**Everyone Loves My Ass Ch. 08**

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"Rise and shine, chicas!" came Lucinda's musical greeting from the foyer, accompanied by the sound of a set of keys skittering across a glass table top.  
  
"Oh, shit!"  
  
Panicking, Paul quickly shoved me down beneath our thin Afghan blanket. He raised his knees, creating a small tent for me to curl up and hide in, and there was just enough light sneaking through that I could see his huge dick loll forward, right onto the top of my head.  
  
"Well hello there!" I whisper-giggled, leaning up to plant a series of teasing kisses all along the underside of the soft, rubbery shaft.  
  
Upon our return home following my first modeling shoot and our wild day at the beach talking with Mom about all her sexy escapades, I'd dragged my horny baby brother into the shower to do our version of Mom having Rick shave her legs and pussy for her. I say "dragged," but it wasn't as if Paul wasn't totally eager to get his shot at it. See, he had a point to prove...a point of pride. After listening to Mom and me go on and on about how sweet and wonderful Rick is, Paul was determined to show me just how loving he could be, too!  
  
Wow. He definitely didn't disappoint. In between shaving everything but my little landing strip perfectly clean, he must have spent a solid hour simply kissing and nuzzling my legs, from the tips of my toes all the way up to my hips. Using only small handfuls of baby oil, he smoothed it in everywhere, while conspicuously avoiding my pussy. Instead, he kept circling near it, almost touching it, before slowly moving away. Inch by inch, he kept drawing closer, only to pull back.  
  
Ooh, that bastard. He was torturing me. He sat worshipping my legs and ass, coaxing me forward with tingly eyelash kisses and tiny nibbles, right up to the very edge...then he'd slip away, leaving me teetering on the precipice. I have no idea where he learned that stuff, but he was just crazy good.  
  
Well, eventually I'd had enough. I mean, come on. Even Mom broke down and had Rick lick her pussy, and she also let him fuck her a little.  
  
"If you don't hurry up and start doing my pussy, I swear, I'm not going to suck you for a week!" I panted.  
  
I guess he got the message. Circling his lips back to within a hair's breadth of my pouting lips, he stuck his tongue out just so, barely making contact with my smooth slit. I wiggled my hips forward, wanting more, and his tongue tickled its way down to my tight little asshole. "Oooooh, nice," I moaned, "but Mom said you should practice letting me do that to you, not the other way around...."  
  
"Yeah, well, we'll see," he said with a coy smirk, which then morphed into an evil smile. "In the meantime, I know what you really want." Making a firm spearhead of his tongue, he slipped it inside me. Slowly, he began fucking me...in and out, in and out, deeper, faster, circling wider, opening me. Even though he'd only ever eaten my ass a couple of times, god, he was soooo good at it.  
  
"Mmmm, where did you learn how to do all this?" I managed to ask, between appreciative moans. He had my hips and ass dancing like crazy, bouncing off the edge of the shower seat.  
  
"Where do you think?" he answered, pausing to give me another evil grin.  
  
"Mom? But you haven't even had the chance to go down on her yet, so how could she have taught you?"  
  
Pausing again, he gazed up at me from between my legs. He stabbed into me before pulling out, then he treated me to a wonderful tap-tap-tapping of sexy licks all around my tiny hole.  
  
"Nope, not Mom. Think about it, Dawn. I mean, come on...duh."  
  
In my defense, I have to say that my ability to think clearly at that particular moment was probably just a bit compromised by the fact that MY HOT LITTLE BROTHER WAS TOTALLY EATING MY ASS OUT! Still, it finally came to me.  
  
"Lisa? She taught you all these things?" 'Wow,' I thought. 'Girl, you certainly know your stuff. Remind me to thank you, the next time I see you.'  
  
"Well, yeah, some of it," he answered sheepishly. "The rest I got from watching, well, you know...."  
  
"Porn?" I yelped, jumping when he teasingly bit my soft inner lip.  
  
Stopping to admire his handiwork, he laughed. "No, not porn, you idiot. Well, actually, I guess it was kind of like porn. Thank god for hot sisters and their horny cheerleader friends."  
  
Again, with the evil grin.  
  
"You mean thank god for pool parties and upstairs bedrooms for peeping!" Laughing right along with him, I added, "You learned all this just from watching us play?"  
  
"Yep, and also from what you and Lisa have shown me, obviously. I have some killer teachers, you know. Lisa says you've shown her tons of awesome stuff too."  
  
"We all show each other. Trish, though, she's the one who showed us the majority of our oral tricks. Most of what I know, I got it from her, and from Michelle, who also got it from Trish."  
  
"And you learned a lot from Mom, right?"  
  
"Mmmm, definitely. She is absolutely amaaaaaaazing. Even as incredible as Trish and the girls are, Mom is the master. I swear, she's like the High Queen of Sex. I'm almost surprised she hasn't started showing you some of her favorite tricks yet, but I guess you two haven't had much in the way of alone-time so far."  
  
"Not really. Just the couple of times I told you about."  
  
Reaching down to cup his face, I smiled. "And you still blew her away. You did everything right, to where she didn't need to show you anything. You know, you're just as much of a natural as she is."  
  
"Yeah, well, like Trish said, and Mom agrees with her one hundred percent, you're the sexiest one of all. If anyone's a natural, a total sex goddess, it's you. Dawn, you blow everyone away."  
  
"When it comes to being sexy no one can touch Mom, but thank you. Just as long as I blow you away...." Leaning back, I spread my legs.  
  
"No worries there, little girl," he said, slipping his tongue back into my ass. At the same time, he drove two thick fingers into my pussy and began hammering away, igniting a starburst of rapid-fire orgasms that shook my entire body. It felt like sparks were shooting from between my legs, and I cried out in sheer joy.  
  
Satisfied with the results of his initial assault, he slid up my body, until the tip of his swaying cock was nestled between my wet, quivering lips. Guiding my hands to it, he had me hold it steady, poised in my opening.  
  
"Mom is definitely the master, but here's one thing she can't give you..." he breathed, staring into my eyes. God, he was so gorgeous. He was like the world's sexiest werewolf, with the biggest, hottest, most perfect cock.  
  
And it was all for me.  
  
"Mmmm, Paul, fuck me...fuck me deep, baby. No one can fuck me like you do," I moaned, pressing the head inside. "I love you...love you and your gorgeous cock...."  
  
Again, god but did he fuck me, as well as make love to me. Just as Mom makes love to me in a way only she can, making me feel like the most loved, cherished girl in the whole world, Paul takes me to a place I can't even describe. In trying to compare them, the best I can manage is that Mom always makes my heart soar, taking flight on gossamer wings of boundless love and unbridled bliss.  
  
Paul? He shows me heaven. For me, heaven is at the end of a massively long, thick cock, touching me places I never knew existed. It's at the end of a long, thick cock driven home by a man who loves me more than anything, and proves it to me every time I look into his eyes. I don't know that it's possible for me to love anyone more than I love my beautiful Samantha, but the feeling I get when Paul is inside me is something I will never willingly surrender.  
  
"Baby," I panted, glorying in the feeling of his pounding cock stretching my pussy, "when we were driving through Texas you said you would marry me, if only you could. I want you to know something, little brother. I would marry you, too. I will always be yours, and I will never stop wanting you inside me. We're lovers, no different than if we really were married. Mmmm, so fuck me, Paul...make love to your forever girl...."  
  
"Oh, god," he groaned, leaning in to kiss me. He kissed me for days, with so much passion that it took my breath away. No one had ever kissed me like that, and I was a goner. Moaning around his tongue, I drenched his cock with my longest gushing cum ever; still we kept making love, our bodies crashing together in never-ending waves of celebration until, with an anguished cry, he added his own torrent of cum to mine, filling my happy pussy to overflowing.  
  
We made love all night, moving from the shower to the bedroom and finally into the living room, where we fell asleep in each other's arms while watching an old James Bond movie.  
  
And that's where we were, still asleep on the couch, when Lucinda startled us awake the following morning.  
  
"Oh! I'm sorry, I didn't mean to wake you. What are you doing sleeping out here?" she asked, breezing into the living room.  
  
"Ummm...fell asleep watching TV, I guess," Paul answered. I gave his rubbery dick a sharp nip, and he clutched at me with his knees to keep me still. After tugging the Afghan up to his chest, he let out a big yawn while stretching his arms.  
  
"You and your sister must have stayed out partying too late, huh? A couple of sweet, innocent babies from Kansas, can't keep up with these California vampires. Better take care, honey. These rich kids, they're real pros," she replied, with teasing glee.  
  
"Who says we're so sweet and innocent? We can handle ourselves."  
  
"Uh-huh, I can see that! It's ten-fifteen, and you're still zonked out on the couch. Very impressive, chica. I suppose your sister is still in bed too, isn't she?" The smile was clear in her voice as she playfully tugged on the blanket. "Anyway, it's time to get up. I need to get started in here."  
  
"Ummm, I can't," he said, nervously.  
  
"What do you mean you can't? Just go sleep in your room, lazy bones."  
  
"No, I mean I really can't, not with you standing here. I'm, you know...."  
  
I felt her tug at the blanket again. Giggling, she exclaimed, "Oooh, nice! Is our handsome gringo naked beneath his pretty blanket?"  
  
Tugging back to hold it in place, Paul answered, "Yeah, yeah, whatever. Yes, I fell asleep out here naked. You got me, okay? Busted."  
  
I felt the pause in the room, and Lucinda said, "I don't see any clothes anywhere. Did you actually come out here naked? Where was Dawn?"  
  
"Out, I guess. I'm not really sure. I didn't see her last night."  
  
"So you decided to get naked and come sleep on the couch. Crazy boy."  
  
'You got that right!' I thought, taking Paul's hardening cock into my mouth. Trying to picture how Mom did it that night on the couch when Rick and Donny were sitting right there, I slowly sucked him all the way down. He jumped a little, making me giggle to myself, and I dragged my teeth right back up his thick length. After doing a couple of long passes up and down, I began swirling my tongue around the head before pressing into his drooling slit. Cupping his balls, I lay perfectly still, savoring the taste of his flowing pre-cum.  
  
I had to give Paul credit. Somehow he was maintaining his composure while continuing to carry on his end of the conversation. "I actually have no idea how I ended up in the living room, much less why I crashed out here naked," he said.  
  
"You probably had a hot date and don't even remember. Did you drink a lot last night?"  
  
"Yeah, that's probably it. Man, though, I really don't remember a thing."  
  
"Poor baby," she cooed, sitting down beside him. Peering through the tiny holes in the Afghan weave, I saw her pat his bare chest. "I'll make you some strong black coffee. That'll help clear your head. In the meantime, why don't you hop up and go grab a shower. When you get out, I'll have a nice hot pot ready for you."  
  
She gave the blanket another tug, pretending to take a peek beneath it. "Hmmm...handsome, naked men in my living room. I may have to tell Dr. Carlisle that his house is very dusty, and perhaps it would be best if I started coming by on Wednesdays and Fridays, too." Sliding her hand up to squeeze Paul's cheeks together, making him do kissy lips, she teased, "Such a pretty boy!" before heading off to the kitchen.  
  
"Ha ha! Real funny there, Dawn!" he whispered, and I popped my head out from beneath the blanket to give him a sunny grin. He took me by the hand, and with the two of us exchanging hushed giggles we made a mad dash for our bedrooms.  
  
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"Oh, come on, it will be fun! You know she's totally hot for you, and it's what you normally do anyway, so why stop now? Please?"  
  
Having thrown on my Kansas Jayhawks tank top, some tiny pink panties and a fluffy robe, I was sitting on Paul's bed, trying to convince him to head back out to the kitchen wearing nothing but a pair of skimpy boxers. He'd just finished his shower, and was standing before me with a towel wrapped around his waist.  
  
Watching as my hand made its way inside the towel and up his thigh, he smiled. "That was a close call out there. Did you see how she kept tugging on my blanket? And there you were, totally driving me crazy, sucking my dick! What if she had gone ahead and really pulled the blanket away?"  
  
"I know! It was all I could do not to laugh. I think I actually did laugh once, when your big dick just flopped right down on top of my head!"  
  
"Yep, I heard you giggle, you moron. You almost got us busted."  
  
I couldn't help but giggle again. I don't know why, but whenever Paul affectionately calls me an "idiot" or a "moron" or whatever, it always makes me happy.  
  
"We're fine. She had no idea I was down there. Jeez, she was so busy scoping you out, you know she didn't notice anything else. So, come on, give her a thrill. She will absolutely love seeing you bounce around in your thin little boxers. Here, let's get you started..." I said, undoing his towel and tossing it onto the bed. His hanging cock was already semi-hard, and I took it in my hand. God, it was so thick...so deliciously heavy. Staring up at him, I added, "And hey, you have to admit, she is kind of hot."  
  
She really was, actually. Probably in her mid-thirties, and standing only an inch or two over five feet tall, and barely a hundred pounds soaking wet, she reminded me of a smaller Lisa; maybe like Lisa's flirty aunt, or something. She had the same sort of big, smoky dark eyes and long, straight, deep brown hair, and a spicy Venezuelan accent. Nice full lips, too. I could tell she also had quite the curvy little figure, though she wasn't exactly much of a show-off about it. Rather than a traditional sexy maid's outfit topped off by a slinky pair of high heels, which would have been so cool, she usually wore tight, faded jeans, Reebok tennis shoes and a snug t-shirt, always with a bra.  
  
Very casual, but she definitely made it work.  
  
"You think it would be fun, huh?" asked Paul, with a knowing grin. "And what will you be doing? For that matter, why should I be the only one? If I'm going out there in just my boxers, then you have to ditch your robe. Fair is fair."  
  
Bringing his warm, pulsing cock to my mouth, I ran the tip around my lips while shrugging off my robe. "Fair is fair," I repeated, parting my lips to take him inside. After holding him there for just a few heartbeats, I pulled back with a happy sigh. "Mmmm, god, the way you feel when you grow hard inside my mouth. If I could bottle that feeling, we'd be instant millionaires. But okay, not too much now. We don't want you fully erect, jutting out a foot when you're drinking your coffee in front of her. She'd probably freak. No, thick, weighty and bouncy is good. It'll make her mouth water for sure, and it won't scare her off. Come on, let's find you some nice ones."  
  
I led him over to his dresser and started rummaging through his underwear drawer. When I found the powder blue pair I wanted, I held it up to the morning light. "Perfect," I said, showing Paul how easily we could see my wiggling fingers through the thin material. "I love how you look in these. I bet she will, too. C'mere...."  
  
He came over and stood at my side, and I knelt before him. "Lift..." I said. He raised one foot, then the other, and I slid those threadbare little boxers up his legs and over his hips, but only after pausing at his ass to give it a couple of playful squeezes. His massive erection was sticking straight out a solid foot or so, making his usual obscene tent. Giving it a friendly pat and a happy kiss, I smiled. "I'll go out first and chat her up over coffee. Once you have this guy somewhat under control," I continued, kissing his exposed shaft through the stretched-open fly, "come on out and join us."  
  
"That might take a while," he answered, grinning at the sight of his enormous dick, and my lips trailing kisses up and down his steely length.  
  
"Okay, I'll be good now," I said, with an innocent grin. I came to my feet and did a little twirl for him, showing him my ass in my tiny panties. "So you really want me to go out there like this? Other than for the giant hard-on it'll give you, I doubt she'll even notice. She wants to see what's in your underwear, not mine."  
  
"Don't be so sure, Dawn. I've already caught her checking you out a couple of times. She likes what she sees, even when you're just wearing your little running shorts and a tank top. In those panties, and with your awesome breasts showing the way they do in that teensy top? Oh yeah, she's going to notice, big time."  
  
"That would be awesome! God, I hope you're right. This could wind up being even more fun than I thought!"  
  
He just shook his head and laughed. "You're retarded, you know that?"  
  
Jumping into his arms, I gave him a big, happy hug and a million sloppy kisses. "That's why you love me!" I crowed.  
  
"Well, not only because of that. There's also this...." Setting me down, he took me by the hips and spun me around, then he pulled my panties to my knees and gave my bare ass a huge motorboat, just like Mom does it! "Bwoooooarrrrr!" he growled, thrashing his face back and forth between my bouncing cheeks, until I collapsed onto his bed in a fit of hysterical giggles.  
  
That wasn't enough for him, though. Oh no, not my ass-crazy baby brother!  
  
WHACK! WHACK!  
  
WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!  
  
"Ooh, yes..." I moaned, pooching my hips up nice and high, encouraging him to spank my bare bottom to his heart's content, until finally I was cumming and cumming and cumming....  
  
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"Mmmm, g'morning," I said sleepily, yawning and stretching as I swayed my hips back and forth beneath the marble archway. Standing at the edge of the kitchen, with the brilliant late-morning sunlight pouring over me through the open windows, I greeted Lucinda with a contented purr. "Whatcha doing?" I asked, raising my crossed arms high above my head, continuing my sexy wake-up performance. Still dancing my hips with my arms held aloft, I turned a skosh to the side, offering her the sight of my feline preening in fully illuminated profile.  
  
She smiled in seeming appreciation. "Another lazy bones, I see."  
  
"Another?" Bouncing on the balls of my feet, I thrust my ass out and stretched my arms as high as they would go before turning to her with an answering smile.  
  
"Your baby brother was asleep too, just now. I think I caught him by surprise."  
  
She gave me a gleeful smirk.  
  
"You already did his room?"  
  
"Oh no, chica, I haven't gotten to the bedrooms yet. He was asleep on the couch in the living room when I showed up. He was a little embarrassed about it, too. He was naked."  
  
We both laughed, and I said, "Seriously? You caught him naked on the couch? That's awesome!"  
  
"Well, yes and no. I didn't actually see him naked. He was covered up to his stomach by a blanket. When I told him to go sleep in his bedroom so I could start doing the living room, he admitted he was naked, but couldn't remember how he ended up that way. I teased him, saying, 'I think our handsome boy might have had too many cervezas last night!'"

"Yep, that sounds like Paul, for sure. When it comes to alcohol, he's a total lightweight."  
  
"Perhaps so," she said, pausing for effect. "But I don't really think that's what happened last night."  
  
"What do you mean?" I replied, worried that she might know more than she was letting on. Entering the kitchen, I tried to act as casual as possible. "What do you think happened?" I asked, opening the fridge and sticking my head inside.  
  
I knew then that Paul was right. I could tell she was checking out my ass. So, remaining bent at the waist, I continued to poke around inside the fridge, thinking, 'If I do a good enough job of distracting her, maybe I can get her to change the subject.'  
  
It almost worked. Her voice sort of caught in her throat before she paused again and said, "There was no alcohol on his breath, or anywhere else. The only thing I noticed was the scent of, well...."  
  
"Of...?" I repeated, turning to her with a mischievous smile.  
  
She leveled her gaze at me, and I could see that it was a real struggle for her to tear her eyes from my bare thighs. Try as she might, her glance kept stealing down my body. I felt my nipples beginning to harden, and I crossed my arms beneath my breasts in exaggerated anticipation.  
  
"Of sex," she continued, flashing her own mischievous grin. "That wasn't alcohol, oh no, chica. It was some pretty girl. That's why he was naked. He tried to act like he couldn't remember, but I know better."  
  
"And you let him off the hook? Oh my god, you should have teased him to death about it. I would have, if I were you."  
  
"Oh, believe me, I definitely considered it. And I did tease him, honey...just not about that."  
  
"Well, it would serve him right. Next time, I hope you show him no mercy. If he's going to let you catch him naked, he deserves all the teasing you can give him.  
  
"So, wow, he really smelled like sex? I mean, you could smell the girl, too?"  
  
I resisted the temptation to run my hands down my body and bring them to my nose. Instead, I watched as her attention seemed to shift from her recollections of Paul and the scents in the living room to a discreet yet unmistakable studying of my body. In particular, her furtive glances kept returning to my tiny panties. I was very wet, and I knew she could see my moist strip of pubic hair and smooth lips through the sheer fabric. Raising her glance, her subtle gaze drifted to my barely-covered breasts. My nipples were fully erect.  
  
"Yes," she answered, scarcely above a whisper. "I could smell their lovemaking. It filled the room." She glanced down at her own gorgeous breasts, and her suddenly erect nipples. Taking a deep breath, she thrust them out with obvious pride. "Honey, I'm a wife as well as a mother. I know that lovely aroma. His skin held the scent of a woman's precious flower."  
  
"Lucinda, that is absolutely beautiful," I said, staring at her in wonder. God, she reminded me more and more of Lisa every minute.  
  
"Isn't it?" she answered, her smiling eyes shining sweetly.  
  
"Definitely. So, there were no clothes at all? Not even his shorts or whatever?"  
  
"Nope, nothing. No girl's clothes, either. The least she could have done was leave him her panties as a nice memento."  
  
"Maybe she wasn't wearing any," I said, making her grin. "But wait, you're sure it was actual sex you smelled, and not just, you know...." I made the universal motion of a guy jacking off.  
  
We both laughed.  
  
"No, chica, absolutely not. It wasn't only the scent of your handsome brother's pleasure filling the room. I was certainly aware of that, too, but her scent was also there. It was all over him. I could smell her in his hair, on his chest and stomach, and even on his face. Somewhere this morning walks one very happy girl."  
  
I loved the elegant, almost formal way she phrased things, complemented by her sexy Spanish accent. Grinning delightedly, I gave her a big hug. "You are just the coolest chick ever," I gushed. Although she seemed a bit taken aback, nevertheless she returned my hug with equal affection. Thankfully I had also grabbed a quick shower while Paul took his, so I wasn't worried that my scent would be too obvious to our hot little South American bloodhound.  
  
