

Incest Games Chapter 13

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Published on Lush Stories on 10 Sep 2008

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Jenny held her father by the arm, leading him to her bedroom. He went without protest, but in a numbed kind of silence that worried her some. She had been watching his face closely when she opened that door, and saw the shock that crossed it when he saw the stark scene before them. There was his son Travis, with both hands full of his mom's big tits, and Arlene leaning back, riding the boy's prick that was stuffed up her hairy cunt. Too, there was the wet glistening of Arlene's face, and the beautiful young girl lying below her with legs spread wide and the same kind of oily gleam on the red-haired mound of her freshly eaten pussy. It was a jolting sight for any man to absorb all at once, because the facts were so brutally clear, his wife was fucking his, their, son, and had just that moment lifted her avid mouth from the clinging caress of another girl's hot snatch. Jenny thought that she couldn't have timed their entrance any better. Daddy had to know what was going on in the family, and now he did. It had been something like throwing a bucket of ice water in his face.

Now, he sank nervelessly upon her frilly bed, seemingly unable to believe what his own eyes had witnessed. She sat beside him and took his big hand. "Dad, that was a tough way to tell you, but we thought it had to be done."

He shook his shaggy head. "But, baby, your mom. She was actually fucking your brother!"

"Yes," Jenny said, stroking his fingers and looking into his bewildered eyes. "And Jean was in on it."

Her father's head swung from side to side. "But, Arlene. It just doesn't seem possible, especially with Travis. She had a lot of chances to play around and never did. Now, "

Jenny leaned forward and kissed him. "Dad, it's no different than what

you and I have been doing. We're father and daughter, they're mother and son; the relationship is exactly the same."

He frowned and started to say something, but she cut him off. "Not that old double standard stuff, dad? Women have the same desires as men, and you know that you and I have been subconsciously reaching out for each other for years. Why shouldn't it be the same with mom and Travis? She's a beautiful, sensuous woman, and he's a horny young boy."

"She, she was actually going down on the kid, on Jean," he said.

"So what? I'll bet they had a real ball, the three of them swinging like that, putting it all up front and doing exactly what each of them wanted to. You and I do it; I gave you a blow job and you ate my pussy; so did Jean. I hadn't gotten around to doing her, but I will. I think she's lovely and sexy and I'll get my kicks by pulling those delicious little cunt lips into my mouth. And I'll tell you something else, I want a chance to do it with mother, too."

Eric Johansen blinked and rubbed a hand across his face. "I guess you're right, baby. If the positions were reversed, and your mother had walked in on you and me while we were fucking, it might have upset her."

"You know it," Jenny said, realizing that the shock was wearing off and that her father's realistic kind of thinking was cumming back to the fore. "And if she wasn't already fucking her son, she might have flipped and screamed for the cops. As it is, you're not doing any more than she is, and I dare either of you to say that you're not having more fun than you ever had in your lives."

Nodding, he agreed with her. "That's true on my part, baby. You're the sweetest, hottest little piece of loving ass I ever knew, and little Jean isn't far behind. I'd rather fuck my beautiful daughter than anybody else."

Now was the time, she thought. "How about mom? Wouldn't you like to go back to fucking her, too? I mean, now that you have me, and she's been fucking Travis, you two ought to be able to build up a lot more excitement for each other. I'd get a real thrill out of seeing you fuck mom, and maybe help out a little. I get all hot and trembly, just thinking about it."

He blinked again. "She did look great in there, all sweaty and wiggling. That boy is getting himself a terrific piece of ass, all right." His eyes probing hers, he asked, "Have you been laying him, too?"

"Yes," she said. "Travis and I have always been close, and since you and mom started this nonsense

about a divorce, we drew even nearer to each other. The first time we fucked, it just sort of happened.

I saw him

jacking off and that made me so hot I just about raped him and took his cherry."

"And when did he begin fucking his mother?"

"The same night I crawled in your bed. We were spiking both your drinks pretty heavily, you know. We planned it all out, Travis and I, so that both of us would try to make our parents. We thought you were both getting hard up for sex, and that once you fucked us, there wouldn't be any turning back, that we'd all just go on and on."

Her father touched her face. "And you both carried the plot somewhat farther, didn't you? Like getting me and your mother together again?"

