

Homelands Pt 2 Ch 06

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Ellen has a special gift for Frank and the rest of the family too.

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To my great disappointment, Mom shot me down when I made a pass at her. At first, I'd thought that maybe I'd slipped up and laid too heavy a veil over her memories, and had a miniature panic attack as I wondered how she'd react to her son trying to talk her into having sex with him if she really, truly believed we were a normal family. But when she told me I would just have to wait until later, because she was planning to give me a very special gift for Christmas this year, I calmed down.

As time ticked slowly by and I waited for Pat and Sean to wake up so we could commence unwrapping the gifts, Mom's little ploy started to really drive me nuts. Part of me appreciated the hell out of it, knowing that when the time finally came, we'd both enjoy it that much more. But part of me thought it was just about the cruelest thing she'd ever done. But part of me thought it was just about the cruelest thing she'd ever done. She didn't understand how badly I *needed* to have her.

Todd, Holly and Melanie joined us about twenty minutes after I left them. We sat in the living room, watching parades on TV, drinking coffee and eating Christmas cookies. We talked about travel plans, the weather, work, school, and politics. In short, we made our best effort at putting on a show of being a normal family. It was a damned painfully difficult farce to keep up. Especially since none of us really seemed to be bothering, except in the most minimal, superficial way. There were plenty of hushed side conversations that were somewhat less than wholesome even though the main conversation remained innocuous. Or, rather, viciously sarcastic, but entirely devoid of sexual subtext.

I couldn't understand what the point of it was. We weren't fooling anyone. If we could just dispense with the pretext, maybe Mom wouldn't make me wait until everyone was up.

But even after Natalie and Todd made a flimsy excuse to run up to the garage apartment, where they remained for the better part of an hour, and Melanie pulled the same trick with Dad shortly after my brother and sister returned, Mom still simply shook her head when I looked a question at her from across the room.

Eventually, I could take no more, and I jerked off in the bathroom.

#

It was almost noon when the boys finally came downstairs. They stumbled and shuffled about like zombies, barely opening their eyes, and returned wishes of Merry Christmas with more grunts than words. I might have thought it pathetic if I hadn't been the same way once. In fact, I still wasn't much of a morning person.

That said, typical youthful behavior though it might have been, it was hard not to be a little resentful. I didn't appreciate having to put off my surprise gift for hours. The task of waiting patiently for whatever Mom had planned for me was getting to be all but unbearable.

As we began to settle down in the living room, gathered around the tree, my heart raced. How was Mom going to give me my present without the others knowing? We were still pretending, at least publicly, that nothing was happening. She wouldn't give me my present in full view of the whole family, would she? Though that would certainly be interesting.

Sean and Patrick were, of course, the last to join us. They'd insisted on having some coffee and a bite to eat first. Which the rest of us had all had a chance to do, so in a sense, it was only fair. But I really wanted to tell them that if they wanted breakfast, they should have gotten up before noon. I held my tongue though.

When the two of them finally settled down on the floor, they finally started to notice what had happened to the women of our family. At least, judging by the looks on their faces and the bulges in their pajama pants, it seemed like they must have.

Now we had only to wait for Mom to take some quick pictures of us marveling at the tree and the pile of perfectly wrapped presents. That took a few minutes that felt like hours, but at last, we were allowed to begin.

I tore into the first few boxes excitedly. Excitement soon gave way to cautious optimism. Then mounting frustration. Where was this special gift?

After forty minutes of unwrapping, running commentary from the various wise-asses of the family, and amateur photography, we had each amassed piles of clothes, electronics, books, toiletries or cosmetics, and so forth.

Might as well've been lumps of coal.

Oh, to be sure, the gifts were nice enough. It was just that, after what Mom had said earlier, they all seemed so *mundane*.

However, while we were near the end, there were still a few more gifts. And just then, I noticed that Mom had slipped out of the room. I felt a glimmer of hope.