"So you think my baby brother is handsome, huh?" I teased, pulling back to give her an accusing smile.  
  
"Mmmm, muy guapo, from his pretty head right down to his gigante feet," she answered dreamily. Taking me by the hands, she made a show of looking me up and down. "You are both so very beautiful," she added, and I hugged her again.  
  
"Wait until you see my mom," I said, with a quiet giggle.  
  
"I can only imagine," she sighed. "She must be like a shimmering goddess, descended from the heavens."  
  
Beaming, I pulled back again. "That's exactly how I always describe her: a total goddess! God, you are so awesome!"  
  
I hugged her excitedly, and I think she was just as delighted as I was. She certainly seemed to share my joy, laughing with me and hugging me like it was the most natural thing in the world.  
  
"What are you guys so happy about?" we heard Paul ask with a wary chuckle, and Lucinda's eyes practically popped out of her head before she managed to get hold of herself. Paul had come sauntering into the kitchen, his amazing cock leading the way, and I felt Lucinda stiffen in my arms.  
  
"Muy guapo...muy, muy guapo..." she whispered to me, and again I had to stifle a giggle.  
  
"What were you just saying, about something being gigante?" I whispered back, nipping at her ear.  
  
"Dios mío, chica. It looks like a hanging oak branch."  
  
"I know, and the best thing is, he has no idea. He always walks around the house like that. It drives Mom crazy."  
  
"Again, I can only imagine," she said wistfully, eyeing his mouthwatering bulge. "What is that woman feeding you two, anyway?"  
  
Leaning close, I whispered, "She says he takes after his father. Anyway, don't say anything. Just enjoy it. Muy guapo, right?"  
  
"Mmmm-hmmmmm, muy guapo..." she repeated, nipping my ear right back. "May I at least tease him some more, like when we were in the living room?"  
  
"You'd better!" I answered, and this time I couldn't prevent myself from giggling out loud.  
  
"Okay, enough already, you two. What's with all the whispering and giggling?" Pouring himself a cup of coffee, Paul stood facing us at the kitchen counter with another accusing smirk.  
  
Lucinda slid her hands down to give my exposed bottom a playful squeeze and a couple of affectionate pats. "Oh, your sister here was just telling me about your beautiful mother, is all. Nothing to worry your pretty head about, crazy naked boy."  
  
"Yeah, Paul, what's all this Lucinda was telling me about finding you naked on the couch, hmmm?" I moved over to him and snapped the waistband of his skimpy boxers. "You usually at least wear these around the house. So, what, now that you're in California you're going to start running around totally naked?"  
  
I think Lucinda's little trick of letting Paul see her touch my bare ass had achieved the intended effect. Whereas Paul had entered the kitchen with his cock showing nicely long and thick, but still hanging soft and heavy, already it had started to grow. Stretching conspicuously down his left thigh, the lengthening bulge was beginning to tent its ultra-lightweight covering.  
  
Grinning sheepishly, he shook his head at the two of us. "If she told you all that, then she also told you that she didn't actually see anything, and that I don't even know how I wound up sleeping naked on the couch."  
  
"Suuuuure..." I answered, grinning at Lucinda, who was fighting a losing battle in her efforts to avoid ogling my baby brother's noticeably hardening cock.  
  
"He's right, chica," she said, biting her bottom lip, which I thought was a sexy touch. This woman was a killer tease. "I didn't see him naked. He was always covered by his blanket."  
  
I was having too much fun, and I decided to turn up the heat. Stretching again onto the balls of my feet, I leaned up and over the counter, ostensibly to look through the cupboards for a coffee cup. The main thing was to offer them both a clear shot of my ass. "Fine," I continued, taking my sweet time, "but that still doesn't explain what he was doing out there in the first place, sleeping naked on the couch. Come on, Paul, you have to do better than some lame 'I don't remember!' story. Spill it, little brother."  
  
When I eventually turned back to them, I noticed Lucinda's nipples were as hard as rocks. Paul followed my guiding glance, and Lucinda brought her hand to her breast, pretending to pick at some imaginary piece of lint or something. She was letting him look.  
  
That little devil, she was enjoying our teasing game as much as I was.  
  
A wicked idea hit me, and I said, "Hold that thought. I'll be right back." I ran upstairs to my bedroom and grabbed my phone. My plan was to get Mom involved, knowing she would absolutely tease the bejeezus out of poor Paul and, by extension, Lucinda too. I also thought it would be good to give those two a little alone-time, especially with Paul well on his way to sporting another of his usual ginormous hard-ons. Lucinda showing off her breasts for him was just icing on the cake.  
  
Unfortunately, Mom said she couldn't talk just then, explaining that she had both hands buried in an Italian meatloaf she was making for a casual dinner party that night. "Give me about ten minutes, sweetie. In the meantime, here, talk to your father."  
  
"Hi, Daddy!" I chirped while bounding back down the stairs.  
  
"Hi yourself there, punkin'. What's shakin'?"  
  
"Oh, I was just—" I started to say, but I was stunned into silence. I think my jaw literally dropped.  
  
"Honey? Are you okay?"  
  
"Oh my god!" I whispered into the phone. "I can't believe it...."  
  
And I really couldn't. As I entered the kitchen, I saw Paul still leaning on the counter, with his arms crossed. Noticing the smug look on his face, I turned to see Lucinda...shimmying out of her skintight jeans! And she had already taken off her t-shirt!  
  
Paul was standing there with his semi-hard cock making a massive bulge in his boxers, and Lucinda stood to face him in just her bra and panties, sporting the same smug smile.  
  
"Hey, chica!" she said, laughing at my shocked expression.  
  
Paul was hella proud of himself. "Dawn, whatever you do, never give Lucinda a dare. As you can see, she won't back down."  
  
"Oh no, never. My tía Maria sat me on her lap one day when I was just a little niñaand said, 'Chica, if someone is foolish enough to offer my brave sobrina a dare, you must always make him eat his words!'" Still sporting that same smug grin, she turned back to Paul. "Chomp chomp, pretty boy...chomp chomp!"  
  
"Dawn?! What's going on?" came Dad's laughing voice through the phone.  
  
Paul grabbed the phone from me. "Hey, Dad. Dawn's freaking out because I dared Lucinda to strip down to her bra and panties, and she actually did it!" I heard Dad's laughter, then he said something, and Paul answered, "Yeah, Lucinda is right here in the kitchen with us, wearing nothing but her underwear. Anyway, I figured, you know, why not? Dawn and I are in our underwear, so why shouldn't she join us? She made such a big, happy fuss about catching me naked on the couch, and—"  
  
Again with Dad's laughter, followed by more jibber-jabber.  
  
"Nah, it wasn't like that. I was under a blanket. She didn't see nuthin', but these two are still making a big deal over it. So, what the hell, since they're having so much fun, why not try to even things up a bit, right?"  
  
Dad said something, and Paul handed me back the phone.  
  
"Well hello again, kitten. You know this is pure torture for your poor mother, not being able to hear all this."  
  
"I know! That's why I called!" I put my hand over my mouth and spoke in a whisper. "I wanted to get Mom in on it, but I never expected Paul to do something like that. And I definitely didn't expect to come back down and find Lucinda in just her bra and panties! This is so cool!"  
  
"So what now?" he asked.  
  
"Good question," I answered, and I repeated it to Paul and Lucinda. "So, okay, you two, what now? Paul, do you have any more crazy dares for Little Miss Ballsy here?"  
  
Lucinda actually blushed, which was so adorable. "Hey, he started it," she said shyly. She was still smiling, though.  
  
What an amazing woman. And now that I could see her entire body, I thought she was even more amazing.  
  
"Does your husband know you wear such sexy things to work?" I teased.  
  
She struck a sassy pose for us, setting her hands on her hips and thrusting out her tits. "He likes for me to wear pretty things. My husband is a very amorous man!"  
  
We all laughed, and she added, "Like my tía Maria, my husband also wouldn't approve of his brave esposa backing down from a dare, especially from Señor Pretty Boy here."  
  
"Well, you done good!" I said, scoping her up and down.  
  
"Gracias. It's not just beautiful chicas like you, you know. Sometimes I like to be pretty, too."  
  
"Girl, 'pretty' doesn't even begin to describe you. I mean, wow...." I turned to Paul. "Amazing, huh?"  
  
Again, I had to hand it to him. He sure wasn't being bashful. Nope, he was fully ogling her gorgeous tits, which were showcased to perfection in her push-up white lace bra. Her rosy areolas and delectably erect nipples showed through clear as day through the gauzy lace, and she wasn't the least bit shy about letting us check her out. And while her matching white panties weren't quite as tiny and totally sheer as the ones I was wearing, she still looked absolutely spectacular in them.  
  
She was stunning, and she knew it. Basking in the heat of our open stares, she was reveling in it.  
  
Strutting over to Paul, she set her hand directly on his growing bulge. "So, do you have any other cocky dares for me, crazy naked boy?"  
  
Poor Paul. He took a big gulp and stammered, "I...ummm...nope, I'm good."  
  
"Are you suuuure?" she asked in a sing-song voice, mimicking the teasing tone I'd used on him earlier. He was now fully hard, and she started in on a long, slow stroking of his immense shaft. "I see the way you look at me, and this erección gigante doesn't lie." At her mention of 'gigante' she gave me a sly wink.  
  
"Dad, you should see this," I said, laughing over Lucinda's wicked performance. "Paul is blushing like a schoolgirl!"  
  
"Paul's there too?" he asked.  
  
'Huh?' I thought. Confused, I sort of just stared at the phone. "Dad, of course Paul's here. What do you mean?"  
  
"Oh. I mean, ummm...right. So how is everything going out there in sunny California?"  
  
Pausing, I said, "Everything's going great, Dad. Things couldn't be better. I love it here."  
  
By that point Paul was too flummoxed to form complete sentences, and Lucinda proudly stepped back to show me the insane hard-on she'd given him.  
  
"I think Paul pretty much loves it here, too!" I continued, making Lucinda laugh.  
  
She came over and stood beside me. Motioning to Paul, she smiled happily. "What is that old American movie saying, 'I think my job here is done,' or something like that?" She gestured to Paul, who immediately sought refuge at the kitchen table. Sliding his chair in until his stomach was touching the table top, he tried to hide his towering erection.  
  
"I should probably get to work now," she continued, with a proud gleam in her eye. "I mean actual housekeeping work, the kind Dr. Carlisle pays me to do, you know?"  
  
"If you must," I answered, giving her a theatrical sigh.  
  
"This is so much fun!" she whispered. "If you don't mind, I think I'll leave my jeans and top off, okay?"  
  
"I wouldn't have it any other way," I whispered back. "In fact, if you want to take your bra and panties off too...." Shooting her an evil grin, I comically raised my eyebrows.  
  
She slid her arm around my waist. "I will if you will."  
  
"Ooh, is that a dare?" I asked, swishing my hips.  
  
"Crazy baby," she answered, and she gave me a sisterly squeeze. "You are so bad."  
  
"What do you think, Dad?" I whispered. "Should we ease up on him, or what?"  
  
"Sweetie, this stuff is way more up your mother's alley. And hey, look! Here she is now! Bye!"  
  
"Coward!" I called after him, as he handed Mom the phone.  
  
"Shit howdy!" I heard him say, laughing off into the distance.  
  
"Hi, baby! Hi, Paul! Hi, Lucinda!"  
  
Just pure Mom, as happy and gorgeous as ever.  
  
With his flagpole cock now only showing at half-mast, Paul sat smirking at me. "You suck. You really, truly suck."  
  
I stuck my tongue out at him and switched to speakerphone. "Hi, Mom! The gang's all here! Would you like to meet Lucinda? You'll love her. She is an absolute doll."  
  
Lucinda's warm, shining eyes registered both surprise and gratitude as I handed her the phone. "Buenos días, señora...excuse me, Missus Summers," she added, apparently feeling the need to correct herself. "It is my pleasure to meet you. I must say, you have two very lovely children."  
  
"Oh my! Thank you, Lucinda. And yes, I am awfully proud of them. I miss my beautiful babies every day."  
  
"Your daughter has told me so much about you. As proud of her as you are, I think she's even more proud of her gorgeous mother. She says she can't wait for me to meet you."  
  
She squeezed me again, and I slid my hand up her back, to her bra clasp.  
  
I stared into her eyes, and she nodded. "A dare is a dare," I said, glancing over at Paul.  
  
"A dare is a dare," she repeated, and I unhooked the clasp. She rolled her shoulders one at a time, allowing me to slip the straps down each arm. With her breasts bared, she tossed her bra onto the table.  
  
"Ooh, what's the dare this time?" asked Mom.  
  
"Holy crap," said Paul. "I think Dawn dared Lucinda to strip totally naked, and Lucinda is actually doing it."  
  
"Yes, she did," Lucinda answered, grinning as I began tugging down her lacy panties. I went to my knees before her and slid them the rest of the way off. Holding them up like a trophy, I twirled them around my finger, until Lucinda grabbed them from me and flipped them onto the counter.  
  
"But there's still the other part of the dare," she said, staring down at me. "Now the beautiful chica also has to strip naked. Señora, does your daughter have your permission to take off all her clothes in front of us? I should tell you, your son is right here watching us."  
  
I was curious as to how Mom would respond to that one. I knew she wouldn't say too much, yet I also knew that she couldn't resist adding fuel to the fire. A teasing opportunity like this? It was tailor-made for her.  
  
"What is Dawn doing now, Lucinda? Where is she?"  
  
"She's down on her knees, staring up at me. She just removed my panties."  
  
"Uh-oh!" laughed Mom. "Girl, you better watch out!"  
  
'Alright, Mom!' I silently exclaimed. She was giving me the okay to play!  
  
"What do I need to watch out—" Lucinda started to say, then she let out a breathy gasp.  
  
"That's what you need to watch out for!" giggled Mom. "Let me guess...hmmm...teasing fingertip circles, or tender kisses...inner thighs, or something even sweeter...."  
  
"All four, Mom!" crowed Paul. "She started off tickling and kissing her thighs before moving right to the very top!"  
  
"Oh, Madre de Dios!" laughed Lucinda, practically jumping through the roof when I licked her glistening pussy. "Ooh, pretty chica!"  
  
"Hey, a dare is a dare..." I said, reaching around to take her ass in my hands. I made her shriek when I pressed my face directly to her slit and stabbed my tongue inside. Pausing to flash her a sinister smile, I added, "And nobody said I couldn't play a little, right?"  
  
"Ooh, you sneaky little devil, get up here!" She pulled me to my feet and spun me around.  
  
"What?!" I exclaimed, laughing my head off. "I'm innocent! I'm a good girl! Mom, tell her!"

"Oh, you're a very good girl, but you're also a big, fat cheater. And I bet Lucinda knows exactly how to deal with big, fat cheaters, don't you?"  
  
"You know it, Missus Summers. When my little angels get caught with their hands in the cookie jar, they know just what to expect from their mother," she said, tugging down my panties.  
  
"You're not going to spank her, are you? You would never do that, would you? Dawn is eighteen now. She's a grown woman. You can't spank a grown woman's bare bottom!"  
  
God, she was laying it on thick. Knowing what it does to me when someone spanks my bare ass, she couldn't wait to hear Lucinda have at me.  
  
"Señora, grown woman or not, your beautiful angel is going to get what's coming to her." She tugged my panties all the way to my feet, and I stepped out of them. "This too," she said, pulling my Kansas Jayhawks top over my head. "The other part of the dare," she added gleefully.  
  
Paul was beside himself. "Mom, holy shit, Lucinda stripped Dawn totally naked, and now she has her bent over the kitchen counter. I think she's going to do it. I seriously think she's going to spank her!"  
  
I couldn't suppress my grin. "Hey, what about you, naked boy? You were the one who started this, and now we're doing all the dares?" I looked over my shoulder at Lucinda. "Let's get 'im."  
  
"Wait!" he said. "Okay, fine. You don't need to attack me. Jeez!" Pulling his chair out, he stood and whipped off his boxers in a single motion. "There! Are you two happy now?" he laughed, and with Lucinda looking on in wide-eyed astonishment he waved his cock at us, showing her every inch of his majestic erection.  
  
"Mom, Paul is doing it again! He's waving his gigantic naked boner at us!" I shouted, nearly doubling over in laughter.  
  
"Missus Summers—" Lucinda said, her eyes locked on Paul's massive hard-on.  
  
"Please, call me Samantha."  
  
"Okay, Samantha, from one mother to another, I really do want to know what you fed these two growing up. Whatever your secret is, please, you have to tell me. Your son, he has the biggest, most gorgeous polla I've ever seen, and your daughter's amazing culo is like the work of a master sculptor."  
  
"I told you, wait until you meet my mom," I said. "Once you see her, you'll know. She's the most beautiful woman in the whole world."  
  
"That's enough about me," said Mom. "Lucinda, weren't you about to teach my wicked daughter a lesson?"  
  
"Excellent point," Paul replied. He came over and stood right by my side, then he gave me a gentle nudge in the lower back. Once he had me bent at the waist with my back properly arched, he grinned at Lucinda. "Give it to her good."  
  
Lucinda appeared torn. She was staring at my waiting ass, and also at Paul's swaying erection, which just happened to be bumping both my bare ass cheek and her curvy hip. She and I exchanged looks, and I nodded.  
  
"I think we should both give it to her good," she said, with another of her coy grins. Setting her left hand on one side of my ass, she guided his near hand to my other cheek.  
  
"What about your right hand?" he asked.  
  
"Oh, don't worry. I have a plan for that one, too." With practiced grace, she ran her palm over the length of his bobbing shaft. "Now, you first...."  
  
Oh my god, but was that one of the hottest moments of my life. There I was, bent over a kitchen counter, offering up my bare ass for all the spanking my horny baby brother and our sexy new friend were willing to give me. Making it even better, she was openly stroking his huge erection, sometimes while rubbing it directly against my ass and pussy.  
  
And all the while, we had Mom right there with us, cheering us on. Lord, but did they make me cum. Paul and Lucinda almost seemed to be in a competition, driving each other harder and harder, until they were simply assaulting my wet, pulsing bottom.  
  
Which is why I really wanted to kill the person who rang the doorbell.  
  
Lucinda instantly panicked, and so did Paul. He grabbed his shorts and ran upstairs, his bouncing erection looking like a boat oar slapping wildly out of control in its rowlock, while Lucinda dashed off to the nearest bathroom. She didn't even grab any of her things. She just bolted.  
  
Meanwhile, Mom couldn't stop laughing. "Hey, what's going on? Why did you guys stop? She wasn't finished yet!" she said, managing to squeeze it in between fits of laughter.  
  
"Mom," I giggled, "someone's at the door. When the doorbell rang, Paul and Lucinda totally bailed."  
  
"Well then, sweetie, I guess you'd better go answer it."  
  
I could totally picture her sexy smile.  
  
"Like this?" I asked, giggling again.  
  
"What were you wearing before Lucinda stripped you naked?"  
  
"Just my pink Victoria's Secret panties and my Jayhawks tank top."  
  
"As tender as your poor bottom probably feels right now, I would imagine that you really don't want to have to put your panties back on anytime soon. Maybe you should at least throw on your top, though."  
  
"Yeah, you're probably right. Hold on...." I grabbed my little tank top and slipped it over my head. "Okay."  
  
I went to the door and took a peek through one of the little side windows. No one was there, but someone had left a large box on the porch. It was only a few feet away, so I walked out and picked it up. A second later a UPS truck came rolling by, and the driver honked his horn at me.  
  
"Woooo!" he shouted, and I shouted it right back.  
  
"Woooo!" shouted Mom, adding to the chorus, and I waved to the man as he drove off.  
  
Once I was back in the house, she asked, "Was he at least cute?"  
  
"I guess so, for a middle-aged chubby guy."  
  
"After that show you just put on for him, you know he's going to make a point of coming back...again and again and again."  
  
"You mean like that one blond FedEx hunk back in Lawrence? Is that why he always comes to the door and waits to get a signature on everything?"  
  
"I plead the Fifth!" she giggled. "Besides, little girl, it's not just me. You answer the door and sign for deliveries too, you know. And you're usually wearing a whole lot less than I am."  
  
"Yeah, well, what are you always telling me? 'Like mother, like daughter,' right?"  
  
"It sure is fun, isn't it? Anyway, okay, I probably need to get going here. We're having a few of your father's friends over tonight, and I still have a million things to do."  
  
That reminded me of something.  
  
"Mom, has Dad seemed a little off lately?"  
  
"What do you mean, sweetie?"  
  
"I mean 'off,' like kind of a weird 'off.' When he and I were talking just now, he totally forgot that he had spoken with Paul only two seconds earlier. Then, when I asked him about it, he seemed a little confused. Mom, he even used 'ummm' in a sentence, and he wasn't trying to be funny. I don't know. It was just weird."  
  
"Honestly, honey, no, other than some nasty headaches he's had over the past few weeks I haven't noticed anything unusual. He was probably just distracted."  
  
"And why would that be? What were you doing there in the kitchen, hmmmmm? Were you two being baaaaaad again? Just imagine, parents engaging in that sort of behavior. I swear, what is the world coming to?"  
  
"Dawn Christina Summers!" she guffawed. "Why, I ought to put you over my knee and give you a good paddling! The problem is, I know you'd love it!"  
  
"So does that mean you won't?" I answered, hitting her with my best pouty voice. "If it would help, I could always pretend that I don't like it."  
  
That smile of hers, god, it could melt an iceberg. "Baby, what am I going to do with you? I miss you so damn much."  
  
"Mom, you know exactly what you're going to do with me. You're going to fly out here next week and paddle me silly, then you're going to let me absolutely fuck your brains out. Paul, too."  
  
