



# incest

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# incest

March 2012

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# Trixie's Incest Diary

So many people wrote in to say how much they enjoyed the first few pages of my diary!

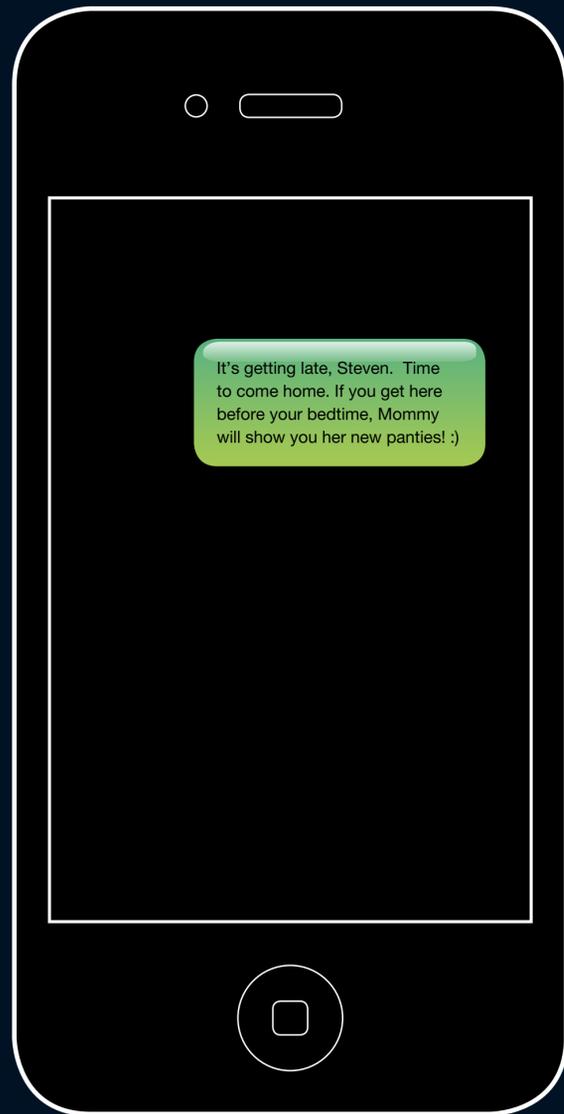
Thank you everyone!

I'm so excited to let you have a peek of the next few!

And I know lots of you liked the photo of me in the last issue, so here's another one of me this time in some skimpier underwear!

Enjoy!

Trixie 😊



**Be a good Mom.**

**Incest Magazine** would like to urge all passionate moms to love their children... especially when your panties are involved!

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Monday.

Tonight I played peeing games all by myself. I knew I had to pee really badly when it was time to have my bath, but I didn't go on purpose, I just lay in the nice warm water and thought about how nice it had been when I peed into my underpants and my Daddy and Tracy watched me, and then when I peed just a little at a time. When I couldn't hold it any longer I lifted my legs up and spread them to the sides so my pee-pee crack wouldn't get in the way of my pee, then I held my pee-pee crack open and let the pee come out while I watched it. It came out in a big arch, and squirted up from my pee-pee and down at the bottom of the tub. Peeing felt really good, and I put my head down as far as I could so I could watch it come out of my peehole.

I put a finger by my peehole and touched just next to it and it felt nice so I touched all around it while I peed and it felt even nicer. I held a hand in front of the stream of pee and felt how warm it was, then did it with both hands and pretended I was washing them! It was fun because the stream of pee was all hot and goldy color. It's fun playing peeing games, but I wished I could have showed my Daddy how I could make my pee go up in the air. So after I finished my bath and had my nightgown

on I found him and Tracy sitting on the couch in the TV room.

Oh Daddy I said tonight I had to go pee when I was having my bath and I lay back and held my pee-pee open and let the pee come out and it made a big arch thing like a rainbow, Daddy, only it was all yellow, not rainbow colors. You should have seen it! Daddy smiled at me and said Well yes I guess I should have and Tracy said Show us how you did it, Trixie. Well I don't have to pee now I said and my Daddy said That's good because we don't want pee in the family room, do we and we all laughed. No, Tracy said, just lie down on the floor and pretend you are in the bathtub and show us how you did it. Okay I said but I wasn't wearing my nightdress and Tracy said Okay, take your nightdress off so we get this right, and I pulled my nightdress off over my head. My you are a pretty girl said Tracy, isn't she Jim and my Daddy said She sure is, she will be a real beauty just like you when she grows up. It felt funny for my Daddy and my new Mommy to be looking at me all bare naked and telling me how pretty I was.

I'll show you how I did the pee I said and I lay down on the floor in front of them and put my legs up and to each side. Why did you do that asked Tracy and I said

To keep the pee from hitting my pee-pee when it came out, and Tracy said that's a good idea, did you hold your pee-pee crack open too like when you were showing me how you pee? and I said Yes, like this and I showed them. Tracy looked at me and looked at how my Daddy was looking at me and said What else did you do honey and I said I touched my pee-pee right by my peehole and I showed them where my peehole is. Your peehole is kind of small, said Tracy, We'll look close at it and you see if you can make it open up so we can see it better so they got right by my pee-pee and I touched my peehole all over and moved my fingers around on it and it felt nice.

I let my pee hit my hands and I felt how nice and warm the pee stream was, I said, so I pretended I was washing my hands in my pee. That sounds like fun, said Tracy, I'll try that some time myself. I wish you had been there to watch me I said and Tracy said Well next time, call us, right Jim and my Daddy looked at her in a funny way and said Sure. Then I kissed them good night and went to bed.

Tuesday.

This afternoon when I came home from school Tracy was sitting watching TV. Hi Trixie she said How's my favorite fifth grader today. I went in and sat beside her and she

did your titties start to grow? and she said When I was your age, and I got my first bra soon after that. Then she said she had to pee and I thought how I had liked her watching me when I peed, and I said Can I come and watch you pee? Okay then, sure, come on, she said so we went into the bathroom.

Tracy took her jeans off so they wouldn't get in the way. She had a thin sort of gauzy underpants on, really just a triangle of stuff over her pee-pee, with elastics that went around her waist and her legs to keep it in place. I could see her blonde pee-pee hair and even her pee-pee crack right through them! Tracy said they weren't really pants at all, and she turned around and bent over and the back was just an elastic that went into the crack of her butt and joined the triangle part at the bottom.

Tracy said she had to pee and I felt like I had to, too, so Tracy said we could both do it. I took off my jeans and Tracy said we'd better take off our T-shirts so they don't get wet by accident. I sort of wanted to see Tracy's titties because they're so nice and big. She took off her T-shirt and just had her bra and her little underpants on. Her bra was the same sort of gauzy stuff that her underpants were and I could see her nipples all big and a pinky color. She saw me looking at her titties and I said I hope mine get that big when I'm a big girl and she laughed and said

asked me all about school, how many kids were in my class, was my teacher nice, and stuff like that. She was wearing tight jeans and a T-shirt and it was pretty tight too because her titties made great big bumps underneath it. She pressed her hand against the front of her jeans over her pee-pee and said Ooo I really should go and pee! I've been drinking coffee and it really makes you pee. She asked me if I had ever seen any of the girls at school peeing and I shook my head No and she asked me if I ever see the other girls in your class with no clothes on and I said Yes sure when we are getting changed for gym class and she asked me what they look like and I told her that they are just like me only a couple of the older girls are starting to get titties and one of them has a little bit of hair just above her pee-pee. I think it's nice that Tracy is interested in my school.

I said Mandy Davis always walks around a lot when she hasn't got any clothes on when we are getting ready for gym class. She's a little older than me and her titties are starting to grow and stick out and bounce a little under her T-shirt, but they're only little really. They're bigger than mine, though. Tracy told me that my titties will start to grow soon because my nipples are all big and puffy and you can see where the little bits of fat are starting to come to push them up off your chest. I looked down at myself and then over at her and said When

Well I'm sure they will because when I was your age mine were just like yours, just big puffy nipples. She took her bra off in case it got all wet and her titties were all bare and all big and round and jiggy. She posed different ways and bent over and let them hang down from her body and swing and her nipples got all hard and poked out. It was really nice of her to let me look at her titties as much as I wanted to.

I think I'll do what you did the other day, she said, and pee in my underpants at first, anyway, and she stepped into the tub. I got in with her in case I had to pee at the same time. I sat down on the bottom of the tub right in front of her with my head at the same level as her underpants. Tracy said Here it comes and suddenly there was stuff dripping out at the bottom of her panties and running down her leg. Aaah she said it's all hot! Feel how hot it is! I touched the stream of pee at the top of her leg and she said I don't think my underpants are holding any of it, you'd better take them off like I took yours off the other day. I reached up and pulled her underpants down and off. The hair on her pee-pee was all pale wispy blonde and it was quite short and all wet at the bottom from her pee. I could see her pee-pee crack underneath it much better than before.

Her pee dribbled out the bottom of her pee-pee crack

and down her leg. She squatted a little and pulled her pee-pee crack apart with both hands. Can you see my peehole? she asked and her pee-pee was right in front of my face and I looked carefully and said Yes the pee should come out all right now and she said Oh good and I saw her pee-pee hole open and some clear liquid come out and dribble down over the rest of her pee-pee and drop straight down in between her legs.

I thought of something and said Remember the other night I told you how I peed onto my own hands and pretended I was washing them? Can I wash my hands in your pee? Sure, said Tracy and she giggled, go ahead, and I put my hands under her pee-pee and held them so she peed all over them and I moved them like I was washing them. Oh, that's nice, I said, your pee is all nice and hot and tingly. Do you want to wash your face too? asked Tracy and I said Gee I never thought of that, I wonder what it would be like and she said Try it and see if you like, so I cupped my hands and got some pee in them and then lifted them up towards my face and then I put my face down into my hands and got it all wet with Tracy's lovely hot pee. Mmmm I said that feels lovely and I put my tongue out and tasted it a little and it tasted sort of spicy and salty.

Mmm I said and Tracy said Do you like the taste of my

have a mouthful and I looked up at her and then closed my mouth and gave a big gulp and swallowed all her piss. Mmmm I said that was nice, Tracy! You sure make a tasty drink! and we both laughed.

Now it's my turn I said, I have to pee really bad, and I stood up. I took my underpants off and she said I'll lie down in the tub and you can piss on me wherever you want to, only save some because I want to drink your piss. Can I pee on your big titties I asked and she said Sure and I will hold them up for you and play with them while you do it and you can pee all over my pee-pee too and I will hold the pee-pee parts open so you can get your pee right inside it. So I knelt between her legs and she held her pee-pee lips open and tipped her hips up and I pushed forward and made my pee squirt right out all over her peehole and near it. There was a place lower down where two little lips were on either side of an opening and she held them to either side with her hands and there was a hole going up inside her. Piss in my hole! she said and I aimed my pee at her hole and squirted it right up inside it. She said Oh wow wow wow when I did it and her hips went up and down so I had a hard time aiming. I wonder what her hole is really for?

Then she knelt up and I peed on her tits and got them all wet. I noticed that her nipples were all hard and sticking

piss? I thought Wow she called it piss, that's naughty, and I wanted to be naughty too, so I said, Yes, your piss tastes nice and she laughed and said You like my piss, do you and I said Yes it's great and she said It's fun playing pissing games and playing with our piss, isn't it? If you like I'll give you a nice Golden Shower and I said What's that? and she said That's where I pretend I'm a shower and you put any part of you that you want under the shower.

Wow, yeah! I said and I leaned forward and she pushed her pee-pee forward and made the stream of piss come out faster, and I leaned forward some more and let it hit me all over my face and hair. It was in between warm and hot and I held my face up and let the stream hit me right on the face and moved it so that it splashed all over my cheeks and when the piss stream ran down over my mouth I put my tongue out and tasted it and it tasted so nice I tilted my head back and opened my mouth and let Tracy's hot piss go straight into my mouth. Wow she said you like that, don't you and I looked up at her and swallowed a little and nodded Yes and she said Okay I'll see how big a drink I can give you because I don't think there's much left. She squatted forward and pushed some more and I tipped my head back and let my mouth fill up with her pee-pee juice. Then the pee stream stopped and she grunted and pushed and a couple of short squirts shot out and into my mouth. That's all she said, now you

out. She pushed her head forward and let my pee go all over her face and then she said Now for my drink and opened her mouth and tipped her head back. I'll give you a nice hot drink of lemonade I said and she giggled and some of my pee-pee juice ran out of her mouth and down over her titties. She let her mouth fill up again and swallowed it and said Yum Yum you make nice Lemonade Trixie! She held onto herself in between her legs and I guess she was doing that to keep herself in one place while I peed into her mouth. Or maybe she wanted to keep the pee that I put into her hole inside it but I bet it ran out.

When I finished peeing she looked at my pee-pee right in front of her face and said Oh I love your pretty body with your little pee-pee with no hair on it, I love to look at little girls with no hair on their pee-pees. I like it when you look at me I said and I like looking at you all naked too, specially your big titties because the girls at school don't have them like you have. You can look at them any time you want to said Tracy We can play a game she said and whenever we want to look at the other one we will say Titties or pee-pee or butt and the other one will show it, okay? Okay I said But what if Daddy is there. Oh I don't think he'll mind she said. Your Daddy told me he liked it when you showed him your pee-pee when you peed the other night. It made me feel funny to know that my Daddy liked looking at my bare naked pee-pee.

Find out what happens to Trixie in the next issue of **Incest Magazine!**

# Cotton.

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## Family Shapshots #29



# Ask Dr. incest

Wow – judging by the amount of letters we've received this time, the last issue must've been a huge success! As usual we've picked some of the best ones to answer for this issue... enjoy, my horny readers! xxoo

## Horny Little Motherfuckers

Dear **Dr. Incest**,

Dude! This magazine fuckin' rocks! We found a copy hidden in our parents' bathroom. Holy shit, it was so fucking hot! Troy and I couldn't help that our cocks were hard all night long! Troy loved that one story called 'Davy's Loving Mother'... you know, the one where the Mom finds her son jacking off to her panties? Man! I read it outloud with Troy and he got so horned up that he jizzed in his pajamas without even jerkin' off! So fuckin' hot! And then he read that story called 'Mommies are for Fucking'... oh my God! It was so fuckin' sexy I had a huge wet spot on the front of my PJs from all the juice dripping out of my cock! We both wished our mom was that horny. Is there a way to get our mom to be as horny and naughty as Davy's mom is? Please tell us how! And we can't wait for the next issue!

Kevin and Troy in Hawaii

Dear Kevin and Troy,  
Glad you liked the magazine, including 'Davy's Loving Mother' and 'Mommies are for Fucking'—I thought they were pretty hot, too... my pussy gets so wet each time I read them!

## Small Boobies

Dear **Dr. Incest**,

I've always had small boobies. My Daddy insists that they're still pretty and beautiful, but when I look at the huge boobs on pornstars or in Playboy magazine, I just can't compare. I know men like big huge boobs and I just don't have that. I'm worried that nobody will want to touch them, or kiss them, or give me my very first fuck.. What can I do to get bigger boobs? Please help!

Fiona in Wisconsin

Dear Fiona,  
You might be surprised to learn this, but your Daddy is absolutely right. Not everyone loves big, oversized boobs. Lots of guys like cute, small boobies... and it sounds like your Daddy is one of them! I can give you lots of reasons why you should be proud of your tits, but let me name just a few...

1. Small tits are simply cute. They just are. They look friendly and happy and sweet. And they're just a delight to nibble on!
2. Your nipples stand out much more. Nipples are, without a doubt, the highlight of the breast. And adorable little tits usually make your sexy little nipples much more prevalent. And guys certainly like that!
3. Small titties mean you can sometimes go without a bra. Women with big, oversized tits will tell you—bras can be extremely uncomfortable. But for a cute-titted girl like you, they aren't always necessary. Walk around the house without a bra and see how it feels. I can guarantee your Daddy will enjoy how sexy you look without one!
4. Tiny tits won't sag. You'll always have young-looking breasts throughout your life because there's not much that is weighing on your chest. Eternally-perky tits... bonus!
5. Finally, tiny tits are still tits—they like to be held, fondled, nibbled... they have sexy pink nipples that men just love to lick and tickle... and they fit in the palm of anyone's hand... just ask your Daddy!

So don't get too down on your tiny, tantalizing tits. They're just as precious and popular as anyone else's... and if you want to make absolutely sure, just ask your Daddy to feel them, to kiss them, and to lick your nipples. I think you'll be pleasantly surprised to find that he thinks your titties are just perfect!

## Daddy's Panty Fetish

Dear **Dr. Incest**,

I found your magazine in my Daddy's closet and thought you might be able to help me. What I want to know is: how do I get my Daddy to be sexy with me? I snuck onto his computer one day and found a bunch of pictures of schoolgirls in their panties. Most of them looked like they were around my age. And all the girls were showing off their cute panties. Some pictures had close-ups of a girl's crotch. You could see her slit through her panties. Some girls even had their panties pulled up between their pussy lips. And there were lots of other pictures of guys feeling girls' butts through the panties, and

licking them on their cunts through their panties... licking them so much that their panties got so wet you could see their pussies through them! I got so excited knowing Daddy liked looking at panties, that I started wearing really short skirts around the house for him to see. When he would be reading the newspaper in the morning I would drop my spoon and say, "oops!" and then bend way over to pick it up, hoping he could see my pretty white panties. Other times I would come out of the bathroom after a shower wearing only my underwear and then run into Daddy, pretending to be embarrassed, but actually being super turned-on he was looking at my tight lacy panties. But he hasn't said anything about them, or made any comments about them! I don't know why. I even pulled the covers down when he was kissing me good night in bed and spread my legs really wide to show him my panties and asked, "Do you like my new pink panties, Daddy?" He smiled and nodded, then left for the night. I was so sad. Why doesn't my Daddy like my panties? Won't he ever want to touch them and to lick them like the girls in the pictures?

Katie in Alaska

Dear Katie,  
Don't worry. Your Daddy is probably trying to do the right thing and not focus too much sexual attention on his cute little girl. It's normal for fathers to feel guilty about those feelings. My recommendation is to continue teasing him with your cute butt and pussy wrapped in a sexy pair of panties. Walk around the house without a skirt on and see if he watches you closely. Pull your panties up tight so your pussy lips peek out between the fabric and ask him if he can see your pussy that way. When you get horny and your pussy oozes some of that precious cunt honey, show your Daddy the wet spot it makes on your panties. And finally, one morning before school, ask him to help you pick out a pair that you want to wear that day. Try on a few different ones to see which he likes. If he's not sure, have him feel how the panties are on you. I'm certain your Daddy will get a big kick out of seeing you change panties in front of him and feeling between your legs! Good luck!  
Oh, and Katie, you might want to take a look at the next letter that was sent into me...

## Seductive Daughter

Dear **Dr. Incest**,

I'm a single father raising a very precocious daughter. She gets me so hard sometimes as she prances around flashing her panties at me. It seems

like sometimes she even purposely finds reasons to bend over so I get a perfect view of her tender panty-covered ass. Oh God! Katie looks so damn cute in her panties! I just wish I could reach out and touch those soft, lacy garments. One day I ran into her coming out of the bathroom—she was only wearing her bra and panties! I thought my cock was going to explode all over the inside of my robe! Katie just giggled and hustled into her room, her succulent little butt wiggling under her panties as she scampered away. Help me, Dr. Incest, I know I'm a complete pervert thinking these thoughts about my daughter. How can I overcome them?

Kevin in Alaska

Dear Kevin,

Don't worry, Kevin. The feelings you're having toward your daughter are perfectly normal. Many fathers go through the same thing when their girls reach a certain age or develop a certain adult-like precociousness that makes them seem like they're quite a bit older than they actually are. It sounds like she enjoys you seeing her in her panties. I suggest you support her in them—compliment her when she's wearing them around you. Tell her how much you like them, how cute she looks in them. She'll feel more and more confident in her panties that she'll want to wear them around you more and more. Take her to Victoria's Secret or PINK to buy her some special underwear. Make it a fun Daddy/Daughter trip! Make sure your little girl has all the panties she needs: briefs, boyshorts, hipuggers, even thongs! And when you get home, have a mini fashion show. Let her parade in front of you in her sexy, skimpy underwear. Tell her how much you love each one more than the previous. She'll get a big kick out of it, and I know you certainly will, too!

## Her Daddy's Big Cock

Dear **Dr. Incest**,

I spent the night at my best friend Julia's house last weekend. We had so much fun! I like staying at her house because her parents are so much cooler than mine. First of all, her Daddy was the only one around and he was just wearing a big sweater! We could totally see his big cock and balls! It was great! Julia said he's always like that and she gets a kick out of it, too. We talked about boys and cocks and fucking and got ourselves nice and wet until bedtime when Julia's Daddy came in and told us to get to bed. I was shocked to see he had a big boner! It stuck up in front of the bottom of his sweater like a huge pole! Julia giggled and said, "Daddy, your cock is hard again!" and he said, "Yes, I was watching a naughty movie on TV." He walked over to us where we were sitting on the floor and stood above us, giving us a great view of his sexy cock and huge dangling balls. My mouth was watering! Julia got up on her knees and gave him a hug around his waist, putting her hands on his butt and nestling her face into his crotch. It was so sexy! When her Daddy asked me if I wanted a hug before bed too, I leapt up and wrapped my hands around him. His big cock pressed against my cheek and felt super hot! My pussy was dripping as I squeezed his strong butt cheeks. I wanted to stay there forever! He said

good night and left for the night. I couldn't sleep without jilling my little pussy twice! Dr. Incest, are lots of fathers like that?

Monica in Connecticut

Dear Monica,

Not all fathers are as open about their sexuality with their young daughters (and daughter's friends) as Julia's father is. She's very lucky! Lots of fathers are stodgy and forbid any sort of open contact like that whatsoever under their roof. It's nice to see Julia's father is willing to show off his sexy cock to you two. They're fun to look at, aren't they? If I was in your spot my pussy would've gotten wet in a heartbeat! Did you enjoy the feeling of it on your cheek? They're pretty big up close, aren't they? Next time you're over at Julia's house, ask her father if you can see his cock again. If he's happy with you looking at his big, naked cock then see if he will let you girls touch it and feel his thick penis and heavy, tender balls. You never know, he might even let you girls see him come! Wouldn't that be a treat!

## Horny Voyeur Son

Dear **Dr. Incest**,

My husband loves to play the Mommy/Son role when we have sex. It doesn't bother me, in fact he gets so wild and uninhibited when we do it that it makes our fuck sessions feel like they did when we were teenagers! It always stars out as him pretending to be my young son: "Mommy, can I see your boobies?" To which I happily oblige, showing him my big motherly bosoms. He gets a big hard-on and proceeds to ask if he can touch them, suck them... it goes on from there and before we know it, I'm dripping wet and he's ready to pound is prick into my juicy Mommy hole. He always calls out nasty things to me while he's fucking me with all his might, like "Oh, Mommy! Your pussy is so wet, Mommy! Can you feel my pee-pee, Mommy? I'm fucking your pussy with my pee-pee, Mom!" It doesn't sex me up as much as it does him—he gets off to it like nothing else, and I love how aggressive he gets from it. It always leads to some outrageous fucking that leaves me sore the next morning. But the reason I'm writing to you isn't about that, it's about our son. One night after my husband had just shot his boiling come into my sucking pussy, I noticed out of the corner of my eye that our son Brandon was peeking through the doorway at us. Normally I would've been upset and yelled at him to get back to his room, but something clicked inside me. My husband couldn't see him since he was facing away from the door. I got the biggest rush of incestual urges running down my spine that my cunt instinctively started sucking on my husband's cock again. He giggled at the feeling of it and asked me if I was having a late orgasm. I told him it was nothing and looked over at Brandon and smiled at him. He smiled back, and I noticed he had his cock out of his underwear and was stroking it. I almost came at the sight of it. I tried to get my husband to go another round by talking dirty to him, "Does Mommy's boy want to fuck Mommy's pussy again?" My husband's face lit up and he was

ready for another hard fucking. "Yes, Mommy!" he giggled and adjusted his position to start again. "That's it, push your cock inside Mommy's pussy! Fuck Mommy!" I glanced over at the door as he was humping my dripping cunt and saw Brandon pounding his cock with more force. Still looking at him, I tried egging him on. "That's it, son! Work that cock! Make it come for Mommy! Show Mommy how much come juice you can squirt!" My husband was still unaware of our son and continued to plow my pulsating pussy as I continued my dirty talk. "Fuck it! Fuck it! Fuck that big sexy cock, Brandon!" In my frenzy, I didn't realize I accidentally dropped his name. My husband seemed to enjoy it and said, "Yes, Mommy! Oh fuck I'm going to come, Mommy!" Relieved, I kept directing my incestuous words at my son. "Do it, Brandon! Come! Come for Mommy! Squirt all that precious come out of your big, beautiful cock, son!" And with that, both of my men climaxed. My husband yelled "Mommy" loudly and bucked his hips as he shot out his juice in my quivering cunt, and I could see Brandon's own hips bucking as his young cock pumped out rope after rope of sweet, savory boycome. I couldn't take it anymore, my pussy clutched against my husband's cock and rocked me to orgasm after orgasm as my horny husband and sexy son were juicing their cocks for me. I couldn't believe it. After it was over, Brandon quickly left back to his bedroom and my husband couldn't believe how fantastic his come was this time. We slept like babies that night. My husband loved our incestuous session, and I know I certainly did, but I'm worried about Brandon. Did he get freaked out by what he saw? Should I talk to him and find out if he's okay, or should we just ignore it? Help me, Dr. Incest, what should I do with my handsome son?

