**Living the Good Life**

by Art Martin

**Part 1**

Growing up in the late 80's, I always tried hard to please my parents. I excelled in school and was always at the top my class. My dad had been an Eagle Scout and I was expected to earn my Eagle also. But I was more interested in sports and sometimes sports and Scouts conflicted. I particularly liked baseball. My favorite position was playing short stop, but I also played at every other position as well... all except catcher and I wasn't worth a hoot pitching. I wanted to play football, but my parents would not permit it, but they did let me do Judo.

My dad was a banker and we were well off. I had two older sisters who were the best of friends, as well as soul mates of my mother. For the most part my sisters barely tolerated me, and I was always looking for opportunities to make them as miserable as they made me. My mom was preoccupied with her women's clubs and such.

My dad didn't show any favoritism and pretty much ignored us all fairly equally. Oh, he'd occasionally ask me how I was doing, but that was about it. As for going out and watching me play ball, forget it, he was always too busy. Go out on a campout with my Scout troop? Forget that too. He did buy me a set of good used golf clubs and would occasionally take me golfing with him, but those outings were few and far between. My mom was also always too busy. My sisters? Let's not go there.

For the most part I accepted all this and thought it was normal. After all, we were affluent and being affluent required my parents to tend to things other than my childish pursuits. As for my sisters treating me as something akin to an insect, that too was normal, or so I thought.

Then dad got a huge promotion as a regional VP and that required relocating to another state. I was thirteen and had just finished the seventh grade at a pricey private school. We moved to an up and coming city. Actually we moved into Glendale, a wealthy "city" within the bigger city, noted for its extraordinary per capita income and its picture-perfect winding tree-lined streets designed to keep speeding down.

Glendale had its own city council, its own police and fire department and it had its own school system. No one outside the Glendale city limits went to Glendale Elementary School, Glendale Middle School, or to Glendale High School. And to live in Glendale you had to be very well off financially, as the smallest house in Glendale cost a small fortune and there weren't that many "small" houses in Glendale to begin with. It was an elite community, or at least its inhabitants thought of themselves as being elite.

We didn't actually buy the house we moved into, nor did we rent it (perish the thought!). It was owned by the bank and was provided to us as one of dad's perks. It was a very nice house, twice as large as our old home.

The Glendale schools were top rated in academics when I was enrolled in the eighth grade class of Glendale Middle School. Most of the kids had gone to school together since kindergarten and so it was a cliquish place. That didn't bother me too much, as I was used to being around snooty kids. My first task was to size up my competition. My next task was to get onto some sort of athletic team. Football was out, so why not try out for wrestling?

Glendale MS was structured differently from what I was used to. We changed teachers and classrooms for each class, but rather than being a true scramble, the entire class of twenty or so went from room to room together. I quickly picked out the smartest kid in the class. Like me he was solidly built and didn't appear to be the least bit nerdy and was quite popular with his peers. We went head to head in every class, destroying the curve for everyone else. He was also on the wrestling team and Raymond and I quickly became friends. By and by I learned that he had earned his Eagle the year before. I had pretty much lost interest in doing that, but the fact that Raymond had done it stuck in my craw. So I joined his Scout troop and got after it again.

The troop I had come from was a rather disorganized affair and not very much fun. But on the first campout with Raymond's troop, I discovered just how much fun a well run troop was. The main activity was orienteering with map and compass. In groups of three or four, we headed into the woods along a bearing to find a hidden control point that had a code and directions to the next control point. Sounds easy enough, but tromping through the woods and brush over rough territory and staying on track is no easy matter. It was a blast! Of course I was in Raymond's patrol with the other older scouts and we paired up as tent mates.

First night was tame enough, except Raymond insisted on sleeping in the nude, which it turns out is why the other guys shunned away from him as a tent partner. It made me nervous too, as I was afraid an adult would find out and then there would be hell to pay. Raymond ignored my objections saying, "We won't get caught." We?

"I'm not doing that," I told him.

"Suit yourself. It's no big deal, I always sleep naked. Don't you?"

"No! Now, put your underwear back on," I whispered.

"Okay, okay," he said and pulled his drawers back on.

It being the first night of a weekend campout, we talked until the wee hours.

The second night, after a poor night's sleep the night before and trudging up and down ravines and climbing over rocks all day, we were too tired to do much talking. Like the night before, Raymond got completely naked. This time I just ignored it and went to sleep. Nothing untoward happened, my tent partner just liked to sleep nude. An so it went, campout after campout.

Of course all the guys in our patrol knew of Raymond's habit of sleeping nude. They all asked me about it and I told them it was no big deal, he just sleeps naked, and that was that.

Of course at fourteen, hormones were kicking in. Being on the wrestling team, we worked out quite a lot and over the course of the year, Raymond and I both put on some muscle. But testosterone does more than just that. I became keenly interested in girls, or more correctly, in a girl. She was the sexiest, most desirable girl in the entire school. Whereas most girls of that age are just developing tits, Anne had full blown hooters. The girl had some knockers. She was a real looker.

Trouble was I always saw her with Raymond and to me it was obvious that they were a couple. Or at least that's what I thought. Being the new kid, I didn't know that she was Raymond's twin sister. He never told me that, as everyone, everyone except for me, knew that. Okay, I knew her last name was Smith and so was Raymond's, but that didn't automatically make them siblings. I didn't know that until the day that Raymond told me that his sister wanted me to ask her to an upcoming school dance. Okay, I also knew he had a sister, but seeing that he never pointed her out, I thought she was probably like my sisters and best avoided.

Clueless I told him, "I don't know."

"What do you mean you don't know?" he asked equally clueless to my cluelessness. "She wants to go with you."

"I don't know how to dance," I lamely explained.

"You're kidding me, right? I know you're not gay, so that can't be it.

"Look, do me a favor and just ask her. We'll all go together."

Well, I couldn't let my best friend down, so I agreed to ask her. A moment or two later and Anne joins us. As always, she began affectionately pawing on his arm, whispering to him and even gave him a kiss on the cheek. I politely minded my own business.

So we're standing there with me drooling over Anne and her amazing tits, just chatting about this and that, micro-sized small talk, when Raymond looks at me gesturing his exasperation and said, "Well, ask her!"

I looked around and seeing no one else, turned and shrugged.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, man. Just ask her!" Then pointing at Anne, he exclaimed, "Ask her!" I was still a bit dumbfounded.

"What the hell is wrong with you? She's the most gorgeous girl in the entire school and she wants you to ask her to the dance. Ask her!"

By then Anne is rolling her eyes, not believing that I'm such a complete dork.

"She's your sister?" I finally said.

"Who do you think she is?"

"Holy shit! I mean, I thought Anne was your girlfriend."

"She's my sister too" he added, but that went way over my head. "My twin sister, Rheanne. You know I have a twin sister..."

"No, I didn't. You never said..."

"Everybody knows that."

"I didn't..."

I looked over at Anne who is laughing her ass off. God, I never felt so stupid in my life. What must she think of me? Quickly recovering I blurted out, "Will you go to the dance with me?"

She stopped laughing long enough to say, "God, how pathetic am I to have asked my brother to ask you to ask me?" She then turned and walked away.

"Way to go, dumb shit," Raymond deadpanned. "Now we're both in trouble."

He paused and then added, "What in the fuck are you waiting for? Run after her and fix it! Go, man!"

I ran after Anne and caught up with her. "Wait! I'm sorry, I really didn't know you were Ray's sister."

"His big sister," she said thrusting out her breasts. "I'm fifteen minutes older."

"I just knew he had a sister. I didn't know it was you. I thought you were his girlfriend. Honest!"

"Well, he is the cutest boy in school," she said. "And we are best friends. Always have been and always will be, so yeah, I guess I am his girlfriend."

The whole brothers and sisters being friends thing just didn't conform to my experience, but putting that aside for the moment, I plunged ahead. "Ever since I first saw you I thought you were the most gorgeous girl I'd ever seen."

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

"Well, I always thought you were rather cute myself," she replied with a smile. "And you're smart too. And I just love seeing you wrestling around with no shirt on." And all that time I thought she attended wrestling practices and matches to watch her boyfriend.

"Uh, yeah... uh, so... will you go to the school dance with me next Friday?" I asked.

"Yes! Yes!" she said bouncing up and down on the balls of her feet sending her tits jiggling. "Oh, we're gonna have so much fun!"

She then surprised me by leaning in and giving me a kiss, not on the cheek, but square smack on my lips. I'd never been kissed like that before, and to have Anne's full lips on mine... I was smitten and brain dead the rest of the day.

The following days and weeks I had a new lunch partner, Rheanne. Raymond was there too, but Anne had my attention. It was pretty obvious to the masses that Queen Anne, as the catty crowd called her, had bestowed her favor on "The New Guy."

On the big day, Ray and Rheanne's mother picked me up in her Cadillac. They had already picked up Raymond's date, Lindsey Morgan. I sat up front with Mrs. Smith and Anne, while Raymond and Lindsey were in the back making out. I couldn't believe he was doing that with his mother in the front seat driving, but she didn't say a word and I thought she just wasn't aware of it.

We had a great time at the dance, just like Anne said we would. I didn't know how to dance, but I gave it my best and didn't make a complete fool of myself. Anne said I did okay, but that I needed practice and that if I came over some day, that she would teach me. It took me awhile to take her up on that offer, what with Divisional Wrestling matches the next two days and a camping trip the following weekend.

The camping trip was notable. By then I had somehow managed to get the twenty one merit badges required for Eagle and just needed to work up a proposal for my Eagle project and execute it. I had also turned fifteen and I had gotten used to Raymond sleeping nude; I even got used to him masturbating. As to the later he said that his dad had told him to masturbate at least twice a day to keep from going crazy. He claimed that he was just doing what his dad told him to do for mental health reasons. I was no stranger to masturbation and whacked off regularly at night for years, my private adjoining bath being a boon to such activities. He'd already gotten me to sleep naked at night, something I now enjoyed, and now he had me beating off with him in the tent during campouts.

So it was a warm night and we were lying on top of our sleeping bags in the buff, fondling our cocks to get a hard-on. He turns and tells me, "Here's a secret for you, Braden. It feels better if someone else does it for you."

"Does what for you?"

"Beating off."

I didn't reply.

"Here let me show you."

"What, are you queer are something?"

"No! Trust me, it feels great. You'll see."

He then reaches over and replaces my hand with his hand. I couldn't believe that he was touching my dick. He started stroking it. I couldn't believe how good that felt. He was right and I had the best orgasm of my life. Of course fair is fair, so I did it for him. It felt really weird to have his dick in my hand, and it felt really naughty. To my surprise, the fact that doing this was mucho forbidden, made it all the better. When it was all over, I wasn't sure what I was going to do with his goo on my hand, but that's what a boy's underwear is for. The second night we did it again and it was just as good as the night before, maybe better, as I didn't think it so queer anymore, just something fun to do secretly at night.

