**Everyone Loves My Ass Ch. 07**

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‘God, I can’t believe I’m doing this. Trish and Michelle will absolutely die laughing when I tell them about it,’ I thought, giggling to myself while playfully wiggling my bikini-clad bottom for the flashing cameras amid the sunrise gloaming of Zuma Beach.

Sure enough, a few hours later my phone was blowing up with texts…

*So you’re not just a model now, but an ASS model? How perfect is that?! LOL!*

That was Michelle’s response, and of course Trish had to chip in her two cents…

*I knew you’d make us proud, baby. There was no way Hollywood wasn’t going to notice that amazing ass of yours. I’m just wondering why it took so long. What was it again, a whole twenty minutes into your first day in L.A. before that Laura woman spotted you? Slacker! ~snerk~*

Lisa’s was classic…

*After what Paul did to it in that crazy strip club, I’m surprised you even have any ass left to show off! Then again, this is you we’re talking about here. Once he was finished, you and your wicked bottom probably just laughed and said, “More, please!”*

A moment later, she sent another one…

*Seriously, though, be careful out there. Keep your head on straight, and always remember why you went to California. I know you’re going to have a blast with this modeling thing, but don’t let it sidetrack you. School has to come first.*

Then another…

*That doesn’t mean I won’t still be expecting you to send me tons of sexy pictures from your first professional photo shoot! Come on, I need a new screensaver!*

Trish wasn’t exaggerating. I really had been in town only twenty minutes or so before “that Laura woman” approached me on the beach and introduced herself.

During our drive through Arizona on our way to California, Paul and I had made an agreement that the very first thing we were going to do upon arriving in L.A. was hit the beach. Since the Santa Monica Pier represents the end of the famous Route 66, we decided that that would be our initial destination. Neither of us had ever seen an actual ocean in real life, so the moment we set foot on the warm sand we grinned at each other and started stripping off our clothes while racing down to the water. I had on my usual ‘scandalous’ see-through bikini and Paul was sporting a new pair of board shorts that Mom had bought him just for the trip, and with triumphant whoops of joy we dove headlong together into the rolling surf.

Yes! We’d done it! Paul and I were finally in L.A., laughing and frolicking in the ocean at Santa Monica Beach!

Pausing to catch our breath in the waist-high waves, we shook our heads in amazement and again exchanged excited grins. Honestly, I don’t think either of us could believe we were really there. Stepping into his arms, I gave him the biggest, longest hug ever, whispering to him, “I am so glad you’re here with me. This just wouldn’t be the same without you. Thank you, baby...thank you so much.” Nuzzling his neck, I enjoyed the slightly salty tang. “Mmmm, you taste so good. I love my awesome baby brother.”

He lifted me by my ass, pulling me up until I had my legs wrapped around his hips. As I gazed into his wondrous eyes I felt his erection pressing against my pussy, and he offered me a guilty smile. “Dawn, you have no idea how badly I want to fuck you right now.”

“Mmmmmm…I think I do…” I moaned, grinding my pussy up and down his enormous shaft. “And no one’s stopping you. If you want me, just take me.”

“But what about….” He gestured with a furtive glance to the others nearby. Since it was approaching sunset, there really weren’t very many people around. Still, it wasn’t as if we had the beach all to ourselves, either.

“Don’t worry about them,” I whispered, reaching down to undo his shorts. “I told you, when we’re together, nothing else matters. We’re free here.”

Needing no further encouragement, seconds later he was thrusting deep inside me. There in the shallow surf, oblivious to our surroundings, we made love with wild abandon; crying out as one, we drove against each other in utter bliss, and it wasn’t until we erupted in a perfect shared climax and I was panting in his arms in the sweet afterglow that I noticed the two young guys at the water’s edge applauding our performance.

I couldn’t help but laugh, and I gave them a happy little wave.

Being the goofball gentleman that he is, Paul carried me in his arms back up the sand to where we’d left our towels. With comically overdone chivalry he set me down and arranged everything just so before joining me by my side to enjoy the spectacular sight of the sun setting on the shimmering horizon.

Lying together on our stomachs, we said hello to a woman who was walking her golden retriever along the beach only a few feet from our little spot. She smiled and waggled two fingers back to us in greeting, then she sort of paused before stopping to slide her Ray-Bans up onto the top of her head. With her gorgeous dog heeling patiently at her side, she reached into her coat pocket to fish out a treat for him, which he eagerly inhaled in a single gulp.

All the while, she never stopped smiling at us.

“He’s awesome. What’s his name?” asked Paul, sitting up on his elbows.

She brought him over to us. “Allow me to introduce you to MacAllister, the most amorous goldie you may ever have the memorable misfortune to meet.”

Sure enough, when Paul offered him his fingers to sniff, MacAllister started licking his entire hand, wrist and forearm. As the woman stood there beaming, MacAllister turned his attentions to me and licked all over my face. Trying to endure his wet, tongue-lapping kisses, of course I was laughing and rolling around to protect myself, which he interpreted as an obvious sign that it was time to mate. The next thing I knew, he was straddling my bouncing bottom and just merrily humping away at me, making me laugh even more. Laughing right along with me, the embarrassed woman gave his leash a sharp tug accompanied by a mirthful shout. “MacAllister! No!”

MacAllister immediately returned to heel, and she just shook her head at him before turning back to us with a sheepish grin. “I’m really sorry about that. Even for him, that was a bit much. I’ve never seen him go that crazy on someone before.”

Paul sat up to give him a friendly skritch between the ears. “He’s a guy. What do you expect?”

Guffawing, I smacked him on the shoulder. “So?! Are you saying all guys should just automatically start humping me the second they meet me?”

Still skritching MacAllister, he grinned. “Only the lucky ones.”

I rolled my eyes at him. “You are horrible...just absolutely horrible. God, you’re as bad as he is. Maybe we should get *you* neutered.”

Kneeling, the smiling woman offered me her hand. “I think he’s still a bit young for that, don’t you? By the way, I’m Laura.”

“I’m Dawn, and this is my boyfriend Paul,” I said, shooting Paul a mischievous smirk. “And yes, I suppose you’re right. It’s probably too soon to have him snipped. But you never know….”

“Oh, I’d imagine you would definitely prefer him to remain intact for a good long while still,” answered Laura, with a knowing smile. “Anyway, I was about to head over to the snack stand to grab something to drink. Would you like to join me?”

“You two can go. I want to kick back here and watch this killer sunset,” said Paul.

“May I get you anything?” Laura asked, and I noticed that she seemed pleased that Paul had declined her offer to join us.

“Nah, I’m fine, thanks,” he said, rolling back onto his stomach.

“Shall we?” Holding out her hand, Laura helped me up, and with MacAllister leading the way, we headed over to the snack bar.

She insisted on paying for my lemonade, and as we stood together sipping our drinks and admiring the view of the sun setting over the ocean she said, “That’s quite a bikini you have on there.”

Grinning, I did a sassy pirouette for her. “So I hear,” I answered with a small giggle. “Everyone seems to love this old thing.”

“I can certainly see why. It looks absolutely lovely on you.”

She was smiling as she checked me out, and it didn’t take a rocket scientist to see that she liked what she saw. Clearly trying to be subtle about it, she was nevertheless biting the tip of her straw while studying every inch of my body. In particular, I heard her sharp intake of breath when I turned away from her.

‘Here we go again,’ I thought, chuckling to myself.

She seemed to be debating whether to say whatever it was she was thinking, and I took that opportunity to return the favor and check her out. She was probably about forty or so, and definitely in great shape. With her perfect make-up, her stylish ‘casual beachwear’ outfit, her flawless tan and carefully streaked blonde hair, she looked like one of those Beverly Hills housewives who are always on TV. That impression was solidified in my mind when she pulled out a key fob and chirped her car. The lights of a white Mercedes-Benz parked twenty yards away lit up, and she walked over to it. Opening the door, she leaned in and grabbed something before returning to our little spot at the snack stand.

After another short pause, she handed me a business card. “Dawn, I’m going to be in town for the next few days, and I want you to call me.”

“*‘L.A. Models,’*” I said, reading the card. “*‘Laura Fontaine, Project Director, Exclusive Artists Management.’*”

“A silly title, if you ask me. I’m really just a glorified photographer. And that’s where you come in. Dawn, I would like you to consider modeling for me.”

Okay, I wasn’t expecting that. If anything, I thought she was maybe going to hit on me. I’m sure she must have recognized my look of surprise because she continued, “I work for one of the largest modeling agencies in the country, and perhaps my favorite part of the job is discovering new talent. Along with my partner Jonathan, we’ve probably done over a thousand photo shoots encompassing all manner of projects: haute couture runway pieces; glitzy red carpet affairs; glossy high-fashion magazine covers; swimsuit and lingerie catalogues; art exposés…you name it. Anything involving the proper presentation of beautiful women, that’s our bailiwick.

“While I’m sure you must have heard this before, I’m telling you straight-up, as a professional who has shot literally thousands of beautiful women, you are truly something special. The camera will love you. It will absolutely worship you. With your figure, I can easily see you working in very short order with Jule Campbell on a *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue.”

She paused once again, giving me a moment to let that all sink in.

“Dawn, do you live here in L.A.?”

“Umm, sort of. I’m about to start classes at UCLA, so I’ll pretty much be living here. Well, at least during the school year, anyway. To be honest, this is actually my first day in L.A. We just got here. We haven’t even found a place to stay yet. Before we did anything else, we wanted to see the ocean.”

“If you don’t mind my asking, where are you from? You make it sound like you’re new to California.”

“We are. I mean, Paul and I. We just drove all the way from Kansas. That’s where we live, in Lawrence. Our parents work at KU.”

Realizing that I was getting in way over my head, I took a leap of faith….

“Laura, I have a confession to make. Paul isn’t my boyfriend. He’s—”

“Oh, he’s not?” she asked, smiling sweetly.

“No, he’s not. He’s my baby brother. We decided to have him come along on this trip to keep me safe. Mom wouldn’t let me go by myself.”

After a quick pause, I said, “Laura, excuse me for just a minute. I’ll be right back.”

I went over to Paul, who right away started teasing me. “Uh-oh, don’t look now, but I think *someone* is smitten by ‘the girl with the most perfect, awesome, spankable ass ever!’ Does my hot older sister already have another new admirer?”

Dropping onto my stomach beside him, I said, “Paul, that’s just it. She knows we’re brother and sister. That’s what I came here to tell you.”

“She knows? How?”

“Because I told her. I don’t know why, but I just blurted it out. I told her that you’re my brother, but she doesn’t know anything about us being lovers.”

“Are you sure? What if she saw us in the water?”

“No, I guess I’m not one hundred percent positive, but I’m pretty sure. I didn’t see her anywhere on the beach until we were already back here on our towels. She would be kind of hard to miss, especially with MacAllister. I think we’re fine.”

“Okay, so now what?”

“Yeah, see, that’s the other thing. Paul, you won’t believe this. She offered me a job.”

“A job? Doing what? She doesn’t even know you.”

“I know, but check it out. She’s a photographer for some big modeling agency, and she wants me to model for her!”

Paul’s expression immediately darkened. “What kind of modeling? Is this just some porn thing?”

I sat there blinking for a second. I honestly hadn’t even considered that possibility. Now that he’d brought it up, though, yep, maybe that’s all any of it was about. On the one hand I thought it kind of oogey, but then I actually laughed. I mean, how cliché, right? ‘Find some pretty girl straight off the bus from Small Town, USA, and trick her into doing porn.’

Besides, come on, the idea of me doing porn? Puh-leeaze.

Now *that* would really make Trish and Michelle laugh.

Anyway, no, I didn’t get any sort of skeezy vibe like that from Laura, and that’s what I told Paul. “Nope, I think this is for real. The way she describes it, she does all kinds of stuff. Look. Here’s her card.”

Once he’d read it, he started flipping the card round and round between his fingers while staring off blankly into the distance. He always did that whenever he was thinking about something, and finally he turned to me. “So what sort of modeling does she want you to do for her?”

“You know, she didn’t actually say. The only thing she mentioned was something about working with a woman named Jule for *Sports Illustrated.* She said she could picture me doing that. You know what? You should come with me to talk to her.”

“Definitely,” he said, jumping right up. “I want to see what this is really all about. Let’s go.”

I led Paul over to the snack bar, where Laura was sitting at a table texting someone. Hitting one last button before clicking off her phone, she looked up at us with another pleased smile. “Well hello again, handsome. I trust that you and your sister had an interesting little chat? So, okay, what do you think?”

I could tell that Paul wasn’t quite sure what to make of her. His initial reaction upon meeting her on the beach had of course been nothing but positive. She seemed perfectly normal, and as friendly as can be. Now, though, his brotherly instinct had kicked in. He was all about protecting his sister.

Choosing his words carefully, he answered in his best Dad-like ‘reasonable’ tone. “Well, what sort of modeling would she be doing? She said that you pretty much do a little bit of everything, but she’s just a nice girl who’s getting ready for her first semester of college. She’s here to go to school.” Apparently deciding that he needed to lay down the law right up front, he added, “Dawn is not going to do any crazy porn stuff, if that’s what you have in mind.”

Laura actually laughed! “Oh, god no. Porn? Is that what you’re worried about?” She turned to MacAllister and gave him an affectionate pat on the snout. “Did you hear that, boy? I guess we don’t look as trustworthy as I thought!” Then she turned back to us. “Let me assure you that no, my agency does not deal in porn, nor do I on any individual basis. I will say, however, that with Dawn’s incredible body I think she would be ideal for figure modeling, at least to start. As beautiful as she is and as tall and fit as she is, I have no doubt that she will be highly sought after by the various fashion houses of Paris, Milan and New York, but for now I’m thinking more along the lines of getting her feet wet with a few swimsuit and fitness-wear projects, and we’ll go from there.”

And that’s how I came to be thrusting my ass out in a skimpy bikini at the crack of dawn on Zuma Beach for Laura’s and Jonathan’s flashing cameras. After talking things through with her over a lengthy dinner that first night in Santa Monica, Paul and I agreed that she was on the up-and-up, and she arranged for me to take some basic test shots at a studio in Century City. From there I was brought in to meet a dizzying number of her associates at the agency, and the Saturday morning date for my initial shoot in Malibu was set.

Laura had explained to me that while she would normally be the only photographer on hand for her assignments, her partner Jonathan was also going to be there for that first Malibu shoot. Apparently her shots were going to be for some new bikini company, while Jonathan’s would be more specifically about me. Between the two, it made for a hella long morning and just a bazillion outfit changes.

One thing for certain was that by the time we took a break around ten o’clock, and I started texting back and forth with the girls back home, wooo, everyone on that beach had seen me naked! I’m talking not just Laura and Jonathan and the lighting guys with their big umbrella thingies, but also the “gofers” who always magically appeared whenever it was time for me to strip down and slip into another bikini or one of Jonathan’s sexy little numbers. Despite the early hour, there were already quite a few people walking the beach, and they seemingly all just had to make their way over to our rocky cove where Laura had decided to do the shoot.

“Just get used to it, honey. Once the bright lights come out, it’s like moths to a flame,” she said, taking me aside during a short break. We were laughing together about this one guy with a metal detector who, for some strange reason, seemed absolutely convinced that the patch of sand immediately surrounding our little photo-shoot area was where he would have the best luck in locating buried treasures.

“We call him ‘The Hoverer.’ He’s one of our regulars here. I have to say, though, I’ve never seen him be so obvious about it. I think he really fancies you!” she giggled.

Like a lot of people, I suppose, I had always assumed that most of the guys who work on these sorts of film crews must be gay. Hanging around so many gorgeous young models, come on, what straight guy wouldn’t lose his mind, right? Well, my crew definitely liked girls! Besides the fact that on more than one occasion Jonathan paused to adjust his obvious hard-on in his thin white pants, at least two of the lighting guys were sporting erections in their cargo shorts nearly the entire shoot. It was really apparent during Jonathan’s set, since he had me doing all kinds of sexy poses in these awesome sheer chiffon wraps and things. It was pretty much like one of those *Playboy* shoots, only I was never totally naked.

