

Incest Games Chapter 4

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Jenny and Travis devise their master plan.

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Chapter 4

Travis heard his parents come home, because they were arguing about something the minute they hit the door. He pushed aside the book he had been reading, slipped on his robe and went downstairs to raid the fridge. He was hungry, and grinned at the idea of stoking up his strength again. It had been a long day, and the most groovy one of his life; too bad it had to end so soon.

There had been the swinging with his sister and Jean, all mixed up as he dipped his cock into one fine pussy after the other. It had been hot, wild and crazy, and he popped his nuts so many times that he was weak in the knees. But that didn't matter; he was young and strong and recovered quickly.

As he went into the kitchen, his father cut short whatever he'd been saying, but by the look on the old man's face, Travis knew the argument was just starting. Why the hell couldn't they stop hacking at each other, he wondered. They must have dug each other once, and should be able to make it again, if they would only try.

His mother said, "Want me to fix you a sandwich, dear?"

"He's big enough to take care of himself," his father said.

"Sure," Travis agreed. "I'll just grab a bite and get out of your way."

"You're not in the way," his mother said.

His father grunted, "Oh for Christ sake," and tilted up a can of beer to drain it.

Feeling stiff and awkward, Travis dived into the refrigerator and took a chunk of cheese and a bottle of milk.

"Sit right there and finish your snack," his mother ordered. "I won't

let your father drive you out of your own kitchen."

Travis sat down and watched his dad slam out of the room; in a moment, he heard the tinkle of ice into a glass, and knew his father was at the little bar in the living room. "Mom," he said, "I wish you guys wouldn't fight over me."

Her smile was soft and a little sad. "It's not exactly over you, dear. It's more like a habit we've gotten into."

He saw that she had been drinking, too; there was a laxness around her mouth, and she was just a little careless about how she leaned over.

Travis could see the rounded top moundings of his mom's big, high tits as she bent to straighten out her stockings. Damn, he thought; a guy could lose himself between those fine, firm boobs, and for the first time, let his mind run free with the images that he'd so often crowded into the far corners of his head.

Man, oh man! A couple of years ago, his mother had brushed those tits against him, and he'd felt the burning of those heavy nipples right through the thin robe she had been wearing. He had jacked off in the bathroom, ideas running riot in his mind about fondling them, maybe even kissing and sucking on them. That time, his semen had exploded before he could catch the sticky stuff in toilet paper, and he had to clean it off the floor.

He blushed when his mom straightened up, but couldn't pull his eyes away from her lifted skirt. She was still fooling around with the stocking on her left leg, and his eyes followed her hands as she stroked up over the silken knee, up along the swelling of her sleek, long thigh.

Her legs were so long, tapering just so, and he got one magic, too-quick glimpse of the edge of her frilly panties before she dropped her skirt and cut off his view. Travis shuddered slightly, his head reeling as he contemplated the juiciness of the forbidden treasure snuggled so enticingly there between the soft, full thighs of his mother's wonderful legs.

How the hell could his old man pass that up? He knew they hadn't been sleeping together for months now, ever since his dad moved into the extra bedroom. That meant that neither of them was getting any fucking, although his dad could very well be playing around on the side. But his mother was usually home, and Travis didn't quite see her as laying anybody in the neighborhood.

It was an idea, though, and he thought more about that as she began to

tidy up the kitchen. His eyes clung to the curves of her delectable ass as she moved, seeing the way her skirt caressed the molded flanks, how it dipped sometimes into the hidden crack of her buttocks. Maybe his mom was getting really frustrated, and she needed a man. With a sexy body like that, and the way she moved, all sensuous and kind of ready, she had to be a wild, hot piece of cunt. It was a shame to see it going to waste.

Travis bit into the cheese and gulped milk, conscious that his well-used cock was beginning to rise beneath his robe. Did his father have a bigger one? Probably, he thought, the old man was a big, burly guy, and probably had a prick to match the rest of him, and although Travis had sometimes wondered about that big thing being shoved into his mom's fine pussy, he had always pushed the idea quickly away in shame. Now he rolled it around in his head, enjoying the feel of his thoughts, trying to picture his dad crawling between his mother's long, slim legs, trying to see what that gorgeous pussy really looked like, all curling hairs deep and rich, with the wet, pink lips peeping out shyly, eager for the first touch of the cock-head.

Travis's prick throbbed painfully, and he crossed his legs to keep it quiet. Maybe he wouldn't dare think the way he was, if he hadn't already screwed his sister. But now he wondered if that was any different than fucking his mother. Jenny was a lovely, hot fuck, and he was glad she had been the one to technically get his cherry. He was a lucky guy, and loved his sister more, because they had shared their bodies. Could he love his mom more, the same way, if he was ever so lucky as to get into that marvelous, deep cunt?

