

Friend of the Family  
A friend zone tale

*Week 1*

It was finally, finally, FINALLY summer break! Three months of no responsibilities, no lectures, no exams. Not that I'm some total princess or anything; I work summers, but it's part-time at the library, and half the time I'm just sitting at the checkout desk on my phone. It does mean moving back home, back under my mom's roof with my sister Bratty Patty. Though honestly, these past few months she and I have gotten along a lot better.

Ever since crashing with me over winter break, she's been visiting me at school whenever she can. She's even wormed her way into my apartment to the point where she has her own space in the fridge, her own shower products in the bathroom, and I can't even always tell right away who Todd's fucking in the living room when I wake up. I swear, Kayla and I started the year in August as two cordial but distinct entities cohabitating our apartment; fast forward to May and we're an inseparable foursome with my sister and my BFF who come and go as freely as the two of us with our names on the lease.

You'd think there'd be some friction, some squabbling over who has to take the trash out to the dumpster, whether we should make Patty and Todd pay on the utility bills, if it was fair to make me suck him off after he'd been in both of the other two's asses. But somehow, we made it work. (And really, as I realized during one of Todd's pointless hypnosis sessions while my mind was anywhere but on what he was saying, a little ass to mouth builds character. What's college for, if not for character building?)

As Todd pulled up to my mom's house and parked by the curb, I hoped that the summer would still carry with it the kinds of close bonds of friendship that I'd gotten used to this past year. Heck, once we'd realized how thoroughly addicted to giving blowjobs I was, Todd was the only friend I had who understood enough to let me suck him off whenever he was in the mood.

"Thank goodness your summer job makes you travel," I said as I buttoned my blouse. (Todd focuses better on the road when he has my boobs in his peripheral.) "I know Patty's super excited you'll be able to visit so often."

"That kid needs to learn patience, Stacey. She got accepted; she'll be living with you in the fall. Sometimes I worry she's a little too eager to please me, ya know."

I rolled my eyes. "Yeah, that's it. She enrolled in my school just to be your slam piece. I need to stop fucking you so enthusiastically. It gives you a big head."

Nobody was home as we moved my things back into my old room, so Todd and I had the place to ourselves. I started changing into some of the lounging clothes I'd gotten for my apartment – just a comfy thongy and half-cup bra to leave my nipples exposed – but he stopped me. "You think your mom's gonna be chill if she comes home and finds her eldest daughter wearing that? With her male friend?"

"Probably not," I sighed. My mom was such a prude.

My friend squeezed my bare ass comfortingly. "Don't worry, maybe once she gets to know me she'll be cool with it. Heck, that's the thing any more, right? Women who want to be their daughters' best friends?"

I laughed. "Yeah, don't you wish."

He looked hard at a picture of Mom, Patty and me at the beach a couple years back, whistling at the sight of the three of us in our bikini tops. I had to admit, Mom was a looker for a

woman pushing forty. She given me my pretty face structure, and Patty her hourglass figure. Her chest was somewhere between the two of us, leaning toward Patty's size. We'd spent a lot of our childhood watching men try and fail to live up to her impossibly high standard for the role of fathering her kids.

"I sure do," he confirmed.

"Gross, Todd. That's my friggin' mom, ya know."

"Oh believe me, I know. Speaking of, did she give you any idea when she'd be home? Patty said she'd helped bring her around."

"Bring her around?" I asked. "To what, exactly?"

"Just a little hypnosis," he assured me, placing a calming hand on my pussy. "Nothing sinister. Patty mentioned to me in passing how she was trying to learn Spanish, and I thought maybe I could help. So she talked to Shannon, told her how I'd helped Patty with her studies and you with your stress, and got her to agree to giving it a try."

"Huh." For some reason, the idea of Todd hypnotizing my mom didn't sit quite right with me. I guess because everyone else he'd hypnotized was now fucking and sucking him ten times a week, though that was just coincidence. "Well yeah, good for her, I guess. Maybe this time you'll get somewhere with it."

He pinched my cheek, and I swatted his hand away. "Still so skeptical, Stacey. I see the difference, even if you don't."

Hours later, Todd and I were splashing around in the pool in the back yard when we finally heard a car pull up in the driveway. I had just enough time to find where my bottoms were floating before the sliding glass door opened.

"Well hey, if it isn't the hot-shot college girl, returned to her lowly roots! And this must be your... boyfriend?"

I laughed, carefully hovering by the near edge of the pool so my half-nakedness would remain secret. Todd answered for me. "No, not at all. I'm just a friend of hers. Todd. I'd shake your hand, but..." He looked at his wet pruny hand and shrugged.

"Nonsense, any friend of Stacey's is a friend of the family." She walked over and bent low, taking Todd's hand and shaking it firmly. "Sherri Taylor."

"Pleased to meet... you." He paused, frowning. "Sherri? Not Shannon? I'd have sworn someone said it was Shannon."

