is, just make sure you're not sending the wrong message. Before you go and tempt a guy or yourself like that, make sure it's what you really want."

"But what if that's exactly what I really want? Mom, I'm just like you. I went without panties tonight because I want to have sex!"

Grinding in Paul's lap, she closed her eyes and gently moaned. Opening them again, she gave me a penetrating smile. "So what are you waiting for? Baby, you don't need to fight it. Have all the sex you want, and revel in it. Honey, it's your time to start enjoying the gift of sex, of fucking, and not just with your beautiful girlfriends but with men, too. Let yourself go…dive right in. Sweetheart, you get so turned on now by showing off your gorgeous pussy and amazing ass that very soon here I know you're going to be having nonstop sex with everyone in this house, and all your friends. And you know what? Mother to daughter, woman to woman, I'll be truly thrilled for you. It really is your time."

"Yeah, but my cherry was already gone by the time you plunked your bare bottom onto my erection tonight, and it wasn't just from some goofy accident! Dawn is still a virgin!" laughed Paul.

"Oh, whatever!" I said, puffing up to defend myself. "I promise you that when I lose my virginity, it isn't going to be from some accidental stab that only went halfway in. Uh-uh. No way. I want it all, and not just for a few seconds. If I lost my cherry the way you two just did it, I wouldn't let you pull out! I'd make you stay inside me until we both came, then, just to be sure, we'd do it about a million more times! I want to be deeply and thoroughly fucked, not just poked!"

Mom fell back laughing into Paul's arms. "That's my girl! You tell him, baby! Look out, world, my beautiful daughter wants The Lisa Treatment!"

"You're damn right I do!" I shouted, adding a petulant foot-stomp.

"Hey, now! What's with the potty mouth I'm hearing from my baby girl?" laughed Dad, calling out from the top of the stairs.

Quickly pulling Mom's wide-open robe together, Paul tried to hurry her back to her seat. The crazy thing is, she wasn't budging an inch. Even with Dad coming down the stairs, she wanted to keep going. Wrapping her arms around Paul's neck, she planted another long, smacking wet kiss on his lips while playfully bouncing her ass in his lap. Finally, though, grinning sweetly, she gave him a cute pout and a chaste kiss on the cheek before grudgingly returning to her original spot at the table.

I thought it would probably be a good idea to hide Paul's massive erection, so I scurried around his chair to take her place in his lap; setting myself down sidesaddle just the way she had, I lowered my bare bottom directly onto his rock-solid shaft.

That's how we were sitting when Dad came strolling into the kitchen. Immediately surmising that he'd interrupted something, he grinned, "Okay…what's going on? What'd I miss?"

Beaming, Mom gestured to Paul. "Oh, nothing much, honey. We were just congratulating your son on becoming a man, that's all."

"Jeez, Mom!" laughed Paul.

She laughed right back, "Okay, maybe not a man, but definitely a stud, just like his father."

Dad laughed, too. "Whoa! When was this? I thought we said no wild parties while we were gone?"

I wrapped my arms around Paul's neck and hugged him. "Sorry, Dad! You know Paul, he's a total horndog! Leave him alone for one minute, and he ends up bagging the hottest girl in school...NINE TIMES!"

"PAUL! NINE TIMES?!" Mom exclaimed, then she totally lost it, laughing and whooping it up so much that she nearly fell out of her chair.

"Oh, didn't I tell you that part?'' I asked, grinning innocently. ''Yep, as Lisa was leaving, she told me that he did her nine times in two days! She said that he went nine times, but she came a lot more than that!"

"Dawn, would you shut up already? Jesus!" Paul shouted, pinching me in the ribs. With a squeal of laughter I jumped, landing right on the head of his cock. It wasn't skin to skin, unfortunately, since he'd managed to stay inside his boxers, but it still felt amazing.

Giggling, I blatantly wriggled on his erection while cooing in a sexy Lisa-voice, "Oooh, Paul! Do me nine times!"

Watching me grind my bare ass on him, Mom gave me a gorgeous smile.

"Dawn, I think I have to agree with your brother," Dad chuckled. "Way too much information. We are his parents, after all." Then, with a look of surprise, he turned to Paul. "Lisa? As in Lisa Aragon, the cheerleader?"

