

A stylized illustration of a woman with long dark hair and bangs, wearing a vibrant red, textured dress. She is looking directly at the viewer with a slight, enigmatic smile. The background is a muted greenish-grey. The entire illustration is framed by a thick black border.

WHAT GOES  
AROUND  
CUMS AROUND  
BOOK ONE

VIKKI EVERETT

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by  
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Written by Vicki Everett  
Illustrations by Teeje

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## PROLOGUE

Geraldine Bristow was a storybook plain-Jane until age fifteen. She was by no means ugly but her contemporary females' puberty-bloomed on schedule at thirteen with curves in't he right places. Particularly in the chest; little AA buds that gradually became As, Bs and Cs over time. These were the girls who got the attention, the dates, and everything that went with the latter. Geraldine got bupkis and somehow everyone knew it, even though she expertly padded her bra and could even fake cleavage when she dared to bare skin. Others did the same but got away with it. Go figure.

With only one true-blue girlfriend that stood by her to buffer the malicious taunts from her peers, as far as her physique was concerned, Geraldine was virtually shapeless for over a year more. Then, she ballooned cliched but almost virtually true seemingly overnight to a D-cup, got a wasp-waist and round butt, all natural. Her buddy, already shapely and sexy Jessica Jess Parker souped-up her name to a teasingly exotic Geri. Then, Jess shoved Geri into the fast lane, as if to play catch-up.

Geri could have stumbled and fell.

She did not. To a degree.

After a radical accentuating and sexy wardrobe change along with bitchin and bitchy attitude, Geri dyed her hair from a dirty ash blonde to blinding golden blonde locks. Very long, layered called big hair then; today simply fluffed full locks that was now a sunshine yellow became a mixed metaphoric yet ironic red cape, as it attracted many male bulls . Her best friend could no longer control her, much less her parents. If she could make a boy's prick salute, it was hers. Many did salute until she put them at ease. They never owned her. It was, after all, her turn't o be in control. Total beauty was the power and she knew that she finally had it.

But before Geri could officially be labeled a slut in her

newfound insatiability for sex, she got pregnant at sixteen. She really went through many boys in one year and gave birth by one of them not too long after her seventeenth birthday. Not exactly a boyfriend but nevertheless the father, Gordon Ashe, did the right thing and married her. Which was not too painful for him. Already gorgeous now, the single birth caused Geri's breast growth again. This time to DD as she nursed her baby, where its size remained throughout adulthood.

One would think that this would have made things idyllic; an arguably handsome at any rate, very cute hunk with a beautiful wife. But Gordon still felt cheated out of being able to sow his wild oats until well into adulthood. So, summarily, he cheated on Geri while still married to her.

Geri literally did become girlfriends with her gal-pal, Jess. But it came about not as a natural lesbian attraction, they, finding that they were in love with each other or some such. It was a devious kink that Gordon playfully and yet deliberately encouraged after a house party, and it was just the three of them after everyone else had left. There was a lot to clean up after the shindig, and although Jess stayed behind to help, Gordon't alked them into relaxing and clean up the next day, which was still the weekend. Somewhat tired, the women's guards were down and he attempted to use it to his advantage.

Gordon had long planned to make it a threesome since he knew of their extensive friendship and he even wanted to get into Jess pants, eventually alone. Still, Geri was unaware of his discreet affairs and the two best girlfriends had only assumed of his desire for Jess. Jess was indeed a buxom beauty in her own right and both she and Geri caught Gordon's overlong stares at her. Since nothing was acted on, Geri dismissed it as harmless. Their friendship and Geri's marriage was well cemented by this time and Gordon never acted beyond his flirting. If he seriously tried, it would be a sure thing that Jess would rebuff him and tell Geri. Jess was attractive enough to get any man she wanted, and she would never hurt Geri. Not on purpose, in any event, and certainly not with Gordon.

Despite Gordon seeking sex elsewhere, experiencing his wife's expansive sexual appetite and knowing of Jess lengthy familiarity with her presuming that neither would balk at the idea, especially while still in a party mood this night where good quantities of liquor were already imbibed figuring to get them with a lesbian tryst, he also presumed that it was the right moment that Geri also would not deny him to be a third party or even fuck Jess alone, as he would attempt to slowly ease Geri out of the way. The bright lights of the party had already been dimmed on purpose, as Gordon planned this to get them in a relaxed mood. While Gordon sat in an easy chair facing them at an angle on a sofa, he daringly proposed for them to show how much they cared about each other. His scheme had officially begun.