The cheese was gone, and so was the milk, but he didn't want to leave right away. His mother was sneaking another nip of whiskey from the bottle that was kept hidden in the cupboard, away from the bar. Travis ran his eyes over her back, lingering at the shapeliness of her ass. He'd give anything to snuggle up to that tempting pair of cheeks, to nudge his hard prick in between them, maybe bend it down so that it could slide between her thighs, slide wetly along those tickling pussy hairs, feeling the heat of her cunt lips, feeling the beautiful enchanted softness there.

She turned around then, and he fumbled with the empty milk carton, blushing again. When he looked up, she was eyeing him intently.

"Anything the matter, dear?"

"N-no, mom; guess I'd better get up to bed."

"Kiss me goodnight, Travis."

No matter how he tried, he couldn't keep his hard cock from touching his mom's belly. She had her arms around him, pulling him close, trying to gain some kind of comfort from him, and he was embarrassed when his meat thumped against her body.

But her lips were warm and damp, and she kissed him right on the mouth, holding the kiss longer than usual. It made him highly uncomfortable, especially since his own arms had automatically slipped around her lithe, slim waist, and now he was feeling the tantalizing softness of her tits as they flattened against his chest.

Travis managed to break away, flustered and shaken, and caught his mother looking quizzically at him. He fled when she said something, not catching anything but the wondering tone of her voice. Oh wow, he thought--he'd almost blown it that time. Hurrying up the stairs, he scooted into his sister's room without knocking, and clicked the latch behind him.

Her bedlamp was on, and her body was outlined by the sheet; light spilled over her honeyblonde hair and she looked very good. "Something the matter?" she asked.

"They're fighting again," he said, coming over to sit down on the edge of her bed. "Both of them are drinking, and when mom made me kiss her goodnight, I got a hard on. I'm sure she felt it against her belly.

Wow, sis--I damn near freaked out."

Jenny touched his hand. "After all that good screwing today, you can still get hard? Does mom turn you on so much?"

He swallowed, and looked down to where the head of his hard cock was working its way out from the fold of his robe. "Yes."

"The same way I turn you on?"

He nodded. "Maybe even more. I mean, I love you sis, and I dig the fucking you taught me. I guess I'll always love you more than any other chick I get to screw, because we're closer. But mom--well, I've been dreaming about her for years, only I never came right out and admitted it to myself before."

Jenny nodded and stroked his hand. "I know, Travis. I always had the same thing for dad, dreams and wild ideas. But I never thought beyond the dreams--until now."

He stared at his sister. "What do you mean?"

Her hand drifted along his arm and dropped down on his cock. Gently, she felt the head, running her fingers lightly over its throbbing bulb.

"I mean, maybe this is the way we can make them stop working on the divorce, and stay with each other."

Travis peeled off his robe and his prick sprang free and stiff into his sister's softly teasing hand. "I don't understand--"

She wrapped her fingers tightly around his rod and massaged it tenderly. "If I can somehow get dad to fuck me--and oh how I want him to do that!--then maybe I can hold him here, in our house. I mean, if he digs fucking me as much as I know I'll enjoy being screwed by him, then he won't want to leave, even if he's still mad at mom."

Travis eased toward his sister, and she pulled him lightly along the way, flipping back the sheet with her other hand to expose her fine young body with the dark blonde hair crisp at her mound.

"Yeah," he said, "I see what you mean, but what will hold mom?"

Jenny slipped her hand down his shaft to cup his swollen balls. "You," she said.

Travis drew in a deep and noisy breath. "Wow! You mean--somehow you get dad to screw you, and I somehow get this into mom's terrific pussy--and--but how, sis? How the hell are we ever going to manage all that? They might slap us silly, or think we freaked out, or call the cops, even."

She shook her head and lifted her upper body so that her tits almost reached the head of his cock. "I don't think so. Look--they're both hitting the bottle pretty heavy, and I think they're both really frustrated, not screwing each other any more. If we can get them to loosen up and fuck us, instead, it's only a logical step from there to having them back together. I mean, they'll both be a little guilty about what they're doing, and so they'll be nicer to each other."

"Yeah," he breathed, his heart beating quickly at this new idea, "and if we can work it right, maybe we can get them in a tangle like you and me had with Jean today. That way, they'll get so hot they'll have to fuck each other again."

