

# Impotent Dad, part two

By rushman1uk

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*The continued sexploits of Kevin and his mum, whilst Flirter, his dad looks on!*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/impotent-dad-part-two.aspx>

So, later that evening, when Kevin saw his mum yawn and stretch, he said, "So shall we go to bed?"

Kevin, his mum and his dad had all been sitting watching the television since their chat, but nothing had happened just yet.

"Yes, I am a little tired," said his mum.

Kevin had been horny all night though, thinking about what they were planning to do and he said so, "I'm feeling quite randy, if you feel like doing what we were talking about earlier?"

Margaret looked uneasy, but nodded after a moment.

"Flirter?" she asked her husband.

Flirter looked uncomfortable too, "Should I sleep in your room, Kevin?"

"There's no need to, Dad," Kevin replied. "You can watch, like we said earlier?"

The three of them went upstairs in silence, into the master bedroom. Kevin told his mother to sit on the bed and Flirter, his father, to stand at the other side of the room for a minute.

"Take your top off, Mum," said Kevin in a commanding tone and Margaret looked for a moment like she didn't want to, but she knew she must do this.

She sighed in resignation and pulled her jumper up, over her head, so that she was just in her big white bra.

"And your skirt too," said Kevin.

She pulled her skirt down over her hips and kicked it off. She cringed a little because she only had her plain white panties on. She knew her son didn't mind really.

Kevin joined her on the edge of the bed.

"My, my," he said, staring at her chest. "Your tits look enormous, Mum. Even bigger than they do in the photos."

Margaret blushed, as he unclipped her bra behind her back and then she let the bra fall off, so that her large breasts swung free. Kevin's hands cupped them immediately, his fingers and thumbs tweaking the nipples and making her sigh in pleasure, despite herself.

"Okay," he said, "I'm going to take your knickers off now, Mum."

Margaret was feeling quite excited, with her son's hands still squeezing her tits, but she did her best to hide it, as he finally let go and pulled down her pants. Kevin saw his mother's fanny for the first time and wasn't surprised to see that it was dark and hairy.

"Spread your legs, Mum. Let's have a good look," he said, moving to stand in front of her.

Margaret's face was red, as she opened her plump thighs and lay back on the bed, to give him a better view, whilst Kevin took her panties off her ankles.

"Wow, your fanny looks so nice, Mum," he said as he threw her knickers to a wide-eyed Flirter, who was standing at the foot of the bed, watching everything happen.

His dad caught them but didn't do anything with them, just yet.

Margaret opened her legs as wide as she could, so that her son could see her bush properly. She could see a bulge in the front of his boxer shorts, as he took his shirt, trousers and socks off. She didn't want to stare, but she couldn't help it. She hadn't seen his willy since he was a small boy and he certainly didn't look small any more. She chuckled to herself.

Kevin saw his mum looking at his stiffy, which was growing in his pants. He remembered his dad saying that she had looked at pictures of him in his gym kit and swimming trunks.

"Do I look better in the flesh, than in photos?" He asked.

Margaret sighed, never taking her eyes off his groin, as she replied that he definitely did.

He pressed further, "Would you like to please yourself, while you look at me?"

His mum looked shocked, but she was his bitch and she knew she had to do it. It would spoil everything they had arranged if she were to offend him now, so she reached down hesitantly and began to rub herself slowly. Kevin watched with eager eyes as she began to go faster, using her finger tips to fritz herself, until she began to breathe heavily, getting more and more excited until she began to almost hump her hand.

Kevin felt his dick grow really hard, straining against the front of his shorts, tenting them outwards, almost as though it were trying to get to his mum.

"Look at what you've done," he said softly.

Margaret's eyes opened slightly wider when she saw it.

"Please let me see," she groaned, still rubbing her hairy, wet slit.

Kevin stepped closer and Margaret sat up slightly, still touching herself with one hand, but with the other she reached out and taking a hold of the waistband of his shorts, she tugged them down until his angry-looking erection popped out.

Her eyes took in the sight of him. Kevin's body was athletic and muscular. His muscles defined and taut and below his sculpted abdomen, his cock stood straight out in front of her, curving slightly upwards magnificently. A much better body and cock than his dad's. She felt bad because he was shaven down there, making him look even bigger and prouder, whereas she was all hairy down below.