However, the gal-pals were not stupid. They knew exactly how he meant caring and took it as a joke. Yet, only slightly influenced by alcohol and the post-party spirit, they still played along. But even though they acted on it, his plan blew up.

Gordon commended their long friendship. He even suggested they toast to it. The women even giggled as they lackadaisically bumped heads when they clinked their glasses in close proximity. At the accidental flesh contact, Gordon saw his opening, as he took what he could get.

"Don't mind me", he said craftily. "We're all friends here. But Geri, you knew Jess before you knew me. If you want to kiss her, go ahead. It's Just us!"

Geri was still closely facing her girlfriend but hearing this comment, she swiftly turned her head at Gordon and her eyes widened expressively, as if surprised. Looking back at Jess, her pal was playfully pouting, as if she had been snubbed. Geri then grinned, as if willing to play along, and then gave Jess a quick peck on't he lips.

"Geez", complained Gordon, "I got better busses than't hat when you're mad at me!"

“C mon, babe”, Jess whispered almost inaudibly, for Geri’s ears only. “Let’s give old Shifty what he’s not getting tonight... that you do love me more than him.”

Jess then laughed throatily with a closed mouth. It was then opened to let her tongue make contact with Geri’s as the double set of lips then sealed against each other. Geri had opened her mouth fully to accept her friend’s passionate lip lock, despite surprising herself on how good it felt; ultimately adding her own heat in’t he connection. Seeing it get suddenly hot before him was hoped for and yet all the same unexpected for Gordon, as the kiss did not seem to end. In less time than it took to tell it, he did not even get fully erect before what he saw made him cum in his boxers. The unusual yet abrupt sexual burst took more out of him than he would realize.

As he passed out from the combination of the sudden sexual release and all he had drank during the party (Gordon could never hold his liquor) the women got it on before he faded and was too far gone to stop when he went comatose. They did hear Gordon erotically moan when they seriously kissed. This served to want to tease him some more, assuming correctly that the embrace turned him on. It was notable that Gordon did not snore even at bedtime with Geri. She, hearing that would have brought her up out of the sexual well she was willingly lowering herself into. Being very close friends, she and Jess were able to communicate without words, planning only to playfully blueball Gordon. But ignorant of Gordon’s unconsciousness, the hot kiss only served to put them on automatic pilot, as each consecutive movement thereafter sexually dominoed into another.

This early on, Geri knew of Gordon’s titillation of girl-on-girl sex on video, and naturally, she shared this information with her buddy Jess some time before this night. This was Gordon’s very first live lesbian performance before him, which explained his sudden ejaculation. For a split-second, since it was live and not on a screen despite his desire to normally get involved there was a flash of envy, as he even wished that he was one of the women getting kissed. Yet

this thought was so fleeting, coupled with his intoxication, sexual drainage and passing out, if the thought had to go anywhere, it dug a place very deep in his subconscious, perhaps never to emerge to the surface. After all, what would prompt it to?

In any event, since they were all friends here and it was all in fun, the liquor consumed also made for easy acquiescence to Gordon's request. As if telepathically having agreed to put on a sex show for him, not thinking that he was going to join in, they were so into each other as they went well beyond kissing, the women forgot Gordon's presence until after they had gotten each other off.

Never having had sex with another woman, Geri and Jess started out to put on show, to playfully turn Gordon on. They played it as a game under the pretense of only making it appear as if they were into each other via covert whispers as they acted, intending to blueball him a bit and yet never dreaming of making it a threesome. They were all on an alcoholic high but, at best, if Gordon did get erect, it was a given that Geri would take care of her husband alone.

Literally feeling their way around in the subdued lighting, the women exotically undressed each other; dramatically touching bared skin, strictly for Gordon's benefit. They were merely going through the motions; Jess following her girlfriend's lead since Geri actually saw lesbians get it on, on tape. However jokingly they began, one right touch became a triggering turn-on and actions became sincere, as if by osmosis. Gordon's plan worked, although he never had it fully played out, with him in the middle or in Jess.

Geri and Jess were totally focused on each other, not even side-glancing in Gordon's direction. At first, deliberately so, as if to play along with his suggestion. From there, they slowly forgot he was even there. As they would thereafter peckingly buss each other with a flicking tongue touching the other's lips, each kiss got more firmer and for meaningful. Tongues touched each other outside and then inside the mouths.

Once they both were nude, Jess was the first to giddily lick one of Geri's pudgy nipples. Geri then fondled Jess bosom. It was growing into a challenge of one-upmanship, as Jess stroked outside of Geri's vagina. Geri's fingers went inside Jess pussy, inadvertently brushing against her clit. When Jess deliberately did the same, sexual pleasure abruptly was no longer a plaything; it automatically became serious.