Normally, Raymond and I stayed after school every day to work out with weights and practice our wrestling techniques, but because coach had an attack of appendicitis, practice was canceled for a few days. I had absolutely nothing to do at home, but sit in my room reading a book, so I went over to Raymond's. We'd been friends, good friends all year, yet I'd never been to his house.

Holy smokes! His house made mine look like a pompous shack. My house was classically southern, a faux plantation mansion squeezed onto a small lot. Raymond's house was on a very large hilly lot, over two acres, and it was modern, designed by a student of Frank Lloyd Wright. It blended so seamlessly with its surroundings as to become a natural part of it. And it was spacious, built for serious entertaining. The furnishings were sleek and comfortable.

Built into the backside of the four car garage was a workout room with free weights, a Nautilus machine, treadmill and a stationary bike. The walls were mirrored on one side, the other was a wall of windows looking out over the wooded ravine that made up a large part of the property. With a set up like this I had to wonder why Raymond ever worked out at the school gym, other than it was required.

Best of all was the pool. It was both indoor and outdoor with an underwater passageway connecting the two parts. Miss Jessie, his mother whom I'd met once before, was lounging around the lushly verdant indoor portion of the pool. She had on the littlest bikini I'd ever seen before and I had seen plenty of bikini clad women and girls at my dad's old Country Club... there was almost nothing there, just a few strings and a few tiny patches of material. Her double-D tits looked like they were about to explode from the tiny top. I had a hard time keeping my eyes up, not that she seemed to mind my gawking.

I met Juanita, the live-in housekeeper. Mom had a maid service that came by twice a week, but certainly not someone full time. She was an attractive young Latino woman, in her late twenties perhaps. Very quiet, as she didn't seem to speak English all that well. I made some juvenile comment to Ray about banging the maid and was informed that she wasn't a maid, she was the housekeeper and part of the household. For maids, they had a large crew that descended upon the house on Tuesdays, supervised by Juanita and who did all the dirty work. Juanita, she fixed breakfast, and took care of mundane household stuff like grocery shopping, the laundry, receiving packages, interacting with the yard crew who also came on Tuesdays and she acted as Mr. Smith's bartender and cocktail waitress. Occasionally she would fix lunch and would help Miss Jessie prepare meals. Miss Jessie loved to cook, she just didn't like chopping onions and cleaning up. And as a household member, Juanita took her meals with the family.

Then we went downstairs to the kids' rooms, The Dungeon. There was a large room with sofas and bean bag chairs decorated with lava lamps, a mirror ball, a stop light in one corner, as well as model airplanes Raymond had built and a doll collection that I presumed was Rheanne's, as well as various posters, a stereo system, a color TV with a VCR, and a stack of Playboy magazines. There was even a small refrigerator stocked with soft drinks and an ice maker. Adjoining the big playroom were two bedrooms and a full bathroom with two sinks, a Whirlpool tub and a big walk-in shower. The bedrooms were simply furnished, each with a double bed and built-ins.

Raymond and I were talking about my Eagle project proposal. Having done it before, he was a great resource. Just what I would do was still up in the air and we were kicking around some ideas when Rheanne and Lindsey Morgan came downstairs. That was it for my project.

Rheanne put on a homebrewed cassette and it was sock-hop time. We had a blast and no one ever complained that the music was too loud. It was still quite bright outside, so the drapes were pulled over the sliding doors leading outside and the lights turned low. The stoplight even changed from green to yellow to red and back to green. It was as cool as it could be, the perfect teenager hangout.

The next day we didn't have practice, so we did a repeat down in the "dungeon". But the following day we got word that another coach would be supervising our workouts.

That Saturday, I was invited over. My dad was at the club playing golf, my sisters were off doing whatever and my mom... I don't know what she was doing, but Miss Jessie called her and my mom was happy that she didn't have to worry about what I was doing.

It was still cool, so I was surprised when Ray and Anne wanted to go swimming. I didn't bring trunks, but Ray lent me a pair of his. The pool of course was heated, so it was comfortable in the water. Anne and Lindsey, who had spent the night, were spectacular in their bikinis, maybe not as spectacular as Miss Jessie in her minimalist attire, but sexy as hell anyway. Playing and having fun with a couple of extra fine girls has to be one the best things to do. We had a blast.

We took a break and went down in the dungeon, to dance and to smooch. Oh, wow, dancing with half clad girls had to be another of the best things to do... all that bare skin... Mmmmmm. I so desperately wanted to peruse that collection of Playboys, but not with the girls present. It never occurred to me that Anne knew what was in each of them.

Later in the day I met Mr. Smith. He was a big gregarious man, big as in muscular, body builder muscular. He owned, along with his brother, Smith Brothers Auto Group, probably the largest car dealer in the state, selling Cadillacs, GM Trucks, Buicks, Nissans, and specialty imports like Bentleys, Jaguars, and Ferraris, as well as Chevrolets.

Both he and Miss Jessie made me feel welcome. The contrast between this family and mine was striking. Here everyone seemed to be interested in everything they each were doing. That included Raymond asking his father about this month's sales and everyone listening to what he had to say.

My dad never talked about his business with any of us, nor about anything else. Mom always ran on about this Women's Bridge Club and that, but no one was ever interested in what she had to say. My sisters never stopped talking, but like Mom, they never really said anything. Me, I just kept to myself. But here at the Smith's that wasn't permitted and I had to talk about school, wrestling and my Eagle Project which I hadn't even begun and do it all while half dressed.

I was never allowed to go without a shirt at home; here with the Smiths, it seemed as if the less the better. After lunch, Mr. Carl, as he wanted me to address him, joined us in the pool wearing a tiny Speedo. Jesus, the guy was some built! He and Miss Jessie acted like they were kids too. When I left to go home late that afternoon, he was still wearing the Speedo, and like Miss Jessie's bikini, his Speedo left little to the imagination.

Miss Jessie had a huge assortment of bikinis, much like some women have shoes. Sometimes she'd be wearing something else, always revealing, but usually she was in a bikini. The term MILF was invented for women like her.

At home, Raymond never wore a shirt, just gym shorts if he wasn't in swim trunks. Rheanne, she wore more clothes than anyone else, but even she preferred tight form fitting clothes, jeans that she seemed to be poured into, or short-shorts that showed a bit of cheek and low cut blouses that showed a good amount of cleavage. Rarely did either of my sisters wear anything as revealing as Rheanne did, and when they did, my mom pitched a fit. I'd usually see Mr. Carl in a coat and tie, unless he was home for good, then it was shorts or a Speedo only.

I spent a lot of time over at the Smiths. My mom would voice concern that I was making a pest of myself, but Miss Jessie called her every so often and reassured her that I was more than welcome, claiming that I kept Raymond out of her hair. That my mom understood all too well. The more she didn't have to include me in her daily equation, the better. Pretty soon mom stopped questioning my being at the Smiths. I'd just tell I was going and that was it. I'd get on my Ten Speed and pedal over. Sometimes Raymond wouldn't be home, as he had other things on his plate, and sometimes Rheanne wouldn't be home, but usually one or both would be there.

Late in April after the big Spring Dance, Rheanne was going to a friend's for a big girlie sleepover and I was invited to spend the night with Raymond. We swam and played Nintendo until after midnight. When it was time to turn in, it didn't surprise me that he wanted to sleep in the nude.

"What if your mom or dad come down?" I asked.

"They won't," he reassured. "Besides, if they do, so what?"

"We'd be naked."

"So what? I always sleep naked. Everyone does."

"Rheanne too?"

"Yeah, last time I looked she does."

"You've seen her nude?" Given my relationship with my sisters, I couldn't imagine such a thing.

"Well, duh! We're twins. We've been naked together since like forever. It's no big deal for her or for me." I wanted to ask him if he had any nude photos of her, but thought better of it.

So we're in bed, the room illuminated by an ill placed street light, lying on top of the covers nude and he wants to beat off. Actually he wanted me to beat him off. What the heck, we'd done it before and besides he'd beat me off in turn and that I knew felt great. He's playing with my dick, getting me hard when he suddenly goes down on me.

I was shocked to say the least, but it felt so good that I let him. Then he swings around and presents his dick to me. To this day I don't know why I did it, but I did. I could've just let him blow me, but... That was something else. I'd never blown another guy before, but there I was sucking away on Raymond's dick. We sucked each other for a long time before we blew a load into the other's mouth. I came first and wondered if he'd be angry about it, but he just kept sucking until I was soft and too sensitive. He blew his load into my mouth and I didn't know what to do. I pulled off and sat up holding it in my mouth.

"Swallow it, dummy," he told me laughing. I swallowed and immediately the thought came to me that I would now turn into a lisping fagot. A minute or so later and he was fast asleep. Me, I stayed awake for a long time wondering what I'd do if anyone ever found out.

In the morning, I woke to him poking his dick in my face. What the hell. It was a dirty thing to do, I'd sworn before falling asleep to never to do it again, but... Heck, it was fun. The second time wasn't as troubling as the first.

Rheanne had a series of sleepovers at friend's in the coming weeks and every time, I was invited to stay with Raymond. I never said, "No, thanks," not once, though the whole thing troubled me somewhat. Still, it didn't trouble me that much. I didn't develop an uncontrollable urge to blow other guys, I only blew Raymond and he blew me. It was a mutual thing between best friends.

When it warmed up enough to go boating, I would be invited to go with them to Beher Lake, about an hour or so away, where they had a lake house and a couple of boats. Friday after school, Miss Jessie would take us, along with food and drinks for the weekend and Mr. Carl would join us later. Rheanne also invited a friend, and we'd have a great time out on the party boat, or going fishing with Mr. Carl in the bass/ski boat. Naturally minimal dress was the norm. It goes without saying that my family never did anything like this.

As a rule, in my family, whatever we did, we did it alone, except for my sisters who did do things together, but as a family... Oh, Dad would take us on vacation to some resort or the other, but he spent his time playing golf all day, and I spent my days entertaining myself. The Smiths, they had fun together.

Then about two weeks before school let out for the summer, I was invited to spend the night with Raymond. I informed my mother of the fact and that was that. I didn't ask, I just informed her and she was fine with that as she was preoccupied with planning a big to do for my oldest sister who was graduating from high school.

When I arrived, I was surprised to discover that Rheanne also had a friend staying over, Lindsey Morgan. Like Rheanne, Lindsey was a fox. We had a regular party down in the dungeon, with snacks and drinks provided by Miss Jessie. Unlike most of the times I was there, Raymond was actually fully dressed, or at least he had a shirt on. The two girls were dressed to impress the opposite sex. We danced and talked for hours. The girls were very animated in their discussions, while Raymond and I did our best to act cool and mature. We were all fifteen or soon to be fifteen, good friends all. It was a great time and quite innocent... up to a point.