"Mmmm, Paul too, huh? The two of you, teaming up on your sweet, innocent mother? It sounds like I better eat my Wheaties."  
  
"Oh, don't worry, I'm sure we'll both come up with something nice for you to eat. Anyway, I should probably go let those two scaredy-cats know the coast is clear. I think Lucinda is still hiding in the bathroom."  
  
After finishing up with Mom, I went to go find Lucinda. I knocked on the downstairs bathroom door, and when she opened it I offered her my hand. "False alarm. It was just the UPS guy. You can come on out." Rather than come with me, though, she pulled me right in, closing the door behind me.  
  
"I can't believe we did that!" she said, hopping up onto the sink counter. "Come here, chica." I moved into her arms, and she whispered, "I can't believe you did that, and right in front of your brother. Have you done that before? I mean, with your brother watching?"  
  
"Mmmm-hmmm, I have. He's watched me play with some of my cheerleader girlfriends. The girl he's with now, she and I were lovers long before I helped them hook up."  
  
She spread her legs and looked into my eyes. "Would you like to finish what you started?"  
  
"Mmmmmm-hmmm!" I purred, sliding down her body. I didn't go straight for her pussy, though. Instead, I took her breasts in my hands while tracing a line of kisses along her collarbone. From there I trailed that same line of kisses between her breasts, until I captured a dusky nipple between my teeth.  
  
"Mmmm, I can tell you've done this many times. You are very skilled with your kisses. Lower, chica, lower. I love having my nipples sucked, but right now I need your pretty mouth on my pussy."  
  
Sliding all the way down, I paused between her legs to give her a silly grin. "Yes, ma'am! Your wish is my command!" I dipped my head and gave her silky lips a teasing nip. Having licked her pussy in the kitchen, I already knew she was completely shaved. She didn't even have a small landing strip or anything. Nope, she was just like Trish and Lisa...baby smooth.  
  
Fine by me. Mom and Michelle are also completely smooth, at least where it counts!  
  
"So playful," she smiled, caressing my face as I planted light kisses all around her gorgeous sex. She could tell I was intentionally brushing past her shining pink opening. "Always teasing, aren't you? Exquisite little tortures...mmmm, your young girlfriends taught you this?"  
  
"They taught me all sorts of things..." I said, ever so slowly pressing my tongue into her fragrant well. I began a steady tongue-fucking, debating as I was penetrating her whether to give her the full Lana Treatment. Did I really want to ravage her and send her screaming to the moon?  
  
'No,' I decided, 'not this first time...not just yet. Save that for later. Let's just give her a nice, warm cum.'  
  
It really was nice, too. Treating her to a slower, more gentle lovemaking, it reminded me of the night I spent in Mom's bed. Instead of trying to show her every trick I knew in an effort to pound her into a series of explosive orgasms, I took my time and savored her pussy, and her entire body. She had the sweetest, most delicate labia that blushed a deeper and deeper scarlet with every touch of my tongue, and her high, firm breasts with their achingly erect nipples seemed hardwired to her tantalizing clit. I think what I enjoyed most about her, though, was the way she was so beautifully responsive. Every teasing lick or caressing kiss resulted in another musical moan and a sexy writhing of her hips, until it felt like she was the one who was directing everything, even as she let me do whatever I wanted.  
  
When I finally coaxed her into tender surrender, my reward was a lovely trembling of her thighs and tummy, accompanied by a gorgeous low moan and a warm flowing over my tongue.  
  
Her pussy was like butter, melting in my mouth.  
  
"Is that what you had in mind?" I grinned, sliding my way back up her body and into her welcoming arms.  
  
"Ooh, chica, so good...soooooo good. Yes, baby, that is exactly what I had in mind." She brought her hands to my face, and for the first time we kissed. I quickly discovered that I loved kissing her, too. Her mouth was just like her pussy. It had the same sort of warmth and velvety softness, and it even had a similar taste. I can't explain it, but it made me think of cinnamon rolls...fresh-out-of-the-oven cinnamon rolls.  
  
Pausing to gaze into her eyes, I said, "You just let me know, whenever you want me to do that for you. It really is my pleasure."  
  
"Mmmm, between your soft lips and beautiful body, I think I may be in very deep trouble. What will I tell my husband?"  
  
Her smile was pure serenity.  
  
"And don't forget Señor Pretty Boy," I teased. "As much as you enjoy my soft lips, I think you like his 'hanging oak branch' even more."  
  
"Young, wonderful Paul...gigante...so thick, so hot to the touch. I think where your handsome baby brother's polla enorme is concerned, perhaps there are some things my amorous husband would be happier not to know."  
  
Casting a glance down at our bare breasts touching, she asked, "So are we going to remain naked?"  
  
I pulled her close for another hug. "I don't see why not. Let's go check on Paul."  
  
I led her out of the bathroom and into the kitchen, where we found him making a bagel. To Lucinda's clear disappointment, he had put his boxers back on. Even though he'd just been naked with us, his eyes still bugged out when he turned to see us pulling up a couple of chairs at the table. Returning to his bagel, he grinned and shook his head.  
  
"Uh-uh, I don't think so, mister," I said, going to him and bringing him over to the table. I stood him directly before Lucinda and took a seat next to her. He wasn't hard, but that didn't matter. Even when soft, it made a powerful impression. I turned to Lucinda. "Would you like to do the honors?"  
  
She didn't say a word. Instead, she brought her hands to his hips and carefully hooked her thumbs inside the stretchy waistband. Inch by inch, she slowly lowered those soft blue boxers. Right away, Paul began to grow hard. She left his boxers sitting halfway down his hips, to where his dark pubic hair was just beginning to show. Almost as if she were in a trance, she reached out and grasped the end of his rising bulge. Then, she simply held it.  
  
"So strong," she whispered, seemingly to herself. Bringing her second hand into play, she set one behind the other. Even with both hands holding him, still there were a good three or four inches of hard shaft showing, never mind the large crown.  
  
"I have to see," she said, and she slipped the waistband down until his full erection sprang forth, bobbing and swaying before her glazed eyes. Again she brought both hands to it; pulling it down, squeezing it, hefting it, tugging on it and stretching it, she wanted to see just how long and thick it really was. She set it alongside her slender forearm, and she looked up at him.  
  
"You're as big as my arm." She turned to me. "Your brother's cock is as big as my arm."  
  
"I know. It's incredible, isn't it? And it's so beautiful."  
  
"It really is. It's so very beautiful." She cradled it in her open palm. With her other hand she caressed the top of the shaft. "It's like a sleeping dragon."  
  
"Only it's not asleep," I said, watching as a drop of silky pre-cum seeped from the milky slit.  
  
"It's stirring..." she answered. "It's hungry, readying to take flight."  
  
She leaned forward, studying it closely. The pearly drop was growing. Her lips parted, and the tip of her tongue touched it. She held still, letting it pool there.  
  
"Taste him," I whispered, breathing it into her ear.  
  
Her eyes flickered, and her tongue slid beneath the tapered crown. Her bottom hand moved to cup his heavy balls. Drawing a sharp breath, he gave a slight hiss. Her caressing hand journeyed down his shaft, encircling the base. Then her tongue began to swirl. She laved his drooling tip, gathering those precious pearls.  
  
"Take him." This time, I slipped my tongue into her ear.  
  
Holding him steady, she opened her mouth and slid it over my baby brother's heavily ridged, mushroom-shaped head. She could barely make it fit.  
  
"Wider...open nice and wide...take him..." I said, and I slid my hand up her back and over her shoulder. Paul was simply enormous; as thick and throbbing hard as I'd ever seen him. I slipped my hand down her arm and across to her breast. She made a hissing sound very much like Paul's when I captured her nipple, then her mouth stretched around his shaft.  
  
Slowly, methodically, like a python taking a wild boar, she worked her jaws along the first few inches. She gave a muffled cry of delight when she suddenly slid halfway down, then she began sucking him.  
  
Lord, but did she suck him. Once she'd managed to get it started, it was as if the floodgates had come crashing open. She was on fire; a woman possessed. She clearly wasn't going for style points. No, she was hell-bent on taking his cock and earning his cum.  
  
I giggled to myself, imagining the shock she would be in for when Paul finally did give her what she wanted. 'Don't be thinking you're going to get away with just one mouthful, or one big swallow. As much cum as those giant balls have stored up after all the teasing we've subjected them to today, he's going to blow your head off. Just keep swallowing, girl...keep swallowing. Even when you think he has to be done and you can't take any more, keep swallowing.'  
  
"Ay dios mío! It's like sucking a horse!" she laughed, pulling back to catch her breath.  
  
"Mess with the bull, you get the horns," Paul said, clearly feeling way too full of himself, and I reached over and smacked him. "Hey!" he shouted. "What was that for?"  
  
"Be nice, Paul, or she might just leave you hanging."  
  
She sat up, as if to consider it. "I do need to get back to work, you know."  
  
"Okay, I'm sorry! I'll be nice, I promise," he whimpered, looking down hopefully at her.  
  
"Who said I was complaining? Your sister smacked you. It wasn't me." Grinning, she took him back into her mouth.  
  
"Ahhh, daaaaamn," he moaned.  
  
"You like?" she asked, pulling off to smile at his praise.  
  
"I like! I like!" he said, guiding himself back into her mouth.  
  
It took another five minutes or so, but eventually she had him on the brink. As much as I wanted to join her in sucking him, I figured it probably wouldn't be a good idea. So, to keep myself busy, I spent that time happily eating her ass and pussy. She had long since slid down from her chair and was on her knees, and I was kneeling behind her, fondling and spreading her tight little bottom with both hands.  
  
When I was certain he was about ready to blow, I went to town on her tiny pucker. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" she moaned around his huge shaft, in rhythm with my stabbing tongue. The girls all tell me that I have a really long tongue, and I was jamming it up her ass as far as it would go.  
  
"Oh gawwwwwwd!" he finally moaned, and I held on as he unloaded in her mouth. Her back went rigid, her taut thighs were shaking, and it was all she could to try and keep up. Eventually it was too much for her, and she pulled back laughing deliriously as his cock continued to shoot like a fire hose! He covered her face, he blasted her breasts, and still he kept firing away.  
  
"Yes! Yes!" she cried, showering herself in rocketing ropes of thick, hot cum.  
  
When he was finally finished, we collapsed in a heap. Sprawled out on the kitchen floor, our arms and legs akimbo, she continued to laugh and laugh and laugh, using her fingertips to spread his cum all over her face, breasts, chest and stomach.  
  
"He is a horse! Dawn, did you see that? Did you see how much cum he has?"  
  
"You did it to him," I said, reaching over to brush a lock of hair off her face. "That was all you, girl."  
  
"Come here," she answered, pulling me on top of her. She held me close, making our breasts kiss again, and she took two handfuls of my ass and squeezed. Smiling, she purred, "Give me that pretty mouth." I leaned down and kissed her, and we couldn't stop. It was just a full-on make-out session.

"You two are awesome," Paul said. "I could watch you all day."  
  
I rolled off of her, and she beckoned him into her arms. "You too, chica. You also deserve a proper thank-you kiss." I could tell he wasn't quite sure how he ought to lie on her, what with his awkward attempts at keeping his hips at a safe distance, but she wasn't having it. "No, come here, sexy boy." Spreading her legs, she pulled him right on top of her. "Mmmm, baby, how can you still be so hard? Didn't you get enough?"  
  
She wrapped her legs around him, and I knew he had no chance. She wanted him, and she was going to have him. After pulling him down for a steamy kiss, she tilted her hips and let out a long, blissful gasp. "Ooh, baby," she moaned. Spreading her legs again, she took his ass in both hands and drove him home. "Fuck me, chica...mmmm, yes, fuck me deep...."  
  
And that's what he did. Seemingly resigned to his fate, once he was inside her he didn't hold back. Slowly pulling out before slamming down hard, he made her scream to the high heavens. And the thing is, he'd just had a major cum. With that first big one out of the way, he would be able to go forever.  
  
I knew Lucinda was in for the ride of her life.  
  
Even as he drew back to plunge into her again, he cast a worried glance at me. It wasn't the same as the strip club, where I knew he only wanted to have sex with me. No, he was fine with fucking Lucinda. From the looks of things, he was downright eager to ravage her tight little body. His concern was Lisa. Having sex with anyone but me - and Mom too, had Lisa known - was supposed to be off-limits.  
  
"I'll handle Lisa," I silently mouthed to him. "She'll understand."  
  
And I knew she would, too. As long as I told her how it all came about, leaving nothing out, she would be okay with it. He's a young, horny guy, and we seduced him. Plain and simple. It's not as if he threw himself at her. Plus, come on, a lot of it was my doing. Pretty much, I set the ball rolling for Paul and Lucinda to go much farther than either of them ever had in mind when this whole teasing game started.  
  
Besides, Lisa didn't exactly have much to worry about with Lucinda. A happily married, thirty-something woman with two young children, who lives in Los Angeles? Definitely not a threat. She wasn't out to steal anyone's boyfriend; she had simply gotten caught up in the moment. Paul would be returning home in a couple of weeks, and that would be that. Along with our wild night at the strip club, all this extra-curricular fun would soon be nothing more than a crazy memory.  
  
Sitting up, I gave his driving hips a reassuring caress, and he seemed to relax. Right there in mid-stroke, all the tension in his face and body melted away. With a single touch, he was back to being our sweet, lovable, sexy Paul...our sweet, lovable, sexy, insatiably horny Paul!  
  
God, he was just bombing away at her. I could almost hear him thinking, "'Pretty little boy,' huh? How's this for a little boy!" He had her hips, breasts and ass quaking with every devastating stroke from his pile-driver cock, and her low moans had long since given way to a rising crescendo of breathy, high-pitched gasps. Whatever she was used to, in terms of lovemaking from her "amorous husband," I had a pretty good idea that it was nothing like what my awesome baby brother was doing to her.  
  
I loved her frantic "Dios mío! Dios mío!" chants. Paul did, too. Every time she gasped or cried out, he would rail her even harder. He had this determined look, which always drives me crazy. He gets to a point where I can tell the only thing that matters to him is making me lose my mind, then it's game on. He simply starts hammering away, until I'm completely at his mercy. And the thing is, his cock is so huge and goes in so far, it almost feels like he's reaching for my heart...just pound, pound, pound.  
  
And Lucinda is much smaller than I am, so I could only imagine how full she must have felt.  
  
When she finally hit her peak, god but did she let herself go. Accompanying her sexy shrieks, her hips went wild as she clawed at his ass with both hands. Even as big as he is, she was pulling him in with all her might, wanting every mind-boggling inch inside her. She didn't really gush or squirt; instead, I saw a white foaming around his pistoning shaft. I knew it wasn't Paul's, either. He looked over at me with wild eyes, as if to say, "Check it out! What is that?"  
  
I love the way everything is always so new and exciting to Paul. It's the coolest thing ever, seeing his sweet wonder over each of his "firsts." To be honest, I had never seen a woman foam up like that either, and I was just as excited to see it as he was.  
  
"Mmmmmm, chica, look what you do to me..." she moaned, noticing our stares. "So hot and hard...so gigante...so sexy...." Turning to me, she panted, "Does he do this to everyone? I know he does."  
  
"Every time," I whispered, nodding happily. "He's amazing."  
  
"Has he...have you two..." she continued, after a sexy pause.  
  
I was still caressing his hip, and I leaned over to kiss her. Closing her eyes, her surrender was complete. Her moans in my mouth sent shivers down my spine, even as his powerful thrusts registered on my tongue. She took my hand and set it on his ass, then she had me help pump him into her. "Mmmm, my beautiful chicas...brother and sister...fuck me...fuck me together."  
  
Paul was still nowhere close to cumming again, which she eventually figured out. Finishing our kiss with a playful tongue-bite, she looked up with a wondrous smile. "Come here, chica. Lie down for me," she said, and she rolled onto her stomach. Rising to her knees, she pulled me in front of her while wagging her tempting tail at Paul. "Yes, right here..." she moaned, lowering her face to my pussy. "You've only been watching. Now it's your turn."  
  
Straight into my pussy...so deep. Oh god, what an amazing tongue she had. If that wasn't already sexy enough, her moans became a million times hotter as she guided Paul's glistening wet monster erection back inside her pussy. Now she was moaning inside me, matching the cadence of Paul's heavy thrusts. "So good...so good, baby. Your brother fucks me so good."  
  
"Better than your husband?" I asked, being a real imp. "And you're pretty awesome yourself there, Miss Talented Tongue!"  
  
"Mmmm, I love your pussy...so perfect...so soft, sweet, and pretty. My husband tries, but no, sexy chica, he cannot fuck me like your handsome, gigante brother does. No one has ever fucked me like this...no one. He makes love like a god."  
  
"And like you said, our mom is a shimmering goddess!" I giggled. "See? That explains everything!"  
  
Laughing, Paul shook his head at me, and Lucinda laughed too. "If she's anything like you, beautiful niña, then maybe I do have to meet her." With a salacious grin, she dove back in.  
  
"You should show her," said Paul, watching as Lucinda's expert tongue brought me close.  
  
"Mmmm, baby...show me what?" she moaned, breathing it into my pussy. Paul had slowed his pace, drawing all the way out on each stroke before taking what seemed like forever to slide his never-ending cock back inside her.  
  
"How she cums," he answered, pulling out again before drilling her hard, making her breasts bounce.  
  
"I'm still no Trish," I said, smiling at Lucinda's happy responses. "You really love having sex, don't you?" Stroking her long hair, I gazed into her joyous eyes.  
  
"I guess my secret is out of the bag," she grinned. "Mmmm, yes, I love having sex, but this...this is different. This is like nothing I have ever experienced: a sexy young girl, and her handsome brother who's hung like a horse, and can't seem to get enough of my pussy...the two of you, taking me to the ends of the earth...."  
  
I noticed Paul watching his cock sliding in and out of her, and I knew what he was thinking.  
  
"Careful there, Lucinda," I said. "I don't think he's going to stop at your gorgeous pussy."  
  
Paul shot me one of his knowing smirks. He was circling his thumb over her smooth pucker.  
  
Lucinda looked back at him. "My culo? Only my husband has ever taken me there." Pausing to wiggle her hips, she gave him her wickedest grin yet. "I dare you."  
  
And with that, she turned back to my overheated pussy, which she attacked with renewed desire. "Show me how you cum, pretty chica," she moaned, slipping two fingers deep inside. Straight away, she started fucking me like a wild woman, until she located my G-spot. "There it is..." she said to herself, beginning a steady stroking.  
  
"Oh, god," I moaned, raising my hips for her. "Mmmm, yes, right there...."  
  
Paul had stopped to watch, but Lucinda was on the case. Reaching back to spread her ass for him, she purred, "Do it. Put it inside me. I want to feel your huge dick in my hot little culo." Then she added, "Perhaps that will make your sexy sister show me how she cums, no?"  
  
"Sí!" I laughed. "Sí! Sí! It definitely will! Paul, fuck her brains out!"  
  
Smiling softly, she turned back to him again. "Sí, handsome boy, do it. Fuck my brains out."  
  
Paul gave her ass a loud two-hand whack, making her squeal in delight. I spread my legs for her, and she took the hint. "Don't worry, honey, I haven't forgotten your pretty pussy. You still owe me, chica."  
  
"What do I still owe you, baby?" Grinning innocently, I batted my eyes at her.  
  
"A long orgasm throughout your entire body, like you gave me in the bathroom, that's what, mija." Batting her eyes right back at me, she returned her fingers to my G-spot. "Only I don't think I will be so gentle, the way you were with me. No, I think you deserve a big explosion."  
  
"Definitely," said Paul. "Go totally crazy on her."  
  
"Fuck my brains out," I said, repeating our new favorite sexy command. "I dareyou."  
  
"Ooh, chica, that is the wrong thing to say to me."  
  
There was no more talking. The woman knew what she was doing. In fact, she was like a cross between Trish and Michelle, combining Trish's practiced, skillful techniques and Michelle's playful passion. She didn't make love to me the way Mom and Lisa do, pouring everything they have into showing me how much they truly love me; instead, her goal seemed to be to have as much fun as possible with my body.  
  
Just like before, I felt it in my pussy when Paul entered her ass. God, I loved the way her mouth communicated to me what Paul's cock was doing to her. She didn't need to say a word. Her stiffening tongue, the increased intensity of her kisses, and especially the sudden fire in her eyes, they all spoke volumes. With every inch of his colossal erection sliding into her welcoming bottom, I came that much more for Lucinda. I know she was expecting to have to work a little to get me there, so she was surprised when I immediately began cumming for her.  
  
I couldn't help it, nor did I want to help it. I wanted to cum for her. I wanted to give her everything she may have imagined, and more.  
  
I wanted to be a goddess, like Mom. I knew I couldn't -- or at least shouldn't -- break down and have sex with Paul in front of Lucinda, even though I suspected that she wouldn't have had the slightest problem with it. She could tell that I wanted to, obviously. There was no hiding the fact that his incredible cock turned me on every bit as much as it turned her on. I think there probably was also no hiding how much Paul and I loved each other...or how much we were in love with each other.  
  
She's a mother. I'm sure she knew.  
  
'Which only makes all these teasing games that much sexier,' I thought. 'So what would Mom do in this situation, if she were me?'  
  
I decided that she would make Lucinda the primary focus of our risqué charade, particularly since Lucinda seemed more than eager to play along.  
  
Even though she had already made me cum, I began grinding my hips for her. I wanted her to know that I wasn't nearly finished, and she picked up on it with heightened anticipation. "Mmmm, the sexy chica is just like her brother...always wanting more..." she cooed. "Turn over, baby. I know what you need."  
  
