**Joanie Goes Home for a Family Event**

by[JBEdwards](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3145872&page=submissions)©

I had just returned from my second trip to New York where I had fallen hard for Mike's cousin Philip. I was now in love with two men at the same time, and they were cousins. How messed up is that? My head was spinning constantly and I had no idea what to do about it.

It came as a relief when I got the call from my Mom to come home. She and my Dad were organizing a family based party for my grandmother's birthday, since she was about to turn 65. My cousins were coming from St. Louis, and I always enjoyed them, especially Ramon. Ramon and I were first cousins and only a year apart (he was the older one) and we had always had fun playing together whenever they visited when we were children. I had not seen them in a long time.

I am 19, and since Ramon is two years older, he must be 21 years old. I wondered what he looked like. I quickly checked Facebook and found him. He was a hunk! My cousin was completely gorgeous. I asked to friend him, and only minutes later we were Facebook friends.

I had an exam coming up, but as soon as it was over I found a ride home and went. Knowing it would be a few hours in a car to get home, I dressed casually, in shorts, a tee shirt, and sneakers. I got in the car of the boy who had answered my post on the electronic ride board and sat in the car. I realized that my shorts (like all my shorts) were very short, and rode up a bit in my crotch.

The boy's name was Carl. As I sat in the passenger seat, I saw that my legs were very nicely displayed to him. Fortunately my bra and tee shirt were correct, and most girls wore shorts like mine, so I was not concerned. I did however notice that Carl had trouble concentrating on the road and a bit too often he looked over at my legs.

After an hour or so, we stopped at a roadside coffee shop, mostly to use the bathroom, but we also had a nice cup of coffee, and since we had not talked much in the car, we used the occasion to get to know each other a little. It turned out the person we knew in common was my boyfriend Mike, as Carl and Mike were in classes together.

Apparently Carl already knew all about me, having often spoken with Mike. This made me a bit nervous, since Mike was not always the most discrete person in the world. But at the coffee shop he also told me that he had bought a drink from me at the Casino party, when I was a "French maid" cocktail waitress.

He also said I looked great dressed as a French maid, and he loved it when I curtsied after he left me a tip. I knew that when I curtsied the skimpy French maid outfit would billow out, exposing my entire boobs, including the nipples. I was drunk, randy, and out of control at the Casino party.

"You mean I looked hot, don't you?" I said, trying to get him to put his cards on the table.

"Well, yes, since you put it that way," Carl replied. "Especially at the end, when you went topless."

I blushed. "Oh," I said. There was silence for a while. "You were there for that, I guess. I was drunk, and it was Mike's doing, and I am quite embarrassed."

Carl said, "I understand. Don't worry about it. You look just as pretty now, and actually just as hot today, all properly dressed."

That remark did in fact make me more relaxed, and I do respond well to complements. I said, "Thank you, Carl. Shall we resume the driving, now? Would you like me to drive?" I was hoping that he would let me drive, since for safety's sake he seemed too distracted by my legs during the first leg of the trip.

"Actually, I have a proposition to make, and I hope you will not get offended," Carl said.

I was already offended in anticipation. I do not know why people are so stupid to say such preambles to what are invariably offensive remarks to follow. "Out with it, Carl," I said, wanting to get it over with. My tone of voice had an edge to it. What he said surprised me a lot.

"If you ride topless for the next hour of the trip, your share of the gas will be nothing," he said.

"Carl, that is extremely offensive, and not something you cannot just out and ask a girl, at least not one you respect," I replied, trying hard not just to slap him. It did occur to me that perhaps he did not respect me, given my past outlandish behavior.

Again I wondered how much Mike had told him. Had he told him I was an exhibitionist? Or that when I'm drunk I am much too easy to get into bed? I decided I had to be careful with Carl.

"Offering money to me to get me to ride topless is treating me like a whore," I continued.

"I'm sorry Joanie," he replied quickly. "I would never have asked were it not for having seen you that way at the Casino party. I have not been able to forget it, and I think about it all the time. And now here you are here with me in the flesh and in my car and it is driving me nuts. I'm so sorry I offended you."

I was now fairly sure Mike had told Carl a lot about me. For all I knew, he had offered me the ride just to get me in his car with him for a few hours. Perhaps he had even discussed it with Mike and Mike had coached him on ways to get me to have sex him. I knew Mike had done such things in the past. I was on my guard.

I have no idea why, but I said, "That's okay." Then I compounded my stupidity with a reassuring tone of voice and a smile. Carl exhaled, and I realized he had been holding his breath. I began to think the whole thing was cute and even felt sorry for him a little.

He was just yet another awkward teenage boy, and probably he had often masturbated to memories of me at the Casino party. That thought made me happy, actually. I liked the idea of men fantasizing about me. I wondered if he had ever even been with a girl. I decided he had not yet taken the leap.

I took his hand, pulled him up from his seat, and led him outside around to the rear of the coffee shop. "Let's get rid of the tension, for the sake of safe driving, OK?" I said. Carl nodded, sheepishly.

I pulled off my tee shirt and removed my bra. Carl just stared and his mouth fell slightly open. Then I pulled him toward me and gave him an open mouth kiss. He kissed back and we held the kiss a long time, our tongues mixing with each other's. "You can fondle my breasts if you want," I said.

Carl stepped back and fondled my breasts with a soft touch; it was more like a caress. When I dressed in the morning I had applied perfume to the undersides of my breasts, and he inhaled deeply and sighed. Then he kissed them and sucked a nipple. This tends to drive me crazy, and this time was no exception.

It's not that my breasts are erogenous. They are not. It's more the psychological pleasure of having a man be so sexual with them. As he kissed and fondled my breasts, after a few minutes I put my hands on his pants and discovered he had a major hard on. I love it when I give a man a hard on. It makes me feel powerful and desirable. "This is enough, time to get back on the road," I said.

Carl ignored my words and reached to undo my shorts. I pulled away and said, "Carl, do not take advantage," but said it breathlessly, revealing my arousal. I pulled farther away and put my tee shirt back on, leaving my bra off, and put my bra in my purse.

"Compromise," I said. "I'll stay this way for the next hour, if you let me drive." Carl nodded. As we left, I noticed there were two truckers who had walked to the truck parking behind the coffee shop and who had been watching my short-lived topless display. This got me a little aroused, I smiled at them as we walked back to the front of the coffee shop.

Back in the car with me driving, Carl out-and-out stared at my legs, being liberated from the necessity to watch the road ahead. He put his hand on my right thigh and began to stroke it softly, barely touching me, tickling the tiny hairs on my thigh. This is quite erotic, actually, and I removed his hand. Five minutes later it was back.

I removed his hand a second time, and five minutes later it was back again. The fourth time he put it on my thigh, I gave up and let it stay there. As he stroked my thigh, it began to get to me. Not just his hand, but the memory of having just been topless outdoors at the back of the coffee shop, and the looks the truckers gave me, especially when I smiled at them.

His hand began to move closer to my crotch, until it was right at my cunt, which fortunately was protected both by my shorts and my panties. It was getting difficult to concentrate on the road.

He removed his hand and I heard myself exhale gratefully. But it was short-lived, since he next pushed up my tee shirt up over my boobs. He was taking unfair advantage of the fact that I was driving and therefore I was not able fully to fight back. But of course it was easy for me to use one hand to pull my tee shirt back down, and I told him, "Enough, Carl. Game time is over. I'm driving and it's not safe. Hands off me, please."

It was a mistake to use the word please. That made it a request, not a command. Carl would not give up, and after a repetitive struggle, I ended up driving a good 15 miles with my tee shirt above my boobs, and with Carl fondling them. Several motorists passing us got good looks, and a couple of pick-up trucks ended up driving parallel to us in the left lane so the driver could enjoy the view, even while driving. I smiled at them. This of course turned me on.

I finally pulled my tee shirt down when we entered the county of my parents' home. I drove to within a half hour of my parents' home, and then we stopped again at another roadside coffee shop. After our coffees, I led Carl again to behind the coffee shop.

This time there was no truck parking, but the back of the coffee shop was not a solid wall, but rather had windows with people sitting at tables looking out at the woods a short distance away.

We stood at the beginning of the woods, partially hidden by a few trees. But I knew we could be seen if people wanted to look. This time Carl was more confident and more aggressive. He wanted a full frontal. I said no, he could only see my boobs when I put my bra back on.