Mr. Carl came downstairs and into the playroom. This was a surprise to me, as I had never seen the 'rents venture down into the dungeon, at least not while I was there. He told us in no uncertain terms that it was time to knock it off and get to bed. He too was fully dressed for a change, as he and Miss Jessie had some friends over that evening too.

So the music was stopped and the party lights turned off. The girls disappeared behind closed doors in Anne's room and Ray and I retired to his room. We talked and laughed about a few of the more stupider moments of the night and then began to undress. I was expecting to go commando, but once we were down to our briefs, Ray said that it might be best if we didn't. With the girls about, that seemed to be a reasonable idea,

Suddenly the door opens and without knocking, Rheanne and Lindsey came into Raymond's room. Needless to say it was a surprise to me to be caught in just our drawers. Rheanne acted as if nothing was unusual, but Lindsey was a in a fit of giggles.

"Ray, Lindsey has never seen a guy's penis before," Anne announced forthrightly. Lindsey, however, buried her face in her hands, embarrassed by Anne's bluntness.

Ray shrugged saying, "Okay," and dropped his drawers.

Lindsey cried out, "Oh, my god!" and broke out in giggles, her eyes fixated on Raymond's sex.

Ray turned to me and said, "You too, Braden." I was bigger than Ray in the dick department and I wasn't about to be shown up in the audacity department, so I dropped mine too.

I was expecting the girls to run out of the room, but they didn't. Ray's dick may not have been a big mystery to his twin sister, but for Lindsey...

As for my dick... They stayed and we let them look all they wanted. The exhibition got to me fairly quickly and I popped a boner.

Lindsey, in a dither kept saying, "Oh, my god! Oh, my god!" Anne didn't say a word, but just looked at my swelling prong.

Ray had the hots for Lindsey, and whether or not my getting erect had any effect on him, he too started getting hard.

The girls got quite a show. When Ray said to Lindsey, "You can touch it if you like," she bolted from the room.

Anne left the door open as she followed Lindsey out of Ray's bedroom and we could hear them laughing back in Anne's room.

"Well, I guess that settles that," Raymond said to me before turning off the light and crawling in the sack nude.

"Uh, don't you think we should close the door?" I asked.

"Naw. Who knows, maybe they'll come back and want to play."

By and by, the muffled chattering and laughing coming from Anne's room died down. We weren't messing around, but Ray was fondling himself just enough to keep hard.

He turns to me and says, "You wanna have some fun?" Of course I did.

"Come on and keep very quiet."

We rolled out of bed in the buff and I followed Ray as he crept up to Anne's door. There was no light shining under the door, so the lights were out. He listened for a moment and tried the door; it was unlocked.

In one swift move, he opened the door, flicked on the light and grabbing the bed sheet, yanked it off the girls who underneath were naked and up to no good.

Lindsey screamed. Really screamed and desperately tried to cover up, but there was nothing to cover up with. Anne in all her naked glory, hopped out of the bed yelling at her brother while Lindsey continued screaming. In a flash, Anne was on her brother beating on him with her fists, all to no effect. Me, I just stood there and gawked.

"Knock it off down there!" came the loud voice of Mr. Carl from the top of the stairs.

We all froze, even Lindsey who just lay there bare, straining to hear if footsteps were coming down the stairs. After a long moment and nothing further had developed with Mr. Carl, Anne laid in a low blow to Ray's nuts, sending him to the floor. Naturally he cried out and once again Mr. Carl shouted from the top of the stairs, "I told you kids to knock it off. Now, knock it off!"

Once again the four of us froze for a moment. Then Anne whispered to me, "Help me get him out of here." So with Anne's help, we got her brother up and back to his room.

"Damn it, Rhea, I told you not so hard!"

"I'm sorry, Bubby. Here, let me get you something."

She darted from the room and came back with a baggie full of ice. Then she pressed the bag into her brother's aching testicles. As she sat nude holding the bag of ice to her brother's balls, it struck me that Ray wasn't exaggerating. These two were as familiar with each other as they were with themselves.

"I'll make it up to you, Bubby," she said just before removing the ice pack.

"Damned right you'll make it up to me, Sis. Fuck, I might never be the same."

She leaned over, kissed him on lips, and then left.

"You okay?" I asked knowing firsthand how painful a smack to the balls was.

"Yeah, I'm okay," he said still grimacing.

"How's she going to make it up to you?" I asked.

His demeanor suddenly changed and he sat right up. "Wouldn't you like to know? But I can tell you it will be good... no, great!"

"She hurt you bad?"

"Naw, but she doesn't know that."

Changing the subject he said, "Lindsey looks great naked, don't you think? Man, I'd like to fuck that!"

"Yeah, she does look good. So does your sister."

"Yeah, she's looks pretty damned good naked too, don't you think?"

"Yeah. Fuck, I'm still hard."

"Just think about sucking on Rheanne's tits when you beat off," he suggested, "or think about sticking your dick in her." I couldn't believe he was talking about his sister like that. I'd always been restrained around her for fear of angering her brother. It left me wondering just how familiar they were with each other.

Lindsey acted coy and shy the next morning, but before we all went into the pool, she seemed to have gotten over her trauma.

With final exams looming, the next week I spent with my head in the books. Of course there were study sessions down in the dungeon. Lindsey joined us a few days, but that left little time for study, as Lindsey and Anne weren't as determined to outdo everyone else and each other as Raymond and I were. Still, it was worth the distractions and we spent as much time making out as we did studying. Even so, when the finals were over, Ray and I had set the curves as usual.

In celebration Rheanne asked her mother if we couldn't have another party/sleepover, since everything went so well the last time. This time we began with a swimming party, which meant bikinis. Things got hot in the pool, so we retired to the dungeon. As we danced under the mirror ball and with the ever changing light of the stoplight, things got hotter.

I looked over at Ray and Lindsey and he had her top off.

"That looks like fun," Anne said to me with a nibble to the ear.

I was dumb, but not that dumb, and helped her discard her top. Now we danced with her bare tits rubbing into my bare chest, my boner pressing into Anne's lower belly. Cleaver girl, she had a cassette playing with only slow songs on it.

I wasn't paying any attention to her brother, but I glanced up and saw the flash of bare female buttocks. Anne must've noticed too, as she began working my swim trunks off my hips. I didn't waste any time popping the bows to her bottoms and soon the four of us were dancing stark naked.

Suddenly Ray is at my side with Lindsey in hand and tells me, "She's on the pill. Have fun, buddy," then he disappeared into his bedroom with Lindsey.

Okay, I was pretty dumb. Instead of me taking Anne to her bedroom, she took me.

Man, oh, man! Being naked in bed with a naked girl has to way up on the top of fun things to do. We grubbed on each other for a while, then I mounted. I'd never done this before, but I figured it out pretty quick. Teenagers are like that, dumb as bricks, but smart enough to get in trouble. I slid into heaven on earth, her warm wet pussy embracing my excited cock.

I'd like to report that I was a stud, but I shot off almost before I was all the way in. Not that that was really much of a problem, as I had it up again in about five minutes and thrashed away at her. I lasted much longer that time. As I was a one note Charlie, Anne rolled us over so she could be on top. Oh, that was fun, playing with her big tits while she bounced up and down on my dick.

Not surprisingly her parents never came downstairs to check up on us the entire night. If they had... but they didn't. I had been over there enough times and under various circumstances and as long as the music played in the dungeon and we kept our fornication noises to a minimum, there was little to worry about regarding her parents.

We must have fucked a dozen times that night, I kid you not. Anne was a tiger and had no trouble getting me up over and over again. The girl knew how to suck a dick to good effect! Ah, the recuperative powers of a healthy teenage male. By the time I couldn't do it anymore, my dick was sore from the rubbing. Anne... I think she could have fucked another dozen times.

By morning the bed was covered in pecker tracks and we were both exhausted. It wasn't until just before noon that we stirred from bed. We got up and showered together. Another one of those best things to do. Then, still nude, we went to rouse Raymond and his date. His bed looked as used as Anne's did, but I think her bed had more and bigger pecker tracks than his did. Not surprisingly, they were on top of the covers. Lindsey, without the slightest hint of embarrassment, stretched like a cat and lay there beaming while I ogled her. She had any number of dark red hickies on her tits, a fact that she wasn't aware of at that moment.

"Hey, Bubby," Anne said, "we need to get upstairs before Mom or Dad come down to check up on us." His answer was to roll on top of Lindsey and put his morning wood to good use.

While they fucked, Anne suggested to me that we put on some clothes and go upstairs and make an appearance. I thought that was a good idea... at the time. It didn't occur to me until later that her parents, if they were suspicious at all, would have found it odd that Anne and I were upstairs, but Ray and Lindsey were not. The only thing I had available to wear were my swim trunks, my clothes being stashed in Raymond's room and I wasn't about to invade that space at the moment. Anne put on yet another bikini (her collection rivaled that of her mother's in sheer numbers).

We went upstairs where Juanita toasted us some bagels, then we went into the pool room where Miss Jessie was already lounging about. Mr. Carl wasn't there, as he had left for work some hours before. Nothing was said about Ray and Lindsey's absence.

I already knew from experience that The Smiths were a very touchie-feelie family, but Rheanne was all over me all the time. I more or less kept my hands to myself, but not Rheanne, she rubbed all over me, back, neck, chest, legs, and all in front her mother, who rather than disapproving, seemed amused at her daughter's fawning over me.

By and by, Ray and Lindsey made their appearance. It was only then that Miss Jessie commented that she was about to send Juanita to fetch them. Did Miss Jessie suspect? I wasn't sure, but I was concerned about it. I shouldn't have been concerned.

With school out for the summer, I spent practically all of my waking hours over at the Smiths. I was either there or down the street at the Glendale Country Club with Raymond and Rheanne. Seeing that practically everyone who lived in Glendale belonged to the Glendale Country Club, it was the place to go and hang out with other kids, especially around the huge outdoor pool. I'd often see my mom and sisters there, but avoided them as much as possible. There was a strict dress code at the club. Inside appropriate golfing or tennis attire was required for the "casual" areas. In the dining room, at a minimum a sport coat was required for gentlemen. Around the pool, it was appropriate swimwear. Most of Miss Jessie's bikinis would not be permitted.

We ate lunch there almost every day. Hamburgers and fries were the staple around the pool, though they served many other things as well. Once a week, Miss Jessie would treat us to lunch in the "casual" area where they had a marvelous buffet that changed every day. Of course I'd see Mom in there and have to go over and say hello, but I rarely ate with her and her friends. It was there that Mom and Miss Jess would chat. They never became friends, but Mom was comfortable with me hanging out with such a "respectable" family, as she put it.

