Incest Games Chapter 6

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Chapter 6

Travis wasn't used to whiskey. He'd only had three beers in his life, and the drink he'd taken with his sister was a fire in his belly. He wanted another one, but didn't dare swallow it because he might get too smashed to go upstairs. And Jenny hadn't been putting him on when she said she'd never screw him again, if he didn't help her with the plan. He couldn't hack that, couldn't go back to jacking off, after he'd fucked his sister and her friend a couple of times each. And the blow job that Jenny had given him last night--that had almost melted his backbone. It was everything he had ever dreamed of, and now he was anxious to taste her little pussy.

He looked up the stairs. It was quiet up there, and his sister had been out of the shower for a long time. For a second, he thought she might have given up on the whole thing and gone to bed by herself. Then he knew better; Jenny was pretty stubborn, and when she set her pretty head to something, she carried it through.

That meant he had to go try out his part. There was no noise up there, nobody yelling, although once he thought he had heard low voices murmuring. So his sister must have gotten away with her imitation of their mother; Jenny must have already fucked the old man.

Oh wow, he thought, reaching down to touch the ultra-hard prick that was threatening to split itself in his jeans. Jenny and dad; his sister all naked and hot, taking his dad's cock into her wiggling pussy--the image made him squirm. He'd like to see that.

Travis climbed the stairs, his hard cock bulging, his hands shaking a little when he reached the second floor. He went into the bathroom he shared with Jenny, peeled out of his clothes and took a shower. The hot water and soap made his shaft ache even more, and he climbed out of

the enclosure to dry himself off. Putting on his beatup old terrycloth robe, he walked barefoot down the hall and paused at the door to his father's room.

Pressing his ear to the panel, he could barely make out the whispering inside, and drew back quickly. Jenny had scored, that was certain; she was talking with the old man now, and nobody was raising hell. That left the next move up to him, so he went on to his mother's bedroom and quietly opened the door.

The bedside radio was playing softly, and its dial light was the only light in the room. Stepping inside, he closed the door behind him and saw the shape of her body. She was lying on top of the covers, stark naked from head to toe. Taking a deep and steadying breath, he shed the robe and moved carefully toward the bed, his heart pounding.

All these years, he thought--ever since he was big enough to know what to do with his cock, he had had a thing for his mom. She was so damned beautiful, so sexy, and there was a special bitchy look around her eyes that made a guy think she would really go wild when a piece of meat was put to her box.

Travis had started peeping early, looking to catch a glimpse of his mother's big, glorious tits, trying to see up her dress. He had hoped to catch her naked in the bathroom some day, but she always locked the door.

And a couple of times, he had heard them screwing, his mom and dad, heard the squishy noises of a man's prick moving in a woman's hot, juicy pussy, heard the moaning his mom made and the panting of his old man as they fucked. Both times, he had rushed into the bathroom and closed his eyes, trying to picture the scene, while he beat his meat and pretended that it was him in there between his mother's surging white thighs.

Now he was standing over the bed where his mom was asleep, smashed on whiskey. He was staring down at the delectable body spread so innocently and unknowing for his eyes, and Travis wished that the light was better, that he could see every gorgeous detail of that magic flesh.

She had one knee lifted as she lay on her back and the dim light played over the heavy cones of her tits, but when he looked on down the sweep of the magnificent body, he couldn't make out her pussy, only the general shape of the dark mound hidden in shadows. But he could stare to his heart's content at the beauty of her legs, so long and molded;

he could gaze hungrily at the melons of her firm, tip-tilted breasts, and he drank in the sights.

Travis thought of how many times his old man must have seen her like this, of how many times--thousands, maybe--that his father had crawled over on top of that beautiful body and fitted himself between those soft pale thighs. Travis's prick pulsed, and he soothed it with his hand, gripped it as he began to move like a robot to the bed where the most unreachable, the most forbidden, object of all his sexual fantasies lay.