Carl grabbed me and kissed me. It was a great kiss. As he kissed me he reached down, unsnapped and unzipped my shorts, and stuck his hand all the way down to my cunt, and quickly stuck a finger in me. I was not wet to receive it, but to my surprise I liked the rough treatment, and I got wet almost instantly. I had never been treated roughly before. This was new to me. I pulled away in alarm saying, "Carl! How dare you!"

He said, "Come on," grabbed my hand and led me deeper into the small woods behind the coffee shop. We stopped inside a small grove of trees, which shielded us somewhat from prying eyes, but certainly not completely. Then he kissed me again, reached inside my tee shirt and fondled my breasts, never breaking the kiss.

After doing this for a good 5 minutes or so, he again unbuckled my shorts and quickly pushed them down. I let him do this, I don't know why; other than his kissing was so good I did not want it to stop, plus the eroticism of possibly being seen.

Carl stepped back, looking at me dressed in a tee shirt now pushed up above my bare breasts, and panties. He said, "OK beautiful. How about a full frontal?"

The combination of calling me beautiful and the crudeness of asking for a full frontal got to me. Plus the idea of becoming naked for him behind the coffee shop, only partially obscured by the trees, turned me on.

I removed my tee shirt, turned around with my back to him and took off my panties, and then slowly turned to face him, only to find both him and his iPhone camera facing me.

He had taken a video of me undressing and then turning around naked and smiling. I did not care; it would be just one more video and pictures of me going around the college. OK, actually I did care, and maybe I sighed a little, but when he took me in his arms and kissed me with delicacy and passion, I let it be.

I could not get him to delete the video, and I tried mightily. I did however get him to promise not to let anyone see it. Of course I had no faith he would keep the promise. Boys like to brag to other boys by humiliating their women; I knew that. I also got a little more aroused by imagining him masturbating in the future while watching this video of me.

I broke the kiss after a short while, and quickly got dressed to be presentable to my parents. Carl's thrills were over, and when we got to my home I shook his hand and thanked him for the ride. I also paid him my share of the gas.

I could barely contain my excitement about being home. I got a big hug from my Mom and kisses on the cheek from my father.

My little sister Sarah (now 18, and looking like a little sexpot) was in her senior year at high school, and I was surprised to see how she had grown up just in the year I was in college. She was a looker, very easy on the eyes.

Sarah has long blonde hair which curls as it fall over her shoulders. She has striking blue eyes, and her face is perfectly symmetric; the type of face you find on women's fashion magazines. Her skin was perfect and glowing, and her young body was proportioned so that she was every man's wet dream. Even better, depending on one's taste, she was smart, and her eyes sparkled with the mischief of intelligence.

Anyway I was thrilled to see her, and she to see me, and we hugged too.

My mother said the cousins would be staying with us, and I would stay in Sarah's room, while Ramon's parents would stay in my old room. The two boys would sleep on cots in the basement. I knew it would be fun for me to stay with Sarah; we could stay up late talking. We both loved to do that.

My mother also asked me to take care of the boys' needs, as she would have her hands full with her sister and brother-in-law. I knew she was not making a sexual pun when the spoke of the "boys' needs," and I thought it odd that I had instantly thought of the pun. I also knew what she meant about her sister and her husband: They were high maintenance. I said of course, no problem.

My aunt was my mother's twin sister. In fact they are identical twins. Often identical twins begin by being completely identical, but as they age and develop distinct personalities their appearances differ. Even wearing their hair differently is enough to distinguish most twins.

Not so with my mother and her sister. They have always looked completely identical and acted identically. They live a few hundred miles apart, but still each wear their hair in exactly the same way as the other. It's as if they share the same brain.

When I was in high school I would ask my mother about her past and her own experiences growing up. She never wanted to talk about them. One night, however, when she had too much to drink, she opened up a little. My grandfather died when the twins were just three years old, and my grandmother was left a single mother with twin girls, and no skills. They grew up dirt poor.

The twins left home at 18, got minimum wage jobs, and shared a one-room apartment. They were pretty and had no trouble finding dates with boys and soon each had a boyfriend. One time they double dated, and having got quite a bit drunk, went to the rest room together and decided to exchange clothes and for each to return to the other girl's boyfriend.

They each spent the night with the other girl's boyfriend. Each boy could not get over how each one of them had changed in bed, and each was thrilled with the change, not realizing it was in fact the other twin. They never did realize they were not fucking their girlfriends but the twin sisters of their girlfriends. Disgusted, the twins both dumped their boyfriends the next day.

Obviously there was a lot more to that story than the bare outline my mother told me, but after she had said that much, she clammed up. I was too surprised and shocked to push for more. So that is all that I know.

After that, I began to realize my mother was more complicated than I had previously thought. Before that one night when she shared that story, she had simply been my mother. Now she had become an interesting person.

Sarah and I went out to the garden and sat on the hammock and gabbed. She wanted to know all about college. I could always trust Sarah, and I told her I was in love with two men, Mike and Philip, and if that was not bad enough, they were cousins to each other! I did not tell her any of the salacious details, or about my discovery that I was an exhibitionist, of course. That was too personal.

I did tell her I was a horrible tease, and explained how I liked to tease men by dressing provocatively. We shared the same gene pool, so it did not surprise me when she expressed the most interest when I said that.

"Joanie, can you teach me how to do that? I would love to tease the guys at school," she said.

"Why is that?" I asked. She seemed to me to be a bit young for such an ambition.

"Well," Sarah said and then paused. "I am not sure how to put this exactly, but apparently you were pretty wild in high school and have quite a reputation in these parts." My heart sank, and my stomach rose up into my neck, or so it seemed. "I think being a tease is expected of me, since I'm your sister."

"Jesus H. Christ," I said, half under my breath.

"Oh, Joanie," Sarah replied quickly, "No worries. It's making me popular, and I am proud of you. Everyone thinks you are amazing around here. All the girls worship you, and the boys wish I were you. I'm very proud to be your little sister."

We sat in silence for a while. Then Sarah said, "But I do want to be able to come through with what is expected of me."

"You mean you want sexually to tease boys, right? Nothing else?" I asked.

"Yes, exactly. What do you mean, nothing else?" Sarah clearly did not know what I meant.

"Well Sarah," I replied, "If you tease boys, some might expect you to back it up with sexual favors. I don't want you to have to deal with that."

"Joanie, don't worry. I'm 18. I know my way around a boy."

We sat quietly for a while. I reflected on things. I guessed this is normal teenage development, and I was her older sister, after all, although only by a year. I said, "OK, Sarah. How about we tease Ramon and Carlos this weekend? It's a gold plated opportunity. And since they're our first cousins they could not possibly think sex was in the offing."

Sarah was all smiles. We had fun swinging on the hammock, talking sister talk, and a few hours later our Dad came out to fire up the grill, and minutes later the cousins' car pulled up and the four of them came walking up the driveway. When Ramon and Carlos saw us girls sitting there, they broke into a run.

Ramon and Carlos looked hot. They had both grown into handsome, even lady killer handsome, young men. Ramon was 21 as I said, and Carlos was 18. Sarah and I were not bad looking ourselves, and I could see in their eyes that they were thinking, "Our cousins are babes."

We had a wonderful meal; my father grills a great steak. There was a big cake for my grandmother, and the adults let all four of us drink wine with the meal. It was natural for Ramon and me to drink, but I was a little surprised they let Carlos and Sarah drink. But after all, it was my grandmother's birthday. We gave her presents and everyone was happy.

After dinner I took Ramon and Carlos downstairs and showed them where they would be sleeping. Our basement had always been the playroom, and it had a computer and a nice TV. The boys dumped their overnight bags and we all went back upstairs.

After Sarah and I retired to our room, late that night I left to use the bathroom. I heard my mother moaning in her bedroom. I had a premonition something was up, so I hid in the alcove in the hallway to wait to see what would happen. A few minutes later I saw not my mother, but my aunt, my mother's twin sister, leave my mother's bedroom. She was naked and had clearly just had sex. She had been the one moaning, not my Mom.

My aunt was in her late 40s, but had the body of a 25 year old. She looked hot.

My mother came down the hall from the bedroom of my aunt and uncle, also naked and dripping cum from her crotch. She had the same great body as my aunt. They gave each other the high five, and continued to the bathroom, and then each left to find their spouses.

They looked so much alike; I used their different wedding rings to make sure I was right. I was right.

I realized they were still pulling the stunt my Mom had told me about that night she got drunk and told me stories! Now in their late 40s, they were secretly "wife swapping" only I guess in their case it was "husband swapping." They were fooling their own husbands of 20+ years.