Sometimes instead of hanging around the pool, we would play nine holes of golf (if the course wasn't busy) or play mixed doubles tennis. But hanging around the Club had its limits and we, Raymond, Rheanne, Lindsey and I, would go to the house. Sometimes other kids would join us, but the best times were when it was just us four. We spent a lot of time down in the dungeon. No one ever said anything about us being down there for hours at a time doing what teenagers do, talk, listen to music and having sex.

Among our peers, the dungeon was well known as a passion pit. Ray was always a good friend to his buddies and lent them use of his bed to entertain their girlfriends. Only rule was no closed doors, if you wanted privacy, go somewhere else. It was always fun to watch so and so banging so and so. Then there were the parties. Usually pool parties, but the dungeon was always available.

Rheanne made it clear that she didn't mind me having sex with other girls, so long as it was just sex, however, Lindsey wasn't so accommodating and they broke up by late June. Not that it mattered, there was always another girl waiting to be Raymond's main squeeze, girls who Rheanne would invite over for a sleepover.

**Part 2**

The Glendale Country Club had a big to do for the 4th of July. That was fun. But that night I spent the night at the Smith's... with Rhea. That was a lot more fun! Raymond slept alone. Next morning we were upstairs having breakfast. Mr. Carl, fresh from bed, made his way into the kitchen and to the coffee pot stark naked.

"Daddy!" Rheanne exclaimed in mock indignation.

He turned and said, "What?"

"Your naked!"

"So what?"

"We have company..."

"Who? Braden? I'm sure he's seen naked guys before."

Taking his cup of black coffee, he pulled up a chair. Juanita who wasn't fazed by any of this asked, "Mr. Carl, what do you want for breakfast?"

"Just my usual protein shake," he replied.

Turning to me he said, "Braden, every household has its own rules. Our rules are probably a little different than your parents' rules." That was an understatement. "Whatever happens in the privacy of your home, should stay private, as it is no one's business except the members of your household.

"Likewise, whatever happens in the privacy of our home should also stay private. We all like you very much, Miss Jessie and I, and the kids like you too. They trust you and I hope that we can all trust you. You're practically a member of this family, and as such, you may see things that perhaps you shouldn't see. I trust that you will respect our privacy and never discuss any of what you may see or do under this roof with anyone other than the people now in this room, Jessie, included of course.

"Now, you seem to be here at all times, and you're welcome to be here, but.. that has caused some problems for the rest of us."

"I don't mean to be a problem," I interjected fearing that I was about to be shown the door. "I always call before coming over."

"No, I'm sure you don't mean to be a problem. You're a great kid and I'm glad you're my kids' friend, but..."

"You can trust me. I won't ever say anything."

"I'm going to need assurances of that."

"Anything you want," I practically pleaded.

"I know you kids mess around together downstairs, and that's fine with me and Miss Jessie. You're all old enough to have sex and enjoy each other. But, if you want to continue coming over here..."

At last it was all out in the open and they were okay with it. That in and of itself was hard for me to get my head around at the moment, but I knew I had to act decisively. "Oh, I do, I do," I said.

Juanita came and set his freshly mixed protein shake in front of him. As way of a thank you, he reached up and patted her on her ass.

"Then you'll give the assurances I need?"

"Yes, sir." I glanced over to Ray who was all but cracking up. Rheanne just looked distressed.

He downed his shake. "Very well. But, before we get too far, you need to know that I want a photographic assurance."

"Photographic?"

"Yes, photographic. Something you wouldn't want your parents, or anyone else, to ever see."

"Uh, I..."

"I won't ask you to do anything you haven't already done before. Okay?"

"Uh, okay."

He rose. "I need to make a few phone calls, then you and me, Braden, we're going to take a little ride. We'll go in an hour or so and then be back within an hour."

Once he walked out of the kitchen, I turned to Ray who appeared to be in on the joke, if it was a joke. "What does your dad mean by, "won't do anything you haven't already done before?"

He leaned over and whispered so that he couldn't be overheard, "He wants to photograph you sucking some guy's dick."

"What!"

"Hey, it's no big deal. Everyone in my parents' "club" do something similar... a photo of them doing something they never want to get out. Something sexual and very embarrassing. Whoever it is that he's going to take you to, you'll never see again. The only photos will be the one Dad keeps under lock and key.

"Don't worry, no one will ever see it... unless you piss off my dad."

I sat immobilized, not knowing what I should do. A few minutes or so later, Mr. Carl is ready to go. What happened to an hour? Almost robotically I followed him into the garage. He unlocks his car and I open the door to his metallic blue Bentley. Climbing in, I was surrounded by sumptuous leather. I'd never been in a Bentley before. It made my dad's Mercedes look cheap. I'd seen this one in the garage, but was never offered a ride.

We back out, turn around and he drove down the driveway. The automatic gates open and we're on the street, silently speeding past the Club where my dad was probably playing golf.

In a minute or two, we're past the city limits of Glendale and out in the city at large with its masses of the unwashed and uncouth. He doesn't say a word, which for Mr. Carl is unusual.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To a studio," he replies without elaboration.

"Raymond told me that you want a picture of me... uh, sucking some guy."

"That's right. You've done that before. More than once with Raymond, I understand. You suck off any other guys before?"

"Uh, no! Just Raymond."

"Then you know what to expect. Don't worry, it's no big deal.

"I really hate having to do this to you, Braden. I really do. But I can't have you blabbing about what goes on in my house. I could get into to some serious trouble letting you kids do what kids have always done."

"I won't blab."

"I know you won't. And it's not just what you kids do either. It's what Jessie and I do. We can't have that getting out. I have my business, as well as my family to protect. You can understand that, can't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you'll go through with it?"

"Do have a choice?"

"Yes, you do. You want me to turn around? I'll drop you off at your house and that will be that."

The prospect of losing Raymond and Anne and being stuck with my own family was not at all what I wanted. If I understood correctly, I was being given permission to have sex with Rheanne and with Raymond by their parents, not that I was all that interested in having sex with Ray. That was wild and too good to pass up.

Mr. Carl slowed down and pulled into a parking lot. We were there, or so I thought. But rather than parking, he was just turning around and headed back towards home.

"Where are you going?" I asked confused.

"I'm taking you home."

"No! I'll do it! I'll do it!"

"I'm not forcing you to do this," he said.

"No, I'll do it!"

He pulled into the next parking lot, stopped and turned to me. "Look, you're just a kid. I don't want you to do something you might regret later. You have to be 100% sure about this. I know it sounds like a threat, but I can't have you in my house without assurances that you'll keep our confidence. What I'm telling you is essentially blackmail, and blackmail is a dirty vile business. But, I don't see any alternative in order to protect my family."

"I'll do it," I repeated.

He reached over and mussed up my hair. "Okay, son. And that's what you'll be to me, my son, and a member of my family. This will sort of be an unofficial adoption. Okay?"

"Sure! I'd like that. I hardly even know my dad, or my mom and you don't want to know my sisters."

"That's really too bad, Braden. Family is... well, family."

"I like your family better, much better."

"Okay, let's do it," he said with his disarming smile. "Ready? Ready to suck some guy off for the camera?"

My asshole puckered up tight, but I replied trying to sound confident, "Yeah, I'm ready."

He pulled out of the parking lot and continued on his way. Five minutes later and we pull up to a nondescript building in the light industrial section of town. He honked his horn and a steel garage door rolled up. He drove in and the door closed behind him.

We got out of the car. There were two men there standing by a doorway in the back of the building. Mr. Carl strode up to them and I followed behind.

"This the subject?" one of them asked.

"Yes," answered Mr. Carl.

"How old is he?" the other asked.

"Old enough," Mr. Carl answered.

"I don't want my face shown with this kid," the second man said. I knew then who I was going to suck and I wasn't all that thrilled by the prospect. The first man was clean cut. The second was a swarthy fellow with a beer belly, a bad eye and a two day old beard. He looked like he was going to smell.

He smiled at me, an evil smile and grabbed his crotch. "Do I get to fuck him?" he asked. My danger stranger antennae went on high alert.

"No!" Mr. Carl said to my relief. "He's going to give you a blowjob and that's it."

"I'll cut my fee in half," the man offered.

"No! This isn't a porn shoot. It's business and that's all."

"Saving his ass for yourself?"

"Something like that. Now, let's get this done and over with."

"Pay me first," he said. Mr. Carl opened his wallet and peeled off several twenties.

We went through the door and then into yet another room. There were lights and reflectors set up, as well as an expensive looking Nikkon camera set on a tripod.

The camera was facing a brick wall, spray painted with some graffiti. In front of the wall were several metal garbage cans, all beat up with one filled to overflowing. That was to be the backdrop of this sordid affair.

The clean cut photographer turned on the lights and began fiddling with the camera. Mr. Carl looks over to me and says, "Strip. Strip completely."

The swarthy guy with the bad eye, not waiting for instruction began shedding all of his clothes. Undressed, he looked even worse than he did in his shabby clothes, with a big nasty scar down his belly. His big outie belly button didn't help his appearance. Nude, he walked up to the garbage cans and took up his position.

The photographer removed his camera up from the tripod. He looked to me and asked, "Ready?"

I nodded and looked to Mr. Carl for a last minute reprieve. A reprieve was not forthcoming. He just nodded for me to get to it.

The electronic flash began going off as the camera began to click, the motorized film advancement whirring as soon as I was close to the man I was going to blow. I knelt. The flashes came at a rapid pace. I reached out and took the heavy uncut organ in hand. Eager to get this over with, I didn't wait for him to become erect, leaned forward and took his flaccid cock into my mouth. I nearly gagged. With my nose in his pubes, he not only smelled ripe, he tasted ripe. I pulled off and looked to Mr. Carl and in doing so looked right into the camera.

"Do it! Suck his dick," he said. I turned back and took the smelly organ back into my mouth. With just my initial suck, it started to engorge with blood.

"Look this way," the cameraman said. I turned, cutting my eyes to him as the electronic flash continued to flash with each picture taken.

The dick got bigger and bigger and soon the foreskin was rolling back. There was this horrible taste as his smegma hit my tongue. I soldiered on and was soon bobbing his cock between my lips, the man calling me a dirty cock sucking faggot. As for tongue work, I wasn't required to do that.

I was thinking, 'Okay, he's got his pictures.' I was about to pull off and end this humiliating ordeal when I heard Mr. Carl say, "When you cum, pull out and cum on his face."

"You got it, Mister," the man replied as he took my head in his hands and began face fucking me, driving his dick so deep that it was gagging me. I began foaming at the mouth, the foamy spittle drooling down my chin, flinging this way and that as my head was jerked back and forth, splattering onto my chest and his legs equally. All the while the camera flashed as the photographer took photo after photo of me blowing this seedy old man.

I felt his cock swell and his cum blasted into my mouth. He yanked his dick out of my mouth and jacking it, came all over my face, the strobe still flashing once every five seconds or so. Thank god it was over!

"Lick it off my foot, faggot," the man said holding his foot out. It had a glob of spittle on it. I leaned over and licked it off. His feet smelled worse than his dick had.