Their kisses were now open-mouthed with tongues visibly dueling as if they were muscled swords, as they simultaneously mutually masturbated each other. After their tongues wrestled a bit outside their lips, Geri broke away, to earnestly suck one of Jess breasts. Jess then emboldened herself, briefly pushing her new lover away, to attempt to perform cunnilingus on Geri. Before they truly registered it, both women were in a sixty-nine position, drinking each other's pre-juices from their cunts; not stopping until they made each other truly cum, to lap that up.

As they came down from their sexual high, the women had sobered as well. Then remembering that they had an audience, they looked over to discover a naked Gordon. He had been able to disrobe after cumming, but that was it. Once he was nude, he had tried to reaffirm himself to erection, but in mid-masturbation he wearily passed out. He had faded as he frantically looked for an opening in which to jump in. But with his wants and desires battling with the reality before him, he went into sexual overload, the liquor aiding his helplessness. His cock had been hard, but it was wilted now; his expunged thick cum drying over his privates and upper thighs. Gordon was out like a light, with a barely drooling limp dick in a lifeless hand.

Although Geri and Jess discovered that they also enjoyed each other sexually, Geri thereafter remained faithful to her husband. That is, until he was no longer her husband. Only then did they sexually reunite. It began as solace when the marriage broke up. Ultimately always being there for each other when there were no male partners were around and the desire overwhelmed one, the other, or mutually.



Gordon had added to his wife's sexual repertoire in sowing the seed for Geri to enjoy strange fruit, making her uninhibited as well as insatiable overall. Still, all the while, she was never a crazed nymphomaniac, getting it on with anything on two legs. Her pregnancy had taught her that lesson because it was that attitude that got her knocked up. Gordon was exclusively very well-used when she did not otherwise masturbate, and if anything, he was the true satyr, in his bed-hopping extra curriculum; wanting more variety in sex that merely having another female would suffice.

Gordon continued his prowl for bagging forbidden fruit. Eventually, he got caught. But not before he made a killing being a dot-commer on the internet.

The business on the web had a short life. But realizing this possibility beforehand, the money earned was invested very well, making the Ashe family set for life, provided they continued to re-invest wisely. Especially since Geri never worked a day in her life going straight from high school to stay-at-home mom and had no marketable skills to fend for herself and her son after the divorce.

Oddly enough, it had been Geri's idea to invest the earnings. Gordon's plan was pretty much 'take the money and run'. Afraid of Gordon's squandering ways, out of desperation, not truly knowing what she was doing, while it proved to be a very good idea, Geri got very lucky with her choices. As son Dylan grew older, he proved to be the one with the true aptitude of investment savvy, making his mother wealthier than his father, with the division of assets from the breakup. Gordon continued to be a spendthrift, while Dylan made sure that his mother had whatever she wanted, while appearing frugal.

Years later, everything seems stable, with one exception. Financially, Geri herself expertly worked her money better than Gordon, under Dylan's tutelage. Dylan, knowing of his father's waywardness, never made it known that he was helping his mother, in order to do the same for his father. Keeping his distaste for his father's

faithlessness concealed, Dylan waited for the day, for Gordon't o get his just rewards.

Our tale continues with son. Dylan is all grown up. Having returned home after a stint in the Marines, where he enlisted fresh out of high school...

## CHAPTER ONE

Geri Ashe is a resplendent queen of her domain, as she lays back in a peacock-like cabana chair, prominently positioned amongst a small clique of bikini-clad women, while she soaks up some sun, bronzing her own scantily clad body. All seats are set in front of a pool; the latter is readily available, as is an adjoined Jacuzzi, if things get too warm.

The assembly was an impromptu affair, as one by one, the total of five women just happened by on this very hot day. Geri's gal-pal Jess Parker is almost a fixture here more so than in her own home; she was already there as the other four women coincidentally arrived this day. As a child, Geri was almost a pariah. As an adult, she has gained many friends, overwhelmingly women, although none as close as Jess Parker over the years.

Geri always loved a party and, by the time the fifth friend showed, she suggested that they all stay. For them to go and pick out a suit to wear from Geri's vast collection, while she and Jess amalgamated some munchies together. Since everyone was not Geri's size, her one-piece suits were out of the question, given Geri's shapely physique. Bikinis were the decided wear that everyone could mutually fit into. Geri and Jess finally joined the group in the same type of halter top-thong bottom bikini; Geri was in white, while Jess was in black.