Grinning from ear to ear, Mom folded her arms beneath her breasts, which nearly pushed them right out into the open again. We all noticed it, Dad included, and she smiled smugly. "Yep, Lisa Aragon, the gorgeous cheerleader. That's the one."

"Prettiest girl in the whole school," I added proudly.

"You mean the second prettiest…" said Paul, hugging me around my waist and kissing me on the cheek.

"Bravo, my son! We'll make a politician out of you yet!" Dad said, laughing along with Mom. "Still, wow…Lisa Aragon? And it went that well, did it?"

Mom became serious again. "Honey, the reason I'm congratulating him - the reason I'm truly proud of him - is that he treated her so well. When Lisa finally went home this afternoon, that wonderful girl was still on cloud nine. Clearly, Paul isn't just some selfish jerk. He waited for the right girl, she waited for the right boy, and they made magic. You can be very proud of your handsome son. I know I am."

Dad's expression immediately darkened at the mention of making magic.

"Lisa is on the pill, honey. No grandchildren for us, not just yet," she grinned.

Letting out a huge whoop, Dad scooped up Mom by the waist and swung her around in circles, making her squeal with laughter as her lace wrap flew up to the middle of her back. Swinging her over near the table, he reached out and high-fived Paul. "That's my boy! You did it with style - and no grandkids!" he shouted in exaggerated triumph.

I'd never seen Dad be so goofy! God, it was great to see him carry on like such a clown.

Still…

"Dad! You're talking about Lisa! Our Lisa! You know, one of my best friends in the whole world? She's over here all the time, remember? She's not just some trophy! Jeez!" I said, playfully slapping at him.

As if genuinely chastened, Dad made this totally serious face...then he laughed at me! "Some other time, sweetheart! Right now she's just a major hottie, and my boy treated her right!"

"From the sounds of things, she treated him right, too!" Mom said, bursting with laughter when Dad went right back to whipping her through the air, again making her wrap fly up her back. "Baby, keep swinging me around like this and our whole block is going to see your wife's bare bottom…" she added, giving him a sexy grin as he continued to whirl her around the kitchen.

"So? Let 'em look! Let 'em all look! You're absolutely gorgeous! Dawn is, too! And my boy's a stud!" he shouted, squeezing her ass with both hands while laughing like an idiot for effect.

Eventually he set her down next to us. "Paul, seriously, congratulations. I'm really happy for you. We'll talk about this some other time, hopefully when I'm feeling more like an adult."

He put his hand on Paul's shoulder, giving him a friendly jostle.

"No problem," said an obviously pleased Paul.

Dad grabbed Mom again, swinging her around in a wide arc before lifting her onto the kitchen counter. Standing between her spread legs as they hugged and kissed, he had his back to us.

"Now would be a good time for you to make your escape, while Dad isn't looking…" I whispered to Paul. "That is, unless you want him to see us like this, with his son's giant erection pressing into his daughter's naked pussy."

I reached down and grabbed his cock, which was still as big and hard as ever.

He turned to check on Mom, who smiled to us over Dad's shoulder while pulling him in for a closer hug. She playfully lifted her little robe, and Dad went back to squeezing and fondling her bare bottom. Wiggling her hips for him, she gave us another of her sexy grins.

When Paul and I got up and stood beside the table, my eyes went wide, then my hands went to my mouth. He had the most enormous tent ever in his boxers. I mean it was just insane, and I tried not to giggle out loud.

The moment Mom caught sight of his crazy erection jutting out so obscenely in his baggy underwear, she made a completely silly happy-face. As huge as his hard-on had looked when he was sitting in his chair, somehow it seemed even more outrageously colossal with him standing in the middle of the kitchen. I swear, it was like he had a baseball bat in his shorts.

"Wow!" she mouthed, her eyes shining with delight.

Having listened to both his sister and his mother plus a houseful of beautiful cheerleaders rave about his spectacular cock for two solid days, I guess Paul must've been feeling pretty full of himself. Giving Mom a goofy grin, he wrapped his hand around the base of his dick, showing off his length. He began to move it around, making his oversized purple crown slip through his open fly.

Mom and I were desperately trying not to giggle when suddenly he pulled his cock all the way out and started wagging it at her!