Almost, though! At one point he did have me completely naked, holding a gauzy white scarf over my body as I leaned against the rocks with the surf crashing all around me. That thing was absolutely see-through anyway, and with the constant spray from the churning waves plastering it to my bare skin I may as well have been posing there fully nude.

Once that set was finished, one of the gofers offered me a blanket to use as a cover-up while Jonathan and Laura scrolled through our first few series of pictures. I think the poor guy was a bit stunned when I declined his offer. The thing was, I had already spent so much time naked in front of everyone that I decided it was kind of silly to keep covering up between sets. I mean, what was the point?

Besides, it’s not as if I didn’t love being naked on the beach! God, it felt so amazing, and I was coming to love it more and more every time I caught another ‘innocent’ passerby sneakily snapping off cellphone pictures of me. Probably my favorite thing, though, was when Jonathan would have his helpers oil me up, making my skin glisten in the early morning sunlight. I would just stand there grinning while these two hot young guys smoothed down my legs and ass, even going right into my crack. All I had to do was wiggle my bottom a little and they would keep their hands right there…lingering.

Mmmmmm.

Paul had insisted on attending that first shoot, and Laura had no problem with it. In fact, she encouraged him to come along. Graciously acknowledging his concern for my safety, she wanted him to see for himself that he had no reason to worry. As far as she was concerned, he was more than welcome to witness firsthand what it was all about.

Having finished my texting session with the girls, I was lying naked on my stomach atop a beach towel with Paul sitting beside me in a small fold-up chair when my phone went bonkers again, this time ringing instead of buzzing.

“Uh-oh! Mom’s calling!” he said, rubbing his hands together in evil glee.

“Big whoop. She already knows, Mister Smarty Pants. I told her last night.” I stuck my tongue out at him, making him laugh.

All throughout our trip I had called Mom every night to let her know we were okay, and often as not I also ended up talking with Dad. He always seemed to want to know about the logistics of everything. What sort of room were we staying in? How was the car holding up? Were there any problems signing in and paying at the front desk? Mom on the other hand seemed far more interested in hearing about what we were doing. Did Paul and I have a proper dinner? Did any strangers follow us anywhere? Were we having fun together?

That was her biggest thing, and her most frequent question. She always wanted to hear all the details about what he and I had done together, and I told her everything.

Of course she was absolutely blown away by our wild night at Tank’s place.

“Oh my god! You two had sex on stage?! That’s what you finally decided to do for your first time together…have an orgy in a strip club?” she exclaimed, laughing right into the phone. Once she’d calmed down a bit, she added, “I must say, I definitely have to hand it to you. *That* was a proper Lisa Treatment. And why am I not surprised? You never did do anything in half-measures.”

I explained to her that no, it wasn’t a full-on orgy. I mean, come on, not counting what I did with Lana, Niki and that one scaredy-cat waitress, I only had actual sex with Paul, and he only had sex with me. Blowjobs and girl-girl sex wasn’t really an ‘orgy,’ was it?

She agreed that no, it really wasn’t, but she couldn’t stop giggling over my description of how deliriously happy I was when Paul filled first my pussy then my ass with his patented huge loads of cum.

“I keep telling you, sweetie…like mother, like daughter. I knew you would love it in your ass. Doesn’t it feel amazing?”

God, I adore her. She is totally beyond awesome.

Anyway, as I was lying there talking to Mom, I could tell that Paul thought the whole situation fairly hilarious. Every couple of minutes those same two gofer dudes would come by, asking whether they could get me anything. It was obvious that all they were doing was looking for any excuse to keep perving over me, and Paul was totally egging them on.

“You guys should probably rub some more oil on her. It looks like it’s starting to wear off….

“Hey, you missed a spot….

“Dawn, why don’t you go ahead and roll over now. They need to do your front, too….”

I was trying not to laugh, especially when he’d hit them with, “Hey, you missed a spot. Yep, right there….” He kept saying that each time they ran their hands deep into my bare split, and of course they would dutifully stroke right over my tingly asshole and shining wet pussy lips.

Quite the dedicated professionals, they were nothing if not downright meticulous in doing their job!

Yes, *ha ha*, it was really funny and all; still, it was turning me on like crazy, and Paul knew it. In a sort of reverse deal compared to what he had me do to poor Tony in the strip club, this time I was the one being tortured. Mom could hear Paul doling out suggestions, and she asked me to hand him the phone.

I heard her say something to him, and he responded, “Yes, baby oil. It makes her skin look awesome when the light hits it just right. This Jonathan guy, the photographer, he loves it.”

She said something else, followed by a cute giggle.

“Absolutely!” he answered. “Yep, front and back…. Yeah, there too, without a doubt…. I know! It couldn’t be more perfect, right?” Whatever she said next, it made them both laugh. “Okay, I will…” he continued, and with a sly grin he glanced at my ass and motioned with his eyes for me to pooch it up a bit higher for my two horny helpers. Obviously Mom had sussed out the situation and couldn’t resist joining him in mischief, feeding him instructions which he was more than happy to pass along.

Not that I really needed to fake anything since I was already seriously turned on anyway, but I started hamming it up a little, pressing my ass into their hands while grinding my hips like a total nympho. I was basically just writhing there on my stomach, encouraging my eager cabana boys to help themselves to every inch of my sexy naked bottom.

Grinning to myself, I had a pretty good idea that that’s exactly what Mom would do. Given such a perfect opportunity to flirt, she would take full advantage of it, and I knew she wanted me to enjoy those moments just as much as she does.

During one pass through my moist slit the guy kneeling to my right dipped a finger into my pussy, making me bite my bottom lip. Paul saw my eyes light up, and he could barely keep from laughing. When I was on my back it was just as bad, particularly when they took turns alternating between my bare breasts, slippery thighs and wet pussy, swapping places each time their hands met at my stomach. As slick as they were in all their movements, it was obvious that they’d definitely had a lot of practice. Working smoothly in tandem, they clearly knew what they were doing.

Handing me back the phone, a grinning Paul shook his head at the guys. “You two actually get paid to do this? Man, where can I get a job like that?”

“Yeah, well, a lot of these girls are nowhere near as cool with this as your sister is…” said the taller one, who was casually squeezing my breasts. Sure, he was also working the baby oil in all over my arms and shoulders, but he was mainly just fondling my breasts. It seemed his favorite trick was to tease my nipples to full erection by brushing them again and again with his circling palms. Man, was he ever good at that.

“No doubt,” added his partner, continuing to stroke up and down and very often directly between my partially spread legs. “We usually get stuck with some lame princess-type who just always has to feign all kinds of righteous indignation the second any of us lay our hands on her. Don’t get me wrong, this is still an awesome gig even then, but it’s so much better when we get someone who’s as chill as your sister has been this whole shoot.”

“Yeah, I think you’re fine there,” said Paul, giving me a snarky grin. “I highly doubt that you guys are ever going to have a problem when it comes to Dawn letting you play with her ass.”

“Jesus, Paul!” Mom exclaimed from fifteen hundred miles away, and we both laughed. “Did he really just say that? Tell your brother that his mother still isn’t above putting him over her knee and teaching him some manners!”

Looking up sweetly at Paul, I showed him the phone. “Mom says that if you keep talking like that about your wonderful sister, she’s going to spank your little bottom the next time she sees you.”

“Talking like *what*?” he asked, grinning cheekily. “It’s true, isn’t it? I mean, come on now.”

God, was he having a blast. Of course he was right, which was hardly news to Mom. “Baby, he’s got you there. Don’t even try to deny that you’re loving this. We all know better,” she teased, a sunny smile evident in her voice.

“Yeah, okay, fine, as if Samantha the Super MILF has any room to talk! Paul told me about your naked Movie Night with the boys. You thought you could just slip that one by me, didn’t you? Busted!” I teased right back, then I said to Paul, “For what it’s worth, Mom agrees with you. That doesn’t mean you aren’t still a big fat jerk for saying it, though. You’re definitely going to pay for that one, mister.”

Rolling back onto my stomach, I returned to my conversation with Mom, and my two guys reluctantly took off when Jonathan called them over to help with the next set-up. First things first, Mom told me how delighted she was to know that I was already having so much fun in California. She was genuinely thrilled to hear about my every little adventure, and she was just as delighted to tell me about her own flirty escapades. She didn’t try to deny any of what Paul had told me about her night alone with him and his friends; in fact, she said that the moment Dad came home from his trip she filled him in on all the juicy details…well, except for the part about her having sex with Paul. On that score she had made a promise to her son, and she fully intended to keep her promise.

Otherwise, she knew that Dad would love hearing about her “naked night with the boys,” as she put it, and sure enough, she was right. “Baby, he thought it was the sexiest thing imaginable,” she said, almost in a whisper. Then she added, “And he hoped that I would do it again, perhaps with him there to help it along, although he also loved the idea of letting us play on our own.” She paused, and I heard her take a deep breath. “And we have…just the three of us. Dawn, even though you and Paul are away, of course Rick and Donny know that they’re always welcome to come over anytime they want.”

“They’re family,” I said. “There’s no reason they shouldn’t still hang out and go swimming or whatever. I mean, why not?”

“Exactly, and that’s what your father and I told them. Even so, I was pleasantly surprised when Donny called to ask if it would be okay for them to bring some movies over that evening. This was two days after you and your brother had left for California. I told him, ‘Don’t be silly. This is still your home. You both have house keys, and you don’t have to ask before coming over.’ When he mentioned bringing some pizza too, I let him know that that would be fine, but he only needed to order enough for the three of us since your father was leaving for a weekend golf trip with Dr. Carlisle.”

“Speaking of whom, my god, Mom, please make sure to thank Dr. Carlisle again for us. His house is just awesome. I can’t believe he’s letting us use it.”

“Remember, sweetie, it’s not permanent. This arrangement is only for the rest of the summer and probably your first semester. Still, yes, that was a wonderful stroke of good fortune. I take it that the Brentwood area is quite nice.”

“Nice? Christ, Mom, wait till you see the neighborhood we’re in. Everything is so green and beautiful, and we’re super close to the campus. It’s just perfect, all the way around. You definitely have to thank him for us. That was so incredible of him.”

“Oh, we have, and we certainly will again. I’m so glad that you like it. Just make sure to be extra nice to…what was her name again?”

“You mean Lucinda? Oh, don’t worry. She’s a doll. We already love her.”

“You mean you love having her pick up after you,” she said, laughing. “Dawn, try not to take advantage of her, okay? That goes for Paul, too.”

“Mom, she only comes by once a week to clean the house and drop off groceries. It’s not like she’ll be cooking for us and doing our laundry and stuff. Don’t worry, she’ll hardly know we’re there.

“Anyway, come on, get back to your story. I have a feeling this is going to be good!”

“Oh, I think you would have been quite proud of me. I did some serious flirting, and it was for the entire weekend. They spent all three nights here. What made it even spicier was the little talk that your father and I had just before he took off for his trip. Sweetie, have you ever heard of a hall pass?”

“Well, sure, we had those in school. It must mean something else then, right?”

“Yes, it does. It means that your significant other is giving you the freedom to do anything you want for a specified period of time, and that really does mean *anything*…including having sex with other people. Before he left, your father told me that as far as he was concerned I had a hall pass for that weekend with the boys. I think he was just having fun teasing me, since we had already discussed the possibilities of what might happen with Paul and his horny friends once I started wearing sexy things again around the house, and all that. Still, when I told him about our wild Movie Night, he let me know that he would have no problem with it if I wanted to take it further. He knew I would always tell him everything, and he really does love it when I come to him fully turned on after a night of playful flirting.

“So, in light of this, it certainly made for a much more interesting weekend, at least from my perspective. Obviously the boys were not aware that I had my husband’s semi-serious permission to go all the way with them. And see, here’s the thing. I knew I wouldn’t. It didn’t matter that your father had basically said I was free to do whatever I wanted. He’s done so before, and rarely have I ever taken him up on it. When I do fool around with other men, he’s usually right by my side.”

“You mean like those parties you go to with Dad and his friends. That’s when you always wear your hottest outfits. I swear, a lot of times you just look totally dressed for sex.”

“Yes, sweetie, sometimes when we go out I do like to play. More often than not, though, it’s all just harmless flirting. That’s what I knew would be the case in this instance, as well. I wasn’t going to let it go too far, even if I may have had my husband’s permission. Still, simply knowing that I could and that I always can, yes, it does make such evenings that much more exciting. Who’s to say that I might not surrender to temptation?”

“Like you finally did with Paul, that night in the kitchen.”

“That was a long time coming, but yes, like I finally did with Paul…and like you finally did with him, too. Honey, I was wondering when it would eventually happen between you two. I didn’t necessarily think that you would be each other’s first, but once you became aware of how you were affecting him and that knowledge only made you want to do it even more, I knew it was simply a matter of time. The truly wonderful thing to me is that you two are so deeply in love. Everything you do together comes from a beautiful place, and I couldn’t be happier for you.”

Sitting there watching and listening, Paul was probably getting the basic gist of the conversation, but at my mentioning of his name and our amazing night in the kitchen with Mom, followed by her lengthy response, he asked, “Okay, what are you two going on about now?”

“Oh, nothing much,” I said with a pointed smirk, making sure they could both hear me. “Mom was just getting ready to tell me about her latest sexy adventure. It seems that she had the house all to herself again while Dad was away on his golfing trip, and guess who decided to come over and keep her company for the entire weekend?”

“Plus half the day on Monday! We sure watched a lot of movies!” she added happily, her musical voice ringing nice and clear through the little speaker.

Grinning, Paul just shook his head. “Those little bastards….”

“Yep,” I said. “From what Mom was starting to say, it sounds like she treated Rick and Donny to the weekend of a lifetime.”

“I don’t know about a lifetime, but it probably made for a pretty fair summer.” There was Mom’s happy voice again. I had to say, she sounded quite pleased with herself.

“Okay, I definitely need to hear this. Put her on speakerphone already,” said Paul.

I hit the little ‘speaker’ icon and said, “Hi, Mom!”

Laughing sweetly, she answered, “Hi, Dawn! Hi, Paul! Okay, before I say another word, are you two by yourselves there?”

“Actually, the entire crew just showed up,” I answered. “That’s fine, though. I want them all to know what total pervs we Kansans are, so go right ahead. They won’t mind.”

With a look of sheer panic, Paul, a.k.a. Captain Gullible, shot a quick glance over his shoulder, the big doofus.

“Sharp as a marble, your baby boy,” I said teasingly, and a grinning Paul flipped me the bird. “Yes, Mom, Paul and I are the only ones here, so lay it on us.”

“I hope you bit their dicks off!” Paul shouted, making me laugh.

Mom laughed too. “No, not quite. At one point I definitely considered it, though. So, okay, I was telling your sister that she would probably be very proud of me for all the sexy fun I’ve been having with your two delightfully eager friends. They really are a couple of horny devils, especially when—”

“Now wait a minute,” interrupted Paul. “Why would Dawn be proud of you for flirting with my friends? She swears up and down that she has never gone out of her way to encourage you to act all sexy and stuff and drive us crazy. She’s always telling me that you started doing that entirely on your own, no daughterly pep talks necessary. Is my sweet, innocent sister *fibbing* again?”

Staring right through me, he had his arms folded across his chest while sporting the smuggest shit-eating grin ever.

No biggie. I had it covered. Returning his grin, I said, “Just because I’m totally proud of her for letting her hair down and having some fun again, that doesn’t mean I had to talk her into anything. Try again, Judge Judy.”

Mom burst out in applause. “Paul, I believe this is where you bow graciously to your clever sister and say, ‘Touché!’”

“Yeah, whatever….” Still grinning, he offered me this totally sarcastic doffing of some imaginary D’Artagnan hat while bowing ostentatiously before me.

“Mom,” I said, beaming at his comical display, “your son is an absolute dork, but he’s just so adorable.”

“I know,” she answered. “He really is *adorkable,* isn’t he?”