I hadn't even finished rolling onto my stomach and already she was pulling me up to my hands and knees; the same position she was offering to Paul. As he continued to drill her shapely ass from behind, she took me by the hips and buried her face between my legs. I think we both knew she was planning a little payback for what I had done to her in the bathroom. Sure enough, the next thing I felt was her tongue flitting around my back door.  
  
"Mmmm, I think you're right..." I grinned, arching my back for her while lowering my upper body to the cool tile flooring.  
  
"I could tell, right from the start. You know you have the hottest, sexiest culo. You want everyone to see it, and I don't blame you, chica. An ass like this -- she conspicuously said it our way, instead of saying it in Spanish again -- deserves to be worshipped. You love to drive everyone loco with it, even poor, innocent housekeepers...." She dipped her tongue inside and swirled it around oh so sexily, before pulling away. "Even poor, innocent, handsome little brothers..." she continued, pressing back in.  
  
"That's for damn sure!" laughed Paul. "Lucinda, you have no idea. She is straight-up the world's biggest tease ever. Even Mom says so."  
  
"Mmmm, but your beautiful mother still lets her do it, doesn't she?"  
  
"Lets me?" I guffawed, and Paul and I laughed. "Girl, where do you think I get it from? Mom's a way bigger tease than I am! At least I wear panties sometimes!"  
  
"That's true," Paul admitted. "Mom is an awesome tease."  
  
"And you have this gigante erection every time, no matter whether it's your sister or your mother doing the teasing. They show off for you, and you show off right back."  
  
Slamming into her, he said, "Hey, it's not like they only do it to me. They both do it all the time, to everyone."  
  
"Mmmm, but your mother loves to see how big her handsome mijo grows for her," she grinned, driving her hips against him. "And so does your playful sister."  
  
"Wouldn't you?" I asked, as she spread my pussy with two fingers from each hand.  
  
"With a polla like he has? Mmmm, sí, chica, I would try to drive him loco every day. I don't know how you and your mother can stand it. I say I would try to drive him crazy just to see him grow so big for me, but the truth is, he would drive me even crazier."  
  
"Yeah, it definitely drives Mom crazy, but at least she has Dad to take care of her later," I sighed, and she slid her fingers inside me. She quickly found my G-spot again, making me moan.  
  
"And your mother says that your brother inherited his oak branch from him, so maybe she isn't going too loco from unfulfilled desire, but what about his sexy sister? All you have are your pretty girlfriends, no?"  
  
She laughed, and Paul laughed too. "You should see them, Lucinda! You think you're horny? Those girls, sheesh!"  
  
She turned back to him with a conspiratorial smile. "And do you wear nothing but your underpants around them too, letting them see how big you are? I don't blame them for being horny."  
  
"Nope," I said, and I let out a gasp when she stabbed her tongue back up my ass. "He only does that around me and Mom."  
  
"Come on, I do it around Dad, too. It's not like we don't all do it when it's just the four of us home alone."  
  
"Dad doesn't," I said. "Not really, anyway. Except for these sexy little robes Mom started making him wear a few weeks ago, Dad never bops around in his underwear the way you, Mom and I do."  
  
"He hasn't worn anything like that around me, thank god," laughed Paul.  
  
It struck me then that this was just the most ridiculous situation, the three of us joking and laughing even as we were all trying to make each other cum. Lucinda was desperate to make Paul cum inside her, Paul wanted Lucinda to witness one of my gushing orgasms, and I couldn't wait to see what would happen to Lucinda when Paul finally let go with one of his massive loads in her ass. In the same way that she'd never been fucked by a cock like Paul's, I was certain that she had also never felt anything like one of Paul's half-minute-long cum-explosions in her ass or pussy.  
  
Lucinda was the key. As much fun as we all were having, I knew I had to get her back on track. Without giving too much away, I needed to play on her obvious interest in the thought of Paul, Mom and me turning each other on.  
  
"You're right, though," I breathed, spreading my ass for her. "Mom says Paul has been getting hard-ons from seeing us in our skimpy panties, tops and bikinis for years now. She says it started at my fourteenth birthday pool party. Ever since then, whenever they're doing dishes or sharing the couch while watching movies together or whatever, he's always pressing it against her. She never wears panties either, so I guess his huge erections are really noticeable against her ass."  
  
"Mmmm, dios mío, I can't even imagine," she moaned. "Such a big, thick cock pressing against her like that? It must make her so wet."  
  
Paul quickly figured out what I was doing, and started pounding into her the same way he'd pounded her pussy.  
  
"AYYYEEEIIII...FUCK!" she shouted, before burying her face in my ass. "Cum for me, chica, cum for me...mmmm, cum for me...."  
  
The crazy thing is, I wasn't sure whether she was moaning to Paul or to me. I don't think he knew, either. Heck, at that point she probably didn't even know.  
  
She thrashed her face against my pussy and ass for a few seconds, then she panted, "Your mother never wears panties? She shows her pussy to everyone, even her son and his friends? She lets him press his huge dick against her bare ass? Oooooh...."  
  
She was cumming, and I could tell Paul was getting close.  
  
"Only twice," I said, feeding their fire. "Normally she at least wears a sundress or bikini bottoms or something, but there were a couple of times when all she had on was one of her tiny robes -- they don't even cover her ass, Lucinda -- and she sat straight down on Paul's gigantic erection. He was in his boxers, and you're right, it definitely made her sooooo horny. She was grinding her naked pussy on it, and everything."  
  
Paul's face lit up, and he gestured to where his cock was savaging her yummy bottom. She was cumming like crazy, her hips trembling, her sexy voice warbling. He slid his hand down to her pussy and brought it back up, showing me her white, foamy cream.  
  
"That's her cum!" he mouthed excitedly.  
  
Have I mentioned how much I love my little brother? In particular, the way he responds like a rambunctious puppy to every new sexual experience? I swear, I wanted to jump up right then and there and hug the stuffing out of him.  
  
"She loves your big cock!" I mouthed back, just as excitedly. "Wait until she feels you cum inside her! Don't pull out, either! Let her feel the whole thing!"  
  
That's what I really wanted to see. I couldn't wait to see Lucinda's face when Paul started filling her with cum, only to keep filling her, and filling her, and filling her. I knew she would never be able to hold it all in her tiny bottom.  
  
She wasn't quite hooting like Lana in the strip club, but she was making a totally killer cooing sound. She was doing it right into my pussy, too, which made it that much more awesome.  
  
"And you're also right about how horny it makes me every time I see my baby brother's huge dick," I continued. "Watching Mom wiggle around in his lap that night, knowing she was sitting directly on his crazy erection -- I saw it pop out of his boxers, and it was sticking straight up, right into her pussy -- I wanted to scream. It was so hot. God, can you imagine? As beautiful and sexy as Mom is -- as you are -- and your son's gigante hard cock is pressing straight into your wet pussy?"

I have to admit, it wasn't just Lucinda. My sexy little spiel was also turning me on. Her mouth ravaging my ass and pussy was sure helping things along, as well. Still, what finally sent me rocketing into outer space was Paul's anguished growl, followed by Lucinda's unearthly shriek inside my pussy.  
  
"Ohhhhh, my sweet Jeeeeesuuuuuuus!" she cried, and I knew Paul had finally 'released the Kraken,' as my smug little doofus brother liked to describe it. And this was a big one...a really big one. Having been there before, I turned and started counting the spasms that wracked his chest, neck and face. Each one was a reflection of another searing rope of hot, thick cum erupting from his enormous balls, and with every electric jerking of his granite shoulders Lucinda let loose a longer, sexier wail into my pussy.  
  
Wanting to do my part, I thought back to my first 'official' time with Paul, when he absolutely assaulted my pussy and then my ass on stage at Tank's strip club. I also thought of Mom taking Paul's incredibly powerful load in her already-drenched pussy, right in front of Rick and Donny, and I knew exactly what Lucinda was feeling that very moment.  
  
"Ohhh, Paaaaaaul!" I moaned, and Lucinda couldn't have timed it more perfectly. Just as I was starting a nice cum she rolled me over again and slammed her mouth against my clit while forcing three fingers straight up my ass, and that was it. The water show was on!  
  
"There it is! There it is! Look!" shouted Paul, and Lucinda tried gamely to pull back and watch as a clear, hot gush of silky girl-cum came arcing forth from my spasming pussy. That first one splashed against her left cheek, then a staccato series of high-pressure bursts showered her entire face. She started laughing and laughing, sheer ecstasy overtaking her at both ends, until I was certain she was no longer entirely with us in any real, 'present' sense. Her physical body had become but a pure vessel of lust, filled to overflowing.  
  
It was a really great cum, for all of us. Lucinda, though, wooo, I knew she would never be the same. One thing for sure, it took her hecka long to come back down. Continuing to laugh, almost out of control, she simply couldn't stop. Eventually she began a sweet mewling while nuzzling her lips and nose against my soaked thighs and pussy, then it was playful bites, until finally she rested her face where my thigh joins my hip.  
  
"And you two live with this temptation every day, and so does your sexy mother?" she purred, caressing my glistening lips with soft fingertips. Sliding them through my flowering slit, she began a slow, loving skritching of my matted patch of pubic hair, and for the next few minutes she continued to purr her contentment while affectionately grooming my drenched little landing strip.  
  
"Such a wonderful scent...such a warm, sexy, wonderful scent," she said, and she kissed my shining pussy.  
  
I sat up to kiss her, tasting my cum on her lips, and she giggled when I started licking her face. "A girl should always clean up after herself!" I said happily, licking from the top of her forehead down to her gorgeous nipples. "Mmmm...tasty!" I added, looking up from between her breasts.  
  
"So tasty, chica, so very tasty," she grinned, cupping my face in her hands to give me another kiss. "Clean and sweet, like a blossoming pink rose."  
  
Paul remained kneeling behind her, his cock still buried deep in her ass. She finished her kiss with a playful nibble on my bottom lip and said, "You're right, a girl should always clean up her mess. Your mother taught you well."  
  
She began to lean forward very slowly, pulling herself inch by glorious inch off of Paul's gleaming spear, until finally with a moist pop the enormous, dripping wet head sprang free. Turning on her knees to face him, she took his shimmering shaft in her hands. "And since I made this mess, I'll be happy to clean up after myself."  
  
One thing I had learned about Paul was that he really loved it when a girl sucked him clean after he'd cum inside her. Similar to how he expected the girl to be able to take him all the way down her throat, he thought it was simply the usual way to finish, with the girl licking and sucking him clean once he'd cum. And why not? I always did that for him, and so did Mom and Lisa. As far as he knew, it was completely normal. A girl is supposed to take his entire cock in her mouth, and of course she would want to taste their combined cum afterward.  
  
That's how we'd trained him, and until Niki and Lana had expressed so much shock and awe over the ease with which I swallowed every inch of him, he never knew any better.  
  
So, nope, he wasn't the least bit surprised when Lucinda set about cleaning his cock. He knows how much I love sucking him right after he's shot a gallon of cum in my ass or pussy, and apparently she was just like me. She went straight down on him. I noticed he was no longer completely hard, but it almost didn't matter. He was still massively long and thick, even if he was now a tad rubbery. She was taking him like a champ, slurping up a happy storm, nearly all the way to his balls. She couldn't quite make it, though. Maybe two inches from the base, that seemed to be as far as she could go.  
  
Watching as she sucked him, he shot me another smug smirk. "She's no you," he mouthed. "She can't do the whole thing."  
  
I answered with a happy smile, playfully hugging myself. Blowing him a kiss, I mouthed, "She's still really good, though. You know she is."  
  
He nodded dopily. "Oh, yeah. No doubt."  
  
A shiny something caught my eye, and I glanced down. 'Awesome,' I thought. Deciding to push the limit a little, I said to Lucinda, "Keep going. I'll finish the rest."  
  
"Hmmm?" she asked, turning to me.  
  
Kneeling behind her again, I offered her a friendly smile. "Unless you're Gumby, I doubt you'll be able to do a properly thorough job. We're good girls, right? We wouldn't want our mothers to scold us for leaving a mess."  
  
When I leaned down and planted my lips directly in her dripping crack, her curious smile turned smoky hot. "Mmmm, no, we wouldn't. We know better than to disappoint our sainted mothers."  
  
"Damn, Dawn..." Paul said, watching as I licked an ascending line between Lucinda's spread globes. Starting at the mouth of her pussy, I slipped my probing tongue deep inside before drawing it up through her beautiful divide, all the way to her dripping star. Pausing there to trace insistent circles around her waiting pucker, I delighted in her anxious hip-wriggles. She wanted me to press my tongue into her ass and lick up every drop of my baby brother's rich cum, and I wanted the exact same thing, probably a gazillion times more than she did. That was as close as I was likely going to come to taking Paul with Lucinda there, and I was determined to make the most of it.  
  
"It's not my fault you made such a mess inside her pretty bottom," I said, pausing to wipe my chin before popping my fingers into my mouth. "I'm just helping a girl out."  
  
"Mmmm-hmmmmm!" came Lucinda's muffled moan, her face positively stuffed with young, semi-hard cock.  
  
Returning to my fun, I went full-on ninja assassin on our sexy Latina's sumptuous bottom. Picturing all the crazy things my cheerleader girlfriends liked to do to me, I set about trying to recreate our Friday night naked romps in the locker room. I didn't have any hair brushes, giant blue dildos or "best ass" trophies handy, but I figured I could get the job done anyway. Besides, she was an easy mark. Paul and I had both already made her cum like crazy, so how hard would it be to coax one more out of her?  
  
Not very, as it turned out. She started cumming immediately, the second I hit her with the double-pronged attack of stabbing my tongue up her ass while curling my hand into a tight ball and stuffing it into her pussy. Well, most of it, anyway. I couldn't quite get my thumb in there before she totally spazzed, shrieking on Paul's cock as her ass went into these hella cool twerking bounces.  
  
And speaking of cool, god but Paul had shot a ridiculously insane amount of cum in her ass. I sort of figured that since this was his second orgasm in relatively short order, come on, there wouldn't be that much this time, right? Not like the first one he fired into her mouth and all over her face when she simply couldn't handle swallowing it all, anyway.  
  
Nope, this was another typical massive Paul load. As much as he cums buckets the first time, somehow he still seems to manage every bit as much for round two (and round three, and round four, and...), even if it's one right after the other. The only real difference is in how long it takes him to cum. The sheer volume never changes.  
  
Awesome. Absolutely awesome. And Trish tells me it's definitely not normal. "Baby, no, guys simply don't do that. As much cum as Paul shoots, jeez, that's like a week's worth for most men. No way they come right back and do it again, over and over and over. When it comes to sex, Paul is like an Olympic athlete. You both are."  
  
'Mom, too,' I thought, grinning to myself, but I didn't say it.  
  
Anyway, once I was finally finished tidying up, I pulled Lucinda off of Paul's cock and turned her to face me. Grinning awkwardly, I brought my index finger to her lips. She knew what I wanted, and she obediently tilted her head back. I lowered my lips to hers and opened my mouth, letting Paul's warm, thick cum pour onto her tongue. For the next minute or so we swapped it back and forth, swishing it over our teeth and past our parted lips, making a sexy mess of each other's face.  
  
Taking in the sight of me, with my brother's cum smeared all over my chin, she smiled sweetly. "A woman's work is never done," she said, leaning forward to lick me clean.  
  
"Like I said," Paul smiled, "I could watch you two all day. You guys really are awesome."  
  
Lucinda ran her fingers across her own chin, gathering up the last few glistening trails before sucking her fingers one by one. With a satisfied grin she said, "And just imagine, Dr. Carlisle is actually paying me for this. I think this week I should be paying him."  
  
She and I spent the rest of the morning naked, sharing the housework. She thought that was the sweetest thing ever, having a guest help her with her chores, but I didn't mind at all. I had a blast, actually. We were like goofy sisters who couldn't keep our hands off each other. The second she would stretch on her tiptoes to reach for some hard-to-get-to place with her feather duster, there I'd be, tickling her bare pussy. When I would lean into a bay window with my paper towels and a bottle of glass cleaner, I'd hear a cute growl, then I'd feel her teeth chomping down on my bottom like a hungry tiger.  
  
The best thing was that for the remainder of our stay she always took her jeans and top off as soon as she walked through the front door. Every week we looked forward to her sunny "Hola, chicas!" greeting, and she seemed just as happy to see us as we were to see her. Of course I wouldn't let Paul wear anything except his skimpy boxers whenever she was there, but I don't think he really minded all that much. Lucinda definitely didn't mind, that's for sure. I came downstairs one morning after taking a shower, and there she was, bent over the back of the couch, her panties around her ankles, with Paul pounding away at her pussy.  
  
She loved to tease him all around the house with her luscious bottom, and he was more than willing to take the bait. She never let him fuck her in a bed, though. She was happy to have sex with him out on the patio or in any room in the place, as long as it wasn't in an actual bed.  
  
"That's for my husband," she explained one day, after riding my semi-delirious baby brother for a solid hour in the oversized leather easy chair in the den. "The marital bed is his, and his alone."  
  
We all knew that Paul was only going to stay through the end of the month before heading back home for the start of the fall semester, and that Mom would soon be joining us. Lucinda was eager to meet her, but also a bit nervous about it. "She and I are almost the same age, and she knows I'm having sex with her beautiful son. What must she think of me?" she'd say, even though I tried to tell her that Mom was absolutely fine with the idea.  
  
God, if anything, Mom was thrilled.  
  
"I told you, sweetie, just don't get anyone pregnant, that's all I ask," she reminded him, during one of our nightly phone calls. "Otherwise, you know how I feel. I love sex, and I want you both to enjoy it as much I do." Mom being Mom, she was fairly bursting with pride over her "studly son." She was worried about Lisa, though, and I was happy to inform her that not only had Paul and I told Lisa everything, and she was totally cool with it, but that it even turned her on. The thing that really did it for her, she said, was that whole 'are they or aren't they?' question that had to be running through Lucinda's mind every time she saw us together.  
  
And that's just it; we never did let Lucinda in on our little secret. We continued to run around in our skimpy things in front of her, and Paul was like Old Faithful in the way he never failed to grow hugely erect whenever I teased him with my sexy bottom, but she could never be sure whether that was the extent of it. Were we just having fun flirting with each other for her benefit, or was all our teasing play merely the tip of the iceberg, and we were fucking our brains out the minute she left us alone?  
  
Lisa immediately recognized the teasing potential there, and she ate it up. Lucinda? I could tell she didn't quite know what to make of us, and she definitely wanted to know more.  
  
"Are you ever going to tell her?" asked Mom.  
  
Paul spoke up then. "We decided we'd let you handle it, if anyone's going to tell her."  
  
"Knowing you, you'll probably just show her," I added gleefully.  
  
"The way you think of me...my own baby daughter..." she sighed, pretending to pout. She wasn't fooling anyone, and her laughably fake pout turned into a happy giggle. "Okay, so maybe I am just a teensy bit more proud than most moms are, when it comes to showing off my gorgeous son and daughter. So sue me."  
  
~ ~ ~  
  
Loving fingertips tenderly caressing my cheek woke me from blissful sleep. "Mmmmmm, g'morning," I purred. Bringing my hand up, I held them against my face.  
  
"You are so beautiful together...my perfect angels," came a soft, gentle voice.  
  
My eyes shot open. "Mom!" I exclaimed in a hushed whisper. "You're here! Oh my god! You're here!"  
  
"I wanted to surprise you, baby," she whispered back. Leaning down, she kissed me between my bare shoulder blades before kissing the hand that was holding hers to my face.  
  
"But how—"  
  
She nuzzled my fingers before kissing me over my ear. "Shhhh," she said, still whispering. "I took an early flight this morning. I grabbed a rental car at the airport, and all my things are already in the master suite. Sweetie, you need to be more careful. This isn't a small town, like Lawrence. Rather than ring the bell and possibly wake everyone, I jiggled the door handle, and it was open. I walked right in."  
  
"That's doofus here's fault," I grinned, kissing Paul's chest. He was still breathing deeply, fast asleep. "He's in charge of locking up at night. I guess he got distracted."  
  
"Oh? And why would he have been distracted?" she asked teasingly.  
  
Turning to her, I smiled. "Because he loves me."  
  
"He does, baby. He really does. Your brother is head-over-heels in love with you."  
  
"You've always known, haven't you?"  
  
She caressed my face again. "Yes, I have." She paused to give my shoulder a kiss. "The question is, are you in love with him?" She smiled, already knowing the answer.  
  
"Madly," I whispered, and I squeezed her hand. "Almost as madly as I'm in love with you."  
  
Her stunning blue eyes glistened with joyful tears, and my heart nearly broke. "Oh, angel," she said, her voice catching.  
  
"Come on, beautiful, let's get you out of these things..." I grinned, reaching back to undo the buttons on her white silk blouse. "With the three of us, it'll be nice and cozy," I continued, lifting the covers in invitation.  
  
Paul and I were in my bed, and I could tell by the sunlight filtering through the blinds that it had to be close to ten o'clock.  
  
When we first set up camp in Dr. Carlisle's sprawling ranch-style house, my brother and I discussed how awesome it would be to share the master suite and its enormous king-sized bed. We knew we had to be careful around Lucinda, though, so we decided to play it safe. We would sleep together in my bedroom most nights, and stay in separate bedrooms for Lucinda's cleaning days. We still had sex those nights, but we would go to our own bedrooms afterward. Mom could have the master suite.  
  
I watched as she stood and slipped off her thin blouse. 'Yay, Mom!' I thought, when her amazing breasts came into view. No bra. Even traveling solo for an early morning flight halfway across the country...no bra. Just perfect, heavy tits, and her perpetually erect nipples.  
  
I couldn't help but grin proudly. "I bet everyone loved watching you walk through the airport. God, you are so unbelievably gorgeous."  
  