She returned wearing a new outfit. It would appear that I'd been too quick to despair after all. The sexy little Mrs. Claus number could not have been more perfect. The centerpiece was a loose-fitting red velour dress trimmed with faux white fur. Loose though it might have been, it covered so little it hardly counted as more than a corset. A thick black leather belt with a huge gold buckle cinched the dress tight just below her enormous breasts. The mountainous cleavage left exposed by the scandalous neckline had me not just rock hard but oozing pre-cum. Her breasts were so huge, so soft, so white, and, at present, squeezed high and tightly together by the thick leather belt sitting beneath them.

To go along with the dress, she wore thigh-high sheer white stockings with red stripes and ruby-red patent leather heels. A red and white stocking cap topped off the ensemble. But I was only minimally aware of these accessories, so fixated was I on the way the dress paid appropriate homage to my mother's godly breasts.

Todd choked down a mouthful of tepid coffee as Mom strutted into the room, each step sharp and precise. Mom held her arms straight down at her sides, with her palms stretched outwards. After she reached the middle of the room, she spun around and leaned forward, until her torso was parallel to the floor. That hiked her little dress up and gave us all a glimpse of her glorious ass. Her cheeks, like her breasts, were huge, soft, white and round. And framed beautifully by the red garter holding up her stockings. She either wasn't wearing any underwear or the spaghetti strip of a thong had disappeared into the deep crevasse between her two cheeks.

We all offered various indicators of appreciation, from catcalls to oo'ing and ah'ing. I was sure that some of the guys were just being polite. An ass that size, and that soft, didn't appeal to everyone. But myself, I wanted to caress, slap, kiss, and bite it.

"You look incredible, Mom," I said. "Not that you don't always. But wow."

"Thanks, dear," she said.

"He ain't fucking kidding," Patrick whispered to Sean with an elbow to his cousin's ribs. "Did you know grandma was built like that?"

Sean shook his head, eyes wide. "News to me, man. News to me."

"Well, don't you want to finish? There's still more gifts under the tree," Mom said. As she did, she slipped back off to the side of the room, unblocking the path to the tree.

Mumbling various combinations of niceties and obscenities, we resumed the ritual. As if there was nothing unusual about Mom wearing that outfit, or about the sexual tension in the air that was now so thick that, if you weren't careful, you just might choke on it.

Dad got up, walked across the room, and played with the fire. He gave his wife's ass a good slap as he passed by her, eliciting a whimper that itself made *me* want to whimper. But otherwise, it was like everyone instantly forgot the scantily clad sex goddess. Or forgot that she *was* a scantily clad sex goddess, rather than an aging matron.

"Oh, wait, wait, sweetie. I'd actually like you boys to open those all at once," Mom said as Pat gathered up one of six identical flat little boxes that were tucked away near the base of the tree. They looked like they contained gift cards. "And, if you would, leave them til the very end, after everything else has been opened."

My heart sank to my stomach once more. Were we all getting the same thing? I suppose I shouldn't have cared if that was true. As long as they weren't actually gift cards. But I'd somehow convinced myself that Mom was planning something special just for me. I felt selfish and spoiled for having thought I was entitled to that, now that it seemed obvious that I was wrong. Of course Mom wanted to make today special for all of us.

Holly opened up the skimpiest little bit of lingerie and thanked Sean for it. We all laughed awkwardly. For a moment, I think we all suspected it actually was from Sean. The way his eyes lit up, there was no question that he was imagining her in it. But Holly quickly confessed that it was a joke and hugged Todd.

Finally, Mom, who had yet to sit back down, instructed us to open the remaining gifts.

Sean and Patrick had the shiny silver wrapping paper torn to shreds fastest. At more or less the same time, they each held up their playing cards for the rest of us to see.

"Just what I've always wanted," Pat said, looking at his Jack of Clubs with a frown.

"Umm, thanks, Grandma," Sean said, studying his Queen of Hearts no less quizzically.

Mom smiled deviously but didn't respond.

Rob shrugged, said, "Mine's a Jack too. Diamonds."

I stole a glance at Dad's Queen of Spades before unwrapping mine. The Jack of Hearts, for all that meant to me.

Todd chuckled as he held up the King of Hearts. "Looks like I won," he said.