Oh my god, but did that make me laugh. “Did I just hear my mother say ‘adorkable’? That is absolutely awesome! Mom, where did you ever come up with *that*?”

Shaking his head, Paul smiled in resignation. “Hey, Dad says things like ‘cock block’ now, so why not?”

“Yeah, why not?” seconded Mom, pretending to be offended. “What, you think your mother doesn’t get cable?”

“Okay,” said Paul, “so just how much ‘sexy fun’ are we talking here? When I get back home, am I going to have to kill those two perverts?”

“I don’t know about killing them, and I probably wouldn’t go so far as to call them ‘perverts,’ but you’re right, when it comes to those two wanting to get me naked and play their sneaky games, god, they are just constantly hot to trot. I have never seen two boys who were so perpetually hard and always ready to go. I swear, Dawn, I don’t even think Paul is that nonstop horny. They’re like a couple of MILF-crazy satyrs!

“Oh, and by the way, that’s their term, not mine. When they think I can’t hear them, they love to go on and on about how I’m ‘such a hot MILF.’ Apparently that’s their new favorite expression. And to be honest, I don’t have a problem with it. I actually think it’s kind of cute. They’re so wonderfully enthusiastic about everything, how could I possibly mind?”

Grinning, Paul rolled his eyes. “Yeah, no shit, of course they’re ‘wonderfully enthusiastic.’ With you running around naked, who wouldn’t be? I’ll bet you were naked pretty much the whole time, right?”

“Well, no, it’s not as if I spent the entire weekend naked.” Grinning, she paused. “We did go out a couple of times, you know. Oh, wait…that’s right. Ummm…never mind!”

Her happy laughter was always so gorgeous anyway, but this time it was just too awesome.

“What?!” Paul exclaimed. “You’re telling me that they took you out naked?”

“Well, no, not exactly, though I’m sure that that would have been perfectly fine with them. No, it was more like they got me naked once we were out and about. Sweetie, I’m telling you, those two just can’t get enough of seeing me naked!” she said, and this time we all laughed.

“Okay, but where on earth did they take you that allowed you to go nude?” I asked.

Paul shook his head again. “Let me guess. They took you to a drive-in movie, didn’t they?”

“Yep! Now *that* was fun. Baby, how did you know?”

“Mom, ever since that first Movie Night on the couch, all they’ve been talking about is how awesome it would be to get you and Dawn to go on a double-date with them to the drive-in. Donny is just obsessed with the idea. He thinks it would be the coolest thing ever, having you all to himself in the back of his truck while Rick is making out with Dawn in the front seat.”

“Well, he didn’t quite have me all to himself. Rick was there too, at least some of the time. We were sort of playing musical chairs the entire night, until finally we all just stayed together in the back. Those two are simply incorrigible.”

She said it with a smile.

“Hmmm, I think I would be up for that. How about you, Mom? Maybe we could even do a little swapping,” I teased.

“You’ll hear no arguments from me, baby. As insatiable as those two are, I could use the help!”

“Wow, Mom, so you actually did have sex with them? First Paul, and now Rick and Donny? You sure do love Movie Nights!” I said, making Paul laugh.

“Wouldn’t *you* like to know,” she answered, teasing right back.

Listening to our banter, Paul couldn’t help but smile. “Okay, you two, enough already. Mom, just take it from the start. We’re all ears.”

I knew right away that that was too much of a softball for Mom to resist, and sure enough…

“Paul, please, I’ve seen you both naked. You two are most definitely not all ears. Not even close.”

Again with the coy smile.

“So, okay, our weekend started with the two of them showing up in Donny’s old Suburban. It was probably only about seven o’ clock, so it was still light out. Along with one of those ridiculously huge pizzas you guys always get from Paesanos, they also brought just a huge stack of movies plus a couple of two-liter bottles of Pepsi.

“‘Armed for battle, I see,’ I said.

“‘Fully stocked and reporting for duty!’ answered Donny, offering me a crisp salute, and a smirking Rick kicked him in the butt, calling him a ‘total kiss-ass.’

“‘That’s definitely the plan. This time I’m getting the good seat, and I can’t wait to kiss her ass!’ Donny replied, shooting me a loopy grin.”

“So, okay, I have to ask,” I said, cutting in. “Knowing they were coming over and that it would be just the three of you alone all night, what were you wearing?”

“Honestly, nothing special. I was in the middle of cleaning when Donny called about the two of them coming over, and all I had on was my pale yellow sundress. I was still doing laundry and scrubbing the kitchen floor when they showed up. I hadn’t had time to shower and change or whatever…not that it really mattered,” she added, again sounding quite pleased with herself.

“Why? What happened?” asked Paul.

“Well, you know the way those two never use the front door, or even knock. They always just go around and come through the patio, which leads directly into the kitchen. So, there I was, on my hands and knees scrubbing the floor, with my ass pointed right at them. I wasn’t aware of it at the time, but apparently my little sundress had worked its way up a bit….”

“And since you never wear panties, you were giving them just the perfect greeting,” I continued, slipping my hand between my legs. I checked on Laura, Jonathan, and the crew. All clear. They were still busy prepping for the next set.

Looking up at Paul, I slid two fingers into my pussy as Mom explained, “Like I said, I hadn’t realized it at the time, but they soon clued me in. I heard a muffled gasp from Rick followed by Donny saying, ‘Damn, I think I’m going to ask Dawn if I can have her room while she’s gone. I seriously want to live here.’

“Of course it didn’t take long for me to realize what was happening. Laughing to myself, I thought, ‘Nice, Samantha. Way to start off the evening, girl.’ I felt like an idiot, knowing they would think I’d done it on purpose. It really wasn’t intentional, though. It was just bad timing.”

“Or awesome timing, at least for them,” said Paul. “So what did you do?”

“Since it was too late to do anything about it, I just went with it. Rather than hop up in embarrassment, I decided to get the ball rolling right then and there with a little teasing. Playfully wiggling my bottom at them, I asked if they were ready to eat. Donny didn’t get it, but Rick sure did. ‘I definitely am, and you can have this all to yourself,’ he answered, handing Donny the pizza.

“‘My, aren’t you just raring to go!’ I said, after he came over and planted a kiss directly on my bare ass.

“Guffawing, Donny tossed the pizza onto the table and shouted, ‘Hey! I’m the one who’s supposed to do that!’ Kneeling behind me, he shoved Rick aside before taking my hips in both hands. I was laughing at their silly antics, especially when Donny starting raining kisses all over my raised bottom. Rick tried to shove him back out of the way, but Donny wasn’t having it. ‘Mine!’ he growled, imitating the Cookie Monster. ‘All mine!’ Then he really went crazy with the kissing and biting, all the while growling, ‘Nom nom nom nom….’

“Rolling away laughing, I came to my feet and said, ‘You boys haven’t been here two minutes and already you’re fighting? There will be no fighting during Movie Night!’ After wagging my finger at them, I moved into their arms for a three-way hug. I was facing Donny, with Rick behind me. ‘Okay…much better. At least let me give my handsome men a proper greeting before you start molesting me,’ I smiled, hooking my arms around Donny’s neck.

“‘But we like molesting you,’ he grinned, sliding his hands down to my ass.

“‘Hey, watch it, you big fag!’ shouted Rick. ‘The back of your hand almost rubbed my dick!’

“‘I told you he was raring to go,’ I cooed to Donny. ‘Your horny friend is already pressing everyone’s favorite huge boner against my ass, so you probably want to be careful where you grab.’ Moving my hips in circles, I felt Donny’s equally obvious erection pressing against my pussy. ‘Mmmm, it feels like he’s not the only one…’ I added, reaching down to squeeze his firm bulge.

“Recalling how excited he got from kissing me that first Movie Night when all four of us were together, I—”

“You mean the night you and Paul had sex and you let him cum in your pussy while you were making out with Rick and stroking his dick?” I asked, gleefully chiming in.

Mom laughed and said, “Why yes, the night Paul and I had sex and I let him cum in my pussy while I made out with Rick and stroked his dick. I have to say, sweetie, I do love the way you seem to have every last detail memorized. It’s almost as if you were there!”

“Oh, believe me, you have no idea how badly I wish I had been there. As wild as all that was, I mean you two having sex while you were fooling around with Rick, the part that still blows me away the most is that you actually sucked Paul’s dick right in front of Rick and Donny. God, Mom, just how horny were you that night?”

“Pretty darn horny, I must admit. I’m sorry, but once I felt it pressing against my cheek that way, I just had to have it…I had to taste it…mmmmmm, I had to take it into my mouth and suck it. I wasn’t too worried, though. I knew Rick and Donny were fully occupied with what they were doing down at my other end.

“Anyway, yes, remembering how excited Donny became that first night in the kitchen, I leaned in and gave him a nice hot kiss. ‘Now this is how you two should always greet me,’ I said, slipping my tongue into his mouth. Right away his hard cock throbbed against my pussy, and he pulled my little dress way up over my hips, baring my ass not just to Rick but to his own groping hands. Rick was still grinding away, so I reached back and took *his* cock in my hand, too. I was letting Donny rub his erection against my pussy as I squeezed the shaft, and I was stroking Rick’s up and down between my legs.

“I guess Rick had finally had enough of watching me and Donny kiss because he turned my head and captured my mouth with his, wasting no time in driving his tongue inside. I think we all moaned then. I know I definitely moaned when Donny slipped his hands inside my top and began fondling my naked breasts. Unlike that first night when he was mostly goofing around, this time it was pure lust. He wanted my breasts in the worst way, just as Rick couldn’t get enough of fondling my ass.

“With all that going on, I was a bit shocked when Rick suddenly stopped and said to Donny, ‘Dude, I think we should do it. I mean, come on, this is perfect.’

“‘Do what?’ I asked, practically panting.

“‘Seriously? You think she would go for it?’ asked Donny.

“‘Go for *what?*’ I repeated, only this time I reached into their shorts and grabbed their erections. Pulling them out, I stood there squeezing them. ‘Tell me, or you aren’t getting these back,’ I added ominously.

“‘Okay, yeah, I think she’ll go for it!’ laughed Donny.

“Rick nodded while staring at my hands clutching their cocks. ‘You think? God, why didn’t we come up with this before? Come on, let’s ask her!’

“‘Fine, but if she gets all pissed off or whatever, it’s your fault,’ Donny answered. ‘It may have been my idea, but I would never have the balls to ask her.’

“Rick said, ‘Okay then, I’ll do it.’ Pausing, he gave me this ridiculous little cherubic grin. ‘Missus—I mean…oh crap. Wait. Let me start over again. *Samantha*, since we’re doing Movie Night anyway, what do you think about the three of us going to the drive-in together?’

“Releasing their hard-ons, I couldn’t help but laugh. ‘*That’s* your big secret? That’s all you wanted to ask me? My god, why was that so difficult?’

“Apparently that wasn’t the reaction Rick was expecting. ‘I don’t know,’ he started to say. ‘We just thought that maybe you—’

“‘Boys, I’d be more than happy to go to the drive-in with you,’ I said, saving him from having to explain everything. ‘Why wouldn’t I? That sounds like an absolute blast. So what’s playing?’ Then I paused. ‘Oh, wait. It doesn’t matter what’s playing, right? That’s the whole point. No one goes to a drive-in to watch the movie.’

“Shifting nervously from foot to foot, Donny asked, ‘So do you still want to go? We can always stay here, if you don’t want to. We brought tons of movies.’”

“You know, Mom, it’s not just Paul. Donny is pretty adorkable too,” I said, and Paul made a motion like he was barfing.

“Oh, definitely,” Mom answered, with a happy sigh. “He really is. You all are, and that includes Rick. When it gets right down to it, every one of you is just as sweet as can be.

“So, yes, of course I told Donny that I was still fine with the idea, if that’s what he really wanted. ‘It sounds like we’re in for another hot Movie Night,’ I smiled, adding, ‘especially if you two are planning on sharing me again as your date for the evening. That could prove to be quite entertaining, and not just for the three of us….’”

By that point I was only slowly stroking my pussy, which Paul was eyeing hungrily. Doing another check of the crew, I saw that they were taking a breakfast break. I sat up and moved between Paul’s legs, making him turn away from the set.

“Okay, Mom, keep going…” I said while reaching up to undo Paul’s shorts. He looked at me with panic in his eyes, but when I pulled his dick out and started sucking it right there on the beach he just drew his arms around me and kept a steady watch for the crew.

God, I love sucking his cock. I love everything about it; in fact, I almost didn’t care whether Laura, Jonathan or anyone else saw me doing it. I love it that much.

I guess I must have been making too many telltale slurping noises because it didn’t take Mom but ten seconds before she asked with a knowing giggle, “Paul, what is your sister doing?”

To Paul’s credit, he wasn’t exactly Mister Suave about it. Nope, when he stammered while trying to pant a response she laughed triumphantly. “I knew it! You two are doing it right there on the beach, aren’t you?” Then she lowered her voice, which I found kind of silly, all things considered. “Aren’t you worried that the others will see you? How far away are they?”

“Mom,” I said, pulling the head from my mouth with an audible *‘pop,’* “don’t worry, no one can see anything. They’re all a good thirty yards away, and Paul is shielding me with his body. Besides, we’re not actually having sex.”

“No, you’re just sucking your brother’s huge dick on the set of your first professional photo shoot! Keep it up and pretty soon here they’ll have you two starring in *Taboo XIV: The Dawn and Paul Chronicles*. God, I can’t wait to see it! Paul’s massive cumshots will look amazing in high-def!” she laughed.

“Well, fine, when you put it *that* way!” I giggled. Going back down on him, I made sure to be as wet and slurpy about it as possible so Mom could hear every little detail. I’m not sure, but I think her favorite part was probably Paul’s quiet moans, although it also may have been my continuous “mmmmm…mmmmm…mmmmm…” refrain as I bobbed up and down his enormous pole.

“Dawn, I swear, when it comes to being constantly horny, I think you may even have Rick and Donny beat,” she said, without the slightest bit of reproach. “So I guess I’ll just tell my little story while you sit there sucking your brother’s dick. Nice. And yes, I’m totally jealous. If I were there, I’d probably do the exact same thing.”

I pulled away again just long enough to say, “If you were here, we probably *would*end up shooting a porno!”

“Baby, you’re probably right. Okay, so I told Rick and Donny that I needed to go hop into the shower. When I came back out, I decided that they deserved to have their minds played with a little. They were sitting in the den eating pizza, and I walked right over and plopped myself down in Donny’s lap…completely naked. I’m talking not a stitch of clothing. Turning to straddle him, I grabbed a slice of pizza and started bouncing teasingly in his lap. He immediately grew hard again, which only made things worse for him since now I had something specific on which to focus my bouncing. Taking a slice of pepperoni, I spread it around my areola before perching it on my nipple. Even though his eyes were fairly bugging out, he nevertheless took my breast into his mouth and started sucking. After swallowing the pepperoni, he continued to lick, kiss and suck my breasts while using both hands to squeeze my ass. ‘Mmmm, we’re going to have so much fun tonight...’ I whispered, and I gasped when he gently clamped down on my nipple with his front teeth.”

I could tell Paul was getting close, so I began sucking the top few inches really hard and fast while corkscrewing the rest of his throbbing shaft with two hands.

Hearing me speed up, Mom laughed. “Oh, you like that, do you? Paul, are you going to cum?”

“Unnnhhh…oh Jesus…almost there…” he groaned.

“Make sure to do it in her mouth, baby, not on her face. You wouldn’t want to make her all messy for her next round of pictures!”

I started laughing again. I couldn’t help it. The idea of Mom giving us funny sex tips over the phone was just too awesome. Still, I had a job to finish, and I attacked it with relish.

“Is she good, baby?” Mom asked sweetly, hearing my renewed assault on Paul’s towering cock. “I’ll bet she’s amazing, isn’t she?”

“Oh god…” was all Paul could manage in response. Seconds later, he was cumming…and cumming…and cumming. I could barely keep up, there was so much hot, thick cum shooting into my mouth.