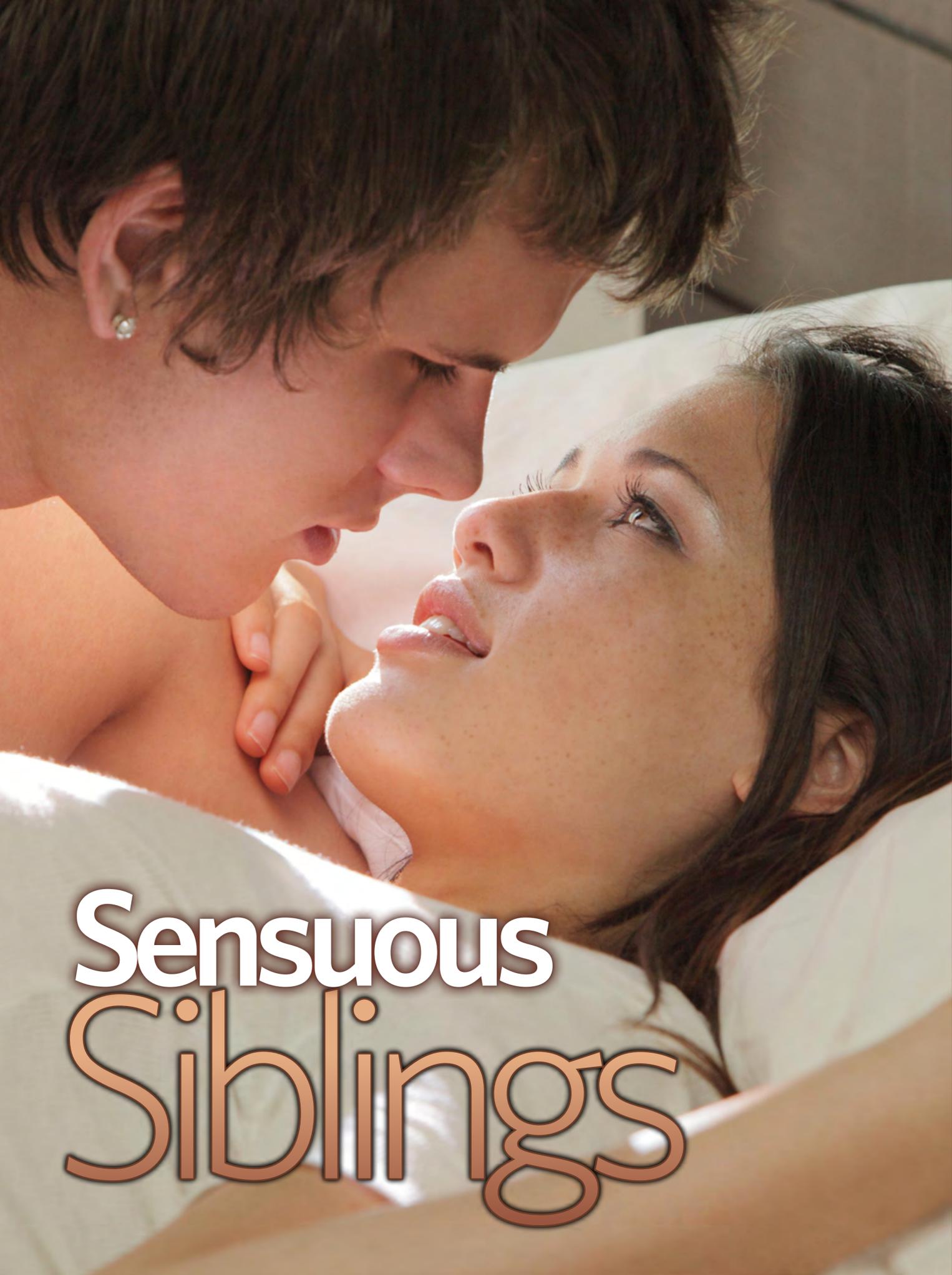
Susan in Ontario

Dear Susan,

Wow, that was one hell of a letter! I'm not ashamed to say it got me off while I was reading it! Very sexy! But to answer your question, yes. I think it would be good to have a nice mother-son talk with Brandon. Judging by what you said he did in your doorway, he most likely enjoyed the sight of his parents fucking away—I mean, he came all over the floor. But you should make sure understands the situation you and your husband were playing. My guess is he loved every second of it and can't wait for it to happen again. You should feel free to ask him if he'd like to watch you do it again. And don't hesitate to bring it up with your husband, either. He sounds like he's a pretty open father who gets off on the idea of mother-son sex. See if he'd be willing to let your son watch you fuck each other. He could even sit near your bed and watch, or even lay on the bed next to you while you ride your man. And since Brandon seemed to like your nasty talk, don't forget to give him all the dirty mother-son fuck-talk your nasty little mind can conjure. I bet he'd get a bigger kick out of it than your husband would!

## Got a sexy question for Dr. Incest?

Send e-mail to:  
[doctorincest@incestmag.com](mailto:doctorincest@incestmag.com)



# Sensuous Siblings



**A**fter what seemed like years, their parents had finally left for the weekend.

Andrew and Tiffany had been impatiently waiting for the chance to be alone and share their lustful desires for each other.

Completely alone.

Completely in love.

And now they had their chance.

Tiffany looked so beautiful to her brother as she lay upon her bed, smiling at him with that wonderful smirk that made his cock hard. The smile that told him she was ready to let him have her.

Tiffany saw him as he walked over to her

wearing only his loose pants. She thought he was gorgeous. His young, firm torso and drop-dead gorgeous looks that always gave her a warm feeling in her stomach.

Andrew's cock was getting hard. She could see it starting to bulge out. She licked her lips as she saw it growing, then a soft gasp escaped her mouth.

The head of her brother's cock popped above the frayed waistband of his pants. She could see it so clearly. It was only a few feet away, and she wanted to reach out and touch it. The head was fully exposed to her hot eyes, and it was smoothly swollen. She could see the piss hole, see it starting

to drip. Her hand itched with the strong desire to feel it, caress it, hold it and jack it.

She got up on her hands and knees and crawled to him on the bed, freeing his beautifully hard cock from its tight reigns. Her eyes burned on the head of his cock as she brushed the tips of her fingers along the dripping tip of his prick. She felt the slippery moisture, then her fingers closed about the head of his prick.

"Ooooooh," she whimpered softly.

Andrew spread his legs farther apart, his breathing harsh.

Tiffany angled his thick, throbbing cock down and kissed the enlarged head, her moist





lips searing his flesh. Tiffany felt her brother tremble as she ran her tongue over the swollen head, tasting the moisture.

“Oooh, Andrew!” She whispered thickly. “Ooooh, I love it! I love your cock!”

Andrew watched his sister, waiting, letting her do what she wanted. His cock was throbbing powerfully, his balls swollen, and he knew how hot she was, how much she enjoyed what she was doing.

Tiffany sucked up and down on the head of

his cock. Her tongue moved against his piss hole. She sucked his cock deep into her moist mouth, then slowly pulled it off, her tongue sliding along the prick shaft. Her pretty eyes flashing at him as she giggled, a naughty, little girl sound. She squeezed his balls, twisting them inside his pants.

She pulled her lips off his cock and kissed the tip again, then leaned up and slowly removed her blouse.

Andrew gazed upon his sister’s beautifully

soft tits. He clutched his cock as she presented herself to him.

Brother and sister.

She leaned back on the bed, bit her bottom lip and cooed as her brother removed his pants and climbed onto the bed, creeping up to her white panties. He kissed her creamy thighs, making her pussy drip with hot fuck juices.

He smiled up at her as he slowly peeled off her panties. Andrew found himself looking at his sister’s naked cunt, at that succulent, sugary





pussy that he'd been dreaming about his whole life.

"I'm gonna to fuck you, Tiff," Andrew whispered, still looking at her preciously moist cunt. "I'm gonna put my cock in your cunt and fuck you."

Tiffany gasped.

Andrew got up and kneeled between his sister's long, slim thighs.

"Lift your ass a little, Tiffany," he asked.

Tiffany lifted, panting heavily, her tits lifting and falling. She gasped as she felt him rub his throbbing cock up and down the slipper slit of her little cunt.

"Ooooh, Andrew!" Tiffany whimpered.

He placed the swollen head of his cock at the entrance of his sister's cunt and began to push

slowly.

"Oooh, that feels so good, Andrew!" She squealed. She gripped her brother's shoulders, wiggling her cute little ass as he slipped his cock past the tight lips of her steamy little cunt. Feeling her brother's cock stretching her cunt for the first time, Tiffany was holding her breath.

Andrew braced himself with his hands on each side of his sister's body, sliding his cock slowly into her cunt.

"Oooh, fuck me, Andrew! Tiffany screamed. The immediate ecstasy she felt when her brother's cock moved into her cunt removed everything else from her mind, and her sweet, deliciously naked body told her this was the moment she had been waiting for.

Her young cunt felt stuffed to capacity by her

brother's thick cock, which was driving deeper than she thought anything could go into her cunt.

"Fuck me! Fuck me!" She sobbed over and over, her little ass dancing erotically up and down, her cunt riding her brother's cock. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Oh, Andrew... fuck me! My pussy... my pussy is so full of cock! Full of my brother's hard cock! Fuck me, Andrew!"

"Ahhh, tight pussy!" He grunted, ramming his cock hard into his sister's cunt. "Tiffany, your cunt is so fucking tight!"

He paused and pulled out of her cunt, her pussy lips sucking his thick prick like a lollipop as he withdrew from her.

"Turn over... I wanna fuck you doggy style!" Tiffany giggled and happily turned over onto





her hands and knees as she looked back at her hot, horny brother.

“Fuck me! Fuck me!” Tiffany screamed, wiggling her cute ass at him.

Andrew clutched the base of his cock and slowly rubbed the tip against the sugary pinkness of his sister’s dripping pussy. He tickled her fiery pussy lips with his throbbing head, then probed at the tip of her small clit. Tiffany squealed softly.

The lips of Tiffany’s cunt drew inward, then pooched out. She felt the piss hole of his cock smashing at her swollen clitoris, and her ass shook. Just her ass—the rest of her body was

frozen with erotic anticipation.

She was breathless as she felt her brother’s cock probing at the lips of her cunt. She felt the swollen head starting to penetrate again, her pussy lips stretching. The head of his cock moved with agonizing slowness into her cunt. As the head moved into her, Tiffany gasped softly. Her ass shook, and then with a wild sob, she rammed her ass back, her cunt sinking to the base of her brother’s cock.

“Oooh, Sis!” Andrew grunted as the wet heat devoured his cock. “Oh, Tiffany!”

He gripped his mother’s hips and, without

another word, began to fuck her. His balls swing back and forth, smacking at her inflamed cunt. Each time her brother lunged into her cunt, it drove the air from her lungs. Her ass, of its own accord, shook and twisted lewdly in the air, her asshole sucking inward as his cock stuffed into her greedy pussy.

She couldn’t believe it.

Never before had she felt more love for another person than she felt for her brother right at this moment.

She leaned back up to him and kissed him as he cupped her cunt with his hand. She kissed





him with all the love in the world. He was hers. She was his. They were finally together at last.

Andrew nestled back onto the bed and she climbed on top of him. He guided his brotherly cock into her panting pussy once more.

Tiffany gasped when she felt her brother's wet, glistening cock fuck into her young cunt.

"Fuck my cunt, Andrew!" Tiffany grunted, watching between her thighs. "Fuck my wet cunt! Ohhhh, shit, Andrew! Your cock is so fucking hard! I don't know if I can hold out much longer! I think I might come!"

Tiffany fucked her hips onto her brother with violence, her eyes straining with moist heat. There was the growing build up of an orgasm

inside her.

"Ooooh," Tiffany whimpered. "I'm gonna come, Andrew! I'm gonna come! Fuck harder! Ohhhhh, go in deeper! I'm gonna fucking come!"

A scream boiled from Tiffany as her cunt clawed at her brother's buried cock. The contractions of her hairless pussy pulled his prick. The squeezing of his sister's tight cunt was more than Andrew could take.

"I'm coming!" he yelled, digging his fingers into his sister's soft, hips. "I'm coming, Sis!"

The sudden explosion of Tiffany's cunt sent her shoulders forward, a groan ripping from her constricted throat.

Squirt after squirt of hot come juice splashed

about Tiffany's quivering cunt. Her cunt twisted with powerful orgasms, her head and shoulders dropping to kiss her brother's lips. She was moaning with the hot ecstasy that seared her body. Her shapely little ass arched into the air, with her brother's cock throbbing in her cunt. She could feel the pulsations of his prick deep in her pussy.

With their ecstasy waning, and Andrew's brotherly cum juice running out of her sopping pussy, Tiffany got off her brother and knelt down close to his cock. She smiled lovingly at him and began to tenderly suck his cock clean. Her pussy still twitching as she lapped up their combined juices from his magnificent prick. ■



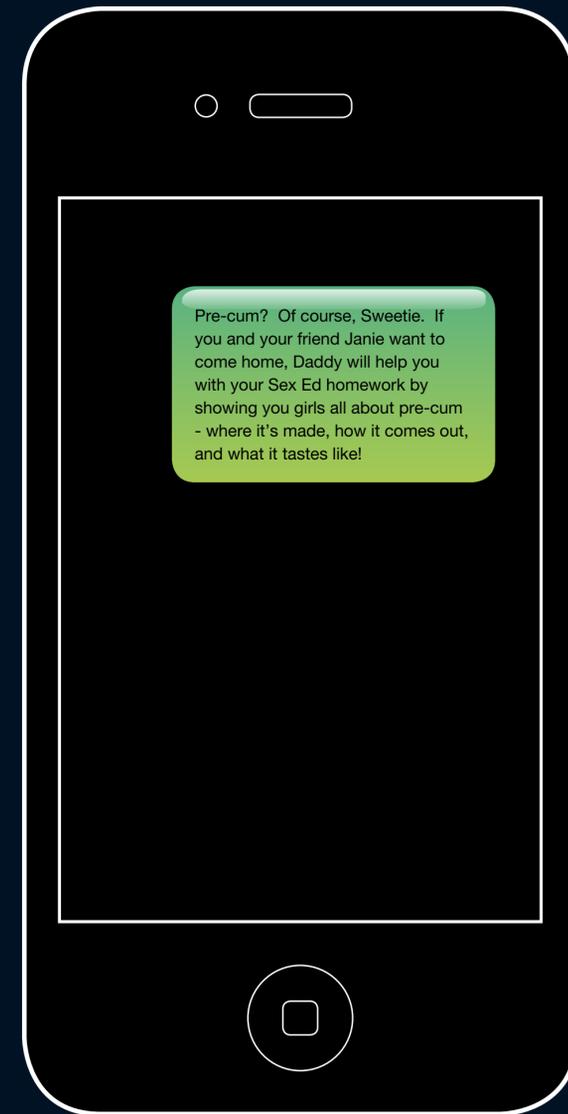
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# The Heavenly Sensations of Father/Daughter Sex

by n\_c

A loving father describes the beginnings of an intimate relationship with his daughter

(Mg, inc, ped)

**O**ur first experience was two years in the making. She was a beautiful little girl with long flowing brown hair and was very bubbly and happy. She was and still is a good girl... although young woman would now be a better description.

She had a very bad cold that spread from her head to her chest, and her whole body was just achy all over... I hate those kind of colds. I stayed at home with her that day to make sure she was OK. Now thinking of touching her in any way had never crossed mind to that point until I suggested that to clear her sinuses and such I would rub some vapor rub on her chest. She willingly accepted and before I knew it, her t-shirt was off and I was looking at this gorgeous girl in just her panties. I was smitten. She closed her eyes and allowed to run my hands over her chest and nipples with the rub. While rubbing her nervously, my eyes were fixed on her panties and what treasure lay within... they were tight so I could see the outline of her vagina. Once done, I helped get her t-shirt back on, and she complained about being achy still all over... everything hurt!

Without thinking, I suggested another way I could help her body relax a bit and make her feel good. I could NOT believe I was about to do this. I asked If I could touch her somewhere else that would really feel good and help her settle down, but we couldn't tell anyone and I would stop if she wanted. She looked at me puzzled and said yes I could continue. I lifted her t-shirt up a bit exposing her panties and then slipped my hand into her panties. My fingers found her vagina and I gently started moving in a circular motion. I asked her to open her legs for me so I got get better access. She did so without hesitation.

I was terrified. My fingers were exploring forbidden territory and as much as I wanted to pull my hand out and stop, I realized that I didn't. She was beautiful just lying there, open legged and allowing me to touch her this way. She relaxed as I massaged her lips and tiny clitoris. I did not penetrate her with my finger but ran my fingers around her tiny entrance very carefully.

Her breathing became very deep. This was so amazing. But just as I was recognizing the beauty of what I was doing, the parent in me woke up and I quickly pulled my hand out, pulled her t-shirt down and covered her up



with her blankets. I mumbled something about getting some sleep and then I fled her room.

For the next two weeks I tried to avoid her, which is difficult when there's only three of us. But after that, my wife was working late and I was home with my girl again. I was watching TV and she came and sat with me. I was very nervous but I apologized for touching her that way and said I was very sorry. She said it was OK but was wondering if I would do that to her again because it felt so good. I was astounded at this and asked her if she was serious to which she was VERY serious. So the chat went to how it was between us and NO ONE else could ever find out or we (well, I) would get into so much trouble. She was OK with that and promised that no one would ever find out.

So as I tucked her into bed, I found that she was only wearing her t-shirt. I lay down beside her and nervously asked her to open her legs for me again. My fingers again explored her tiny

vagina very gently and carefully, and she loved it. Her breathing was deep and she whispered to me how good it felt. Inside my head was a screaming match between my new found desires and my protective parent. I was jolted back to reality as she grabbed my arm and held on to me tightly. She didn't have an orgasm, but I knew that one wouldn't be far away. It didn't happen that night, but she fell asleep very soundly. Her smell was on my fingers now, and it was intoxicating. My desires were going to win this battle.

So for the next two years, we carefully got closer to each other. She trusted me in not hurting her and making her feel new sensations which she clearly enjoyed. And I was enjoying this risk and thrill... knowing it was incest, knowing it was illegal, knowing fully the trouble I could land myself in.

We explored each other as time went on and inhibitions lowered. She touched my very hard penis and looked at it closely. I showed her

how to move her hand up and down on it and how guys liked that. I warned that sperm would come out of the head of my penis which guys really enjoyed and of course, when inside a girls vagina felt even better. She did make me cum with her hand; my sperm shooting on to my chest and dribbling out over her hand. I asked if she wanted to taste it; she made a face and said, "Gross! Eww!" So I wouldn't push that on her.

I had thought about penetration, but she was too small. So it was more touching and getting comfortable with each other. I convinced her that going down on her would be special, and she loved that. Feeling my tongue explore her young sex drove her wild. With my mouth on her vagina and sucking her clitoris, and my hands on her breasts, she had her first orgasm. We had crossed another threshold.

We kissed each other and after some convincing, her tongue would touch mine. Soon we were kissing like lovers.

I had a front row seat to watching my baby grow up. Her hips started to open and her breasts were becoming beautiful with puffs for nipples. She had some soft downy hair on top of her vagina.. the same color as her hair. She was magnificent. I had also taken to smearing my precum over her vagina to make it very slick and slippery.

I knew penetration would happen eventually, but I refused to pressure her in any way... there was enough

pressure on both of us in what we doing to each other that I felt she wouldn't be able to handle anything else. And still I reminded her that we could stop at any time if she ever wanted.

Then the summer of 2005... the heat wave in July was extreme, but made for some gorgeous evenings with clear skies. My baby was thirteen, had grown about five inches in height, and had decided on short hair just above her shoulders, and was slowly and beautifully becoming a woman. I was in love with her as much as my wife; who was oblivious to what I was doing to our daughter, and what she was doing to me! I felt guilt of course, but again the thrill and risk was over powering.

We had a quiet night after supper, very hot and humid. I suggested that the three of us go to the park with a blanket and watch the stars. The park was perfect; no lights except on the road going around it, and usually quiet in the late evening. My wife begged off due to being tired, but sent the two of us on our way.

We lay on the blanket and watched the heavens above us. Billions of stars and all I could think about was this beautiful and soft

girl leaning on my shoulder. My hand slowly caressed her growing breast over her shirt, and she did not complain. We talked while my hand wandered over her. Soon my attention was focused on her, gently kissing her mouth and my hand under her shirt running over her braless breasts. It was dark and so quiet... we were alone in the park. My lust for her took over and soon her shorts and panties were off, my tongue again exploring her vagina which was so wet and slick. Her orgasm took her quickly, and she moaned and cried out in passion as I made her cum.

It was time. My shorts were off and I got up on my knees between her legs. My penis was inches away from her vagina. I asked her then if I could put my penis inside her vagina and make love fully. I told her it would hurt for a bit but it always did first time. She was quiet for a moment then she said yes. I was so happy! I kissed her on her mouth and told her I would go

sperm flew into her body. I started pumping fast to get it all into her. It was the largest orgasm I've ever had. Everything went to a blur and for a moment I thought I was going to pass out.

Then I stopped but stayed deep within her vagina. I again asked if she was OK and if I had hurt her. She replied no and said she could feel my sperm splash inside her vagina. Then she said she was sore and I had to pull out. I very reluctantly withdrew from her and lay down beside her. She held on to me and cried a bit. I told her how happy she had made me and how it was beautiful and an honor to be able to be her first man.

We stayed in the park for another hour, naked and in love with each other. The stars passed over head but I only saw the stars in my daughter; her perfect body all warm next to mine. I wanted to make love again but she refused. I did not force her. We gathered our things, got dressed and went home.

On the way home I told her to give me her clothes, especially her panties and the blanket so they could be washed immediately so there would be no trace. She agreed.

At this point, my head was again filled with doubt and guilt. I had just deflowered by own daughter without any barrier or protection, and since she wasn't on birth control and I was uncertain if she had gone through her first period... there could be a trace indeed

slowly so she could get used to me being inside her and would stop if she asked.

I hunched closer to her and smeared my penis all over her vagina; my precum making her vagina very slippery. My head found her entrance and I slowly pushed it into her. I was in heaven as my penis slid surprisingly easily into her body. She was tight but said nothing as I went deeper. I tore her hymen which caused her to grab my arms with her hands but there was no other resistance.

And just as quickly as it began, with that one slow thrust, I was buried deeply in my daughters vagina. I lay on top of her, terrified of hurting her and even more of cumming too soon. I knew I would not last long. I whispered in her ear, asking if she was OK? Had I hurt her? Did she want me to pull out? She shook her head. I could see her face in the dark. Her eyes were closed and I saw a tear in her eye.

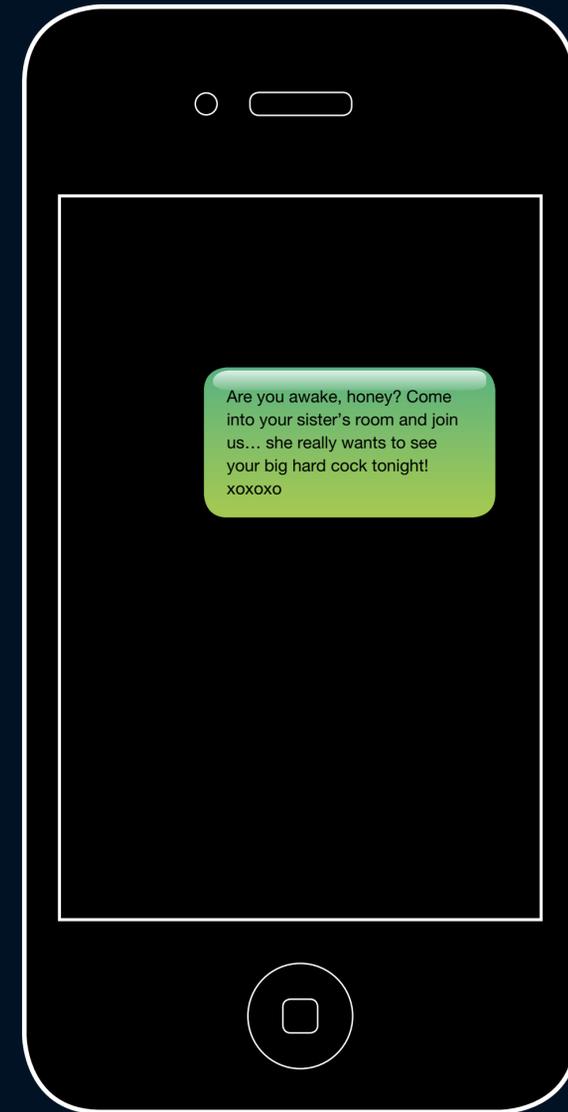
After five very long minutes of just laying there not moving, she lifted her legs up around me, causing me to slide deeper still into her vagina. At that exact moment, I came. I couldn't help myself. Hard, long jet like squirts of my

after nine months!