I shook my head. "Shannon is my mom, Todd. This is my Aunt Sherri."

Through his trunks, I felt his erection growing against my bare ass. "Oh. You just... you look just like her. Err, the pictures, hanging in the, um, hallway."

She laughed. My mom and aunt had had a lifetime to get used to this. "Yeah, we're twins, so no worries there. You're not the first to get us confused."

"Twins... I-id-identical?" he stammered.

"That or we just work out at the same gym," she answered with a laugh. When he didn't laugh back, she clarified with a modestly worried expression. "That's a joke, Todd. Yes, we're identical twins."

I couldn't help shooting him a dirty look as his cock turned to a bar of steel, cold water be damned. I guess the twin thing surpasses the age barrier. Assuming he had one. He damn well better.

“So what’d you stop by for, Aunt Sherri?” I asked, breaking the silence, wishing to god she’d step back from the edge of the pool so I didn’t have to feel so self-conscious that my bottoms were held in my clenched fist.

“Actually, to meet your, ah, friend there,” she said, noticing that he was pressed against my backside with an arched eyebrow. “Your mom tells me he’s going to try some kind of hypnotherapy?”

Todd was just staring. What was his problem? “Yeah, Aunt Sherri. He practices it a lot. Helped out me, my roommate, even Patty.” Not that he’d really done much for me and Kayla, but he was my friend. I could humor him, same way he humored me when I woke up in the middle of the night needing some dick.

“So I heard. I guess Patty swears it’s the only thing that turned her grades around this past semester. So I figured what the hey, if he’s just giving it away, I’d give it a go. If that’s all right by you, young man?”

I had to pinch him before he finally snapped out of it and replied. “Oh, uh, sure. I mean, I’d love to. Err, I’d be happy to. No problem. As much as you need.”

She gave us a look, then shook her head with a little chuckle. “Well you two have fun out here, then... I’m gonna go inside and help your mom get dinner ready. But I’m sure she’d like to see you whenever you’re... done,” she said. And from the look on her face, I knew I’d been caught. Luckily, I knew Aunt Sherri was cool. Maybe she’d even had a pocket friend-zoner fella herself at some point.

“Mind telling me what that was about?” I demanded once she was back inside.

“You didn’t tell me... twins...” he said, staring in the direction Aunt Sherri had gone.

“Yeah, so? Dude, don’t start... lusting after my mother,” I said with a shudder, sliding my bottoms back on. Just in time, too, as the curtains in the kitchen window slid open then, and there was Mom eyeing the two of us like she was the one who’d caught Todd finger-banging me in the pool.

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” he said.

## *Week 2*

“You know, I’m still not sure I approve of your friend sleeping over in your room,” Mom said as we sat waiting for him to arrive.

“Mom, we talked about this. Where else is he supposed to sleep? If we put him on the couch, he’ll be in everybody’s way in the morning. Do you want him to camp out in the back yard? Or hey, I’m sure Patty would be only too happy to let him stay in her room.”

“I’m well aware of your sister’s crush on your friend. Thank goodness she’s had you there to keep an eye on her or who knows what kind of lunacy she might’ve gotten herself into.”

“Oh calm down, Shannon,” my aunt said to her sister. “I don’t know about you, but I like the kid. Even if and Stacey were up to no good, she could frankly do plenty worse.”

“Sherri!” my mom exclaimed right as I was saying “Aunt Sherri!” in the same tone.

“What, I’m not saying I hope you get knocked up or anything, Stacey. You know, like your mom did when she was three and a half years younger than you. Just that you know we want you to find a nice guy, and Todd certainly seems like a nice guy.”

“He is very nice,” my mom conceded. “And very mature for his age, I have to say. A certain... presence to him.”

Aunt Sherri nodded, and the two of them stared off into space for a minute. “He’s here,” I blurted into the silence, grateful for his arrival as an interruption.

The three of us greeted him with hugs and kisses (on the cheek). That was a really good sign; my mom only did that with dear old friends. We spent a few minutes catching up with him – even Mom and Aunt Sherri, like Todd was a friend of mine they’d known for years – and settled in.

Then it was time for their hypnosis session. I made myself scarce, having realized during my own session last week that watching two old ladies be hypnotized was something that just bored the shit out of me. I was glad they’d seemed to enjoy it, but it was nothing that concerned me.

Once we’d all had our sessions, Mom seemed in good spirits all night, checking in to make sure Todd and Patty and I had enough snacks, were having fun in the pool, were comfortable in the den. She didn’t even question that the three of us were snuggled up under one blanket, Patty and I on either side of Todd. Just as well, because if the blanket had come up, she’d have found her two daughters jacking off their guest, who was in turn fingering them both. (Colbert was on just for noise cover when Patty whimpered.)