A good question was why they wanted to do this. Was it just for kicks? Was it just to see if they still could get away with it? Was it the thrill of fucking someone other than one's husband, with him doing the same without knowing? Who knew? I did not go there. I did not mention what I had seen to Sarah, or to anyone else.

Later that night, when we heard snoring from the adults, I told Sarah to wear panties, a tee shirt that stopped just below the bottom of her panties, and nothing else. In particular, I told her not to wear her bra.

We were going to the basement to see our cousins, and to propose we all watch some late night TV. We both applied some of my sexiest perfume. I told her to put some under her boobs, and she did. It was going to be a fun and educational tease. Or so I thought.

On the way to the basement, I grabbed a bottle of my Dad's Scotch whiskey, and four glasses, putting ice cubes in each one. We tiptoed down to the basement, and I was pleased to find the TV on and the boys watching it. We would not have to wake them up.

When they heard us on the stairs (one stair to the basement creaks), they quickly shut off the TV. They were too slow however: I saw they had been watching porn. Apparently they had brought a porn DVD and were using the DVD player. I laughed to myself. Boys will be boys. I was glad my innocent sister Sarah had not seen it, since she was behind me on the stairs.

They were happy to see us, and I proposed we all watch some TV together. They were in pajamas and they were busy checking us out in our scantily clad outfits. I could tell they were wondering if we were wearing bras, or not. They both had erections tenting in their pajama bottoms, but while they tried to hide them, they failed. Sarah and I of course noticed.

We had a big couch in the basement and I sat on it, patting the seat next to me and beckoning Ramon. Sarah copied me as I had earlier instructed her to do, and she beckoned Carlos. I had grabbed the remote and turned on the system, and of course the porn began again. It began from the beginning.

Ramon turned red and tried to grab the remote but I held it far to the side. He leaned over me to try to get it, but all he got while trying is an inadvertent feel of my boobs. Now he was even more embarrassed, and I got the giggles.

The porn was just beginning, so I managed to learn the story line. It was incest porn, a brother and a sister. That seemed a curious choice to me, to bring incest porn when coming to visit one's cousins. I should have seen it as a warning, but the whole idea of incest with my cousins was just not in the realm of possibility for me.

It was a good DVD, as it actually had a plot, where the sister gradually seduces the brother into having sex with her, by teasing him to the point of total exasperation. Interesting choice I thought again, to watch at your cousins' house. I got seriously aroused when we all four saw the sister and brother finally fuck. It was the long build up and tension that made the sex scenes so powerful.

I looked over to see Ramon's reaction, but he was not watching the TV, he was staring at my legs and looking over at the damp spot on my panties, not covered by the tee shirt due to the way I was sitting.

I asked Ramon while the elaborate seduction was taking place on screen what he thought of incest. He seemed at a loss for words, still suffering from embarrassment. Then Sarah asked Carlos what he thought, and he said, "Well, I think the movie is pretty hot. I don't think the actors are related, but the idea is hot."

"Good thing then you don't have a sister," Sarah said.

"Yeah," I said, "All the boys have is first cousins." I shook my chest so that my boobs jiggled. I was back to teasing.

"You got that right," Ramon said, and he grabbed the remote and shut off the TV. He got up, went to the computer and put on some music. He kept the sound level low, so as not to disturb the sleeping adults. Then he looked at me and said, "Want to dance?"

I got up and moved to him, and motioned to Sarah. She then got up and pulled Carlos up with her. The song was a slow dance, so the boys put their arms around us and pulled us into them, pressing our breasts into their chests. It was now clear to them we were both braless.

I positioned myself so that Sarah could see me. She nodded imperceptibly. I put my arms around Ramon's neck. Sarah did the same with Carlos. Then I began to run my hands through Ramon's thick and lush hair. Sarah did the same with Carlos.

I pressed against Ramon and could feel his cock begin to harden. Sarah did the same, and suddenly grinned at me. I figured Carlos' cock was hard, too. I upped the ante and unbuttoned Ramon's pajama tops and began to stroke his chest hair. Sarah did the same with Carlos. Ramon put his hands on my panty covered ass, and I let him. Carlos did the same with Sarah.

Ramon and Carlos clearly did not know how to handle this unexpected situation, with their hot to trot girl cousins coming on to them. But they both had red blood in their veins, and after I began to stroke the hair on Ramon's chest, he held my head and brought my mouth to his lips and began to kiss me.

I had considered this possibility, and had decided in advance if it came to that, it was OK to be kissing cousins with Ramon. After all, I had known him since birth, and truly did love him as a brother. Kisses are harmless, just expressions of affection, and that we clearly had for each other. So I kissed back, a rather chaste, closed mouth kiss, so that it was affectionate, but not too sexy.

I had discussed the possibility that our teasing would lead to kissing with Sarah, and had told her how to behave. She had nodded agreement and seemed excited about the possibility.

This time it was Carlos who copied his older brother and began to kiss Sarah. Ramon escalated the kiss to give me a super sexy open mouth kiss and I was embarrassed not to respond, so I did in kind, but then I was getting much too turned on. So I broke the kiss and said, "Who needs a drink? I brought downstairs some of my Dad's Scotch whiskey."

Sarah did not break her kiss with Carlos; she was clearly enjoying it. Carlos had slipped his hands under her tee shirt and was fondling her breasts. This was definitely an escalation, no longer affection, but sexual.

I was alarmed, but I rationalized it as harmless enough. I just did not know if Sarah was sophisticated enough to know how graciously to stop Carlos if he tried to go further. I decided to monitor the situation, but not to intervene at this point.

I poured each of Ramon and myself a lot of Scotch; the ice cubes had melted somewhat, but there was still enough left to make it a Scotch on the rocks. We both took healthy swigs.

We sat on the couch and drank the Scotch. In between sips, Ramon would kiss me. God, the man was sexy. Too bad he was my cousin. I was enjoying myself and getting a nice buzz and had forgotten about Sarah. I looked over at her and her tee shirt was off; she was now wearing only her panties. Carlos was still kissing her and his hands were all over her as they pretended to dance, but he had left alone both her panties and what lay beneath them.

Looking more closely, I saw that Carlos had lost his shirt, and Sarah was pushing down his pajama bottoms. My little sister needed no help from me; that seemed clear. My idea of stopping Carlos had now morphed into how do I stop my little sister Sarah!

Carlos' hard cock popped out, and Sarah broke away to get a good look at it. I wondered from our talks this afternoon just how many hard cocks Sarah had already seen. I myself had seen plenty, I can assure you. From my statistics class skills that I learned at college I had even estimated the mean and standard deviation of cock size. Of course, despite my promiscuity, my sample size was still small.

I got up and walked over to Sarah. I pulled her away and whispered to her, "Sarah this is going beyond teasing. You and Carlos are getting sexual. You can't do that, it's incest."

Sarah replied, "Sorry Sis. You're right. I'll calm things down. Have fun with Ramon, though." Reassured, I went back and sat on the couch.

After I joined Ramon on the couch, he looked over and saw what Carlos and Sarah were up to. He pulled me off the couch, and quick as a bunny he pulled my tee shirt up and off. Then he took off his pajamas. Now he and Carlos were both naked, and Sarah and I were both only in panties.

"Oh my God, Joanie, You are the most beautiful and sexy woman I have ever seen," Ramon said, while he stared at my boobs and my curves. Sarah looked up when he said that, and at that moment I knew I had lost all credibility with Sarah.

This was getting out of control. I took a large swig of the whiskey and loudly said, "I am also your first cousin, Ramon." Then idiotically I quietly added, "And you have a gorgeous cock. More's the pity."

Being cousins no longer seemed to be stopping Sarah and Carlos, however. Me losing my shirt had in effect given her a green light. Sarah was fondling Carlos' cock while they pretended to dance, and he was moving his hands towards her panties.

Before I could even speak or react he reached her panties and quickly pulled them down. Instead of protesting, pulling them back up, or even being embarrassed, Sarah calmly stepped out of them and resumed fondling his cock.

Ramon moved towards me and I said, "No way, Ramon. Stop right there. We're cousins."

"So are Carlos and Sarah, and look at them," Ramon replied, softly, so Carlos and Sarah did not hear.

"Yes," I said. "We should stop them before they go too far."

"Let them be," Ramon said. "We're not their parents. And they're just having some harmless fun." Then he paused, reflecting it seemed, and continued, "Would you, if we were not cousins?" Ramon asked.