Cautiously, he eased his weight upon the bed and lay down on his side, his breath hanging in his tight throat and blood drumbeating in his ears. He listened to her breathing, and now that he was near, could see the smudge of her black lashes lying against her cheeks. She was so lovely, so desirable, that the closeness of her was like a sharp knife in his guts.

He was going to fuck her. A jolt of knowledge jumped inside his head as he knew that, for the first time, really knew it. He was at last going to fuck his mother. The impending divorce, the plan he and his sister had to stop it, even the screwing he had shared with Jenny and Jean--all paled beside the fact that he was about to put his meat into his mom's precious cunt.

No matter what the hell happened, no matter if the whole world blew up in Travis's face, he was now determined to fuck that dream pussy, if he died for it afterward. She might wake up and scream, but he would cover her mouth; she might kick, but he would force his way in between her flashing legs. He was too close now, and the greatest prize of all was within his reach.

Reaching out one uncertain hand, he put it softly upon her tit. She stirred, but the rhythm of her breathing didn't break, so he cupped the wondrous mound gently and rolled the long nipple between his thumb and forefinger. She felt spongy and firm, felt fabulous and wild, and he pressed down, knowing the give of the breast, allowing it to spring back so that the nipple hit his palm.

Sliding over, Travis lowered his mouth to the nipple, and licked over it. It tasted like honey, like love, tasted like all the dreams that had ever raced around inside his head. Drawing the resilient nub into his teeth, he chewed delicately upon it, then sucked it hungrily. His mom didn't move, deep in her alcohol-ridden sleep, so he opened his mouth as wide as he could, and tried to take the entire sweet tit into

it.
His hands strayed down, sliding tenderly over her rib cage, down to the satiny planes of her stomach, and parted to caress the padded shapings of her hip-bones. Only then, with the flavor of her breast perfumed in his mouth, only then did he dare to move one hand on down to the taboo place, to her pubic mound.
It was rich and warm beneath his fingertips, the black hair piled kind of crisp and crinkly against his palm. There seemed to be a special kind of life in it, and Travis shuddered as he fondled the thick, furry bush. One finger eased into the clinging excitement of the pubic hair and discovered the smoothness of her pussy lips.
Lingering there, Travis stroked the velvet soft lips, ran his finger slowly up and down them, trying to imprint the shape and feel of them forever upon his feverish brain. His mom's cunt; his lovely mom's pussy, his daddy had pumped the meat into it, and now he was caressing the fantastic snatch himself. He was feeling up his mother's pussy, and it felt like satin, silk, all downy and cottony, all hot and tickly.
Travis nudged his cockhead over so that it touched her thigh, and another flash of erotic pleasure shot through him at the contact. She was so warm, so ripely shaped, and he moved his prick up and down the full perfection of her thigh, from hip to the knee. His finger hesitated against her labia, then began, of its own accord, to work gently inside.
The tip was in her, in his mother's cunt lips, and the heat it found there was succulent, an alluring inner warmth that moved right up his wrist, on up his arm. His mouth was dry now, and he took it from the opulence of her tit, breathing harshly, his brain whirling with keen excitement. His finger probed deeper, moved on up into the wetly clinging grip of the pussy itself, until it was buried to the knuckle.
For awhile, Travis just lay there with his rigid prick thumping against the velvet flesh, holding his finger full length inside the most fascinating cunt he had ever thought about. She felt impossibly soft and rich inside, hot and slippery with a special lavishness that shook him to the core.
He couldn't wait any longer, or his throbbing cock would spurt semen over her thigh; his balls ached with the pressure that had built up within them, and he was wildly turned on by the thought that very soon, he would let go his load deep within the treasured confines of his mom's pussy.

Removing his finger from the gripping of the enfolding tissues there, he stroked the abundantly haired pussy again, before lifting to his knees and crawling around to poise himself between her outflung legs. Travis couldn't resist running both hands over those enticing legs, so that his palms and fingers would forever remember them. They were so long, sleek and lovely and slim. Smooth and graceful, they were the sculptured gateway to his personal paradise; he moved on his knees between them, using his hands to spread them even more, to open the hairy target of her crotch to him.