“Can’t you just let the kids be kids?” I heard my Aunt Sherri ask her back in the living room.

“Do you remember when we were that age?” my mom responded, only her voice sounded more wistful than cautionary.

I made it a point to stop by my mom’s room before going to bed, knowing how hard a time I’d have walking down there after Todd gave me the ass-fucking he’d won during our game of Mario Kart. (Stupid red shells.) “Hey Mom, you’re sure you’re OK with Todd staying here? I promise there’s nothing romantic going on between us.”

A whole lot of fucking and sucking, sure, but we didn’t attach a bunch of messy emotions to it.

Mom gave me a tight hug. “Oh, Stacey. You’re growing up so fast. Of course I don’t mind your friend staying over. What kind of a hostess would I be if I denied a young man who’s been such a help to my daughters something as simple as a bed to sleep in?”

I hugged her back. “Thanks. He said he appreciates it a lot.”

“Did he say anything else?” she asked quietly.

“Uh, like what?” I stepped back.

“I dunno. Just... I want to make sure we’re being hospitable is all. I won’t get to play mother to your friends much longer, with Patty going away to join you in the fall.”

“He’s fine, Mom. Promise.”

“Good. If he needs anything, anything you can’t get for him yourself, you just let me know, all right?”

### *Week 3*

I couldn’t believe how crazy my mom got about the housecleaning before Todd arrived. I swear, it’s like the president, the pope and Eric Clapton were coming over for the weekend.

She'd made me and Patty pick up, vacuum, dust, scrub, polish and practically exfoliate the entire damn house. Even Aunt Sherri got roped into it when she came over after work to wait for her session with him, though she seemed to share my mother's fervor and knit-pickiness.

Patty and I literally ran out to greet him when he arrived, we were so relieved to be done. (I'd been in the midst of scrubbing the underside of the kitchen table, no joke.) "Todd! You have no idea how glad I am to see you."

"Not nearly as glad as I am," gushed Patty. "You should feel how wet my pussy is. It's practically gushing."

"Not as bad as mine is, I bet."

"Whatever, you never get as wet as me!"

"Do too, I just don't brag about it for the whole neighborhood!"

"GIRLS." Todd's firm admonition shut us up. "I'll take care of each of your leaky cunts later, promise, but for now, I need to get to work on Shannon and Sherri." They'd insisted when he was leaving last weekend that he called him by their first names. Mom had *never* let a friend of mine do that before.

"So what're we supposed to do?" sulked Bratty Patty.

"I dunno, go sixty-nine one another until I have time to see to you."

I had to admit, my friend was a good problem-solver. Patty and I did just that, though we quietly continued our argument over whose pussy was wettest while we did. For a long time I'd felt weird eating out my sister, much less the make-out sessions and heavy petting, but then I'd realized how stupid it was to pretend we didn't have needs. Incest was just when there was a risk of siblings getting each other preggers; two sisters didn't have anything to worry about.

Neither did a mother/daughter combo, or a aunt/niece combo, I'd realized during one of Todd's sessions last week. Not that we'd ever consider such a thing, but it was a good point. On and off all week I'd been thinking about how sad it was my mom and her sister didn't have a friend like Todd, a cock on hand to fill holes without attachment.

Patty and I were at it so long I'd lost count of how many times we'd swapped positions before Todd came in. It was a warm evening, so my sister's big sweaty tits were practically glued to my tummy by then. She was probably tired of feeling my hard little pencil eraser nipples indenting hers too, for that matter. Before the door had even swung closed, his pants were off and he was balls deep in my pussy. Patty whined about favoritism, but when he spent nearly four more minutes fucking her after (I liked to time how long Todd spent in each of our holes, kind of a quirky little hobby of mine), she sure didn't have anything smart to say about egalitarianism then.

"Man, what got you so worked up?" I asked some hours later, panting, as Todd finally finished alternating between me and my sister's mouths, cunts and asses.

"And tell us how to make it happen again," Patty said with a giggle.

"Just feeling charitable, I guess," he said.

Though it turned out, his charity paled in comparison to my mother's. He arrived on Friday, and during dinner Saturday night, she insisted that he stay in the master bedroom.

"What? You mean... with you?" I asked. Patty flat-out dropped her fork in shock.

"Stacey," my mom responded sternly. "Of course not. But it's the biggest bed in the house, and heaven knows I don't need a king-size bed all to myself. It's just courtesy. And that way he'll have a private bathroom so we girls will have ours, and he'll have his."

“Sounds pretty great to me, Shannon, thanks,” Todd said around a mouthful of mashed potatoes.

“And where will I be staying then, sister dearest?” Aunt Sherri asked. She stayed over with my mom some nights after drinking too much to drive home.

“I’m sure he’d make room,” my mom said, then cracked a grin before anyone could have a heart attack. “No, I’ll roll out the hide-a-bed, and you and I can share that.”