We found the house dark and my wife asleep. I took all our clothes and washed them. There was blood and sperm over the blanket where we had consummated our love, and her panties had a trace of blood but were quite moist from my sperm. I could not believe I had ejaculated that much at once.

As I waited for the wash to end, she came to me in her pajamas. I held her close and told her how much I loved her and what she meant to me. She kissed me and with a smile said how much fun our time was in the park and how she wanted to it again someday. I was thrilled! I gently kissed her good night and sent her to bed.

Once the wash was in the dryer, I also went to bed, but could not sleep. I replayed the night over in my head... ejaculating fully inside my thirteen year-old daughter; taking her virginity, making her a woman, being her lover, and her wanting it again...

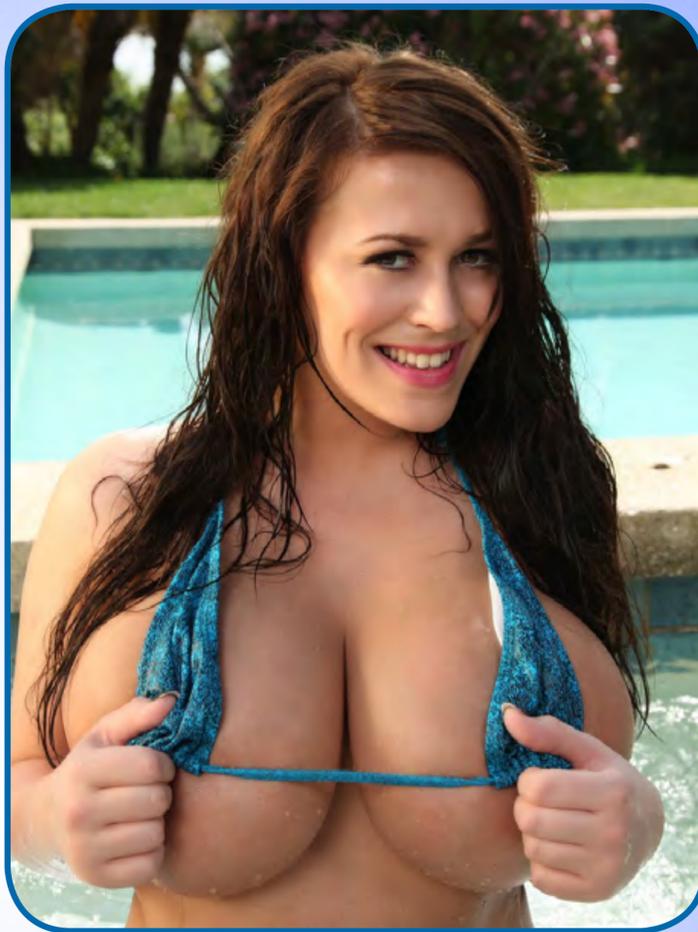


**Be a good Mom.**

**Incest Magazine would like to remind all moms to ensure that their sons and daughters get along properly... especially when they get together in bed!**

**www.incestmag.com**

# Incest Interview



## Leanne

This sexy Mom gives her two horny boys all the loving they can handle!

*Incest Monthly's own Missy Edwards traveled all the way to England to interview this month's sexy Mommy: Leanne! Whether she's taking her boys to soccer practice, helping them study for a big test, or cleaning them each night in the tub, she's always devoted to them. All her sons' friends agree—she's the sexiest Mom of all the kids in school!*

### Good afternoon, Leanne

■ Welcome to the United Kingdom!

### It's very beautiful. Where are your two boys?

■ My little darlings are in school. They're both A students. Andy is the rugby team captain and Randy is the football team captain, or should I say 'soccer' for your American readers. Yes, I'm just so proud of my boys!

### I see you're wearing a bikini...

■ Oh yes! I love wearing skimpy clothing

around the house, especially when the boys are around. My husband gets such a kick out of me parading around letting them stare at my charms, we both get a thrill out of it!

### If you don't mind my mentioning, you have a very impressive breast size!

■ Thank you for noticing—they're size 34JJ.

### Wow! I bet your husband loves them!

■ No, he thought they were an embarrassment and hated being seen in public with me. He finally left us last year. But I have two strapping boys who certainly love their Mommy's big boobies!

### I was just going to ask about your boys...

■ Oh, they're two of the nicest boys any mother could wish to have. They're so good to me I sometimes wonder what I did to deserve two fantastically horny boys!

### What is it about your tits that your boys enjoy so much?

■ They've always loved my big titties. Even as babies they couldn't seem to get enough of my big nipples in their mouths. Then they grew out of the nursing stage, but still loved to cuddle up with me, caressing my big boobies to their hearts content. When they started growing hair on their cocks, their obsession with my tits turned from a motherly hang-up to a sexual hunger. They would love it when I would go without any top, letting my big girls swing free. At nights, they slept in my bed, naked, next to me with a thick nipple in each of their mouths. They just couldn't seem to get enough! So many times I would wake up the next morning with two happily sleeping boys and two legs with come stains on them! I loved every minute of them!

### Wow! Sounds like those boys certainly love Mommy's big boobies!

■ They certainly do. So I started using them for their own good. I told them that they could only suck on Mommy's titties when they got good grades in school.

### Did it work?

■ Of course! They became stellar students, the best in the class! And I thought if it worked for grades, maybe it will work for their sports as well. So I told them that for each game they win in soccer or rugby, they'll get to do whatever they want with Mommy's titties that night! And before I knew it, they had become so good at sports that they were both team captains! So their first game win resulted in Andy and Randy getting to fuck Mommy's titties. It was amazing! They started off by smearing their glistening cocktips on my sensitive nipples, completely coating them with their juicy pre-come. I say, if you've never had the experience of feeling your boys' hard cocks rub against your stiff nipples, you haven't

lived!

### Oh my goodness, I think my panties are getting wet!

■ Mine, too! And you wouldn't believe what they did next!

### Ooh! Do tell!

■ They completely drenched my nipples in their glistening pre-come, then they proceeded to each take one of my tits in their hands and kiss my nipples! As if my nipples were stiff and tingly already! My two horny boys completely licked their boyjuice right off my nipples, and sucked my thick titcocks in their mouths! Ooh!

### Oh, Leanne...

■ (giggles) Can you believe it! Oh my goodness, I think I might have to rub my pussy. Would you mind if I did it in front of you? I just can't wait until my boys get back.

### Certainly, would you mind if I did the same?

■ Oh, let's both do it!

*I watched as Leanne untied her bikini bottoms and pull them off, revealing a gorgeous tuft of Mommy hair on her cunt. I did the same, pulling off my pants and panties. I watched as Leanne spread her legs and began fondling her tender fleshy cuntlips.*

### How's that?

■ Oh! So much better! I just had to touch myself, I couldn't help it!

### I completely understand.

■ Now, where was I? Oh yes, after my boys licked my stiff nipples clean of their cock honey, They took turns fucking their hard boycocks between my big tits and my pussy. Oh, I was in heaven! Being fucked in the cunt and between my tits at the same time by my handsome little boys was just divine!

### I can imagine!

■ And then I could feel Andy's throbbing cock begin to pulsate in my cunt and I knew he was about to squirt his lovely, steamy juice up my cunt! So I yelled, "Fuck my cunt, son! Fuck my wet cunt! Ooooh, shit, Andy! Your cock is so fucking hard in my tight cunt! I don't know if I can hold out much longer! I'm going to come!"

### Fantastic!

■ Shortly thereafter, Randy was speeding up his pumping of his cock between my tits. He was yelling, "Mom, you're going to get a mouthful! I'm going to come between your tits right into your mouth, Mom! I'm going to choke you with my come juice! Lick my cock, lick my cock! I'm about to come, Mom!" And then I saw his hairless balls tighten up against the base of his cock and his piss hole opened up and squirted a torrent of sizzling boycome all over my face! It was just sensational!

### Oh my god, Leanne, I think I might come!

■ I'm almost there, too! But I know what will bring us over the edge... I'll tell you about the most erotic thing I saw my sons do!

### Tell me! Tell me!

■ One night I had them in my bed and I asked them to put their hard cocks together for Mommy, so they knelt in front of each other and rubbed their cocks together, dripping pre-come over each other. I reached in and gripped both cocks with my hands, jacking them, jacking my big, strong sons' cocks! Oh, I almost died! Then to finish them off, I had them lean as far back as they could as I came in and wrapped their two cocks with my tits and tiffucked my sons at the same time! They were moaning and I was screaming, and before we knew it I had both boys shooting two thick geysers of come all over the top of my mommy tits! They drenched me with wave after wave of boycome! I came so hard I felt my pussy squirt cuntjuice onto the bedsheets! I was in ecstasy! Oh God! I'm coming right now! I'm coming!!

**YES!! I'm coming too! Oh fuck, oh FUCK!!!**

# Daddy's Naughty GIRLS

Dads from all over send in their favorite photos of the naughty little girls that get them rock hard!



*My Special Little Girl*

"There's nothing like coming home to my sweet little Kendra. It makes my day go so much quicker knowing that when she gets home from school she strips to her panties and waits for Daddy to come home and give her some special loving!"

— Troy, Virginia



*Fuckably Cute*

"The sight of my little girl's teenage pussy is enough to bring my hard cock to orgasm! I love this photo so much I framed it and put it on my fireplace mantle. I think I know why my poker buddies always insist on playing at my house!"

— Paul, Maine



*Her Cute Little Ass*

"My little Monica loves to flaunt her cute little ass in front of me all the time. She insisted I take her to the mall and buy her lots of thong and g-string panties. The sales girl thought it was a little weird when she kept saying 'Do you like these, Daddy?' and 'Oh, I'm going to look so sexy in these, Daddy!' but I didn't care. My sweet little girl was absolutely!"

— Stephen, Indiana



*Spanking Sisters*

"Deena and Diana are naughty little girls. They are always getting into trouble, so I have to punish them. They lay down on the bed side by side and stick their cute butts up at me and say, 'Spank us, Daddy! Spank us until our pussies soak our panties through!'"

— Christopher, Alberta



*Tender Little Titties*

"Kissing Rebecca on her precious young tits gives my balls more reason to generate cum than anything in the world! Not only do I get a big kick out of it, but she loves it to—she giggles and wriggles as I softly cup and caress her tits, nibbling on her rubbery pink nipples like they were made to be sucked!"

— Ronald, Texas



*Flashing Daddy*

"My daughters can't help but get excited when they see my cock get hard, so they traipse around the house in skimpy underwear teasing me all the time. I can't take it!"

— Shawn, South Dakota



*Deep Throat Daughter*

"My wife was nice enough to take this picture of us. I swear, my daughter has her clit down her throat—she doesn't get off until she has my hard cock as deep as it can go in her throat!"

— Victor, Oklahoma



*Knicker Inspector*

"Before she goes to school each morning, I make sure to inspect my daughter to assure that she's wearing her knickers. My wife insists—she doesn't want our daughter caught without her knickers at school. So I get down real close and make sure she has her knickers on, and that they fit her properly and cover her naughty bits just enough!"

— Shawn, England



*Good Christian Girl*

"I love watching my little Tamara as she says a prayer at her bedside each night: 'Dear Lord, bless Mommy and Daddy and my little brother, too. Please keep them safe and healthy. And please make sure Daddy gives me a nice, long fuck in my pussy tonight before I sleep, Lord! I just can't get to sleep without feeling Daddy's thick cock in my tender, little pussy! Thank you God. Amen.'"

— Tony, Vermont



*Daddy's Little Gusher*

"When Katie comes, her pussy turns into a fountain of sweet girl juice! It's the most erotic thing to watch—she's done it since before she had hair on her pussy. Tickling her cunt lips and nibbling on her tiny clit will always bring her cute little cunt to a gushing orgasm, usually all over Daddy's face!"

— Marcus, North Carolina



*Making Daddy Squirt*

"Cindy always likes to jerk off her Daddy. Before school, after she gets home, especially before bed. I always make sure she's done her chores and finished her homework, then I let her have her fun. She gets such a kick out of watching my cum fly!"

— Rodney, British Columbia



*Sucking Daddy's Cock*

"There's nothing like the feeling of your daughter's hot, warm lips wrapping around your hard cock! All you Daddy's out there who has done this know exactly what I'm talking about. It's like everything good about the world is centered on the sensations coming from your cock, and your little girl is the one bringing them on!"

— Stanley, New Mexico

## Dads!

**Do you have a favorite sexy photo of your cute little girl?**

Then send it in to **Incest Magazine** and see it published in our **Daddy's Naughty Girls** section and make all your friends and relatives jealous of your sexy little girl! Send your photo to 518 N Rodeo Dr, Beverly Hills, CA 90210 with a short description of what your girl is doing and why the picture turns you on so much. If we like it, we'll put it in our next issue!

# Sex Games for the Whole Family

Tired of playing all those usual boardgames?  
Want a neat idea for a fun Friday night with the family?  
Want a reason for your family to lose their inhibition and get sexy?

Then try some of these fun games that the whole family can enjoy!

## Strip Poker

This is by far the best way to teach card games to the kids! Instead of playing with chips or for money, have the loser take off an item of clothing after each round. Before you know it, the whole family will be nearly naked in front of each other! For an added bonus, have the loser dance on the table in front of everyone as an added punishment for losing!

## Ring Toss

This fun game lets the girls of the family test their ring-throwing skills by trying to toss a headband across the room so it catches on dad's or son's hard cock! See how many they can get in a limited time... and for a fun addition, have the thrower take them off their partner's cock with only their teeth! It's a fun, sexy, giggle-fest!

## Spin the Bottle

Mommy and Daddy will feel like kids again when they play this naughty game with their kids. Have the whole family sit in a circle with a soda bottle on a hard flat surface, and each can take turns spinning the bottle. Whoever it ends up pointing to will have to get a kiss from the spinner! Before you know it Mommy will be kissing her daughter, and her brother will be kissing his older sister... it's a great way to get the whole family hot and bothered for more!

## Truth or Dare

The kids don't need to play this game when their parents aren't around anymore! Have Mom and Dad jump in... get them to tell the 'Truth' about when they first had sex... who is louder in bed... and what it feels like to have Daddy's cock inside Mommy's wet snatch! When it comes to the 'Dares', dare Dad to kiss his daughter's perky nipples... or dare Mommy to feel her son's hard cock between her luscious tits... or dare them both to show the kids how Mommy loves to swallow Daddy's hot cum! There's no Truth too personal, no Dare too taboo!

## Fashion Show

Turn the living room in to a sexy runway for the family! Have the parents sit on the couch and enjoy the show as the kids dress up in their skimpiest and naughtiest clothing! Watch as dirty little Billy saunters down the runway in just his jockstrap, showing his parents just how big the crotch gets when he's hard! And don't forget little Suzy, look how cute she is wearing Mommy's cupless bra and crotchless panties! Sensational! And parents, don't forget to take pictures of this sexy fashion show to remember how hot your little models are!

## Cum Competition

It's Daddy versus the boys! Getting naked and standing side-by-side have the girls in the family talk dirty to their partners and get them to cum the farthest! Or have the girls kneel in front of them a few feet away and see if the men can shoot their steamy shot into their partner's mouths! This game is cum-tastic!

## Naked Twister

This favorite living room game is certainly fit for all ages! The rules are simple, it's just Twister without any clothes on! Be careful when it gets going... who knows what might bump up against Mommy's butt, or who might get a faceful of Daddy's huge balls! Bonus points go to the players who are able to fuck another family member during the game!

## Daddy's Hooker/Mommy's Hustler

For a fun twist on the Champagne Room, have Mom or Dad sit in the chair and let one of their horny kids be the stripper and give them a sexy lap-dance! Of course, there doesn't need to only be one stripper, have all the kids join in and dance around for their parents! The older kids can teach the younger ones all the right moves to get their horny parents off!

## Doctor

This classic children's game is even more fun when played with the parents! Have Daddy play the doctor and one of the kids can be the patient in desperate need to relieve the pressure between their legs... and Mommy can be Daddy's trusty nurse! For even more fun, switch around the roles and let the kids be the doctors! Will Daddy get the treatment he needs to cure his overly-stiff prick? And does Mommy need special medicine to help calm her juicy pussy? The fun will last all night!

## Naughty Show and Tell

Just like in when they were in grade school, have the kids show the family something naughty for the whole family to see! Little Stacy can show her Daddy how her boobies are getting almost as big as Mommy's... and Billy would love to show his Mommy all about how he can get hard and cum just by using his thumb up his cute little butt... and Mommy can show her son what it was like to suck on her big boobies as a baby... and Daddy can show all his kids how his big thick cock can squirt out huge gobs of precum! And remember, all the people in the class need to be sure to touch and feel the items on display for full credit!

## Naughty, Naughty House

This twist on the classic game of House gets even more fun when parents and kids switch roles! Have Mom and Dad pretend to be the brother and sister who get into all the mischief while Bobby and Becky play the parents who have to punish their naughty kids when they get out of hand. "Daddy, look! I forgot to wear panties in my cheerleader uniform... are you going to spank me?" And "Mommy, I peed my bed last night, are you going to teach my pee-pee a lesson?" And make sure the kids take their baths each night, Mommy and Daddy better make sure they wash their boobies and butts and pee-pees real good!



## Being a Family

by eames1668

Cole and Hank love being naked around the house... but things really get turned up when Dad joins in!

(Mmm, inc, exh)

"Cole, where's your brother?" asked my Dad, as I stepped through the French doors and into the kitchen. I'd been sunning by the pool. I was naked, as usual. Dad was standing at the counter, drinking a glass of water, equally naked. We're all nudists and live pretty much a 24/7 nude life.

"Doing laps in the pool."

"Still? He's been at it forever."

"Tell me about it, Dad. We were going to work out, but he jumped in the pool instead and I can't get him out. I was catching some sun, but want to work out before the heat wipes me out. Did you need something?"

"No, just wondered where he was. I was just about to work out myself—wanna join me?"

"Sure. Let me grab my sneakers. Be right back."

I rushed up the back stairs and down the hall to my room, stopping in front of the giant mirror

that leaned against my bedroom wall next to the walk-in closet. I'd definitely gotten some sun, deepening the already bronze that coated my entire body and set off nicely against my short blonde hair and green eyes. At nineteen, I was in the best physical shape possible due to hours of football, soccer, track, swimming and lifting weights. 6'1, 185 lbs of cut muscle. I'm hairless pretty much everywhere, but keep a small, buzzed patch just above my cock. My balls are shaved, and so are my pits. Have been ever since Dad first helped Hank and me clean ourselves up because we wanted to be just like him. At twenty-one, Hank is 6'2 and 190 lbs of equally solid muscle, the only difference was that his black hair and blue eyes took after Dad. And, at just 41, our Dad is 6'2 and 205 lbs, of solid, ripped muscle. It was easy to see that both Hank and I were in deed Dad's sons.

It was just we three. I never knew Mom. She died from complications during my birth. Dad never re-married, but instead focused solely on raising Hank and me- "...a full time job and not one I'd wish on anyone else." He always joked, but my brother and I knew he loved us more than anything and that just reinforced the close relationship we both had with him and each other.

Grabbing my sneakers from the closet and a pair of shorty white socks from the dresser, I sat on the sofa across from the mirror to put my shoes on and again check out the tan. Damn, it looked hot. Having only the socks and shoes on also added to the picture. My cock started to plump—that old familiar feeling—but I just let it happen. When you live nude, bones get thrown. Its always happening and no big deal to any one of us when it does.

After I'd graduated from high school Dad let

me take a year off before college to do whatever I wanted. I had traveled a bit, but was now enjoying the Southern California summer. School started in late September, so I was really working on the tan.

We'd been a regular family, just us three, up until three years ago, when Dad sold a software program he'd developed for a massive amount of money—\$60 million to be exact—then invested in some very lucrative deals that caused his fortune to triple. My bedroom was almost as big as the house we used to live in before we moved. Now, we lived in what is usually called an estate—a giant stone house with several out buildings, pool, tennis court, track and fully appointed gym. It was after we moved and had gotten settled that Hank and I approached Dad about being nude. We'd seen each other naked—difficult not to when you live in a small house. And everyone was always really cool about it. Hank and I talked, then approached Dad. It was late afternoon and he was sitting in the living room reading the newspaper.

"We need to ask you something, Dad. Hopefully you won't freak out," said Hank.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Hank and I have been talking," I jumped in, "and we're both interested in exploring a nude lifestyle and wonder if you're OK with our being naked at home?"

"OK with it? What do you mean? We've all seen the other one bare-assed before—what's the big deal?"

"No," said Hank, "I don't think you understand. We want to be nude all the time—everywhere. We both enjoy it and we want to live like that. We have incredible privacy here and want to use that to our advantage. We hope you're not offended or shocked."

Dad thought for about a half second, then said "Not shocked or offended—a bit surprised, but in a good way. I have no problem with it at all—you're both free to do whatever you wish and neither of you have anything to be ashamed about. Not that there's ever anything shameful about being nude. I totally get it and understand the freedom."

Hank and I looked at each other, then at Dad. "For real?" I asked. Neither of us could believe how easy it was. Dad just shrugged and said "Yup."

"Thanks for being cool, Dad. It means a lot to both of us," said Hank.

"Totally," I agreed.

"Well, then—let me turn it back on you. I may just jump on the bandwagon and give it try myself. What do you say to that?"

"Super cool!"

"Bring it! Cole and I are going swimming. Want to join us? Might be an easy way to get this show off the ground"

"Good idea. Give me 5 and let's meet down by the pool."

Hank and I were sitting, bare-assed, in the loungers by the pool when Dad came out in all his glory. It was the first time that the three of

us really looked at the other two. We were all in great shape—it's just gotten better over the years—and we all realized something else, too. It was Hank who finally mentioned it.

"We've got some serious cock going on here."

We all laughed. All three of us were at least 4 inches soft, so we all knew that there was some real meat going on. As Hank and I had sported wood around the other, we knew the stats—he was just shy of 10 inches. I was a respectable 9.

We all jumped in the water and spent the next 40 minutes playing around. It was incredibly liberating to be nude and we all quickly became comfortable with it. Eventually, dad climbed out.

"Be right back. Getting something to drink." We watched his muscular back, ass and legs make their way into the kitchen.

"Gee—he's fucking packing, isn't he?" asked Hank when Dad had gone inside. "And he shaves his sack. That's so cool."

"I was thinking the same thing. I'm gonna try it. But I don't know how I'm gonna prevent myself from pitching a tent pole when he's around."

Hank smirked at me, just as Dad reappeared with 3 bottles of beer.

***"Dad, I wanna trim and shave my balls like you do, can you help me?"***

"Here's the deal. If you two are old enough to decide that you want to live your lives naked, I think you're old enough to have a beer or two."

Hank and I were out of the water so fast it wasn't funny. It was so cool to be sitting there sipping a beer, naked as the day I was born, with my two best buds—my bro and my dad.

"Fucking awesome." I muttered.

"What's that?" Dad asked.

"Sorry—didn't mean to swear. It's just that this is so cool."

Dad smiled at both of us. "Yeah, it is fucking awesome." We all clinked our bottles.

"We probably should talk the nude thing through a bit more." Dad said.

"How so?" asked Hank.

"Well—we're all guys, and we're all clearly comfortable with being naked. You both said you wanted total access to the house and grounds—no problem there. But some times things happen when your nude all the time and we should get that out of the way up front."

"Here it comes..." Hank chuckled. Dad just smirked at him.

"Look, guys get boners. It happens. There's nothing wrong with it—it's completely natural. So, if any of us happens to get wood, we shouldn't be embarrassed."

"OK, full disclosure." I said. "Hank and I have seen the other with full on swords on more than one occasion. It's no big deal to either of us."

"None of it?" agreed Hank.

"None of it?" asked Dad. "What exactly does that mean?" His voice was modulated—he wasn't mad at all, but very intrigued.

Hank looked at me, I looked at him, we both shrugged, then I said "tell him."

"Dad, we're all guys. As we know, sometimes it's not just a hard cock. Sometimes it's something ya just gotta take into your own hands."

Dad snorted beer as he laughed. So did I. "So what are you telling me?"

"Hank and I have whacked off in front of each other."

"Oh? Often?" Dad asked, a little unsure of where he wanted to go with this part of the conversation.

"Enough that we're comfortable with each other when it happens." answered Hank. His fingers started to absently play with his dark bush.