Bending, he caught the rise of a fragrance from her cunt, a spicy, musky, stimulating perfume that was his mother's womanly essence. She moved then, mumbled unintelligible words in her sleep, and crossed one arm over her eyes. Transfixed, he crouched without motion for what seemed forever, until the urgency in his balls pushed him on.

Travis was beyond stopping now. If she came to and screamed, he meant to fuck her anyhow, even if he had to fight her off the bed and down onto the carpet. Trembling, he used one hand to steer the flexing head of his prick into the shadowy bush of her mound, and when the tip of it pressed into the crinkly hairs, fought down the need to let it go all over her pussy.

But it was hotter inside, unbelievably rich inside, and he had to get there. Slow and easy, Travis hunched his belly forward, and helped his prick with his hand. It shoved into the slick lips, slid thrillingly into them as they stretched to admit his cockhead. Not slow now, but driven by his inflamed passions, Travis gave a jab that sank his prick into his mom's cunt.

All the way inside that enchanted pussy, it went, into that sizzling hot snatch that his daddy had fucked so many times and that was now, at last, his.

He shuddered as it went home, as his iron-hard prick slid greasily to its entire length inside her vagina and his balls came to rest in the fluffy crack of her shapely ass. Travis had his meat packed in her cunt now, had it stuffed all the way up her, and the sensation was fantastic. He stroked her, lifted his ass to make his pulsing cock slide back to the head, then pushed it in once more, grunting with pure joy.

She wiggled slightly on the first thrust, and swung her pelvis more on the second one. Travis reached both hands down under the smooth cheeks of her ass and held on as he worked his aching prick in and out of the

wet gloving of her marvelous pussy. Her vagina grasped his shaft, caressed it with velvet bubblings, with hotly soaped strength, and he lay down on top of her then, blinded to any danger, needing only to fuck and fuck this most erotic of all cunts.

Her arms lifted around him, and she hiked her crotch to take him deeper, a soft moan escaping the lips now placed at his ear, her warm breath tingling. "Oh darling--it's been so long--oh, how lovely. Your prick is so hard--"

The words centered in his lunging prick, turned him on even more, and Travis began to hammer his cock into her pussy, to force it strongly with every powerful stroke. The bed shook and they rocked together, glued at the crotch. His balls slapped damply and softly at her ass, and now his mother's long, fabulous legs raised to wrap around him, crossing themselves at the ankles.

"Fuck me, darling. Fuck me hard and deep--yes, like that! Feed that cock into me, darling. Oh! Lovely, lovely--"

Blindly, his mouth sought for hers and found it. His tongue pushed between her open lips and discovered the wet squirming of her tongue. She sucked on his, pulled it toward her throat, and her teeth clashed along his as she groaned in rapture.

Then suddenly, her body stopped its whiplash movements; her ass ceased to heave up and down, and her beautiful legs dropped away from his body. Travis could feel the shock that rippled through her, feel the stiffening of her pussy around his stroking prick. She pushed both hands against his chest and gasped.

"N-no! You--you're not Eric, not my husband! Why--what--"

Travis let go of her ass and reached up, just in time to catch her wrists as she tried to claw his face. "Easy--take it easy, mom!"

Her hiss was pure outrage: "No! You--you! Travis, you c-can't, we mustn't--oh please, please let me go!"

Pinning her arms above her head, he forced his prick solidly within her wet pussy, held it there while she wiggled and tried frantically to work it out of her body. But he had it socked to her, and as long as he was firmly between her legs, she couldn't get free.

She kept struggling, her tits bouncing against his chest, her pelvis surging in movements that were about to make him come. He whispered harshly at her: "Stop fighting! I have my prick in you, mom. I've been fucking you, and you dug it. I'm going to finish screwing you, and if you keep yelling, you'll wake up dad and sis."

The last thought was a good one, because she fell limp beneath him, only tugging weakly at her arms. "Don't, Travis--oh please don't. You're drunk or something, and don't know what you're doing."