"You can touch it, if you like?" Kevin stepped in between her spread legs.

Margaret couldn't help but yank his shorts right down and grab his dick. She was surprised how hard it was. She must have grown used to Flirter's erections getting steadily softer over the years. Their son's proud shaft felt hot in her hand and she could almost feel it throbbing, it was that erect. Kevin had often wanked himself off when he was younger, staring at the photos of her in her underwear and the sight of her tits always made him cum, but through it all, he had always wondered what her twat looked like. Sometimes he imagined feeling it or even fucking it, although he knew it was wrong.

"So when did you last have some cock?" Kevin asked, as she stroked his penis up and down.

"Several months ago," Margaret answered, humiliated.

Not just because it was a long time since her and Flirter had sex, but also because she was naked and fingering herself to the edge of orgasm, right while her husband and son watched. It was so embarrassing but she had no option but to degrade herself like this.

"Are you getting hard, Dad?" he asked Flirter.

He noticed that his dad had dropped his trousers and was tugging on his soft, smallish cock in the corner of the room, while he watched.

"Not yet, but I am trying, Son," Flirter whimpered.

He held his wife's panties in the other hand, while he tried to tease himself to hardness. "Maybe you should fuck your mum now? That might work."

"Okay, Dad," said Kevin, kindly.

Then he turned to face his mother again, "Right, move your hand."

Margaret was embarrassed again when she moved her hand, because she knew her fanny would be really wet from her fingering herself and that her son would see. He didn't say anything if he did notice. Kevin moved forward again, so that his cock was levelled right at his mum's hairy slit, then he looked at her to make sure she was okay. Her breathing was fast, her chest rising up and down, making her big, plump tits wobble slightly and she quivered slightly, as he rested the tip of his cock on her pink folds.

"Go on, Son," urged his dad. "Fuck her. She is your woman now. Do what you want with her."

Kevin pushed forward. He had fantasized about this so much over the years, and it felt so amazing as he sank himself inch by inch into her twat. His mum gasped, as he finally sank himself fully inside her. It felt kind of strange to be inside his mum, but the look of ecstasy on her face as he began to ram himself slowly in and out of her made it worth it. He felt so happy to be able to give pleasure to his mother, especially because he knew she needed it so much. He was holding her legs open, enjoying the sight of her big tits bouncing as he fucked her and how her hairy minge looked, with her pink lips stretched around his dick as he pulled out and pushed himself back inside her.

Kevin could feel himself rising to the occasion, he would feel a little embarrassed at coming so quickly,

but he couldn't help it. He told his mother than he was going to spunk inside her cunt, and she groaned in excitement.

"Yes," she grunted, fucking back against him, "Fill me with your cum, Son."

"I'm going to make a mess," whimpered Flirter.

Luke looked at his dad, and saw that he had a semi-hard on. His knob was harder and bigger than it had been, but it was still quite soft and small, compared to his own. His dad was fisting himself furiously though, watching his own wife being fucked by their son. His face was quite red with exertion.

"Remember to use Mum's big knickers," Kevin reminded him. "Are you nearly there, dad? I'm going to cum now."

Kevin felt himself squirt violently and shoved himself inside his mum one last time.

Margaret squealed in pleasure as she felt the warm explosion inside her twat. Then, to her surprise, Kevin carried on pumping her while he came. Normally, Flirter used to just stick it in her until he emptied his balls in her, but Kevin continued to fuck her, while his dick kept squirting. Then his dick popped out of her and the final jets of cum shot out of the tip of his pulsing prick, all over her lower belly and ran down into her thick, black pubes.

"Oh, Mum," moaned Kevin. "That was so good."

At almost the same time, they heard Flirter grunt and they both turned to see him holding her knickers around his dick, as he shot his load. His knees were wobbling as he came and then he sagged on to the bed. Margaret could see that her knickers were full of his sticky white stuff, all over the gusset. Whilst Kevin got dressed, he suggested she wear them for him and she pulled them on, so that her husband's cum mixed with their son's, as it dribbled out of her gaping pussy.

"I really needed that," Margaret thanked Kevin, as he went to bed.

"Yes, thanks, Son," agreed his dad. "You've really helped us, but remember, not a word to anyone."

"I promise," said Luke, but he knew it would be hard not to say anything.

Tonight had been so exciting, and he wished he could share it with someone.