The combination of being nude, the sun and the beer got me a little light-headed and a bit bold. "Dad, it's really cool that you trim and shave your junk. It looks hot."

"Yeah, it does." agreed Hank, feeling that same effect of booze, sun and skin that I was.

"Thanks." Said Dad.

"I wanna do the same thing. Can you help me?" I asked.

Dad looked me, then smiled and said "Sure. Happy to."

"When? Can we do it now?" I asked excitedly.

"If you want. Let's go up to my bathroom."

"I'm in on this too," said Hank.

When we all stood up, each of us had a throbbing rod. Dad clearly won, measuring in a good ten inches.

"Fucking awesome!" In stereo, from both Hank and me, staring at Dad's cock, then laughing hysterically.

Upstairs Dad laid everything out—small scissors, electric clippers and a safety razor and shave creme. "Who's first?"

"Me! It was my idea!"

"Alright Cole. Spread your legs a bit and lean against the counter." The buzzer kicked in and Dad went right into trimming my bush down very tight, then trimming my ball sac. "Turn around and spread your ass checks." I did exactly as I was told.

"Don't have a lot around your rosebud, but let's get that cleaned up too. Hank, I hope you're watching all of this so that you can help Cole clean up next time."

"Not a problem, Dad. Watching every single step." Said Hank, with a bit of a glazed look in his eye, slowing pulling on his beer. During the whole process, no one's cock had deflated in the least. Once he was done with my butt, Dad dragged his finger across my hole, making sure it was clear and smooth. The feel of his finger sent shivers up my spine. "Turn around."

When I did, my cock stuck out hard and

aching. Next, he took the shave cream and razor and went back over my balls, shaving them satiny smooth. My cock was oozing a steady stream of guy-honey. "Like this?" Dad asked, smiling at me and running his thumb over the top of my cock. Thankfully, I was leaning against the counter. My eyes pretty much rolled back in my head, I was so hot, but I somehow managed not to shoot.

Dad washed my ball sac with a warm cloth, then my pulsing cock shaft. Again, a stream of juice pulsed from my cockhead. I noticed that Dad's massive schlong was pumping out the same sweet nectar, without him even touching it. This time, tho, after running his thumb over the very wet cock head a couple of times, he lifted his thumb to his mouth and licked off the juice. Hank's mouth was hanging open, his cock wet and pulsing also. "Ever taste yourself, Cole?" my dad whispered.

"Huh-uh" was all I could mutter.

"Why not?" asked Dad, looking right at me and raising an eyebrow. His heavily muscled body, huge shaved cock and big, manly hands were driving me crazy. "Nothing wrong with a guy knowing his own body." Again, he rubbed his thumb over my dick head, and again my body responded by soaking his finger in sex juice. This time, though, he lifted it to my mouth and gently pulling down my jaw, stuck his thumb inside me. My mouth immediately closed around it, savoring the flavor and I automatically moaned.

"Good boy" growled Dad, smiling at me. "Very good boy."

A third time he swabbed his finger, but this time lifted it up to Hank's mouth. "You should get to know your brother's taste." He said, putting his finger inside Hank, who also immediately closed his mouth around the digit and sucked on it. "What'd ya think?"

"Sweet." hissed Hank, after letting Dad's finger go.

"OK, Hank. Your turn." Dad moved over to Hank and repeated the whole sensual ballet—cut, trim, shave and wipe. Play a bit with the exposed asshole. Feed cock juice to his number one and number two sons, then savor his own taste, as well. When he was done, I leaned over and dragged my own thumb against his straining dick, then licked my finger. I repeated it twice, once feeding Hank Dad's juice, then feeding Dad his own honey.

"There you go, boys. All set. From now on, we can all get together for a clean up or you two can help each other out, or do it yourself. What ever is easiest."

I was dying, I wanted to shoot the massive load I knew had built up in my balls so bad, but at the same time the sexual tension was so erotic I didn't want it to end. I felt incredible horned up, and I knew they both did to.

As Dad was putting away the various bits and pieces he said to Hank, "You made a strange comment outside Hank that I want to ask you about. When we were talking about getting hard in front of each other, you said that none of it

was a big deal. What exactly is none of it? You never answered the question."

"How much do you want to know?" asked Hank. He shot me a quick and nervous look.

"All of it. I can handle it. I think we've just proven to each other that we can handle quite a bit. What else is there to tell me?"

"Not only have we whacked together, we've traded blow jobs." I blurted out. Hank looked at me. "What, Hank?" I asked.

Dad chuckled. "Thought so. Did you come inside each other?"

"No!" Hank answered quickly. "Just now is the only time I've tasted..." He stumbled for the words.

"Dude, it's OK." I said to Hank gently. Clearly he was reacting to Dad's question very strangely. "We've snacked down on each other a bit, Dad, but nothing major like that." I danced my fingers up and down my slick, damp shaft and rolled my aching balls around in their sac.

"Why not?"

Hank and I looked at each other. I couldn't really believe my Dad was asking me why I

***After running his thumb over the very wet cock head a couple of times, he lifted his thumb to his mouth and licked off the juice***

hadn't swallowed my brother's jizz—especially given that a few hours ago Hank and I were nervous on how he's react to our wanting just to be naked all the time.

"The couple of times that we tried it, it was really rushed. It just didn't happen."

"Did you both want to do it? No one made the other did he?" asked Dad sternly.

"No" we both said in unison. "Completely mutual." Hank said, "I did it cuz I wanted to." I answered truthfully.

"Did you like it?"

"Enough that I want to experiment more." I said.

"Me too." Added Hank. "Are you weirded out by this?"

Dad thought a second, smiled and said "I probably should be, but I'm not. You're both young, hot and horny. You've both got a brother you love who willingly lets you explore. I'd rather that you play together than with strangers."

Once more, Hank and I looked at each other. Hank was again absently playing with his dick, but this time we was rubbing the cock stubble and pulling slightly on his meat.

"I'm gonna take this one step further. In addition to being nude wherever and whenever you want, I also give you complete freedom to do whatever you're both comfortable doing whenever and wherever you want." Both our faces lit up. "So, if you want to try that blowjob again, take your time and enjoy it for both of you. And swallow your brother's load—it's OK. You might just like it."

"Dad, I can't believe how cool you are with all of this. It's absolutely amazing." Said Hank. I was speechless. My hot ass Dad just gave me carte blanche to be bare-assed naked whenever I wanted to and have sex with my fucking stud hot ass brother, who is also totally into it. Fucking awesome!

"Boys, I want you to be happy and there are far worse things to be than loving to your brother. Now, will you do me a big favor and kiss each other? And I mean a real kiss, not a chaste peck. If you're sucking each other's cocks, you shouldn't have a problem with a kiss."

Hank leaned over and, at first, brushed his lips to mine. Then he pressed hard, instinctively, my mouth opened and his tongue found mine. We played that way for what seemed a long time, with our hands running over each other's bodies. Hank pressed into me, never breaking the kiss and our cocks pressed against each other. We both automatically moaned when that happened, lost in the deep, deep kiss and all the erotic tension that had just transpired over the last few hours. All of a sudden, without warning, we both started humping each other's steel hard and hot cock. The frottage—as Dad later explained it was called—didn't last long and we both shot huge loads of creamy thick jock batter up and over our rippling stomachs. The come seemed to go on forever.

"Auwwww...fuck!" Dad yelled, pulling us from our haze, just as he shot his own thick, massive load all over himself. "Fuck, that's hot! You two are on fire!"

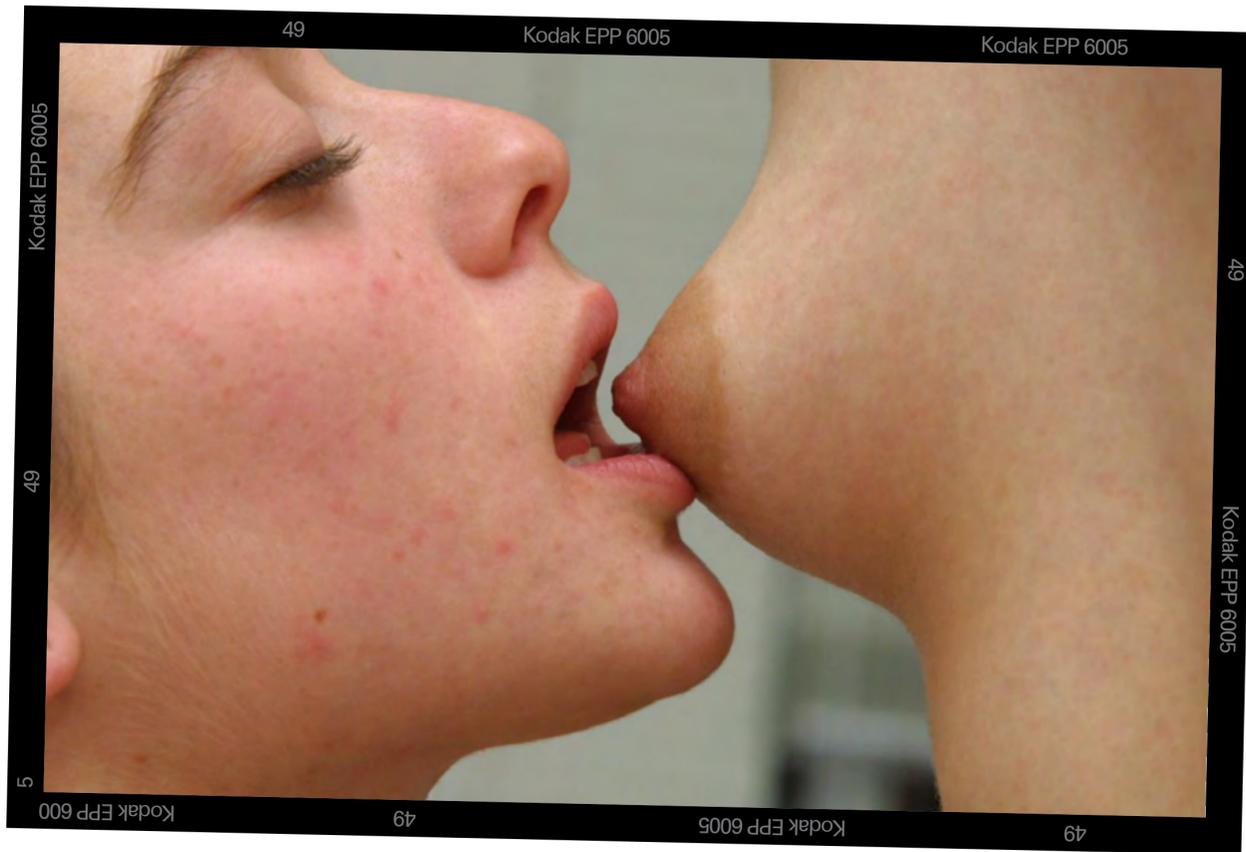
After a few minutes catching our breath, we climbed into the shower and slowly, lovingly washed each other, then dried each other. By the end the cocks were hard again, but we all knew we wanted to build the tension up all over and so just let them slap against ourselves and each other.

"Dinner's at 8." Said Dad. "Wear what you have on." He smiled and turned to leave the bathroom.

"Hey Dad," I said, my hand on his shoulder, then turning him. "Thanks for all of this." I leaned in, as Hank had done to me, and first kissed my studly Dad's lips softly, followed by my tongue probing his mouth. When I broke away, his eyes were glazed over and he had the sweetest smile on his lips. Hank then leaned in and repeated the same lip lock.

"We love you, man." Said Hank, "You're our Dad and you're fucking awesome."





# Daddy's Little Supermodel



## Daddy's Little Supermodel

by Tommy Littlewacker

Karen poses for her Daddy's naughty website... and little by little he takes pictures of her wearing less and less!

(Mg, inc, ped, exh)

It was unreasonably warm for in May on Puget Sound, so I was on the roof working on finishing the addition on my cabin/home. I needed to get it completed before my daughter comes to visit in June. I had just started on laying shingles when I heard the phone ringing inside. "Shit!" I said aloud. I'll let in ring, if it's important they will call back later. But it didn't stop, 10, or 15 rings later, I decided it must be important. I quickly slid down the ladder and grabbed the phone through the open window.

"Hi, Daddy." It was my daughter who lives in Chicago with my ex-wife.

"Hi, pumpkin. How are you?"

"I'm fine, Daddy. I'll be coming to see you soon."

"I know. I can't hardly wait to see you."

"Me too. Mom wants to talk to you about my coming to see you." I'm thinking, "what does that bitch want now - more money?"

"Hello."

"Hi"

"I wanted to ask if you would like to have Karen all summer this year. Jim wants to go to Europe for the summer and he thought Karen would like to spend more time with you."

What she really means, is that they don't want Karen tagging along ruining their vacation.

"I guess that would be up to Karen. I'd love to have her all summer, but I'm not paying child support if she is here with me, I can't afford to."

"Oh no, I wouldn't expect you to pay."

"And you buy the plane tickets." Let's see how badly they want me to take her all summer. "I want all this in writing before she leaves, no child support for 3 months, and you pay the air fare both ways."

"Thank you. I'll send a letter today." That was too easy, I should have squeezed her harder. Maybe even gotten the child support dropped for the whole year. But, even 3 months without paying will mean \$2100 I don't have to come up

with.

“Now put Karen back on.”

By the first of June, I had most of the addition I had started last year finished. I left the painting inside so Karen could help and she could pick whatever colors she wanted. It would mean a couple of nights for me on the couch but it will be fun to have Karen helping.

I live on an island on Puget Sound and when I go to town I have to take a ferry boat over to the main land. It's very quiet here most of the year, that is after the tourist leave. I have my cabin, the only thing I managed to keep after the divorce. She tried to get that too but it had been in my family and I got to keep it. I did acquire a sailboat since by buying a used boat that needed a lot of repairs.

The day Karen was to arrive, I drove down the coast to the SeaTac airport, about a hour from the ferry dock. Running into the terminal, I noticed on the monitor that Karen's plane was about 30 minutes late. Damn, we are going to miss the last boat back to the island. I paced while waiting for Karen's plane from Chicago. Finally, the doors opened and passengers started filing off. Everyone was off, and no Karen, when a young lady came running out of the doorway and throw her arms around me. At thirteen, Karen was the kind of little brunette that made guys' hearts beat faster; just looking at her. Brown hair almost to her shoulders, so thick that you just ached to run your fingers through it. While the little girl hadn't yet developed the full-sized breasts of older girls, the bumps on her developing bosom, were signs that she was not a child any more. A flashing smile, and big brown eyes ensured that the little girl could almost certainly get whatever she wanted from any male. At almost 4 and a half feet she could almost kiss me on the cheek just standing on her toes. We walked hand in hand to the luggage carousel. Karen told me that in Chicago they almost missed the plane because of traffic on the freeway. After waiting 30 minutes, no luggage, guess they didn't get it on the plane, but we are going to have to stay overnight anyway.

We drove up the highway to a motel where we rented a room with 2 queen sized beds. “What am I going to wear to bed Daddy?”

“Guess we'll both have to sleep in our underwear tonight. I won't look if you won't” Karen went in to take a shower. When she came out with a towel wrapped around her, I had the lights off and just the TV on. I tried not to look but couldn't help but notice how beautiful she has become. Long legs, cute butt and breasts still growing. We watched the news then turned off the TV.

“Daddy, you asleep?”

“No, honey, not yet.”

“I can't sleep! Can I come over there with you?”

“I don't think you should, I don't have much clothes on, and either do you.”

“But, I don't care and this bed isn't comfortable like mine at home.”

“OK, but just for a minute.” Karen walked around her bed to mine, instead of just sliding out and getting into the other bed. I watched as she walked around in front of the TV. “My God, she is beautiful and going to get into bed with me. How am I going to keep from getting an erection?” I thinking.

“Daddy.”

“What now?”

“Will you put your arm around me, I love you so much, and I'm so happy to be with you all summer?” I moved my arm and she lifted her head. Now her body was pressed against mine as she snuggled up to me. My hand naturally fell on her panty-covered butt. I could feel her ass crack under my fingers, and had to concentrate not to move them. Karen was breathing regularly and would be asleep soon. I moved my hand slightly, the one on her butt, the other hand was holding my cock down. I felt her crack, my fingers reached lower. Her panties were a little wet. Must be from the shower. Karen didn't move, she must be asleep. Very slowly I began rubbing my cock with one hand while I touched that tight little butt. Karen turning and moved her legs apart slightly. My heart was beating fast, “Did she know what I was doing?” I laid still for a while, then continued rubbing my cock until I

*“Daddy, I want to make you feel good because I love you so much”*

exploded in my underwear.

The next morning, I took a shower and dressed leaving off the soiled underwear. I put them into a bag and dropped them into the trash can outside our room as I walked down to get coffee from the motel office. When I returned, Karen was up and dressed, so we walked across the street to a McDonald's for breakfast. After picking up the luggage at the airport, we headed back North to the ferry dock.

Karen was thrilled when she found out that she was going to have her own room this year and that she was going to be able to choose the colors and the furniture. She was ready to start painting as soon as we walked inside. “We'll have to go pick up the paint when you decide what color you would like to use. Maybe we can find a bed and dresser on the same trip.”

“I get to pick my own bed?”

“Of course.”

“Jim wouldn't let me. He only yells at me.”

“Well I think your very mature and I want you to have the bed you want. Within reason.”

“I think a futon would be nice. Then you can use this room for an office when I'm not here, Daddy”

“That would be very nice, but are you sure?”

Futons aren't the most comfortable to sleep on.”

“I'm sure.”

“You can pick out what ever cover you want. OK?”

We finished painting and cleaning up a couple of days later. Karen and I sat on the floor and assembled the futon frame. At one point she asked me for a screw. I was totally shocked but tried not to show it. “Here's what you need, it's a bolt and nut.” She didn't reply. I wondered if she said that for effect or really didn't know what she said. When we finished we got the futon on the frame and moved it into place. I grabbed Karen and tickled her until she begged me to stop. “I love you so much. You're my favorite daughter.”

“I'm your only daughter.”

“Get your things and put them away, while I set up your TV and get it connected to the cable. I was lucky to have free cable as when they were running fiber optics to the far side of the island, they had to cross my property. I agreed only if they would give me free TV service plus internet for as long as I owned the property. That is the only way I was able to work from home.

That night, Karen was going to spend her first night in her own new room. She showered and went to bed about eleven. I was in bed shortly after, as I was a habitual early riser. It was about midnight when I heard Karen enter the room.

“Daddy,” she whispered. “What, hon?”

“I can't sleep, it's too noisy outside.”

“It's just frogs and crickets.”

“I know but I can't sleep. Can I sleep in here with you?” I knew I shouldn't relent but being half asleep, I lifted the covers and she crawled in and snuggled up to me. I put my arm around her, that when I realized she wasn't wearing the top to her PJs. “How come you're not wearing your top?”

“I get all tangled up in it.” She held my hand against her cute little butt. In the morning, she was sleeping with her head on my chest and her hand resting on my cock. Was this accidental or planned? I'm beginning to think it is planned.

I had breakfast ready when Karen finished her shower. She kissed me good morning on the cheek. “You are the most beautiful girl I know.”

“I'm probably the only girl you know.”

“I know lots of girls, but you're my favorite. I think you could be a model if you wanted.”

Karen beamed, “you think so?”

“Defiantly. I'll show you something after breakfast that I found on the Net.” Karen wolfed down her pancakes and milk, while I finished my third cup of coffee.

“You know I don't have a regular job, I just do so small projects for people. I build and maintain websites for small companies. I don't make a lot of money but I think you and I could make some money and have fun if your interested.”

“How Daddy?”

“Come on, I'll show you.” Karen followed me into the living room where the computer was located. I sat down while she stood beside me. We began looking at some of the child

model sites. “Your prettier than most of these girls on here, and I have done some checking. They make hundreds of dollars each month for just a few hours' work. We're looking at the free pictures now, if you pay you get to see more.”

“This is so cool. People pay to look at pictures?”

“Yes. The pictures they pay for are a little more sexy, not naked or anything like that. Just sexier. Here I'll show you what I mean.” I opened up a couple of pictures I had downloaded from a user group, a girl about Karen's age wearing shorts and crop-top. The girl was laying on her side showing off her butt. Another picture was of an older girl wearing a swim suit leaning forward showing off her boobs. Nothing you couldn't see in any clothing catalog.

“How much money do people pay to look at these pictures?”

“Anyone in the whole world with an Internet connection can look at the free pictures. If they want to see the others, they would have to pay us for a password. If we charge about \$10 per month and we have just 1000 viewers we will make \$10,000 each month.”

“Oh my God. That's a lot.”

“Yes it is, and we would split half for you and half for me after we pay for expenses. So what do you think? Want to try it?”

“Yes Daddy. When can we start?”

“Right now if you want.” Karen was so excited, she wanted to start now.

We set up the lights in her room so we could use the futon and desk as props. She was wearing red shorts with a pink top so I just had her sitting around her room reading. “Just be yourself. Change positions a little when you hear the camera beep.” She was a natural. Karen knew when to look at the camera and when not to. It only took about an hour to shoot off 50 pictures then she changed clothes and we went outside to shoot. It was a little foggy today so she was wearing jeans and a denim jacket. After about 25 pictures or so, I suggested she go inside and take off the shirt and put the jacket back on, but leave it partly unbuttoned. I needed a few pictures to wet their appetites. Karen ran inside. A few minutes later she returned, jacket completely open. We shot pictures with her at the wood pile with an ax in her hand. When she raised the ax above her head, her jacket parted, exposing her tiny boobs. I moved around her getting multiple photos from every angle. Karen was having a great time, teasing me with her tight little butt.

When we downloaded the pictures from the camera to the computer, I was amazed at how beautiful Karen was. Guts are going to go crazy for pictures of her. Karen sat on my leg while we weeded out the two classes of pictures. We had two folders, “Free” and “Pay.” I already had a website set up so it was very quick to upload some of the free stuff to the server. I would save the pay photos until we see how much interest we generate. I sent a couple of messages to several user groups informing them of the new website.

Karen is sleeping in my bed all the time now.

Not that I mind, but if anyone was to discover this it would be difficult to explain. She sleeps with no top on curled up in my arms. “We need to get you some PJ's tomorrow,” I said.

“I have some, I just don't like to wear them. I get all tangled up in them. Beside you don't wear PJ's.”

“Well even if you don't wear them for sleeping, we can use them for pictures.”

We watched an “R” rated movie on TV until Karen fell asleep.

Karen was up before me. She had the computer on to see if anyone had seen her pictures. The counter showed about 200 hits and she had to jump on the bed to tell me. I wasn't really asleep just wanted to see what she might do. I love being tickled by a thirteen year old who was only wearing panties. Her hand rubbed across my cock several times and my hand rubbed her butt too. After Karen had enough rough housing, she kissed me on the lips. To my surprise, I felt her tongue brush across my lips. My mouth involuntarily opened and our tongues met. It was a short kiss but so nice. Karen broke off and ran to her room. I worried I might have frightened her by kissing her back. She was back before I had finished my shower and knocked on the door to tell me to hurry. She wanted to

*I love being tickled by a thirteen year old who is only wearing panties*

show me how many hits we had on our web site.

I opened the page then got the stats from the server. “This is the important stuff, This will tell us how long people stay looking at your pictures. If the average person stays longer than a few minutes that means they like looking at you, and maybe they will pay us to see more.”

“This is so cool, Daddy. Look, now 245 people have looked at me.”

“Let's check our e-mail.” I entered her logon name I had setup. The mail box had about 35 short messages. “You need to read these messages and maybe respond to them. I'll show you how to do one message and sent it to everyone. Maybe we should attach a picture with e-mail.”

“Which one should we send?” Karen asked.

“A sexy picture so they will want to pay to see more. You read the mail while get some coffee.” The responses were better than I had hoped. The message has only been on the user groups for less than a day and already guys were wanting more.

By the time I got back after making coffee, Karen had read most of the messages. There were about 35 e-mails telling her she was beautiful and requesting more pictures. Karen was so pleased that everyone thought she was pretty. She wrote a short note thanking them and attached a

picture of her with the open denim jacket with the ax in her hand. By looking closely, you could see a small breast and nipple and Karen was looking at the camera.

After breakfast, I suggested we look at more model sites and see what other girls have on their pay sites. I had downloaded whole series of photos from user groups before Karen arrived. We clicked through them pretty fast. About midway through the series, I had slipped in three pictures of a girl about Karen's age sucking a hard cock, and 2 other pictures of the same girl where he is shooting stuff into her mouth. When I came to them, clicked rapidly and said, “I sorry, I thought I had deleted those.” Karen didn't verbally respond, but I felt her tense up.

That evening, we checked back and the counter was up to over a thousand and she has almost a hundred new messages. “I told you guys would think you were beautiful and want to look at pictures of you.”

“When will they start paying?”

“We'll set up the pay site tomorrow and watch the money roll in.”

About eleven, we went to bed, Karen laying in my arms as usual. The TV was on and I was almost asleep when Karen whispered, “Can I tell you something?”