"Oh yes," she breathed, dropping her hand to his thigh and sliding it down to feel the big, soft lump of his organ. "You and mom belong together, and we want you to stay together. A divorce could split us all up, separate the family. Do you want to let me go now? Don't you want to keep on fucking me?"

"Of course I do," he answered.

"And mom must feel the same about Travis. I don't want to give him up, either. So why can't we all stay together, make love and be in love?"

He said thoughtfully, "Why not, indeed? Damn it, Jenny, you kids are sneaky little bastards, but you had one hell of an idea. Tying us all tightly together with sex, and why not? The family that fucks together stays together, eh?"

Delightedly, she laughed, and squeezed on his still flaccid cock.

"Something like that, dad. Oh, I just knew you'd see things our way, and I'm so glad!"

She pushed him down onto the bed and kissed him hard, slipping her tongue into his lips and running it around inside his mouth. He tasted delicious, and she murmured against his teeth, "They're probably all shaken up in there right now, wondering what your reaction will be. If you get undressed, I'll go in and calm them down some, tell them how it is. Then I'll ask Jean to split for home; she can always come back tomorrow night for a real orgy. She'll understand that the family kind of wants to be alone, to rediscover its members. After that's settled, I'll run downstairs and bring you back a bottle."

He smiled up at her, and his hands slid between them to cup her tits.

"And after that?"

"Why," she said, "after that, you and I will have ourselves a nice,

long fuck, just to take the edge off and to give Travis and mom time to get their heads on straight. Then we'll see what happens with the four of us."

"Fair enough," he said, and let her go.

Jenny sprang from the bed and skipped out of the doorway, zipping across the hall and into her mother's bedroom without knocking. They had spread apart; little Jean had already wrapped herself in a robe, and Travis was jittering about, looking for his. Her mother sat upon the bed with the sheet pulled up over her lovely body, but her large breasts were uncovered.

"Take it easy," Jenny announced. "Everything is all right, really. I just told dad the truth, and he went for the plan. He's not mad."

Her mother said, "The plan?"

Swiftly, Jenny told her all about it, how she and her brother had plotted the seductions in order to stop the divorce. "Of course," she finished, "we both wanted to fuck you and dad, anyhow. And now it's worked out just wonderfully."

Travis said, "He's not pissed off? He saw me with my cock up mom's pussy, and he's not jealous or mad or anything?"

She laughed. "If anything, he's turned more horny than ever. He said you were getting yourself one great piece of ass from mother. Maybe we'll have to give him a little time to adjust completely, but then dad will be ready to join the party."

Jean Marks said, "Maybe I'd better go home now."

"You can come back tomorrow night," Jenny said. "It's going to be a little strange for us at first, you understand."

"Sure," Jean answered. "But I'm in on it, too, almost like part of the family. Wow, parents fucking their kids, together!"

When the small girl had gone, Jenny said, "You won't be too embarrassed or anything, mom?"

"I, I don't know," her mother said. "I'm all mixed up, having a difficult time getting my head cleared. But your father said he wanted me again?"

"Definitely," Jenny answered. "We'll be back in here before too long, all hot to go. I think it would be cool for the four of us to make it in the same bed, don't you?"

Her mother said, "You and Travis, fucking each other; you and your father fucking. I'll admit I'm shocked, but no, I'm not angry or upset."

"Gee," Travis breathed in awe, "just think of me and dad on top of you two, our legs touching while we fuck you, maybe changing over and going from hot, wet pussy to hot, wet pussy, taking turns in them with our pricks. Man, oh man!"

"In a little while," Jenny promised. "I have to go down and get dad a bottle now. He needs to pump up his courage some."

"Bring one back for me," her mother said. "Oh my, I'll have to take a bath and get myself ready, fix my hair. Do give me some time, Jenny."

Laughing, Jenny said, "Don't worry; I have some plans for dad, first." She dropped off one bottle of bourbon, giving it to her brother, and carried the other to her own bedroom. She didn't need anything to drink, because she was already high with anticipation. Just the thought of them all getting together in that most intimate of ways turned her on, and she pictured her dad putting his huge prick to her mother, while she took her brother's rod in her own eager snatch, watching it all happen.

"Here's the booze, dad. Forgot the glasses, just drink straight from the bottle."