Mom obviously heard his groans and all my gasps and swallowing sounds, and she cheered us on. “Mmmmmm, give it to her, Paul! You know she loves it, so give her every last drop. That’s a good girl, Dawn…take your brother’s wonderful cum…drink it all down….”

Once we were finished, I lovingly ran his softening length all over my face, alternately cooing to it and kissing it. Paul was pretty much in a daze, seemingly in shock over what the three of us had just done.

Mom, though, she remained as chipper as ever. “You two are just so beautiful together. I can’t wait to come out there and see you again.”

Still sort of catching his breath, Paul said, “Okay, so what was Rick doing the whole time you were torturing Donny?”

“He was probably spanking his monkey!” I laughed, and so did Mom.

“No, not quite, though his monkey was certainly ready to be spanked. I went over to him and straddled his lap next, and he was so hard that it was standing straight up. The head was actually peeking out over his waistband, and he was dripping pre-cum. I swiped it with my fingertip and popped it into my mouth with a happy grin. ‘Mmmmmm…nice,’ I said. ‘See how much more fun it is when you boys aren’t always trying to hide your wonderful erections from me?’ Pulling his shorts open, I took him in my hand again and started stroking him. ‘So,’ I continued, ‘what were you two planning on having me wear tonight for our sexy date at the drive-in...hmmm?’

“Watching us, Donny spoke right up. ‘You know what would be perfect? I mean, as long as you don’t go to the snack bar or whatever. That thin little tank top with the skinny straps, you know, the white one.’

“‘You mean that old Pink Floyd concert t-shirt I wore with the blue skirt to our last big barbecue?’ I asked, smiling when Rick’s hips lurched off the seat a bit.

“‘Exactly,’ answered Donny. ‘That’s the one…only without the skirt, or anything else.’”

“Rick must have been all for that idea, huh?” said Paul. “That whole day at the park, he was totally going apeshit over the way you looked in that top.”

“I never knew that, but yes, Rick certainly offered his approval, saying, ‘Oh my god, that would be perfect. You, in that top…no skirt or panties…holy fuck.’

“The thing is, Dawn, remember that night in the kitchen, when you wore your little tee with no panties?”

“How could I ever forget? I mean, come on!”

“Okay, well, imagine me looking the same as you did in that tiny t-shirt, only make my top a skosh shorter.”

“Wow, so it really doesn’t even cover your pussy then, and every inch of your ass must show.”

“Yes, and my breasts show quite a bit, as well. With those narrow straps it doesn’t cover much to begin with, and it’s always falling off my shoulders. You saw what a time I had, trying to keep covered that day at the park. That was your father’s idea, obviously, having me wear that top to a public gathering.

“So that’s what they asked me to wear, and within reason I wasn’t going to say no to any of their requests. Deciding to give them the entire fantasy, I took off to the bedroom and did my hair up nice and wild, plus I put on some deep red lip gloss. As the final coup de grâce, I slipped on my sexiest high heels, the white satin ones. I don’t think the boys were quite ready for that because when I strutted back out to the living room in that tiny t-shirt all they could do was stare at my legs. Then, all during the ride to the drive-in, they still couldn’t take their eyes off of them. I have to admit that with those heels, the silky lotion I’d applied to my calves and thighs, and that super short top, it was just long, smooth legs for days as I sat between them in the front seat.

“When we pulled up to our spot, that wise guy Donny thought it would be funny to have me go grab the little speaker thing and put it in our window. I knew he just wanted to see me go outside in that tiny t-shirt and heels and show off my bare ass and pussy. Doing a quick check of our immediate area, I didn’t see any families parked close by, and with Rick also encouraging me to do it I decided to go for it. Of course it wasn’t until I had already hopped out and sauntered all the way around the front of the truck that Donny waved me back in, laughing that drive-ins don’t use those things anymore.

“‘So you two just wanted to watch me walk around half naked, giving everyone a show,’ I grinned, returning to my cozy little space between them on the front seat.

“‘Duh!’ they answered together, and Donny said, ‘Did you hear all those horns honking? It was awesome!’

“Once we were all settled in, it became obvious that those two were going to spend the entire night engaged in a constant tug-of-war over who would get to cuddle with me. Since he ‘got cheated out of the good spot’ during the last Movie Night, this time Donny was bound and determined to get the lion’s share of my attention. It was almost as if they had each other on a timer, the way they kept handing me back and forth every few minutes. Rick eventually decided to be the ‘noble one,’ offering Donny some ‘alone time’ with me by volunteering to make the first run to the snack bar. As soon as he was gone, Donny drew me into his arms, basically sliding me up into his lap. It was an odd thing, too, because I hadn’t realized how strong he’s become. The way he moved me around, I was very impressed.”

“Yeah,” Paul said, “he’s been working out like a maniac these past few months. He’s put on a good twenty pounds. ‘All muscle!’ he says. Whatever. He’s still a pipsqueak to me.”

It was really cute, seeing Paul show some actual jealousy. Mom being Mom, she picked up on it right away.

“Oh, I don’t know, sweetie. He certainly didn’t feel like a pipsqueak to me. He felt wonderfully strong, and I have to say, it was a real turn-on. His hard-on pressing between my legs as I sat in his lap kissing him certainly didn’t feel small either. I don’t know what that young man has been doing lately, but whatever it is, it’s working. The one thing that’s obvious is that he’s much more assertive now. Yes, he’s still a sweet, shy boy, but once he decides that he wants something he definitely doesn’t hesitate to take it.”

“You mean like you, for instance?” I giggled.

“How did you ever guess?” she answered, with a cute giggle of her own. “Yes, he made that point abundantly clear. Instead of trying to hide his erection from me like he always has in the past, this time he was happy to push it right up into my pussy. I was straddling him again, and he was basically dry-fucking me through his shorts. I teasingly reminded him about our conversation from our last Movie Night when I told the boys that next time I was going to have them all go naked for me. I was making a point of grinding my wet pussy directly on the head of his cock, and he was squeezing my ass while sucking my nipple through my skimpy t-shirt.

“‘So do you still want us to go naked tonight?’ he asked. Thrusting with a sudden urgency, his jutting bulge penetrated me, and I let out a quiet gasp.

“‘That would be lovely,’ I answered, reaching between my legs to fondle his immensely hard shaft.

“‘You mean right here? Not just at the house? Wow!’ he exclaimed, his eyes flashing in surprise.

“Grinning, I said, ‘Of course, silly. Isn’t that what we’re supposed to do at a drive-in? I thought the whole point was to get naked and fool around in the back seat, knowing that everyone else is probably doing the same thing.’ Sitting up, I paused to show him my tiny top, which wasn’t covering much of anything. The lower hem had risen well above my hips, leaving my small strip of pubic hair and smooth slit fully exposed. One strap had fallen to my elbow, revealing most of my breast. ‘And this is how you dressed me,’ I continued. ‘You wanted me naked tonight.’ Guiding his fingertips to my moist lips, I had him stroke my pussy. ‘This is why you brought me here. When you thought of taking me to a drive-in, this is what you imagined.’”

“Jesus, Mom!” I laughed, picturing her just torturing poor Donny. “Give the guy a heart attack, why don’t you!”

“I’ll bet he nutted right then and there, didn’t he?” asked Paul, with an evil smirk.

“No, that came a bit later…” she said, again sounding pleased as punch. “While he certainly seemed excited to be touching my pussy, I could tell that he really didn’t know what to do. Considering his lack of experience, perhaps he didn’t know how to approach it, or maybe he was simply nervous. Where my bare bottom was concerned though, whoa! Katie, bar the door! That little horndog had absolutely no problem going for my ass, attacking it with zero hesitation. After tentatively stroking my pussy for a few moments, he returned that hand as well as the other to my bouncing cheeks, and god but does he love to squeeze my ass. It’s like he becomes possessed. And the thing is, as he groped and fondled me, I could feel my wetness on his fingertips, so he had to know just how turned on I was. The way he kept—”

“Not only that,” I said, cutting in again, “but he doesn’t know that you go totally bonkers whenever someone plays with your ass. He has no idea that that’s probably your biggest turn-on.”

“Yeah,” said Paul, “but that sure didn’t stop him from going apeshit over her ass that night in the kitchen. Remember, Mom? That was all he could do as you gave him that big hug. He just kept squeezing your ass, and when we were in the den later, what did he tell you? ‘I want to play with your amazing butt some more!’”

She giggled sweetly. “He and I make a great team, don’t we? We both love the same thing! And we’re not the only ones, are we, Dawn?”

Rolling onto my stomach directly beneath Paul’s appreciative gaze, I wiggled my bottom for him. “Nope, I’m right there with you. I am definitely my mother’s daughter….” I added a slight arching of my hips to my inviting little ass-wiggle, hoping Paul would take the hint.

Thankfully, he did. After taking a quick look over his shoulder to check on the crew, he knelt beside me and grabbed the bottle of baby oil. Pouring two handfuls, he began smoothing it into my inner thighs, just the way my two gofers loved to do it. When he ran his hands up onto my welcoming globes, we heard one of the guys call out, “Hey, cool your jets there, Romeo! That’s our job!”

Turning deep scarlet, Paul quickly jumped back into his rickety little folding chair. “Oh shit!” he exclaimed, falling over backwards in his comical haste.

“You okay there, little bro?” came a sardonic shout from the group.

“That’ll teach you, Dawn!” came another, amid a chorus of laughter. “When you want your ass fondled, don’t ask some rote amateur to do it! You have a whole team here of highly trained professionals!”

Laura got in on it, too. “Paul, don’t mind these cretins! They’re barely even housebroken! Hey, you two should come grab something to eat. We have a lovely catered spread here.”

“Thank you, but we’re good,” I answered, knowing that Paul wasn’t about to go back over there anytime soon.

“Sounds like I’m missing all sorts of fun,” said Mom. “Paul, for heaven’s sake, what did you do?”

“Oh, he was just being Mister Adorkable again,” I grinned, reaching over to give his foot a playful tickle. “He had a bit of an equipment malfunction, that’s all.”

“You two must be having the best time ever, being together there.”

“Oh, please, Mom, it sounds like you’ve been having just as much fun as we have.”

“Not a chance,” smiled Paul. “She’s having all her fun with those two dorks. I have you.”

“Score one for your silver-tongued brother, sweetie. Still, you’re right, I can hardly complain. Between your delightfully randy father and my two priapic Lotharios, I’ve been having an absolute ball.”

I think Mom must have sensed the gears grinding to a halt in Paul’s brain. After a short pause, she added, “Dawn, if you’ll do the honors, please….”

I could barely contain my smug grin. “Paul, she’s saying that Rick and Donny are constantly hard and always trying to mack on her.”

“Yeah, no shit,” he said, returning my grin.

“Mom, speaking of which, where were we? Oh, that’s right. You were sitting in Donny’s lap at the drive-in, and he was totally squeezing your bare bottom while trying to jam his crazy erection inside you….”

“He was, and he was also trying to nudge my thin strap down far enough to uncover my nipple. Finally he just grabbed it and tugged it the rest of the way down. I was straddling his lap with one breast out and the other almost there, and he was squeezing my ass while sucking my nipple. He kept thrusting into my pussy, but his shorts were in the way.

“‘I think it’s about time we even things up a bit,’ I said, pulling down the center console between the front seats. Taking him by the hand and leading him into the back, I discovered that the rear seats were already folded flat. Everything was all set up with an air mattress, sleeping bags and three large pillows, and again I couldn’t help but laugh. ‘And what do we have here?’ I teased. ‘For someone who was supposedly too shy to ask, you sure did come prepared!’

“‘It must be all that Boy Scout training,’ he said, blushing like mad.

“I offered him an approving grin. ‘I must say, the zipped-together sleeping bags are a nice touch. I’m guessing that was Rick’s idea?’

“‘Yep,’ he laughed. ‘The three pillows, too. He didn’t want to be left out.’

“‘Rick always was a subtle one,’ I said, grinning while shaking my head. ‘So I take it then that the air mattress idea was yours?’

“‘I didn’t want you to be uncomfortable,’ he admitted.

“‘Aha!’ I laughed. ‘So you did plan on taking me to the drive-in tonight, and you also planned on getting me back here and having your touchy-feely way with me! That whole song and dance about being too afraid to ask, god, what a sham!’

“Grinning shyly, he stretched out on a sleeping bag. ‘Well, I didn’t think it would really happen. To me it was just a fantasy, like you said. I’m sure I never would have asked. No way.’

“Snuggling in beside him, I caressed his chin and asked, ‘Aren’t you glad now that you did?’

“He sort of stared up at the roof of the car and said, ‘But see, I didn’t. That was Rick, not me.’

“I slipped my hand beneath his t-shirt and undid the snap on his waistband. Unzipping him, I kissed my way down his chest, pausing at his belly button. ‘Lift…’ I said, tugging on his shorts. He raised his hips for me, and I slid them off. ‘These too,’ I whispered, running my hand over the bulge in his boxers. ‘I want you completely naked.’ I slid those off as well, then I sat up and pulled my top over my head. After tossing everything aside, I had him take his shirt off and add it to the pile.”

“Wow, Mom, you weren’t kidding,” I said. “You really did want it to be a naked Movie Night.”

“Oh, that first night with the boys, I was sort of semi-joking. I honestly didn’t expect them to whip off their shorts in front of each other and get naked for me.”

Paul asked, “But did you want us to?”

She thought about it for a moment before answering. “Yes, I would have enjoyed that. It would’ve been tricky though, obviously, because of you. I suppose we’ll have to cross that bridge some other time.”

I wanted her to keep going. “So what happened with Donny? Now you’re both naked, and he had to have been totally freaking out.”

“First thing, I went back to kissing him. I started at the hollow at the base of his neck and began working my way down again. By the time I was nearing his belly button I could see and feel his entire body shivering. It was just the most precious thing. I hadn’t experienced that in ages, and I was reminded of just how much I always used to love it when I could make a man do that.

“To be honest, I started to see Donny in a different light then. Instead of simply being *our* Donny, the fun-loving goofball who loves my French toast, girls in bikinis and all those other things, now he was a beautiful young man who was utterly vulnerable. He was as nervous as could be, but he trusted me. I wasn’t about to abuse that trust. No matter what I did with him that night, I wanted him to come away from it with a memory to cherish forever.”

Looking at me, Paul was sporting one of his signature smirks. “It sounds like Mom took another cherry.”

Of course I reached out and smacked him. “Never mind Mister Romantic here, Mom. Go on….”

“Actually, Dawn, your brother isn’t too far from the truth. As I was kissing my way down Donny’s stomach, he could tell that I was noticing his shivers. He didn’t understand what was happening to him, and was clearly embarrassed about it. ‘I’ve…you know…never done this,’ he finally said, as quiet as a church mouse.

“‘Shhhhh…’ I answered. ‘You’re fine, baby. It’s perfectly normal.’ I paused again at his belly button, this time nipping gently at it while trailing the very tips of my fingernails up his thigh in graceful swirl patterns. When I dipped between his legs to his inner thigh, he jumped. It was as if an electric current had zapped him. Pressing my hand softly to his trembling flesh, I held it there, letting him acclimate to the feeling of my touch on his skin. Once I sensed that he was able to handle it, I moved on.

“Eventually I drew my hand very near to his pulsing erection. And when I say that it was pulsing, that’s precisely what I mean. It was throbbing so hard, I could literally see it pulsing. I wanted to avoid shocking him again so instead of touching him there I smoothly palmed his balls before closing my hand around them in a comforting cocoon. I simply held him. I didn’t give too firm a squeeze, and I didn’t bounce them. I just held them. At the same time, I brought my mouth closer to his glistening wet tip. As lightly as possible, I touched my tongue to it, then I painted a slow line all the way around the crown. Moving my hand from his balls to the base of his firm shaft, I gave it a soft, reassuring squeeze while taking the head into my mouth.