Amidst several drinks and banal chatter, time flew by. The next thing Geri knew, she thought that she saw a well-built man out of the

corner of her eye. Her first thought was of panic, wondering how he got free egress into her home. Turning to fully face him, she instantly saw that he was in the dress uniform of a Marine. More importantly, it was her son, Dylan!

Forgetting everything but her offspring, Geri practically flies into her son's arms with such force, she almost knocks him off his feet. A rather loud smack to each of her bared hips so that he would not stumble and fall brought a different instant message to Geri, of its good feeling. After her divorce, dating was done rarely, as men winding up only either wanted her body or money. None wanted a relationship. Geri still loved sex as usual, but until an honest, mature man came along, Jess now often and willingly filled that void.

“Oh baby, baby, sweetheart! Mommy's so so sooo sorry!” Geri said, between a rain of kisses to her son's face; making her very-long, now white-blond hair wiggle about like a snow-formed avalanche in its flurry. “I was supposed to pick you up at the airport! We had plans for your welcome home and my friends dropped by! Now, we're eating what was supposed to be your party food! I'm so sorry! Please, please, please forgive me, baby...!”

Over the years, Dylan has many, many times been't he recipient of his mother's affection. This was never a problem; never being stimulated. Yet seeing women socially while serving the country have been very few. His mother's abrupt burst of affection added by his touching her beautiful near-naked body in a near-erogenous zone is an unavoidable turn-on. Catching his cock beginning to stiffen, he presumed that he had to bring everything to a halt, fast!

He almost did not make it. As if it was an invitation, as Dylan opened his mouth to speak, as if on automatic pilot, the man-starved woman saw this, and her tongue was about to breach past her lips. Seeing mostly her back, covered by the multitude of tresses, Geri's company was not able to note the impending amour. Even though they were face-to-face, no one would think that they would...

Then, himself not dreaming what was about to happen, suddenly holding her face purely by instinct barely millimeters away from their mouths, Dylan exclaimed commandingly in his now-deep adult voice, “Mom! Mom! It’s okay!”

He then saw how truly remorseful she was, as she herself did not realize what she was about to do, her tongue relaxed in her mouth and Geri had single tears trickle down her cheeks. Dylan knew that if she loved any man in her life, it was him. He was nothing like his father, and after the divorce, Dylan silently vowed that he would do anything to make his mother happy. Even her tears of joy bothered him somewhat and they were here now. But they were mixed with words of regret. He would not have that.

“Mom, I could’ve worn my fatigues, but I wore my dress blues to make you proud of me, not cry”, he said, as his strong thumbs wiped her face dry. “Everything’s fine. Enjoy your company. I still need to unwind and refresh myself. We’ll take it from there. Okay?”

“Okay, baby”, Geri says, her face a little brighter, as with a hand, she wiped away the excess eye-water that fell after Dylan’s cleansing action. “You go on. I’ll see you in a bit.”

## CHAPTER TWO

The two break away, and no sooner than Geri spins around to return to her guests, out of her line of sight, Jess has risen to catch up to Dylan, as he re-enters the living room.

“Hey, you!” Jess calls out, just slightly loudly than a whisper. “I was supposed to be there, too, y’ know. Don’t I rate a hello, too?”

At the sound of the familiar voice, Dylan turns to exclaim, “Aunt Jess! I-I didn’t see you.”

Effectively cutting him off, Jess just laughs as she hefts her barely cloth-covered breasts. “Hey, sweetie. I may not be as big as your mom, but how can you miss these?” Getting closer, she

practically thrusts her firm C+ tits in his face. “And enough of that aunt shit. You know we’re not related. You went away a boy but came back a man. Greet me properly, soldier!”

At that, Jess drops her bosom, to wrap her arms around his neck. Removing his cap, she puts it at the back of her own head. Then she completes what Geri did not. Shoving her tongue down Dylan’s mouth in a sensuous French kiss.

Although taken by surprise, Dylan accepts his chastisement and gets into the embrace. As Jess wore an identical suit to his mother, she is equally barred, and his cock is restimulated by everything now. He did not have to touch her ass. Being that this was what she had planned, pressing very intimately close on purpose actually grinding her crotch into his Jess readily felt his now-hard rod.

“Mmmm. I know you’ve got gifts packed away for all of us. I hope you don’t mind if I help myself to mine now!”

Before the moment is lost, Jess swiftly drops to her knees, unzips Dylan’s fly, fishes for and exposes his dick to open air. The next thing he knows, she is loudly slurping on his thick cock. Jess moved with such precision, everything happened so fluidly swift, Dylan hears her sucking almost before he feels her hot mouth on his meat.