Again in a fit of stupidity I said, "In a heartbeat, you sexy man. But no way, 'cause you are, remember?" Then I added, "I love you, Ramon, I always have. But I don't love you as a woman loves a man. I love you as one loves a wonderful member of the family. There's a difference."

"I know," Ramon said. "A big one. But your heart has room for multiple sorts of love at once." Ramon was not giving up.

I then saw that Sarah was lying naked on the ground and Carlos was fingering her. Her breathing was already heavy, and her breasts were heaving. Her legs were spread to give Carlos' finger easy access. I left them alone. They were not fucking, so I still again idiotically rationalized it as somewhat harmless, a good experience for her. Besides, she was 18, old enough to make her own decisions. I truly do not think well when I'm drunk.

Some kind of older and protective sister I was! I became ashamed of my inaction, but still I did nothing. Ramon reminded me I was not Sarah's parent. No, they were upstairs committing adultery, I quietly thought to myself.

I noticed Ramon was behind me, kissing my back. He moved his arms around me and fondled my breasts, constantly kissing my back. "Your perfume is driving me insane," he said.

I replied, "If you stop fondling my boobs, leave me, and go back and sit on the couch, my perfume will cease to bother you," but I gave myself away because my voice was breathy and halting. All three of them, and in particular Ramon, knew I was aroused.

Ramon patted the seat on the couch next to him, as I had done at the beginning of our evening. I went and sat next to him. "Let's make a bet," he said.

"OK," I said, as I drank some more whiskey and refilled his glass.

Ramon said, "I'll bet that Sarah gives Carlos a blowjob while we watch."

"No way," I said. "What they're doing now is as far as Sarah will go". I looked over and Sarah was writhing on the floor, naked, while Carlos was also naked with a super erection, and was rapidly fingering her to an inevitable orgasm. I wondered if I were right. The idea of just teasing our cousins was a rapidly disappearing memory.

"I say we bet," Ramon continued. "If I'm right, I get to have my way with you. If you're right, I'll stop pressuring you for sex. Deal?"

"That does not sound like equal stakes, Ramon," I said. "I cannot possibly let you take me. We're first cousins. It's incest."

"But you want to, don't you?" Ramon said, looking cocky.

"Yes," I replied, "But that's not the point!" I was not sure how convincing I was, sitting on the couch next to him with his erect cock pointing up, and me naked except for my panties, my boobs practically touching him and a near constant destination for his eyes.

"I can seduce you without the bet. You know that. This way you have a chance to escape without incest. Besides you are sure you are right, aren't you?"

"Ramon you cocky bastard," I said, looking down at his cock and admiring my own pun, "Nobody, including you, can seduce me if I don't want to be seduced. You are nuts."

"Bet?" Ramon persisted, as his hand stroked my naked thigh, dangerously close to my sex.

"OK, you bastard. Bet."

Ramon said, "Look," and pointed to Carlos and Sarah. Sarah was lying on the floor, legs apart, her pussy glistening with her juices, and it was obvious she had enjoyed a orgasm. Carlos looked plenty pleased with himself. He was kissing her, and then whispered into her ear. The scene was sexy as hell.

Carlos lay on the floor, his cock pointing to the ceiling. Sarah collected herself, leaned over him, and started licking his balls and licking his cock as if it were a Popsicle. Then she took it in her mouth, and Carlos began gently to pump it in and out of Sarah's luscious young mouth.

I was flabbergasted, watching my little sister give our first cousin a blowjob. I began to be overcome with waves of guilt. But while I was ruminating Ramon leaned over me and told me to get up. I was now drunk, his voice was commanding, and so I did as he said.

Ramon then kissed me and fondled my boobs while he did so. I did not believe he would actually try to fuck me, his first cousin. Even if he wanted to, no way he would do it in front of his brother and my sister too, bet or no bet. And there was no way I would do it, either! Then all of a sudden in one quick move he pulled down my panties to my ankles, rendering me completely naked. I had to reassess the situation.

I blushed red and reached down to pull them back up, but Ramon said, "No, Joanie," and he slapped my hands away. I glowered at him and reached down again to pull them up, but felt his hand covering my pussy. I froze at this escalation, and then he began to gently, ever so gently, stroke the sides of my labia, something that always renders me weak in the knees.

He won this round. I stepped out of my panties, which were hanging around my ankles, and stumbled over to the couch. Ramon followed me, still with his hand covering my pussy.

Ramon spread my legs as I sat on the couch, paused a little while taking in the view of all of my naked glory, my boobs jiggling around, my legs spread and my pussy inviting him. He then went down on me and began to eat me out.

As he did this, I looked over at Sarah, and she was really going to town with Carlos, who was telling her he loved her as she sucked his cock, also stroking it with her hand. I had to admire her technique. I had things to learn from my little sister.

Ramon was talented at cunnilingus to say the least. I should not have had the second glass of Scotch since that, plus the wine at dinner, was making my head spin. I was losing it to Ramon, and entering a state of bliss I had rarely before experienced. I closed my eyes, and was lost to pleasure.

Ramon stuck a finger in me as he ate me, then he inserted a second. I began to moan. I could tell my breathing was now heavy and uneven. My breasts were beginning to heave. An orgasm was not far away.

I heard a loud grunt and opened my eyes and saw Carlos squirting load after load of cum into my little sister's eager mouth. She was swallowing all of it with alacrity. This was definitely not her first blowjob!

Well, she swallowed almost all of it. Some of it dripped onto her large boobs. Even though she was sucking off our cousin, and she was my little sister, I found the sight of it all super erotic. I was ashamed of my feelings.

It didn't hurt that in addition to her pretty face and long blonde hair, Sarah had the curves of a mature woman. Her skin was smooth and perfect, as was her complexion. She was something else.

Ramon never missed a beat with his ministrations however, and I continued to moan in spite of myself, and was unable to think about anything but the pleasure I was receiving. Sarah and Carlos left my mind: It was Ramon, only Ramon.

Then it hit: one of my massive orgasms, where my body vibrates a little and I almost lose consciousness. It was incredible. I managed not to scream, since four parents were asleep upstairs, but otherwise I had no control of myself and was lost to the power of lust.

Ramon stopped eating me, but kept fingering me a bit as he pulled away, wiping the juices from his mouth. Still with a finger or two inside me, he sat up, leaned over me, and kissed me. I tasted my own juices, mixed with his saliva.

I again opened my eyes and saw that Sarah and Carlos were watching me. I could feel Ramon's hard cock against my leg. I knew what was coming, and in a moment of sanity I made an extraordinary effort and managed to stand up, saying "Come on, Sarah, it's time for us to return upstairs."

Ramon said, "Joanie, I'm not done with you. You can't leave me like this," and he pointed to his throbbing cock.

"Yes, I can. Ramon, we are fucking first cousins!" and I reached for Sarah's hand to drag her with me.

"Not yet, we're not," Ramon said. "Lie down and I'll make sure you just spoke the truth."

"Funny. Very funny," I replied. "Look Ramon, tomorrow's another day, especially the morning when the old folks will be at church," I said, in an attempt to get the boys to let us go quietly. The ploy of a vague promise of putting out in the future worked. It always works.

Ramon however grabbed my tee shit and panties, and Carlos did the same with Sarah's. "Souvenirs," Carlos said. We were obliged to walk naked up the two flights of stairs back to Sarah's room, and that's exactly what we did, our boobs bouncing as we climbed the stairs.

Back in Sarah's room, I borrowed one of her tee shirts to sleep in. It barely, just barely, covered my privates. If I moved the wrong way I flashed Sarah. We got the giggles. "That was fun!" Sarah said.

"Sarah, you just blew your first cousin. You are aware of course that's incest, and it's taboo, right?" I said.

"You betcha," she replied. "That makes it super sexy, don't you think? I mean the taboo part. Plus, Carlos and Ramon are to die for." I began to realize that perhaps Sarah was just as fucked up as I was. Maybe it's genetic.

"No, I don't," I lied.

"It must have been horrible then for you to have to endure Ramon eating you out to a spectacular orgasm," Sarah said as she giggled. Then she added, "Do you think he'll do that for me tomorrow?" She continued to giggle.

"Sarah!" I said. "What has come over you?" I decided to ask her point blank. ""Sarah, no way just now with Carlos was the first blowjob you've ever given. Right?"

"I guess it's time to confess, big sister," she said. "I am a major slut. Carlos is the fifth boy I've blown to smithereens. Boys are lining up to have sex with me."