"I'm fairly certain at least a few stray men did, and definitely one young lady. It was so cute. She didn't even try to hide her ogling," she answered, soaking in my worshipful gaze. "But I think what you would have enjoyed most was when I strolled by a group of businessmen having drinks in the concourse lounge. They really seemed to appreciate my skirt." She took a step to the side, then another, until she was standing in direct sunlight.  
  
I almost couldn't believe what I was seeing. It was like the sexiest magic trick ever. Watching her, I'm sure I bit my lip.  
  
"The same thing happened with my top, too, but I think they were more interested in this..." she continued, turning to face the window.  
  
The morning light was shining right through her matching white silk skirt. Standing there in four-inch heels, she arched her back and gave me a tantalizing little hip-wiggle.  
  
'Mouthwatering' wouldn't even begin to describe it. Her incredible legs seemed to go on forever, and her lush, curvy bottom was worthy of its own exclusive exhibit in the Louvre. The dramatic diamond-shaped gap at the top of her succulent thighs...absolute perfection.  
  
She turned again to face me. "It was surprising, how much bright sunlight pours through that concourse. I mean, who knew?" Crossing one foot in front of the other while slowly unzipping her skirt, she catwalked the few steps back to my bedside. Pausing with her legs spread, she allowed me to drink in the vivid silhouette of her smooth hips and sculpted thighs framing her sexy bare pussy. Somehow, even her meticulously manicured patch of dark pubic hair stood out in stark relief, and her luscious lips in all their pouting glory made for the most wickedly erotic tableau I could ever imagine.  
  
"I made quite a few trips up and down the concourse before I finally acceded to their friendly entreaties to join them for a drink. That lounge had such tall barstools, too. I knew my merry band of admirers had enjoyed the wide slit in the back of my skirt, and now they were presented with an even more provocative view through the dangerously revealing opening in the front. As I crossed my legs back and forth, I felt their eyes devouring my bare thighs...higher and higher and higher. It was really fun.  
  
"When my boarding announcement was made, I allowed them to help me down from my lofty perch. Such gallant gentlemen...." She shimmied her hips, and her skirt fell to her feet. After stepping out of it, she leaned on the bed to balance herself while slipping off her heels. "Even as gallant as they were, however, I sensed the veneer of chivalry cracking as they watched me stride back through the bright light. It reminded me of your father's friends, and the dinner I mentioned the other day. Oh, how sullen their expressions, when your father came down with another nasty headache and I had to call an early end to the evening. Up to that point, I think they were rather enjoying my company."

"So it wasn't just your killer meatloaf, huh?" I snuggled up closer to Paul, leaving room for Mom to slide in behind me. Once we were all settled in, she curled her legs against mine, spooning me. Her moist pubic hair kissing my bare bottom felt so soft and sexy, and her erect nipples pressing against my back set me on fire.  
  
"Probably not," she grinned, nipping at my ear. "I suspect it had more to do with that same white skirt and top, the late afternoon sunlight pouring into the living room, and all the slow dancing we were doing. Before too long, things got just a tad handsy."  
  
"Yours, or theirs?"  
  
"Oh, both, I would say. They all love to take certain liberties with me, which I don't exactly discourage, and you know I can never resist a hard cock pressing against me. Anyway, your father enjoyed that outfit so much, he suggested I wear it for the flight today."  
  
"I love Dad. God, he is so awesome. What's the story with his headaches, though? And did he tell you about his latest brainfart? The other day we were talking about movies and sports and stuff, and he forgot that we're called the 'Jayhawks.'"  
  
"And what was that 'and stuff' you two were talking about, hmmm? You probably distracted him, just like you distracted Paul last night."  
  
"Hey, you're the one who gets all freaky and downright unparental with Dad whenever he's on the phone with me. I'm just his sweet, innocent baby girl."  
  
She cupped my chin and kissed me. "And you always will be. Your father loves you with all his heart, you know. You're his beautiful princess."  
  
"Mmmmmm...and he's my knight in shining armor," I said, returning her kiss. "You, though," I continued, sliding down to take her breast in my mouth, "are my beautiful queen." After treating myself to a lingering taste, I gazed up into her loving eyes. "How may I serve thee, Your Highness?"  
  
"Just love me, baby," she whispered, spreading her legs.  
  
"Forever and ever and ever..." I answered, and I slid down until I was gazing upon the gates of heaven. That's really how I think of it, too. When she spreads her perfect legs for me, offering me her divine pussy and every ounce of her precious love, I always feel like I've been granted a sacred glimpse of heaven.  
  
"I love my beautiful mother...my beautiful Samantha..." I whispered, breathing it across her delicate lips. I blew softly, and watched in fascination as her glistening petals trembled in response. "So wet...so sexy," I added in wonder.  
  
"You make me wet," she said, smiling as I blew on her pubic hair. "You always have, more than anyone ever could. I want you, angel. I want to be with you. I want to feel you inside me, and all over me. I want to be inside you, every minute we're together. God, I want to be you, just to experience one moment of perfection. You are my waking dream."  
  
"Mine, too. You both are, actually," Paul said sleepily, having finally woken. "Damn, what a sight to wake up to, the two most beautiful women on earth, naked in my bed. This is paradise."  
  
As I pressed my tongue inside her, she opened her arms, beckoning to Paul with a breathy gasp. He slid over and gave her a warm embrace. "Hi, Mom. Welcome to California."  
  
"Hi, baby. Good morning, by the way." Glancing down, she smiled when she saw my hand stroking him beneath the covers. "This really is a good morning, isn't it?"  
  
"The best," he moaned, and I pulled back the covers so she could watch.  
  
"God, and you get to wake up to that every morning now?" she asked, caressing my face as I drew a line from her swollen pink clit down to her enchanting pucker. Nodding happily, I slipped it straight inside, delighting in her sexy gasps.  
  
"Mmmmmm," I moaned. "You drive me absolutely insane, you know that? Your pussy...and damn, your incredible ass. I could eat you all day." She was still watching me stroke Paul's spectacular erection, and I held it up nice and tall for her. "And this, too. Now we can both wake up to it. Here...." I took her hand and wrapped it around the base of his towering shaft.  
  
"Baby, didn't you mention something about the two of you teaming up to fuck my brains out?" she asked coyly, stroking the lower third of his pulsing cock while I handled the top few inches, including the already-drooling tip. Every so often our hands met near the middle, and eventually we traded places.  
  
"Mmmm-hmmmmm!" I answered, taking her clit between my teeth. Now that made her jump. "Gotcha," I grinned, and I moved my hand down to Paul's huge, hairless balls, leaving her his entire shaft.  
  
Twisting her upper body to bring her head to his stomach, she said, "They didn't have any Wheaties on the plane, but I believe you also mentioned that you could both come up with something nice for me to eat." She added a second hand and began corkscrewing up and down the shaft, swirling her alternating palms around the crown with each pass.  
  
She knew what she wanted, and didn't hesitate to take it. At the precise moment that I slid two fingers into her ass, she lowered her mouth to his erection.  
  
"No cumming yet," I said to him. "It's her turn now. You're finally going to give her the full Lisa Treatment."  
  
"Mmmm-hmmmmm!" she moaned, taking him all the way down. After holding steady at the bottom for one...two...three beats, she pulled off. "I want what he did to you in that strip club."  
  
"All of it?" I asked teasingly. Pumping harder, I drove a third finger up her ass.  
  
"Every bit of it, including that...especially that," she answered. "My mouth, my pussy, and deep in my ass...mmmmmm, all that wonderful cum filling my ass, making me scream."  
  
"Mom, show me how you sucked him during that one Movie Night, with Rick and Donny there. I want to see how you managed to hide what you were doing."  
  
Grinning, she held his cock to her lips. "Why? Are you planning on sucking him in front of Rick and Donny too?"  
  
We both looked at him.  
  
"That would be awesome," he said, watching as Mom fanned out her long, shiny hair over his thighs and stomach. "Dawn, your hair is perfect for doing that. I bet you'd be amazing."  
  
"You know she would be. She's always amazing," said Mom, smiling around his cock.  
  
"Would you guys let me? I mean, right in front of Rick and Donny?"  
  
"Would you even bother trying to hide it?" she asked, turning her head and slowly taking him all the way down. She was showing me how she did it.  
  
"At this point? Probably not."  
  
Paul said, "You kind of already did it in front of them, at least a little. You know, that day in the pool."  
  
"I didn't actually take yours out and suck it, though. I only did that to Rick."  
  
"But you did put it in your mouth, and you sucked Donny's, too. It was through our shorts, but still."  
  
"Did you want her to do it for real, with your friends right there watching?" Pausing again, Mom offered him a sweet smile, then she turned to me. "If you ever do decide to suck him in front of them, I hope I'm there to see it."  
  
"So does that mean you're okay with us having sex in front of Lucinda?" he asked.  
  
Mom considered it for a moment. "That's different. Rick and Donny are like family."  
  
"And you've already had sex with both of them," I added, giving her pussy a teasing nip.  
  
"Well, yes, a little, anyway," she grinned. "But Dr. Carlisle doesn't know that, and neither does Lucinda. She also doesn't know about us. If I wasn't worried that she might tell Dr. Carlisle, I would have no problem with the two of you having sex in front of her. From what you've told me, I think she would love to make it a full-blown threesome."  
  
"Make that a full-blown foursome, once she sees you," Paul quipped.  
  
"Definitely," I said. "She would love for us all to have sex. When she finally meets you, god, she's going to lose her mind. But you're right, she could easily say something to Dr. Carlisle, and I know we don't want that."  
  
I turned to Paul with a lascivious grin. "So we should probably limit it to Rick and Donny. In the meantime, we can still have sex with Lucinda."  
  
"You are such a perv," he chuckled, shaking his head.  
  
I reached up and squeezed Mom's breasts, making her moan around the huge cock in her mouth. "Tell him, Mom."  
  
"Mmmm-hmmm! Like mother, like daughter!" she giggled.  
  
"Always," I said, sliding up the bed to suck his balls. While swapping them back and forth with my tongue, I added my hand to hers again and stroked his shaft into her mouth.  
  
"Here, baby..." she smiled, offering me his dick. "There's more than enough to share." We kissed on the lips, then we kissed either side of his thick shaft; beginning just below the head, we trailed kisses all the way down to his balls before licking and kissing our way back up to the head. Our tongues lashed out over the tip; taking turns, we pressed inside his seeping slit.  
  
We spent the next ten minutes sucking his drooling cock, continually bringing him to the very edge before easing off. The entire time, I had three fingers buried deep in her pussy. With Paul looking on in stunned disbelief, Mom returned the favor, curling two fingers inside me. Now we were openly finger-fucking each other while happily sharing his oozing pre-cum.  
  
"If we keep doing this, he's not going to be able to hold out much longer. He's almost there," she said, showing me his increasingly heavy flow.  
  
"I was just thinking the same thing. So, Paul, are you ready?"  
  
"Oh, fuck," he groaned.  
  
"Exactly," she smiled. "Again and again and again."  
  
"The Lisa Treatment," I said.  
  
"With my beautiful baby girl right here with us, just like you were for her first time."  
  
"Paul, don't hold back. I mean it. I want this to be like our first time. Mom is our goddess. She deserves the very best."  
  
Sitting up, he stared at us both. "You have no idea how long I've wanted this." With a look of sexy confidence that practically melted me on the spot, he turned to her and said, "'Again and again and again' is right. Believe me, I am absolutely going to fuck your brains out."  
  
"Come here, baby," she cooed, and he climbed between her legs. Taking my hand, she set it on his swaying erection. "Dawn, I want you to put it inside me."  
  
Pressing it down, I laid it atop her pussy. "Look..." I whispered, showing it to her. "It goes all the way up to here." My hand marking the tip of his cock was halfway up her stomach.  
  
"I know," she said, gazing into his eyes. "I've always known. Paul, make love to me."  
  
He sat back, and I guided his immense shaft over her clit, pausing to rub the underside of his crown against her sensitive bud. Her thighs gave a slight tremble. I did it again, and she tilted her hips just so, increasing her pleasure.  
  
His rock-hard dick was so big, I had to have him scoot back quite a ways just to give me room to angle the tip down to her waiting entrance. Her moist, delicate lips splayed open, stretching wide to envelop him. I fed only the ridged crown inside, before pulling it out. Her eyes fluttered. "Again," I whispered, pressing the entire head inside. This time, I held it there.  
  
"Mmmm..." she moaned, barely above a whisper. "More...."  
  
He started to inch his way forward. "Not yet," I said, setting my hand on his stomach to stop him. "Slow, baby. You're too close to cumming. Let's just take it nice and easy, until you're really ready. I want this to last."  
  
Mom reached down to add her hand to mine on his throbbing length. "Honey, you know it doesn't matter with him. He always stays hard afterward, and he cums just as much every time."  
  
Grinning, I removed her hand and set it on her breast. "I don't care. I want this first one to be absolutely epic."  
  
"So bossy!" she grinned.  
  
"Yeah, she can be a little bossy sometimes," said Paul, exchanging smiles with her. "But that's okay. She's really good at this stuff." He turned his smile to me. "Let me guess. 'Trust me, little brother, I have a plan,' right? This is like the strip club all over again for you."  
  
"Uh-huh," I answered, slowly circling his enormous plum-colored head in the grasping mouth of her pussy; round and round, then in and out, again and again. I wasn't so much fucking her as simply making introductions. "I have a plan. It just came to me."  
  
"Care to let us in on it?" asked Mom, circling her hips in response.  
  
"Actually, yes, I do." I kissed Paul on the lips before leaning down to kiss Mom's gorgeous erect nipple. "I want him to give you the full Lisa Treatment, only with a twist. More than anything, it's not going to be about 'fucking your brains out.' You two can do that anytime. No, for this first one, I want—"  
  
"Baby, you know this is not our first time, or even our second."  
  
"It is, to me. This is the first time you two will really be able to hold each other and love each other, and do everything you've always wanted."  
  
"You mean like with you and me, and you and Dad," Paul added. "Until that night in the strip club, you still considered yourself a virgin, even though Dad and I had both already fucked you a little."  
  
"Wait a second," Mom said, flashing us an accusing grin. "Dawn, I know about you and your father having sex, but—"  
  
"'Know about'?!" I exclaimed, laughing sarcastically. "You were the one who made it happen!"  
  
"Yes, I did. And you know you deserved it, too." God, what a smug little smile. "But what's this about you and Paul now? Before your wild adventure together at the strip club, did you and your horny baby brother also have a happy 'accident' or two that you conveniently neglected to mention to your loving mother?"  
  
Paul couldn't hide his sheepish grin, and he ran his hand over my hip, onto my bare ass. "Just one, Mom. That first day with Lisa."  
  
I trailed kisses across her breasts, up to her waiting lips. Giving her a quick, playful tongue-kiss, I said, "I'll tell you all about it later. Right now I have a job to do, so stop interrupting me."  
  
"Bossy girl," she teased, her shining blue eyes sparkling with delight.  
  
"And you love it," I grinned, sliding back down to her pussy.  
  
"Mmmm, I do," she purred. "I love my sexy, bossy girl."  
  
"Bad boy! So impatient!" I said, taking hold again of Paul's cock. While I'd been kissing Mom, Paul had sneakily slid halfway in. Even so, there was still a good two or three inches of hard, gleaming shaft showing above my hand, and I gripped him firmly.  
  
Mom spread her legs as far as they would go. "Give it to me, baby. Let him come back inside."  
  
My god, what an incredible sight: the most beautiful woman in the history of ever, gloriously naked and spread wide, her glistening pink lips stretched in a tight embrace around her gorgeous son's impossibly thick shaft shining with her wetness. 'Now this really does belong in the Louvre,' I thought, marveling at their perfect union.  
  
"God...is that how we look?" I asked Paul. I slid my hand back a bit, revealing another few inches of his gleaming wet erection. I realized then that he had already gone all the way inside her while she and I were kissing, and an electric chill shot through my entire body.  
  
I began feeding him into her, slowly moving him in and out.  
  
"That's exactly how we look," he breathed. "I can't believe it. She looks just like you." Pulling out on his own, he took what felt to me like an excruciatingly long time sliding back in. "I can never get enough of it. Whenever we're apart, that image is all I ever think about. And now I won't be able to get this image of my dick spreading Mom's perfect pussy out of my head either."  
  
I set my chin on his shoulder and simply watched for a few moments. Grinning, Mom sat up to take a peek. "Mmmmmm, that may be my favorite thing about having sex with a really large one like Paul's, or your father's. As much as I love how it feels inside me, I think the sight of it stretching open my pussy as it slides in and out almost turns me on even more." She fixed her sexy smile on me. "I can't wait to see him slide in and out of your gorgeous pussy. Touching myself right there in my seat during this morning's flight, that was all I could think about, too, Paul's beautiful cock spreading my darling angel's sweet, perfect pussy...."  
  
Returning her sexy grin, I said, "I bet your fellow passengers must have loved that."  
  
"I had the window seat. Only the two men directly beside me really noticed anything," she moaned, closing her eyes. She was clearly reliving the scene in her mind. "Maybe the stewardess, too," she added, slowly circling her hips again. "I was so turned on, I didn't care. Mmmm, yes, fuck me, baby...all the way inside me...."  
  
"Your cock looks incredible," I whispered to him. "Pull it out again, to the very tip. I want to see it."  
  
I knew he didn't want to, but he pulled out for me. Mom moaned, and thrust her hips. She desperately wanted him back inside.  
  
"God, she's so wet," I continued, awestruck. I ran my fingertip from the base of his glistening shaft all the way to the raised ridge poised menacingly within her grasping lips. "Slow...just one inch at a time. I don't care if it takes all day with your huge dick, only give her one slow inch at a time, until her pussy is pressing against your balls. Then, even more slowly, draw it back out again."  
  
It was almost as if time stood still; it seemed to take that long before he had completed his task.  
  
"Oh my god," he said, equally awestruck.  
  
"See?" I whispered proudly.  
  
"You knew that would happen?"  
  
"Oh god, baby. I can't believe you showed him," Mom finally answered, barely able to get it out.  
  
"Hey, he wanted to know that he could make you do that, right? I told you I had a plan."  
  
When I'd released Paul and allowed him to slide all the way in, Mom had nearly lost it. That was all it took to bring her to the brink of a massive orgasm, and I knew what would happen if I had Paul torture her just as slowly on the way out. Sure enough, as his enormous shaft was only halfway through its maddeningly sexy retreat, her pussy rewarded us with a long arcing of clear, hot cum. Her thighs and hips went into delicious spasms, and I exulted at the blessed strains of her unchained melody. Mom always made the most beautiful sounds when she came, and this was her crowning symphony.  
  
"He just needed to pull out at the right time to see it. That was perfect!" I grinned.  
  
"You big show-off," Mom cooed, her smile as warm and bright as the morning sunshine. "I told you, he's already made me have a gushing orgasm before, that night on the couch with Rick and Donny."  
  
Paul was nearly giddy. "But I didn't get to see it then, not like this! Oh my god, Mom! You are AWESOME!"  
  
"And she's just getting started," I said, exchanging knowing smiles with her. "Paul, that was only an appetizer. She hasn't even begun to make love to you yet."  
  
Paul sat kneeling between her legs, his cock still poised at the mouth of her pussy, his stomach and chest shining with her dripping joy. His sweetly innocent expression revealed not only lust and awe but also a growing wonder. It dawned on me then that he didn't quite understand.  
  
"Baby, what did you think this would be? Just sex?" I asked, gently. "No, honey. This isn't just sex for her. She loves us with all her heart. You'll see. You'll feel it, and it will be unlike anything you've ever experienced."  
  
Mom took my hand. "Oh, I think he has, angel. I'm sure your baby brother will never forget your first time with him in that windswept Texas desert, the two of you making love beneath an endless sea of shining stars. Nothing will ever feel as perfect to him as you did that night."  
  
"I'm no you, though," I answered, squeezing her hand. "No one makes love the way you do. You are pure magic."  
  
"Silly girl," she whispered, her crystal blue eyes again filling with tears. "My silly, eternally beautiful girl who doesn't even realize the true magic you share with all of us...."  
  
"She's right, you know," Paul said, his own soulful blue eyes shining moistly. "You have no idea what you do to me...what you do to everyone. Mom is magic, and so are you." He paused to gather himself. "Dawn, our magical mother gave me the most beautiful girl in heaven."

I broke down sobbing in his arms. "Oh, baby, I love you so much," I whispered through my sniffles. Then I turned to Mom. "And you gave me the perfect man."  
  
Smiling like the angel she is, Mom said, "Your father had just as much to do with that as I did, you know. It was hardly all me. Who do you think you see in your beautiful brother, if not your beautiful father?"  
  
"I just know who I see in my beautiful sister," Paul said, giving me a loving hug as we knelt together, smiling down at our gorgeous mother.  
  
"I could only wish," I answered, guiding him into her welcoming arms.  
  
"Your sister is right, baby," she purred. "I do love you with all my heart." She pulled him close, pressing her breasts to his chest in a crushing hug. "Both of you, my perfect angels...with all my heart." She took his face in her hands. "And I always will."  
  
I moved over beside her. "Show him," I said, and I caressed her cheek.  
  
She turned to me and smiled. "I love you, baby girl. And thank you."  
  
"Show him," I said again, and I watched as she took him deep inside.  
  
It's hard to describe what she does or even how she does it, but I saw her do it then to Paul. Starting at his face and neck, it moved into his shoulders and upper back; when it passed through his muscular ass and down into his strong legs, I knew she had done it to him, too. I saw each and every tremor.  
  
He looked up at me in astonishment.  
  