It is at this moment, what with only her seat having full view of the unclosed doorway, as conversation had drifted from Geri, she intuitively turned to see Dylan’s blowjob, as if she could hear Jess soft moans and saliva-slurped sucking. She could not. But Geri could surely see the grand thickness of Dylan’s cock in’t he milli-moments of Jess bobbing her head away from his root.

Immediately, Geri felt anger, jealousy, envy and even lust, all at once. Able to watch undisturbed without drawing someone else’s attention along with her, she saw that Jess had caused Dylan’t o cum quickly. She could only tell by her son’s spastic jerks, as when Jess

had pulled away, there was no excess between't hem. Remembering his brief touch on her ass, seeing Dylan's cock disappearing down Jess throat, she now hungers for it, too.

No sooner than he replaced himself in his pants, Jess was still kneeling as Dylan walked away. As if to momentarily catch her breath, by the time she stood up, however, someone else was standing before her, Geri.

Despite what she had just done, their friendship is such that Jess is neither surprised, shocked nor fearful of Geri's presence. Jess accepts Geri's outstretched hand as she rose. Upon standing, Jess tentatively looks over her friend's shoulder, to make sure that they are unseen. Jess figured her girlfriend's presence was because she had been caught sucking Dylan and was yet unsure as to what was going to happen next. Jess knew Dylan ever since he was born and there were many hugs and chaste kisses, but it was the first time that she ever touched him sexually. Although lovers in a different way for over two decades, it is only relatively recently that she and Geri were at it full-time physically intimate. After their initiation that notable party night, both are admittedly bisexual. But their feminine love affair has only been between the two of them and was on hold until Geri's divorce, both preferring men. More than just best friends by now, there has been no other women in either of their beds.

Suddenly, Jess head is abruptly grabbed by both of Geri's hands. As if uncaring who spots them, Geri wants to kiss her as soon as possible, just so she can taste Dylan's leftovers.

Her tongue was now very busy in Jess mouth. Jess, perceptively knowing what she was doing, relaxed her own mouth muscle to allow her girlfriend free rein. However, now also freely abandoning her earlier caution, Jess otherwise held onto Geri as if she wanted to be welded to her, grinding her pelvis into Geri as her nails dug deep into Geri's ass. Just enough to be very firm without puncturing the flesh of her butt with Jess claws. The embrace was so intense that they both

had to gasp for breath when't hey broke away.

Geri got to speak first. "Mmmmm. Just as I thought. Delicious. Then again, it was mostly you."

"Ohhhhh-kay", she now sighed heavily, as her arms were lightly wrapped around her gal-pal's waist. "Here's the ground rules, doll. That hunk's mine. I'm not selfish, though. If Dylan wants you, you're only allowed sloppy seconds."

"What?" Jess asks, uncharacteristically calm to her friend's insinuation. "Wait a sec. You're his mother, babe."

As her eyes gleamed, Geri just smiled wickedly. "Honey, my son went away four years ago. A tall, gawky kid. A different person came back, I can see already. Underneath that uniform, there's a bulked-up, filled-out man. There hasn't been a man of the house even when't here was a man in't his house. All the men I've been with since my divorce have either been gigolos, brutes or just plain pigs. Dylan's always wanted to give, not take. And the way he's built now...? That cock I saw you sucking for dear life is a definite plus!"

"Hmph! Ask me if I give a damn!"

"He's a keeper. Mine."

Jess just smiled. Especially after tasting him, she could not blame her girlfriend... and Geri indeed had squatter's rights, so to speak. Jess had now recalled just saying the same thing about Dylan's evolution, to him. Geri just said the complete version.

Jess then verbally agrees with her and is told to entertain't he guests, while Geri goes to officially welcome Dylan home. Snatching her son's forgotten cap off Jess head, only to wear it herself.

### **CHAPTER THREE**

"Mom!"

The Ashe house had been specifically built so that there would be four bedrooms. Two were for guests and the other two were for Gordon and Geri together, and lastly, Dylan. The family's rooms had their own private adjoining bath. There was a communal bathroom unattached to the guest rooms upstairs, as well as one downstairs on the first floor for drop-ins and parties when more than one public restroom would be needed.

A quick side note: Since Jess stayed over quite a bit after the divorce, much of her wardrobe inhabited one guest room even though most nights she slept in Geri's bed. Something Dylan knew well before he left for the Marines, aside from the fact that Geri and Jess were friends before his birth. It was an integral integer of his own liberality, upon finding this out. It actually made him happy about their closeness, what with how his father left his mother. In fact, Geri had comforted him with the sexual knowledge outright, knowing of his enlistment, making it easier for him to go, as if to let him know that she would be in good hands.