"I'll bet they are," I replied. "You are beautiful, sexy, and you put out. You are every teenage boy's wet dream." Then after a pause, I added hesitantly, "When you say 'have sex' do you mean...?"

"Yes. But don't worry Sis, I take precautions," Sarah said. "I'm on the pill. I even think the pill made my boobs get bigger. And it cleared up my acne: Win, win. Tomorrow when I fuck Carlos, he will be my third. Maybe Ramon could be my fourth."

"Sarah!" I exclaimed. "Carlos and Ramon are not fucking either one of us. That is incest, and I forbid it," I said.

"When did you find religion?" Sarah asked. "From what I heard, you are the slut of sluts of our little town. There are rumors you fucked on camera. Three guys at once, I heard, and you took one of them up your ass. I sure as hell have not done any of that," Sarah said. Then she added as an afterthought, "Yet."

I was mortified. My worst fears had come to pass. "Don't believe everything you hear," I managed to mumble. I was trying to think fast. "It's true I've done some things I'm not proud of. And tt's true some of it is on camera, but that's because some really nasty men betrayed me. I hope it never happens to you."

Then I added, "Whatever you think I've done, it does not mean incest is OK."

Sarah replied, "Maybe not. But it does mean you have no moral authority to judge me! And besides, I have news for you. Letting your first cousin get you naked and then eat you out to an orgasm, or me giving Carlos his best blowjob ever—yes he told me that—both count for incest. Go ask our local priest."

"I guess you're right. But that does not mean we are going to compound things tomorrow," I replied.

"Of course not. You're free to do what you want. Or better, you are free not to do what you know you want to do. But I would appreciate some help tomorrow. Otherwise I'll have to fuck them both. I've never had two men at once before," Sarah said, smiling at the thought. Now she was taunting me.

"And I love the idea of fucking them while the old guys are all at church. Now that's religion for you!" Sarah said, as she giggled at the evil thought.

"Truce?" I said. Sarah nodded. "Tell me about what your favorites subjects are in school. Besides boys," I said, giggling, and changing the subject from Carlos and Ramon.

We then had a nice chat about her school. Her favorite subject was math, and she was best in the class and that intimidated all the boys, but did not stop them from wanting to get into her panties.

She was planning to go to the same college I was at, but of course she would need a scholarship to afford it, as I had myself needed one. She was waiting to hear about that. Then she said she was chomping at the bit to meet Mike and Philip, and asked me to tell her stories about them.

While she was talking, I was thinking about what she had said about enjoying incest because it is taboo. Exhibitionism is taboo, too. Sure, Mike and my strong desire to please him and to win his approval, at least at the beginning, had manipulated me into becoming an exhibitionist. But then I realized I liked it, independent of Mike. But I have the impression exhibitionism is a lot more common than incest.

I had often thought about why I was an exhibitionist. My first explanation was that I got the attention of men. Boy, did I! I had been starved for it after being ignored by boys all through high school.

That explanation seemed insufficient. Then I thought of it as all being Mike's fault, and my desire to please him. That too seemed insufficient. Next I thought what is really going on is I am a slut, and exhibitionism gets me into situations where I am cornered into having sex with someone. That explanation seemed especially weak, and besides it begged the question, since I would then need to explain why I was a slut.

Sarah's offhand comment seemed to me to be the key. I was an exhibitionist because it was taboo. OK, the other things might also contribute, but taboo was the main thing. The appeal of taboo also explained why I was a slut when I was drunk. Being a slut was also taboo. As I thought about it, nothing was more taboo than incest! It was the ultimate break-the-taboo turn-on.

Now all I had to do was to figure out why I was so obsessed with doing forbidden things. I did have a strict Catholic upbringing, and maybe it was a reaction to that? It seemed too big a question for late at night. All these thoughts transpired in a second or two, so I was still listening to Sarah as I had them.

After what I had seen Sarah do in the basement, her veneer of innocence revealed now as an act, I confessed to her that I was an exhibitionist, and told her about Mike and how he was always pushing me in that direction.

I even told her about the time Mike got me naked and almost fucked me in the back row of a crowded movie theater. Sarah began to stroke her pussy as I told her the stories. She begged for more stories.

I told her how I had let men look down my blouse at the shoe store at the mall when I worked there before last Christmas, and how the last week I went to work braless so that they could see my entire naked breasts, The last couple of days before Christmas I wore a boat neck dress and went commando, so they could see everything. At this point Sarah had two fingers inside and was breathing heavily.

I should not have done this, but I also told her of the time, early in my freshman year, when I fucked Mike in his room, and then fucked his roommate Steve in the sitting room, while blowing another roommate John, and while at the same time watching his final roommate Tony fuck my best friend Mary, doggy style. At this point Sarah had two fingers in her and they were pistoning frantically.

I moved over to sit next to Sarah and gently pulled her fingers out. I inserted two of my own. She looked at me in shock and surprise, but then began to fondle my boobs. Then she lay down and I slowly fingered her to the point of getting her hot and bothered. I figured if we were going to continue with incest, who better than my sister?

I whispered to her as I fingered her that now that we had broken the incest taboo, we might as well have some fun. She smiled up at me and whispered to me that she loved me. Then she exploded in a huge orgasm. She told me later it had been her best ever.

I was not surprised. Who would know better how to finger Sarah than her sister (me), who had practiced on myself so many times before? All the little moves that worked for me had worked just the same for Sarah.

We both decided to go to sleep, and as I drifted off to sleep, I began to plan the next day. I figured the two sets of parents and our grandmother would be gone for a few hours in the morning, off to church. Sarah and I would take the boys for a walk in the woods. The weather was supposed to be perfect.

I woke when I heard the car engine starting. The older generations were heading off to church. The service, plus all the socializing after, and the fact that my mother had told me they are all going out for pancakes after church and was it Okay to abandon the four of us children, made me figure we had at least 3 hours to work with.

I woke up Sarah, quickly explained my plans, we showered and dressed and then headed to the basement. We woke up the boys by kissing them and fondling their cocks. That got their attention right away. I told them to get dressed; we were taking them for a walk in the woods.

You play with a man's cock, and he is in your power and will do whatever you ask. So off we went into the woods. After a short time I suggested we play truth or dare, as we strolled through the woods. The boys agreed a bit too quickly. I asked Ramon to choose. He chose truth.

I asked him, "On how many girls have you gone down?"

Ramon answered, "That's easy, cousin. Counting you last night, it's five."

Then he turned to me and said "Truth or dare?" I chose dare.

Ramon looked me up and down and said, "I dare you to continue walking in the woods topless."

I pretended to be upset and said no, that's out of bounds, but Sarah and Carlos joined Ramon, ganging up on me, as I knew they would. I became gracious, and gradually, sexily, removed my blouse and my bra.

The boys were staring at me and in particular at my boobs. They were turned on that I was bare breasted in the woods. Some people find nudity in public especially erotic. Apparently the four of us were some of those people. Sarah snapped them back to reality by presenting Carlos with a truth or dare choice. Like his brother, Carlos chose truth.

Following my lead, Sarah said to Carlos, "How many girls have given you a blow job?"

Carlos said, "You were the third. And Sarah, you were by far the best. You've ruined me for other women, you know." Sarah leaned into him and kissed him briefly.

Carlos next asked Sarah, and she chose dare. Since I was already topless, Carlos upped the ante, and told Sarah to strip naked, except for her shoes.

Sarah was not ready for this, and looked scared. She looked around the woods frantically to see if we were alone in the woods. It seemed that we were. I told her, "Sarah, Carlos is asking too much. Let's stop the game and continue our walk." She was not a dyed in the wool exhibitionist like I was, at least not yet.

Carlos apologized and went to kiss Sarah, but she backed away and peeled off her tee shirt. Then she turned her back to us and slowly slipped off her bra. She stepped out of her shorts, and now she was only in panties and sneakers.

She said, "I could use some help with the panties."

I said, "I'll do the honors." Then Ramon and Carlos both clamored to be the one who removed her panties. We three dumped the choice on Sarah.

"How about Ramon and Carlos take turns, each doing a little at a time?" Sarah replied.

There we stood in the woods, Sarah and me both topless, and our two cousins were gradually inching off Sarah's panties. Each boy would inch down her panties, and then fondle her boobs and kiss her. Then the other would do the same. I looked carefully and could see a wet spot on her panties, as Sarah got super turned on.

As the panties came close to being off, Ramon stuck a finger in Sarah. Instead of protesting or pulling away, she just sighed. Then Carlos came for the last step of panties removal, and he too inserted a finger in Sarah. Another sigh. Then she moved away.