He was naked on the bed, and his beautiful rod was halfway up; she could see he had been thinking about it, that he also was making mental images about his wife and son, about himself and his daughter. "How did your mom take your explanation, baby?"

"Just fine; Travis even stopped shaking."

"That kid has a lot of guts," he said. "Sneaking into his mother's bed and easing the cock to her while she was smashed. Anything could have happened, she could have screamed and fought him, yelled for me, anything."

"What happened was that she enjoyed her fucking and wanted more. It was a gamble, sure, but it paid off handsomely for everyone." Jenny slid out of her clothes, wiggled her hips and stepped from her panties; she wasn't wearing a bra. Since she had been fucking her daddy and brother, her nipples were always ready to turn stiff at the slightest touch, and made a bra uncomfortable.

"I'd like to try you another style," she said, "something I haven't done before. Can you sort of lie back and spread your legs so I can climb on, facing away from you?"

"Anything you want," he told her, "everything you want, baby."

She first kneeled to kiss the swollen head of his erect cock, marveling as ever at the size of the thing. Her tongue licks soon made the entire organ throb, caused the veins along the shaft to distend. She opened

her lips and moved her face down, nipping the length of it, then sucked in one of his balls, rolling the hairy sack between her teeth and lapping it. Paying the same attention to the other testicle, she had him wiggling and breathing hard.

"Now you're ready," she said, and pivoted to swing one knee upon each side of his body. Poised above him, she reached down for the hot, round meat and tilted it toward her, thinking that the head would feel different in her pussy, pointed this way.

Carefully, she moved the pulsing, velvety glans into the hotly avid lips of her pussy, scraping it tenderly through the thatching of her dampened pubic hair. Her cunt wet itself immediately, the labia softening and swelling, the interior tissues lubricating their depths with love oils.

The blunt, rubbery tip pressed upward as he brought a bit of her weight slowly down, and her cunt lips spread yearningly to take it in.

Straining a little, she forced the knob into her pussy, shaking with pleasure at the feel of it entering her throbbing cavity. It was huge, gigantic, but it gave around the edges, and when her father made an upward hunch with his belly, the head slid greasily in and the shaft began to follow.

Slick and sturdy, the big pole worked up into her tightly holding snatch, caressing her clit as it passed, the ridge along its underside inflaming her seat of passion with each passing inch. Jenny slid joyously upon it, dropping her spread ass down and down until she was seated upon her father's pelvis, until the full and majestic length of his massive prick was seated to the hilt within her vagina.

She fingered his balls, played with them while she rocked in rapture back and forth, as she slowly rotated her ass and made the rigid meat pole move deliciously inside her grasping cunt. It felt glorious there, and she thought that she was madly in love with her daddy's prick.

"Baby," he said, stroking her ass from behind, "you're so hot and juicy, even though you're tight as hell and it seems as if I'm reaching all the way up into your belly."

Jenny hiked her ass and slid it down again, reveling in the magic sensation of his soapy cock, knowing little, sharp thrills as it pressed her vibrant clit. Taking her time, loving every sensuous moment and trying to prolong them, she squirmed upon his buried rod. He sat up to put his arms around her, to feel her tits and kiss the back of her neck.

Her father's tongue groped hotly into her ear and she jerked insanely, wiggled wildly upon his prick as his hands felt down and around to cum to rest upon her upper mound. Gasping, she felt a finger work into the little hood that guarded her clitoris, felt it dig gently deep to take a place beside his cock.

"Oh no!" she sighed. "Oh, not that, too! I, I, ooohh!!"

He was fingering her clit, masturbating her at the same time his huge prick was lifting and falling in the grip of her feverish pussy. She hunched against him, caught in his arms and tried weakly to pull them away, but he was far too strong.

"Fine, hot pussy," he said into her ear. "Wonderful little girl pussy, with my cock up it, with my finger in it. How's that, baby, you love your daddy, love your daddy's big prick?"

"Yes, oh yes!" she hissed. "But I can't, oh! Ah! C- cumming, I'm cumming!"

Wave after hot wave of her climax smashed throughout her cunt, and when he fired his own sizzling load, Jenny thought she was going to faint as the spatter of rich, bubbling cum washed her pussy. But she hung on, impaled by his prick and shivering.