Wildly exclaiming with her eyes, she tried to cover her giggles. He was having a blast showing off for her, and she beamed brightly. Biting her lip, she held her hands way far apart, demonstrating how big he was. "Wow!" she said again, and as he continued to wave it around she mouthed, "I love it!"

Grinning like a circus chimp, Paul pulled my t-shirt up and slapped his dick against my bare bottom, making me jump. Mom held her hands tightly over her mouth to stifle her giggles; then, realizing it wasn't working, she started kissing Dad all over his neck.

As Paul sauntered happily out of the kitchen, he stopped to look back at me. "I can't believe I did that!" he whispered.

"She loved it! She wants your big cock!" I whispered back.

Still grinning, he shook his head in amazement. "I'll see you guys later. I'm gonna go take a shower," he said loudly before running upstairs.

I went over to Dad, hugging him from behind as he held Mom. With her arms and legs wrapped around him, he lifted her from the counter before turning to face me. Her tiny robe was raised to the middle of her back, and he was holding her by her bare ass.

After giving her a solid smack right on her crack, I took hold of her bottom, adding my groping paws to Dad's. "Welcome home, my little lovebirds! Didja have a fun time at the lake? I betcha did!" I giggled, squeezing her ass with both hands.

"Honey, help! Your daughter is abusing me!"

We were all laughing as he set her down. Grinning in anticipation, she pulled up my t-shirt and gave my naked bottom a huge swat. When I jumped forward, right into Dad's surprised embrace, she lifted my shirt again and swatted the other cheek. I yelped and tried to get away, yet all I managed to do was grind myself against Dad, who was apparently still in the midst of a flinging-girls-around frenzy. Snaking his arms around my waist, he immediately snatched me into the air; his forearms tugged my shirt over my hips, exposing my rosy red bottom and bare pussy to Mom.

I didn't think Dad could really see too much, though, since my chest was pressed against him, blocking his view down below.

"Serves you right, attacking your defenseless mother like that…" said Mom, gently patting my naked cheeks. Kneeling to give each one a tender kiss, she smiled sweetly. "There…all better now."

As Dad set me down, I could feel his thickening cock pressing against my tummy. My t-shirt was still above my hips, and with the way my devilish mother was caressing my bottom I was sure she was getting ready to haul off and whack me again.

"Sorry, but I don't trust you back there," I giggled, quickly turning to face her.

She gave me a totally phony look of pure innocence and wounded sunshine.

Smiling, I slipped my arms around her neck. "Oh, please. Don't even try that sad puppy dog act on me. I know better. I also know you can't do as much damage from this side."

"Oh really?" she grinned.

Ignoring her implied threat, I asked, "So, how was your trip? You never answered me. Did you two have fun?" I looked back at Dad, who gave me a silly smile. Returning his goofball grin, I grabbed his arm and pulled him against me. "My tender bottom requires protection from Mom's wicked hands, and I nominate you."

Oh, Jesus. He cock was humongous, pressing against my bare ass. His forearms held my flimsy t-shirt above my hips, leaving me naked from the waist down, and since it was late in the evening he was wearing his new silk robe again.

Mom pulled Dad closer against me, then she smiled to him. "And here I thought we'd raised a smart daughter. Even though she knows she has a hungry wolf lurking at her back door, she's worrying about an attack from the chickens!"

Squeezing my bare hips, Dad gave us a playful growl.

"He's no wolf, silly!" I giggled. "Dad is completely safe and harmless. You're the one I have to watch out for. You always want to paddle my bottom. It's only my dear, sweet mother who—"

Whack! Right on my naked bottom.

I hadn't expected that, not from Dad, and of course Mom gave him a very pleased "'Atta boy!" smile over my shoulder.

"That was a good one," I grinned, reaching out to grasp her nipples.

She jumped, then she looked down at my hands on her bare breasts. "Baby, what are you planning on doing with my boobs?" she asked whimsically.

After giving them a firm squeeze, I turned back to Dad. "Look, Wolf Boy, here I am, your sweet, innocent and oh-so-trusting daughter, and all I'm trying to do is ask my wonderful, sexy parents how their romantic trip to the lake went? The next thing I know I'm having my bottom paddled, even by you, my sworn protector. So, here's the deal. For every swat you give me, Mom gets a titty-twister."