Sarah was naked, and with me still topless, we resumed our hike. The views were pretty, but the boys were not seeing them, as they were staring at us, especially at our boobs bouncing gently as we walked along. Sarah sped up to be in front, and the boys stared at her perfect ass.

Her walk had a natural wiggle to it, and it looked especially sexy with her nude. The boys were clearly incredulous that we were doing this in the public woods, As were Sarah and I to a lesser extent. It was easy to imagine someone else could see us, at least in theory. This turned them on, I could tell. It turned me on, too.

I thought to myself that perhaps Sarah was trying out exhibitionism, after our talk last night. I was becoming a corrupting influence.

After a few minutes, Sarah asked to speak with me alone. "Let's put our tee shirts back on," she said. Seeing my quizzical face, she continued, "Do you remember our neighbor George Phillips from high school?"

I grew up with George, and he lived in another house abutting the woods. The woods were actually fairly small, and surrounded by houses. The land was too hilly and rocky to build on, so it was left to nature. Then it became a selling point for the homes to have the small woods as our communal back yard.

George had been a quiet boy and not in the honors bubble, so we had never been in classes together in high school. I had never paid him much heed, nor had he paid me any. He was now 19 too, and I had no idea what college he had gone to, assuming he had even gone to college. "Yes," I told Sarah.

"Well, on Sundays I often wear short shorts and a tee shirt and go sit on the rock. George and his brother Jason, who is my age, often spy on me. They think I don't see them. When I know they're there, I tease them by removing my tee shirt."

Skeptical now about Sarah telling all, I said, "Just your tee shirt?"

"Well, Sis," she replied, "Sometimes I also remove my bra, and pretend to be trying to get a tan." I gave her a look, and then she continued, "Well if you must know, the last time I also removed my shorts."

"Anything else?" I said.

Sarah frowned. Then she swore up and down that was all. She had kept her panties on. I believed her. "Isn't that enough?" she said. I nodded.

We put on our tee shirts and returned to the somewhat confused boys. Sarah's tee shirt had vents on both sides, going pretty far up. Sarah was still naked underneath her tee shirt, which was pretty obvious from the vents, since there was no way she could be wearing panties and not have at least some of them visible.

It was also fairly clear I was without a bra. Sarah's tee shirt was tight around my boobs, magnifying the braless effect. My nipples were clearly outlined. You could probably even see my boobs through the fabric if the sun was right. Sarah said to the cousins, sotto voce, "Two neighborhood boys often roam in these woods." The boys nodded, understanding.

We climbed the local hill, and near the top there was a rocky promontory where one of the biggest rocks had a large and smooth surface. I had given Ramon and Carlos backpacks to carry that had supplies. I spread out a tablecloth and served everyone breakfast: rolls with butter & jam, juice, and of course lots of coffee.

Sarah announced that she and I were going to work on our tans. We both stood and flamboyantly removed our tee shirts. Sarah gave me the signal (she rubbed her right eye) and I knew the Phillips boys were watching, even if I could not tell it myself. We did not tell our cousins. Sarah knew their hiding place, and just where to look.

I lay on my stomach. Sarah said, "Joanie, your ass will be all white," and she rolled me over, unsnapped and unzipped my shorts and pulled them off, together with my panties. Now I too was naked.

Carlos came over to Sarah. He leaned into her and kissed her, She returned the kiss. Ramon just sat back and watched the show, a bemused smile on his face.

I was on my stomach so my charms were not visible to prying eyes, but I was nevertheless facing the action, so I could see it all too. They kissed a long time, and then Carlos began massaging her cunt. I propped myself up on my elbows, so Ramon could see almost all of my boobs. My nipples touched the ground, so doubtless they were obscured from his view, but all the rest was there to see.

Ramon just sat there watching. But the eroticism of the scene was getting to him, so he quickly stripped and began to stroke his cock. After a minute or two of this, he got up and walked over to me. He said, "Last night you were not very nice and you called me a 'fucking cousin.'"

"I know," I said, "And I apologize." We looked at each other, our eyes locking. "What are you going to do about it?" I continued. Ramon smiled. Looking directly at his cock, I continued, "Are you going to make an honest woman out of me?" Then I turned over onto my back and spread my legs a little.

He lay down next to me with his cock near my mouth. Taking the hint, I sucked his balls. He groaned with pleasure. I licked and sucked his balls a long time, never touching his throbbing penis.

When I began to stroke his cock, it seemed to jump in my hand. He was more than ready. He then pushed me away, pulled me up onto all fours and presented his cock to my entrance. I wiggled my ass in invitation, as I was already wet. That was all of the encouragement Ramon needed, and he slipped his cock into my pussy.

He banged away a long time. He felt so good inside me. I had come to terms with the incest angle, and decided to take Sarah's attitude that the taboo nature was a turn on. It was clear Sarah believed her own rhetoric, as she was screaming with pleasure as Carlos ate her out.

I thought the whole county was going to hear her. I guessed part of it was putting on a show for the Phillips boys. Or maybe she is just naturally noisy. Carlos then stopped eating her, moved up and began to mount her.

Sarah said, "Go for it, lover boy." Carlos paid heed and he went for it, as he placed his cock at her entrance. He may have thought she was a virgin, since he entered her cunt slowly, tentatively. Meeting no resistance, and with Sarah's moans and whimpers encouraging him, he then plunged it in and began a real pounding, pistoning in and out of her as her moans got louder and louder.

I was being well fucked myself. Not being Sarah, I was not so vocal, but I was moaning softly. Then I thought to myself, WTF, and I began to get very vocal, saying, "Yes, Ramon! Right there! Deeper, faster!" This seemed to inspire Ramon to get even more into the fuck. I felt his cock twitch as I cried out.

Ramon was good, clearly experienced, and knew what he was doing. As he fucked me I kept repeating to myself that he was my cousin and that sexual tension between us would from now on always be present. The more I reminded myself that he was my cousin, the more turned on I became, and the noisier I became.

I thought of the phrase kissing cousins, then changed it to fucking cousins, and began to giggle even as my arousal was reaching new levels.

Ramon lay me down and switched to missionary position. He began to screw me with a circular motion. It was wonderful. Now I became very vocal, and got even as loud as Sarah. I enjoyed the missionary position, since I felt dominated and controlled by Ramon. He was taking me; I was no longer seducing him.

He could really fuck, even as well as Mike's cousin Alex. I should not compare, I thought to myself, as I noticed my breathing was now uneven. I realized I was unconsciously raising myself to meet his thrusts, and I wrapped my legs around his ass to pull his cock deeper inside me. I saw that Ramon was sweating.

The fact that I had known Ramon all of my life, and had loved him like a brother, made the sex intense. Was my love morphing into another kind of love? Was the sex so good because I loved him, even though it was not in a sexual way? I decided yes, that was it. All these thoughts raced through my head as Ramon gave an especially fierce plunge into me.

When it finally ended, I collapsed and lay there in a blissful state, filled with Ramon's cum that was oozing out of me. My eyes were closed, and I continued some very soft moaning. I was exhausted, as I often am after I cum. I heard Ramon saying, to nobody in particular, "I have the most beautiful and by far the sexiest cousin in the entire world."

I had not cum during the fuck with Ramon, but I did not care. It was a great fuck, and I had thoroughly enjoyed it. And it was a great fuck because it was outdoors, I had an audience including secret voyeurs, and most of all, he was my fucking first cousin!

Then I heard Carlos say, "No, bro, I'm afraid that I do!" and they both laughed. Sarah then piped up, "There is only one way to settle this, boys. You know what you have to do." She beckoned Ramon to come over with her finger. He did, and she kissed him. She began to fondle his soft cock.

Carlos got up and walked over to me, towering over my prostrate body. As he stood over me, his older cousin who had just been ravished by his older brother, he looked at my face and then panned down to my boobs, then to my cunt with Ramon's cum oozing out, then to my legs. It was as if he were seeing me for the first time. Maybe it was the first time he had seen me as a sexual object.

His cock became hard as he looked at me, and I began to read his mind and get scared. I was not psychologically prepared to fuck both of them! As that thought came to my brain, I heard Sarah make a guttural cry and turned my head to see that now she was on all fours, and Ramon was beginning to fuck her! Carlos' cum was spilled all over her backside. Ramon had gotten hard again in record time.

As I watched my little sister get fucked by our cousin who had just finished ravishing me, and was trying to process all this in my brain, I felt a rather large cock probing the entrance to my wide open and cum filled cunt. "I've never had sloppy seconds before," Carlos said as he plunged his cock all the way into me.