"So what's the story with these?" Sean asked, flipping his card over as if expecting to find something written on the back.

Natalie started to snicker, trying to hide it with a hand in front of her face.

"Wait, Mom, do you know?" Pat asked Natalie.

"I *might* have helped come up with the idea," Natalie said slowly.

"That you did, dear," Mom said. "Boys, be sure to thank her when you get the chance."

Pat scoffed. He kept his mouth shut, but we all knew he'd wanted to say, "For what?"

I laughed nervously. They'd tell us when they were ready, and not before. I knew my mother well enough to know that. Dad and Todd also knew better, and simply sat quietly, staring at their cards.

But the two youngest men were determined to get the women to squawk.

"Well, obviously, these aren't the *actual* gifts," Sean said. "They represent something."

"Aren't you clever," Pat said. "I think even Grandpa figured that much out."

"Hey!" Dad said. "What do you mean, 'even Grandpa?'"

Mom's smile grew wider and wider. Natalie got up off the couch, scampered over to Mom, put her arm around the shorter woman's shoulder, and whispered something in her ear. The two started giggling.

Bouncing on her heels, Natalie said, "Okay, we have an announcement to make."

"And what's that?" Pat asked.

"You have to guess what they mean," Natalie said. "If no one gets it within the first five guesses, you have to sleep on it and guess again tomorrow. If you can't guess then, you'll just have to be happy with your other presents."

"New cars?" Dad said with a goofy smile.

A few of us threw wads of crumpled wrapping paper at him.

"There goes one guess," Mom said.

"Can I use up their guesses?" Melanie asked.

"No," Natalie said. "Though that would be fun."

Mel's shoulders slumped. "Aww. I like watching them suffer." All four of the women snickered at that as if it was the wittiest thing ever. "Will you at least whisper it in my ear?" Natalie nodded and the two slipped out of the room. We heard Melanie squeal from the kitchen. She came back giggling. "They're never going to guess that!" she said, a bit loudly, as she sat back down on the couch and whispered in Holly's ear. Holly's eyes went wide then she burst out laughing, hands over her stomach. "No, they definit-

"Sex favors," Todd said.

Everyone looked at him, mouths agape.

"What?" he asked, with a wounded tone. "I'm not supposed to say it aloud yet? I mean, how much more obvious could it be, right?"

"Well, he has a poin-

"Glad someone finally said it, becau-

"I actually thought it might just be me. Man, that's a rel-

Mom cleared her throat. "Okay, okay," she said. Everyone fell silent. "Todd's right, of course. We all sense it. I'm not sure what 'it' is, but I love you all too much not to want to share it with you. So you're all going to get a special gift from me."

"And, what, better cards, better favors?" Pat asked, looking confused.

Or perhaps it was just disbelief, because it seemed pretty obvious that had to be it.

Confirming his guess, Mom laid a finger on her nose.

Natalie slid back out from behind our mother. She toyed with the drawstring of her skintight pajama pants as she approached her son. "We chose the cards randomly, believe it or not. But don't worry, honey. If Grandma leaves you feeling a little frustrated, Mommy will pick up the slack."

Pat's eyes went wide. He stared at Natalie as if seeing the real her, the sex goddess, for the first time. He nodded appreciatively.

"Random draw, huh?" I asked.

"Only fair," Natalie said to me without taking her brown eyes off her son.

"In principle. But in practice, it's not. Not really. If you leave room for chance, and it will always go Todd's way." I turned to Todd. "Is this like part of your powers or something? You're never dealt a bad hand? That why you never lose at anything?"

He snorted. "Oh, please. I wish I was supernaturally lucky."

I didn't reply.

He stared at me flatly. "You're serious? Come on, man. Sure, sometimes I get lucky. But no more than anyone else. I think you just remember the times I do because it helps you believe that when I whoop your ass at cards or darts or whatever, that's luck too. But it ain't. You're just a loser. Simple as that."

I laughed and punched his arm. Some things never change.

My sister sat down next to her son and leaned back against the couch, moaning sensuously. Her hips writhed as if someone was caressing her. Pat still couldn't manage to get a word out. Just stared at his mother, dumbfounded.