He jammed his prick hard against her womb and gyrated his ass to move the cockhead around, feeling very strong and conquering. "I know what I'm doing--what I've always dreamed of doing. I'm fucking you, mom. I have my prick shoved deep inside your beautiful hot pussy, and pretty soon, I'm going to come in it. I love you, mom--I love your cunt so much that it's been driving me crazy. Now it last I'm fucking you, and I won't stop for anything."

She lay still, but he thought his cockhead sensed a tremble in her vagina] walls, and his prick responded to it. He said softly, "It's happening, mom, and nobody can stop it. Please fuck me back; please come with me."

She made a strangled noise, and words came tumbling out: "I--I can't, but--its been so long, and I'm a passionate woman. Oh please--oh my sweet boy, why me? H-how could you--oh, Travis!"

Her pelvis lurched against his, and he let go her wrists so that she could hold him in her rounded arms, so that her big, soft tits could flatten themselves against his heaving chest. The nipples were hard, boring into his flesh, and Travis's heart leaped with bliss. His mother was laying her pussy up to him! She was fucking him back, trying to come with him, this first magic, crazy time they were screwing.

Those terrific legs webbed him in again, and she rolled up on her shoulders to open her cunt wider for his now feverish strokes. He fed her the hard meat, socked it deep and pulled it out, only to shove it balls-deep again.

"I'm, t-trying to hold back, mom," he panted, his hands taking another delightful grip upon the hot cheeks of her bouncing ass. "But I need you so much, I--I can't. I'm going to come. I'm coming!"

His prick swelled, and the flexing head suddenly poured forth a hot, hissing stream of semen. Travis shot off inside his mother's softly receiving pussy, pumped his come in quick, spitting jets so that it splashed against her cervix and inundated the quivering walls of her vagina. Again and again, globs of his semen fountained into that, hot, trembling cunt, and he ground his balls lovingly into the cleft between her cheeks, reveling in the farout sensation.

She gave a tiny shriek. "Oh! You're coming in me, dear--you're flooding your mother's pussy with your littleboy come, and I love it, love it!

Keep fucking me, darling--oh keep fucking me!"
He laid the meat into her steadily, still hard as a rock, still eager as ever to screw this exquisite cunt, and his prick made sloshing noises as it worked back and forth in the hot bubbling lubrication of his own semen. She rolled her ass and scraped his back with her fingernails, clamping her long legs around his waist and trying to lift him off the bed. Her crotch pounded up into his, and her pussy seemed to wiggle violently over his moving cock, seemed to clench down upon the head of it as it reached home time after time.
Travis was delirious; he and his mother were fucking, fucking, and she was digging his prick as much as she loved his dad's. She was screwing him hard and wild, sledging her belly up to his and dropping it back, twisting her greasy hot pussy all over his rod.
"S-sweet boy--darling boy! Your cock isn't as big as your daddy's thing, but it's so hard, so hard and so young! Ooohh, how I love it, love to feel it this far up my pussy--oh, Travis, my baby, my darling, your mother would like to eat you up. Ah! Ah, that's good, so good! More and more of this lovely young prick, and--and--oh yes, I'm coming, coming, coming!"
He felt the vibration of her cunt, the frantic gulping as his mother came, as his lovely, hot mom came on his prick. It was too much for Travis, and he let go with yet another load of semen that had built up hurriedly within his balls. Not as strong, not as copious, there was still a gush of come that added to the fiery liquids already there. Sagging, he collapsed on top of her, the strength draining from him, but reluctant to have his cock leave the beautiful intimacy of his mom's spasming pussy. She cradled him with her legs, hugged him close and stroked his hair, crooning words of love in his ear, licking the tip of her tongue into his ear every so often.
"My baby," she murmured. "My sweet child. You've turned into a young man, a horny young man who had the nerve to sneak in here and practically rape his own mother while she was sleeping off all the liquor she drank tonight. And I'm very glad you did, dear. I suppose I've been sublimating my own incestuous desires for ages, and I'm so happy it finally happened to us."
"I love you, mom," he whispered, stroking her fabulous body, holding his slowly melting prick within her cunt while the mingled juices of their bodies leaked out and puddled in the feathery cleft of her ass.
"And I love you, dear," she said, running a soft hand down between

their bodies so she could cup his flaccid balls. "How did you ever gather the courage to do it?"