"Sure you don't want me to ass fuck him?"

"No, but I do want you to get behind him so it looks like you are ass fucking him," Mr. Carl said.

"Just get on all fours," I was directed. I did and soon felt a semi-erect cock poking into my backside as the flashing continued. I was expecting to have my anus violated any second, raped and I began to tear up. I didn't exactly cry, but I was crying, my eyes were red and tears were rolling down my check.

"Okay, that's enough," came the order from my best friend's and girlfriend's father.

"Anytime you want me really to do him, just let me know. You know where to find me."

"Get dressed and get lost," Mr. C told him.

"Anytime, anytime," he replied as picked up his clothes to dress.

The photographer gave me a hand towel to clean up my face and chest with. I dressed and we returned to the Smith house. I never felt dirtier in my life, than I did during the return ride in the Bentley.

"No one is ever going to see those photos, and that includes me," Mr. C reassured, "so long as you keep your end of the bargain. Now, just forget about it. It never happened."

Then he added, "I'm proud of you."

Proud of me? I just debased myself in front of him. I debased myself just because he told me to do it. I never did see those photos and neither did my parents nor anyone else that I knew of. Some years later, Mr. C told me there never were any photos, but I didn't believe that.

Back at the house he told me to go downstairs and get a hot shower. "And use plenty of soap," he added. I didn't need soap as much as I needed toothpaste and mouthwash.

Cleaned up, I put on some clean shorts and a t-shirt I liberated from Raymond. Going upstairs, I didn't see anyone at first, but heard them outside, or rather I heard Rheanne squealing in delight. They were all in the pool, all except Juanita and she was wet and naked. She dived back into the water. Mr. C launched Rheanne shrieking into the air, tossing her to Raymond who tossed her back... she was nude. Then Miss Jessie exited the pool and oh, my lord. She was naked too, her big wet gleaming tits bouncing as she approached me. It didn't take a genius to figure out that Mr. C and Raymond were also nude.

"Hey, Baby," the twin's mother said coming up to me and laying on a kiss. "You look so uncomfortable. Here, let me help you." She pulled my t-shirt over my head and relieved me of my shorts.

"There, that's better, don't you think?" she said rubbing those hooters into my bare chest. That was the big secret, the Smiths were nudists? And yeah, that was better, much better!

Having stripped me naked, Miss Jessie gave me a not-so-motherly kiss and dived back into the pool. I followed and was soon in the middle of a massive grab-ass game of tag. What fun!

By and by, Rheanne said she was getting tired and wanted to go take a nap. "Want to join me?" she asked right in front of her mother.

I looked to Miss Jessie who just smiled and said, "Go on, you two. Have fun, kids." I don't think she was anticipating us actually sleeping.

I followed Rheanne out of the pool and down into the dungeon to her bed. She didn't waste any time in letting me know what she wanted. After a few minutes of playing kissy-face and then titty-suck, we were fully engaged in intercourse. We rolled around on her bed changing positions frequently. At some point I noticed that we had an audience. At first I felt a little uncomfortable fucking his twin sister in front of Raymond, but I wasn't about to stop, so if he wanted to watch...

I blew my load directly into her clasping snatch and continued fucking her until my pecker gave it up. I rolled off and seeing Raymond smiling while he jacked his hard dick, I smiled back at him. Next thing I know, he was crawling over me. To my shock, he mounted his sister. She didn't object, not in the least and fucked back at him very enthusiastically.

As I watched the incestuous coupling of brother and sister, I realized that they had done this before. No wonder she wasn't virgin the first time I fucked her. I now wondered if the story he told me that she had lost her virginity over a year before to the school's then reigning Mr. Super Jock was true or not. It could have been true, as I'd heard numerous stories about how the guy deflowered a lot of girls at Glendale Middle School before moving on to the high school. I also came to realize that maybe Rheanne wasn't as exclusively my girlfriend as I had thought. Still, it was hotter than heck to watch my best friend fuck my girl and by the time he was done for the moment, I was ready to go again. While I fucked her from behind this time, Raymond had her sucking his dick. I could have gone for a long time, but Ray wanted another go at her, so I yielded, letting her suck me while he fucked her. After a while, we switched holes. Like a well honed team, we tag-teamed her for I don't how long before Raymond had had enough and had wandered off.

So I'm sitting up in her bed and she's blowing me for the umpteenth time it seems, when her mom comes in. I nearly freaked, but Rheanne paid her no mind, nor was Miss Jessie upset.

"Braden, your mother just called and she wants you home. She sounds upset."

Oh, fuck, Mom did tell me that she wanted me home early. Why, she never said, and understandably, I had forgotten all about it. Tearing my eyes away from Miss Jessie's big naked tits, I looked at the clock and it was nearly three. Fuck, Mom wanted me home by one.

"Maybe I'd better call her," I said and reached for the phone by Rheanne's bed. Miss Jessie turned and left, my eyes following her flexing naked ass as she walked out the door. Rheanne, she kept sucking my fatigued semi-flaccid dick trying to get me up again.

"Mom..."

The screeching tirade made me hold the phone away from my ear. Even Rheanne pulled off and looked astonished by the unholy racket my mom was dishing out. I really had no idea what she was saying, but her message was loud and clear, I was to get my butt home this very minute. Of course I couldn't just jump up and run home smelling of pussy, so I made it to the shower for a quickie, a quickie made not so quick by Rheanne's insistence that she "help".

I was still in the shower having my asshole washed when Miss Jessie opened the shower door. "Your mother just called again. She says she'll pick you up at our gate. She'll be here in two minutes. Now get out and get dressed."

Getting out wasn't a problem, but getting dressed was;. I had no idea where my clothes were, so I had to borrow another outfit from Raymond, including flip-flops. Semi-dry and dressed, I darted upstairs and out the front door just as my mom pulled up in her Lincoln. I opened the gate and hopped in the backseat of the car. One of my sisters was driving, the other riding shotgun; my mom, a ball of fury, was in the back and began pummeling me. Gradually, through the pounding fists and yelling, I surmised that we were now late to catch a flight and go see my grandmother.

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My mom's mom... good god. I'm sure Mom told me, but as usual when it came to my mom running her mouth off, it went in one ear and out the other, never once meeting a single brain synapse. Such a horrible prospect of being stuck at MeMa's with my mom and my two sisters surely would have registered with me. Then I realized that she hadn't informed me, knowing what my reaction would be.

"Why are you making me go?" I finally yelled back at my mom. "Why can't I just stay home?"

"You're coming and that's final," she replied. "You haven't seen you grandmother in over a year."

"But why are we going now? Can't I just stay home? I can stay with the Smiths!"

"You just straighten up if you know what's good for you."

Whatever Mom might do to me couldn't be any worse than what she was doing to me now. I seriously considered jumping out the car at the next red light and making a run for it, but as luck would have it, we had nothing but greens all the way to the freeway onramp.

We managed to get to valet parking and then with me hauling four suitcases, we rushed to the baggage check, then to our gate. Back then, before the Islamonazis had declared war on the world, you just went straight to the gate. We barely made it and hadn't even buckled in before we were pulling away from the gate.

I got a window seat next to Mom, with my two sisters across the aisle from us in First Class. My mom poked me with her finger in the ribs a few times and told me what a pain in the butt I'd become lately. After that it was peace, or at least for me it was peace, as she was engaged with my siblings to the point where the man sitting in the next row back and across the aisle to my mother, had to ask her to lower her voice, a request met with indignation requiring the stewardess to tell her to quiet down.

It was a relatively short quick flight and once we landed Mom was back on my ass, as our luggage hadn't made it, which ultimately led to my uncle having to go back a retrieve the bags. I went with him and that gave me some relief, as I now had to endure my grandmother's harping as well.

"You should have stayed home," Uncle Roscoe told me. He was my uncle by marriage.

"I didn't know I was coming until literally the last moment," I said. "Otherwise I would have broken an arm or something."

"Well, there's no rush getting back. Let's just let those five hens cackle it out. They won't miss us. What do say we find some suitable entertainment."

"Sure, sounds good to me," I replied.

"Good, but first I have to know that I can trust you."

I'd heard something very similar that very morning, but surely Uncle Roscoe wouldn't...

"Uh, yeah. Sure you can trust me. Anything to stay away from there." Immediately I regretted saying 'anything,' and quickly added, "Well, almost anything."

"Okay, but you have to promise you won't say a word about this to anyone. I don't need a divorce. I do quite well staying away from your aunt and your grandmother long enough to retain my sanity. I don't need to be made destitute."

"I won't say anything, Uncle Roscoe."

"I'm counting on it, Braden. Not a word to anyone and that includes your father."

"We never talk anyway, so that won't be hard."

We drove along and into a residential area. He never said where we were going and I never asked. We pulled up to this modest home in a modest, but clean well kept neighborhood. We got out and walked up to the door. A nice looking young lady in her twenties answered the door and let us in. Two little girls, the oldest no more than seven, came running up to give Uncle Roscoe a hug.

"This is my nephew, Braden. Braden, this is...uh..."

"Brandy," she said with a hint of irritation at my uncle's hesitation. "And this is Mira and the one in just her panties, that's Cora."

"Well, we really don't have all night," my uncle interrupted. "Braden, help us out here and look after the girls." He then winked at me, took Brandy by the arm and led her into the back.

So here I was in a strange house with two little girls, the oldest dressed in a night shirt and the youngest dressed in just panties. The girls wanted me to play Candyland with them, so I did my best to entertain them while Brandy entertained my uncle. My uncle and Brandy weren't in the least bit subtle about what they were doing, what with Brandy crying out every few minutes and the bed knocking up against the wall. The girls didn't seem to notice the racket, but I had to listen it to it for over an hour. It would quiet down, get loud, quiet again, then got loud again.

After a while, Uncle Roscoe made his appearance, tucking in his shirttail as he went. He was followed by Brandy who now wore a thin robe. I thought we were ready to leave, but Brandy served us drinks, Uncle Roscoe scotch on the rocks, and me and the girls, a Sprite. They talked privately outside of earshot while I played yet another round of Candyland.

The game only half over, Brandy sent the two little girls to bed. Uncle Roscoe went to help her. Pretty soon I heard Brandy moaning again, then a bed squeaking and then Brandy hollering. Thirty minutes later Uncle Roscoe reappeared from the back, buckling and then zipping up as he made his way out the front door. I followed him to the car and we headed to the airport to retrieve the bags.

It was dark when we made it back to MeMa's. No one noticed that we were back or even how long we'd been gone until Uncle Roscoe tells my aunt, "Joanie, I'm going home."

"Okay, dear. I'll be along shortly," she answered and then returned to the gabfest where everyone seemed to be talking all at once.

"You're leaving me?" I asked at the door.

Uncle Roscoe turned and called back, "Joanie! Joanie! Braden is staying with us tonight."