"So what exactly is each card worth then?" Sean asked, clearing his throat.

Mom smiled at him. "Well, sweetie, a Jack means Grandma is going to give you a lap-dance, and finish you off with her hands. A Queen means we end with a blowjob. And, of course, the King," she stared at Todd, who feigned indifference, "can do whatever he wants."

"Lucky bastard," I mumbled.

He smiled at me, lips pulled back to his ears.

Meanwhile, Melanie climbed into Dad's lap. She ran a hand over his smooth cheek with one hand while gripping the back of his neck with the other.

Mom pulled the coffee table out into the middle of the room then gestured for Rob to sit on it. He did so without a word. Natalie turned on some music and Mom got to work.

She teased us for a few minutes before straddling her son-in-law. Soon enough, she was grinding her hips against him and swinging her Santa cap like a lasso. Her gorgeous black hair whipped about wildly as she did. Rob even had the nerve to say, "Ride me, cowgirl," without any irony or shame. He slapped my mother's fat ass, and I almost made a mess in my pants as I watched the aftershocks ripple across her smooth, white skin.

Mom's only response was a slight, high-pitched whimper, followed by soft cooing.

Fuck. She wanted that great big ass slapped.

Soon, I'd be the one slapping it. But anything other than right now was quite simply not soon enough. My chest felt tight, my airway constricted.

Just then, Natalie crawled over to me on all fours, abandoning her poor son.

Pat was crestfallen. He'd apparently hoped she'd come back after setting up the music.

Even after reaching the couch, my sister remained on her knees. Her hands slid up my legs and her fingers slipped inside the waistband of my boxers. Staring up at me through her heavy eyelashes, my sister said, "You'll be up soon. But I bet I can get you off before Mom finishes with my husband."

As if just getting the memo, Holly floated over to her nephew, Pat. Upon her arrival, some of the disappointment of seeing his mother ditch him for me seemed to fade. Something awfully close to a smile even formed on his generally dour lips.

Holly bent over, raked her nails through his hair, then dropped to her haunches. Her ass was now pressed against the tent in his pajamas. With her other hand, she guided one of his up under her shirt, toward her modest breasts.

Natalie whipped my boxers down around my knees, freeing my hard cock. She stared at the mini baseball bat with eyes wide and mouth agape. Taking me in her hands, my sister jerked me slowly, her hand moving in fits and starts. She giggled nervously.

"Natalie-" I began.

"Don't you dare, Frank," she said, without taking her eyes off my manhood. "After you fucked Holly and Melanie?" Finally her brown eyes crept upward until they met mine. "I know you're not above this. And I've already fucked Todd this morning. So, apparently, I'm out of retirement. Anything else you say is just going to make me think you don't like me."

"I was only going to ask you to stop teasing me with your hands and get to it already," I said. "I'm just about ready to burst here."

She smiled and obliged.

And so there we were, six men sitting captive and helpless as four women dressed in festive outfits teased us mercilessly. One big, fucked up family.

All four in festive outfits? Was that right? It wasn't just my mother?

No, it wasn't. Though I was certain it had been at one point, I realized that Nat too was in costume now. Quick glances confirmed that Holly and Melanie were as well.

Natalie and Holly were dressed as elves, Melanie a reindeer. Holly wore a tight, dark green mini dress, light green knee-high stockings, and a green and white fuzzy cap.

Natalie wore green fishnets and matching gloves that reached most of the way up her forearms, white heels, a white choker with an emerald in the center, the same cap as Holly, and a white corset covered with green sequins. Her breasts had never struck me as modest, but the corset made them appear fucking glorious.

Melanie wore a brown camisole so skimpy it amounted to little more than padded bra-cups tied together with dark-brown ribbon and a bunch of flimsy strips of brown leather hanging from the cups. The cami was trimmed with white fur, as were the tops of the brown leather thigh-high boots she

wore. A red ball on her nose and the fuzzy antlers sprouting from her hairband indicated that she wasn't just any reindeer.