“As soon as my lips enveloped him, he erupted. I wasn’t caught by surprise, though. No, I was almost expecting it. I held steady as his hips bucked, and the sound of his breathy gasps filled the car. His cum was scorching hot; hotter than any I’ve ever tasted. It was like his entire *being* was on fire; his cum a beautiful magma finally bursting free.

“I just let his silky warmth flow over my tongue, happy to accept his precious gift. Taking him all the way down, I began sucking in earnest. He kept shooting and shooting, then it was smaller pulses, and finally there was no more. Still I kept licking and sucking, laving and kissing. I think I wanted it as much as he did, and he definitely wanted it. Watching as I drove my lips all along his solid shaft, he was moaning up a storm.

“I felt the car shake, and suddenly there was Rick climbing back in with two armfuls of sodas, burgers and fries. I didn’t stop, though. I merely looked up to confirm that it was Rick who had opened the door before I returned to the business at hand.”

“Hand…mouth…whatever…” I grinned, making them both laugh.

“Well, true,” Mom said. “I was certainly using my hand as well as my mouth. I was pumping his shaft, which, you will be interested to learn, is just like Paul’s, at least in one respect. After Donny cums, he doesn’t go soft. He keeps on going. Honey, it’s really the most wonderful thing. He’s obviously not as large as Paul, and he doesn’t cum in anything like the same massive volumes, and you know what? It’s still wonderful.”

Timing it just right, I said, “Because sex is like pizza!”

“Exactly! So you *were* listening! Baby, you were so intent that night on diving back between my legs, I was worried that everything went in one ear and right out the other.”

“Oh, no, absolutely not. Mom, you never have to worry about that. When it comes to anything having to do with sex, I pay super close attention to everything you tell me. Believe me, I don’t miss a word.”

Paul wasn’t a part of that conversation, so he had no clue what we were talking about. He just wanted her to get back to her story. “So, damn, Mom, okay, what did Rick say when he stumbled in on that?”

“See, that was the funny thing. As soon as we heard the door open, Donny froze. I was still sucking him, and was perfectly content to keep going, but Donny made a motion like he wanted me to stop. I guess he didn’t want Rick to see what we were doing. Knowing how nervous he already was about everything, I didn’t want to make things any more uncomfortable for him, so I went ahead and slid back up into his arms. Right away he pulled the sleeping bag over us, and by the time Rick set the food down and looked back over the seat we were just innocently snuggling and kissing again.

“‘Wow,’ he said. ‘You actually got her to go back there with you. Dude, I am majorly impressed.’

“Pausing between kisses, Donny answered, ‘Yeah, right. I didn’t get her to do anything. This was her idea. *She* brought *me* back here.’

“Laughing, Rick shook his head. ‘Like you’re complaining. I’m sure she totally had to twist your arm!’

“‘Nope!’ he grinned. After kissing me a few more times, he slid his hand around to squeeze my breast, adding, ‘This is the most awesome night ever….’ Since we were hidden by the sleeping bag, I reached down to answer his sneaky little squeeze with one of my own, making him gasp into my mouth when I took hold of his cock and began stroking it again.

“‘Oh, he definitely didn’t complain,’ I said, shooting Rick a happy smile, ‘and no arm twisting was necessary. In fact, I think he was rather pleased when I took the initiative and brought him back here. This is just what he was hoping for when he came up with this whole take-Samantha-to-the-drive-in thing, wasn’t it?’

“Taking a bite of his fries, Rick kept chuckling at Donny. ‘You got that right,’ he said. ‘Ever since that pool party when you and Dawn stripped each other and spent half the day naked with us, he’s been talking about how amazing it would be to go to a drive-in with you. Actually, come to think of it, it goes back even further than that. The drive-in thing with you has been his favorite fantasy for god knows how long now.’

“‘Well, I’m just as happy as he is to be here. This is wonderful…’ I said, leaning in to give Donny a nice tongue-kiss. Still stroking his slippery wet erection beneath the cover of the sleeping bag, I looked up at Rick and asked, ‘And what about you, Mister Movie Night Make-Out Boy? What’s your fantasy?’

Paul burst out laughing then. “Oh, I can answer that one easily enough! You…” he said, poking my bare bottom with his foot, “…and you, both naked, either on the couch or in the back seat at the drive-in. He’s not exactly very original. He and Donny have the same fantasy!”

“Dawn, your brother is correct again,” Mom grinned. “When I asked Rick about his favorite fantasy, that was his answer: ‘Pretty much, what Donny has right this moment. Having you naked in my arms and making out with you at a drive-in? It doesn’t get any better than that.’

“Wanting to tease him, I asked, ‘But what if Dawn was here, too? Wouldn’t that make it even better?’

“Rick and Donny exchanged looks, and Rick answered, ‘Well, yeah, okay, that would be the ultimate. Still…’ he continued, gesturing to the two of us holding each other, ‘nothing could ever top that. You really are naked, aren’t you?’

“Rolling into a spoons position with Donny, I pulled the sleeping bag down to my waist. ‘Mmmm-hmmm,’ I smiled, guiding Donny’s hand back to my bare breast. I made sure to keep him covered, though, while wiggling my bottom against him. ‘Very naked,’ I continued, ‘just the way you both want me.’”

“Just the way *you* want you, too!” I exclaimed, joining Paul in laughter.

“Well, true,” she giggled, “but the point was that *they* wanted me naked for their fantasy night at the drive-in, and neither of them denied it.”

“Well no duh,” I said, still laughing. “As if those two pervs would ever *not* want you naked. That goes for all of us, actually. It’s like you said about me: You’re so gorgeous naked, you should be forbidden from ever wearing a stitch of clothing around the house.”

“Well, those ‘two pervs’ certainly did their best to hold me to that rule for the entire weekend. About the only time they ever let me put anything on at all was when we went to the store together to pick up some things for breakfast. Even then they insisted on no panties and my most see-through sundress, and before we left the house Donny had me undo the first four buttons on top so he could see my breasts from the side. That was probably his favorite part of the trip, just ogling my breasts at the check-out counter while trading smirks with the cashier.

“Anyway, the aroma of the burgers and fries filling the car was driving me crazy, so I told Rick to bring the food and come join us. For the next twenty minutes we lay on our stomachs eating greasy drive-in fare and slurping on sodas while watching some silly Sci-Fi catastrophe about evil bug-eyed aliens plotting to enslave all mankind. I noticed Rick constantly sneaking peeks at my bare back and the side of my breast, until finally he asked, ‘Mind if I join you in there?’

“I threw back the sleeping bag to show him the rest of my naked body and said, ‘You’re welcome to join the party, but you know my little rule.’ Grinning, he whipped off his shirt, shoes, socks and shorts in about two milliseconds before sliding in beside me. ‘Not quite,’ I said, reaching over to squeeze his ass, which was still covered by his boxers. ‘Nice try, though.’ Grinning a bit more sheepishly, he pulled the sleeping bag over us before slithering out of his underwear. Fully naked, he settled back in. Again I reached over to squeeze his ass, this time saying, ‘Very nice. Mmmm, both my beautiful boys, wonderfully naked for me...a perfect Movie Night….’

“Rick leaned up on his elbows and looked over at Donny, who was grinning even more sheepishly than Rick had been just a moment earlier. ‘Dude…’ he smiled accusingly. ‘This whole time, you’ve been making out totally naked with her?’

“With his sheepish grin morphing into one of pure smugness Donny casually popped a fry into his mouth, just as cool as could be.

“‘You are such an asshole,’ laughed Rick, shaking his head in admiration.

“Answering in his goofy Elvis voice, Donny quipped, *‘Thank you…thank you very much….’*”

“Man, I wish Dad had never gone on that Elvis kick,” said Paul. “Now Donny just won’t shut up with that crap.”

“Yep, and Rick even did it too, high-fiving Donny over my back while play-singing, *‘We’re gonna win this race….’* They were being so silly. It was like they were thirteen again.

“A few minutes later Donny grabbed his clothes and put them back on, saying, ‘I’m going to hit the restroom.’

“‘Take your time!’ said Rick, twisting onto his side to face me as Donny gathered up our wrappers, napkins and cups on his way out of the truck. Pausing at the door to roll his eyes at us, he made Rick and me laugh.”

“So did Rick totally pounce on you the moment Donny was gone?” asked Paul. “I bet he did. He probably couldn’t wait another second, huh?”

“Actually, no, he didn’t. It was the strangest thing, too. As soon as that door slammed and it was just the two of us on our own, he turned into a different Rick. Suddenly he was no longer Mister Glib. It was like someone had flipped a switch and now with no one there to show off for, the real Rick emerged. He was still facing me, but it was obvious that he was every bit as nervous as Donny had been.”

“I can so picture that,” I said. “The few times I was ever alone with Rick, he became super sweet and shy, just like Donny.”

“Just like Paul, too,” Mom added. “The only difference is that Paul is that way all the time.”

Smiling, I reached over and stroked his calf. “That’s true. Paul is a total doll every minute of every day. He never tries to be someone he’s not. He’s perfectly comfortable just being Paul. I always loved that about him.”

“Well, Paul is just a bit more mature than Rick. For one thing, sweetie, he’s always had you there, and you set such a good example. Being an only-child, Rick doesn’t have a wonderful older sister to show him the ropes.”

Paul leaned down to squeeze my hand. “Not only that, but Rick also doesn’t have the two best parents in the world, the way we do. Don’t get me wrong, there’s nothing wrong with Mister and Missus Donaldson, but we have you and Dad. Nothing could ever top that.”

“It’s the same with Donny,” I continued. “It’s almost like you and Dad *are* his parents, and we’re his real family.”

“We pretty much are,” said Paul. “Ever since his parents split up, he hasn’t had much of a home life. It really sucks.”

Mom sighed. “And still he’s an absolute angel. Even though he had every right, he never became the typical angry teen. Honestly, I wish those two really were my sons. They’re both as wonderful as can be.”

Paul released my hand and took a seat beside me. Grabbing the baby oil again, he poured some into his palm and began confidently smoothing it into my shoulders. “Mom, believe me, they feel the same way. They love you and Dad to death, and they definitely consider us to be family.”

Lowering my head into my arms, I nodded. “You know, for all my teasing and kidding, I consider them to be family too. I also don’t mind Rick’s immaturity. I know he’s a total sweetheart, just like Donny is. I mean, look at the way they each took off for a while so that the other could have some real alone-time with you. I think that was pretty awesome of them.

“So, okay, now Rick has you all to himself, and he’s crazy nervous without his friend there. Was he sporting another ‘huge boner,’ like Donny said he always does whenever you’re with them? Come on, I know you checked.”

Mom broke out laughing. “Jeez, Paul, did you tell Dawn literally every last detail about that entire night? Anyway, no, I didn’t check. I didn’t have to! The instant he rolled onto his side to face me, I felt it poking my hip. Turning so we were face to face, I moved closer to him, letting his erection press against me. I lowered my head into the crook of his arm and gently cupped his cheek. For the next minute or so we lay there with our noses touching, simply breathing together. He was staring so intently into my eyes…searching. When he finally brought his hand to my hip, I slid mine from his face down to his waist, drawing him closer. His shaft sprang up between us, and he lifted his top leg to give me room.

“‘I think we have this backwards, sweetie,’ I said, setting my thigh atop his hip. ‘If one of us is going to lie between the other’s legs, you should be between mine.’ Taking his hand, I guided it to my welcoming bottom. ‘It’s so much nicer this way,’ I whispered, smiling when I felt his fingertips begin to explore. He was as tentative as a hummingbird, just barely brushing my split. That was fine. It was really adorable, actually. I know I keep saying that about him, and about Donny too, but it’s true. I find everything about their gentle caution to be sweetly adorable.”

“You always were a sucker for a cute puppy,” I said, grinning at the thought of Mom petting Rick on the nose.

“Guilty as charged,” she replied. “And all our boys are as cute as any puppy. But yes, even though he was that same sort of adorable to me, I can’t say that I wasn’t also becoming nicely turned on. I would be lying if I tried to claim otherwise. It was a very sexy moment, especially when he began slowly thrusting his hips, sliding the underside of his shaft back and forth through my pubic hair. He was just grinding it against my lower stomach, using his hand on my ass to hold me steady. ‘Mmmmmm, there’s that wonderful *huge boner* of yours again…’ I said teasingly, smiling as I took it in my hand. I leaned in to kiss him, and we spent the next few minutes simply making out. He continued to squeeze and furtively explore my bare bottom, finally dipping his fingertips into my pussy in response to my stroking of his erection.

“‘I can’t help it,’ he said, his breath sharpening. ‘It’s you…you do this to me every time.’

“‘I don’t want you to help it. I told you before, I love your beautiful cock…and I never want you to hide it from me, especially when it’s nice and hard like this…’ I whispered, trailing kisses all down his body. His voice caught in his throat when I kissed my way past his stomach, continuing down, down, down. I was still fondling him, and I paused to plant a line of tender kisses on his throbbing shaft. ‘Mmmm…see what happens when you show it to me and let me drool over it...’ I continued, surprising him when I moved even lower to cover his smooth scrotum in kisses too. Taking his balls into my mouth one at a time, I sucked them while pumping his rigid staff. I wanted to treat him to the full experience, so as I was sucking him I slipped my finger into his ass, but he jumped so badly that it made me giggle. Trying a different tact, I replaced my finger with my tongue, sliding it right inside. That only made him jump even worse, though, and we both started laughing.”

“I know!” I gushed. “Whenever I do that to Paul, he always jumps like crazy! I love making him jump!”

Still rubbing the baby oil into my back, his grin was obvious. “Yeah, well, sue me. You’d jump too if I did that to you.”

Smiling smugly, I looked over my shoulder at him. “Really? What about that day in your bedroom, when the girls were playing down by the pool? And what about that night in the desert?”

“Oh, that’s right,” he chuckled. “Okay, fine, so you don’t jump. That’s hardly the same, though. I mean, come on, you’re our official Little Miss Ass Model. You love it when people do things to your ass. You’ve already had tons of experience with that stuff.”

Mom’s delighted smirk was as plain as day. “Well then, sweetie, I guess you just need more practice, don’t you? And hey, you’re in luck. I’m sure your sexy sister there will be more than happy to help you with that.”

“Yeah, and so will you, the second you see him again!” I laughed. “Jeez, Mom, where do you think I get it from?”

I was pretty sure that Paul didn’t know nearly as much as I did about Mom’s amazing sex life, which he confirmed by crowing, “Oh *really?* Is that true, Mom? See, here I thought that the inspiration for all of Dawn’s incredible ass-shenanigans came from Trish and maybe Michelle too, but they actually come from you? Ooh, do tell!”

God, was he laying it on thick. It was just awesome.

Mom was obviously still smirking. “Like you said, Paul, ‘Yeah, well, sue me.’ What can I say? I love your cute little bottoms.”

“You love yours, too!” I shouted with glee.

Paul nodded sagely. “We all do. It’s way beyond hot.”

“But not as hot as your sister’s,” she giggled. “No one ever asked *me* to be an ass model.”

“That’s only because you never went to L.A.,” I answered. “I have zero doubt that they would have swooped you right up as soon as you stepped off the plane. If you hadn’t spent your entire life in Lawrence, god, you could have been the hottest model ever.”

“Thank you, honey, but I could never be you. You’re a born star. Besides, I don’t need any of that. I have your father, and I have you and Paul. I absolutely love my life. I wouldn’t trade it for anything.”

Paul laughed, “You also have Rick and Donny! Don’t forget that!”

“Yay! Two more hard cocks for Mom!” I added, with another happy shout.

“Mmmmmm-hmmm…definitely,” she sighed. “When I slipped my tongue into Rick’s ass and started rimming him, my god, his erection became as hard as any I have ever experienced. I don’t even think Paul’s grows any harder. And it just kept pulsing and pulsing in my hand, until I thought it was going to burst. Sliding up between his legs, I went back to planting kisses over every inch of his granite length, all the while thoroughly loving his quiet moans and sudden gasps. Again I said to him, ‘See? This is why you should always want to show me your beautiful hard cock….’ Blowing warm breath directly on the tip, I watched in fascination as it responded with a gorgeous pearl of pre-cum, and I couldn’t wait any longer. Lowering my head, I took him into my mouth. Unlike Donny, he didn’t cum right away; he merely yelped, then he let out a nervous laugh. He wasn’t making any motions for me to stop, though, so I threw myself into sucking his rampant cock with everything I had. Knowing how most guys love to see and hear what the girl is doing when she’s sucking them, I curled my hair over my ear and made sure to coat him with as much saliva as possible as I hungrily slurped away. I could tell that he really got off on that, and he began thrusting harder and faster, driving deep into my throat.