My mother, looking cross, appeared cutting off my escape. "Braden, you've hardly spoken to MeMa," she fussed, not that I could've gotten in a word in edgewise if I had tried.

"We're playing a round or two of golf tomorrow," Uncle Roscoe told her. "Need an early start."

"Oh, you men!

"You'll need your bag, Braden," she said before returning to the chatter.

"Thanks, Uncle Roscoe, I was afraid I was going to be left here with them."

"You do play golf?" he asked once we were outside.

"Yeah. Sometimes I go with Dad."

"Very good. We'll play nine holes and then go see Brandy again."

"Sounds great!"

We ate dinner at his club, with me in a borrowed sports coat and Raymond's flip-flops, then hung around the stag bar. While he chatted with his cronies swapping lies, my thoughts were back in Glendale reliving the day with the Smith's. Some were good memories, others not so much.

Of course playing golf with Uncle Roscoe the next day was fun, but seeing I only had Ray's flip-flops, he had to buy me a pair of golf shoes at his club's pro shop. However, playing Candyland with Brandy's two little girls all day Sunday was pretty bad, but much better than being stuck at my grandmother's. Whenever we saw him, Uncle Roscoe was wandering about the house all day in just his boxer underwear. The girls were dressed much the same as I had seen them the night before. Brandy? I only saw her in her robe and it was pretty clear there wasn't anything underneath. I felt positively overdressed, but remained that way.

At one point, Cora, the youngest wanted me to help her go potty. I tried to decline, but she insisted that I go with her. So I follow the panty clad little angel into the bathroom where she shucks her panties and does her business. Finished, she darted from the bathroom in her birthday suit. Her mother and my uncle were fucking at that moment behind closed doors, so it was up to me to chase her down and get her panties back on.

Of course this turns into a game, her older sister, Mira, joining in the fray and losing her night shirt in the process. Now I had two naked little girls squealing and darting about eluding capture. I cornered them in the kitchen and thought I had them until one of them opens the back door and they both ran outside. The backyard only had a chain link fence, no hedges. With no furniture to run over, around or under, it was easier to catch them, and with one under each arm I hauled them back inside. I could only imagine what the neighbors might have thought!

Back inside, the fornicators were taking a break. Brandy wasn't too happy with her girls, but didn't say anything to me. She just got them dressed in play clothes and sent them outside to play. I finally had the opportunity to do nothing for a little while, until the two playful little girls came back in covered head to toe in dirt. I let them be until their mom reappeared from the her bedroom. She was annoyed with her girls and sent them off for a bath.

She asked my uncle to watch them while she herself showered in the other bathroom. So Uncle Roscoe and I watched the two little girls play in the bath. It quickly became apparent that he'd done this before and enjoyed the task. So, my uncle was a perv! He did a perfunctory job of washing faces and hair, but butts, he made sure they were both very clean. He didn't molest them, but he sure had fun washing buns.

After the baths, he dressed and we went back to the club where he camped out at the stag bar telling more lies with the other liars until he was wobbly. All too soon it was the hour of reckoning, and we headed to my grandmother's for Sunday dinner, where, as soon as he could, he abandoned me and made good his escape. I found my bedroom and hid out until the next morning.

After breakfast, I was forced to go with them to the "best" mall in town. Aunt Joanie joined us to add to my misery. Of course this mall was just like every other mall in the USA with the exact same stores, and just like the mall near Glendale, but we had to come there so MeMa could buy my sisters and me new wardrobes for the coming school year. Please shoot me! We did the exact same thing the next day at another mall. Okay, I needed some decent rags, as I would be starting ninth grade at Glendale High, and I must admit, my sisters had good taste; MeMa not so much. And the pajamas? Give me a break!

We stayed another two agonizing days at MeMa's. Like I said, they tended to talk over one another, my mother and grandmother in particular. It was like they had two separate and unrelated conversations going on at once. Add to that my sisters interjecting a third topic now and then, and it was mind numbing. And all the while they were droning on and on and on, the TV was on with some inane game show.

Thursday evening, Uncle Roscoe picked us up and dropped us off at the airport to go home. The return trip was much like getting there, with my mom running her mouth off nonstop. Good thing I learned long ago how to tune her out.

**Part 3**

Friday, well before noon, I made my escape from the house, telling my mom that I was going to the Country Club and hooking up with some unspecified friends. I called over at Smiths' on both the house line and the kids' line, but no one answered. Out of habit and good manners, I always called before I went over. Not even Juanita answered.

I figured they were all at the club, so I went there first with my swim trunks and a towel. The only place kids were allowed to hang out unescorted was at the pool, so I changed into my trunks and sallied forth. There were lots of kids there, and some friends from school, but Raymond and Rheanne were nowhere to be found and no one had seen them. After having a cheeseburger and fries for lunch, I decided that maybe they'd be home by now and went over.

I tried the front door, but no one answered. That meant they were either not at home or were in the pool outside, so I went around and came around to the pool deck from the back. Someone was home; Miss Jessie. She was sunning herself in the buff. Lord, that woman had a body!

"Oh, hi, sweetheart," she greeted me without a trace of embarrassment.

"Ummm, is Ray or Anne home?"

"No, they're off with their dad to Beher Lake to go water skiing."

"Oh, okay," I replied disappointed. If they had gone to the lake house, it wasn't likely they be home anytime soon and so I needed to come back later.

"Well, tell them I came by."

I tore my eyes away from the bare flesh and sumptuous curves before me and started to leave the way I'd come.

"Braden!" she called out.

I turned back. "Yes, Ma'am?"

"Be a dear and come put some lotion on my back." She then picked up a bottle of Coppertone and held it out to me.

"Yes, Ma'am!" I said maybe a little too enthusiastically.

I took the bottle from her and she turned onto to her tummy, concealing her big magnificent tits from me, but revealing her equally magnificent ass to me. Not surprisingly, she was uniformly tanned all over, her bare skin glistening with a sheen of sweat.

"Why don't you get comfortable first," she suggested before I began. "You look so hot in all those clothes." I didn't have that much on to begin with, but not being totally dumb, I knew what she was getting at and was soon as naked as she was.

I poured some liquid into my hands, warmed it up and began with her muscular shoulders. Except for her tits, she had very little fat on her anywhere. I rubbed it in, poured out more and rubbed it in a little further down her back. Gradually I worked my way to her ass. Not wanting to be too forward, I greased them, but didn't linger too long and worked my way down her legs to her feet. With my eyes glued to her naked glutes, I worked back up her shapely legs. She had her legs slightly parted, enough to give me clear view of the prominent folds of her pussy lips. I made it back to her ass, and as she didn't seem to mind, I put a lot of effort into rubbing her ass. I wanted to get deeper into the valley of her fine butt, but wasn't bold enough to go for it.

After five minutes of me kneading her buttocks, she turned over. "That felt great, sweetie," she said in a sultry voice. "Now, do my front, and don't miss anything. I don't want to burn."

So I began, much like I had started on her back, at her shoulders. After I did each arm, it was time for the main event for me, putting lotion on those tits! I started with one in each hand, making sure I rubbed lotion into each square inch of spongy tit meat. I paid particular attention to her big meaty nipples, rubbing then and rolling them between my thumb and index finger. She liked that, liked it a lot. I liked it too!

Eventually I made it to her tummy and then her legs. Coming back up, my eyes were on the fat glistening lips of her cunt when she says, "Be sure and do my pussy." Miss Jessie was before her time and had removed all traces of her pubic hair.

"Yes, Ma'am!"

She was some wet and slippery when I made my first swipe, my fingers easily sliding deep between her cuntal lips. I began a freewheeling exploration of her cunt and from experience with her daughter, I pretty well knew where I should concentrate. Soon her clit was rolling between my fingers and Miss Jessie was squirming about, moaning her approval. Me, I was dripping precum from my steely prong like it was a leaky faucet. She spread her legs even more, reached down and spread her labia apart and began humping her hips. With her holding herself open like that, I could actually see what my fingers were feeling and doing, and I noticed what appeared to be a small white fingertip protruding from the pink. I flicked it and she went wild. I flicked it again and she literally exploded with a gush of clear liquid. I wasn't sure what it was, but boy, was I some surprised!

After a few minutes she seemed to have calmed down, so I stuck my finger up her twat again. This time she reached down, grabbed my hand and pulled me away. "That's enough, sweetie. That's enough," she said with a laugh. She closed her eyes once again and tenderly touched her stiff nipples.

I sat just looking at her tits as they rose and fell with each breath and waited for her to recover. A smile appeared on her face and she opened her eyes. "That was fun," she said. "Now it's your turn."

"My turn?"

"Yes, baby. You masturbate a lot, don't you." It was a statement, not a question, and an embarrassing statement at that.

"Oh, come now, I know boys like you masturbate often. Raymond certainly does, but recently not as much as he used to. He told me that you enjoyed masturbating, especially when he did it for you."

'He told his mother that!' I thought. But then I realized he'd told his dad a lot more than just that.

"Now, I'm going to help you," she said still lying down. "Just stand up. Now straddle me... No, further up... No, not that far."

Reaching up she grasped my hips and positioned me just so and told me lower myself, but not to sit on her. I lowered myself until my hard dick was lying between her breasts. She took the bottle of lotion and squeezed out some over my cock, dropped the bottle and then pressed her big tits together with her hand.

"Now, fuck my tits, big boy" she said with a wicked grin.

I pushed forward and my slippery dick slid between her tits. Back and forth I rocked, my dick gliding between her large breasts. It wasn't exactly like Rheanne's pussy, but it was far more fun than just my fist.

I had been so excited playing with Miss Jessie's pussy that I had been on the edge for quite some time. I felt my orgasm building deep in my groin. I thought that I should soon stop, or otherwise she might not be too happy with me, but I just wanted to do it a little longer... a little longer... and then... it was too late. I came. I watched as my cum shot from between her titties and onto her face. Again and again it shot forth until she had it on her face, across her lips, on her chin, down her neck and then a large pool formed just above her breasts.

As I fought to catch my breath, I thought for sure that she'd be pissed, or at least upset, but she wasn't, she was giggling. Her tongue flicked from her mouth to lick the cum off her lips. Still, I was now almost frozen in place, still expecting the worse.

"Now, wasn't that fun?" she asked grinning. "I bet you liked that better than using your fingers to get off, didn't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I replied softly and with a sigh of relief.

"Now, look what a mess you made."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to... uh..."

"Cum on my face?"

"Uh, yes, Ma'am."

"You are just too cute!"

She released her breasts and released my now soft cock from titty prison. "You made such a mess that I now need a shower," she said in mock anger along with a gentle slap to my hip to get me off of her. It was only then that I realized that I had been putting my full weight on her.

I stood up and then helped her up. She took me by the hand saying, "Come take a shower with me."