"I know," I smiled. "She's magic. Just let her love you."  
  
Using her arms and legs to hold him inside her, she spoke to him in subtle undulations; registering each new revelation, his eyes were a swirling kaleidoscope of joyous discovery. I felt a sudden flash of despair, knowing I could never make love like her. The spell she casts is too beautiful, too hopelessly irresistible, and one day I would lose him to her.  
  
Almost as if reading my thoughts, she clasped our hands together. "Baby, thank you for sharing him with me. You will always be his first love, as you should be, and I couldn't be happier for you."  
  
Paul looked up at me, and I saw the depth of passion in his steely gaze. Pulling me to him, he kissed me fiercely on the lips. "Always," he proclaimed, and my moment of doubt was washed away forever.  
  
"You're his beautiful mother. You will always be his true first love," I said, kissing them both, "and mine, too. But now that we're all in love together, I want you to show me how you do that magic thing you always do when you make love to us. Mom, I have to know."  
  
She was still holding him tight, dancing her hips beneath him. Her breathy moans were the sweetest music to my ears. "What magic thing, baby? I just make love."  
  
I looked at Paul, putting him on the spot. "Tell her," I said. "You know exactly what I'm talking about. She does it to me every time, and I just saw her do it to you, too. As awesome as our sex is, I never make you freak out like that. You always cum like crazy, but you don't do that all-over trembling thing she made you do. It's like she's speaking directly to your heart. Tell her."  
  
Paul tried gamely to put it into words, until Mom hushed him with a kiss. "Shhh. It's okay, sweetheart. Of course I know what your sister is talking about." She squeezed my hand again. "Baby, there's nothing to show you. I just make love. I love you both more than you may ever understand, and I let you feel it, no holding back. It's not a technique; it's simply a matter of letting go. That's all it is."  
  
"Don't I let go?" I asked. "I mean, with both of you?"  
  
"Oh god, baby, yes, you do, you really do. Can't you tell? What you're saying I do to you when we make love, you do it to me every time."  
  
I thought about it for a moment. She was right. I always gave her those same trembles.  
  
"Still," I continued, "what about Paul? How come I'm not doing that to him, too?"  
  
Paul cut in then. "Dawn, it's not like you aren't totally awesome. You know you drive me insane. It's a different kind of insane, but it's just as intense."  
  
Mom was now guiding his hips with her hands, making him long-stroke her immaculate pussy. She wasn't driving him in and out as slowly as I'd had him do it, but it wasn't much faster either. She was definitely savoring the feeling. "I haven't watched you two have sex yet, but do you make love to him with your heart, the way you do with me? Or is it more about making up for lost time and having the wildest sex possible?"  
  
Paul broke out laughing. "My perpetually horny sister, wanting the wildest sex possible? As in anytime, anywhere, as crazy as can be? What would ever give you that idea?"  
  
Giggling with Mom, I knew she was right. As much as I love Paul and love making love to him, most of the sex we'd had was definitely as wild as I could make it. I was always trying to turn him on, blow him away, and make him cum as hard as possible: lust versus intimacy; passion as opposed to togetherness; sexiness instead of love.  
  
"That's all it is," she said, giving me a supportive kiss on the cheek. "Baby, when you and I make love, I can feel it. Yes, you do all those sexy things to me that you learned from your girlfriends, but everything you do is filled to bursting with love and adoration. You truly want me. You're not just trying to turn me on or show me what you can do. You make love to me, angel.  
  
"That's what you're feeling from me when I make love with you, and that's also what you saw with Paul just now: pure love. I promise you, baby, it won't be long before you're making love the same way with Paul."  
  
"God help me," he said, with a snarky little grin.  
  
I leaned back and threw my arms around him. "I'm sorry, baby. She's right. I love you, and you deserve more than just wild sex. You'll see. From now on, I promise to—"  
  
"Oh, come on, have you ever heard me complain?" he interjected. "Don't sell yourself short, Dawn. While I know what Mom is getting at, I'm not the least bit worried. She's also right that we'll get there soon enough, and you know what? We have all the time in the world. We're only just starting out, learning about sex together. Mom is a pro, so of course she—"  
  
"Hey, watch it there, mister! I am not a 'pro'! I'm strictly amateur, all the way!" she laughed.  
  
"But you easily could be," I grinned.  
  
"Oh, hell yeah," added Paul, making an obvious show of eyeing her up and down. "With that stunning face and amazing body, and as sexy as you are? You would make a fortune. Jeez, you could retire to your own island in Tahiti in six months."  
  
"I would rather just fuck you every day," she moaned, slamming him into her. She drove her hips against him, and god but was she the hottest thing ever. I had never really gotten to watch her have full-on, non-sneaky sex with a man before, other than the one time in the kitchen with Dad. Even there, though, that was more of a wild, tag-team assault on her pussy, and she was basically helpless. This was different. This time there were no teasing games. This was straight sex.  
  
And when it comes to having straight sex, Mom is the very definition of the word 'goddess.'  
  
"Mmmmmm, god, baby..." she moaned, dancing her hips in smooth, concentric circles. I'd never seen anything like it; not during actual sex, anyway. Even as enormous as Paul is, she was making his cock kiss every bit of her talented pussy. It wasn't enough merely to make it pound her cervix or drag against her clit; no, she wanted to own it. "Fuck me...fuck me...love me..." she moaned even more hotly, and I could tell that Paul was overwhelmed by her loving passion.  
  
Man or woman, it doesn't matter, Mom just has a certain way of combining her siren's voice, the love in her eyes, and the skill of her pussy to transport her lover to another world. Watching her was like sitting in on a master class of sex, and I was definitely taking notes.  
  
Paul, meanwhile, was definitely losing his mind. "Oh fuck...oh fuck...oh fuck," he kept groaning, and what did Mom do? Did she push him over the edge by speeding up, or by urging him on with sexy commands?  
  
No, she didn't. And this was the lesson I needed to learn. Anyone could make him cum then. That's easy. What Mom showed me was the much deeper beauty in making love, instead of just having sex. Rather than make him cum, she slowed down and hugged him close, whispering, "I love you," again and again. She didn't pull back to gauge his response, either.  
  
And that's just it. She didn't need to see his response. She wasn't performing for him. She was making love to him. He could cum or not cum, and it truly didn't matter to her. They would cum eventually, she knew. All she wanted was to feel him inside her, and to give him her love.  
  
It was an amazing thing to witness. For the first time, I saw Paul not cum and remain perfectly content. Following her lead, he didn't try to force it, and they were able to journey as one into the longest, sweetest, hottest, sexiest lovemaking I could ever imagine. She used his insatiable cock not merely for her own pleasure but as a bridge, joining them together in shared bliss; practiced thrusts, answering moans, hands seeking, tongues intertwining, higher and higher they climbed.  
  
I knew from experience that Mom could cum in a nearly continuous wave, until there was no discernible beginning or end, and she was gifting Paul with a cresting orgasm for the ages; over and over her sexy cries accompanied the resonant rhythms of their hips slapping and the bed springs squeaking, and we all laughed when he eventually drove her into the headboard and that started banging away in perfect sync, as well.  
  
If Paul's sturdy erection was a study in power-in-motion, the ideal ramrod for stoking Mom's unquenchable fire, her sexy gasps and lush, fuckable body were sheer inspiration, driving him ever onward. They moved in perfect harmony together: he couldn't stop; she couldn't get enough. His relentless pounding had her continually crying out for more, until his floodgates finally burst open, and she answered with a long, low, otherworldly moan. Grasping his ass with both hands, she crashed their hips together, wanting every thick, incredible inch of him inside her as he erupted with an anguished wail.  
  
"Oh god..." she whispered, turning to hold on to me. "So much cum...soooooo much cum. Mmmmmm, he just goes and goes and goes...." She waited until his last spasm was finished, then she rolled onto her hands and knees. "Okay," she said, shooting us a sassy smile while wiggling her ass, "now he can fuck my brains out."  
  
"Yay!" I giggled, spotting my opening. I quickly slithered down beneath her, until I was right where I wanted to be: directly below her pussy, with Paul's dripping erection swaying only inches above my face. I was like a kid in a candy store.  
  
"And just what do you have in mind down there, little girl?" she asked, wagging her tail in invitation.  
  
"First things first," I answered, and I reached up to pull Paul's immense hard-on down to my mouth. "Cleanliness is next to godliness, you know."  
  
Paul grinned, watching as I sucked him clean. "At least that's what Lucinda always says, anyway. I get the impression she's kind of a perv, though, like you."  
  
"Sounds like a smart woman," Mom said, and we both giggled when a warm dollop of Paul's cum dripped from her pussy, right onto my chin.  
  
"She's very thorough, too." Releasing Paul's yummy dick, I grinned at the sight of Mom flexing her pussy for me. "She insists we never leave a mess," I added, opening my mouth in gleeful anticipation.  
  
"And I bet you never do, baby," she replied. While still wagging her ass for Paul's benefit, she flexed her vaginal muscles for mine, and a thick pool of white cum came pouring out.  
  
"Mmmmmm, yes," I moaned, opening wide. I let it all drain into my mouth, savoring every last drop. 'And it's coming from Mom's pussy,' I thought, which totally fried my brain. I couldn't imagine anything ever being sexier, and I eagerly drove my tongue into her dripping slit. Once again, I was in awe over how much cum Paul had unloaded. I licked and licked and licked, and still it kept coming. I swear to god, her pussy was like one of those self-serve ice cream machines, only it wouldn't stop! It was awesome!  
  
Making things even hotter, Mom reached back and guided the tip of Paul's crazy bouncing dick to her tiny rosebud. She was still wiggling her ass, and she brought my hand up to replace hers on his throbbing pole. Then, just as I was pressing the head inside her tight pucker, I felt a blush of warm breath on my pussy. "Mmmm...absolutely gorgeous..." she moaned, spreading my lips with her snaking tongue.  
  
"Yep, I knew it," Paul said, watching his two pussy-hungry girls devour each other in a sexy sixty-nine. Taking Mom's writhing hips in his hands, he slid his huge cock straight up her ass. "Somewhere along the line, I died and went to heaven."  
  
"Oh god, baby, I think I did too," she moaned, and she arched her back. "I've waited so long to feel your perfect cock in my ass, and now I also get to eat Dawn's pussy. If this isn't heaven, I don't know what is...."  
  
"Heaven is right here, just where it's always been," I said, between licks of her dripping flower. "I could lick your pussy for an eternity."  
  
She pressed her mouth to me, and I spread my legs in welcome. "Fuck her ass, baby," I moaned, and I drove my tongue as far up her pussy as it would go. Watching him spear her quivering bottom, I reached for his cock and slammed it home. "I want more cum. Don't make me wait."  
  
Her hot moan felt amazing in my pussy, and it was almost like we were taking turns to see who could drive the other more insane. I gently bit her gorgeous clit; she trailed her tongue down to my ass and slithered it inside. I slid two fingers into her pussy; she slammed three into mine. Back and forth we went, wantonly molesting each other like a couple of horny sluts partying on Nympho Island, and all the while Paul and his didgeridoo of a cock was savaging her happy bottom.  
  
I began trading off, cock then pussy, cock then pussy, pulling his gleaming erection from her ass to suck it for a few extended beats before forcing it back in and returning my lips to her cum-drenched sex. I quickly figured out that every time I drove his dick up her ass, she stabbed her tongue into mine, rimming me with even greater passion. She would also grind her fingers harder inside my pussy, so I kept doing it. We were all racing towards the finish line, and I don't think any of us cared who got there first.  
  
As it turned out, I was the one who broke the tape. I was sucking Paul's pendulous balls when Mom playfully bit my asshole, and I was done for. "Eeeeee!" she exclaimed, letting me douse her face in my gushing stream. She was an expert at making me cum, so I knew she'd done it on purpose. Her timing was impeccable as always, too. Just as I was going off like the fountain at Caesar's Palace, Paul was unleashing all the king's horses and all the king's men to storm her castle, filling her very core with a deluge of precious baby-brother sperm. Not to be left out, Mom went into a whole-body spasm, then she was matching me gush for gush, squirt for squirt. Laughing deliriously as she drowned me in sweet cum, I nearly swooned when Paul pulled out to shoot a few more hot ropes all over my face. Adding the perfect finishing touch, Mom sat up and offered me her ass, and another thick torrent of Paul's creamy cum poured into my mouth.  
  
"God, Mom, why did you wait so long to come to L.A.? We could have been doing this every day," I sighed, once we'd all regained a semblance of sanity. We were lying together in a heap, with Mom at the center of our happy jumble.  
  
"I don't know, but I think between the three of us we could probably end the drought they always seem to be having here," she answered, with a cute snicker.  
  
Paul could only shake his head. "I still can't believe this. How in the world did I ever get so lucky?"  
  
"Speaking of getting lucky, I believe your beautiful sister here is still waiting for her turn. What do you say, Mister Super Stud? Do you think you have one more good one left in you this morning?"  
  
Rolling up onto my hands and knees, I shook my ass in his face while pretending to pant like an overheated St. Bernard.  
  
WHACK!  
  
WHACK! WHACK!  
  
The first one was from Mom. The second two were from Paul, and a moment later his strong hands were spreading my cheeks. In the next breath, I felt his tongue pressing into my tiny hole. Leaning up on her elbow to watch, Mom beamed with pride as Paul expertly rimmed my eager crinkle.  
  
"He's a quick learner!" I grinned.  
  
"I can see that," she said, smiling happily. "If I didn't know better, I would almost say it looks like he's had a fair bit of practice."  
  
"Mmmm, he definitely has, and like I said, he's a quick learner. One thing he figured out right away is how much I love it when he tongues my ass. In fact, come to think of it...."  
  
"Oh, jeez," he laughed when I spun around, moving into another sixty-nine with him. "Mom, ever since our big phone talk that day at the beach, Dawn has gone crazy with this licking-each-other's-ass stuff."  
  
"Practice makes perfect!" I replied, leaning up to suck his balls.  
  
"Absolutely," said Mom. "Sweetie, you're not complaining, are you?"  
  
He brought his face right down between my legs and slid his tongue back inside my bottom. "With an ass like hers? What am I, an idiot?"  
  
"Oh, I'm sure you love doing it to her, but that was never the issue, was it?" Giving him a coy grin, she reached over and started stroking his still-nearly-erect cock.  
  
"Don't let him fool you, Mom. He loves it now almost as much as we do. He's awesome. Just watch." I sucked his balls for a few moments before slowly pressing my tongue into his ass. He jumped a little, but nothing major, then it was clear sailing. He let me lick and suck him as much as I wanted, and Mom was right, he definitely loved doing it to me.  
  
"See? Nothing to it. He's fully housebroken now," I said, sliding out from under him to return to my position on my hands and knees. Lowering my face and chest to the sheets, I arched my back and pooched my ass way up high. Paul moved behind me, and I noticed Mom staring at his bobbing cock. I took her hand and wrapped it around the base of his semi-erection. "This time, you get to put him inside me," I breathed, imitating her sexy ass-wiggle.  
  
"You two do realize that I'm a big boy now and can do it myself, right?" he asked, with a good-natured grin.  
  
"Oh, hush," Mom answered, and she gave him a couple of slow, teasing strokes before taking him into her mouth. "Let us have our fun," she added, sucking him to full hardness.  
  
"I think he's ready," I said, continuing to wiggle my ass for him.  
  
She planted a loving kiss on each cheek of my upturned bottom, and another on my naked pussy. Smiling at my happy little hip-shimmy, she said, "I think you are, too."  
  
I closed my eyes, held my breath, and waited.  
  
At first there was just the slightest brush...the tip touching my thigh. Then another. A slight dragging across my soft skin. Now slow wanderings, painting a circuitous path over my left cheek...an arcing across my open divide, onto my other rounded moon.  
  
"Jesus...you're killing me here," Paul whispered.  
  
"Shhh..." she answered.  
  
A warm, massive shaft placed lengthwise through my split triggered my animal impulses. Pure instinct. My breath caught. Two gentle hands pressed my flesh around the granite pillar. Of their own volition my hips began to rise and fall, begging for the dance.  
  
Then it was pressing, pressing, forcing its way inside me, and I felt my lips spreading in welcome.  
  
"Mmmm," I moaned, squeezing him. Her mouth returned to my raised bottom, tracing a line of kisses from cheek to cheek and down to his hot shaft splitting me. She lingered there, swirling her tongue in my pussy before drawing it up through my gap, into my tingling asshole. "Take me," I whispered. "All of me...both of you, just take me."

One inch...two inches...now three...a fifth, sixth, and seventh penetrated me before my mind went to mush and I stopped counting. Exhaling, I took his entire exquisite cock, and I knew I was in heaven.  
  
Mom moved in front of me and brought my face up until she could gaze into my eyes. As Paul began to stroke deep into my pussy, she kissed me. It reminded me of the tender kiss she gave me while Dad was fucking me from behind that first night in the kitchen, only this time she didn't pull away, and neither did Paul. No, this was the real thing. She wanted to feel him through my kisses. "The girl of my dreams," she whispered. "The most beautiful girl in the whole world. You cannot imagine how beautiful you are when you make love."  
  
"I love you," I whispered in return.  
  
She cradled my face and kissed me and kissed me and kissed me, until I was seeing stars. I wanted more of her, and I had Paul lie flat so I could straddle him. "You too," I said, moving her onto his chest, facing me.  
  
"Oh my god," Paul said, realizing what I wanted. When Mom scooted her hips back, he took her ass in his hands and spread her open. Together we lowered ourselves onto him; I impaled myself on his monumental erection; she spread her legs and gave him her pussy.  
  
"Having a nice vacation so far, little brother?" I asked, grinning at the thought of Paul finally getting to eat Mom's ass and pussy. I could tell she loved everything he was doing to her, just as she loved watching him make love to me.  
  
"The best ever!" came his muffled reply. "If at least one of you doesn't come back home with me, I'm never leaving this house!"  
  
"Don't worry," I said, "you'll still have the sexiest MILF on the planet to keep you busy back home, not to mention a certain stunningly gorgeous cheerleader who can't wait to fuck you again."  
  
"He's really good at this," Mom smiled, dancing her hips. "I think I owe you a debt of gratitude, honey. You've taught him well."  
  
"Come here, you..." I cooed, taking her into my arms.  
  
"Mmmm, is this what you want, baby? Your brother's cock in your pussy as you and I make out?" Pausing, she added, "I sure hope so, because that's what I want."  
  
"Mmmmmm-hmmm. All day, every day. I can't think of anything I could ever want more, as long as I get to watch you fuck him, too."  
  
"No worries there, sweetie. You know how badly I crave your brother's wonderful cock, so you'll have all the opportunities your little heart desires to watch us have sex. I plan on having him in my mouth, ass or pussy every day."  
  
"Only 'or'?" I asked teasingly.  
  
"You're right. Make that 'and.' I plan on having him in my mouth, ass and pussy every day. Is that better?"  
  
"Much," I grinned, slipping my tongue into her mouth. "You know I love watching you have sex. I never want to miss a minute."  
  
I could tell by the way she returned my kiss tell that the idea of me watching her have sex turned her on. Again, almost as if she could read my mind, she said, "And not just with Paul and your father, either. You want to watch me have sex with Rick and Donny."  
  
"Don't forget Dad's touchy-feely friends, too. I told you, Dawn is a total perv!" Paul crowed, and we all laughed.  
  
"Baby," she said, "in case you hadn't noticed, I love watching Dawn have sex, too. I guess I'm just as big of a 'perv' as she is. And so are you, sweetie."  
  
"No doubt!" I laughed. "Who do you think started all this, way back when? Why, it was Mister Huge Hard-Ons For His Fourteen-Year-Old Sister, that's who!"  
  
"And for his bikini-clad mother, too," she added, sticking her tongue out at me.  
  
I gave it a playful nibble. "Well, of course. No one could ever blame him for that."  
  
"No shit! Look at her!" was Paul's entirely guilt-free reply.  
  
"He has a point, you know," I said. "If I had a cock, you would have definitely given me a hard-on all these years, too."  
  
"Baby, between his incredible erections and that amazing ass of yours, god, you've both kept me so constantly horny, you're lucky I ever let either of you out of the house.  
  
"Anyway, let's get back to business. Mmmmmm, you have no idea how gorgeous you look, riding your brother's long, thick cock. I swear, it's as if you two were made for each other."  
  
"You too," Paul said. "I fit perfectly inside you."  
  
She shifted on his face, and I could see his tongue darting in and out of her pussy. "You do, baby," she moaned. "You really do."  
  
"And you two are amazing together," I said.  
  
"Just let him love you, angel, and love him right back. That's all you ever need to do."  
  
And that's how we spent the rest of our first day together in L.A., making love all morning and well into the afternoon. Mom truly loved watching us, and not once did she try to give us any sexual pointers. Instead, she happily celebrated each beautiful moment we shared, drinking his cum from my ass and pussy with the same hunger I have for her, and I watched them make perfect love long into the night.  
  
She taught me so much that day, without ever saying a word.  
  
~ ~ ~  
  
Paul and I had been going to the beach practically every day, and that certainly didn't change once Mom joined us in L.A. She was just as eager to hit the surf as we were. Dr. Carlisle's house already had a pool, and we used that too, but I think we all felt that it wasn't the same thing. The crashing waves were so much more fun.  
  
One killer thing about going to the beach versus staying at the house was the fact that we somehow managed to make new friends almost every time we rolled our blankets out on the sand. And it wasn't just guys hitting on me and Mom, either. Sure, there was always a ton of that, but we also made friends with lots of girls too, including a fellow incoming freshman at UCLA named Megan. She was born and raised in L.A., and super friendly. She was your typical gorgeous California blonde, and it looked like she and I were even planning to sign up for some of the same classes. All in all, we couldn't have asked for a better tour guide.  
  