It was more than I could handle. Though the fun had just begun, and I'd already busted a nut earlier while whacking off to thoughts of my mother, I lost control and found myself cumming in my sister's mouth already.

Or maybe Natalie was just that good. She definitely did know what she was doing.

I gasped for air as she licked at the sensitive skin just beneath my head, cleaning up the last of my early ejaculation.

"I thought you were out of practice," I said, playing with her hair.

"Just because I was avoiding the court doesn't mean I wasn't making use of my talents," she said. "Just that my husband was the only one enjoying them."

Natalie stood up, kissed me, gave me a few more pumps with her soft hand, then went over to Todd, who was stroking his semi-erect cock lazily as he watched Rob fondle Mom's massive breasts. Mom just didn't have the appeal for him that she had for me. But Nat would get him up to fully hard soon enough, I had no doubt.

Meanwhile, Dad was balls-deep inside Melanie, and Holly was gagging on Pat's cock.

I sat back to enjoy the show, jerking myself slowly. Mom was putting on quite a show. Rob was in pain, wanting to fuck his mother-in-law so bad. From the look of it, he'd even settle for a good kiss, but she denied him even that. He kept raising his neck up, lips puckered, but each time Mom would just kiss her finger, press it to his lips, and laugh. Finally, with her hands stretched around behind her, my filthy slut of a mother jerked her daughter's husband to a finish. His cum mostly landed on him, but a little of it managed to get smeared across Mom's smooth ass cheeks.

A split-second after Mom climbed out of his lap, the cum was gone.

Rob stared in surprise at his legs as he stood up. Blinking away the disbelief, he gave Mom a quick hug, kissed her on the cheek, and thanked her for the present. She reached up and ruffled his hair, told him to try not to get too jealous of the time his wife would be spending with the men of her family, and then turned her sights to her next guy. She beckoned Pat up to the coffee table with a finger curl.

As it turned out, Holly had just gotten to her feet and let Pat up. As he walked past her, my sister-in-

law went and took her son by the hand and led him over to the couch. She sat down, spread her legs, and instructed Sean to go down on her. He did so with relish.

Pat took his place on the coffee table, smiling ear to ear. His grandmother slowly climbed into his lap, facing away from him, and rubbed her bare ass against the lump in his pajamas.

I looked around briefly, not wanting to miss too much of the main performance. Todd was face-fucking Natalie. His hips bucked wildly and he held the back of her head with both hands. She held her mouth open, drooling on his sac. Melanie was kneeling on the couch while my father shoved his dick inside her ass. Holly had her eyes closed, one hand toying with a nipple, the other on the back of her son's head.

Rob caught my eye and gave me an awkward shrug. "Too many guys."

By the time Mom finished up with Patrick, my balls ached. It didn't matter that I'd already got my rocks off twice, once by my hand and once by my sister's mouth.

Patrick went over to the farthest couch to share Holly with his cousin.

Rob gave me a thumbs up, said, "Looks like you're up."

Mom smiled at me as I approached. Heart racing, I took my spot on the coffee table. Mom kissed me on either cheek, whispered Merry Christmas in my ear, and reached behind her back to unzip her dress. Then she wiggled out of it, tossed the garment on the floor, and straddled my hips.

I had a brief instant to admire her bare breasts. They were an absolute work of art. But a moment later, her upper body was covered by another red velour garment. This one had long sleeves, ending of course in white fur, and a long flowing back that hung almost to her ankles. The front, however, was just two flaps that were meant to cover the breasts of a much less generously endowed women. Her nipples were covered up, and a little more besides. But not much more. A tall collar of white fur reached almost to her ears. Her stockings suddenly melted away and were replaced by knee-high black leather boots.

Mom smiled at me as she finished adjusting her outfit. "So."

"So," I said.

"Your turn." She raked her nails through my short hair. "Ready for your present?"

I exhaled. It was hard to think straight with her sitting atop me. I could get lost staring into her beautiful eyes. Nevermind admiring her divine body. "I don't think I've ever wanted anything so bad," I said at last.

She smiled, kissed me on the forehead, and began the lap dance.