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I thought we were going to use the outdoor shower next to the pool, but she took me inside and into her bedroom. I'd never been in there before. It was huge, but I didn't have time to check it out before she had me in the master bath. It too was enormous! Like a private spa.

She led me through an open doorway, except it wasn't a doorway, it was the entrance into the huge walk in shower. At least ten people could fit in there at one time. There was a whole series of valves on one wall that operated the numerous showerheads. The far wall was a wall of glass bricks which flooded the shower room with natural light.

She turned a few knobs and one section of shower heads came on. To my surprise, the water was instantly hot; there was no delay at all. There were numerous bottles of body washes, shampoos and conditioners available. She soaped me up first, taking whatever liberties I allowed and I allowed her to do as she wished, including a protracted washing of my anus. Then I washed her from head to toe taking whatever liberties she allowed and she allowed me to do as I wished with her as well. I paid particular attention to her voluminous tits, her meaty pussy and her asshole.

Finished washing her of all the suntan lotion I had slathered on her previously. I pressed her into the stone tiles, holding her from the back while the pulsating water beat down upon us. I had one fat tit in one hand, the other hand between her legs thrusting two fingers rapidly into her cunt. She seemed to struggle to get away, but not very hard nor successfully, as I easily overpowered her. I considered fucking her, but she wasn't my girlfriend, she was my girlfriend's mother... that and I didn't know what Mr. C might do once he found out I fucked his wife. He was one muscular dude and he could easily do a lot of damage to me if he wanted, so I thought better of it.

She cried out and then fell silent, her cunt constricting about my fucking fingers. I'd gotten her off again and felt pretty proud of myself.

She finally tore herself away from me. Soaking wet, she had a wild look about her.

"You're a naughty boy," she said with a sly grin, turned the water off and she exited the shower. I followed close behind admiring her flexing haunches. She grabbed a fresh towel, threw it to me and got one for herself. Dried, we entered the bedroom. I eyed the canopy big bed with its luxurious covers and Mr. C or not, I was hoping to try it out, but she kept going out of the room with me following like a puppy dog.

We went into the exercise room and I wondered briefly why we were in there. "Have you ever had a massage?" she asked. "A full body massage?" I'd seen the massage table in there before and wondered about it, but never asked about it.

"I'm a licensed masseuse," she informed. "Did you know that?"

"Uh, no, I didn't."

"Well, I am. So hop up on the table, big boy, and I'll give you a treat. Face down...

"That's good.

"Here, we need the face cradle...

"Comfy?"

She patted my butt and then she walked to the nearest wall cabinet. She pulled out a tool belt carrying several bottles and I watched as she put on. Turning she saw me craning my neck to look up. "Head down and keep it down. Now, you just relax and let me do all the work."

Staring into the darkness of the face cradle, I heard her fiddle with a bottle, then felt her oily hands on the back of my head. I loved it when Rheanne ran her fingers through my hair and gently scratched my scalp, and I loved what Miss Jessie was doing now. A moment later and she was massaging my neck, then my shoulders. I felt all the tension flow out of my body.

As she worked my upper back and then each of my arms, she began telling me that after Mr. Carl had knocked her up with the twins in high school, they married without telling either of their parents. Somewhere along the line she told me she was barely seventeen when the twins were born. With a quick calculation in my head I now knew she was just thirty two, whereas my mom was at least forty; no wonder she looks so good!

She went on to explain that when her folks found out they threw a fit. When Mr. Carl's dad found out, he said fine, but said that they needed to support themselves. Mr. C, while still a senior in high school began working at one of his dad's dealerships selling new cars. For Miss Jessie, he suggested that since she had to drop out of school anyway, that she learn massage, and so she did. She never worked professionally, but Mr. C, his dad and Mr. C's brother all liked her technique and she's been doing it ever since for her very select clientele.

By the time she finished her short bio, she was working my lower back. Naturally she worked her way down to my butt where, to my great pleasure, she kneaded and rubbed my ass checks like they were bread dough.

"Do you like that, baby?" she asked as she stroked and mauled my butt.

"Oh, yeah, I like that a lot," I replied.

After a five minutes or so heavy rubbing on my cheeks and lower back, it was down one thigh, down the calf and to my foot. I wanted her to spend more time on my foot as it really felt good, but she went back up my leg to my butt. She resumed mauling each cheek and I felt her fingers digging deep into the sides of my cleft. Then she brushed across my anus. Almost accidently the first time, but the second time was very deliberate.

"You like that, baby?" she asked as she rubbed my anus.

"Oh, yeah, I like that a lot," I replied.

She entered my ass with the tip of a finger. "You like that, baby?" she asked as she toyed just inside my anus.

"Oh, yeah, I like that a lot too," I replied again.

Next thing I knew and she drove her finger all the way up my butt. "You like that, baby?" she asked again holding her finger still.

I did like it and told her so. She began moving her finger back and forth, finger fucking my ass. "How about this? Do you like me doing this?"

"Oh, yeah, I like that a lot," I replied.

To my disappointment she stopped and pulled her finger from my butt. "Okay, time to turn over. Just scoot down the table a little and turn over. Be careful and don't fall off."

I did as I was told and managed to stay on the narrow massage table. I was a bit disappointed that she had ended her ass game, thinking, 'Damn, that was fun.' As to it being totally inappropriate and perhaps perverse, that never crossed my mind.

She washed her hands before starting again with my head, working her fingers on my temples and my cheeks, then my shoulders. After doing each arm she rubbed my chest, taking the opportunity to rub my nipples with her thumbs as she kneaded my pecs. It felt curiously good when she rubbed my belly.

As she got precariously close to my pecker, I wanted her to take it and do something naughty, but other than graze it a few times, she bypassed it and my balls and went down a leg again. This time she spent a lot more time rubbing my foot and my toes, but all to soon she was going back up my legs, her hands repeatedly grazing my balls as she worked into juncture of my upper thigh and groin. I liked that, and so did my dick, but she didn't spend too much time before she was going down the other leg. As she worked her way back up I was anticipating the incidental ball play and my dick firmed up some more. This time she spent a lot of time down there and on both sides, by then I was as hard as I had ever been.

"Do you like that, baby?" she asked as she rolled my balls in her hand.

"Damn," I hissed, "I like that a lot."

"How about this?" and she lightly gripped my erect cock and ran her hand from the base to the tip. I nearly came off the table.

"Fuck!" I muttered.

"No, this isn't fucking, baby," she teased as she slid her slippery hand up and down my shaft.

"It feels fucking great," I whispered.

"That's good, baby. It's supposed to feel good.

"Now, big boy, you just lie back..."

For the next five minutes I lay stone still and stone silent. My eyes were closed as I savored each erotic moment, as Rheanne's and Raymond's mother jacked me off. She made comments about what a nice big cock I had and how she loves big boys and big cocks. Damn it felt good! But all good things must come to an end and in this case with a squirt, several squirts. Spent, I lay gasping for breath, so relaxed that I fell asleep on the table.

I don't know how long I napped, but wiping me gently with a towel, she woke me up. "A little too relaxed now are we?" she asked.

"Uh, yeah, sorry." I could have been out thirty seconds or ten minutes, I have no clue.

"Time to turn over again. Face in the cradle."

I didn't argue with her. Once I was comfortably face down, she had me spread my legs wide. For a few minutes, nothing happened, but I did hear her rummaging around in the cabinet again. This time I was so relaxed that didn't look up to see what she was doing.

She came back and to my delight, she went right to my butt again. She stroked and rubbed it a few minutes and then slipped a finger down in between and began rubbing my anus.

"I like that," I said without prompting, hoping she'd keep it up longer this time. Almost immediately she penetrated me.

"How about that?" she said as sawed her finger in my butthole.

"Yeah, that feels great," I told her.

"Then you might like this," she said and withdrew her finger.

I was wondering, 'What's up?' when I felt something pressing against my hole. I was too big to be a finger. Whatever it was, with a push it slid into my bowels. I didn't know the first thing about dildos or other sex toys, just that whatever it was, it wasn't her finger. Slowly she pushed it in and just as slowly pulled it out. Over and over.

"Do you like this?" she asked.

"What is it?"

"It's a toy. A sex toy. I have lots and lots of sex toys." Just as that started to register on me, the thing started vibrating.

"Holy fuck!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"You like?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't answer as I had sucked in a big breath of air and was holding it. With a whoosh, I exhaled and began squirming, rubbing my renewed erection into the table. She not only moved it in and out, but up and down and when it was deep and pressing down, I could feel the vibrations not only deep and on my prostate, but all the way up my cock shaft. With a grunt, I came again. This time I hardly ejaculated anything, but it was an incredible feeling cum nonetheless.

Switching the buzzing toy off, she fucked me with it a few more times and then extracted it. The intense stimulation over, I lay there thoroughly spent and exhausted. Once again I dozed off.

When I woke, I was alone.

I was momentarily glued to the table as I sat up. It felt as if I could hardly move, and I sat there naked for a few minutes. But I wasn't really all alone, as she was across the room riding a stationary bike and going at it as if she was on the Tour de France.

I was very oily all over from the massage oil she had used. Worse still, the oil was scented and I smelled like a flower shop. I had noticed the scent before, but now it suddenly seemed to be over powering. My nuts were also aching.

Miss Jessie noticed that I was up and stopped peddling. "Get a good nap, sleepy head?" she said with lilting laugh. She dismounted her bike and came to me. She too had glistening skin, but not from massage oil, but sweat.

"That was just enough time to get in a good workout," she commented as she handed me a glass of water. I took a big sip and handed it back to her. "No, drink it all. You need it."

I drank half the glass and that seemed to satisfy her.

"Now be a good boy and come with me."

"Where are we going?"

"We need to get you cleaned up. I can't send you home all oily, now can I?"

So, it was back to the big shower room. This time she used some other kind of soap, something that with the hot water, stripped the stuff off my skin in no time. That's not to say that she didn't take her sweet time bathing me.

Out of the shower, she dried me off with another big fluffy clean towel. The Smith household went through a lot of towels in a day. After drying herself with another clean towel, we went back into the master bedroom. This time she led me to the bed.

"Oh, I don't think I can do anything else," I pleaded.

"Nonsense! You have a tongue, don't you?" I held no false impression as to what she was after.

She threw off a dozen or more throw pillows from the bed, pulled back the covers and climbed into bed. Taking yet another pillow, she stuffed it under her butt and sprawled out with legs lewdly spread.

"You ever eat pussy before?"

"Uh, no, Ma'am." Fifteen year old boys are notoriously skittish about going down on a girl. I had watched Ray eat his sister, but wasn't up to try it myself.

"Well, there is always a first time," she stated while reaching down and lewdly spreading her labia apart. "Carlton is always saying how sweet tasting my pussy is, and he's an expert. So, come on, big boy. I promise, you'll like it and I'll like it too."