Our house wasn't that far from Will Rogers State Beach, but Megan insisted that Zuma Beach was a million times better. "Especially by the rocks," she said. "And if you're brave enough, there's a nude beach on the other side. It's like a private cove."  
  
Mom and I were definitely up for that, but Paul wasn't. "Sure, going nude is great for you two," he explained to us when Megan was out of earshot, "but what about me? That's all we need, for me to be naked and get a huge hard-on because of my hot mom and sister, right in front of one of your classmates. Dawn, you don't want that. We still need to be careful here."  
  
Knowing he was right, Mom and I kept our enthusiasm over the nude beach idea to ourselves. We let Megan show us around Malibu, ooh-ing and aah-ing at all the touristy arts and crafts shops. We tried our very first fish tacos, and she bought us some freshly-popped kettle corn from this little stand next to a booth on the beach where a group of girls were having their bodies painted with all sorts of amazing airbrushed designs.  
  
Paul was absolutely freaking out. "Mom, that does it. We are definitely moving to L.A.," he said, awestruck yet again.  
  
The other great thing about Zuma Beach? That's where Laura and Jonathan did most of their bikini shoots, and I couldn't wait to show Mom the spot where they did mine. "If we come out here earlier enough, we might even get to watch one!"  
  
And that's exactly what happened. Well, okay, I sort of cheated. Without telling Mom, I called Laura and asked her when she would be doing another Zuma shoot, explaining that my mother was in town for a short vacation visit and I wanted her to see a real photo shoot. She invited us to come by that following Saturday, bright and early.  
  
When Saturday morning rolled around, that lazy slug Paul wouldn't get out of bed. Not that I could really blame him. It was still dark out, and Mom and I had kept him busy half the night. So, she and I hopped into my Beetle, grabbed some Starbucks -- hey, we were trying to be official L.A. people -- and motored down to Highway 1 and up the coast a few minutes, to a cool, clear Zuma Beach.  
  
Of course I had another reason for wanting Laura to meet Mom, and immediately upon making the introductions I knew my plan was working. Laura tried to play it off and be Miss Casual about it, but I could tell she was totally flipping out. All morning long she kept stealing glances our way, and she couldn't have been nicer or more accommodating to us. When her crew broke for breakfast, she bounded straight over to us to see what Mom thought about the shoot.  
  
"Well, Dawn told me all about hers, so I already had a fairly clear idea as to what to expect," she answered, adding, "I've seen some of your pictures. You're very talented."  
  
"It helps to have a subject as photogenic as your lovely daughter is, Missus Summers. She is truly stunning."  
  
"Please, call me Samantha. And thank you. I couldn't be prouder of her."  
  
Maybe for the first time since I'd met her, Laura actually seemed nervous. She sort of shuffled her feet for a moment, looking down at the sand before raising her eyes back to Mom's. "It's obvious where your daughter gets her beauty, Samantha. If you don't mind my saying so, you are absolutely gorgeous. To be honest, I never would have you taken you for her mother."  
  
"I know!" I chirped. "She could easily be my hot, sophisticated older sister, right?"  
  
Laura nodded. "Late twenties, at most. Tell me you model. Better yet, tell me you'll model for me with your daughter. The two of you together? Shattering." Then she turned to me. "Dawn, seriously, why didn't you tell me about her?"  
  
Smiling softly, Mom took Laura's hand. "Please, don't be too hard on her. She knows I'm no model. I'm just a happily married mother of two from a small town in Kansas. Before this little trip, I had never even been to California."  
  
"Oh, come on!" I exclaimed. "Laura, I've been telling her FOREVER how amazing she is! In fact, I told her the day you did my photo shoot that the only reason she isn't the most famous model in the universe is because she's been stuck in Lawrence her entire life."  
  
Laura took Mom's other hand. "In my professional opinion, Samantha, your daughter is absolutely right. I couldn't believe my eyes when I first saw Dawn. I've shot literally thousands of beautiful women during my career, and your daughter is the most stunning creature I've ever seen. But I have to say, you are—"  
  
"That's right, tell her, Laura! She's way prettier than I am, huh?" I said, cutting her off. "You have to tell her. She might actually believe you."  
  
While still holding Mom's hand, Laura took mine. "No, Dawn, that's not what I was going to say."  
  
"I would certainly hope not, since you're a professional photographer. Presumably your eyes are in proper working order," Mom said, exchanging grins with Laura.  
  
"Mom! Stop it! Everyone but you knows how incredible you are." I gave Laura a pleading look. "Would you please tell her?"  
  
"Dawn, what I was going to say to your mother is that even though you are undoubtedly the most beautiful girl I've ever seen, she is equally stunning. And how else could such a thing happen? I could easily go another twenty years and never find another girl like you, unless of course you had...a sister? And here she is, as if in answer to a dream."  
  
"But Laura, here's what you don't understand," I said, with a leading grin. "When you first saw me, I was in a tiny bikini. That whole photo shoot, I was basically naked." I paused for effect. "You haven't seen my mother in a bikini. Oh my god, you haven't seen her naked. You think I'm beautiful? Wait until you see Mom. You won't believe it. And wait until you see her when she's feeling sexy. I'm telling you, she is an absolute goddess. There is no one like her."  
  
Try as she might, Laura couldn't resist checking out Mom's body.  
  
"You are so bad," Mom said, shooting me an amused little smirk. "You set me up, didn't you?"  
  
"Honestly, Samantha, she never said a word to me about you, other than she wanted you to see one of my shoots." She shot me her own little smirk. "But she knew what would happen if she brought you here. Such a clever girl."  
  
I gave her a high-five, and they both laughed.  
  
"You know what's even more perfect about Mom being a model? She already dresses as sexily as any model ever would during a shoot, so it's not like she'd be the least bit uncomfortable in front of the camera. You say I'm a natural? She's a natural. Where do you think I get it from?"  
  
"Yes," Laura replied, again studying Mom's flawless face and luscious body with a professional artist's critical eye, "I can see that. She's very comfortable in her skin, so to speak. Her body energy is wonderfully relaxed, despite her powerfully sensual curves. So many women with figures like your mother's struggle with issues of modesty. She doesn't seem to operate on that level. She simply...is. It's quite remarkable."  
  
"Exactly!" I exclaimed. "She doesn't even have to try! It's just who she is, and she never gives it a moment's thought. She doesn't need to. She's happy simply being our beautiful Samantha."  
  
"Mother and daughter," she said slowly. "You two even dress alike."  
  
This was true. Since it was kind of cold out that early in the morning, we both had decided to wear stretchy yoga pants, tennis shoes, and warm hoodies. Laura could see Mom's perfect legs and lush, full ass, but there was no way to tell anything about her body from the waist up.  
  
Recalling the stunt she pulled on me in front of the guys at our sexy pool party, I decided a little turnabout would be fair play. "Lift..." I said, taking hold of the bottom of her sweater.  
  
"Baby, what are you doing?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with mirth.  
  
"'Just this once, though with the tiny things you always wear, does it really even matter?'" I answered teasingly, hoping she would recognize her own line.  
  
"So we're going to share this, too?" she smiled.  
  
Oh yes, she definitely remembered what she'd said to me, Dad and the boys that day by the pool.  
  
"I want Laura to see how beautiful you are. Lift..." I repeated, and this time I began pulling it up.  
  
I knew she was wearing a threadbare tank top beneath her thick sweater, so I wouldn't be baring her breasts. 'I wonder if she would still let me do this if she had nothing else on?' I thought, and I decided she probably would. Even so, the arm holes were so large and the straps were so narrow on that white top that it was hardly any less revealing than if she actually had gone bare, and as I tugged her sweater over her head her skimpy t-shirt bunched up above her chest. For a few breathless moments she stood before us with her back arched and her arms stretched high, her gorgeous nipples showing deliciously erect in the early morning sunlight.  
  
I heard Laura gasp, and I turned to her with a proud smile. "See? Just wait. Keep watching."  
  
After handing me her sweater, Mom pulled her tank top down. Her knowing smirk was in full effect. "You definitely set me up, you little sneak." Then she turned to Laura. "Daughters, these days. You just can't trust 'em."  
  
Sure, Mom was covered again, but now Laura could really see what I was talking about. Standing before us in her skintight stretch-pants and barely-there tank top, the dramatic flare of her hips flowing into her tiny waist combined with her classic V-shaped torso and full, heavy breasts to describe a perfect hourglass figure. Her tantalizing pussy lips formed a vivid camel toe, and those incredible nipples of hers may have looked even sexier showing through her semi-sheer top than when they were completely bare.  
  
I held my hand over her head; reaching up to take it, she allowed me to spin her like a ballerina. My god, her long hair trailing down her elegant back, and her smooth, round ass was the stuff of legends.  
  
"Venus, in the flesh," Laura smiled to me. "She truly is a goddess."  
  
Mom hugged me close. "I am so wet right now," she whispered.  
  
Grinning like an idiot, I presented her to Laura. "See? Compared to her, I'm just a pretty girl with a curvy bottom. She is the sexiest, most beautiful woman in the whole world."  
  
"Honey, it's the age-old question: the gentle flowering of pristine youth, or a perfect rose in full bloom? Who's to say which is the more beautiful? I won't even try. What I can say is that individually you each possess a unique, once-in-a-lifetime beauty. Together, you're simply heartbreaking."  
  
And that's how my gorgeous Samantha came to join me in my next few shoots, plus she did two on her own with Jonathan. We had an absolute blast together, and Paul was out of his head with familial pride. I'm surprised Dad's phone didn't crash and burn from all the pictures of us Paul kept sending him, and I know my excited baby brother sent each and every one to Rick and Donny, too.  
  
Trish was pure smugness, unable to help herself from playing the I-told-you-so card. She wasn't the least bit surprised to learn that Mom had taken L.A. by storm. And as proud as Paul was of both his mother and sister, I got the feeling that Rick and Donny were equally proud of Mom, their unofficial 'girlfriend.'  
  
I couldn't believe how much money we made, either. In just a few short weeks Mom and I made more than I ever thought I would see in my lifetime. Neither of us cared, especially Mom, since we both knew the whole modeling thing was never going to be more than a temporary fling. We were simply having fun with it, is all.  
  
Before we went to bed that night, Paul and I debated whether to play a joke on Mom and Lucinda. Mom didn't know the housekeeping schedule, so she wasn't aware that Lucinda was supposed to show up early the following morning. Ever since Mom's arrival the three of us had been sleeping together in the master suite's huge bed, and we hadn't yet needed to go through the whole sleep-in-our-own-bedrooms-to-fool-Lucinda song and dance routine. Most mornings, Mom was the last one to come stumbling into the kitchen, and often as not she had next-to-nothing on. Similarly, Lucinda didn't know Mom was already staying with us, and our sexy new friend was still in the habit of stripping down to her bra and panties as soon as she walked through the door.  
  
What if we didn't warn them?  
  
Such wicked possibilities.  
  
We decided the risks were easily manageable, and to go for it. We just had to rumple our beds and make sure we were out of Mom's bedroom before Lucinda showed up. Piece of cake.  
  
Well, I thought it would be, anyway. I hadn't counted on Paul and Mom fucking each other ragged until 3:00 a.m., rendering Paul a grouchy, uncooperative zombie when it was time to drag him out of her bed the next morning. Fortunately Mom was still totally unconscious, and I was able to shove my wobbly brother into the shower and get us both cleaned up with a half-hour to spare before Lucinda was due to arrive.  
  
"What about Mom?" he asked, pouring himself a bowl of cereal at the kitchen table. "You know, the shower thing? What if she doesn't take one and just comes rolling in, looking and smelling like sex?"  
  
"That's what she usually does, too," I said, wondering what we should do. "She loves cum. Yours, Dad's, mine, and her own. She's never in any big hurry to wash it off."  
  
We were still having breakfast together when Lucinda walked in and set her things down. "Hola, my sexy underwear chicas! Buenos días!" We stood to greet her, and she gave us each a warm hug.  
  
"She's right, actually," Paul said, watching her hug me. "You do have on some really hot panties today."  
  
"And such a pretty top!" Lucinda added, stepping back to give me the thorough once-over.  
  
"And what about you, hmmm?" I said to him. "Could those boxers possibly be any thinner? We can see every inch of you, and you're not even hard."

"Mmmm, very handsome, as always. I love his peek-a-boo underwear," she grinned, reaching out to run her fingertips along his growing length, tracing its shape. "And yours, too," she giggled, tickling my soft pubic hair through my pale pink panties. Sliding her hands up my tummy, she brought them to my breasts. "I can see everything, including these pretty gumdrops." She smiled as she twirled her thumbs over my nipples. I had on a matching pink baby tee of ribbed cotton, and we could all see my silver dollar-sized areolas and hard tips through the stretchy material.  
  
"You're not doing too badly yourself there, señorita," I said, returning her smile while admiring her beautiful nipples through her tissue-thin 'Club Med Ixtapa' tank top. "And no bra today, either. Gorgeous."  
  
She took my hands and set them on her soft breasts. "Like my pretty chica, who never wears a bra. I want to be beautiful too."  
  
"Mmmm, you are, Lucinda," I said, hugging her again. "So beautiful...so hermosa...."  
  
She giggled in my hair. "That is so sweet of you, to learn my words. Careful, baby, you're going to make me fall for you."  
  
I nipped at her ear. "And why would I want to be careful?"  
  
"She means it, Lucinda," Paul said, coming over to hug her from behind. "When it comes to flirting with beautiful women like you, 'careful' is the last thing she ever wants to be."  
  
She reached down and pulled off her tank top. After playfully stretching it over his face, she tossed it into the empty dishwasher. "I don't want to be careful either," she grinned, hooking her arm around his head. With her other hand she unsnapped her jeans. "Take them off for me, handsome boy."  
  
Paul and I exchanged sneaky grins, knowing Mom was in for a real treat whenever she finally woke up and joined us. He popped open the button fly on her faded 501's and started tugging them down. They were so tight, Lucinda had to help by shimmying her petite hips back and forth, and that's when we discovered our own treat.  
  
"Mmmm, no panties...muuuuuy hermosa," I said softly, stroking her smooth mound.  
  
She kicked off her Reeboks and stepped out of her jeans, leaving them in a pile on the kitchen floor. She wasn't even wearing her usual cute little ankle socks. She was totally, wonderfully naked, and her glowing smile was a sight to behold.  
  
Moving back into my waiting arms, she gave me a sexy kiss. "Do you prefer to see me with no panties, mija?" She took my hand and kissed each finger before guiding them over her breasts and down her stomach to her warm, baby smooth pussy. "Is this what you like? When you see your beautiful mother with no panties on, do you dream of doing lustful things to her?" She slid her other hand straight into my panties. "Is this how you want to touch her?" Grinning, she caressed my dewy lips.  
  
I slipped a finger inside her and started slowly stroking. She shifted her feet shoulder-width apart, and I added a second finger, making her gasp. Leaning into me, she reached back to take Paul by the hip and pull him against her bare bottom. "Push into me," she said, smiling to him over her shoulder. "Press against me, the way you do when you help your mother with the dishes."  
  
"He usually isn't quite so obvious about it, and I honestly can't recall a time when Dawn and I ever stood at the kitchen table fingering each other while Paul pushed his erection into my bare bottom like that. I must say, though, it sure looks like a lot of fun."  
  
Mom was watching us from the arched entryway, wearing nothing but her red silk kimono and a perfectly pleased, cat-that-got-the-cream grin. With her long, luxurious dark hair towel-dried wet and wild and her arms crossed insouciantly beneath her partially covered breasts, she was the picture of carefree sexiness.  
  
"Oh, god," Lucinda whispered, burying her face in my neck. "Mija, why didn't you tell me she was here?"  
  
I whisper-giggled back, "Because you probably wouldn't have gotten naked then, silly! Duh!"  
  
She looked up at me with an expression of incredulous bemusement and slowly shook her head. "Mi diablita..." she smiled. Whereas initially her body had stiffened in panic, now I felt it relax again. Turning to Mom, she offered her a gorgeous shy grin. "Hola, Samantha. I am so pleased to meet you. Forgive me for my state of dress." She gave me a playful kick.  
  
Mom came over to us, her smile as warm and welcoming as ever. After giving Paul and me each a nice kiss good morning, she took Lucinda's hand. "You're right, they're a couple of scheming little devils. If it makes you feel any better, they didn't tell me either. I think they planned this whole thing."  
  
I reached up, and Paul high-fived me. Mom and Lucinda exchanged happy smirks, as if to say, "Kids...."  
  
To Lucinda's everlasting surprise, I'm sure, Mom took Lucinda's other hand and pulled her away from me. Holding hands at arm's length, she said, "Hello, Lucinda, and good morning to you too. After everything Dawn and Paul have told me about you, I couldn't wait to meet you. And please, don't be embarrassed. You are absolutely beautiful, and my children love you. From one mother to another, thank you for all that you do, and for treating them so wonderfully. You are such a blessing."  
  
If Lucinda seemed surprised before, it was nothing compared to her look of happy bewilderment when Mom gave her a long hug. As they stood embracing, Lucinda turned to me and sighed in relief. "Oh my god," she mouthed.  
  
I moved to her side and kissed her on the cheek. "You have to nothing to worry about. I told you, Mom doesn't mind. You can just be yourself with us."  
  
Mom cradled her face for a moment before kissing her sweetly on the lips. Pulling back, she nodded.  
  
Lucinda gathered herself and said, "Señora, I never meant for any of this to happen. It's just that your daughter is so beautiful, like her mother, and your son is so handsome. He's—"  
  
"'Handsome' is certainly one way of putting it," Mom smiled. She took Paul by the waist and had him press right up against Lucinda's backside. From head to toe, Paul went stiff as a board. Mom touched his face, then she trailed her fingertips down his neck to his chest. She shifted her smile to him, wordlessly asking him to relax. She drew him in again, and after a moment's hesitation he returned her smile.  
  
"As I was saying," she continued, "yes, my son most certainly is very handsome, but I don't think that's really the main reason you find him so attractive, is it, Lucinda?"  
  
"Mmmm, no, Samantha, I'm afraid there is something more. I am sorry, but your son...his...."  
  
"'Polla gigante,' is what she wants to say, Mom," I grinned.  
  
"Mmmmmm," purred Lucinda, "sí...gigante...mi dios.... So gigante, so handsome, and so hard every moment, I cannot resist."  
  
Mom hugged her again. "There's no need to apologize. You don't need to resist, either. If it makes you happy, go ahead and enjoy each other. You're all adults. You can do as you please."  
  
"And you don't mind watching...seeing them have sex...even with me?"  
  
Paul cupped her breasts, taking one in each hand. She gave a quiet moan and arched her back. "You say I don't need to resist," she breathed, "but how do you do it...and your sexy daughter, too. She tells me you all tease each other this way. If I lived in such a house, I would not be able to control myself."  
  
"Practice...many years of practice," Mom said, her soft smile as sweet as rain.  
  
"Besides," Paul added, "it's not like Dawn and I were even aware of any of it until very recently. Mom knew, but Dawn and I were totally clueless."  
  
"It's different for you, though, Lucinda," I said, turning her to face Paul. "You're a woman. You're not just some goofy young girl, like me..." I continued, gently pressing her to her knees. His enormous tent was staring her directly in the face. "You would have known to look, and you would've recognized exactly what you were seeing. You would have loved what you were doing to him, and would've teased him every day to make him just like this for you."  
  
Mom knelt by her side. After planting a tender kiss on her shoulder, she pulled a stray lock of hair away from Lucinda's beautiful face. "Yes, you would have, just as I always have. And now, just as Dawn always does. But you would have taken him. I couldn't. We couldn't."  
  
Paul was practically hyperventilating, watching such an intensely erotic scene unfold at his very feet. His erection was so large, he had to angle it off to the side. It was far too big to jut straight out and remain in his boxers. Because of this, we could see every thick, wondrous inch of his incredible shaft stretching across his groin, all the way to his hip...and the temptation proved too much for Lucinda to resist. She had to see it.  
  
She also wanted Mom to see it, probably thinking, 'She's never actually seen it in the flesh.' She started to turn to Mom, as if to ask permission, before changing her mind. Instead, she slowly ran her hand back and forth over it three times, from one end to the other. On the third stroke she squeezed it just beneath the head, making the shape and size of the circumcised crown show in explicit detail. Then, reaching up, she confidently drew the waistband down.  
  
Whap!, as his enormous erection sprang forth and struck her in the face. She gasped, I laughed, and Mom just smiled. She pulled Mom closer, then she hefted it in her hand before pulling down on it and releasing it, making it bap her in the face again. This time she giggled with me, while Mom simply continued to smile. Reaching up with her other hand, she began a series of one-behind-the-other alternating strokes. "So strong...so beautiful..." she said to herself, or to Mom and me, or to all of us, I'm not sure, and she repeated it in a solemn whisper.  
  
Then she parted her lips and took it inside. "Mmmmmm," she moaned, swirling her tongue all around the ridged tip before sliding her lips down the first few inches. Mom was caressing Lucinda's elegant jawline with the backs of her fingers, and our beautiful Latina's eyes smiled in appreciation. The room was absolutely silent, other than for her sexy slurping sounds. Mom continued to caress her cheek, and Lucinda pulled off to kiss Mom's hand. Trailing kisses up her forearm and wrist until they were almost touching noses, she closed her eyes and kissed my gorgeous mother. I saw their mouths open, and their tongues slashed in and out. All the while, she was stroking Paul's huge dick.  
  