“It didn’t take long before his moans grew more urgent, and it was obvious that he was almost there. I looked up so he could see the desire in my eyes and said, ‘Cum for me, baby…cum in my mouth….’”

“That’s my favorite part,” I grinned. “I just love that moment when I know the guy is about to cum.”

“Oh, absolutely. Don’t get me wrong, I love everything that leads up to it, too, but I want that final payoff. I *need* that cum. There really is no sweeter feeling, and this time was no exception. Giving the sleeping bag a mortal death grip, he was trying not to shout too loudly as he exploded in my mouth. Mmmmmm, he just came and came and came, crying out, ‘God! Oh god! Samantha, I can’t believe it! God, I can’t believe it!’ I never knew Rick was so religious!”

The three of us cracked up at that, and Paul said, “Mom, I think I’m going to have to correct you from earlier. You definitely made their entire lives, not just their summer.”

“I don’t know about that, but we certainly had a wonderful time together. When Donny finally returned to the truck he found Rick kissing and squeezing my breasts, and moments later they were both sucking my nipples. As with everything else, of course they had to turn even that into a competition, the object being to see who could make me squirm the most in pleasure…or was it who could make my nipples grow the hardest? I forget now, but I know that Donny was the first one to cheat.”

“How the hell does someone cheat at *that?*” asked Paul, sitting up to let me roll onto my side. He waited until I was all settled in on one hip, my head propped in my hand with my elbow bent. Continuing, he said, “They’re sucking your nipples. I can see how maybe *you* might be able to cheat there, but how are they supposed to?”

“Very easily!” laughed Mom. “Paul, remember who you’re talking about here. What is Donny’s absolute favorite thing about my body? And what’s Rick’s?”

“For Donny it’s definitely your ass. Forget touching it, just the sight of it turns him into a total retard. Rick? Your breasts, maybe?”

“I’ll bet it’s her pussy,” I said.

“It’s definitely your ass, on your body,” he smiled.

“Correctamundo, on every guess! For Dawn, yes, her amazing bottom is the favorite of all three of you boys. Regarding my body, it’s obvious that Donny loves my ass. He’s clearly a dyed-in-the-wool ass man if ever there was one. For Rick, though, it’s a little different, and you’re both right. He seems equally smitten by my breasts *and* my pussy.”

“Okay,” said Paul, “but what does any of that have to do with them cheating when the object is to see who can turn you on the most by sucking your nipples?”

Mom was having the best time dragging it out. “Dawn, would you like to take a stab at it?”

I lay there trying to come up with something, but I was drawing a blank. ‘They were sucking her nipples…they were on either side of her…they were trying to outdo each other…’ I thought.

Nothing. I had no clue.

“Mom, I’ve never been with two guys at the same time, and I don’t know anything about this nipples game.”

“Okay then, I’ll give you another little clue. Think of a seesaw.”

She was positively giddy.

“A seesaw?” I mulled it over, until recognition finally started to dawn on me. “You mean like…back and forth?”

“Someone’s getting warmer…” she answered, in a sing-song voice.

“Okay,” said Paul, jumping in, “so, what, they were taking turns back and forth? That still doesn’t really seem like cheating.”

“Paul,” I grinned, “remember her first clue: Donny and her ass; Rick and her breasts and pussy. She’s the seesaw.”

Mom started applauding again. “Give the gorgeous girl with the big brain a gold star! Paul, Donny would wait for Rick to pull me his way, then he’d fondle my ass. In the meantime, as they’re sucking my breasts, Rick is playing with my pussy. Donny was the first one, but soon they were both cheating like horny little fiends!”

Listening to all this, I was blown away. “God, Mom, what did you do? I would have lost my mind if I had them playing with my ass and pussy like that, never mind sucking my breasts. And at a drive-in, too? Just you and two wildly horny naked guys?”

“Knowing Mom, she was probably in hard-on heaven!” laughed Paul.

“Definitely!” she answered, laughing right back. “We spent the rest of the movie making out and fooling around like, well, a bunch of horny teenagers. Eventually it wasn’t enough for Rick to touch my pussy; oh no, he had to kiss it and lick it, too. Donny was still sucking my breasts, nipping and biting them like a starving wolf pup, and Rick was down between my legs happily exploring every nanometer of my wet pussy. Whether it was to caress it, or tug on the lips, or curl his fingers inside and fuck me, or just to bury his face there and eat me and eat me and eat me, he couldn’t get enough of my pussy. When he would finally come up for air, Donny would immediately trade places with him. Donny always wanted me on my side or stomach, though, so he could get to my ass. There I’d be, with Rick taking his turn devouring my breasts, and Donny is going his usual crazy on my bottom. Of course with both of them being constantly hard, I had to return the favor. Before long I was sucking whichever one wasn’t licking my ass or pussy, until I’d made them each cum in my mouth and all over my breasts another two or three times apiece.

“They were just insatiable, and not only at the drive-in. On the way home they insisted that I remain naked, even as we drove through our neighborhood and pulled up to the house. That was fine by me. Whenever I was worried that someone might see us, I simply ducked down and dropped my head into one or the other’s lap. I said that they were insatiable, but the truth is, so was I. It really was hard-on heaven for me, and I couldn’t get enough, either. Every time I dropped my head into their laps, I ended up staying there to suck their dicks.

“Once we were parked in the garage, Donny declared that ‘a goddess like you deserves a proper escort.’ Rick just sat there, nodding with a silly grin. The next thing I knew, they were carrying me over their heads into the house, like some Royal Guard ceremoniously bearing Cleopatra through the streets of ancient Egypt.”

“Sounds like they had some serious plans for their sexy queen,” I said, and Paul just rolled his eyes.

“See, that was the oddest thing. I thought just as you did, that they were planning on carrying me upstairs and ravishing me in my bed. Instead, they gently set me down in the den and graciously accepted it without complaint when I told them that I was really tired and wanted to take a nice, soothing shower before climbing beneath the sheets to enjoy a cozy long-distance chat with your father. They could tell that they weren’t in trouble or anything, and right away they took off for the pool. Whooping and hollering, they dove right in.”

Paul started at Mom’s mention of calling Dad. “So…did you actually tell Dad? I mean, you know…everything?”

“No, not everything, sweetie. Our secret is still safe. I did tell him all about my wonderful night with Donny and Rick though, which, of course, I think he was almost expecting. Laughing while reminding me again that I had ‘no reason to worry my pretty little head,’ he congratulated me on my ‘inventive use of my hall pass.’ He was amused by the ‘Bohemian aspect, just imagining you playing with the boys at a drive-in, of all places,’ adding that it sounded like we had enjoyed quite a special evening, and he was very happy for me.

“I woke up the next morning feeling absolutely fabulous, and absolutely famished. I knew the boys were probably still asleep, and I thought it would be fun to give them a nice surprise by fixing breakfast wearing nothing but my little ‘Kiss the Cook’ apron. I figured the cinnamon aroma from the French toast wafting through the house would seduce them into the kitchen, where they would find me standing at the counter with my back to them, my bare bottom framed by the tiny red apron strings.”

“Between the French toast and your bare bottom, it sounds like you really wanted to give Donny an awesome morning greeting,” Paul said. “I would’ve loved to have been there.”

“You know, I suppose you’re right. I probably did have Donny in mind when I decided to wear that apron without any panties, and I knew he would be delighted to wake up to the scent of his favorite breakfast. And sure enough, he was the first one to come rolling into the kitchen. ‘Wow,’ he said, simply. I turned to see him standing at the doorway, just staring at me. Shooting him a welcoming smile, I lifted the pan of French toast, playfully waving it in his direction. Wearing only his boxers, he came to me and snuck a peek over my shoulder into the pan. I reached back to bring his face close to mine so I could give him a nice kiss good morning, then I took his hands and wrapped them around my waist.

“‘Did you sleep well, sweetie?’ I asked, wiggling my bottom against the front of his boxers.

“‘Like a log,’ he answered, and already I could feel his growing erection.

“Kissing him again, I wiggled my bottom more teasingly on his thick length and said, ‘Mmmm, speaking of logs….’ Since it was just the two of us alone in the kitchen, again I felt his innate shyness come to the fore. Had Rick also been there, I’m sure that Donny would have jumped at the opportunity to play with me. Instead he stood stock-still, his hands seemingly frozen on my stomach. ‘Relax, honey,’ I whispered. ‘It’s okay to touch me.’ I turned to face him, knowing that he was usually more comfortable taking my ass in his hands that way. As soon as his fingertips slid down to rest upon my dancing cheeks, I turned back to my cooking. By that point he was fully hard and he moved right up against me, pressing his erection lengthwise into my bare crack.

“‘Mmmm…nice. Good morning, sweetie,’ I repeated, subtly sliding up and down his impressive bulge. Wanting to feel its heat, I reached back and pulled it out. I began stroking it, and he leaned forward to bury his face in the nape of my neck. Turning my head, we kissed…and kissed…and kissed. He’s become quite the accomplished kisser, applying just the right amount of pressure with his lips and tongue. He’s passionate, but not impatient. He doesn’t hurry things. For such a young man with so little experience, he seems to grasp the importance of proper pacing. That’s the key, and so many men lack that most basic understanding.

“Dawn, you’ll see. Paul is a wonderful kisser too, but eventually you’ll run into some guy who just immediately wants to harpoon you with his tongue, or he’ll be so sloppy wet with everything that you’ll swear you’re making out with a basset hound.”

I blushed with a twinge of embarrassment. “So far I’ve really enjoyed the way everyone has kissed me.”

“That’s because you’ve only kissed that one other boy besides your father and Paul, who are both excellent kissers, plus all your cheerleader girlfriends. I’m sure that some of them must have kissing you down to an art form by now, especially Michelle and Trish, right?”

“And Lisa, too…definitely Lisa,” I smiled. “I could kiss her all day.”

“That’s how I feel now about kissing Donny. He’s so sweet and tender and just so happy simply to be kissing me that I never want to stop. I’m sure he doesn’t realize it but he really does turn me on with the way he kisses me, and as he stood nibbling on my lip while pressing against me from behind I found myself arching my back and running his erection up and down my bare split. I released it to bring his hands to my breasts, smiling to myself when I felt his hot tip poking at my entrance. Taking his hard shaft back in my hand, I whispered into his mouth, ‘It’s not just Rick and Paul, you know. You have a truly wonderful cock, too. I love your beautiful cock.’ After stroking it a few more times, I released it again to return my hands to his atop my breasts. He was squeezing hard, and I could sense his growing urgency.

“Two things happened then, and knowing what I know now about Rick and Donny, I doubt that it was a coincidence. We heard a toilet flush upstairs, followed by a door opening. Almost at the same time, Donny pulled me to him. He gasped, and I felt his ridged crown penetrate me. He had a look of such sheer astonishment that I couldn’t help but melt in his arms, arching my back again and letting him push inside me. ‘Oh god,’ he moaned, and I was tempted to let him fuck me right there in the kitchen. As it was, he was probably halfway in. With his hands on my breasts and my back arched, we were in the perfect position to have standing sex.

“Feeding his fire, I whispered, ‘He’s going to be here any second….’ Then it was my turn to gasp when he thrust hard and drove deep inside my pussy. Holding me still, buried to the hilt, he bit my neck. We heard another door open, followed by heavy footsteps in the upstairs hallway.

“‘Whatever you’re making, it smells awesome!’ shouted Rick, and just as quickly as Donny had slid inside me, he was out again. A heartbeat later, he was dashing off to the safety of the nearest bathroom. I swear, it was the cutest thing I’ve ever seen.

“I was back to flipping the French toast when Rick came bouncing into the kitchen. ‘Holy—’ he said abruptly, apparently having spotted me in my sexy little apron.

“Wiggling my bottom for him, I cooed, ‘You like? I’ve been told that I make a mean plate of French toast.’

“He paused before answering, ‘Wearing that thing, you could serve up a plate of stewed yak brains and it would still be a four-star dish. Jesus…look at you….’

“With a snarky grin I said, ‘Since I really can’t, I think I’ll let you do that.’

“‘No problem!’ he laughed, pulling up a seat at the table. Looking around, he asked, ‘Where’s stud boy? I thought I heard you two talking just a minute ago.’

“‘I’m right here,’ said Donny, breezing back into the kitchen. He gave me a sideways smirk. ‘Something came up, but I’m fine now.’”

Paul and I laughed, and so did Mom. Using the bottle of baby oil to imitate an erection, Paul pretended to be Donny. “No kidding, something came up! His dick, that’s what!”

“Mom does tend to have that effect on men,” I added proudly.

“I certainly seem to on Rick and Donny, anyway…and Paul, too.”

Again, with her happy smile.

Paul sat back, grinning. “And Dad, and that one check-out guy at the market, and Kevin next door, and—”

“And all Dad’s friends!” I laughed. “Let’s not forget them!”

“I rarely do, sweetie,” she replied, her soft voice just dripping with mirth.

Just as I was about to tease Mom that she ought to take Dad and his friends to the drive-in too, the ever-impatient Paul said, “Come on, get back to your story. Donny almost fucked you – I guess he actually did fuck you, at least a little – but then he chickened out and totally bailed. Now you have them both drooling over you in the kitchen, with your bare ass showing….”

“Pretty much,” she answered. “I was just standing with my back to them at the stove, happily cooking breakfast. I really hadn’t planned any of it, but almost right from the start I found myself reveling in the thought of giving them their ultimate fantasy weekend. From that very first moment the day before when they walked in on me scrubbing the kitchen floor on my hands and knees and I knew they were staring at my bare bottom, something clicked inside me. I went from thinking we would simply have another fun, sexy Movie Night together to wanting to tease them into utter submission. Given free rein, how far would they go? For that matter, how far would I go? I knew I wanted to get them naked with me. I admit it, I wanted to see their hard cocks. Of course I had already seen and felt Rick’s. Truth be told, I was sorely tempted to lean down and take it into my mouth when Paul and I were having sex that night on the couch. I hadn’t seen or felt Donny’s yet, though, not in the flesh, and I knew that was next on my agenda.

“The thing is, in my hazy brain I thought that I would probably end up touching them and, if things became really naughty, perhaps even tasting them. But that was it.

“Now, though, it had clearly turned into something different; something more than I had ever imagined. What I had originally assumed would be merely another hot, flirty Friday night with the boys was obviously becoming an entire weekend of sexy play. Instead of simple teasing and flirting, it was almost as if we were lovers. And the curious thing is that I was fine with it. I was enjoying it every bit as much as they were. I certainly wasn’t doing anything to discourage it; in fact, I was already thinking of ways to turn up the heat.

“Flashing Donny a wry smile, I set their plates on the table and slid down sidesaddle into his lap. ‘Enjoy your breakfast, boys. Eat up!’ I grinned. Leaning into him, I rested my head on his shoulder. Right away I felt his erection returning, and I responded with a happy wriggle.

“Watching us, Rick smirked at him. ‘You definitely can’t complain this time about not getting the good seat. Both last night and this morning, I’d say she’s more than made up for it.’

“I nibbled on Donny’s ear and purred, ‘So, sweetie, how do you like being the middle-seat guy? Has it been as much fun as you thought it would be?’ Reaching down to give his wonderful erection a teasing squeeze, I added, ‘And it’s not just Rick, either. You’re every bit as much of a Boner Boy as he is.’

“‘Yeah, you big hypocrite!’ laughed Rick. ‘You gave me all that crap about it, and look at you now, with your constant boners! Dude, you’re even worse than me!’