I didn't move, so she added, "I'm very clean. I douche every day, sometimes twice and we just had a shower." Guys at school called each other douche bags, but I really didn't know what it was.

When I still didn't move she took a sterner approach. Glaring at me, she nearly shouted, "Braden, I want you to eat me out... Now, Braden!" I realized I wasn't going to get out of it and crawled up between her legs.

From close up, I inspected her pussy from a few inches away, her reddish inner labia were poking out obscenely like the wings of a butterfly. Inside I could see the entrance to her vagina as she held herself open. Higher up, there was the bump where her clit resided, still in hiding. I even saw her pee hole just below that. I sniffed the air and didn't detect anything fishy. Indeed I didn't smell anything at all.

Gaining courage, I moved in closer. I caught her scent. She smelled just like my fingers had smelled after I had fingered her cunt earlier, a bit funky, but not overly heady. It was a strangely alluring scent.

"I'm waiting," I heard her say with annoyance in her voice.

I stuck out my tongue cautiously, barely touched the tip to her bright pink cunt flesh ever so briefly and drew it quickly back into my mouth. I detected a hint of salt, and that was all.

"You can do better than that," I heard her say, so I plastered my tongue into her groove.

"Oh, yes! That's a boy!"

I had no idea what I was doing, but I licked and lapped at her cunt finding both the taste and texture to be pleasing. Whenever I did something good, she'd praise, "That's good. Right there. Right there," and I'd do what I was doing before trying something else. "Nibble right there," she'd say and I'd gently nibble at her labia or her clit. I slobbered all over her pussy for a long time, enjoying it as much as she was. Rubbing my nose on her clit while scouring out her vagina with my tongue, I couldn't help but think about doing this to her daughter soon.

Her legs clamped around my head, muffling all sounds. She twisted side to side and I maintained oral contact. I wasn't worried about her breaking my neck, as my grip on her hips kept the motion in control. Somehow I managed to breathe all through this and rode out her orgasm until she pushed my head away.

Next thing I knew and I was on top her, my teenage sex spike splitting her engorged labia apart and deep inside the warm wet confines of her cunt. All the way in to the root, she began squeezing my cock with her pussy. It was as if her pussy was trying to devour my cock, and in a way it was. Her muscular legs wrapped around me preventing me from escaping until she was ready to let me escape, as if I had any thoughts of escaping. I had only one thought... breeding her, breeding the mother of my best friend and my girlfriend. Actually I wasn't thinking anything, as my cock was doing all the thinking for me and it knew what it needed to do with this hot assed female. Never mind that she was old enough to be my mother, she was one sexy sex pot and she was mine to fuck until I regained my senses.

With powerful thrusts of her heels into my buttocks, she pulled me into her cunt over and over, not that I needed much urging to slam into her with full strokes over and over. Forget finesse, I was just fifteen and finesse wasn't in my vocabulary; I was just going to fuck her, fuck her until I shot off inside her and then fuck her again. She had similar thoughts and the presence of mind to see it through as she saw it. I was in for the ride of my life.

"Cum in me, baby. Cum in me," she kept saying again and again. With talk like that, I came in her, my cock pulsing with each shot, my body suffused with sexual bliss.

Still she spurred me with her heels and urging me, "Fuck me, baby. Fuck me. Take me. Take all of me." With talk like that, I got softer, but not too soft and kept fucking and fucking until my cock firmed up once again.

She flipped us over and sat up with my fifteen year old cock buried in her thirty-two year old snatch. Her magnificent tits now looming above me, she lowered her swaying tits to me. I latched my mouth to one of her nipples as it grazed across my lips and held on as she fucked me.

"Bite it, baby. Bite my nip," she hissed.

I bit down, but not too hard. She groaned and then yanked it from my teeth, only to stuff her other tit in my mouth for the same treatment. For the next several moments she'd yank her nipple from my teeth and immediately stuff the other into my mouth for me to bite it. Meanwhile her cuntal sheath began to go wild on my dick, rippling and squeezing my rod while she bounced up and down on me.

Her face twisted into a mask of pure passion, she finally she sat up and out of my lips reach. Her nipples were now very elongated and rather than pink, the tips were now flaming red.

In an out of control rush, I ejaculated for the second time inside her cunt. It wasn't much, cum that is, as it was the fifth time I'd cum since I'd put my dick between her tits for my first ever titty fuck. I can only wish that I could now, in my late-forties, still put in a performance like that, but teenage males have miraculous recuperative powers. My stamina is still good, but it now takes a while to get it up again.

Looking down at the juncture of our sex organs, I could see white foam at the base of my prick and white foam around her wildly pulsating pussy lips. She didn't howl or make any other noises except a curious gaking sound as she came hard on my dick. Suddenly she just collapsed on top of me, her body shuddering with a series of jolts, my softening dick still in her puss until it was expelled by her continued cuntal contractions.

We lay there for quite some time with me just holding her and stroking her back. After a good while, she sat up once again, grimacing as she touched her abused nips. By that time I couldn't believe what had just happened.

Looking into my eyes, she smiled and proclaimed, "Well, that was fun!" Then added, "You are such a good looking hunk and so cute too. I think I'll keep you."

"I don't know what to say, Miss Jessie. I just got carried away," I pleaded thinking I'd stepped over my bounds.

"I'll accept your apology, but only if you promise that we can do it again. You're not just going to fuck me and then dump me, are you?"

"Oh, no! I'm not going to... I mean, yes... uh, no!"

She laughed and stroked my face with her hand. "Well, I can see why Rheanne's so crazy about you and I don't want to come between you two, but you must promise to save some for me too."

"I, uh... okay!" I really didn't know what to make of this development, except that it was good. It was good, wasn't it? Yes, very good!

We lounged about in her big bed for awhile, then she kissed me down my chest and tummy and took me into her mouth. I was really done for by then and she orally played with my sleeping organ. Still, it felt really good and I was about to doze off when I heard, "Mom? Mom?" coming from somewhere out of the room. Then another, "Mom?" but much closer.

My eyes flew open at the sound of Rheanne's voice. At that point I don't know what I could have done, but suddenly Rheanne shouts indignantly, "MOTHER!"

Miss Jessie pulls off my dick and looking towards my indignant girlfriend says, "Oh, hi, dear," as if being caught sucking her daughter's boyfriend's cock was no big deal. "Home so soon?"

"Really, mother! Braden's my boyfriend!"

"I'm not trying to steal him away from you, dear. I'm just borrowing him while you were away."

In a huff, Rheanne stormed out of the room. Jessie rolled out of the sack saying, "I'd better go talk to her first," and went after her daughter, brushing past Mr. C as he stood in the doorway.

'Oh, fuck,' I thought, 'I've really done it now,' expecting him to toss me through the French doors leading out onto the pool deck. But he didn't, he just looked at me, then turned and disappeared. A moment later Raymond was in there.

"Hey, man! What are you doing? That's my mom, man!"

"I didn't start it. Honest! It just happened!"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, and now you're going to tell me what a hot fuck my mom is."

"I..." That's when I noticed the amused expression on his face. "Yeah, she is a hot fuck," I told him with a grin.

"Far out!" he laughed.

He then wanted to hear all about it, but I was more concerned what his dad might do. "Hey, he's cool with it. Believe me. He lets Mom fuck all his friends. Man, you wouldn't believe the wild parties they throw."

With the specter of Mr. C tearing my arm off and beating me to a pulp with it gone, that eased my mind considerably.

"I thought you guys went to the lake for the weekend."

"Naw, just for the day. Anne wanted Dad to take us water skiing and so we went. No sooner had we started when the freaking boat crapped out on us. We had to get a tow back to the marina. Dad offered to drag us behind the pontoon boat, so we did that for a little while and called it quits."

"Say, we'd better get out of here," he said changing the subject. "Dad doesn't like for us to hang out in his room."

We left through the French doors. Ray only had a pair of swim trunks on, but he shimmed out of those and following house rules, we hit the outdoor shower before going into the pool. We swam for fifteen minutes or so before Miss Jessie appeared through the pass through to the indoor pool.

She swam up and told me, "It's alright now. You'd better go and talk to her. She's missed you these past few days."

So I swam through the pass through to the indoor section, climbed out, dried off and headed down in the dungeon.

I found Rheanne dressed in a bikini, sitting on the sofa glowering. Nude, I sat next to her. Suddenly she was all over me, pummeling me with her fists. Remembering the low blow she'd given her brother, I protected my already aching balls. For a girl she could hit pretty hard, but she really didn't do any damage.

Having taken her frustrations out on me, the pounding stopped as suddenly as it began. Rhea abruptly switched gears and attacked me with her lips. She was all over me, kissing me desperately, her hands everywhere all at once, like she'd turned into a crazed octopus. I wanted to tear her bikini off, but if I did, I wouldn't have been able to do anything about it.

Even so, somewhere along her frenzied attack, she managed to shuck off her bikini, though I admit I helped with that. Before I knew it, she was naked and her head was in my lap trying her best to raise the dead.

Suddenly she pops up and off my still limp noodle pouting, "She didn't leave anything for me!"

I didn't know what to say.

"Do you like her better?"

"Your mom? No! No, not at all!"

"Is she better than me?"

I wanted to say that her mom was a fantastic lay, but thought better of it. "No, you're better. Much better."

"Liar! Lying mother fucker!" Rhea never cursed. Oh, she'd be direct and sometimes used four letter words to get her point across, but not gratuitous cursing like guys do.

"That's enough, young lady!" I heard her father's voice boom as he entered the dungeon.

"Sorry, Daddy," she replied softly.

"But it's not fair, Daddy. He's my boyfriend."

"He's not just your boyfriend anymore, Rheanne. He's a member of this family, and if your mom wants to have sex with him, she'll have sex with him.

"Now, you want some dick to make you feel better?"

"Yes, but Mama made sure that he's wasted."

"Can't get it up for you at the moment?"

"No, Daddy."

"Then you want me to take care of you?"

Rhea cut a glance at me replying, "Daddy, uh..."

"When it comes to Braden, there are no longer any secrets, Rhea. So, how about it, baby girl? You want to fuck your old man? Braden's welcome to watch and maybe he'll have a miraculous recovery."

Mr. C turned to me and basically ordered, "Eat her pussy, boy and get her ready for me."

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That was thirty some odd years ago, and if you're wondering, I married Rheanne right out of high school. Legally that is, but from a practical standpoint, I married into the family. My folks had a fit, but I was eighteen and knew what I wanted. Ray and I now run the auto dealer business and Mr. C and Miss Jessie spend their time entertaining friends and playing with their grandkids.

We keep my folks at arms distance, which was easier once Dad was transferred to another city after a bank merger. As for my sisters, who have both been married and divorced twice, we see them even less. Our kids like being with that group about as much as I enjoyed being with MeMa, preferring the laid back attitudes of their parents, Rheanne's parents and their favorite uncle and his own libertine brood.

THE END