Embarrassingly, I came just a few minutes after she started, just from having her bare ass and thighs rub against me and her massive breasts mashed against my face. I hadn't even started using my hands or mouth yet. I'd rather hoped that after the incident with Nat, I was done with this sort of thing for the day.

Mom laughed, but I didn't think she was laughing at me. She nuzzled my neck right after it happened. "Nervous?" she asked.

"Maybe a little I said," with a chuckle.

Our mouths slowly came together. At first, our kiss was slow and tender. But with increasing intensity, we nibbled at each other, traded tongue jabs, pulsed our lips back and forth against each other.

I was vaguely aware of Rob asking no one in particular why I got to kiss her if all I had was a Jack, same as him. He hadn't gotten any kisses.

That took away some of the sting of discovering that I'd been wrong to expect that the special gift she'd referred to was not just for me.

After our lips parted at last, Mom said, "Just relax. I'm going to make this last."

"What if I-"

"Then I won't stop. The cards dictate *how* I finish you, not how many *times*."

I blushed. "Well, okay then."

She gave me the same routine she'd given the previous guys. At first, anyway. My hands slowly got acquainted with her ample charms as she writhed about on top of me. But unlike the others, she let me kiss her as often as I wanted, anywhere I wanted.

Before long, I ripped the front of her jacket-type thingy open. Distantly, I heard the broken clasp

clatter against the wall and come to rest on the floor.

"Oh," Mom said. She giggled. "I like it when you get that look in your eyes," she said, holding the back of my head and staring at me intently. "I can *feel* your hunger, burning like a furnace. God, Frank, it's getting me so wet."

I grunted by way of response and grabbed her massive breasts in my hands, kneading them, squeezing them a bit more roughly than I usually did, and taking turns sucking on one stiff nipple then the other. Though I was careful not to overdo it, I used my teeth a bit more than I'd usually done in the past as well.

Mom moaned, rolling head back even as she leaned forward to feed me her tits.

When we kissed, I felt as much hunger on Mom's end as I knew there was on mine. And even when our lips weren't pressed together, I felt it in her Libido.

I slipped my fingers inside Mom's wet pussy while she ground her ass against my hard cock. She placed her hand atop mine firmly. At first, I thought maybe because she was going to tell me to stop. But she didn't. Just coaxed me into adopting a more vigorous pace.

As I guided Mom through a quick little orgasm, I felt a trickle of her energy leave her Libido and enter mine. I made a few changes to my hand. A tiny mouth sprouted in my palm, and with it, I sucked on Mom's stiff clitoris while my inordinately flexible digits assaulted her G-spot and stimulated her labia. It didn't take long before Mom climaxed again, more powerfully this time. Her hot cum flowed over my hand, making my fingers sticky. At the same time, energy flowed into me, more freely than before. I raised my hand to her mouth and she sucked my fingers clean.

Though my turn on the coffee table lasted a lot longer than Rob's or Pat's, and been a good deal more intimate, Mom still only used her hands. And when I tried to slide my fat cock inside her, she shook her head and told me that I was only entitled to manual stimulation. I sighed, but tried not to sulk. It was a nice present either way, and she hadn't kept going for the other Jacks after they'd cum, so I really couldn't complain.

Moreover, Mom whispered in my ear, "You know, I actually tried to stack the deck. We drew names from a hat to assign the cards, and I put your name in twice for the King and each of the two Queens. I really hoped you wouldn't get stuck with one of the Jacks. It just happened to work out that way. But I promise I'll make it up to you later. When this is done, you can have me all to yourself."

That comment sent me over the edge, bringing me to my third climax. Of course, the furious stroking

she was giving me didn't hurt either. Nor did the fact that Mom was giving me a kiss that could have made the world melt away. An intense euphoria came over me.

Pulling back slowly, Mom said, "How was that?"

At the moment, all I could do was smile a goofy smile in response. Mom laughed, patted my cheek, and climbed out of my lap.

While waiting for Dad, who was up next, to finish up with Mel, Mom freshened up. She also changed outfits yet again.