“Of course, pumpkin. Anything.”

“You won't get mad at me?”

“No, never. You can tell me anything.” There was a long silence.

“Phillip showed me stuff like those pictures I saw on the computer.”

“Who is Phillip?”

“He lives in my building. He lives downstairs. He is nice to me and shows me stuff.”

“What kind of stuff?”

“Like that stuff on the computer. He showed me how to make him feel good.”

“How old is Phillip?”

“He is in high school. I think he is 17.” There was another long pause.

“He walks home from school with me sometimes and he lets me play games on him computer. Sometimes he shows me pictures and how to make him feel good.”

“You aren't mad at me are you?”

“No, honey.” I had to know. “How do you make him feel good.”

“He likes me to rub his thing up and down until stuff comes out. Once he got it all over me and he had to wash it off my top. He took his mom's hair drier and dried my clothes so mom wouldn't find out.”

“Does he make you feel good too?”

“No.”

I didn't want to press her for more information. I was sure she would tell me when she was ready. After about 5 minutes, “Daddy.”

“What, pumpkin.”

“Can I make you feel good?” Before I could answer, she had her hand around my cock and began rubbing it up and down.

“You shouldn't be doing that, I'm your father.”

“I know, Daddy, but I want to make you feel

good because I love you so much.”

By now, my cock was standing at attention and there was no way I would be able to stop her.

“Why don’t you take off your underpants so they don’t get messed up again.” My God, she said “again”, she knew I jacked off the other night. Before I could say “no”, she was sitting up and had my shorts down enough to expose my hard cock. She sat there working my cock up and down. It didn’t take long before I shot “stuff” all over my little girl’s hand, chest, and face. When I opened my eyes, I saw she was smiling. Pleased with herself, “did I make you feel good, Daddy?”

“Oh yes, honey. I feel really good now. But I always feel good when you’re here with me.”

“Me too, I love you so much.”

I got a wash cloth from the bath room and wiped her face and chest, then kissed my little girl, not the way most fathers would kiss their daughter. Her mouth was opening and her tongue was inviting mine in. We started gently swirling the tips of our tongues together. My finger tips gently rubbing her neck and arm. My tongue was being pulled all the way into her mouth by hers. This little thirteen year old was getting hot and so was I!

As our tongues intermingled, my left hand went slowly down her right arm, caressing it as it did. Her skin was like silk. I savored the taste of my daughter for a full minute then broke off, “Did Phillip teach you that too?”

“Yes,” almost a whisper.

“Well, he did a wonderful job, you’re a great kisser.” My fingers found her hand, she gently squeezed them. I lifted her hand to my face and started kissing each of her fingers. I looked down and whispered “I love you”. She looked up at me, smiled.

Karen slept in that morning. I got up early and started loading the pay web site with pictures I was sure were what the guys wanted to see. I had checked the hit counter and it was showing more than 2500 people had visited our site. I could also check the stats and see that some even stayed on a couple of pages for more than 15 minutes. Around 8:30 Karen came in and sat on my knee. I kissed her cheek and showed her the work I had already done. She seemed a little shy about some of the pictures I had placed but didn’t want any changed. “We need to get more pictures taken today. I think your going to be a big hit with lots of people.”

“When will they start sending us money?”

“Soon. The money will go to a PayPal account I have setup. They will send us a check whenever we want it. Let look at your e-mail now.” I typed in her logon name and password. There were more than 150 messages. “Wow. How can I read them all?”

“You do have to. We can sort them into different folders and then you only have to write one message for each folder. I think we need to go to town and buy you some new modeling clothes.”

“I love shopping for clothes.”

Shopping with a thirteen year old girl was a new experience. I never knew they could change their mind so many times. She had to try every pair of shorts and top on in every possible combination. We bought the shortest shorts and sheerest tops we could find. While she was in the changing booth I slipped a pair of thong panties in the stack of clothes I was carrying. The teen aged sales girl gave Karen a little smile as she rang up the panties but didn’t say anything. I had hoped she thought Karen had slipped them in without my knowing. Back in the truck, Karen said her mom would never approve of her wearing thongs like the others girls do at school. “They’re only for our picture taking not for wearing to school.”

“Oh Daddy, everyone wears them at my school.”

Karen couldn’t wait to change into a new pair of shorts and tank top. She wanted sexy pictures for her new job. I shot 50 or 60 pictures of her just doing regular stuff that thirteen year old girls do, such as sitting on the porch rail, swinging on the tire swing, riding her bike around the yard. Later we moved inside and she changed her top to a more transparent top. I got her to stand by the window with the light coming from behind. I suggested she unbutton the blouse part way. She is comfortable now with me seeing her partly naked. Then, on her own, she unbuttoned it all the way. We took several more shot, then she

took the top completely off and holding it in front of her tits she looked at the camera and smiled. I’m thinking she is smiling at the rise she is causing in my pants. I walked over to her and unsnapped the top of her shorts and pulled the zipper down slightly. There was no danger of them falling completely off because they were too tight for that. We just exposed the front of her pink panties a little the I realized they were the thong panties.

“Let go into your room and shot some pictures on the futon. Slip the shorts off but keep the blouse in front of you.”

I snapped pictures of her laying on the bed. She rolled over several times always trying to keep the blouse in front of her chest. Those long smooth legs and that tight butt were driving me mad. “Let take a break now. OK?”

“OK Daddy.” Karen stood up dropping her blouse on the bed and walked over to the dresser and retrieved another top. She knows exactly what she is doing to me and I love it.

By the next week, we had over 1100 subscribers from all over the world looking and e-mailing Karen for more pictures. She even had offers for private modeling sessions. I explained that she must never let any of these people know anything about her like what school she goes to, where she lives, real name or telephone number. All e-mails must go through the anonymous mail server so they can’t find where we live.

It was July 1 when the first check arrived in the mail, it was for almost \$11,000. We need to get a better camera and some lights. I want to have enough pictures to keep this going until Karen gets back next summer. We drove to the mainland and set up a bank account in Karen’s name. She has a \$5000 advance on her college tuition. I deposited \$5 grand in my account and paid off my credit card and purchased a new Nikon along with a couple of strobe lights. The clerk talked me into buying a remote control shutter release that can trip the shutter from 100 feet away. Great for wildlife photography he explained, but I had other uses in mind.

The extra bedroom was to become a photo studio. We set up the lights and the new camera to take some tests shots. Karen didn’t need to change as she was already wearing the tight red shorts and a sweat shirt and looked very sexy. I had her lay on the futon, on her back with her legs up on the back of the couch. After taking several shots of those beautiful legs, I moved in closer and had her pull up her sweat shirt exposing her belly. The shot wasn’t quite right, so I adjusted the shirt to expose just a little of the underside of her little breasts and unsnapped her shorts opening them a little. She was so beautiful I couldn’t help myself, I leaned down and kissed her lips. They opened and sucked my tongue into her mouth. While we kissed, I was thinking, what a picture this would be.

“Would you mind if I took a picture of us kissing? Your such a good kisser and I’d like have a picture like that to remember you by.”

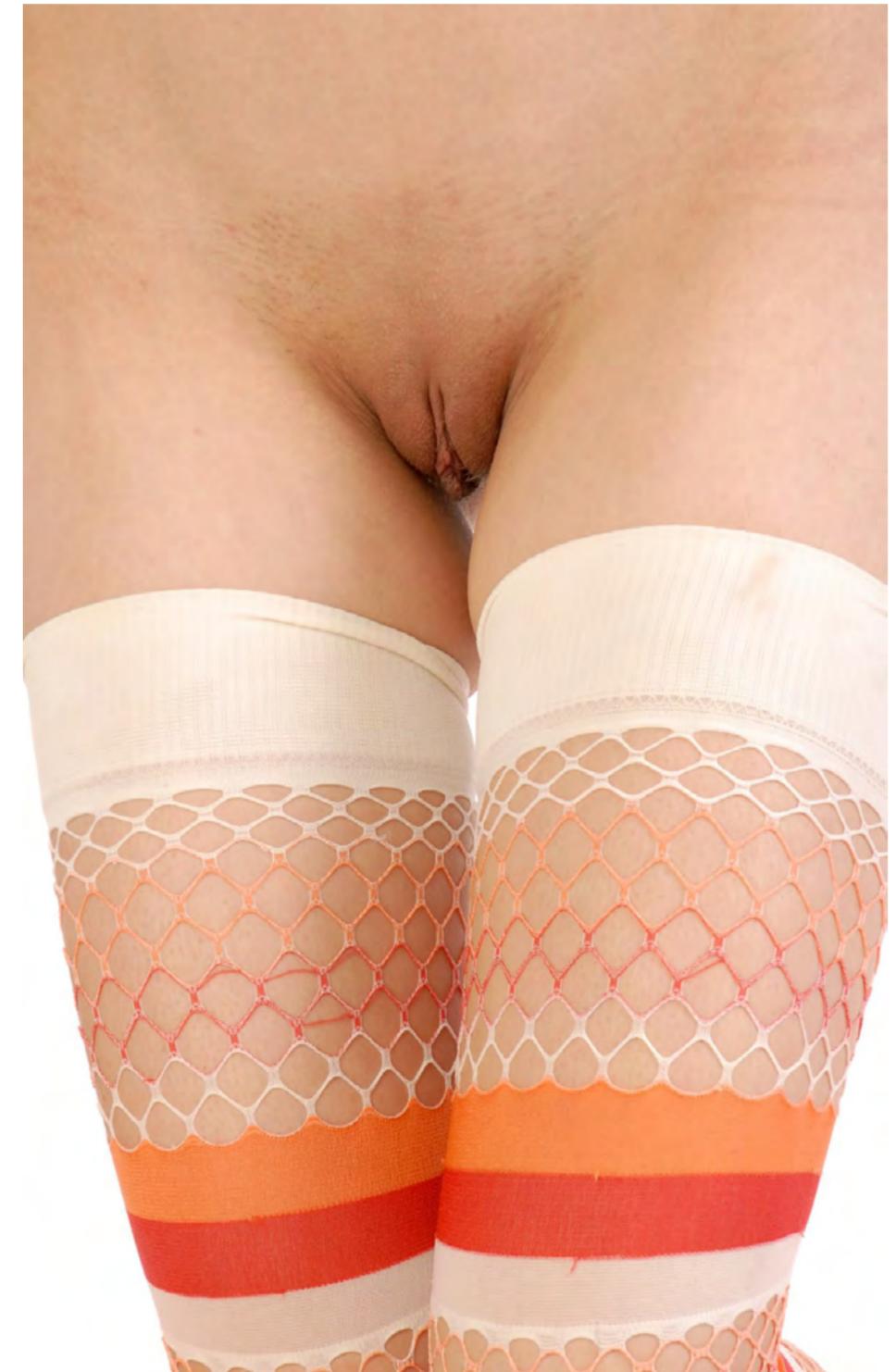
“OK. But how can you take it if your over

here?”

“That what the remote control is for.” I got up and attached the control to the camera and zoomed in on her face. I returned to sit beside her with the remote in my hand opposite the camera. Slowly I leaned down to kiss shooting several pictures as I did so. Karen’s mouth was open ready for my tongue. I was totally under this child’s control. Her mouth opened wide and sucked my tongue inside. No, that’s not right! I’m totally under the control of my hard cock. Our tongues danced together while my free hand explored her arm and chest. Pulling up her shirt more so her breasts were exposed to my hand and the camera, I rubbed her nipple gently.

My mouth came off her’s and trailed down her cheek and neck. My back was breaking but I didn’t want to stop, I needed to kiss her breast, to taste that wonderful child. I slid onto the floor, kneeling, I could now explore all of her body with my lips and tongue. My lips found her nipple and sucked it in. It was wonderful but I wanted more. I looked up at her, she was smiling, “I want you.” There was only the slightest nod and her smile grew into a grin.

Her head turned slightly causing me to open my eyes and pull away a little. I was looking into those deep brown eyes. As I did so, I whispered “let’s go to the bedroom” as my right hand started to move under her legs. She just kept staring



into my eyes and didn't say a word. My left hand started to reach under her neck as her arms reached upward and around the back of my neck. I slowly stood up, cradling this wonderful little angel in my arms. I looked down at her and could now see those beautiful little legs. I looked back into her eyes and whispered "I want to make love to you", then carried her into the bedroom. I sat her on the bed and removed her sweat shirt. I sat beside her and we kissed while I finished unzipping her shorts. She laid back and raised her hips as I pulled her shorts and panties off. I slowly and very gently kissed her lips, first the top one, then the other. As my tongue searched between her lips it was again met by her tongue. I gently touched the tip of it with mine and slowly moved about it in circles, then I stopped and started kissing her lips again.

Quickly I pulled off my shirt and dropped my shorts and underwear. Kneeling between her legs, we kissed as I slowly slid my hand up along the inside of her thigh I was in another world. She was so soft and warm! I moved my hand up a little then stopped then slide it back down. Each time I moved my hand upward, I would go a little further up her soft thigh. She began to move her legs farther apart, while at the same time, her tongue was really starting to move sensuously about mine. My hand went back to the inner thigh of her right leg and moved towards it's goal. She was soaking wet! I couldn't believe how wet a thirteen year old could get. Very slowly and gently, I began to move my fingers

along that soft little pussy slit. Her legs moved even farther apart!

My middle finger found the top of her slit and followed it downward. Slowly touching it along the outside edge. When it got to it's bottom, my hand moved under her and gently cupped her whole cute little butt. I gave it a gentle squeeze then slowly retraced back up that slit.

After about the fourth or fifth time, my finger starting to enter along the outer edge of that soft warm inviting wet tunnel. As it did, her tongue would stop moving and I began to hear her start to make soft moaning sounds, almost like a kitten purring.

Still kneeling between her legs I began kissing her neck and ear then moved back to her little breasts kissing each in turn. My kisses kept getting lower and lower on her body. Soon I was licking her navel, my tongue flicking around, gently sucking, then moving lower.

My hands started to shake when I saw that beautiful little cunt just inches away from my mouth and tongue. As my tongue started to get closer, her hands touched mine and she squeezed them firmly. I softly whispered, "I won't hurt you". My hands found their way back down to the insides of her knees. Gently I raised her knees and moved them apart even more as I kissed the top of her slit. It was so perfectly shaped and not a hair on it, just a soft downy fuzz! Her little slit was closed but I could see the moisture on the outside.

My tongue parted her looking for that

special nub. It found that special spot and slowly flicked it up and down. Karen was now holding my head and moving around. I was having a hard time following her with my tongue. She cried out, I stopped and asked, "You OK?"

She couldn't talk, all she could do was pull my head down to her treasure again. My little girl was having an orgasm. I moved up to kiss her lips again, my cock was now rubbing against her sweet pussy.

"You know I would never hurt you. If you want to stop just tell me if you do."

I leaned down and started kissing her cheek and neck. Then I kissed her ear. She and I were both sweating and breathing hard. I whispered "I love you. I want to make love to you". I waited for a moment but no response. I then started to lightly move my hips letting my cock again rub gently along her moist, hot little cunt. I kept kissing her all along her neck and shoulders and licking and sucking gently on those little nipples. In a few moments she started to moan and her body started to wiggle a little. Her knees moved apart, even more than they already had been.

I kept gently sucking on her left nipple as I reached down to my cock with my left hand. I slowly started to rub the head along that heavenly wetness stopping near its top every few moments and concentrating on where I knew that little bud was hiding. Her pussy started getting even wetter.

She started moaning louder now and wiggling more. My lips and tongue kept enjoying

her little nipples as I gently started to try and put the head of my cock in its rightful place. I tried to slip the head in but it was still real tight. I thought to myself, "is she wet enough, is she really ready for this?". I was afraid of hurting her but I couldn't stop myself. I quickly moved down her sweaty body, kissing every inch of her as my mouth and tongue moved downward.

My tongue found the top of her little slit and I started licking gently. I would slide my tongue down along the outer edge then back up the inner edge. She kept moaning and moving around. I had to hold her thighs to control her movement. My tongue finally started entering her. My God, she was so delicious! The tip of my tongue moved in and out, just a little at first. I would slip it in a little then move it up and down along her cunt. After a few times, I was able to slip it further in and it really started to drive her wild. It was getting difficult to keep up with her movements.

I moved upward and went back to kissing her neck then back to gently sucking on her nipples. Again, I reached down and took my cock in my left hand and started to rub it against her pussy feeling for the love tunnel. Placing the head of my cock against her slit I started to push gently but firmly. The head started to go in this time. I got it in about an inch, Karen looked up at me and smiled then closed hers eyes again. Karen was wriggling and moaning like crazy now. We were both sweating She was so tight and wet I pulled back and with both of my hands on her shoulders I gave a hard thrust. Karen jerked back a little. I whispered in her ear, "its OK now, It won't hurt so much anymore." She turned her head and said, "its OK Daddy, I like it," then kissed me as I began to slowly pull out then push in farther. This time I didn't stop. I couldn't. I was thrusting in and out of her continuously. I could feel the surge coming up from by balls. I started moving faster and faster. Her little pussy was so tight!, I thought I was going to have a heart attack! Finally I couldn't hold it anymore. I started shooting out cum like I didn't know was possible. When the first spurt left me, she moaned as she felt it hit her insides. I couldn't believe how excited she had become!

My left hand move up to her right nipple and started massaging it while my mouth and tongue sucked on her other nipple. She kept making what sounded like purring as she wiggled under me. I moved my moved up to her neck and started kissing it. Then she turned her head to mine and our tongues started working at each other. All the time I kept thrusting in and out of her, not ever wanting to stop.

Suddenly, she pulled her mouth away from mine, and let out a scream as her whole body went rigid! I exploded in her again as her little pussy squeezed my cock! My little girl was having an orgasm! After spurting everything that I had, I relaxed and slowed down. She was just lying there, eyes closed, all sweaty and flushed. I could feel my cock relaxing and I slipped out of her. My arms tired from hold myself up, I rolled onto

my side taking her with me.

We laid together for a long time, just holding one another. Finally she looked at me and said, "you made me feel good Daddy."

"You made me feel good too , honey. Better than I've ever felt before."

"I love you Daddy."

"Love you too, pumpkin."

Later, we were checking out some of the other girl-model pay sites when she came across that same picture of an older man and a young girl having oral sex. The girl had his cock in her mouth in the first picture, the next shot was a close up of her with her mouth open and cum on her tongue. "What does that stuff taste like ?"

"I've never tasted it but I don't think it would taste bad." That was all that was said about oral sex. That night while we were laying in bed, Karen asked if she could try putting my cock in her mouth. "You can do whatever you want, honey." It was already hard from her rubbing it, so she sat up and slowly put it to her lips. She licked it then opened her mouth and slid down my hard shaft. I laid there watching this kid suck me then begin to move her head up and down. I told her I was ready to cum, she pulled off and began pumping my cock faster, wanting

***It was difficult to concentrate on taking pictures while a beautiful young girl is licking your cock.***

me to shoot into her mouth like in the picture. The first shot found the target but the second and third missed and hit her face and hair. She started laughing and leaned over me and kissed me. I could taste my cum on her tongue as she entered my mouth. "That's not so bad, just a little salty. How much would we charge if you took a picture of me doing that?"

"I'll bet we could get people pay \$500, maybe more."

"Cool! Lets take some picture of me doing that to you."

"Do you think it would be OK if we took some pictures of us making love too? Just for me, not to sell. I'd like to have some for when your gone back to Chicago. I'm going to miss you making me feeling good when your not here."

"I'll miss you too Daddy. You can take some if you want."

"These pictures will be just for me, not anyone else."

The next night, I had the camera setup in the bedroom along with the lights. "You know we have to do it with the lights on, honey. You OK

with that?"

"I guess so."

"I've seen you naked lots of time and you have me too"

"I know Daddy, its OK."

"Lay on the bed while I adjust the camera."

"Want me to take my PJ's off?"

"No. I'll do that for you."

The camera was ready, I was ready and my baby was lying on the bed waiting for me. I striped off my shirt and shorts leaving only my underwear. I knelt beside her and we kissed. The lights flashed as my hands began touching her body all over. I puller her PJ top up and kissed her budding breasts. One hand went between her legs and started rubbing her crotch. Lights flashed again, taking a picture of my mouth sucking her tiny nipple. I moved to the bed kneeling beside her, one hand on each hip, slowly I began removing her PJ shorts. I pulled them down a little and squeezed off a couple of shots, then a little more and another 2 or 3 shots. Finally her little slit was fully exposed to the camera lens. A couple of shots, then my hands spread her legs wide. Slowly I lowered my head, taking several more pictures on the way down. As my tongue searched for her clit, I reached down and drew her knee up to cover most of my face. Flash! Flash!

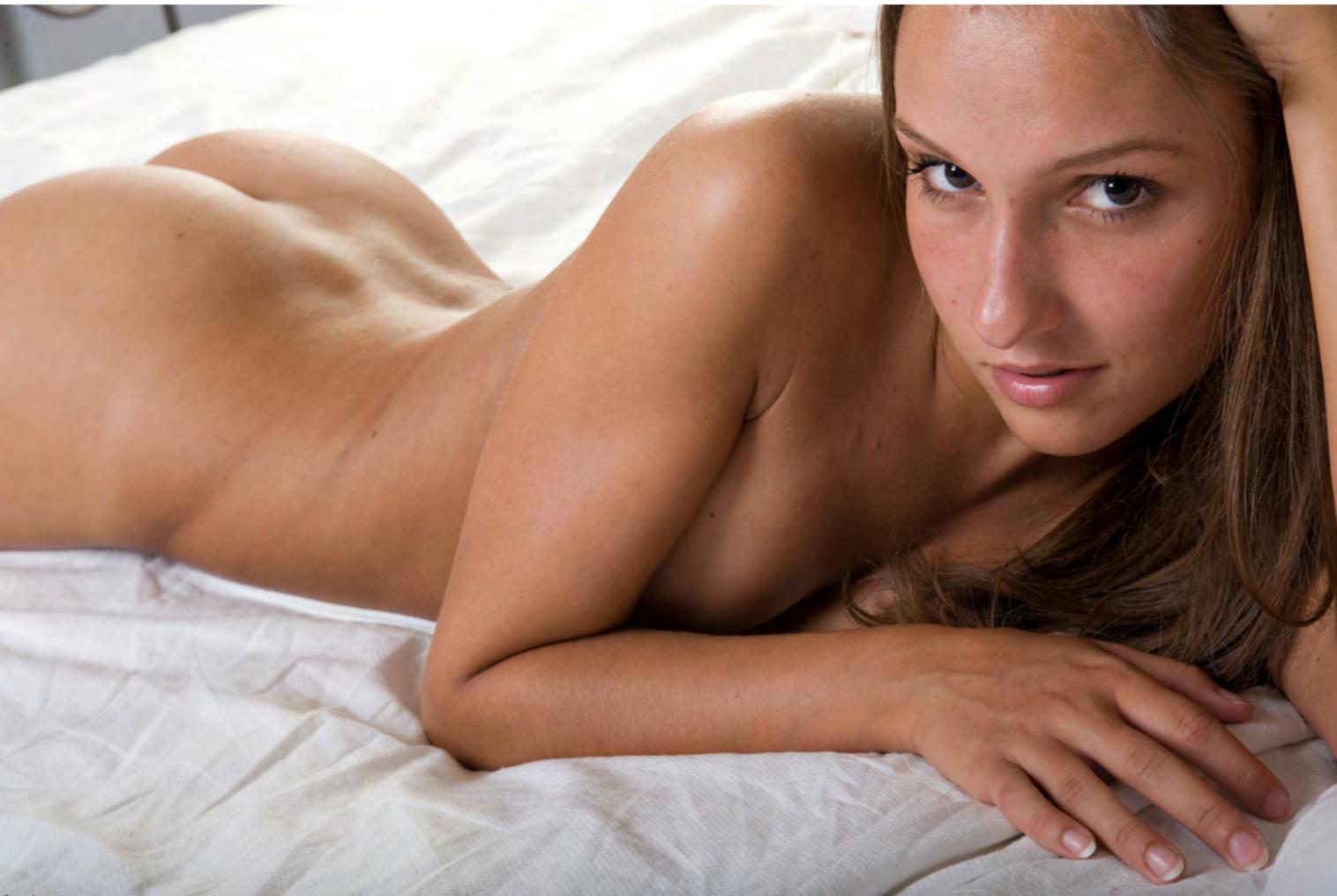
I got up and moved the camera to the foot of the bed and refocused on Karen's face. I had Karen sit up now as I refocused the camera. I stood before her and asked her to slowly pull my shorts down. Her hands eased my underwear over my erect cock. Flash! Flash! "Now run your tongue over it," which she was most eager to do.

It was difficult to concentrate on taking pictures while a beautiful young girl is licking your cock. "Now see how much you can get in your mouth."

I was amazed! She could get almost half of it before gagging. With my hand behind her head I began pumping my cock in and out. Flash! Flash! I was about ready to cum and pulled out.