Presently, Dylan had re-entered his room from taking a shower. Assuming that he had complete privacy, he had walked surefootedly to his bed while scrubbing his sandy-blond hair dry with a towel that covered his face. Otherwise, he was completely naked. Looking down as he scrubbed, when he reached his bed, he saw bare feet, other than his own. Then he saw a discarded pair of white high-heeled sandals next to the feet. His head instantly shot up, letting the washcloth conveniently fall to drape his neck. Upon identifying his company, he then exclaimed in surprise.

Geri's eyes had never left his middle ever since he entered the room. "Mmmmm-mmm! Yummy, yummy, yummy!" she remarked at his sausage-like, dangling, veiny cock and balls, the former notably thick and somewhat long even in repose.

Catching his mother's line of sight, Dylan immediately covered his crotch with two massive hands. Geri was very impressed with



even't heir size. From before her son went away, he must have put on close to an extra hundred pounds, almost all muscle and no fat.

“Now, honey, she said in a half-laugh, “you don't think that this is the first time I've ever seen that?”

Dylan caught her to mean with him as a near-adult before going away. Even before the family break-up, the related trio often saw one another in varied stages of undress. Complete nudity was very rare, but it did happen. However, Geri was really talking about seeing it at full-mast, sliding in and out of her gal-pal's mouth. While kissing Jess moments ago did not excite her then, the voyeuristic memory of the blowjob was beginning to dampen her thong now.

Grabbing Dylan's hand, Geri yanks him, for him to half-turn and land sitting next to her. Dylan's hat that was on Geri's teased-haired head was jostled off, falling to the floor by the motion. His washcloth also having dropped to the floor, making him totally bare, gives her an idea.

“Don't be embarrassed, baby”, she softly coos, as she unties and removes her halter top. “You're a man now. My man. We never had any secrets from each other before, have we?” Dylan numbly nodded negatively, to which Geri then says, “Then pull-down Mommy's no, Geri's; we're all adults now Geri's panties now. I want to show you something.

Almost hypnotically, after seeing his forebear's huge mammaries with their now-stiffened, excited, pudgy nipples, Dylan kneels in front of his new equal. Peeling away the almost-nothing thong panty, he notes the lack of any pubic hair, a slight glistening from her pussy lips, and finally, the intoxicating aroma of its lubrication.

“I love you, baby, she says, as she lightly puts a white-taloned hand atop his head. You were always there for me, even when your father was around. You said that you would take care of me when we

found out that he was cheating on me. I never asked before but I'm telling you now. Please, I need you to take care of me... now!"

With just a gentle prod, Dylan willingly dove between Geri's legs for the first time, without question. He swiftly got busy in taking care of his mother this unique way.

"Y-y-yessssss, baby. Th-th-that's it", she said now, her breathing coming in short pants. Geri now knows thankfully that her son is no novice at cuntlapping, much to her delight. "Ooh. Ooooooh. Oooooooh. I need this oh yeah! soooooo much. Make me cum, baby. Make me fucking cummmmmmmmmmm"

Dylan then redoubles his efforts at this, making Geri buck like a wild mare. Unable to sit up, she falls back upon the bed, pinching her nipples and kneading her breasts furiously as her son continues his task; cupping her asscheeks in his hands, as he feeds his face.

Before long, Geri lets out a shrill scream, as she soaks Dylan's face with pussy-juice. Still, Dylan continues to lap and swallow, without letup, as if to drain her dry. She has to grab him by the hair, to get him to stop. Then, while shivering as if she was in a sub-zero freezer, Geri wearily pulls herself up, to taste herself via Dylan's mouth. As their tongues tussle, she takes a hand of his and places it on one of her tits, and he automatically gently mauls it. With her other hand, she strains to reach his cock that she had presumed correctly was now rock-hard.

Upon just a few strokes, Geri then breaks the kiss and Dylan knows what she wants. Positioning himself within reach, she goes from shivers to feverishly sucking his cock as if it was the last one on earth. Dylan soon makes unintelligible noises and cums, seemingly endlessly, in several spurts via spastic body jerks. While Jess had done a quick blowjob, thinking not to call attention to a long absence from the other women situated not twenty feet away, Geri's fervor and foreplay got Dylan't o give up much more tasty jism.

Upon draining him, not allowing him to go soft, Geri again falls back to the bed, screaming, “Fuck me, dammit! Fuck the shit outta me! Love me, baby! Pleeeeeeeease!”

Seeing his mother in frantic tears now, it is Dylan’s sole desire to give her her wish in spades.