Carlos fucked me with urgency, with seemingly a need to fuck me as much as possible before I could stop him, as I had stopped Ramon the night before. But he need not have worried: That was not going to happen, since it just felt too good. My body raised itself of its own accord to meet his thrusts, without my brain telling it consciously to do so.

As he fucked me I kept thinking that two brothers, both of them our cousins, were fucking both Sarah and me, one after the other. It was a major turn on, but also too much for my brain to process. Whatever my brain could make of it, one thing was clear: I found it sexy beyond belief. And my brain gave up as the primitive emotions of sex and the desire to cum overwhelmed me and crowded all else out.

I realized I had never before fucked brothers. The strangest thoughts go through my head, and at the strangest times.

Carlos rolled us over to put me on top. Then he sat me up facing him and I began to ride him like a cowgirl. He was staring at my bouncing boobs as I moved up and down on his luscious cock. I was looking at his handsome face and the pleasure he was getting was reflected in his face.

My peripheral vision saw two sets of wide-open eyes watching us go at it. I imagined this was a nice view for our voyeurs the Phillips boys, and this drove me wild. I made noises consonant with my erotic excitement, and the fact that in addition to incest and to lust, the four of us were putting on s show for our voyeurs.

I looked over at my little sister, and Ramon was drilling her fiercely. She was groaning loudly. She certainly was a noisy fuck. I knew, from my best friend Mary's experiments, that being noisy usually (maybe always?) turned men on and made them feel macho. Sarah did not have the benefit of Mary's "science experiments," which she called "field work," but she knew it instinctively. My sister was certainly a piece of work!

Having each already cum in one of us, both boys lasted a good long time. Yet if Carlos had lasted even longer, I would not have minded. I would not have minded one bit. It seemed I could not get enough. I still had not cum, but I did not care. Besides, the orgasm Ramon had given me the previous night when he ate me out was all that I needed.

We all made it back home before the older generations returned from church and brunch, and Sarah and I took quick showers to clean up from the dirt and-especially- the cum all over us. When they came home we were all of us sitting around, drinking coffee and chatting innocently.

A few hours later the cousins piled into their car and drove home. We all looked forward to the next family reunion. After they left, I wondered just how genetic this tendency to be a slut, that I clearly shared with my sister, actually was. I could have discretely asked my aunt about what my mother was like in this regard, who was my mother's sister after all, but I had no idea how to approach it, and anyway she had just left. Given my mother's story about boyfriend swapping, and my seeing that she traded husbands with her sister last night, probably without the husbands even knowing, I felt maybe there was something to it.

That evening Sarah and I went to the mall for some window-shopping. She wanted some more lessons on exhibitionism. I said this morning she did just fine and did not need to learn anything more from me. But she insisted. Actually I think she just wanted to see me in action.

We walked around until we saw a man and a woman shopping together. They had selected some outfits and were heading towards the changing rooms. I quickly gathered a few outfits and gave them to Sarah, keeping one of them. "Don't close the door to the dressing room," I told her. I chose the changing room closest to where the man was standing.

I left the door to the dressing room ajar, so if one were positioned just right, one could see into the dressing room and in particular one could see me. I quickly stripped naked. I opened the door and asked for the next outfit from Sarah. The man waiting for his wife got a brief full frontal. He looked startled and embarrassed, but did not turn away when he saw me like that. I saw this via a mirror, so he did not know I had seen him there.

I left the door ajar and tried on the next outfit. I looked in the mirror, made a show of shaking my head, and slowly took it off, always facing the mirror. There were quite a few mirrors in the dressing room, so that people modeling clothes could see how they looked from different angles. I could see the man watching me by his reflection in one of the mirrors. He could see also my front via a combination of two mirrors.

Naked again, I opened the door pretending not to see the man staring at me, and asked Sarah for the next outfit. I did this for all the outfits, decided of course on none of them, dressed in my original clothes, and left the dressing room. By then the man's partner had also finished, and they had left before I came out. Sarah was impressed. I just knew she was going to try this herself within the week. I wondered what friend she would enlist.

Carl picked me up for the ride back to college the next day. He was very excited to see me. Much too excited it occurred to me. This time I was wearing a flowing skirt that stopped mid thigh, a blouse that buttoned, and a bra: Nothing to distract Carl from his driving; that's why I did not wear the shorts again. I was safe. Or so I thought.

After an hour we stopped for coffee and bathrooms, and Carl wanted another show. I said no, he could relive his memories of me from the trip out, only a few days ago. He looked so crestfallen, like a hurt puppy, I began to feel mean. I know, I know, I am an idiot. Then he surprised me by asking me out on a date, suggesting the movies on Friday.

I reminded Carl that Mike was my boyfriend. I was not dating other men. Carl nodded but asked, maybe in that case, how about just a show of my boobs, if I did not mind? I thought to myself, Jesus Christ, what have I gotten myself into? I said no, but Carl would not let it drop.

After a half hour of this in the coffee shop, feeling that this way we would never get back on the road, I took Carl's hand and led him to the woods behind the coffee shop. I removed my blouse and my bra and let him get a good look. He took me in his arms and kissed me. I had already forgotten what great kisses he gave. It's understandable given the distractions of my two cousins, who now both have carnal knowledge of me. I have a sore cunt to prove it, too.

He reminded me I had already given him a full frontal, so another would not hurt. Well, he seduced me with his kissing into becoming naked. I insisted we move farther into the woods to be more hidden. He began to finger me as we kissed and I became super aroused, remembering the previous day with Ramon and Carlos. His fingering was reminiscent of Ramon's.

I became weak in the knees as he fingered me and I ended up lying down on the ground, my legs splayed to give his magic fingers easy access. It was not my intention to give his cock easy access, but he did not read my mind correctly, and as I lay there with my eyes closed being fingered to a likely orgasm, I suddenly felt a cock entering my pussy.

I had not even heard him upzip; he must have done it when a truck was passing on the highway, which would have drowned out the noise. My eyes flashed open and I said rather breathlessly, "Carl! No. Get the hell out of me." Carl froze in place, but left his cock inside me.

Carl said, "Just a taste, Joanie."

I said, "No, Carl. Fingering was OK, but not sex." I don't know why I did not just push him off me and stand up. I simply did not think of that; I thought a verbal refusal was enough. It should have been enough.

Carl replied, "You are sexy beyond belief, and so gorgeous. Just a taste, Joanie." and he began to pump his cock in and out.

That of course was the right thing to say. Tell a girl she is sexy and gorgeous while you are beginning to fuck her, and she will relax and enjoy the fuck. Well, to be honest I don't know if that works for all girls, but it sure did for me.

Carl pulled out at the end and squirted his load on my boobs and my stomach. I lay there a while in a post coital sort of semi-comatose state, and then reality hit that I had just been fucked in the woods directly behind a coffee shop. I was lying there nude with cum all over me. Holy shit. I quickly threw my clothes on. I did not want to get cum all over my expensive bra, so I left that off and put it in my purse.

The cum made my tee shirt wet, especially where the nipples poke at the shirt. I had borrowed it from Sarah and it was tight around the bust. There was nothing to be done. I would wash it of course before sending it back to Sarah. Or maybe not: I wondered just how kinky Sarah was?

The rest of the ride home was uneventful, but Carl drove with a silly smile on his face the whole way. He was obviously quite pleased with his conquest. I, on the other hand, had enjoyed the sex, but was ashamed of myself.

When Carl did not want me to pay him for my share of the gas, I let him treat me this time. At least this way I could enjoy being paid for sex in some way, even if it was a pittance. Being paid for sex was something I now realized I found erotic, at least occasionally.

Back at college, I received a handwritten letter from Sarah. Apparently we had been seen fucking our brains out on the hilltop with our cousins not only by the Phillips boys, but also by one of her friends and her boyfriend who were out for a walk and were also heading up to the smooth rock promontory, probably for a make out session. They had heard Sarah's moans and screams, and had snuck up quietly to see what was happening.

Sarah said that inspired by us, her friend had let her boyfriend render her naked right there in the woods after we had all left (but who knows if the Phillips boys had left or not?), and he had fingered her to an orgasm and then tried to fuck her, but she was not yet ready for that and refused.

The next night she did the deed with him, within the privacy and safety of her own bedroom. She had also told Sarah she was turned on by the exhibitionist angle of being naked on the rocks, but would never do it again. It was just a sexy memory for her to enjoy.