"Quick, open your mouth I am ready to explode." Karen opened her mouth just as I shot a large gob that hit her square in the mouth. The second spurt caught her creek. "Don't swallow yet I want a picture of it in your mouth. I grabbed a camera and shot a couple of close ups of her open mouth with my cum on her tongue.

By the time Karen left Puget Sound to go back to Chicago we had increased her special bank account and mine by almost \$30,000 each. She had so many requests for "special" photographs we spent most of July and August trying to fill the orders plus keep up with our promise of 50 new photos on the website every week. I had my own special CD filled with photos of my thirteen year old sucking and fucking in every position possibly, enough photos to keep me "feeling good" until she returns next summer.



Who needs  
fur to be  
beautiful?

I'd rather  
go a whole  
week without  
Daddy's hard  
cock than  
wear fur

Monica  
for **PETA**



From **Russia** with **Lust**







# Model Mom

by DavidHog

Before Mikey was born, his Mommy was a lingerie model. Wanting to get a little practice being a model again, she asks her horny boy to take some pictures of her in her skimpy underwear!

(Fb, inc, exh, anal)

Finally after a long day of work at the office I was home. I had to work overtime today to finish up some paperwork for Dr. Crunell but now looked forward to a nice relaxing weekend at home. I walked into the house.

“Mikey you still awake?”

No answer.

At thirteen years old my son didn't really have much of a social life; I mean what kid goes to sleep at 10:00 pm on a Friday night?

Aw well, I didn't really blame him, ever since my husband and I broke up last year he really hadn't been the same. He kind of only hung out by himself. I've tried talking to him about it but recently he's been talking to me less and less. I walked upstairs, the door of Mike's door was cracked open and the light was on. As I walked up to it I heard scrambling inside. I knocked on the door. There was no answer so I pushed it open. Michael was lying on the bed, breathing heavily; his laptop was closed beside him. I realized that he was about that age and I had probably interrupted my son masturbating. I felt pretty embarrassed and was about to leave and close the door when something fell under the blankets and onto the floor beside the bed.

It was the pair of panties that I wore yesterday! Michael's breathing rate quickened.

I quickly flicked off the light, closed the door and walked into my bathroom to shower off. I put my hands on the counter; my head was spinning with thoughts. My 13 year-old son was jacking off with my panties!

I let loose my shoulder length blonde hair and undressed to my bra and panties.

Was he merely using my panties while he



was thinking of other women or was it possible that he was thinking about his own mother while he was masturbating? I imagined that the latter couldn't be completely unthinkable as I inspected my shapely 32 year-old body in the mirror. I had spent time lingerie modeling when I was in my late teens and early twenties but had to quit once I had Mike at such a young age. Regardless, I still spent a lot of time at the gym to keep my body looking good. I had the round D cup breasts, toned curvy butt and slender long body that had agents begging to sign me. I slipped off my bra and panties and entered the shower.

As I showered I couldn't get the thought of my son masturbating with my panties out of my head. I was concerned, but a little part of me was turned on. The thought of my son masturbating to thoughts of me stoked my ego. My confidence had kind of been shaken since my husband and I broke up and I know it's wrong but this kind of made me feel good.

I lightly played with my pussy and soon started fingering it in the shower. I masturbated to the thought of my son masturbating to me! I soon came. After cleaning up I stepped out of the shower, dried off. I put my panties on top of the rest of my clothes in the laundry. I went to bed hoping that when I checked tomorrow they wouldn't be there.

The next day I woke up early. The thoughts of my son were still on my mind. I showered and slipped on a pink lace bra and matching thong and put on a short frilly lingerie type robe that just barely covered my bottom. I left the robe untied.

I inspected myself in the mirror. With my robe open and a slinky bra on there was plenty of cleavage showing. I never was a very strict dresser but walking around the house like this was a stretch even for me. I knew it would drive Michael crazy and that in turn would drive me crazy. I walked into his room and walked towards his bed. I leaned over so my robe fell open and my breasts were hanging and almost falling out of my bra. I brought my hand to his shoulder and gave him a nudge.

“Mikey, wake up hun... mommy needs to make you breakfast.”

He dreakily woke up. Not noticing anything different at first but then his eyes popped open at how scantily clad his mom was. His eyes drifted towards my breasts before he realized I was watching. He pried his eyes from my chest to my face. I smiled and gave him a good morning hug, pushing my bra encased breasts into his chest. He put his arms around me and hugged my body closely. I had to break off the hug after what seemed like minutes, much to his disappointment. I told him to get dressed and come down for breakfast when it was ready.

I got started on eggs and when they were ready called Mike down.

I sat on the opposite end of Mike on our table and kept my eyes on my food. With my peripherals I could see him sneaking peeks at

me in between his bites. I knew it was wrong teasing my son like this but I loved the attention I was getting from him. As I went to put a piece of scrambled egg in my mouth I let it fall off my fork and into my cleavage. I looked at Michael who was already looking at me.

“I'm so clumsy.” I laughed.

I looked down into my cleavage and reached my hand into my bra. I put my fingers in between my breasts and picked up the piece of egg. I put it into my mouth and smiled at Mike, he blushed and smiled back. He reached for his drink and clumsily knocked it off the table. The glass broke and the juice spilled all over the floor.

“Oh shit, sorry mom.” He said, “I guess were both clumsy this morning.”

“Oh, don't worry hun, but damn there is a lot of broken glass, I'll sweep that up don't get up off of your chair you might hurt yourself!”

I got up and got the broom. As I got up I saw him look my body up and down; my robe was so short that all of my long golden tan legs were bare. I started sweeping to the side of him and positioned myself so my back was facing him. I bent over to sweep the glass into the scooper.

***I started fingering my dripping pussy vigorously as I watched my son wrap my thong around his dick and start stroking***

As I bent I felt my robe slip up over my butt. My thong-clad ass was right in front of my son's face. I wiggled my hips as I swept, taunting his desire. He must have wanted to grab the juicy cheeks in front of him so badly, and at this point I was so horny that nothing would make me happier than if he did.

I finished sweeping the glass. I then grabbed a rag and got on my knees on all fours to clean up the spilled juice. After cleaning up the juice around him I crawled under the table to clean any juice that may have crept there. I noticed that Mike's dick was so hard that it was twitching. If I had it my way I would slip his pants down and put his pecker in my mouth right there and suck him off. After prying my eyes off of my son's hard on I got out from under the table.

I knew my son needed some relief.

“Mikey I'm gonna go take a nap, my head is killing me this morning. Could you just wash the dishes and then throw the laundry in the washing machine for me?”

“Yeah no problem Mom.” He said, relieved for a chance to jack off his rock-hard boner.

I went upstairs quickly and took off my bra

and thong and put in on the hamper, I slammed the door of my bedroom, and then tip-toed in the nude into my son's room and crept into his closet. I knew the first thing he would do was grab my panties from the hamper and then go into his room and jack off.

Sure enough, in a few minutes after washing the dishes he came upstairs and headed straight to the laundry room. He came into view quickly through the vents in the closet as he entered the room.

He had my panties and my bra in his hands! His dick was rock hard and was pitching a fort in his sweatpants. He tossed my underwear onto his bed. My pussy was dripping in anticipation. Here I was naked in my son's closet watching as he was about to masturbate. I could be found out at any time! Part of me wanted him to find me, but the other part realized how truly awkward it would have been. I lied silently in wait.

He took my bra in his hands and sniffed each cup. I started squeezing my breasts as he sniffed my bra. He licked the insides of each cup.

“Ohh, baby.” He moaned as he licked and sniffed the fabric that had encased my breasts.

I wanted to come out and let him lick my breasts for real.

He opened up his laptop and opened up a file containing thousands of little thumbnails. He clicked on one to enlarge it.

It was a picture of me! Well the 20 year-old version of me, modeling a push up bra and matching silk thong. Then he switched to one of me in the same outfit with my hands on my breasts pushing them up.

I had never told him I ever modeled, he must have found out somehow online. Judging from his computer screen he must have done quite a bit of searching because he had pretty much every pic I had ever taken!

He toggled through pictures of me in various poses and outfits until he found one of me clad in a pink thong similar to the one he had in his hand. In the picture my hand was on my ass as I was bending over and looking back at the camera.

He slid his pants down and then his boxers; revealing a spry five inch dick. He did some clicking and typing and opened up a separate window which was a porn video. It was of a busty blonde getting fucked doggy style so the camera wasn't showing her face.

He brought my panties to his face and sniffed the crotch area. Surely it must have smelled like my! because I was so wet that morning. He took another deep inhale and then licked it over and over and over again. He then sniffed the butt area of the thong and licked that.

With his other hand he grabbed my ass on the computer screen; surely pretending that it was really his mother's ass cheek he was squeezing.

My pussy was dripping wet. I started fingering it vigorously.

He wrapped my thong around his dick and started stroking it as he was watching both the video of the blonde getting fucked and the

picture of his mom's ass. I realized that he was imagining me as the blonde in the video.

He started jacking off faster, I fingered myself faster.

He started moaning, I put my left hand over my mouth to keep my moans from escaping.

He moaned hard as his dick exploded, his white cum leaked all over my pink thong. I came about ten seconds later, my cum was leaking on his closet floor. I hope I wouldn't leave a stain.

He lay there breathing heavily, before deciding to clean up and leave the room. He put my underwear on the hamper and he went downstairs, I snuck out of his room. I grabbed my underwear and snuck into my room. I put on the thong that my son had just jacked off with.

It was now wet with both his and my cum, I put on the bra as well and then put on a tight white blouse, a skirt and a white fleece sweater.

I walked out of the room and walked downstairs to the living room where Mike was watching TV. He looked up at me.

"Um, hey mom, up so soon?"

I replied, "Yeah, I couldn't really sleep."

I sat down beside him and feigned interest in the basketball game he was watching.

"So basketball huh? You thinking about trying out for the team next year?"

"No mom I'm not really good at basketball."

"Well I think it's important that you develop some hobbies, when I was your age I really started looking seriously into becoming a model, and at 19 years old, I became a professional one."

He looked up at me and pretended to be surprised.

"Wow mom, you were a model!?"

It was weird having your son lie straight to your face, but I went along with it.

"Yup, I was until I had you. And to be honest now I was kind of thinking of getting back into it."

"Mom that is a great idea, you should do that."

"Aw thanks hun, but the only thing is that it's been ten years since I've gone to a photo shoot, I

would need to do a few practice ones first."

"Yeah I imagine you would." He replied.

"Well, who better to practice with than you, would you mind being my photographer, Mikey?"

His eyes lit up.

"Sure Mom!"

"Perfect, I'll get my camera."

I got my digital camera and gave it to Mikey who was still beaming.

"Cheese," he said as he pointed the camera at me.

I smiled.

FLASH

"Wow Mom you look great."

What pose do you want to do next?

"Hmm, I'm not sure. I never really decided the poses that I did, it was always the photographer that said what to do and I just did it. So whatever you say to do I'll do Mikey." I said with a bit of a seductive tone in my voice.

He smiled.

"Alright, that works for me. Why don't you put your hands on the back of your head and pull up your hair."

I did so and looked seductively into the camera, sticking my breasts out far.

FLASH

"Wow, great, now stick your tongue out like you're licking your lips."

I did so.

FLASH

"You look great, Mom, but um, it's kind of hard getting to see you with that sweater in the way, could you, um, take it off?"

"Yeah, sure thing." I complied instantly as I took off my sweater and tossed it aside, revealing a tight pink blouse.

I waited for further instruction.

He seemed to gain some confidence from my compliance.

"That's much better, now why don't you get in the same pose as before and make sure to stick your chest out."

I put my hands in my hair and stuck my breasts out so much that they strained the buttons on the tight blouse.

FLASH

FLASH

FLASH

He took pictures from different angles.

"Wow, great, you are smoking! Now, um, unbutton the top buttons of your blouse."

I did so, revealing my cleavage to the camera.

FLASH

"Great, put your hands on your buttons."

I did so and smiled.

FLASH

"Mmm, now pull it apart a little more."

I did so the straps of my pink lace bra were showing.

FLASH

I noticed the bulge resurrect in Mike's pants.

"Now put your hands on your, um, breasts."

I did so.

FLASH

"Maybe lift them up..."

I squeezed them hard and lifted them up from the bottom.

FLASH

"Now bend over and look up at the camera licking your lips again."

I pulled my blouse apart further and bent down so my cleavage was exposed to the camera. I licked my lips.

FLASH

"Now squeeze your breasts together."

I squished my boobs together and smiled at the camera.

FLASH

FLASH

He snapped pictures as he stepped closer and zoomed in on my cleavage.

"Wow, so sexy, Mom! Now, um, could you take your blouse off completely?"

I looked at him naughtily but again complied instantly as I took off my blouse; leaving me in my slinky pink bra.

FLASH

FLASH

FLASH

Mike eagerly snapped away without even giving me poses.

He remembered I had given him the power to make me go much further.

"Wow you look great! Now put your hands on the table and stick your, um, tush out."

I did so, sticking my skirt clad bum into the face of the camera.

FLASH

"Now spread your legs wider."

I did so; the skirt rode up my thigh so it was

just a couple inches below my ass. The fabric clung to my ass cheeks.

FLASH

"Wow, you have a great bum, Mom! Now put your hand on your butt and look back and make a sexy face to the camera."

I liked how he was taking control of me and getting more confident.

I put my hand on my ass and looked seductively back at Mike.

FLASH

"Show more of that sexy butt, pull your skirt up a little bit more so your panties show."

I pulled my skirt all the way up revealing my pink thong. I stuck my thong clad ass out and wiggled it for the camera and looked back.

FLASH

"Mmm, that's great! Now why don't you step out of that skirt."

I did so instantly, now I was left in nothing but he underwear that my son jacked off on a mere hour ago.

FLASH

FLASH

FLASH

He snapped pictures eagerly of his near-nude mother.

"Now face me."

I did.

FLASH

FLASH

FLASH

He took pictures of all angles as I stood still, "Put your hands on your boobs," he said now with complete confidence as his hornyness grew.

I did so, putting a hand on each bra covered

boob.

"Bend over like before and squeeze them together."

I did so, my boobs almost popped out of my bra.

"Wow, so fucking sexy," he whispered. "Now put your fingers on the inside of the fabric and pretend to peel your bra off."

I crept the edge of my fingers on the inside of my bra.

FLASH

"Peel it down an inch."

I did so revealing even more cleavage.

FLASH

My nipples were hard and sticking through my bra in anticipation.

"Peel it down some more..."

I did so, the brown edges of my nipples were showing.

FLASH

"Now unhook your bra, but hold it up with the other hand."

I did so, my breasts fell loose but I held up the bra to cover them.

FLASH

FLASH

FLASH

FLASH

Mike waited, breathing heavily. He took a breath before saying, "Let it fall to the floor."

I slowly let it slip through my hands; letting my big round breasts fall free.

FLASH

FLASH

FLASH

"Wow Mom, your breasts are perfect."

I beamed.



“Thanks hun.” Before feigning interest back to the photoshoot “But let’s be professional, this is a photoshoot. What next?”

“Oh of course, play with your hair again.”

I put my hands on my head, playing with my hair and sticking my big tits out into the air. The cool air breeze hit my already erect nipples. I had never modeled nude, and now I was doing it for my 13 year-old son!

FLASH

FLASH

FLASH

“Now put your fingers around your nipples and pinch them,”

I did so, it felt so good.

FLASH

FLASH

FLASH

“Now put your hands on your boobs and squeeze them together.”

I did so.

FLASH

FLASH

FLASH

“Mom your tits are fantastic but now we need to see more of your ass. Can you bend over on the table again?”

I bent over on the glass table, letting my boobs squeeze against the cold glass. I stuck my ass in the air.

FLASH

He took a picture from the side view and then from behind.

“Can you put your hand on your ass cheek again and look back?”

I did so.

FLASH

“Now put both hands on both ass cheeks and split your ass cheeks apart.”

I did so, the tiny thong sunk into my crack.

FLASH

“MMM now slip the thong half way down your ass.”

I did so.

FLASH

“Now slide it down to your ankles.”

I did so

FLASH

“Now step out of it.”

I stepped out of it.

FLASH

“Now get up and face me.”

I got up and faced him. There I was standing naked in front of my son.

FLASH

FLASH

FLASH

He took pictures from all angles of my naked body.

“Now can you sit on the couch.”

I did.

FLASH

“Now spread your legs a little bit.”

I did so, exposing my pussy fully to the camera.

FLASH

FLASH

FLASH

“Now put your fingers on your, um, pussy lips and spread them.”

I did so, my pussy was dripping once again.

FLASH

“Now put a finger in there.”

I did.

FLASH

I started fingering myself, masturbating in front of my son.

FLASH

“Squeeze your tits with your other hand.”

I started playing with my boob with my other hand, moaning wildly. The thrill was unbelievable.

FLASH

FLASH

FLASH

I stuck my hand out and gestured for Mike to come join me.

He put the camera on the stand and put it on automatic.

He walked over to me and put his hands on my breasts and started squeezing away.

I locked lips with him and started kissing him passionately. He didn’t really know how to kiss as his tongue was just wildly lashing away, but I didn’t care. For some reason I just wanted him so bad.

FLASH

I grabbed his hard cock through his pants.

He took his shirt off.

I got on my knees and eagerly slipped his pants and boxers off. His young cock sprung free and hit me in the cheek. I put his cock in my mouth and started sucking away vigorously.

FLASH

His hands stroked through my hair as my head bobbed up and down his young dick. I licked his salty ball sac before returning to his dick. I sucked away vigorously.

Mike was moaning out of control.

His dick started twitching. I took it out of my mouth and let him deliver a cumshot onto his mother’s face. I faced the camera.

FLASH

I licked all that I could and got the rest of my face clean with my finger.

I quickly got back on the couch and started

making out with him again. I shoved his head into my naked tits.

He started sucking on my nipples.

FLASH

I started moaning.

“Lick Mommy... lick Mommy down there, Mikey.”

I pushed his head down.

He delved into my pussy and started licking my pussy. I wrapped my thighs around his head as my body squirmed. As his tongue hit deeper in my pussy I gripped the couch harder and moaned louder. Soon I started squirming out of control and orgasmed violently.

FLASH

Mike slurped up his mommy’s juices as he eagerly kept eating me out.

He stood up and pressed his body against mine on the couch; once again caressing my breasts while kissing me deeply. I stroked his dick with my hands to get it hard again, this didn’t take long.

FLASH

We rolled off the couch onto the carpet. I

rolled my body on top of his. I kissed him and whispered into his ear.

“Lay back, baby. Mommy will do all the work.”

I put my pussy lips on the tip of his dick and slowly thrust my pussy onto his dick. We simultaneously moaned.

FLASH

He reached out with his hands and started squeezing my tits as I slowly fucked him. His young dick inside me felt so good. God only knew how much pleasure he was in, losing his virginity to the woman of his dreams.

FLASH

I started riding his dick faster, his fingers clenched onto my breasts as his pleasure grew. We were both moaning out of control. My body started quivering, his dick started pulsating inside of me. I thrust my pussy all the way down so his shaft was fully inside of me. I arched my back in pleasure, he gripped my breasts so hard it hurt. We both moaned out loud as we orgasmed simultaneously. I collapsed on top of him, we breathed heavily.

FLASH

I kissed him softly. He reached down and started massaging my ass cheeks. I smiled.

“You like Mommy’s ass?”

“Oh yea I do.” He replied.

He massaged my ass cheeks harder and more vigorously. He rolled me off of him. He crawled behind me. I knew he wanted my ass. I stuck my ass in the air. He put both hands on my cheeks and split them apart. He brought his nose to my asshole and took a deep whiff and moaned.

FLASH

He had been sniffing my panties for so long, now he was sniffing the real thing. He took another deep whiff. Next he licked the crease of my ass all the way up to my asshole; this sent a shiver up my spine. He circled my asshole with his tongue and then licked the inside of my ass. Next he put his index finger on my asshole and slowly inserted it. I yelped as this moved caught me off guard.

FLASH

He started thrusting his finger in and out my tight asshole. Next his middle finger joined his index finger as he thrust two fingers into my asshole. I moaned in both pain and pleasure. I was squirming on the floor as my son was double fingering my ass.

FLASH

He took his hand out of my ass and sniffed his finger and moaned. He paused before asking “Mom can I fuck your ass?”

“Yeah, baby! Just be careful, I’ve never let anyone in there before.”

“Alright, Mom.”

He put the tip of his dick into my ass and slowly thrust it fully in.

I grimaced in pain. I gripped the carpet as his dick entered my ass. The pain was almost unbearable but the pleasure of his dick in my tight asshole was greater. He slowly thrust in and out.

FLASH

He started thrusting faster as his lust grew. I was moaning out of control, my tits were knocking back and forth so fast they were almost hitting me in the face. Soon as he was ready to cum he thrust his dick as deep into my ass as possible and came in me again. His cum started oozing out of my ass.

FLASH

He put his finger in my ass and scooped out a load of his cum. I layed down facing him, he put his finger in my mouth and I licked it clean. He reached in my asshole again and dugged deep for the remaining cum, he put his finger in my mouth again, I sucked it, making sure to get all of his cum in my mouth.

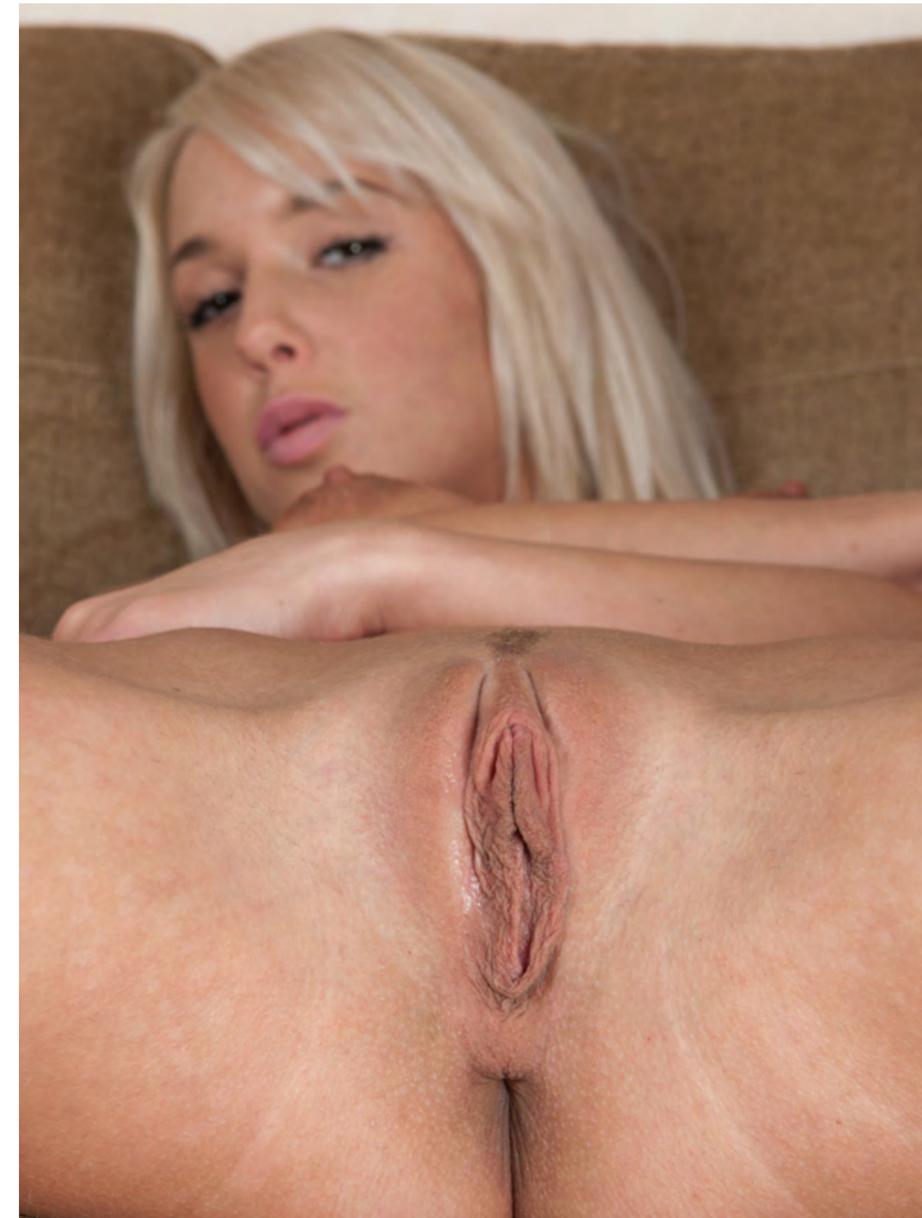
FLASH

He lie on top of me and kissed me softly. He fondled my breast, playing with my nipple.

“Great photoshoot,” he said smiling.

“Mmm, thanks hun... we need to do another one really soon.”