He grinned smugly. "You wouldn't dare. How do you miscreants say it, when you imitate the fat kid on South Park? 'Respect my author-i-tay!' That's your precious, loving mother, my dear. You must respect her at all times."

"Oh, I respect you like crazy. You know I do," I said, turning back to her.

"She does, honey. She respects me lots and lots."

I leaned over, about to whisper in her ear.

Bad move. As soon as I did that, Wolf Boy's enormous erection went from resting in my crack to pressing against my pussy. It was the exact same situation I'd found myself in with Paul at his bedroom window.

Unable to resist the temptation, Dad gave my vulnerable bottom two more delicious swats, making me totally horny.

Mom saw my expression quickly change. She gave me another devilish look, wordlessly teasing me. "So you were saying, just a few minutes ago? You know, when I was sitting in Paul's lap? It would seem that the shoe is firmly on the other foot now, isn't it?"

I went ahead and pulled her down to whisper in her ear anyway. "Mom, you don't understand! Spanking me makes me cum!"

"Isn't that a coincidence?" she whispered right back, smiling even more wickedly. "You know what makes me cum? My beautiful daughter playing with my nipples…that makes me cum. My husband's rampant cock I see sliding through your perfect naked bottom right now? That silk-covered cock and your heavenly ass, they both make me cum."

"Hey, I thought you two wanted to gab about our trip? What's with all the whispering? I'm getting a complex back here…" Dad said, menacingly patting my bottom. "By the way, sweetheart, your panties seem to have gone missing tonight," he added, continuing with his ominous pats on my soft curves.

Any second, I was expecting to get whacked again. Still, I couldn't give them the satisfaction.

"My panties must be hiding somewhere. Actually, come to think of it, they're probably hiding with Mom's."

"You impudent little devil," she said, with an imperious grin.

I smiled challengingly. "Dad, I think your underwear is hiding too. Either that, or they're the thinnest, sexiest, most I-can't-even-tell-they're-there underwear you ever wore. In fact, I'd bet anything that the only thing beneath your robe is Mom's favorite toy."

Giving me a look of pure sin, she whispered, "Is that how it seems? Does it feel like there's a big, long, hungry cock sliding up and down your naked bottom, separated only by a thin layer of silk? Now you know how I felt with your brother's throbbing erection driving me crazy, only his was uncovered nearly the entire time; it was touching me skin to skin, hard cock to warm, welcoming pussy. He slid inside me a lot more than just the one or two times, sweetie. From the moment I first repositioned myself in his lap, he was deep in my pussy. I took him all the way inside me…every thick, glorious inch. Baby, we were fucking. We had sex right in front of you."

Wide-eyed, I stared at her, and she nodded.

"Wow!" I mouthed.

"Now here you are, and I'll bet you're every bit as turned on as I was. You want to feel that wonderful cock inside you, fucking you, just like I did."

"You know I do!" I whisper-hissed.

"But baby, what about regrets?" she asked, flashing her sweetest smile.

She was totally teasing me!

'Okay, I can play this game, too,' I thought, grinning to myself. Nibbling on her lower lip, I whispered, "Why would I have regrets? I haven't had any really good accidents yet."

"Touché," she smiled.

"You guys are whispering again!" came Dad's impatient voice from behind me.

"Honey, I want to give Dawn her gift now, okay?" she giggled.

"Your timing always was impeccable," he said, shaking his head in admiration.

"Isn't it, though?" Giggling again, she raced up the stairs, and the sight of her gorgeous bottom churning with each smooth stride made my mouth water.

Once she'd disappeared upstairs, Dad pulled me close, hugging me again from behind. I swished my ass against him, working my way inside his robe until his bare cock was touching me. He pressed straight into my firm, round cheek, which made me giggle. Shifting forward a bit, I felt his large crown spring up between my legs, smacking against my dripping pussy with an audible slap. Looking down, I saw his tip poking through my lips.

"See? I knew you weren't wearing any underwear either," I grinned, playfully touching his pee slit.

"Fine, so you caught me. As you already discovered yesterday morning, your mother is insisting that I always be 'available' now, with no underwear in the way. I asked her whether she wanted that also to include those times when you and I hug or snuggle and you're basically naked. She said, 'Absolutely.' So, here we are, and you still haven't answered my question. What happened to your panties, sweetie? Normally you at least wear a little something around the house to cover your pretty bottom."