Aunt Sherri eyed Todd with a mischievous little twinkle over her wine glass. “Or maybe he’d make room.”

“Get in line,” said Patty.

“You guys are being GROSS!” I shouted. Was I the only one at the table with a shred of decency?! Todd was so startled by my outburst he removed his foot from its place up my summer dress.

“Stacey, we’re just joking around. Relax, no one’s out to make a move on your boy-toy.”

“My...! He’s *not* my boy-toy! He’s just my friend! Just my plain, boring platonic, mutually-single-and-totally-glad-for-it friend! How many times do I have to say it?!”

I stormed away from the table; behind me I heard Todd’s voice. “I’ll go talk to her. Sorry everybody, and thanks for the lovely meal. Almost as lovely as the ladies who prepared it.” I heard my stupid mom and my stupid, stupid aunt giggling.

He joined me in my bedroom a moment later. I rolled away from him on my bed. “Can we talk?” he asked softly.

“No,” I said, sniffing.

“We can either talk, or I can take that ass you’re presenting me with and spank you until you change your mind. Your call, if you want the whole house to hear you in here squealing like a brat as you get your butt paddled.”

After a moment, I grudgingly rolled to face him. “It’s not fair,” I said.

“What’s not fair?”

“This. You, and Patty, and Aunt Sherri, and Mom. It’s not fair. You used to be *my* friend. Then you started spending all this time on Patty, and now my mom and aunt are going gaga over you, and... I want you all to myself again. I miss the way things were.”

“Oh come on, cunt-for-brains,” he said, jokingly using one of his cute little nicknames for me. “You know you’ll always be my favorite.”

“It’s not the same.”

“I know. I tell you what, why don’t we do a session to calm you down, and then we can talk about what just you and just me can do for the rest of the weekend.”

I paused. “Just the two of us? No Patty?”

“Just the two of us. C’mon now. Listen to my voice.” And I relaxed, letting him work his little hypnosis trick. Whatever else it might fail to do, it always succeeded at relaxing me. Maybe I was being uptight, after all. I should be glad I have friends my family likes. Really, it was a blessing. If Mom didn’t like him, she wouldn’t let him stay over to begin with. Maybe I was being unfair, refusing to share my friend. After all, I’d shared him – in every possible way – with Patty, and even if she was still an annoying little brat, we were a lot closer than we had been. (I could still taste her muff on my breath.)

Maybe that was all I needed to do – share more. Give him some time to get to know mom and Aunt Sherri, and we’d be able to enjoy all the more together. Heck, I was probably starting

to bore my friend, seeing as how I usually just wanted to do the same old shit, sucking his cock, begging him to fuck me, modeling slutty lingerie for his website.

(Oh yeah, I'd started modeling slutty lingerie for his website. Easy money, and he promised he wouldn't show anybody.)

Later, when we'd finished our session and I'd finished tit-fucking him by way of apology for embarrassing him at dinner, I told him my thoughts. Next weekend, I'd find some excuse to get Patty out of the house, and he could have the whole weekend to just get to know my mom. Aunt Sherri too, if she wanted to come over.

"Wow, you're sure?"

"Positive. Hell, take two weekends. We can visit Kayla at her folks' place next week, and the week after... we'll figure it out. But I want my mom to like you. You're my best friend."

### *Week 6*

Mom had been surprisingly chill about having alone time with Todd. I'd been worried she'd be annoyed at having to entertain my friend, but as it turned out, she was the one who thanked me. I guess she'd wanted a little time to herself, and she insisted Todd was no intrusion at all. "A very perfect gentleman," she'd said. Aunt Sherri had even volunteered to take him out to dinner, in case Mom wanted to be by herself, but they'd wound up all three together.

Mom raved about the weekends – she said she and Aunt Sherri hadn't been so close since they were kids.

She'd certainly been in a better mood lately. Borrowing clothes from me and Patty – even some of the lounging clothes I'd bought for when Todd was over – engaging in lots of girl talk, even some stuff that got to be a little TMI. She'd been eating better and exercising more, too. I guess Todd just brings out the best in people like that.

At one point, I'd even worried Todd was maybe getting a little *too* close to my mom and aunt, if you know what I mean. I'd texted him as much, and sweetheart that he was, he'd driven all the way out to our house on a work night just to see me. A hypnosis session was just the thing to mellow me out, and as my mind wandered, I realized that if he could get my mother to quit being such an ice queen with men, or my Aunt Sherri to stop being mother's evil opposite along those lines... well, one more win for Todd and my family.

We were all four of us in the pool when Todd arrived three weeks later. I missed getting to wear some of the skimpy, slutty string bikinis he'd had me buy, since I didn't want Mom to freak, but as Patty and I were taking our first dives, she and Aunt Sherri sauntered outside in matching thong bottoms and tops that she would've killed me just for thinking about buying.