This time, she wore a halter top and ultra short mini skirt, both crushed red velvet trimmed with white fur. The skirt covered her hips but nothing else. It was only a little bit thicker than her leather belt. Her stockings had alternating red and white stripes, like a candy cane. Black patent leather pumps and a black choker rounded things out.

I would have given at least two of my toes for a calendar of Mom wearing those little outfits. A different one each month. Merry fucking Christmas to me.

Dad finally pulled out of his granddaughter's ass, sprayed his load on her back, and after regaining his composure, walked to the center of the room. He and Mom embraced warmly and he kissed her forehead before taking a seat on the coffee table.

Mel cleaned herself up without lifting a finger. Then she poured herself off the couch.

I was just getting ready to approach her when she walked past me, laid a hand on Todd's back, and told him that she wanted another go with him as soon as he was done with Natalie. He grunted something sort of like a response, slammed into Nat a few more times, then collapsed on top of her in a sweaty heap.

Father and daughter then headed over to the other couch. Mel gestured for Rob to join them as well. He looked surprised, but perhaps fearing that she'd change her mind, rushed over. Mel dropped to her knees and alternately sucked her father and her uncle off.

That left me with Natalie. Hopefully I wouldn't embarrass myself this time.

My sister propped herself up, her full breasts pooling in the nooks of her elbows. She wiped a sweaty lock of hair from her face.

She was truly beautiful.

I hadn't thought so for most of my life, but she'd changed. Well, mostly, it was just that her hair and skin were back to their natural color. Aside from that, the only other real changes were that she now had the beginnings of crow's feet and a couple of gray hairs. It seemed so silly that such a little thing made such a big difference to me, but seeing her like this for the first time in as long as I could remember, I found myself captivated. She was almost as pretty as Brianna, and had a much, much nicer body.

"Frank! Why are you looking at me like that?" she asked, blushing.

"Sorry," I said. "Just hard to believe this gorgeous woman is the same annoying brat I grew up with. I know that was a long time ago. But it feels like it was yesterday."

Natalie scoffed. "Shut up." The color in her cheeks deepened. She glanced at my cock, fretting at her lower lip with her pearly white teeth. "Could say the same about you and the nerd you used to be." She teased her engorged pussy lips with long, green nails. "But the past is the past. How about you show me all the neat little tricks you picked up while you were Deirdre's love slave, hmm?"

"I'm not sure you're ready for most of them, but I'll show you a few things," I said.

She slapped my upper arm. "Jerk."

I kissed her on the nose by way of response.

She grabbed the back of my head and kissed me full on the mouth. Her thighs encircled my waist, pulling me towards her. I guided myself past her inviting folds into her tight box.

"Mmm. Fuck, yes," she said as her lips stretched wide to make room for me.

I stared into her big brown eyes as I worked. Each gentle thrust brought a contented moan. My sister buried her fingernails into my back, licked my earlobe a few times, and whispered, "This is nice and sweet. But you don't need to take it so easy. In fact, if you don't start fucking me good and proper, I might have to bite."

Right. My sister was no delicate little flower. She was a scion of two great houses, Orwin and Farrier, same as I was. She might not have been foolish enough to get wrapped up in politics the way I had, but that didn't mean she'd embraced who and what we were any less wholeheartedly than I had. She'd just been wise enough to put her powers to use in a way that wasn't likely to get her killed, held

captive, or worse.

So I picked up the pace, drawing upon the deep well of energy that was my Libido. It was a wonder my sister's legs didn't pop out of her hips, I was driving into her so hard.

"Oh, shit, yes! That's it, Frank! Fuck, me harder, harder, *harder!*" she squealed. Her walls tightened around me, loosened, tightened again. The contractions were no more than a split second apart. I felt her heightening and suppressing my sensitivity in perfect timing with her muscle contractions. I'd never felt anything like that before.

Though she'd taken it for a joke, I honestly didn't think I should show her everything I'd learned while I was gone. Just one little trick for now.