Before long, what had been early afternoon, it was slowly becoming the dusk of early evening. It would be approximately an hour before sunset, as Geri had awakened from blissful oblivion. As cognizance rose, she found herself laying on her side, her free hand caressing Dylan’s six-pack abdomen. Relying strictly by touch, she travels lower in order to brush the tip of the huge sausage called his cock, only to find it moving somewhat. She smiled, thinking that Dylan was also awake and masturbating. Well, after today, there would be no more need to do that, she thought. Neither me nor him!

Geri then looked over at his peaceful face that was still asleep. Was he jerking himself off in his sleep? she thought.

In the waning light, Geri finally looked down and saw a familiar feminine hand wrapped around Dylan’s member, slowly stroking the limp meaty dick. Raising her head up slightly, she whispers to the woman on’t he other side, “What are you doing here?”

Jess then raises her head and replies with a grin, also in a hushed tone, “Well, babe, you did say I could have sloppy seconds!”

It had been a thoroughly exhausting day of travel from the military base, let alone waiting around the airport and not be met, before going home on his own. Not discounting sex with two women, Dylan is completely drained. Nothing short of setting him on fire would readily awaken him. Trying not giggle as Dylan begins to softly snore, Geri now boldly lays her head on his left chest, as she says, “Where is everybody?”

In like manner, Jess lifts her raven-tressed head, to lay on Dylan’s right chest. After a quick kiss to Geri’s nose, she explained,

“Well, knowing what you were going to do, I figured that you were going to be busy for a while. Since nobody knows about us, I thought that you’d hardly want them to know what was going on in this room. So, since everyone saw your babbling loving apology to him when he first arrived, when I went back, instead of entertaining them, I told them in a more coherent manner what was originally supposed to happen today, and that Dylan had been gone four years.”

“Fortunately, everyone had changed downstairs. So, in understanding the assumed situation, they simply redressed and left. And none too soon. You had yelled out loud enough for dogs to hear for miles, from what I assumed was you cumming. But I think that the girls were away far enough by then, for them not to dream that it was you... or who was causing it.”

“Meanwhile, after everyone left, my suit was off, and I hadn’t bothered to put on any clothes as I sat behind Dylan’s bedroom door. Playing with myself as I listened to you guys fuck. I made myself cum just hearing you two and since I was by myself, the drainage made me drowsy. I nodded off a bit and when I woke, everything was quiet. So I opened the door, got into bed on the other side and you caught me playing, with Dylan this time. End of story.”

“Aww, sweetie, forgive me”, said Geri, after a quick buss. “I was talking crazy before, about hogging him. You’ve been by me through thick and thin, ever since we were kids. If Dylan’s able and available, if he wants you, go for it, y’ hear me?” She then kissed her again, this time their tongues battled.

When they broke away this time, seeing Jess fist still almost around Dylan’s cock, Geri said, “Leave that thing alone now. My baby’s been through a lot today.” Then she grinned widely, “I still owe him a party. Although it was supposed to be a very different one between’t he three of us, later, he’s gonna need all the strength he can get!”

## CHAPTER FOUR

“Mom!” is yelled out, a few weeks later. However, unlike the day of Dylan’s return, it is not one of surprise, but of urgency.

Dylan is in the den, where the computer is kept. Pledging to take care of his mother, although originally made in his late teens shortly after the divorce while he was still in school, it was not a trivial vow. Geri knew that it was not a mere childish nor capricious remark, particularly when she saw proof of his handling of their money even’t hen.

Loving his mother very much who gave him almost her complete focus, in comparison to his father’s sparse one, made his words very serious. His love was heartfelt and had no basis of being physical, even though that is where it is at present. Dylan’s primary wish still was to be inviolate. His getting back into circulation meant in part, to him checking the financial stability of the family. One cannot be completely idle, even if they are considered the idle rich.

Receiving no answer, Dylan once again calls out. This time, a bit more strongly, “Mo-om!”

Abruptly, there was the staccato sounds of high heels approaching the den. Upon reaching the open doorway, Geri asked rather impatiently, “What is it, darling? Granted, I was only getting the latest gossip on the phone, but you began to sound as if the house was on fire! And I thought we agreed to be on a first name.”

“Mother!” Dylan cut off her airy rant emphatically, his face impassive and stony.

Geri’s good mood drained out of her, as if she had been flushed like a toilet. There was a definitive reason for Dylan’s formality, she finally gathered. Was it something she had done?

Oh no! To lose her son now would be tantamount to taking away her reason to live!