"I am wearing a little something to cover my pretty bottom. It's not my fault that you and Mom pulled it up, making me naked."

He slid back, slowly dragging the top of his shaft through my wet lips. "No, I suppose it isn't," he said softly.

"Mmmm, it feels so good when you slide it back and forth like that. God, how does Mom ever take you? You're just sooooo big…." Moaning, I bent forward.

"Oh, god, baby," he groaned. Taking a firm grip on my hips, he sawed between my legs.

I leaned all the way forward against the kitchen table, until I felt him press the flared mushroom tip of his enormous weapon against my slit. Arching my back, I reached between my legs and spread my lips.

"Show me how she takes it…" I whispered.

Without a further word, he slipped the heavily ridged head between my lips. The second I felt the huge shaft slide inside me I thrust myself back against him, crying out with joy when his granite-hard erection drove all the way home inside my tight, virgin pussy. I grabbed him by his hips, holding him right up against me; pumping my ass, I just stood there, fucking myself on his mile-long cock.

"Like this, sweetheart…she takes it just like this…over and over and over…" he whispered, squeezing my hips as he hammered his amazing pole deep into my desperately needy cunt.

"Mmmmmm, yes, fuck me…fuck me…fuck me…" I moaned, reaching back with both hands to spread my ass while pressing my face to the kitchen table.

I'd only gotten to enjoy a few sweet moments of deep, hard fucking, his hips rhythmically smacking against my quivering cheeks, when Mom returned from upstairs. Breezing into the kitchen, she came and hugged me, giving me a warm, loving smile that went straight through my soul.

There I was, bent over the kitchen table, with her husband's enormous cock buried inside my clenching pussy; there she was, hugging me and giving me a beautiful smile.

'Can this possibly get any crazier?' I thought, holding on to her.

After kissing me on the lips she gently cradled my face, staring into my eyes as Dad continued to pound away at me. "I told you, baby, as beautiful as you are, accidents are just bound to happen," she finally whispered, then I felt that wondrous cock slipping out of me. A moment later it was resting again, nestled wet and throbbing in the deep split of my ass.

"Oh, god, make him put it back in!" I moaned, urgently bouncing on the balls of my feet.

"Shhh…" she said, caressing my face. "Baby, you want The Lisa Treatment for your first time, and that's exactly what you deserve. Wait for it, angel. I promise you, it'll be worth it."

God, I wanted to be fucked. I wanted it more than anything. Between my false-start with Paul, then Dad pulling out just when it was beginning to feel like the real thing, I could almost taste it. I was being teased so cruelly that I thought I was going to die, right there in our kitchen.

I could already picture the coroner's report...

Dawn Summers

Born: October 31st, 1988

Died: August 27th, 2007

Cause of Death: Fatal teasing by hard cocks…that almost fucked her.

I was shaking in Mom's arms, my need was so great, and Dad was holding me from behind. They kissed each other over my shoulder before taking turns kissing me. When they were finished, Mom held up what she'd brought down from her bedroom.

Laughing, I loved her for breaking the tension in such a funny way. She was posing in her lace wrap, moving from one hip-cocked position to another; turning her back to us, she let her gorgeous ass peek out. Finally she held up a hot fuchsia lace wrap, identical to hers except for the color. "We liked this little robe so much on me that we just had to get one for you. We wanted you to have something pretty to wear when you go to California."

"Mom, I have tons of pretty things!" I giggled.

"Nothing like this, though, and certainly nothing like this that your wildly grateful mother gave you," she smiled.

I jumped into her arms, hugging her.

"C'mon, try it on!" she said, laughing as I kissed all over her face.

"Here?" I giggled again.

"Oh, okay, go put it on, then come right back," she said, patting me on the bottom.

I dashed to my bedroom, slipping off my t-shirt halfway up the stairs. I laughed out loud when I tried on my new robe, and I was still giggling in the mirror as I tied the tiny belt. I ran right back downstairs and into the kitchen, where I found Mom and Dad hugging against the counter.