Spectral mouths that glowed softly appeared out of nowhere. They were my mouths, after a fashion. Though they weren't fully corporeal, what they tasted, I tasted. With them, I nibbled her ears, which I made nearly as sensitive as her clitoris, and her nipples, which I also made a bit more sensitive. Without making them any more sensitive first, I also worked put my mouths to work on her ribcage, her hips, clitoris, inner thighs, ankles, and toes.

"Oh, wow. What's...mmm...*that?* Mmm, Frank. I...ungh...like that."

My sister and I climaxed together, the tension that had been building within us suddenly exploding violently, filling my head with images of fireworks. We screamed together and our cries drowned out all the other moans and curses and sounds of sex.

I started to get up.

But Natalie had her legs wrapped around me like a pretzel, bent in ways that weren't even close to possible for ordinary humans. And the way they tightened around me told me that she wasn't ready to let go. "Again," she said. "Exactly like that."

So I did as she asked.

Less than a minute after I resumed jackhammering her, Natalie whipped the fuzzy green cap off her head and bit down on it as she screamed her way through another intense orgasm. Her walls pumped me hard, trying to milk me dry. But I wasn't ready to cum again.

As her orgasm neared its conclusion, I felt my sister pour energy into me. I knew what she was doing before she did it. Probably could have defended against it, had I been so inclined. But I wasn't. She

not only amplified my senses, and quite dramatically at that, she poured energy into my sac, forcing my balls to produce more than they should have. After pumping what would itself be considered a healthy load of cum into my sister's womb, I pulled out and kept on ejaculating, coating her stomach, hips, thighs, and big breasts.

I felt drained. Not just physically. With all that cum, a good deal of sexual energy had left my body too. My sister wouldn't have been able to absorb most of it, since I'd splattered it against her skin instead of shooting it inside of her. But she'd definitely gotten more than a little something out of it. I could feel her own Libido swelling.

My sister scooped up some of my cum, swallowed it, then made the rest vanish. "That was something else, Frank. God, you're even better than I remembered."

I went down on my knees, slipped the green heels off her feet and ripped open her stockings. My mouth a few inches from her toes, I looked up her gently curved legs and told her, "I'm just getting started."

She grinned devilishly. "You're a bad, bad man."

I took my time seducing her, orally pleasuring almost every part of her body. At once. As I'd done before. Though it was only spectral mouths tending to her womanhood, her womanly taste, and that sweet hint of milk chocolate mixed in, was every bit as strong as it would have if I knelt before her altar instead of at her feet.

Natalie lay still, all but inert, as she melted in my mouth again and again. Too tired from all the previous orgasms to bother flailing her arms or bucking her hips.

Suddenly, a memory I hadn't even realized was still blocked from me returned. A memory I'd hidden deeper, behind a second veil.

This wasn't just a nice little bubble to allow us all to have some fun. The fruit of the very loins I was currently licking was a kinslayer and a kingslayer.

Did Natalie remember what her son had done? Did anyone?

They couldn't have. We'd all been treating him no different than Sean. I had to keep this to myself, for now. The memory would return to the others in time.

I slipped up onto the couch beside my sister, turned her to face me with two fingers gently cupping

her delicate chin, and kissed her softly on the lips. As I did, I passed most of the energy I'd just taken right back to her.

She smiled. "You didn't have to do that."

I ran a hand through her hair. "Tell me, why haven't we done this more?"

She punched my arm. "Like you ever had eyes for anyone but Mom! Jerk."

I laughed. "Now, wait a minute. As I recall, you weren't exactly chasing after me either."

"But I'm the girl. I shouldn't have to chase." She shrugged. "That doesn't matter anymore anyway though. We're both back in the swing of things now. Let's try to remember to make more time for each other this time around."

"Deal," I said before stealing a quick glance over at the coffee table.

"I don't *really* care, you know," Nat said. "About you and Mom. It's actually sweet. So I was cast in a supporting role in the story of your life. That's okay. I've got my own story."

I wrapped an arm around her shoulder and kissed the top of her head.

We sat there, recouping, while the others kept going at it furiously.

"Pretty crazy, huh?" Nat said. "This is how every Christmas should be."

I mostly agreed. Preferably with a little less murdering of family members though.