I was so startled that it took me a moment before I realized Aunt Sherri had gotten a haircut. The exact same pixie cut style Mom wore. I could barely tell them apart.

Actually... I wasn't 100% sure I could.

Patty wolf whistled, and one of the twins (Mom?) told her to can it. Todd's matching sound of appreciation, however, was met with broad grins. "It's not too much?"

"Surprised you're not worried about it being too *little*, babe," he said casually. I wondered when he'd started calling my relatives babe. (Except for Patty. And me.) It was pretty cute.

“Hey, we gotta rock it while we still got it,” said... Aunt Sherri, I was 90% sure. I made a note that she was in the red top, with Mom in the white.

“Curves like yours don’t go out of style,” he reassured her. Then he stripped down to his boxers and dove in. I stared as eagerly as anyone, I admit, but it had been three whole weeks since I’d had him inside me, and I was going (as Todd calls it) cock-crazy.

I swear, our family had never been closer than we were that night in the pool. Emotionally, sure, but in terms of proximity? Forget about it. One by one we took opportunities to splash fight with Todd, to rub suntan lotion on him (which he let us each do, kindly enough), to ask him what he thought of our new bikinis. My mom beamed proudly at me when he said that even if I wasn’t wearing a g-string, my ass was hands down the sexiest one in the pool.

“Aww, you’re sure?” teased Aunt Sherri, kneeling on the steps in the shallow end and thrusting her nearly naked butt at him.

“Well, there’s a lot of room for honorable mentions,” he said, and she giggled, releasing her butt cheeks. She’d pulled them apart so wide they practically *clapped* when she let go.

Todd hypnotized each of us that night, and I endured mine as stoically as possible. I just wanted to get fucked, damnit! When he’d finished with Patty’s, the last session, we gathered back in the living room. We were still in our swimsuits, we’d had so much fun showing them off for him. If I’d been a little embarrassed for my mom earlier, now I had to admit she’d be crazy not to want to show it off while she still had it. It was sex positive, after all, and I was all about that.

“Mom?” I asked in my meekest voice. “I haven’t seen Todd in weeks, and I was wondering... do you think I could sleep with him in your room tonight? Then you or Aunt Sherri could take my bed.”

“I don’t know,” she said, “I don’t think that would be fair to Patty, or anyone else who wants to join him.”

“Yeah,” said Aunt Sherri, crossing her legs.

“Just for tonight! C’mon, please? Patty can stay with him tomorrow night. And Aunt Sherri Sunday night, if she wants.”

In an instant, my aunt was on my side. “Maybe some kind of rotation would be fairest,” she urged my mom. “Obviously we all enjoy Todd’s company, so if we each had him one night...”

“Patty’s not old enough to be sharing her bed with a boy,” Mom rebutted firmly.

“Mom! I’m eighteen, for crying out loud! I’ll be nineteen next month! You’re just trying to take me out of the rotation so you can guarantee yourself a night!”

“Young lady, that’s absurd,” she said, a little too defensively.

In the end, it was unsurprisingly Todd who put an end to the argument. We’d draw straws, and the one who drew the short straw would wait until next weekend. We all had to admit it was pretty fair, so he snagged a few straws from the broom, and we drew.

Patty, as it turned out, drew the short straw. She stormed off to her room, insisting it was rigged somehow, and we all laughed a little when her door slammed.

That night, Todd fucked me in my mother’s bed. It had once been the least erotic place in the house to me, but I had to admit that my mom was one sexy woman. I’d been wondering lately if she’d taste like Patty, or like me. Or neither. Was pussy flavor genetic?

It was almost too bad Todd wasn’t fucking my mom, or I could ask him.



Aunt Sherri got to have him Saturday night, and Mom took him Sunday. The whole weekend was kinda weirdly sexually charged, all of us half-naked (or more) and smiling and simpering and flirting with Todd whenever we saw him. It was like being back in school, only with my mom and her twin sister instead of Kayla. Then I thought of some of the things I'd seen Todd do to Kayla, and suppressed my gag reflex (like Todd had taught me). That would be so weird.

Or would it?

### *Week 7*

The next weekend, I tell ya, I could hardly have even noticed Todd was in the house. He spent almost the entire time in a room with someone or other hypnotizing them, to the point where we had to start knocking on doors before we entered to make sure we wouldn't intrude. I asked him why he was so urgent about it, but he said that the summer was already almost half over. Besides, he added, he had to make up for the time he was losing next week when he was going on a trip the next week with this hot bitch from his office to Miami.

"Oh, gonna try to make your move?" I asked.

"Nah, she's just my work wife," he said. Typical Todd, letting every cute girl he knows leave him in the friend zone.

### *Week 9*

It was Mom's idea, actually, to have us all wear matching dresses when Todd came back to us two weeks later. They were all flowery summer dresses, all way too short and way too low cut for us, but I had to give her credit that we looked dynamite.