FLASH





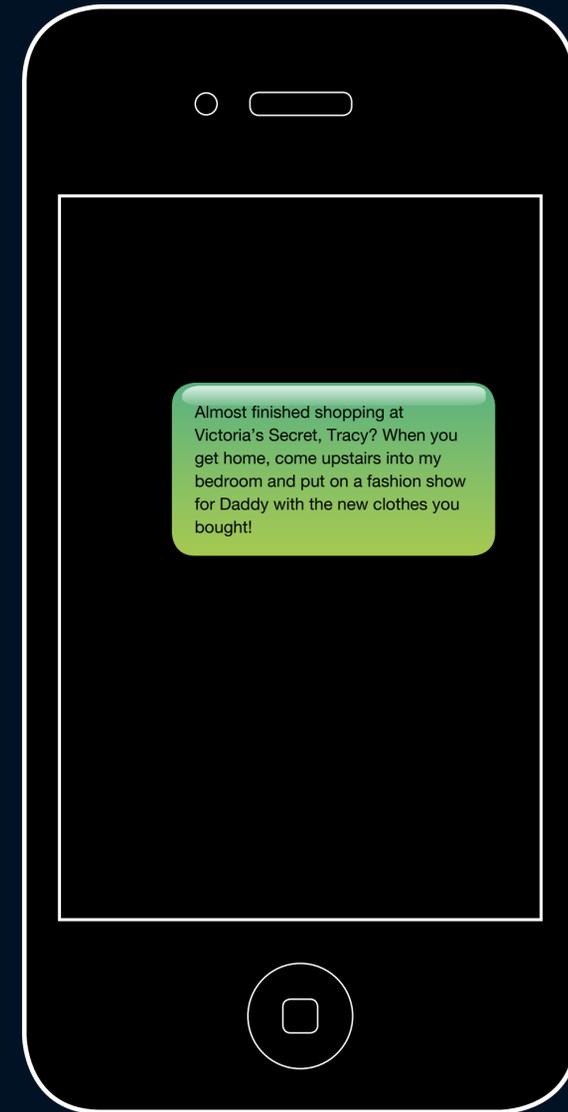
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# Andrew Loves a Spanking

by Guenter Klow

When Wendy catches her son spanking himself while jacking off, she decides to give him his ultimate spanking fantasy!

(Fm, inc, spank, con)

Wendy unlocked the door of her suburban house, stepped inside and stopped, stunned. From the back of the house came the unmistakable sound of someone being spanked.

That didn't make sense. Since she lived alone with her eighteen year-old son Andrew, and had done so since the divorce more than a year before, there couldn't be anyone being spanked, but there was.

Closing the door quietly and slipping her shoes off, Wendy walked quietly toward her bedroom. The whimpering and sobbing she heard between spans were familiar. They were the sounds Andrew made when she spanked him. But if he was getting a spanking, as seemed to be the case, who was administering it?

Out of shock, but still somewhat dazed, she edged closer to the open bedroom door, then she was close enough to be able to peer between the door frame and the door. What she saw then almost sent her back into shock.

Andrew was getting a spanking all right, but he was giving it to himself. But more than that, there was the way he was dressed.

He wore a bra which he had filled with something, a garter belt, a pair of nylons, her high heeled black pumps and a pair of panties. The panties were stretched across his thighs, just above the tops of his nylons.

His bare bottom was well blotched from many smacks with the back of the brush she sometimes used to spank him. Both cheeks of his behind were already as red as they had ever been when she spanked him, yet he showed no sign of wanting to stop.

"I'm not finished with you yet... SPANK... you bad girl," he scolded, making his voice sound as maternal as he could. "Take this... SPANK... and this... SPANK... Yes your butt is red and hot... SPANK... but I'm going to give you more... SPANK... SPANK... And after this spanking... SPANK... SPANK... you will get a good... SPANK... strapping with this belt... SPANK... You are going to have... SPANK...

SPANK... a very red butt before I pull your little panties up... SPANK... SPANK... Hold still... keep your... SPANK... SPANK... bare butt right up so I can give it the spanking it deserves, like this... SPANK... SPANK... Do you hear?"

"Ooh... sob... yes Mommy... ow... oh my butt... my butt... oww... SPANK... SPANK... oh Mommy, my butt... my butt..." the boy pleaded in a tone very familiar to Wendy, then his voice changed again.

"Yes, your butt... SPANK... SPANK... Have some more on your butt... SPANK... SPANK... you naughty girl... I'll teach you... SPANK...

SPANK... not to finger your cunt... SPANK... SPANK... I'll teach you like this... SPANK... and like this... SPANK... SPANK..."

Wendy felt trapped as she stared at the startling scene. That he was involved in a spanking-sex fantasy was very obvious. The state of his arousal was clear from the obvious strength of his erection.

But why? she wondered. She had begun spanking the boy shortly after the divorce when he threatened to get out of control. She had been aware of his emotional upset about the breakup of the marriage and tried to compen-



sate, but something had been necessary to bring him under control and in her desperation, she turned to spanking.

He submitted to each spanking without protest, but she had never seen any indication that he enjoyed being spanked. Had she, Wendy asked herself, in her effort to do the right thing, steered the boy into some kind of perversion? What else could account for his dressing in her clothes to give himself a spanking? How could he take such a sound spanking and be so obviously enjoying it?

There were so many questions and so few answers. What to do? Should she walk into the room and put a stop to it? Should she leave him in his privacy and talk to him later? What would she say when she did? What could she say?

And then the decision was taken out of her hands as a cough developed, she tried to choke it back, but it escaped. She saw Andrew drop the brush with a look of shock at having been caught. She had no choice then but to walk into the room and face her son, whose face blushed as furiously as did his buttocks.

"Mom..." he gasped.

"It's all right, dear. So you got caught but it isn't the end of the world," she told him, fighting to keep her tone calm as he pulled up his/her panties to cover the penis that suddenly softened with shock.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, she took his hand and drew him down beside her. She still didn't know what to say, but she hoped thoughts and words would come.

"I'm sorry, Mom. You must think I'm crazy. Maybe I am," Andrew said with a crestfallen look.

"You are not crazy at all, dear. You're a very fine boy and I'm proud of you."

"But, you know. Like this..." he said and then ran out of words as he looked down at his female attire.

"Let's talk about it, dear. What you were doing is called engaging in sexual fantasy. That's a very normal thing. All kinds of people engage in all kinds of sexual fantasies. People masturbate, they act out sex dreams of all kinds."

"Even spanking themselves? I don't think so."

"Spanking is one of the commonest of sex fantasies. There are all kinds of books and magazines especially for people who get sexual kicks out of spanking. I hear they sell millions of copies."

"Is that the truth, Mom?"

"Yes dear, it's the absolute truth. You're at an age when sex is becoming important. You're old enough to go out and have an affair with a girl, so, like all boys of your age, you masturbate and have sex fantasies."

"But, you know, wearing your clothes and everything."

"I wouldn't advise you to tell your friends about it," Wendy told her son with a little smile, "but lots of males get kicks out of wearing panties, garter belts and all that. The most harmful thing about it is feeling guilty. You have to believe that

what you're doing is not shameful or sinful or anything like that. So you dress up in female clothes to spank yourself and jerk off, so what? That's your private life."

"Gee, Mom, you're really something. When I heard you and knew you'd caught me, I thought you'd kill me."

"Silly. You're my son and I love you. Growing up is a tough job and it's up to me to help as much as I can."

"Thanks, Mom."

"It's nothing. Want me to go away so you can finish up what you were doing?"

"No thanks," he told her and blushed some more. "I don't feel like it now."

"Then let's talk some more. How long have you been enjoying being spanked?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure. At first, I thought it was awful, then one time you spanked me when you had just your nightie on. Lying over your lap made me feel kind of, I don't know, funny, you know."

"I get it. You could feel my thighs through my nightie?"

"That, yes, and also your nightie felt so... sexy."

**"Here son," she said as she reached under her dress and jerked her panties down and stepped out of them.**

"Can you tell me more about it, dear? Did you jerk off after the spanking?"

"Yes. It was like I could close my eyes and still see you in your nightie, you know, up top and your legs and all that. The sting in my butt felt exciting. I rubbed it with both hands and I got real worked up."

"Did you have a hard-on all this time?"

"Yes. As the tingling started to go away, I wanted to spank myself some more to make it come back. I took my... you know... in my hand and I went off almost right away."

"I'm glad you're able to tell me all this, dear. It's going to make everything easier for the two of us. I guess that's how you got interested in panties, garter belts and all that?"

"Not really. One night when you had been out, I was in bed when you came home. I don't know why I didn't tell you I was awake, I was kind of dozy. You took your dress off in the bathroom and I saw you. You had on black panties and a garter belt and nylons and a bra. You looked so sexy. I never saw anything so beautiful."

"Did you get a hard on and pull yourself?" Wendy asked.

"Yeah."

"And that was when you started wearing my clothes and giving yourself spankings?"

"Yes. Every time you go out I hurry to get your sexy things."

"I guess it was dumb of me not to notice signs that you had been wearing my things," Wendy told her son and realized to her surprise that she was becoming sexually aroused.

"I'm always careful. I check for hairs and all that," he told her. "A couple of times when I had accidents in your panties, I washed them and hid them until they were dry," the boy explained, finding it exciting to be talking so freely of his sexual adventures.

"You mean you went off in my panties? Tell me about it dear."

"Oh, I'd get all dressed and walk around and play with myself, then I'd pretend to be a girl getting spanked by her Mommy. I'd take my panties down and spank until my butt felt like fire, then I'd pull my panties up and rub myself until I... you know, went off."

"It all sounds very exciting, Andrew. How is it that you never got a hard-on when I was spanking you?"

"I was afraid you'd notice. I just managed to make it stay soft even when I was excited."

"Well, I see I'm going to have to find some other way of punishing you when you're naughty. What a pity."

"You mean you enjoy spanking me?" Andrew asked, his voice rising.

"Since you've been so honest with me, dear, I guess I owe you the same. I don't know how or when it started, but more and more I've found myself getting excited about doing it, smacking your butt, feeling you squirm, listening to you sob and cry, seeing the cheeks of your butt get red. I felt it was wrong, but I couldn't help it. I was careful though, to spank you only when I was sure you deserved it."

"I know that. A few times lately I tried to trick you into spanking me, but you didn't do it. You're not going to stop spanking me, are you Mom?"

"I don't know what to say, dear, what to do. I'll have to think about it. I'm going to go have a drink and do lots of thinking. We'll talk about it later. You stay here and do whatever you want. I won't notice if you have to wash out my panties," she added, winked, patted the boy on the thigh, then left the room.

Wendy poured herself a stronger than usual drink and took it to her room. She was still highly aroused sexually and when the feeling refused to go away, she put her drink down, reached under her dress to jerk her panties down and then she fell back on the bed and slowly masturbated, her clitoris responding strongly to the light touch of her finger until she climaxed fiercely, barely able to avoid shrieking in ecstasy.

After that, she tried to wrestle with the problem of her son and what she was going to do about the strange direction in which their relationship was turning. She gave it a lot of thought.

The temptation to join her son in his enjoyment of transvestism and spanking was almost overpowering, but Wendy saw the danger that it could very easily lead to incest and that scared her.

After a long time, she still hadn't found any answers, then she heard a knock on her door and told Andrew to come in. She saw that he was dressed in a shirt and pants, but was still wearing her nylons.

"I'm just going to do my laundry," he told her with a grin as he showed her the panties he held in his hand and told her with his eyes that he had masturbated in them.

"Here," she said as she reached under her dress and jerked her panties down and stepped out of them. "Take mine along too. I wouldn't want you to think you're the only one around here who masturbates."

"Did you really?" Andrew asked, his eyes wide with surprise.

"Of course I did," she told him as she tossed him the panties and he caught them and held them lovingly, as though savoring the warmth and intimacy of her body in the nylon.

"Was it good?"

"It was great. Now get out of here," she scolded with a grin. "I have a lot of things to think about."

"So have I," Andrew told her, then walked from the room.

In the bathroom, he ran warm water and dropped the panties into the basin, then he unzipped his fly and took his penis out. It helped him with his very exciting thoughts. He took a lot of time in washing and rinsing the panties, but despite all his efforts, he wasn't able to get the erection he wanted.

"Did you make up your mind, Mom?" Andrew asked, later, as he helped his mother prepare dinner.

"Not really, dear. It's all so confusing. I'm finding it difficult to be honest with myself. I am your mother and I love you, but there are limits. I have to be very careful."

"But you will spank me when I need it, won't you?" he asked, his tone indicating that anything else was out of the question.

"I wish I knew what to say. I've come up with one idea, but perhaps I'm fooling myself."

"What is it, Mom?"

"Well, you know I don't like the new kids you're spending your time with. I thought that perhaps if you promised to drop them, I'd agree to go on spanking you, when you deserve it, of course," she added, silently calling herself a liar.

"That's a deal, Mom," he said with enthusiasm. "I swear I'll never go near that bunch again. They're all going to get in trouble soon anyway."

"Thank you, dear."

"I'm not going to need other friends, Mom. From now on, I'll just want to be with you."

"Oh no you don't. That's sweet of you, but you need to have some friends of your own age. I'll insist on that, dear."

"Okay, Mom, but I'll be doing it for you.

Mom, what is it like when a woman masturbates? Do you shoot like a guy?"

"No dear. When a woman masturbates to orgasm, it feels as good as when a man shoots, but it all happens inside her vagina. It stimulates a certain amount of juice, but there is no ejaculation as happens when a male climaxes."

"A guy has to get a hard-on before he can do it. Does a woman have to do anything like that?"

"No dear. A woman can masturbate whenever she feels in the mood for it. She can do it once or half a dozen times in a row."

"Wow. You're lucky. I tried to do it again while I was washing the panties, but it wouldn't get hard."

"You shouldn't overdo it, dear. Masturbating in itself isn't harmful, but too much of anything is a bad thing. The excitement will diminish in time if you do it too often. It works much better if you make yourself wait for it."

"Is that what you do, Mom?"

"Yes dear. For instance, right now I feel a very strong urge to masturbate, but I'm not going to. I'm going to let the urge get stronger and perhaps at bedtime, I'll treat myself to another orgasm or two."

"Oh Mom, I'd love to see that. I'd love that

***"I'm ready, Mom,"  
Andrew called.  
"I'm ready to get  
a spanking on  
my bare butt."***

more than anything in the world."

"What a naughty boy you are, dear. I'm afraid that's out of the question."

"Oh Mom, please."

"Not another word out of you, dear," Wendy told her son with a playful smack on the seat of his pants. "One more word on that subject and you'll get a spanking."

The look her son gave her told Wendy that she had chosen the wrong words. It also told her that her problem was much more serious than she'd realized and that she was moving into an area of terrible danger.

Through dinner and into the evening, they chatted about other things, watched television and then it was time to get ready for bed.

"Mom," the boy said with a barely concealed smile, "you always tell me how important it is that we always keep our promises, right?"

"You're up to something, Andrew, but that's right. Now what's your angle?"

"Well, it's like this," he replied and the smile came closer to showing. "Earlier, you said if I mentioned another word about wanting to watch you masturbating, you'd give me a spanking. Right?"

"That's right, I'm afraid," Wendy replied and this time it was her turn to try to hide a smile.

"Gee Mom, I'd give anything in the world to be with you in your bedroom and watch you masturbating, doing it with your finger between your legs."

"I have a feeling I've been tricked," Wendy said and her smile showed in spite of her best efforts.

An inner voice warned her of the danger of doing what the boy wanted, but try as she might, she couldn't find the strength to resist the temptation.

"Then you will give me a good spanking, Mom?" Andrew asked, his voice breaking with excitement, his stiff penis throbbing in the confinement of his pants.

"Yes dear. I guess I'm as excited about it as you are," Wendy admitted. "We're both going to have to be very careful."

"Sure, Mom," he assured her, though he wanted them to be anything but careful, wanted to venture into exciting areas that were, to that point, shadowy areas beyond his knowledge or experience, areas where female bodies writhed in erotic nudity, where males and females did forbidden, exciting things together.

"Mom, may I go to your room and get ready first?" he asked. "You could have a drink or something."

"All right, dear. I shouldn't have another drink, but I must say I really want one. Take your time and call me when you're ready."

"I will, Mom," her son replied, then he almost ran from the room, his face glowing with excitement and hot anticipation.

As he stripped naked in his mother's bedroom, the boy trembled with excitement. For the first time, his mother was going to play a sexy spanking game with him. There would be no pretense about it, it would be a sexy game and he wouldn't even have to try to hide his stiff penis from her, he thought as he held it in his right hand, then went in search of the right clothes to wear for the exciting spanking.

In the kitchen, as Wendy sipped the drink, she made an effort to find a way of backing out of her promise, but she knew there wasn't a chance. The drink was strong and it helped her accept the decision she had made. She felt a hot gnawing in her vagina that was almost painful it was so very strong.

"Oh my God," she said under her breath, "I'm going to have to be careful. One wrong step and I'll go right over the line and take him with me. I'm so horny now. What am I going to be like when I'm spanking that pretty butt while he's squirming and sobbing?"

Wendy felt her mind trying to tell her to cancel out. She finished the rest of the drink in one gulp and her mind stopped trying.

"I'm ready, Mom," Andrew called. "I'm ready to get a spanking on my bare butt."

Wendy looked at her trembling hand as she took it off the glass, then she smiled. Soon, she told herself, there would be no trembling when

her hand was rising and falling, smacking hot roses into the smooth, almost girlish buttocks of the eager boy. At any rate, if there was trembling, she wouldn't notice it and neither would he.

"What have we here?" Wendy asked with a pretended frown as she stepped inside the bedroom door and looked at the boy.

He was again wearing a padded bra, panties, garter belt, nylons and high heels, but in addition, he was wearing one of her sheer nighties, the shortest one she owned.

"Your little girl was naughty again, Mommy," Andrew told her in a convincingly girlish tone. "I hope you're not going to take her little panties down and spank her on the bare butt."

"That's just what I'm going to do to my naughty little girl," Wendy told him and, through the sheer nightie, noted the way his erect penis caused the clinging red panties to bulge in a most unfeminine manner.

"Oh Mommy, don't spank me on the bare butt," he pleaded, again playing the little girl role convincingly. "I'll be good."

"I doubt that very much, dear. Besides, I've made up my mind that you're going to be spanked and that's it, you may as well resign yourself to it."

As she looked at herself in the mirror, it struck her as being incongruous that she was fully dressed while Andrew was excitingly undressed and would be even more so when she took his panties down for the spanking.

Going to the closet, she selected a nightie that was not quite sheer, but close to it. Holding it up, she decided it would be just right, so she tossed it onto the bed, then looked at the trembling boy and saw him perspiring in his wild excitement.

"Andrea, you are to go into the closet and close the door while I prepare to spank you. I'll call you when I'm ready."

"Please, Mommy, can't I stay and watch?"

"Into the closet at once," Wendy said firmly and he obeyed, though he looked sad at the thought of not being allowed to watch her undressing.

Wendy felt herself being swept up in passion as she took her dress off. She started to unhook her bra, then changed her mind. Another time, she told herself. For the time being that would be enough.

Picking up the pink nightie, she put it on and looked at her reflection in the mirror, telling herself how Andrew was going to love what he saw and, when he was lying over her thighs, what he felt.

"All right, naughty girl," she called. "You may bring your butt out of the closet and prepare to turn it up over my lap."

She watched the door open, then saw his eyes go wide with delight as he stared at her. The nightie that hadn't been totally sheer when she put it on, had suddenly become so as she stood, feet braced wide apart, directly in front of the lamp on her night table. She knew he could see clearly the outline of her thighs and panties and the twitching she saw in the front of his panties

confirmed that and added to her excitement.

"Is my naughty girl ready for her spanking?" she asked as she stood with her hands on her hips, a serious expression on her beautiful face.

"Yes, Mommy," came the reply in that same girlish tone. "May I keep my panties on for my spanking?"

"Of course not, dear. Before I take you across my thighs, I'll take your panties down so that you'll get your spanking on your bare butt."

"Oh Mommy... Mommy," he sobbed as his mother sat on the armless chair, "Don't make me show my bare butt. I'll cry."

"You're going to cry anyway when Mommy spans your butt, so it doesn't really matter. Come to me now to get spanked on the bare butt."

Andrew went to his mother and stood between her knees. The hem of her nightie had hiked high enough to show the expanded tops of her dark brown nylons, and one suspender. Staring downward, the boy had to fight to make his eyes focus.

"Raise your nightie now," Wendy told him. "Mommy is going to take your panties down."

"Oh please, Mommy, not my panties," he

***His body jerked  
strongly, she  
brought her hand  
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as he ejaculated.***

pleaded even as he pulled the nightie well above them and his mother saw a little circle of wetness in the panties where his penis was twitching with arousal.

"Down we go, little panties," Wendy said as she drew the garment down, almost to the tops of his nylons. "You really are a naughty girl, dear," she told him as she put a hand gently around his penis, squeezed it and gave it a few gentle strokes up and down.

"Uh... uh... uh," the boy panted with each stroke, then a little groan escaped him when she took her hand away.

"Lie over my thighs with your bare butt turned up to get spanked," she ordered and, sobbing, the boy obeyed.

Andrew did a lot of squirming as he got into position. In doing so, he felt the delicious contact of his bare skin on her nylons and her nightie, through both of which he was able to feel the warm, firm thighs. He didn't need to tell his mother how that touch aroused him. The throbbing of an extremely hard penis told her the story as she patted plump, girlish buttocks and felt her heart hammering with excitement

and anticipation.

This time she didn't use the brush. She wanted to feel the contact of open hand on naked buttocks and as she gave him the first spank, tremors of passion raced through her. The sound was crisp and thrilling and her hand squeezed as it paused on the cheek, then rose to come down on the other buttock.

Although it was an erotic game, rather than a punishment, she slapped hard, each spank ringing through the room and then his cries accompanied the sound of the spans, making the whole thing even more exciting for the woman. As she spanked the rapidly reddening rounds, she felt him squirming on her thighs, his hard penis rubbing on the thin nightie. A little smile appeared as she realized that just a little more rubbing would bring the boy to ejaculation.

But while she waited for that to happen, Wendy went on spanking the sobbing, squirming boy, scolding him and punctuating the words with stinging spans. Even when his sobbing turned to crying, she just went on slapping from cheek to cheek while he kicked his nylon sheathed legs, looking and sounding very much like an outraged teenaged girl suffering through painful punishment over her mother's lap.

And then Wendy felt his body go tense, sensed a subtle difference in the sound of his crying and sniffing. There could be no doubt as to what was happening, so she changed the pace of the spanking, giving him a brisk shower of hot smacks on his hotly tingling buttocks.

His body jerked strongly, she brought her hand down hard and held the hot cheek as he ejaculated. She felt the measured throb... throb... throb of his penis, each throb shooting another spurt of semen onto her nightie. The warm fluid penetrated the garment easily and she felt semen on her right thigh as he went on shooting it, panting and grunting and sobbing.

"That's it, dear," Wendy urged in a warm whisper. "Let it all go. Shoot your cream and enjoy the feeling."

As she felt the semen shooting and running down the inside of her right thigh, Wendy squeezed and fondled an excitingly warm, red behind and trembled with desire for an orgasm of her own.

"There... there, baby," Wendy told her son as she felt the final small spasms, then he lay quietly sighing on her thighs. "Did you have a nice big come, darling?"

"Oh yes, Mommy, yes. It was my best one ever."

"I'm glad, dear. It was a very exciting spanking for me. I loved it."

"Oh Mommy, so did I. Oh Mommy... Mommy. I'm sorry I got your nightie all sticky."

"Don't be sorry, dear. It was very exciting to feel your hard cock throbbing and feel your semen spurting all over my thigh."

"Oh Mommy, you're so great," Andrew told her and she felt him rubbing subtly over her thighs.

"Thank you, dear. Now take your hot butt to

the bathroom and clean yourself up.”

“Yes Mommy,” he said, sounding sad, then he got to his feet.

Wendy smiled as she saw the semen smeared on his body, matted in his pubic hair.

“My, aren’t we sticky,” she said with a little giggle.

“Look at your poor nightie,” he observed as he stepped out of his fallen panties. “Why don’t you give it to me so I can wash it out for you.”

“What a generous offer,” she replied with a touch of sarcasm, then she carefully removed the garment and watched his eyes go wide as he stared at her in bra, panties and nylons.

In a pretense of looking for other things for him to wash, she walked around the room, then opened a lower drawer and bent over it, her behind facing him. Through the stretched nylon he stared at the crack between her buttocks, then below to where the crotch of her panties pressed against her vulva.

“I guess that’s all, darling,” she told him with a dazzling smile.

“What about your panties?” he asked. “Don’t you want me to wash them too?”

“Mmmm, I suppose they could use a rinse. They do feel a bit moist in the crotch. Stand at the door with your back turned. If you even try to peek, you will not get a spanking for at least a week.”