"Very funny, Mom…" I said drolly, smiling as I stood before them. I did a ballerina's twirl, giving them the whole picture, and when I turned back to face them she was grinning behind her hand. Dad? That big goof was down on his knees, bowing at my feet like a total dork. Giggling over his silly antics, I playfully kicked him. "You can get up now, cock blocker, or do you just want a closer peek?"

Mom spoke from behind her hand. "Sweetie, I swear I didn't mean for it to be like that. Still, now that I see it on you, I wouldn't have chosen it any other way. Honey, you look absolutely spectacular."

Smiling, I felt my thighs becoming wet again from my dripping pussy. Standing before them that way, just openly displaying myself, god, I was so turned on. "You guys really want me to bring this with me to California?" I asked, giggling at the thought.

"Of course we do. You look truly gorgeous, sweetheart," she answered.

"If there was ever another woman on Earth who looked as beautiful as your mother does right now, it's you, Dawn, this very moment," Dad said, having returned to his feet, and Mom didn't even punch him. She just grinned and nodded.

The little white wrap she had on was definitely short. It only came to her upper thighs, and even when the belt was cinched tight it still opened wide over her chest, revealing most of her breasts. In the back she was decent, as long as she stood straight.

Well, she was decent, besides the fact that her sexy robe was so see-through that we could very clearly see her ass, her pussy, and her hard nipples.

The one she gave me? It was the same as hers, except mine was apparently made for a midget! Even when I was standing straight and tall, it only reached the top of my pussy slit. In the back, which I checked in my bedroom mirror, it had a really pretty way of resting on the uppermost curve of my ass. It wasn't quite long enough to continue the journey south, though. Nope, it just draped over the top halves of my rounded cheeks, leaving nearly my entire ass bare. My breasts were also bare, right to the areolas. I didn't need to bend or make it gap, either. Its coverage only extended to the edges of my nipples.

Like Mom's, it was also almost totally see-through, so the little that it covered was clearly revealed anyway.

"If there's a way to make you look even sexier than when you're naked, this is it," she said, beaming with pride.

I was practically melting. Shifting from foot to foot, I felt their eyes scanning every inch of me, and it was making me crazy. Staring at them, I slid two fingers between my exposed lips before pushing all the way inside. "Every time I wear this, you know I'll be dying to have sex," I said, slowly and deeply fucking myself.

"Baby, that's the whole idea," smiled Mom. "I feel the same way in this one, and in my kimono too. That's why I wanted you to have it. Think of it as something for special occasions."

Dad grinned at her. "Honey, I think that goes without saying. Dawn wearing that wrap is the very definition of a special occasion."

"Absolutely," she answered, nodding.

"Mom, think back to a week ago, and look at us now," I said, moaning a little as I continued to fuck myself right in front of them.

Stepping forward to hug me, she brought my pussy-drenched hand to her lips; one by one, she kissed each wet finger. "I'm so glad I listened to you, angel."

"I am, too," chuckled Dad, hugging her from behind.

"Oh, hush. You were never worried in the first place, so of course you're glad. You're such a guy," she said, giving him a pretty giggle as she leaned back against his chest.

"Mom, he's talking about you…and this…" I said, untying her robe. Dad slowly pulled it from her shoulders, until it floated to the floor.

There she stood, completely naked, with his arms curled around her waist. I kissed her on the lips, then I moved to his side. "You can't leave her hanging like this…the way you tortured me," I whispered, making sure they both heard me. Reaching into his robe to stroke his incredible cock, I drew it up and down her perfect ass before placing his hands on her breasts. "Now…finish the job," I breathed in his ear, again making sure she could hear me. "Fuck my beautiful mother the way you wouldn't fuck me. Don't stop fucking her, even if she begs for mercy. Make her gorgeous pussy pay for teasing me…for not letting me have what I want."

She let out a sudden gasp, and her knees buckled. Thankfully, he was there to hold her steady.

I took his cock and positioned the head between her flowering lips. When he pushed inside and began thrusting on his own, I moved back in front of her. "Payback's a bitch…" I smiled, kneeling before her. Reaching up, I twisted her erect nipples while gently biting her horny clit.