Sure enough, Todd loved us in them. "Damn, you ladies have to be the four most fuckable babes on the planet," he exclaimed, his eyes roving over the feast of exposed flesh before him. Then he looked between us, almost nervously. "You all right with that, Shannon? Saying how fuckable your daughters and your sister look?"

She laughed. "Oh, Todd. As the source of half the girls' DNA, and as someone who shared identical DNA to Sherri's... I'm flattered." Aunt Sherri nodded.

"And girls, you're OK with me pointing out what hot babes your mom and aunt are?" he asked Patty and me.

"Well duh, I mean, they're obviously pretty hot," Patty said. "And it's sweet of you to make them feel good about themselves."

Todd's face slowly became a broad grin. "Well look forward to a lot of compliments this weekend, ladies."

He wasn't joking. All weekend long, my friend didn't miss an opportunity to point out how great Patty's tits looked glistening wet in her new bikini, or how much Aunt Sherri's ass was calling to him to take a bite out of it, or how if Mom learned to cook any better, he'd have no suitable way left to thank her but to bend her over the stovetop and fuck her brains out.

"So... you're saying I need to learn to cook better," she teased with a little wink.

"Mooom, don't be such a sluuut," I whined.

“Hey, I’d pay to see that,” said Patty.

“You just want to try to get some ‘cooking lessons’ in yourself, Patty,” laughed Aunt Sherri.

As it turned out, she got them. As soon as she finished clearing the table, Patty crawled under the table to where Todd was still sitting, fumbling at his belt and openly pleading to be allowed to suck him off.

“Patricia Lynn!” my mom scolded. “You stop that right this instant!”

Patty banged her head on the underside of the table, and even Todd looked pretty surprised. “Sorry mom, I just *really* want it...”

“We all do, dear, but you could at least have the self-respect to beg for dick in the bedroom, where a proper young lady does such things.”

She practically dragged him to the master bedroom. Aunt Sherri, Mom and I sat there in the living room, hearing Patty and Todd’s noises carry out into the living room. She was quiet at first, no doubt beginning their fun with a nice long blowjob as she usually did, but before long we could hear her squealing and moaning for him. A sound I knew well. Dimly beneath it, I could hear the sound of his balls slapping against my sister’s ass, only audible because they’d left the door a crack open.

None of us in the audience bothered to go close it. In fact, Aunt Sherri eventually slid a hand up her dress and began playing with herself, and that was so hot that Mom and I couldn’t resist joining in. It wasn’t awkward at all, I was surprised to find. Just one big happy family, all enjoying ourselves in total comfort. My whole life, I’d always been able to tell my mom anything. Now, I was glad to know I could show her anything too.

Todd fucked Patty into the night, and eventually the other three of us crowded around the sink in the bathroom I normally shared with Patty, brushing our teeth. The only sounds were the water running in the sink, the soft scraping of bristles on tooth enamel, and Patty gurgling gleefully around our houseguest’s fat cock.

“I think we need to have a discussion about your relationship with my daughter,” Mom said softly over breakfast. It would have come across as stern, but it was hard to take anything too seriously from a woman wearing a sarong and halter top she’d stolen from her daughter’s slut drawer.

“Which one?” Todd asked casually. “The one with the big tits or the one with the tight cunt?”

My mom did a double-take between her daughters as her mind quickly resolved which one of her daughters had the braggable pussy elasticity. “Both, apparently,” she said. “I don’t think what happened last night was at all appropriate, and I won’t have it happening under my roof.”

“So why didn’t you come in and say something? We only gave you like four hours to come complain about the noise,” Todd said. Patty giggled in spite of herself.

“Because I’m not nosy, that’s why. I let my daughters live their lives, but when it’s happening under my roof – in my own bed! – then I have to help them correct things.”

“So you’re saying no more sex with anyone in your family.”

“That’s right,” she said after the briefest of pauses.

“Well now...” began Aunt Sherri, but her thirty-minutes-older sister silenced her with a look.

“Fair enough. So, how about we get started with the day’s hypnosis sessions?”

“Me first!” Patty blurted.

“I think it’s best you two take a little time apart, Patricia Lynn. Or do I call you ‘Dumb Jugsy Bitch,’ as I heard more than once last night?” Mother said heatedly. I winced, wondering what she’d think about some of his pet names for me. I doubted she’d be too keen on having Dumb Jugsy Bitch and her big sister Twat Queen for daughters.

“Fair enough. Stacey, how about you first, so I can really spend some quality time with Shannon and Sherri here. Sound fair?”

Everyone agreed. He did mine out by the pool, and as I lay there basking in the sunny day, I tuned out my friend and started thinking about what had happened at breakfast. My mom had been so unfair to my sister. And to me, really, because it could just as easily been me in there sex-chillin’ with my friend. She’d sat there the whole night before listening to it, diddling herself, obviously enjoying it – then wakes up and decides it’s *Patty* who crossed the line?