Giving Lucinda's bottom lip a finishing bite, Mom urged her back to her waiting cock. Now Lucinda attacked it with a vengeance, moaning up and down the entire length, and this time she was able to take it all the way down her throat, until her mouth was pressing against his scrotum. She pulled off with a triumphant gasp, then she did it again. Up and down she went, slower and faster, faster and slower; steady strokes and random jags, with no seeming rhythm or rhyme. She was happy simply to be sucking Paul's cock, and glorying in the moment.  
  
When she next pulled off and resumed her alternating hand strokes, she slowed while turning to kiss Mom again. Drawing her in close rather than lean awkwardly to reach her, she brought their faces to within a warm breath of the angry purple head. She slid her lips to Mom's cheek, effectively nudging my mother's face forward the short distance necessary to bring her mouth into contact with Paul's erection.  
  
"Do it," she whispered. "Show me how a goddess loves her gigante son."  
  
Mom smiled at me, and I knelt to join her. She placed a gentle kiss on the side of the shaft, then another an inch further down, and two more following the same pattern. Trailing kisses along the imposing length, she nibbled her way back up before taking the head into her mouth and tonguing the slit. Paul jerked, making her smile happily, and that was it. She took him.  
  
God, did she take him. This was the most passionate oral sex I have ever witnessed. Mom possesses every sexual skill imaginable, and she used them all then, but that wasn't it; no, it was her pure, loving hunger. She loves Paul, and she loves his cock like only a devoted mother can. She played her instrument like a master musician, following his eyes while focusing on his pounding heart.  
  
Time and again she brought him to the edge; he would cry out in anguished gasps, and she would squeeze his shaft at the exact right spot and with the exact right pressure, until his moment of crisis ebbed. All the while, she and I were sharing her pleasure, and his as well.  
  
She knew how badly I was dying from watching her virtuoso performance, and she kept working it. This was their sneaky sex in the kitchen all over again, with Mom delighting in torturing me.  
  
'Not this time,' I thought. 'Enough is enough.' Grinning like the little devil she and Lucinda took such glee in labeling me, I dove right in; with Mom sliding to one side of his shaft, her face reflecting sheer joy over making me snap, I took the other, and together we ravaged Paul's dick like a slutty tsunami.  
  
"Mmmm, yes, the temptation is too strong...no more being careful," Lucinda whispered, peering over my shoulder to watch as we sucked my baby brother's lips-stretching cock. "You and the sensual goddess are so good together. It's as if you've done this before. Such beauty in every motion, now I can't imagine how he can stand it...."  
  
And he couldn't, which he proved by flat-out going Mount Vesuvius in Mom's mouth. "Gawwwwwd...fuuuucuck!" be bellowed, and I could tell it was going to be a huge one, even for Paul. Her cheeks quickly bulged with cum; throwing her head back in euphoric laughter, she let me take the next twenty seconds or so of hot, ginormous cum blasts, until both our mouths were overflowing, at which point I aimed his rocketing tip right at Lucinda's angelic face.  
  
"Yes! There he goes! Horse boy! Horse boy! Give it to me!" she exclaimed, joining Mom in joyous laughter as Paul's giant balls simply unloaded god knows how much pent-up cum all over her face and breasts.  
  
When the deluge finally came to an end, I jumped straight into action, licking up every drop of warm, sweet cum from their faces and bodies. Mom had managed to keep most of it in her mouth, while Lucinda looked like someone had blasted her with a whipped cream pie; regardless, I wanted it all, and I swallowed everything except for what Mom wouldn't share with me.  
  
Eventually Paul and I collected Lucinda and took her into the living room where we fucked her every way imaginable until she was too obliterated to lift a finger, and we had to promise to do that day's housekeeping for her. In the meantime, Mom made herself some coffee before heading back to her bedroom, saying she wanted to check in on Dad.  
  
Paul and I still didn't have sex in front of Lucinda, and though she and Mom spent an entire afternoon the following week fucking each other to oblivion Mom also never had actual sex with Paul in front of her. Nope. The three of us gave Lucinda everything she desired and as much crazy sex as she could take, but other than blowing Paul a million times, swapping countless mouthfuls of his cum and eating each other's pussy like we were dying of thirst, we made a point of not having any real sex together in her presence.  
  
And I know she wanted us to go for it.  
  
~ ~ ~  
  
"Aww, come on, please? For meeeeee?" teased Megan, batting her eyes for effect.  
  
"No way. Not a chance in hell. I can't believe you even got me to go this far," answered Paul, and Megan playfully elbowed me in the side. Mom just stood smiling, with her hand covering her mouth.  
  
"But it's what all the guys are wearing now," Megan continued, eyeing my little brother up and down, but mainly right in the middle.  
  
Paul was blushing like crazy. "Maybe in Rio or the Riviera or somewhere, but not here. We haven't seen a single person wearing one of these. You're on crack, Megan."  
  
She was committed to milking it for all it was worth, and she gave him a cloying smile. "But you want to stand out, don't you?"  
  
"Not like this!" he whispered, taking a furtive glance around the shop. "This is ridiculous! I mean, jeez, Megan...."  
  
"Well, sweetie, you certainly do 'stand out' in those," said Mom, emphasizing the obvious.  
  
"No doubt," I grinned. "Don't you want all the beach bunnies to fall in love with you? Come on, 'little' brother, give 'em a show!"  
  
"I think I'm already falling in love," said Megan, still conspicuously eyeing Paul's bathing suit, if that's what it could be called.  
  
After seeing the things Mom and I were wearing to the beach every day, she'd decided that Paul needed a "showier" swimsuit "to match your amazing mom and sister." She took us to a surf shop on Pacific Coast Highway, and right away she dragged us over to the men's Speedo section. "Since you won't go to the nude beach with us, at least let us show you off a teensy bit!" she giggled, holding up a tiny scrap of stretchy white nothing. It almost looked like a pair of women's bikini panties, but I knew it really was a men's suit meant for serious swimming.  
  
"You have got to be kidding," he said, staring at her with a look of utter incredulity. "If I won't go to the nude beach with you guys, what in the world makes you think I would ever be willing to wear something like that at the beach? I may as well just go naked."  
  
Mom patiently crossed her arms. "Baby, just humor her and try it on for us. We don't have to buy it. Who knows, though, you may find that you like it."  
  
He looked to me for support. As badly as I wanted him to try it on -- god, as badly as I wanted him to get naked at the beach with us and show off his cock to Megan -- I knew I needed to stick up for him. "Like Mom said, if you're not okay with it we'll get something else. Still, it won't kill you just to try it on."  
  
"Why do I get the idea you guys are ganging up on me here?" he sighed, with a shy smile.  
  
"Oh, quit being so dramatic," Megan countered. "It's just a bathing suit. Look what Dawn is wearing. My god, look what Samantha has on, and nobody had to twist their arms. Get your butt in there," she added, holding the dressing room curtain open for him.   
  
"You suck," he said with that same little smile, shaking his head as he closed the curtain behind him.  
  
"Ooh, believe me, I would love to," she said to me in a conspiratorial whisper, cupping her hand over her mouth.  
  
"You are positively evil," I whispered back, and Mom rolled her eyes at us as we exchanged happy giggles.  
  
"I told you I would get him to show it to me!" Megan gushed. "This is going to be awesome."  
  
Now it was Mom and I who exchanged knowing grins. "She has no idea..." I mouthed to her, turning so Megan couldn't see what I was saying.  
  
"This will certainly be interesting," Mom said evenly, flashing us a Mona Lisa smile, and Megan nodded eagerly.  
  
"Yep," Paul said over the curtain, "you girls are out of your minds if you think I'm going to wear this at the beach. But, okay, here goes...."  
  
He pulled the curtain aside and stepped out.  
  
Right away, Mom took charge. "Stop that, Paul. Move your hands out of the way, and stand up straight and tall for us. There is nothing to be embarrassed about. You have a beautiful body, baby. Let us see you."  
  
Reluctantly, he moved his hands to his sides and straightened his shoulders.  
  
'Well, at least he's not erect,' I thought, grinning to myself over Megan's astonished gasp.  
  
"Hey, you asked for it," he said, setting his hands on his hips while staring into her eyes.  
  
"Jesus, Dawn..." she said quietly, again with her hand over her mouth.  
  
"I know," I answered. "Believe me, I know. I see it every day."  
  
"He's beautiful, isn't he?" Mom said, beaming. She let her eyes trail down his bare chest and chiseled stomach to his enormous bulge dressed to his left, stretching nearly to his hip. "Absolutely beautiful," she said again, moving to his side. Reaching down, she adjusted the waistband, pulling it out from where it was trapped beneath the top few inches of his resting shaft. "There...nice and neat," she continued, straightening it across his lower abdomen.

Stepping back, she hooked her arm around my waist. "What do you think?" she asked, smiling to Megan. "And how about you, Paul? It's not so bad, is it?"  
  
Megan turned to Mom. "He's...amazing."  
  
"I bet you wish more guys wore Speedos now, huh?" I grinned, hooking my arms around both their waists.  
  
"Oh...my...god," she said, returning my grin. "If they all looked like that, I would never leave the beach."  
  
Still beaming with pride, Mom fixed her warm smile back on Paul. "So, baby? What's the verdict?"  
  
When Paul took a pained glanced down to check himself out, Megan whispered to me, "I've never seen one anywhere near that big. Your brother has the most perfect cock ever."  
  
"And he's not even a little hard," I answered. "That tiny suit will never keep him covered if he gets hard. At least half of it will stick out."  
  
"Damn, Dawn, and look at his huge balls. I mean, seriously, what the hell...."  
  
Feeling our eyes feasting on him, Paul did in fact begin to grow erect then, and he raised his eyes to Mom's. "Is something like this even legal? How could I ever get away with this in public?"  
  
"Sweetie, I admit, on you that suit is rather revealing, but yes, it's perfectly legal. I promise you, no one is going to arrest you for wearing a Speedo at the beach."  
  
That's when Megan and I had started teasing him, trying to convince him to wear it for us. I desperately wanted him to let us buy it for him, but his pleading look combined with the fact that his dick was beginning to stretch up and to the left so obscenely made my decision clear. "Honey, I think that one might be a bit too much for the beach. I can't see you being comfortable at all in something like that. Isn't it awfully tight? It looks so restricting."  
  
"Exactly!" he said, jumping on the plausible deniability lifeline I'd just offered him. "It's hella tight, like crazy tight. I don't see how anyone can wear these things. It's way uncomfortable."  
  
"Go back inside and I'll find you something else," I said, shooing him into his dressing room.  
  
"Now listen here, missy, don't go spoiling all my fun! You better still pick something hot!" giggled Megan, playfully grabbing my arm as I turned to go check out another pair I'd noticed when we first walked through the store.  
  
"Don't worry, I think you'll definitely like it," I said, and I held up the one I had in mind.  
  
Mom came over and slid her hand through the leg hole. "This will only be slightly less revealing than the Speedo, especially once it's wet. Look..." she said, moving her hand around inside.  
  
She was right. Sure, it was a lot longer than the Speedo, and it wasn't so skintight and stretchy, but it was still white, and it was surprisingly thin. Plus it was unlined.  
  
"Hey, check it out!" Megan said, sticking her finger through the unzipped fly. She started wiggling it around like it was a worm on a fishing hook.  
  
"Paul's won't look anything like that. It'll be more like this..." I grinned, pushing my fist and forearm through the fly and waving it in wide circles.  
  
Watching us, Mom smiled. "At least he'll be willing to wear this one, so you'll still get your wish, Megan. Mission accomplished, I'd say."  
  
"Yeah, come on, let's go!" she squealed, dragging us back to Paul's dressing room. "Here, Mister Shy Boy. And no complaining this time. If this one fits, we're buying it."  
  
"Yeah, whatever," he smiled, catching it when she tossed it to him over the curtain. "Oh, and here..." he added, stretching the Speedo like a slingshot before firing it at Megan's face. She squealed even more delightedly, and Mom and I laughed at her silly antics. She was totally hamming it up for his benefit, chomping on the tiny swimsuit like a rabid dog.  
  
"Well, I guess now we have to buy it," Mom deadpanned.  
  
"Yep!" answered Megan, happily twirling it around her finger. "And just you watch! I'm going to get him to wear it for us again, guaranteed."  
  
"You need to seek professional help," Paul said, stepping out from behind the curtain. "You definitely have a screw loose."  
  
"Wow," she said, suddenly becoming quiet again. Her intent smile as she ogled the clear outline of his semi-stiff shaft showing over his left thigh told him everything he needed to know.  
  
"So is this one okay then, you big perv?" he asked, and the cool thing was I could tell that Paul was now enjoying the spectacle he knew he was putting on for us. Maybe the Speedo was more than he could handle wearing in public, but as long as whatever he was asked to wear seemed reasonably 'normal' he was willing to indulge us a little.  
  
"Uh-huh...very okay," she answered, and I swear it looked like she was about to reach out and grab his dick, she was staring at it so hungrily.  
  
For that matter, so was I. The difference is, I at least did something about it. "Here..." I said, taking her by the hand. I had us kneel before him, positioning her so her face was only inches from his thickening cock, and I smoothed out the twisted lower hem of the leg hole on my side. I had her do the same to the other leg, and she shot me a wicked smirk.  
  
"I think they approve!" chirped Mom. "Paul, go ahead and leave those on. Just grab me the tag so I can go pay for them."  
  
"And don't forget these..." I laughed, tossing her the Speedo.  
  
"Oh, I doubt I ever will," she smiled. "Megan, can you please get his tag for me, honey?"  
  
"Sure thing, Samantha," she answered, happy to be given an excuse to remain kneeling before Paul's awe-inspiring bulge. Setting her hand on the snap closure of his waistband, she held him steady while tugging on the tag. With each tug we could see his dick move inside his swimsuit, until finally she stopped teasing him and broke the tag free.  
  
An hour later she and I were lying together on our towels at Zuma Beach, and Paul and Mom were standing together halfway down the sand, facing the ocean. "God, you guys are so awesome," she sighed, watching as Paul wrapped his arms around Mom from behind. He leaned in and gave her a kiss on the cheek, and she reached up to hold his face to hers. "I wish my family was more like yours."  
  
I looked over my shoulder and smiled. Paul and Mom really were beautiful together, and I knew he and I looked just like that whenever he held me. "It's because of Mom," I answered, after a long pause. "She just loves us, and that's all that matters."  
  
"But what about...you know..." she said hesitantly. "I mean, the way Paul is always so big and hard, and you and your mother never seem to mind. You even seem to encourage it sometimes, which I think is the coolest thing ever." Sitting up, she grinned. "Check it out. It's happening again...."  
  
Paul still had his arms around Mom's waist, but now her arms were crossed back behind his head. He was resting his chin on her shoulder, and as they stared out at the waves together they looked for all the world like lovers. More to Megan's point, though, was the fact that Paul clearly had a full erection, which he was pressing against her ass. Mom wasn't exactly discouraging him, either. Her back was slightly arched, and the only bikini she brought with her to California was that same incredible white one she wore for us at the pool party.  
  
Right from the start, Megan was amazed at our bikinis. Of course mine was my usual threadbare thing that no longer covered the top half of my ass crack, never mind how see-through it became when wet. Mom's was even more revealing, being much tinier and completely see-through, wet or dry. Since we were constantly at the beach together, those bikinis were just about the only things Megan ever saw us wear, and I guess the thought of us wearing such sexy things around Paul totally blew her away.  
  
"Mom says he's always like that," I said. "And she's not going to stop hugging him or being affectionate with him just because he's a 'horny teenager with raging hormones,' as she puts it. Not that she even minds, either. She thinks it's beautiful. She thinks he's beautiful."  
  
"And you know what, Dawn? It really is. All three of you are just awesome together. What about you, though?"  
  
"Me?"  
  
"Yeah, I mean, what do you think about all this, especially the way he always gets so hard every time he so much as looks at either of you. As big as he is, come on, it's not like you can miss it. Does it ever bother you?"  
  
Paul and Mom were headed back our way, and I turned to Megan. "Honestly? Not at all. I guess I'm just like Mom."  
  
"You think he's beautiful? Even his huge erections?"  
  
"Don't you?" I asked, trying not to grin too much.  
  
"Well, yeah, I think he's amazing, but he's not my brother." Still sitting up, she couldn't help but smile as they walked up the sand together. She was full-on staring at his bouncing bulge, which his wet swimsuit did almost nothing to hide. Mom was right. That suit was nearly as revealing as the Speedo. Because it became see-through when wet, I would say it showed him off even more clearly. That fact was definitely not lost on Megan, who sighed, "Never mind. If my brother looked like that, it wouldn't bother me either if he always had a huge hard-on. God, Dawn...."  
  
"Can you blame him? Look at Mom."  
  
They were both dripping wet from playing together in the surf, and with their hair slicked back they couldn't have looked any sexier. As easily as we could see every inch of Paul's swaying snake, Mom really may as well have been naked, her teensy white bikini was so transparent.  
  
"No, I can't," said Megan. She looked straight ahead as she added, "And I was never into girls. Not until I met you and Samantha, anyway."  
  
I reached out and took her hand. I gave it an affectionate squeeze, and she squeezed mine right back. A moment later Mom led Paul over to our cozy little spot on the sand, where they resumed their tender hug. Again facing the water with her son pressing into her from behind, she smiled at the sight of Megan holding my hand. Turning in Paul's arms, she draped hers around his waist before resting her head against his chest. "I see you two are becoming fast friends," she said, and if she noticed his erection pressing against her stomach she didn't let on to us about it. All she did was snuggle in closer.  
  
I think Megan surprised us all when she grabbed my bottle of tanning cream and said, "Dawn, let me do this for you." She popped the cap and squeezed out two big palmfuls, then her hands went directly to my ass.  
  
"It looks like they're becoming better friends all the time," Paul quipped, and I purred while wiggling my bottom for Megan. She certainly wasn't shy about doing me, that's for sure. After smoothing the cream round and round for a few minutes, she tugged my bikini bottoms deep into my split, turning them into a thong. "See?" he laughed. "Just better and better and better...."  
  
"Okay, now your turn," she said, surprising us even more. Grinning like a bandit, she handed Paul the bottle. "And don't miss a spot. You three are coming to my party tomorrow night, and we can't have Dawn's perfect bottom all sunburned and sore."  
  
I think she wanted to shock him with her sneaky stunt; little did she know that rubbing, squeezing and caressing my ass was now old hat for Paul. It's not that it didn't still make him instantly grow as hard as a rock; it was more that he was no longer the least bit bashful about letting people see him touch my body. If anything, he turned the tables on her, surprising her with how casually he took over and began smoothing the cool, thick cream into my happy bottom.  
  
"A party?" Mom asked, grinning not only at the sight of Paul rubbing my ass for Megan, but also at Megan so blatantly ogling Paul's bulging erection. See, that was the other thing that was becoming old hat for him: letting appreciative girls check out his big dick all they wanted.  
  
"Yep, my parents are in Chicago for a week on a business trip, and they said that as long as it's nothing too crazy and we mostly stay outside by the pool then they're okay with me throwing a proper party while they're gone. There will probably be forty or fifty people there, easy. It's going to be totally chill. You guys are definitely coming."  
  
"I guess we're going to a party then," Mom said, smiling sweetly. "But are you sure you want me there? A thirty-seven-year-old married woman, who also happens to be the mother of two of your guests?"  
  
Paul and I looked at each other and laughed. "Yeah, right, Mom!" I grinned, rolling my eyes. "Because you're just some boring old hausfrau who wears mom jeans while shuttling a minivan full of sixth-graders to soccer practice. You wouldn't fit in at all at a pool party!"  
  
Shaking his head at her, Paul took a break from rubbing my thighs and ass. "Mom, you didn't really just say that, did you? 'A thirty-seven-year-old...are you sure you want me there?' Seriously? Jesus, there won't be a guy there who wouldn't give his left nut to spend ten seconds alone with you."  
  
"Don't assume it'll just be the guys, either," added Megan. "Every girl there is going to freak when they see you, Samantha. Half of them will probably try to drag you off for themselves to one of the bedrooms. Yeah, you won't exactly have to worry about 'fitting in.'"  
  
"And what will our gorgeous blonde hostess be doing while all this rampant debauchery is going on, hmmm?" Mom asked.  
  
"Debauching right along with everyone else, hopefully," she answered, playfully wiggling her ass for us. "That is, assuming every last person there hasn't already dragged Miss Perfect Everything here upstairs, along with her über MILF mom and porn star brother."  
  
"My 'porn star brother'? Hmmm, now where have I heard that before?" I asked, smiling happily over my shoulder at Paul.  
  
"Hush, Miss Perfect Everything," he said teasingly, giving my ass a long, deep squeeze.  
  
Kneeling beside me, Mom added her hand to Paul's. Instead of squeezing, though, she trailed her fingertips down my thighs, back over my bare cheeks and up my spine. "Megan's right, you know. Baby, it's hardly just your beautiful bottom. Every last inch of you is absolutely...positively...deliciously perfect, from your rich, lustrous raven hair all the way down to your flawless legs and pretty little toes." The way she slowly breathed each word as she ran her nails along my warm, creamy skin, god, it made my entire body shudder.  
  
"Megan," Paul said, guiding her hands back to my smooth mounds, "since you're planning on debauching her anyway, here's a little tip for you. If you really want to drive Dawn crazy, this is her weak spot: her ass."  
  
"Yes, Megan," Mom added with barely restrained glee, "whatever you do, don't even think of spanking my daughter's perfect bottom." Sliding her hands back over my ass, she paused there. "You simply can't stand that, can you, sweetie?" Just in case she hadn't already made her point clearly enough, she gave each cheek a lingering caress followed by a teasing swat.  
  
"Ohhhh god," I moaned, raising my hips for more....