He obeyed and as she removed her bra and panties, she saw him trembling, saw sweat coursing down his body. Going to him, she reminded him not to turn, then she reached around him to hand him the garments. As she did so, Wendy couldn’t resist the urge to allow her breasts to brush across his shoulders, causing him to tremble some more.

“Don’t be upset if you hear some strange noises coming from my room,” she cautioned her son.

“What kind of noises, Mom?”

“The kind of noises a woman likes to make when she is masturbating and having strong comes. It may sound as though I’m being killed, but I can assure you I’ll be very happy. Off you go now,” she told him, gave him a smack on the hot behind and he walked away.

Closing the door behind him, she went to stand in front of the mirror, feet wide apart. She fondled her breasts and then rubbed a hand slowly down over her tummy and mons veneris and then it was rubbing a vulva that felt very hot and tingly.

But there was no time for teasing herself, so she got onto the bed and lay on her back, her legs wide apart, crotch aimed right at the door. She sighed as she pushed the long finger deeply into her vagina and held it there as her behind squirmed on the bed.

“Oh Jesus,” she said aloud, “this is going to be a big one.”

She worked her finger slowly in and out, then began paying visits to her clitoris. It felt so sensitive that each touch caused her to jerk strongly. She began alternating the motion

so that her finger would make a little circular rubbing of her clitoris, then push deeply into her slit, then up again to her tenderized passion bud.

It didn’t take long for the first orgasm to happen and it was fierce. It was really too strong to be total pleasure as her groans and shrieks indicated, but then the tremors passed and her second orgasm was pure delight. After a brief pause, she triggered her third and it too was a thing of joy.

After that, she just lay resting on the bed while Andrew finally left his position outside the door and went to the bathroom to do his laundry.

When Wendy did emerge from her room, she wore only a short nightie and the garter belt and nylons that she hadn’t bothered removing. Like the other nightie, it wasn’t sheer, but as he feasted his eyes on it, Andrew saw the outline of big, firmly jutting breasts and teasing suggestions of firm buttocks and thighs and, though he couldn’t be sure, faint suggestions of a bushy mons veneris.

She poured a drink and they talked of how exciting the evening had been.

“My butt is still nice and tingly,” he told her

**“My butt is still nice and tingly,” he told her with pride. “That was the best spanking you ever gave me.”**

with pride. “That was the best spanking you ever gave me.”

“I’m glad you liked it, darling. You know, I’ve been wondering what it’s like to get spanked. One of these days I’ll have to find out.”

“Oh Mom,” the boy shouted. “Do you mean it? Right on the bare butt?”

“Uh huh. Since you enjoy it so much, I’m going to have to give it a try. Who knows, I may find that I like it too.”

“Oh Mommy, yes... yes,” Andrew said as he impulsively put his arms around his mother and then his hands were rubbing an excitingly big pair of buttocks through her nightie. The two cheeks felt so firm as his hands slid over the silky nightie.

“Hands off, naughty boy,” Wendy told him and took him by both wrists.

When she went to kiss him good night later, Andrew asked for another spanking, but Wendy didn’t want to overdo it. He pleaded, and by way of compromise, she had him lie face down, then she gave him five moderate spanks on each cheek.

Next morning, her mind was filled with

thoughts of sex. She recalled the events of the previous day and hungered for more. Thoughts of incest came on strongly and frightened her. Knowing she had to get away from the house and find things to do to give her mind a rest, she went walking in the city.

Quite by accident, she stumbled on a lunchtime lecture on the subject of the influence of church on society. It was an interesting lecture and became more so as the speaker fielded questions from the audience.

“Surely you’re not saying that incest is all right?” one woman asked him.

“I’m not saying it’s right or wrong,” he replied. “What I am saying is that before effective birth control, there were practical reasons to prohibit incest. As various breeds of animals were destroyed through inbreeding, so too could humans have been destroyed. Now that birth control is possible, the biggest argument against incest has been eliminated.”

And that planted a new thought in Wendy’s mind. She was sure that if she slipped into incest with her son, there was no danger that she would produce a child. From that point, she went on to consider other aspects, some of her reasoning based on what the speaker had said.

After all, she told herself, we love each other. We kiss, we touch. Where must the line be drawn? Must there be a line drawn? She engaged in a dialogue with herself for a long time and while it didn’t result in her accepting incest as a nice thing, she was finding it harder to reject it out of hand.

In her bedroom, she saw the brush she had often used to spank her son. She picked it up, felt the smooth surface of the old-fashioned wooden backed brush, recalled the sounds and sights as it bounced off Andrew’s buttocks. She felt passion flaring hotly.

Putting the brush down, she removed her dress, paused, then stripped naked. As she played with her breasts and looked at her reflection in the mirror, she glanced again at the brush.

Looking over her shoulder at her reflection in the glass, she rubbed the back of the brush over her buttocks and felt a fresh wave of excitement. Wendy was panting as she brought the brush back, then gave herself a hard smack on the right buttock.

It stung, yet it didn’t really hurt. It left a pink blotch on her white skin and she felt a little warmth and tingle. When she gave her other cheek an even harder spank, the effect was the same, sting but not real pain or hurt. Two more spanks on each cheek increased the warmth, then she put the brush down and put a hand on each cheek. It felt warm. It felt so good. Wendy’s buttocks became as sensitive as her vulva or nipples. She knew then that when her son returned from school, she was going to sample a real spanking.

While she bathed carefully, Wendy tried to picture herself lying over her son’s lap, her behind bare as he spanked her and smacked intense heat and color into her buttocks. The

thought became more and more exciting and that excitement continued as she knelt up in the tub and fingered herself to strong orgasm.

When she was ready to dress, she selected a black garter belt that would frame her behind nicely without getting in the way of the spanking. Her mind warned her that after taking an exciting spanking from the boy, she may be so aroused that she wouldn’t be able to stop at that. She promised herself she would keep things under control, but as she attached the sheer nylons to the suspenders, she knew she was lying, but she knew too that she couldn’t turn back, knew she had to have that spanking.

As she pulled a pair of black nylon panties on and snugged them around her body, she trembled at the thought of standing between Andrew’s legs as he pulled them down to bare her bottom.

Wendy was just picking up her bra when she heard Andrew come into the house. He called hello, she answered, fastened the bra quickly, then grabbed a negligee and put it on. When she tied the sash, she realized the garment was totally sheer, then she told herself it didn’t matter since she would take it off for the spanking anyway. Her knees trembled as she walked from her bedroom to meet her son.

“Oh wow,” Andrew gasped at the sight of her.

“I’m glad you like the way I look, dear,” she told him as his eyes feasted on her. “You’re home early.”

“I ran all the way. Mom, can I dress up? You know.”

“Yes dear. You’ll find lots of things in my bedroom.”

Wendy heard his labored breathing as he ran by her and paused to turn and take one more look before he went into her room to strip naked and dress in her pretty things. As he did, a stiff penis caused the pale blue panties to bulge strongly. This time, he didn’t bother with bra or nightie, just garter belt, nylons, panties and black pumps. Before leaving her bedroom, he rubbed a hand over his stiff penis. It felt so good.

“See what a bad girl I am?” he asked his mother as she stood in the kitchen, sipping a drink. “I stole your panties and I got a hard-on.”

“I’m afraid I’m naughtier than you, dear,” Wendy told her son. “I’ve been thinking sexy things all day and I’ve been fingering my cunt and having great big comes. I have to be spanked for that. Could you find someone to do that, to take my panties down and spank my bare butt very hard?”

“Could I ever. Do you really mean it, Mommy?”

“Yes, dear. I’m dying to find out what it’s like.”

“Come on. Let’s get going,” he told her, panting as his hand rubbed again over the panties to further arouse a very hard penis.

“Wait, dear. We’ll plan it before we go to the room,” she told him and took another sip. “You’ll be the Daddy and I’ll be the bad girl,” she began, then they went on to talk, to plan what promised to be a wildly exciting session between aroused

mother and son.

As they made their plans, Wendy at first rejected the idea of having her bra taken off, then she gave in, the boy was delighted at the prospect of seeing her naked breasts.

“Oh please, Mom,” Andrew said at another point, “don’t make me use the brush. I want to feel my hand on your nice big butt cheeks.”

They reached the compromise that he would commence the spanking with his hand, but would switch to the brush if he couldn’t sting her buttocks enough with his hand, then they were ready to begin their erotic game.

In the bedroom, he asked her various questions about how she had masturbated and as she replied, he scolded her, then announced that she was going to be spanked. Wendy was good at the role of a nervous young girl as she sobbed, begged and pleaded, but Andrew was a very firm Daddy and then Wendy sobbed as she took her negligee off and then, on his next firm command, she unhooked her bra, paused, then pulled it off her arms and tried to cover her big, firmly jutting breasts with her hands.

**“To punish you, I’m going to play with your big tits and then I’m going to take down your panties and spank your bare butt.”**

“Put your hands down, Wendy,” he snapped. “If I want to look at your tits I’ll look at them.”

“No,” she said in a defiant tone. “I won’t let you see my tits.”

Moving closer to her, playing his Daddy role well, he gave her a pair of stinging spanks on her panties.

“Ooh... ow... oh Daddy, please don’t. I’ll take my hands away and show you my tits. Look, Daddy. See my bare tits.”

“That’s better,” Andrew told her as he sat on the chair with his knees wide apart, “but you’re going to pay for daring to argue with me. Come and kneel between my legs.”

“What are you going to do, Daddy?” Wendy asked as she knelt, her breasts in exciting motion.

“To punish you, I’m going to feel your tits. I’m going to play with your big bare tits and then I’m going to take down your panties and spank your bare butt,” he announced as he reached for the lovely breasts.

Both mother and son were panting as Andrew fondled and squeezed and rubbed. Her sensitive nipples grew long and hard and

became more sensitive.

“Does it embarrass you to have your Daddy play with your bare tits like this?” Andrew asked, his hands still busy.

“Yes, Daddy. I’m so ashamed. Please don’t play with my tits.”

“I’ll play with them all I want,” he told her. “I’m going to play with them, then take your panties down, and I’m going to play with your bare butt and spank it nice and hard. After I spank you, I may even suck your bare tits.”

“Oh Daddy, not that,” Wendy gasped and trembled with fierce passion.

“Stand up, Wendy and turn your back to me,” he said, his gruff masculine tone belying the panties and nylons.

“Yes, Daddy. What are you going to do to me?” Wendy asked as she got to her feet, then turned to show him the way her little black panties covered so little of her big, beautifully rounded buttocks and how he could see the deep crack between her nether cheeks.

“I’m going to take these panties down and see your butt,” he told her. “What a nice big butt you have, Wendy. I can give your big butt all the spanking I want,” he went on as he played with her behind through and around the panties.

“Oh Daddy, please let me go. Please don’t take my little panties down.”

They went on playing their game for awhile as the boy fondled his mother’s lush bottom, then he was slowly peeling the little panties down, panting, his heart pounding, his penis throbbing as he bared the lovely white buttocks and the smooth valley between.

He unveiled her slowly, giving her lots of time to plead that he not take her panties down, that he not spank her. It caused them both to become more and more highly aroused, then the panties fell around Wendy’s ankles and, on command, she stepped out of them, sobbing.

“Turn around now, Wendy,” he told her after pausing to feast his eyes on the sight of the round white buttocks in the frame of black garter belt. “Oh Daddy, I can’t,” she sobbed. “If I turn, you’ll be able to see my... my cunt bush.”

SMACK... SMACK... His hand slapped one cheek, then the other.

“Turn around this minute and show me your cunt bush,” he ordered. “If you give me any trouble, I’m going to make you open your legs wide and show me your cunt.”

He gave her two more spanks, then, with a little cry, she turned, covered her mons veneris with her hands for an instant, then drew them away to show him the rather small triangle of bushy, curly hair.

“So that’s what your cunt bush looks like, is it?” he said as he put a hand on her right buttock, drew her close, then his right hand went to the nicely rounded mount and he heard her panting as he felt it while fondling her buttock.

“Oh Daddy... Daddy, please don’t spank me... my butt,” she sobbed, eager for the spanking to commence. “You’ll make my poor butt all red and hot.”

“That’s just what I’m going to do,” he told her, then gave her a stinging spank.

“Oh no, Daddy... no... no... please... not my bare butt.”

“Lie down over my lap,” he growled and gave her another hard slap. “Get your bare butt turned up for a spanking this minute or I’ll take my cock out and fuck you.”

That hadn’t been a part of their plan and the words sent fresh waves of arousal soaring through the woman as she bent, paused, then she was lying across his firm young thighs and feeling his penis throbbing against her. She felt wetness, knew that his aroused tool had already emitted a few drops, that before long, one way or another, semen would spurt very strongly from that throbbing penis.

He played with her behind boldly as he scolded, a hand exploring every curve and hollow, the tips of his fingers going into the deep crack to savor the intense heat there.

Through it all, Wendy sobbed and pleaded and begged to be spared the spanking, but it wasn’t to be as Andrew raised his hand high, paused, then brought it down in a very hard spank which drew a loud cry from his mother and caused her to squirm over his lap.

“Oh Daddy... ow... my butt... SPANK... ow... oohhhh... SPANK... ow... sob... oh Daddy... SPANK... oh my butt... my butt... oohh... SPANK... SPANK... SPANK...”

As he spanked while his mother cried and squirmed and kicked her beautiful legs, Andrew

sensed he had reached an ultimate peak of joy, one that could never be surpassed by him or by anyone.

And while his heart threatened to crash through his rib cage, his mother was at least as delighted. Her big behind became hot, then hotter, then felt as though fire was blazing in her nether cheeks, yet she loved each and every spank and caught her breath as she hungered for the next.

As he watched color spread over the twin rounds of a magnificent behind, heard her cries and felt her writhing, Andrew didn’t want to stop, but felt he should.

“There... SPANK... there... SPANK... Do you think you’ve learned your lesson, you bad girl?” he asked as his right hand fondled the glowing cheeks.

“Piss on you, dumb Daddy,” she snapped. “You can go fuck yourself. You can’t scare me, you shit head.”

With a little cry of delight, Andrew got the message and then he was spanking harder and faster than before as his mother cried and kicked and squirmed while fiery, red color glowed from a line across the top of her crack to the tops of her thighs where milky white contrasted with red skin and black garter belt.

At last, when the boy saw purple bruises marring the exciting red of her skin, he stopped spanking and helped his mother to her feet. Tears trickling down her face, she held her blazing buttocks with both hands and rubbed

the big, red cheeks, the motion causing her naked breasts to bounce about.

Because of her position, the boy was able to see all of the frontal view and, by looking past her, into the mirror, he saw the reflection of her hands massaging the plump red rounds and hoped he wouldn’t go off in her panties and lose his very strong erection.

“Oh my butt... my butt... it’s so hot, Daddy,” Wendy panted as she rubbed, delighting in the hot tingling.

“Yes, it’s hot and it’s red and it’s pretty. So is your cunt bush and your big tits.”

“Oh no, Daddy... no...”

“No what?” Andrew asked.

“No, don’t make me lie down on the bed and show you my cunt. Please, Daddy. Not that. Not my little pink cunt.”

Excitement flared as Andrew realized what his mother was saying, that she wanted him to force her to do it.

“That’s just what I’m going to make you do,” he told her and felt his penis trying to tear through the panties.

“But Daddy... sob... if you do, you’ll take your big cock out and stick it in my cunt. You’ll fuck me, Daddy. I’m so afraid, Daddy. Your cock is so big and so hard and strong.”

“Get on the bed, Wendy,” he told her as he got up, gave her a hard spank, then repeated the command.

“Oh no, Daddy... no... no...” she sobbed as she walked to the bed, naked breasts swaying

red buttocks in lovely motion.

And then she was lying on her back on the bed, her thighs pressed tightly together.

“Open your legs,” he ordered, trying to keep his tone firm as his voice broke with passion. “Open your legs and show me your cunt.”

When she didn’t comply, Andrew got onto the bed and reached for her thighs. He tried to pry them apart, but she resisted as he tugged, then she was raising them and he changed the pressure, his hands following the movement of her thighs.

“Oh no, Daddy... no... no... not my cunt,” she sobbed as lust consumed her. “Not my little pink cunt... Not that, Daddy.”

And then it was Andrew’s turn to cry out as her thighs parted and, with her knees bent up, her crotch opened wide and he stared at the first vulva he had ever seen.

There in her hairless crotch, nestled between the big white thighs he saw the pink slash. It looked so warm and soft and tempting that he felt dizzy with passion.

“Oh Daddy... don’t... don’t touch my... my cunt, she sobbed, sounding like a very frightened little girl. “Please don’t put your hand on my cunt. Please don’t stick your finger in my little cunt.”

His hand trembled as it pressed on the soft vulva that felt so warm, so thrilling. He rubbed, his penis throbbing, she squirmed, then he found the passage and slowly pushed a finger deeply into it and they both moaned loudly.

“Oh Daddy... Daddy,” she panted. “You’re fingering my cunt just like I do when I masturbate. Oh Daddy... Daddy.”

He moved closer, his face coming down for a closer view of what he was invading with a finger, then her right hand went behind his head and she was tugging on it.

“Oh Daddy... don’t... you mustn’t,” she panted. “Don’t put your face right in my crotch. Don’t kiss and suck and lick my cunt, Daddy,” she implored as she pulled his eager face down into her crotch and then she shrieked as she felt his open mouth on her vulva.

“Oh Daddy... you’re sucking my cunt... oh Daddy... no... no... don’t suck my cunt, Daddy... no... no... no...” she panted as she opened her crotch wider and felt his hands rubbing hips and thighs and tummy as he sucked with the greedy skill of a very experienced lover.

“Oh Daddy, don’t get your tongue up my cunt... Don’t lick my cunt and make me come... oh Daddy... Daddy.”

She shrieked as his tongue worked into the slit and licked over her hard clitoris, then went in deeply to probe and lick where she was very hot and juicy.

Both her hands were on his head then, pulling his face into her crotch as her tingling behind jerked up and down on the bed.

Alternately sucking and licking her juicy aperture, the boy drove his mother wild with lust and then she was shrieking in orgasm so strong that it was painful. As she pulled his wet face

more and more tightly into her crotch while her body jerked strongly, Andrew couldn’t breathe, thought his neck would break, but he didn’t give a damn. He was in a state of ecstasy beyond description, beyond belief. And then the tremors eased, passed, and Wendy sighed as she released his head and he knelt up, his eyes wet and out of focus as he stared down and saw the radiant smile on her face.

“Oh Daddy,” she said and sighed again, “what a sweet cunt lapping you gave me. Oh, how you sucked and lapped my cunt. Oh Daddy, what a beautiful big come you made me have. My cunt is tingling just like my butt cheeks, Daddy.”

“Wow!” he gasped and then licked his lips. “Did we really do that?”

“Oh yes, my darling Daddy. You sucked my cunt better than anyone ever did before. What are you going to do now, Daddy?”

“I... uh... I’m...” he stammered.

“Oh no, Daddy, you’re not going to take your panties off, are you?”

“Yes I am,” he told her as he knelt up and jerked the panties down, his penis leaping to freedom, a magnetic pull trying to get it into her crotch.

“Oh Daddy. Your cock is so big and strong. Oh Daddy, if you lie down on me and stick it in my cunt, you’ll fuck me. Oh Daddy, I’ve never had a cock in my cunt. I’ve never been fucked.

Oh Daddy... Daddy,” she panted as he fell on her wet, firm body and felt her arms wrap around him as his stiff penis throbbled and twitched in



her crotch.

Andrew wasn't at all sure he could perform the act, but he was determined to give it his best try. Reaching down in her crotch, he grasped his twitching tool and searched for a slit to poke it into. Since his tongue had already visited that slit, he knew it was there, somewhere. All he had to do was find it.

And then find it he did, and with a mighty lunge, his penis went into her to the hilt. He groaned as his penis throbbed inside her where she felt so hot and juicy and slippery.

"Oh Daddy, your great big cock is in my little cunt," she said, panting, her hot behind squirming on the sheet. "You're not going to work your cock in and out of my hot cunt, are you? You're not going to fuck your little girl, are you, Daddy? Oh Daddy," she gasped as he began stroking and saw that his body knew what to do, "you're fucking me... Your great big hard cock is fucking my juicy little cunt... Oh Daddy... Daddy... fuck... fuck... fuck... oh Daddy," she said and used both hands to spank his bobbing behind while he fed stiff penis to her like a beautifully oiled piston.

Much too soon, despite his best efforts to hold back the threatening ejaculation, he gave her a shower of short, fast strokes, her arms and legs wrapped tightly around his naked, sweating, trembling body, then he was jerking out of

control and she crushed him as he pumped his very strong charge into her hotly sucking vagina and she drained him until he groaned like a dying person.

For a little while, they rested in warm silence, their sweat mingled, then it was Wendy who broke the silence.

"Oh dear," she said with little girl awe, "I do believe we've done something quite naughty."

"Oh Mommy, I can't believe it. It was so great. You let me fuck you," he said, awe in his voice.

"And what a beautiful fuck it was, darling. You ate my cunt and fucked me like a first class lover. Jesus, I feel so good. I'm glowing all over. Ooh, darling, what a delicious cunt lapping and fucking that was. How do you feel, dear? Tired?"

"I've never been so tired in my life, Mom, but I never felt so good. Oh Mommy... Mommy, I'm so excited. I fucked you and spanked you and sucked your cunt and everything."

"Yes, my darling lover," she told the boy as she moved him and fed a breast into his mouth. "You lie on Mommy's tummy and suck her tits while you rest. Yes dear, that's nice. That's so nice. Suck Mommy's pretty tits and just rest until your cock gets hard so you can fuck me again."

"Did you really mean what you said about fucking you again?" Andrew asked, later, when they sat up on the bed.

"Of course, darling. Now that we've gone this far, we can't just stop, can we?"

"We sure can't," he agreed with delightful enthusiasm. "Oh Mommy, it's all too good to be true. I still can't believe it really happened."

"I'm finding it a bit hard to believe myself, dear," she assured him. "I tried to resist. I didn't want it to happen, but I got so sexy I couldn't stop. I hope we'll never be sorry we took this step."

"Oh Mom, you have to be kidding," he told his mother as he reached for her breasts and fondled them. "We're going to be so happy. Did you really like getting your beautiful big butt spanked?"

"Like it? I loved it darling. You're good at it, very good. I can still feel my ass tingling and hot and my cunt is tingling and hot. Did you really love doing it to my butt?"

"Did I ever. I hope you'll let me spank you often from now on and you'll spank me just as often."

"Which do you I like better, dear?" Wendy asked. "Do you prefer spanking my butt or getting your bare butt spanked?"

"I can't tell, honest. I love them both and I love to suck your cunt and tits and to fuck you. They're all great. I love them all."

"It must be very exciting to have discovered sex at the age of eighteen."

"It sure is. I never dreamed there was so much to sex. I guess I thought it was just taking your clothes off and fucking."

"You haven't discovered it all yet, darling," Wendy told him. "There is so much more to it, so many acts, so many variations of each one."

"How can there be? Will you teach me ev-

erything?"

"I'll teach you everything I know, darling, then we'll go on to learn new things together."

"What kind of things, Mom?" he asked as he shifted his position so that he could fondle both her breasts.

"There are so many it's hard to know where to begin, dear. For example, suppose one day you take me over your lap and give me a sound spanking until my ass is red hot. After that, you could give me a strapping while I'm bent over a chair or the bed."

"Yeah... yeah," he said, excitedly.

"But that's not all, dear. While I'm bent over with my ass all red and hot, you could move up close behind me, work your stiff prick up my asshole and butt fuck me. You would feel my big, hot ass against your belly and you'd screw my ass until you shot your charge deep inside me."

"Oh Mom, it's so exciting to think of all the things there are to do."

"Yes, darling, it is exciting. It's just as exciting for me. I see your cock is trying to get hard again. Are you going to make it?"

"I think so. I really want to get it hard."

"In a minute, I'll take you over my lap and give you a spanking. If that stiffens your cock, I'll show you an exciting way of getting it off."

"How, Mommy?"

"I'll take your beautiful prick in my mouth and suck you off. You'll shoot all your cream in my mouth and I'll drink it. How does that sound, darling?"

"Oh Mommy, do you really mean it. Would you suck my cock?"

"Of course, dear. I've sucked a few cocks in my day and I really love it. I just love the feel of a big hard cock throbbing in my mouth while it shoots all that warm, rich cream to me."

Noticing that his penis was rising nicely, Wendy sat on the edge of the bed, took her son over her lap and his penis became very hard as his buttocks became very hot. After that, when she sucked him off until he was totally drained, Andrew discovered yet another form of sexual ecstasy.

Andrew is still learning about all the joys of sex with his mother and so, for that matter, is she, as they continue to experiment with various acts, positions, locations, situations.

Today, at twenty, Andrew is still as eager and boyish in his enthusiasm as he was at eighteen when his mother took him to bed for the first time. And, since the lovely therapy of sex works both ways, Wendy looks younger today than she did then.



Excerpted from  
*Sirens and Studs*  
by Guenter Klow

# Coming Soon

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