Sarah wrote she was pleased we had inspired such behavior. For Sarah however, I feel it is just the beginning of her exhibitionism. Sarah is a bit more twisted than even I am.

Sarah's friend and her boyfriend saw the end of the first round of our fucks, and then saw our cousins swap us girls to fuck some more. The friend had never even imagined such a thing as switching women after fucking them.

Sarah enclosed some pictures they had taken with their phones. The pictures were poor quality, taken from too far away with cell phones. But there was one of me fucking Carlos in cowgirl position, and I could make out my face if I zoomed in. Damn. Our reputations in our hometown as exhibitionist sluts would be reinforced, that was sure.

A few days later I got another letter from Sarah with more pictures. Jason Phillips had taken pictures both of our fucks, some with each cousin, and then also of Sarah's friend naked and being fingered.

He had used a real camera, with a telephoto lens, so the pictures were quite explicit. He told Sarah he would destroy the digital files if she would fuck both him and his brother. Sarah did not tell me what she decided to do. But I suspect she fucked both of them, and probably enjoyed it, too.

Reading her letter and seeing the pictures, I got totally hot. I called up Mike. He came over and enjoyed my tales and -especially- the pictures. He also was able to help me out by fucking me silly, next to the window, where people could see us going at it, at least in theory. I always loved it when Mike fucked me.

The next day I took stock of what had happened during our family reunion. I decided probably I needed professional help. But I knew I was not going to get any. Instead, in an attempt to explain myself to myself, I had a brainstorm.

I once again used my computer skills and hacked into my Mom's computer and my Dad's computer. It was easy to do, since when I was still in high school I had secretly used their computer to give myself permission to access both of their computers remotely. It was one of those "just in case" moments.

On my Dad's computer I hit the jackpot. I saw pictures he had taken in the days of film, and then apparently had scanned them in. They were great pictures; my Dad had talent as a photographer. Several were of my mom posing in various states of undress for my Dad. That's not so unusual among married couples, I thought.

I knew that when my parents were young it was before digital photography, so he would have used film and had them professionally developed. No way my father could have had the skills to develop color photos in a dark room, all by himself. That meant of course that someone in the commercial photo lab also saw the photos of my Mom, naked and sexy, and maybe even made a copy for himself, or for herself, who knows?

As I scrolled through the photos I saw that one was of my Mom and her twin sister, both naked, both with dildos sticking out of their cunts, and kissing each other. So much for incest in her generation! Another was of my Mom nude and sucking the cock of a man I did not know. Three of the photos were of yet another strange man with his cock entering my Mom, with his cock halfway in, and with his cock all the way in up to his balls. My Mom's face was visible in profile, and she was clearly sexually enjoying herself. These were X rated photos, to say the least.

The photo that made my heart stop was of my Mom nude on all fours, her boobs dangling below her. A German shepherd had mounted her and apparently was fucking her. I had never seen anything like that before, nor even imagined it. My own mother! I could not believe it. My Mom was more twisted than I was. I tried to decide if that was reassuring, or not.

Then I found a movie my Dad had digitized. It was password protected, but I had found a file on his computer where he listed all of his passwords, I guess in case he forgot one, as I am sure he did from time to time. This of course is the first thing they teach you not to do, after they teach you to remember to turn on and to plug in the computer. But it is certainly a gift to the harried hacker.

Excited but also apprehensive, I sat down and played it. Holy shit, I thought as I did so. There was my Mom, much younger (maybe 20 years old?), doing a strip tease in front of my Dad and seven other men. The background music was classic bump and grind music.

The movie began with a strange man I did not know introducing my Mom to the men. She shook hands with each of the men, including my Dad, whom she apparently did not yet know. This was how they met??

He then introduced her twin sister (my aunt) and a third woman, whom I recognized, even though she is of course much older now, as being the mom of my high school friend Susie. Then the music began, and my Mom was first up with her strip tease.

My mother had a gorgeous body. She was a little top heavy, with large boobs, but they not too large. Otherwise she was perfectly proportioned with a small waist and nicely sized hips, shapely legs and small feet. I never learned who was filming the movie. My Mom was good at her strip tease, too, from what I could tell. She was maybe even extremely good.

One of the men drooling while he watched I recognized was my uncle, Ramon's father. Another one was my high school friend Susie's father. I was flabbergasted. The other men I did not recognize.

I also could not help but notice that when she was 20, my Mom looked exactly as I do now. Her body was the same. Even her nipples and areolas were identical to mine. This was freaky. Genetics is a powerful force.

When she was done and nude, the men applauded wildly, and another woman got up and began a strip tease. She was my aunt, my mother's twin sister! As she did her act, and she was just as good as my Mom had been, a man (not my father) began to fuck my Mom in the background. For a split second the camera revealed the face of the man. I froze the frame and zoomed in. It was Ramon's father, now my uncle.

My aunt continued to gyrate seductively, losing her clothes until she was naked. As the camera panned away, I saw Susie's dad taking my Mom in the ass. Next Susie's mom got up to begin a strip tease, and two men at the same time began to fuck my aunt, one in the cunt, the other in her ass. She was moaning loudly.

As the movie progressed, eventually everyone was fucking everyone, and there were lots of moans, screams, and cheering the action on. At least three men took my Mom, albeit one at a time. My aunt was fucked also by at least three men, two of them fucking her at once. Lots of men seemed to like the idea of fucking both of the twins, and the twins seemed more than willing to oblige.

Susie's mom was the queen of blowjobs for the movie. She was blowing everyone, or so it seemed. Probably it was just three or four men. She swallowed all of their cum. From what I could tell, she gave great head. She also put out: I saw my father fucking Susie's mom at one point. It all became a blur to me. Jesus Christ, I thought.

If ever I were to confront my Mom, and I knew that I never would, I also knew what she would say. It would be something like, "Oh Joanie. You know what it was like back in the day. Crazy times, you know?" and she would accompany that with a giggle.

There was a time stamp on the movie that I guess my Dad added. It was around three years before I was born. I began to wonder if my mother and my aunt, and Susie's Mom, were prostitutes hired to entertain the men? Or was this just how they got their kicks back then? One thing was sure: my mother was a hell of a lot more wild back then than I could ever have imagined. She was also much more strange.

There was one other password-protected movie on my Dad's computer. I was nervous to open it, but of course I did. It was a professional porn movie, and I relaxed when I realized that. At least it was not about my Mom. I started it, planning to stop it once I found what it was about and why my father saved it. I ended up watching the entire movie, and got the shock of my life.

A company called Carnal Productions made the movie. It was titled, "The Jailbait Twins." My mother's maiden name was Maria Anita Gilota. My aunt, her twin sister, was Maria Sophia Gilota. Their mother, my grandmother, just called both of them Maria. It was easier that way, she once told me. For the movie they had (thank God) stage names.

There was no question they were my mother and my aunt. They looked to be jailbait in the movie, but from the credits and the year it was released, I knew they were both at least 18. It was the way they were dressed, with their hair in pigtails and all. They both looked exactly, and I do mean exactly, like me! I could not believe it. Physically I was a carbon copy of my Mom (and therefore also of my aunt).

The movie had a plot. The girls needed money for some reason, and one of them (my Mom) agreed to fuck the football coach for $100. He asked her if she wanted to "earn" more money and she said yes, and he introduced her to the football team. She freaked (part of the movie) at putting out for around 25 guys, so to help she enlisted her sister.

The two of them took on 11 guys (I counted) before the cops came and busted them for fucking underage girls, charging the team members with statutory rape and the coach with solicitation. The twins then seduced the cops too, and fucked them silly, letting the team and the coach off the hook. They made lots of money and everyone was happy, and very well fucked, at the end of the movie.

Maybe it was just good acting, but it seemed to me that both my mom and my aunt were enjoying the sex during the movie. I think I could tell that the enjoyment was genuine, not just acting. But you never know for sure. Anyway, I was horrified.

I checked the Internet for genetics and promiscuity. Mostly I found articles about animals, but hey, humans are animals, too. I made an intellectual leap and decided that for Sarah and me, it was in our genetic code to fuck around.

I knew we still had free will and that at most our genes gave us a proclivity to promiscuity, so it did not justify or rationalize things for me. But it did help to explain my weaknesses, which seem especially prevalent when I am drunk.

I decided not to share my discoveries with Sarah nor of course with Ramon nor Carlos. And I would certainly not share this information with Mike or Philip, my two current lovers, and loves of my life. Some secrets are better left secret.