“Shooting Rick a cheesy grin, Donny slid his hands beneath my apron, onto my bare breasts. ‘Look, moron,’ he said, squeezing them for his benefit, ‘I never blamed you for being Boner Boy whenever she’s with us. I mean, what guy wouldn’t be? I just don’t want you sitting next to me when you’re all hard-up, sporting major wood!’

“‘Hey, look on the bright side. At least he managed not to blast off in the wrong direction,’ I said, smiling coyly. ‘I must say, you both have excellent aim.’

“Returning my smile, Rick eyed me up and down. ‘Yeah, well, you make it pretty easy to hit a bullseye.’

“‘Oh, and what’s your favorite target?’ I asked, drawing random fingertip circles over my breasts. ‘These…or this?’ I continued, bringing a finger to my mouth. Biting it suggestively, I left it poised on my bottom lip. ‘You both seemed like you just couldn’t decide.’

“The phone rang then, and I hopped up to get it. It was your father calling to see how things were going. Grinning at the boys as I stood sidelong to them while chatting at the counter, I explained that the boys and I had just sat down and were enjoying a nice breakfast together. Curling my finger at Rick, I mouthed, ‘C’mere.’ He came to me, uncertainty showing in his every step. Again, I found his shyness absolutely adorable. Standing at my side, shifting anxiously from foot to foot, he didn’t know what to do. I brought my finger to my lips, giving him the ‘sshhh’ gesture, then I leaned in and licked a sprinkle of powdered sugar from the corner of his mouth. ‘Messy!’ I whispered, smiling brightly. Next I pointed to the bottle of syrup on the table, motioning to Donny to bring it to me. When I had the two boys on either side of me, I mouthed to them, ‘Strip.’ They gave each other blank looks, and I repeated, ‘Strip. Take off your shorts for me.’

“Grinning nervously, they stepped out of their boxers and stood smirking back and forth, holding their hands over their erections. I switched the call to speakerphone and batted their hands aside. ‘Say hi to the boys, honey,’ I said, reaching down to grasp their lovely cocks.

“‘Good morning, boys! What’s for breakfast?’ he chirped. ‘I hear you three had yourselves a fun night at the drive-in!’

“‘Hey, Mister Summers,’ said Donny.

“‘Morning, sir,’ added Rick, and both your father and I burst out laughing.”

“‘Sir?!’” crowed Paul. “He actually called Dad ‘sir’? Jesus, Mom, look what you did to him! Rick has never called anyone ‘sir’ in his entire life! That is just awesome!”

“Well, your father was certainly amused, I can tell you that. ‘Did you hear that, honey?’ I asked him. ‘It may have taken eighteen years, but I think Rick is finally turning into a respectful young man! What do you think about *that?*’

“Donny reached over and gave Rick a playful punch. ‘You are such a big pussy!’ he laughed, making us all laugh.

“Eventually your father said, ‘I don’t know, honey. I’m not so sure that I like the idea, insofar as it appears to have come about only as a result of his spending Movie Night naked with my blushing bride. Maybe I’m just a cynic, but it seems more than a bit suspicious to me….’ His teasing smile was plainly evident, and Rick exhaled in relief. ‘And what about you, Donny?’ he added. ‘How has the ravishing Missus Summers been treating you this fine weekend? Everything good? Would you like to register any complaints with the management?’

“Flinching at my squeezing of his throbbing tip, he sort of coughed out a tepid, ‘Everything’s good, dude….’ If we all laughed a lot at Rick’s ‘sir’ faux pas, we positively lost it over Donny calling your father ‘dude.’ Donny gave me an embarrassed shrug, and I turned to plant a happy kiss on his lips.

“‘So you boys never did answer me,’ continued your father. ‘What’s for breakfast?’

“Rick chimed in with, ‘French toast. This whole weekend, Samantha has been spoiling Donny like crazy. I have to say, it’s really kind of embarrassing. I mean, come on, what did that little butthole ever do to deserve all this?’

“Your father replied, ‘French toast? Impressive. Rick, you don’t know how right you are. Although we all love it, Sam has never really been a huge fan of French toast, not even her own. She only makes that for you boys...Donny in particular. Haven’t you ever noticed that she rarely has any herself? She usually skips breakfast those mornings.’

“Grinning mischievously, I said, ‘Well, I do like the syrup.’ Grabbing the bottle, I squeezed out a long line of maple syrup on both their bobbing erections before going to my knees. ‘I just like it on some things more than others…’ I smiled, licking first Rick’s then Donny’s shaft from the base to the very tip. After spreading it around a bit with my tongue, I took Rick’s cock into my mouth and began sucking while stroking Donny’s with my free hand. Swapping back and forth, I gave them each a wet, sticky blowjob, always keeping one in my mouth and the other in my hand.

“Apparently figuring someone had better say something, Donny chuckled, ‘Yeah, the syrup mixed with the powdered sugar is probably my favorite part.’ With a sly smirk he untied my apron, then he snatched the bottle from the counter and squeezed out a big glob of the stuff all over my breasts. He exchanged looks with Rick, and suddenly they were lifting me onto the counter. I was giggling like a schoolgirl, trying not to laugh out loud as they started in on licking and sucking my breasts.

“Your father laughed enough for the both of us, though, saying, ‘It sounds like you three really like maple syrup! Hmmm, maybe I should order up some room service….’

“In the meantime, Rick and Donny were fighting over the bottle. When Rick eventually wrested it away, he held it aloft in triumph before squirting gobs and gobs of gooey syrup all over my belly button, thighs and pussy. Diving between my legs, he imitated Donny’s Cookie Monster growl while going absolutely crazy in his devouring of my legs and pussy. Pushing my legs back with both hands, spreading me until my feet were perched on the counter top, he attacked with a vengeance. He was eating my pussy so hungrily, he even made Donny laugh.

“I guess it was becoming too much for your father to bear in silence, and he gleefully asked, ‘Do I even want to know what the boys are doing to you right now?’

“Giggling out of control, I panted, ‘They’re just enjoying a little syrup, sweetie!’ Like a couple of hungry bulldogs going to town on a girl covered in peanut butter, the boys continued to lick every inch of me, making a sticky mess of my entire body. Writhing beneath their busy tongues, I laughed, ‘God, honey, I never knew French toast could be so much fun!’

“Donny had been licking and sucking my breasts the whole time, but suddenly he flipped me onto my stomach and knelt behind me. Pulling me down from the counter, he had me bent at the waist, legs spread, my ass only inches from his face. ‘Gimme…’ he said to Rick, motioning for the bottle. Setting the tip at the base of my spine, he squeezed out a line of syrup directly in my crack and straight into my asshole before finishing it off with a teasing squirt right in my pussy. Obviously this was driving me crazy, and I took Rick’s cock back into my mouth. Sucking him as wildly as Donny was eating my ass, I’m sure we must have made for quite the interesting phone call. If your father still had any doubts whatsoever as to what was going on, they were answered to a fare-thee-well when I began sucking Rick’s balls while stroking his shaft and moaning, ‘Cum for me, baby…cum for me….’

“Returning my lips to the head of his cock, I moaned in delight as he erupted in my mouth, firing off shot after shot of thick, sweet cum onto my tongue. Happily gulping it all down, I kept sucking and sucking, thoroughly enjoying his electric spasms. He was hopping and yelping, gasping for me to stop because it was too much. Still I kept sucking, adding to his torture by cupping his balls while pressing my finger back into his ass. Now *that* really made him jump, and he skittered out of my wicked clutches.

“We could hear your father laughing, and he said, ‘You okay there, champ? Maybe you oughtta go for a little less syrup next time!’ Then he said to me, ‘And how about you, honey? Perhaps a bit of a sugar overload?’

“Donny was still pressing his tongue as deep as it would go into my ass and pussy, just one right after the other, all the while squeezing my ass like a maniac. Wiggling my bottom for him, I answered, ‘Talk to them about it! They’re the ones who seem to love their sugar so much. I’m just the innocent cook here.’ With Rick having regained a modicum of composure he looked on in laughter as his friend continued to thrash away at me like there was no tomorrow, until finally Donny returned to his feet and gave me a playful swat on the behind.

“‘Honey,’ I giggled, ‘I think the boys are finished with their breakfast. If you don’t mind, I’m going to go take a long, hot, soapy shower now. Those two, I swear, they’re such messy eaters!’

“‘I guess you’re just going to have to do a better job then of housetraining them,’ he said, his deep amusement as evident as ever. ‘Okay, enjoy your shower, and hopefully I’ll talk to you tonight. Love you.’

“The boys and I said goodbye to him, and right away Donny raced upstairs, shouting, ‘I call dibs on the other shower!’

“Now it was just the two of us alone together in the kitchen again, and I took Rick by the hand. ‘You look like you could use one, too. Care to join me?’ I smiled, gesturing with a pointed glance to my bedroom.

“‘Me…shower with you? Jesus…ummm…’ he stammered, with a lopsided grin.

“‘I’ll take that as a yes,’ I said teasingly, leading him up the stairs. When I felt him pause at my open bedroom door, I gave him a moment to take it all in. Staring at my unmade bed and the fluorescent pink vibrator nestled among the rumpled silk sheets, he was still sporting that same goofy grin. Answering his grin with an innocent smile, I brought him into the master bathroom.”

“Okay,” I said, imagining what Rick was thinking, “he had to have been totally freaking out.”

“No doubt,” added Paul. “I sure would be. I’d be nervous as hell.”

I asked, “Mom, was he just absolutely terrified?”

“Yes, I think he was. He wasn’t trembling or anything, but he seemed stiff as a board. He wasn’t saying anything, either. He just stood there, clearly unsure as to what to do. Noticing all this, I clasped his hands together in mine and said, ‘Relax, honey. We’re just going to enjoy a nice shower together. You’ll see. It’ll be fun.’

“Opening the glass door, I stepped in first. I started the shower, setting the temperature just so. I had a specific plan, and I didn’t want the bathroom to become so hot and steamy that we wouldn’t be able to take it for long. Guiding his hand beneath the warm spray, I asked him if it was okay. When he said it was fine, I pulled him in with me. Right away, he sort of retreated into a far corner. Turning to face him, I held out my arms, beckoning him to come to me.”

Paul was seriously eating this up. He just loved hearing about Donny and especially Rick being so shy and awkward, and he said, “Swear to god, Mom, we need to set up some hidden cameras around the house for when it’s just you, Rick and Donny there. They give me so much grief about being quiet and bashful, and look at them! You basically already had sex with them and they still don’t have a clue! At least once any of you girls start in with me, I figure it out easily enough. This is beautiful…absolutely beautiful. The next time I talk to those two clowns, I am going to give them so much shit….”

“Better be careful there, sweetie,” I grinned. “It’s not as if you weren’t every bit as shy and uncertain with me and Lisa in the beginning, and look how freaked out you still get with Mom. Be nice, Paul. Donny and Rick are virgins too, just like you were.”

“Yeah, but I never gave them massive shit about it, the way Rick has always teased me. Hell, I never gave either of them any crap about it at all.”

Mom said, “Baby, again, you’re more mature than they are, especially Rick. And your sister has been an absolute angel to you every step of the way. Sweetie, you’ve had a much easier go of it. Besides, once the game starts, it’s not as if those two don’t step up to the plate. Their thing simply seems to be that they almost need you and each other together as a group in order to feel confident. Even on their own, though, they both do just fine…eventually.”

“Yeah, okay, I know I have it way better than they ever did. Still, come on…” he answered, grinning smugly. “So did he at least step up and give you a hug, like you were asking him to?”

Mom sighed sweetly. “Yes, he did, and once he did he wouldn’t let go. Like you said, it was beautiful…absolutely beautiful. Even though we had already made out quite a few times, it almost felt like this was really our first genuine kiss. No one was watching; there were no friends around for him to worry about or show off for. This was real. It was also truly heartbreaking, in the most wonderful way.”

“Why?” I asked. “What happened?”

“Baby, we kissed so tenderly, so completely, and it lasted forever. We just stood beneath the shower kissing and kissing, locked in a warm embrace. When we finally paused to catch our breath, he started to say something. His lips were moving, but I couldn’t hear him over the shower, he was speaking so softly. Reaching up to cup his face, I said, ‘It’s okay, honey. Whatever it is, it’s okay. Tell me.’

“Dawn, that wonderful boy raised his eyes to mine and whispered, ‘I love you.’ Just like that: ‘I love you.’ Nothing else, and it was perfect. So, yes, Paul, listen to your sister and think about maybe going easy on them. Rick definitely had a clue, and when his time came he did himself proud.”

“Yeah, whatever,” he said, still grinning. “Like there’s any chance he wouldn’t fall in love with you, and it’s the same for Donny. How are they not supposed to fall madly in love with you? I mean, please. There’s no way.”

“Nope, not a prayer,” I added. “And you too, huh? When did you first realize that you were in love with her?”

Pausing to ponder it, he sat back on his hands. “I don’t know that there was ever a time when I wasn’t in love with her…and with you too, for that matter. To be honest, I think I’ve always known. I just didn’t know what I was supposed to do about it, but it was always there.”

“Dawn, Paul has always been in love with you, that much I can say with absolute certainty. It started to become more of a ‘present’ love when you two were just beginning high school, and it’s only grown deeper ever since. With me, I would say that he didn’t really become aware of it until his junior year, when he began spooning me and otherwise rubbing against me every chance he got. The harder he grew, the more he’d want to do it. He never said anything, but I’m his mother. I could see it in his eyes. He would always look away, unwilling to let on as to what he was feeling. Instead, he let our physical closeness do the talking.

“And now Rick was doing the same, only he was also willing to say it.”

“Easy for him,” Paul grumbled. “You’re not his mother. It’s hardly the same thing.”

“No, it isn’t,” she replied. “And don’t think that I’m not aware of that fact, sweetie. I know how difficult all of this has been for you and Dawn. And you know what? I couldn’t be prouder of both of you, for everything you’ve done. No mother was ever blessed with two more wonderful children. I told you that what Rick said truly broke my heart, it was so perfect, and I feel that way every minute of every day when I think about you two. The way you love me, the way you love each other and also your father, you really are my angels.”

“It’s all you, Mom,” I smiled. “It always has been. You’re our everything. Paul pointed out to me during our road trip just how important you are to us; how awesome you make each day for everyone. He tried to convince me that it was all because of me, that you only started being this way again in response to watching me, but I know better. If anyone in this family is an angel, it’s you. You’re the one we all turn to. You show us what love really is.”

I started to cry, and Paul scooted up to cradle my head and kiss my tears away. I couldn’t help it. I love her so much, it felt like I was going to burst.

Worried that the crew might be watching us, I had Paul return to his little chair. Mom, though, she wasn’t fooled. I could hear her crying too.

“Oh, baby…” she said, beaming between sniffles.

Steadying himself in his chair, Paul sat chuckling. “Mom, just so you know, Donny is in love with you too. Did he ever get around to telling you?”

“Yes, eventually. We were snuggling on the living room floor beneath a blanket when I told him that I really do love him like my very own. I let him know that he’s welcome to stay with us if things ever become too difficult for him at home. ‘I love you, sweetheart,’ I said. ‘We all love you.’

“Pressing his face to my chest, he whispered as softly as can be, ‘I love you too. God, I love you.’ Then he looked up and said, ‘I mean it. I really do love you. I always have, and I always will.’”

“See, Mom?” laughed Paul. “Everyone is crazy in love with you!”

Mom also laughed, but her sweet laughter was tempered by a deeper appreciation. “Baby, I know how blessed I am. I really do. I feel it every day, from all of you. It was driven home to me that morning in the shower with Rick. You both know how difficult it is for him to be serious about anything, and yet there he was, pouring his heart out to me. Trying to keep the mood light, I squeezed his dick and told him that I loved him too, but I had a feeling that he might have been confusing me with Dawn. ‘Be honest, now,’ I added, smiling while stroking his thickening length. ‘As much as you and Donny love me, Dawn is the one you truly dream about.’