He was on the verge of telling her about the plan, balanced for a ragged moment upon the edge of exposing the fact that her husband and her daughter were at this very second down the hall in probably the same general position. But Travis held back in time, and didn't say that his dad and sister were fucking now, too, that incest in this family had suddenly become a game for four players.

Were they as happy as he and his mother? He supposed so, knowing Jenny well now, knowing the strong lusts that moved within his sister's young cunt. He stirred his softening cock into his mom's pussy, and she squeezed his balls lightly.

"It was so wonderful," she said. "I haven't screwed anyone for too long. Your father and I once had a good thing going, but it disappeared somewhere along the line. I've been so lonely, so damned frustrated. But now, darling--oh, now I have you."

He felt his prick slide limply from the pussy he adored, and she helped him lift himself from her hot body. He lay beside his freshly fucked mother, sated for the moment and content, proud that he'd really gotten into her, that he had let two big loads of come off into her beautiful cunt. He had made her come, too; she loved his prick.

Travis said, "Has dad got a bigger cock than me?"

She came up on one elbow and kissed him, her big tit brushing warmly against the side of his face.

"Yes, your father has a tremendous penis, but that doesn't mean I can't get just as much, or more, pleasure from your sweet thing, darling. In fact, you excited me more than I think I've ever been, in all my life. Maybe it was the idea of being screwed by my own handsome son, of having my own child's prick in me, but whatever the cause, you were a marvelous lover. Imagine--coming twice, in such a short time."

He said, "I want to fuck you forever. I always wanted to, ever since I got big enough. I used to hear you and dad making it in here, and it drove me right up the wall. I used to go into the bathroom and jerk off while I pretended it was me between your beautiful legs. I guess I was jealous of dad."

She kissed him again, and ran her tongue warmly into his lips. "Well, you don't have to be jealous any more. You can do it to me all the time, in oh so many ways. There are so many things I want to do to you, do with you. But we'll have to be very careful, dear. What with the

divorce so close now, if your father had even the slightest suspicion that there could be anything sexual between his wife and his son--"

He didn't want to hear anything about divorce, and said, "We can be careful, since you and dad don't sleep together any more. Oh mom, I--I never went down on anyone, but I really want to do that to you. I want to taste your lovely pussy, but you'll have to show me how. I don't know anything about that, only what I've seen in pictures."

"How wonderful," she sighed. "Your father has always been just a little stuffy about oral sex. He did it to me a few times when we were first married, but I always had the feeling that he didn't really like it. Yes, dear, I'll teach you. We'll make all kinds of exquisite love together, my handsome, stiff-dicked son and me."

He turned his head and kissed the nipple of her tit. She lifted the big mound with one hand and fed it to him, rubbing it into his mouth and across his teeth. Travis worshipped it with his tongue, licking first the nipple, then all around the spongy melon of his mother's breast, thinking of sliding his cock between those big tits, of titty-fucking her as he had done the night before to his sister. Would his mom react the same way, and lap the sliding head of his prick?

Both of them froze in place; they could hear the sound of a shower going in the bathroom that divided this bedroom from the one Eric Johansen slept in. Travis's half-hard cock dropped again, even though he had a pretty good idea that his father wouldn't be coming in here; not with Jenny in his bed. But what was the old man doing, taking a bath at this time of night?

Probably making himself tidy for another round of screwing with Jenny, Travis thought. But whatever the cause, it scared hell out of his mother. She pulled away from him and whispered, "You'd better go, dear. Tomorrow we can be together again, just as soon as possible, I promise. I'm not about to let my young lover go, now that we've discovered each other."

He slid out of bed, peeped into the hall, and split for his own room.