She was jealous. Just like I had been a few weeks ago. Her young, attractive, sexually active daughters were getting some mind-blowing sex from a pleasant young man, and she was jealous. The old if-I-can’t-have-him-then-no-one-can routine. Even Aunt Sherri had recognized it; she was obviously interested in him. (*God, that’d be so hot*, I thought for the hundredth time, imagining my BFF nailing those hot MILFy twins.)

So what was the solution? Mom needed to get fucked, plain and simple. She needed to get what she was missing. More than that, she needed to earn it. And have us see her earn it. That way we’d all know she wanted it as bad as the rest of us, she was no better, no more pure or deserving. Just another set of T&A for Todd to fuck, same as me and Patty and Kayla.

I couldn’t wait. As Todd ended his session, I was lying there imagining Todd fucking the shit out of my mom – literally – as she screeched for more. I just lie there on the back deck, not caring who could see me playing with myself.

Todd spent most of the day with Mom and Aunt Sherri. It had definitely been doing wonders for her diet and exercise, but I had no idea why it took him so much more time than it did to help the rest of us.

When he finished, he excused himself for a nap while Mom and Aunt Sherri co-created dinner. Naked. They were both completely naked. In spite of myself, I sat in the living room where I could peer into the kitchen. Todd had us cook for him naked all the time – reduced the chance we’d make a mess and ruin our clothes, so it made perfect sense – but I was still surprised to see Mom on board with this. Much less her sister doing it alongside her.

“Dinner’s ready,” Mom called out.

We filed in, but I paused near the table. “Uh, Mom? There’s only three places set.”

“That’s right, kiddo, your mom and I are going to serve you ourselves. So just have a seat and enjoy.”

We did, and they did. Todd seemed totally unsurprised to find them waiting on us hand and foot. He was always really classy like that, letting people just be who they were without embarrassing them. Good thing, too, because the twins paid twice as much attention to him as they did to either of us, cutting his food for him, serving it right into his waiting mouth, letting him use their bodies as napkins.

“That was excellent,” he said when he finished, patting his satiated belly. “What’s for dessert?”

“Oh, we whipped up something real special for you,” Aunt Sherri assured him, wiping the grease off her stomach with a paper towel. “Our own personal recipe.”

“Ew, it’s not that rice pudding thing you tried last Thanksgiving, is it?” Patty asked.

“Nope,” our aunt replied. “It’s a MILF sandwich.”

“A sandwich? For dessert?” asked Todd.

“And for another fun twist,” my mother answered, “you don’t eat this dessert. In fact, it eats you.”

Todd slid his chair back from the table, then eased out of his pants. I scooped them up and folded them for him, so they didn’t get dirty. Mom knelt at Todd’s left foot, mirrored by her sister at his right. He was already crazy hard, as hard as I’d ever seen him. It reminded me, somehow, of that day in the pool on our first day of summer break.

“Hang on, this is so unfair. You totally chewed us out for screwing around this morning, and now you go and do this? I call bullshit,” Patty said, folding her arms across her chest.

“She has a point, Shannon. I think you need to explain yourself to your children. Otherwise, no cock for you.”

“No!” she cried. “I... I can explain.” Mom turned to Patty, still on her knees. She looked meek. Submissive. Something I’d never seen in Mom before. “So when I yelled at you guys this morning, I was being irrational. You see, my pussy has been way too long without getting filled by a real man. A man like your friend Todd here. So when I found out he was fucking my daughters, I... I got jealous. I wished that it were me.”

“I knew it!” I said.

“I tried telling her myself, Stacey,” said Aunt Sherri. “But she just wouldn’t listen.”

“I’m sorry, OK? Looking back, I see that all summer long I’ve been the cause of discontent around here. Not letting our guest fuck who and when and where and how he wants. Making my daughters feel self-conscious about their basic urges to suck and fuck. Telling my sister it was wrong of us to be lusting after a boy half our age. I was wrong, and I know I’ve ruined half the summer.”

“Aw, Mom...”

“Don’t interrupt, Stacey. You know it’s true. So for the rest of the time you’re here, for the rest of the time Todd is a guest in this house, I’m going to make things right and make up for lost time. From now on, we’re going to be perfect hostesses. Whatever he wants from us, he gets. And I’m going to be a more understanding mother. However you girls want to have fun with your friend, I want you to do it. And if I can help, in any way, then I want to. Starting right now.”

It was quiet for a moment. This was one of the most emotionally honest moments I ever remember having with my mom. Maybe as much so as when she told us about why she’d kicked out our dad, or when she’d hugged me goodbye when she dropped me off at college my freshman year. I was genuinely moved.

Patty, on the other hand, was still miffed from this morning. “Beg,” she said.

“Beg? Beg... for what?” Mom asked.