“I had to give him credit, because he didn’t wimp out. Nope, he just grinned and said, ‘Can’t we love you both? I mean, yes, Dawn is my absolute dream girl. She’s any guy’s ultimate fantasy…but so are you. Believe me, so are you.’

“‘And Dawn isn’t already married,’ I grinned. Reaching over to grab a bar of soap, I handed it to him before turning away to offer him my back. Looking over my shoulder, I wiggled my bottom for him. ‘Lucky you, she’s still available, and her ass is even better than mine.’”

Paul sat up then. “Just so you two know, no, Dawn is not ‘available.’ Definitely not to that cheese dick. No way. If I can’t marry her, fine, whatever, but there is no way in hell that Rick gets to have her.”

Mom giggled in delight. “Oooh, did you hear that, Dawn? You’ve got all our boys fighting for the honor of your hand!”

“Yeah…somehow I don’t think it’s my hand they want….” Grinning, I wiggled my ass for Paul just the way I pictured Mom doing it for Rick in the shower.

“Oh, we want your hand too, as well as your amazing ass,” he said, reaching down to give each cheek a playful swat. “It’s pretty much a package deal.”

Whack! Whack!

Mom squealed happily at the sound. “Your brother just cannot resist the temptation to spank your luscious bottom, can he? God, he always has to have his hands on it!”

I laughed, “Seriously! It’s like every guy we know is a total ass monkey!”

“Speaking of which,” said Paul, “okay, Mom, so now you’re wiggling your bare bottom for Rick in the shower….”

“I was, and Rick gladly took the hint. Running the bar of soap all up and down my back and legs, he took his time, making sure to cover every inch of me. He wasn’t about to miss a spot, particularly if that spot happened to be *between* my legs. I knew he wasn’t quite the ass-fanatic that Donny is, so I thought it would be fun to give him a bit of direction. Guiding his fingertips through my soapy split, I pooched out my bottom. I wanted to see whether he would take the additional hint.

“Unfortunately, this time he didn’t, at least not in the way that I wanted him to. I had to hold his hand in place while dancing my bottom on his fingertips, until finally he got the message. ‘Wow…’ he said, watching as I pressed against him. It took a moment, but then his finger popped right inside, and from there it slid straight in.

“‘Give me more…’ I breathed, arching my back as he slid another finger past my tight ring. Leaning against the wall, I let out a lusty moan as he began to fuck me. I wanted to cum, and I told him so. ‘Keep going…’ I panted. ‘Make me cum for you.’ He began driving in and out at a steady pace, and I felt his hard shaft occasionally bopping against my pussy as it swayed between my legs. I was so focused on his fingers pounding deep in my ass that I doubt I would have even noticed had his cock slipped inside my pussy.”

Becoming totally turned on again, I asked her, “Could you tell whether it was going to be one of your big cums?”

I could almost see her shaking her head as she laughed, “I guess you told your brother about those too, didn’t you?”

“Yep!” he grinned. “Thar she blows! Aye, matey, she’s a real gusher, that one!”

“Paul Christopher Summers!” she guffawed. “When I come out there, I really am going to put you over my knee and paddle your cute little bottom! I can’t believe you!”

“Me?!” he said, guffawing right back. “I should paddle *your* cute little bottom for not gushing like that for me! How come you only do it for Dawn?”

“Like I said earlier, sweetie, I guess you’re just going to have to practice some more. Dawn did tell me that you make her squirt like a fountain now, so don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll get me there, too.”

“Well, to be fair,” I said, coming to Paul’s defense, “it’s not like he’s had any real opportunities to do that to you. You two have only had sex twice, right? Once in the kitchen with me there, plus that night with Rick and Donny on the couch. Both times, you guys weren’t really able to go for it. When I made you gush, it was different. We made love all night. I got to spend forever licking and fucking every gorgeous inch of you. Oh, and that’s right! Paul hasn’t even gotten to eat you yet, has he?”

“Nope!” she laughed. “One more for the bucket list!”

“Definitely!” I giggled. “Believe me, though, if Paul ever gets to give you the full Lisa Treatment, he’ll make you gush like crazy. That much, I can promise you.”

“Baby, I have no doubts about that. In fact, I’m surprised you couldn’t tell that I was only teasing. He already did make me gush. Paul, you felt how wet I became that night on the couch. Right before you exploded inside me, you made me cum all over your amazing cock. You’re just so big that it probably had nowhere to go.”

“You did tell me that she was just blazing hot and incredibly wet,” I said, looking up at him with an even smile.

Paul blinked once…twice. “So she actually did gush on me?”

“Yes, honey, I did. And if your father had waited just a few more minutes before coming downstairs to join us, I would have gushed on you like a broken faucet that night at the kitchen table.”

“He shoots…and he scores! Yes!” Paul exclaimed, leaning down to give me an exultant high-five.

“And honey,” Mom continued, hearing Paul whoop it up, “you’ll be equally delighted to learn that no, I didn’t have one of my ‘big cums,’ as your sister so delicately puts it, that morning in the shower with Rick. I only had a small one, which was triggered mainly by the exquisite feeling of his fingers pounding away inside my ass.”

“Mainly?” I asked, giggling in suspicion.

Mom laughed at my little giggle. “You caught that, did you? Well, yes…mainly. I guess I should also add that there was the small matter of Rick’s cock slipping inside me at the exact moment he leaned in to bite me between my shoulder blades. That sort of helped, too.”

“Yep, like I said, it’s hard-on heaven for Mom!” crowed Paul again, joining her in laughter.

“Hey, is it my fault that you boys are all so perpetually horny? Every time I simply sit on someone’s lap or give one of you a nice hug, someone sticks a rock-hard cock inside me. What am I supposed to do?”

She knew we didn’t believe a word she was saying, which made it all the funnier.

“Okay, fine,” she continued, “I suppose I did tell Dawn that before she sits naked on some guy’s throbbing erection she really ought to make sure that she’s not sending the wrong message.”

“And where does taking a hot, sexy shower with a wildly horny guy who’s just dying to fuck you fit into that equation?” I asked, exchanging smirks with Paul. “What sort of message does that send?”

“The correct one!” she laughed, and Paul and I laughed too. “Okay, but no, I really wasn’t trying to have actual sex with him. I was only planning on some nice, sexy shower play, including an intimate little project I had in mind for later. Once he sank his teeth into my back and slid inside me, though, I did let him go a bit further than I ever thought I would. Baby, all our men have wonderfully tempting cocks, and I’m nothing if not a sucker for a lonely erection. So, even though it wasn’t on my original setlist, I thought it might be fun to change up a song or two.

“Pushing against him as he continued to drive his fingers up my ass, I took his eager cock all the way inside me while moaning, ‘See? Aren’t showers fun?’ Returning my hands to the wall, I arched my back and went to my tiptoes; moving my ass in needy circles, I was encouraging his dual penetrations. I guess the sight of my swaying breasts must have gotten the better of him, though, because he pulled his fingers from my ass and reached around to grab two firm handfuls. Holding me by my juddering breasts, he thrust deep into my pussy and began fucking me hard and fast.

“In my muddled mind I hadn’t entirely committed to having full-blown sex with him, and fortunately I ended up not having to make that decision just yet; after only thirty seconds or so of hammering away inside me, he popped out. It wasn’t that he meant to, either; rather, it was more the result of an awkward angle, and I think he simply lost his place. In any case, he gave a startled yelp. Turning to see what had happened, I saw that he was about to cum. His face reflected his anguish as he tried to hold it back, and I quickly went to my knees before him. Guiding him to the little seating area in the corner of the shower, I’d barely set my lips upon the tip of his shaft when he began rocketing rope after rope of warm, creamy cum into my mouth. It wasn’t as much as the last time, yet somehow it was even thicker and sweeter. Holding my head exactly where he wanted it, his entire body went rigid as he unloaded down my throat.

“This time, however, I wanted to keep him right where he was, so I made sure not to do anything that might make him jump and skitter away. Holding him by his hips, I applied soft, even pressure with my lips. More than anything, I avoided using my tongue on his sensitive crown, especially in his still-oozing slit. Instead, I simply gave him a warm, wet place in which to drain every last drop, until finally he was comfortable again with the feeling of my lips on his shaft. Patiently waiting out his last spasms, I took special care to coddle him in my mouth.”

“If he didn’t already love you before that weekend, he would have been a definite goner by the time Monday rolled around,” I said with a sigh. “God, Mom, you really are a goddess.”

“Sweetie, you all say things like that, but the thing none of you seem to understand is that those moments are just as wonderful for me as they are for you, your father, and the boys. You make it sound like it’s entirely about everyone else’s pleasure, never mind the fact that I probably love it more than any of you.”

“And that’s why you’re a goddess,” I smiled.

Paul said, “Mom, the thing I get from you is that you never make excuses. You don’t try to hide behind lame rationalizations. You love sex. You love to make love. You love us, and that’s all that matters.”

Sitting up on my forearms, I nodded. “Exactly. In her world, love is the only thing that matters. When there’s love, who needs excuses?

“So, okay, what’s this about that ‘intimate little project’ you mentioned?”

“I swear, Dawn, you really don’t miss a thing. Yes, my intimate little project. I was still between Rick’s legs, almost just nursing on his cock. After everything we had gone through together that weekend, ‘tenderness’ had become my overriding theme for the day…and, obviously, intimacy. It’s not as if we weren’t already close; but now, like I said, it was as if we were lovers. Towards that end, I thought it would be nice to share a special private moment with him.

“Helping him up, I had us switch places. ‘Sweetie, will you hand me that, please,’ I asked, motioning to a bottle of skin conditioner sitting alongside a few other things in a nook of the shower. He passed it over to me, and I smiled. ‘Would you like to help me shave my legs?’

“He looked at me in wonder; possibly even greater wonder than before. Studying my eyes, perhaps searching for clues, he offered a barely perceptible shake of his head. Just above a whisper he asked, ‘Why me? You’re so perfect in every way, and I’m such a total loser. Why are you so good to me?’

“Taking him into my arms, I answered, ‘Because I love you, and you deserve to be loved.’ I didn’t want to embarrass him, but he’d made me start crying. Burying my face in his neck, I said, ‘I love you so much, baby. You are not a loser. Don’t ever let anyone tell you that. You’re a smart, talented, beautiful young man, and we’re all very fortunate to have you in our lives.’

“Pulling back, he saw my tears. ‘Oh god,’ he whispered, returning to my warm embrace. I felt him trembling. We were both crying.”

And so was I. Paul was the only one who wasn’t, and I think even he was doing his best to hide it.

“Mom,” I said, “you are the most amazing person in the whole world.”

Gathering himself, Paul grudgingly added, “That was really awesome of you, Mom. Rick and Donny…both of them. You probably have no idea how much you mean to them, but what you did for them – what you always do for them – is the best thing ever.”

That’s when he finally broke down. Well, just a little. This is Paul we’re talking about here, after all. Still, I saw his eyes water. It was definitely an emotional moment for him.

“Mom, I think what he’s trying to say is that he’s super proud of you. We both are.” Looking up at Paul, I mouthed, “You big softy!”

Obstinately shaking his head, he said, “So what then? Did he whip out a violin and play you a love song right there in the shower?”

“Not quite, honey. I eventually handed him the bottle, telling him I was all his. Sitting back for a moment, he took in every inch of me, though it was obvious that he was mainly focusing on my legs and my small patch of pubic hair. I spread my legs for him, showing him my smooth pussy. His eyes lit up, as if to say, ‘Are you serious? There, too?’

“Grinning, I said, ‘Let’s start with the easy parts. Here….’ I had him take two handfuls of conditioner and smooth them up and down my shins and calves. He really seemed to enjoy that, so I just stretched out and encouraged him to do his thing. When he moved to my thighs, I spread my legs and watched as he took his time stroking and caressing right up to my pussy. I let him apply a lot more oil than I would ever need, and finally I handed him my razor.

“That’s when he actually said what he had appeared to be thinking earlier: ‘No way. Seriously?’ I told him, yes, he was going to shave my legs for me.

“‘Just go slowly and be very careful,’ I said. ‘The key is to do everything smoothly. No sudden changes of direction. Long, easy strokes…smooooooth. Don’t worry, you’ll be fine.’

“Grinning nervously, he started just below my knee and went down my shin. ‘Perfect!’ I smiled, and he did another stroke an inch or so over…again, a success. The more he did it, the more confident he became; pretty soon, he was moving like an expert. Better still, I could tell that he was genuinely enjoying himself. Before long he was making a game of it, pretending the razor was a race car zooming around the track. At least in terms of doing my legs, probably his favorite part was when I rolled onto my stomach to offer him the backs of my thighs. ‘What’s this track called?’ I asked coyly, swishing my hips back and forth.

“And so it went, until it was time to do my pussy. Rolling back onto my bottom, I sat up and spread my legs nice and wide for him. ‘I’ll want lots of oil here…’ I purred, running a fingertip through my soft petals. ‘No race track action, either. Think of this as your very own Sistine Chapel. Gentle strokes…smooth lines…delicate caresses.’ And I have to hand it to him, for that is precisely how he approached it. Just as he had done at the drive-in, again he treated my sensitive pussy with the utmost care. He already seemed to know every fold, and he confidently went about his business. When he was finished, it was obvious that he had done a perfect job. Visually, there wasn’t a single hair where they shouldn’t be; doing a thorough inspection with my fingertips, it was just as flawless. From the top of my slit all the way to my puckered rosebud, he hadn’t missed a spot. He was rightfully proud of his work, and his reward was a long, languorous licking of my pussy.”

“Guess what we’re going to do as soon as we get home,” I said, grinning to Paul.

Swatting me on the ass again, he laughed, “I’m surprised you’re even willing to wait that long. Knowing you, I half expected you to say, ‘Let’s borrow a razor from those guys and do it right here!’”

“Hmmm,” I smiled, inching my legs open.

“Dawn, don’t even think about it. It’s not gonna happen.”

Fake-pouting, I petulantly tossed the bottle of baby oil at him. “Spoilsport!”

Laughing, Mom took his side. “Baby…not a good idea. Listen to your brother.”

“Okay, fine. We’ll wait until we get home tonight. But once we walk through that door, ooh, watch out. No way will the Paul I know let Rick be the king of the leg worshippers.”

“Nope, not our Paul. You won’t stand for that, will you, sweetie?”

For the umpteenth time that morning, Paul rolled his eyes. “Oh, please. Rick, worship you two better than I can? Never.”

Mom was in her element. “Don’t look now, Dawn, but I think we have a challenge on our hands!”

“Yep, I think we do!” I grinned, spreading my legs that slight bit more.

“Still…” she added, “as much as I love Rick and Donny and their unquenchable desire to please, I really don’t think Paul has anything to worry about. When it comes to making me feel like a beautiful princess, he and his incredible Wonder Cock can’t be beat.”

“Mom, don’t tell him that! If he thinks the game is already won, he won’t keep trying so hard!”

Paul knew I was only kidding, and I gave him a teasing smile.

“Baby, in case you hadn’t noticed, your brother was born hard. Where you’re concerned, ‘hard’ is all he knows. Well, okay, he also knows ‘tremendously long’ and ‘mouthwateringly thick,’ not to mention ‘horny as all get-out.’”

“Don’t forget ‘cums like a geyser!’ That’s probably my favorite part.”

“Oooh, mine too,” she said. “You’re right, we can’t forget that.”

Until Paul had mentioned them again I’d almost forgotten about Laura, Jonathan and the rest of the crew, but apparently they were ready to start the next shoot. Calling to me from the rocks, Laura was waving me over.

“Okay, you two, have fun!” Mom said cheerily. “We’ll talk some more tonight.”

“Bye, Mom!” Paul shouted, and he actually waved goodbye to her.

Mom heard me laugh, and she said, “Let me guess. He’s waving right into the phone, isn’t he?”

“Yep,” I answered, grinning from ear to ear.

“Like I said, sweetie…absolutely adorkable.”

“Oh, yeah…definitely adorkable. Talk to you tonight, Mom. Love you.”