Letting loose a perfect scream, she instantly came on my chin. I wanted more of her pussy so I slipped my tongue inside, treating myself to a long, sweet taste. Dad's thick cock was filling her, and I licked all along his shaft before pulling it out to suck on it. Taking the head into my mouth, I pressed the tip of my tongue to his drooling pee slit, rimming it for a few seconds before leaning forward to deep-throat him. I was hungrily moving up and down, giving him the best blowjob possible from such an awkward position, when I heard Mom start to whimper. Popping his cock from between my lips, I fed it back inside her pussy, and he immediately began fucking her again. As he drove into her, I kept nipping at her clit and twisting her nipples, until I'd counted off at least four more of her thigh-quaking orgasms.

Teasing her with one last nipple-pinch, I stood and moved into her warm embrace. "God help Paul," I whispered.

"No doubt, baby," she said, quietly giggling in my hair. "He won't be safe around either one of us now." Giving me a serene smile, she took a deep breath before closing her eyes and surrendering to the wonderful feeling of her husband's thrusting cock thoroughly fucking her gorgeous, happy pussy.

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Oddly enough, my final few days at home passed in relative quiet, mostly without incident. Other than a sexy pool party we had with Rick and Donny, not much else happened. As far as I could tell, everyone kept their hands to themselves, and Mom and Dad didn't seem nearly as sad about my leaving for California as I thought they would be.

That is, until one day I came home unexpectedly on a sleepy Wednesday afternoon. The house seemed empty, yet Mom's car was still in the garage. I went looking for her, and was about to shout her name when I heard soft sounds coming from the den. I found her sitting alone on an old wooden keepsake chest, quietly sobbing into a baby blanket of mine she'd kept stowed away all those years.

Looking up through her beautiful tears, she offered me a small, sad smile. I immediately dropped my books and rushed over to hug her; as she cried in my arms, I held her close and wouldn't let go, telling her again and again how much I loved her.

Staring into my eyes, she tenderly caressed my cheek while whispering, "Honey, I love you more than you will ever know. God, I'm going to miss you…every day and every night. Even for just the short time that Paul will be gone, I won't be able to stand it."

"Mom, he probably won't be with me more than a couple of weeks. I'm sure it'll be no more than a month."

Kissing my hands, she laid them together on her knee. "We haven't told you this yet, but your father and I have been talking, and we've made a decision. Baby, if you really love it in California and want to stay there, then we're coming too. I'm not going to live halfway across the country from you. I just can't do it. Come hell or high water, I will not lose the closeness we have now. Darling, it means too much to me. I need my family. I need you."

"My god, Mom, if you only knew how badly I want you to come too. I want you with me, always. Until you guys can make the move, you at least have to fly out and visit me. Come by yourself if that's all you can do, but I have to have my sexy Samantha in California. It would be so awesome for us to be together there. Please, come stay with me, as much as you can. You could never come often enough for me."

"I will," she said, smiling brightly. Flashing me a look that revealed more of her recent fire and teasing mischief, she added, "You bet I will, and I hope you don't think I've already forgotten that little stunt you pulled on me in the kitchen with your father. You say payback is a bitch? Baby, you just wait. Once I have you all to myself in California, I'll show you some real payback."

"Hey, missy, I let you cum like crazy, and I also made sure that you received a proper fucking. You totally left me hanging, so you have no reason whatsoever to complain. If anything, you now owe me, big time!" I said, playfully wagging my finger in her face.

"I guess I do, huh?" she laughed, grabbing my finger and kissing it.

"Definitely…but you'll have to catch me first," I giggled.

"Oh? Will you run and hide from me?" she pouted, pretending to be crushed.

"Never," I said, hugging her again. "I love you too much, and I want you more than anything in this whole world. You know I'll always let you catch me."

"God, baby…" she whispered, casting a spell on me with her enchanting eyes, "I love you with all my heart. I completely adore you, my beautiful angel."

We sat together for a long time, just quietly rocking in each other's arms...until her hands slowly traveled down to cup my bottom. At first it was gentle caresses, then it became hungry squeezes. Growling playfully, she buried her face in my neck, nipping at me. "Besides," she finally said, her full, pouting lips curling into a smoky grin, "even if you tried to run, it wouldn't matter."

"Oh, and why is that?" I asked, with an expectant smile.

"Sweetheart, don't you get it yet?"

"Get what yet?" I giggled.

"Baby, you could never hide that ass."