"Great!" Jenny said, and pressed his hard shaft between her tits. "But we can't screw it up by doing things too fast. Tomorrow night, they have to stay home and work on the property settlement. I heard dad say so this morning. That means we can help them get smashed, and--well, then I'll go crawl into dad's bed, and you can make out with mom."

Travis felt the silken smoothness of his sister's tits along his rigid cock, and lifted his hands to stroke her hair. "So tonight--"

"So there's still the rest of tonight," Jenny said softly, "and I

never did any of those things I saw in your books--not yet. I want to do them with you, Travis. I want to eat you."

He shuddered when she dipped her face to plant a kiss upon the pulsing head of his swollen prick. "Are you sure you want to? I mean--"

"I want to," she insisted. "How else am I ever going to learn?"

Travis spread his knees and straddled his sister's hips. He caressed her head gently as she began to lick over his cockhead, as the darting flicks of her hot, wet tongue sent electric jolts up his backbone. She was going to suck him off; it was finally going to happen to him, and he welcomed it with all the pent-up lust he had.

Slowly, she slid her mouth over the end of his prick, taking in the entire head. His fingers stroked the shaft and cuddled his balls, while her lips worked up and down. Travis felt the marvelous suction develop, and knew the fondling of his glans by her busy tongue. The sensations were terrific, and his thighs stiffened as he clung to his sister's head for support.

It was like fucking, but different. It was being eaten, being devoured; it was pumping his cock gently back into her mouth and feeling it slide over her wet tongue, feeling it touch the roof of her mouth and reach back to the velvet cup of her throat.

Shivering with rapture, Travis backed it out a bit, but her hungry mouth followed his rod, gnawing lightly upon its sensitive skin. He wiggled, and she drew him deeper, sucked him farther into the tickling heat of her throat. Lapping her tongue over the aching head, Jenny worked more feverishly upon his prick.

"Oh!" he grunted. "Oh, sis--wow--eat me up, baby! Eat my cock, chew it up, suck it out by the roots. Oh--ah! Sis, sis--I'm about to come!"

She didn't try to back off, and made no attempt to dodge the semen he just had to let go. Instead, she sucked him harder, dipping in her cheeks and gulping noisily at his shaft as he fed it into her face, as he stroked it into the hungry cavity of her mouth.

Travis came then, hunching his back and straining as the mighty rush of semen came pouring up from his flexing balls to gush like a hot mountain stream from the jerking head of his prick. Heavy and thick, the juices poured scalding from his shaft and flooded his sister's throat. She drank it down, pulled more droplets from his rod, sucked additional moisture into her body.

He dropped slowly over to one side, lifting his knee, and Jenny stayed with him, making love to his cock with her mouth, clinging to his

balls; her hair spread over his crotch, and his fingers dug deeply into its silken luxury. His head spun and his breath was ragged in his chest.

At last, she let go, and allowed his still rigid prick to slide gently from the grasp of her lips. No semen smeared her mouth, he saw through blurred eyes, because she had swallowed it all. It had been a farout experience, one that had his belly tied up in little jerking knots.

"Travis," she murmured, kissing her way up his belly to his chest. "Oh, Travis--that was wonderful. So intimate, so very close; it was like doing everything for you, and for me, too. I loved it."

"I did, too," he sighed. "If you ever get to do that to our dad, he'll climb the walls, I know."

Now she was at his throat, nibbling there, her tits moving back and forth across his heaving chest, the hard nipples prodding his flesh. When she moved up to kiss his mouth, he could smell the scent of his own semen, but he didn't mind. Jenny kissed him then, running her tongue deeply, giving him the full flavor of himself.

When she pulled away, she said, "There, darling. I have the best, the sexiest brother in the whole world, and I'm glad. Now let's talk about the plan."

With the passion dampened within him, at least for a little while, Travis turned edgy. "I don't know," he murmured. "It sounds kind of kooky, now."

"Not at all," she said quickly. "Tomorrow night, when you have that great cock all hard for mom, you'll think differently again. I'm sure going ahead with my part of it, and if you chicken out--well, just imagine what you'll be missing. Think about mom, and her big, groovy tits; remember how good her legs look, and how her ass wiggles when she walks. Remember how many times you've masturbated and tried to make believe you were fucking her, instead of your hand. This is your chance, Travis--your big chance. If you blow it now, you may never have the opportunity again."

"Okay," he said, after awhile. "You're right, I guess. And boy--you sure must want to fuck dad, or you wouldn't have come up with the plan in the first place."

"Women are more logical," she said, kissing him again. "So it's on for tomorrow night?"

"It's on," he agreed.