“Beg your daughters to be allowed to suck their friend’s cock.”

Todd laughed, then nodded for Mom to comply. He was a sucker for a good beggar, my friend. “Please?” Mom began. “Please let me suck your friend’s dick. I’m a far cry from giving the kinds of blowjobs I heard you giving last night, so I need all the practice I can get. Please let me blow him, Patty. Let Mommy blow your friend, and... and...”

“She’ll double your allowance,” Aunt Sherri cut in. “That is, if I can join her.”

I saw the dollar signs reflected in Patty's eyes. Sheesh, to sell off her friend's cock for a few lousy bucks a week. Todd sometimes jokingly paid us insultingly low sums of money for sexual favors, but that was a game. This was just embarrassing, frankly, for all involved.

"Fine," she said at last. "You can blow him."

Mom already had him in her mouth to the point of making gagging noises before Aunt Sherri asked, "and me too, right?"

"You too, Aunt Patty," I assured her. She grinned at me, then started lapping at my friend's balls.

Todd, meanwhile, was obviously in heaven. I'd seen him happy before, but I'd never seen his eyes rolling back in his head like this. All over a simple dessert, as a favor to his friend's little sister. He really was a prince sometimes. When Mom asked us for permission to have him fuck her, I just told her to go ahead and spread 'em. She deserved it, just for being an awesome Mom.

He had Aunt Patty ride his face while Mom cowgirl'd his cock. Laughing exultantly, I watched the twins grope and fondle one another, marveling in the wonders of what were essentially their own bodies. Todd invited me to cop a few feels myself, and I couldn't help it. I was naturally curious what girls felt like, and I knew it'd make Mom feel like I was including her in my stuff instead of just giving her a pity fuck.

Aunt Sherri had him stuff her ass; Mom licked him clean. Patty and I cheered them both on. We were a family.

From that weekend on, things were back to normal around our house. No more walking on eggshells, hiding stuff from each other, afraid to say what was on her mind. When Patty greedily sucked Todd to hardness just so he could fuck her, Mom was there to remind her to do a full and proper blowjob. When Aunt Sherri had a stressful day at work, I was there to loan her a vibrator, even handle it myself until she'd come enough to relax. When I spilled a glass of grape juice on one of my favorite tops, Mom was there to help me get my shirt off, and remind me I looked even prettier with my tits out in the open.

As for Todd, I felt closer to him than ever. To think, not even a year ago he'd been a guy who'd asked me on a date and I'd been totally disinterested in. Now, he was basically the god of my sexual universe, while simultaneously being an all-around cool dude. The perfect friend. Only he wasn't just my friend – he'd gotten my sister's dumb ass to clean up her act, get accepted to college, and learn to give a proper tit fuck. He'd taken my crazy Aunt Sherri and made her more than just the quirky lady who swung by to get drunk and nag at my mom, and make her the hot bitch who handled the lion's share of the butt fucks.

And he'd taken my mom, a divorcee of almost twenty years, and given her a new purchase on life, fresh confidence and all the practice she could handle at serving and pleasing a man. She learned how to cook for him, do his laundry, bathe him, rub his feet, and of course to share in the family fun of satisfying his every carnal urge. She was happier than I'd seen her in years, and even finally got that little tattoo she'd been talking about getting. (Only instead of a few lines of scene from *Walden*, she'd gotten *this is where good things cum from* tattooed above her snatch. Where she and her twin had shaved each other bald.

They were so inseparable, sometimes lifting up their dresses and inspecting their cunts for the brand was the only way I could tell them apart.

We all knew that in the fall, the world would turn again, and Patty and I would leave the nest and go off to school, taking Todd with us. Mom and Aunt Sherri promised she'd call often, and we told her she could crash with us and orgy it up with her daughters and Kayla and Todd whenever she wanted.

It was like Todd had said, she'd just wanted to be a part of her daughter's lives. We had a bond now that couldn't be broken – how do you break apart from a woman once you've had her daughter's and sister's tits and pussies in your mouth? – and we were happier than we'd ever been.

Sometimes, I wondered if I'd been wrong to reject Todd way back when. If I'd have been happier not just as his platonic fuck buddy, but as his girlfriend. Would it feel better knowing he was well and truly mine when he had me drop to my knees and blow him? Would I be less jealous of the way he fondled Patty and Kayla and Mom and Aunt Sherri? Would I feel more pride knowing I was the only set of tits he'd fuck tonight?

Would we be in love?

As I watched him stretching Aunt Sherri's asshole to new limits as she howled and grunted into Mom's sopping wet cunt, my mother's hand resting on her slutty tattoo to toy with her clit as my sister sat on her face, Patty's own mouth occupied by the supple tits of yours truly as I bent over so Todd could spank my little round ass crimson, I asked myself all these questions. But like before, the answer was simple.

Todd and I? We're better off as friends.

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