With her long hair in a single huge braid this day, Geri had worn a simple tube top, short-shorts and sandals no underwear for deliberate swift removal, just in case she or her son were in the mood . She now trembled almost imperceptibly via her vast revealed flesh as she found a seat closest to Dylan and the desk where the computer was. No sooner than she sat, part of her exposed hip connected to the cool leather padding, to give her an additional involuntary shiver. And then, Dylan reached out to gently touch the nearest bare thigh.

“Geri”, he smiled warmly at her , while reading her reaction like a book, “please do me a favor. Save the spacy act for someone else. I don’t need it. I don’t want it. I want to embrace our new relationship because I do love you very much. Knowing how much sex means to you, it makes me doubly happy to be able to please you this way, too.”

“But all of this is still new to me. A newness, I hardly think I’ll betray amongst company. I’ll always call you Mom in front of them. But for now, if something bothers me, if I slip and call you Mom or Mother in private, I don’t want to elicit fear. For me, it’s a title of utmost respect. Respect you deserve, no matter what. Once, I was less and you made me your equal. I will never rise above that, to make you submissive or lord it over you. Heaven help the one that tries!” Dylan ended with a tinge of anger, but by then, Geri knew that it was not directed at her.

“So, what’s the matter, baby?” Geri now coos, in relief.

Dylan then begins. “My father, your ex-husband, was never a paragon of virtue, even before he began fucking other women while married, as we discovered. He made his money via the internet, just after it began to be used by the general public. He took advantage of this, being one of its earliest hackers before it became illegal. After I reached a certain age, even though I was very young, he even taught me how to hack. But by then, it was a crime. But only if you got caught, he would say.”

“Still, it was how he made his money. He didn’t know how to really get his hands dirty and work for a living. He leeches off of other businesses on the net by offering his services as a paid search engine. Something the net does for free today. He was very good at it, but you told me that he spent the money almost as fast as he could get it. It was you that pulled him back, in order to save something for a rainy day. You got lucky in using the very same internet, finding new things there that are now conglomerates, to invest in.”

“Meanwhile, as I mentioned, the hacking business was becoming a problem. People were getting caught and it was decided to make examples by criminalizing their actions, no matter if it was just for fun or nefarious. But for everyone they catch, there are many who get in, get out and never get caught. I was one of them, being better than Dad ever was. I like to think that it was because my motives were altruistic, while his were from greed.”

“Anyway, he dropped out completely because of paranoia, and the business folded. Only he called it playing against the odds and knowing when they were too high. It was the beginning of many excuses, as he looked out for number one. Not family. Himself.”

“I had turned sixteen when the roof fell in on us. He got caught fucking around because one of his women showed up where we lived then with a baby, claiming it was his. She was willing to settle out of court with a single lump-sum payment, considering that he already had a family. He was damned lucky, as another woman might’ve wanted ongoing care despite him having his own family. But you divorced him anyway, after he slipped out to us that he was lucky because there were others.”

“Finish the story for me, Geri.”

Geri was a little puzzled with the family history review but complied simply, picking up where Dylan left off as he mentioned money, as in settlement. “Gordon was so relieved when his pregnant lover was willing to settle out of court. She had no idea how well off

we were. She was so dazzled by the amount that she had been offered to leave him us alone, she accepted it, as if he might change his mind. She could tell from the start that I was not happy, but not knowing that Gordon was already married, there was the thought of him marrying her. So, she counted her blessings with dollar signs and we never heard from her again.”

“Still, I read him the riot act. Especially when after it was all over, he spilled about how lucky he was, naming others. I had been ready to forgive him, but this information was just too much! I even asked him if he was insane. That wasn’t it enough that he got me pregnant, being single, he got someone else while married? I told him that the birth of a child was supposed to be a blessed event, not a mistake. But that giving birth was no picnic. How I wished that he was a woman, just so he could feel what he put us through!”

Geri had gotten angry but remembering saying this last remark brought an instant picture of her ex-husband in drag and it lightened her mood in its visualization. Becalmed, it brough her back to the present situation. Realizing her son was at the computer, she assumed that he was at work with their finances. Putting this thought to the fore, she continued where she thought Dylan wanted her to go.

“Because of your involvement, the original idea of investing via the internet was a solid one. Made even better because of your involvement, because Gordon was spending almost as fast as he made it. Up until that time, no matter how much money we made so as not to call attention to ourselves we lived rather modestly; not that we live extravagantly now. Just a little fancier and more remote, away from the city proper. Since you looked out for me in particular from the start, while the entire fortune was pooled to invest, I also took your advice about making our private separate nest eggs. For mad money, I think you said then.”

“In any event, because of the state we live in and its laws, as injured parties, as regards the divorce settlement, I got half and you



were entitled to more of his money when you turned twenty-one. When we married, there was no such thing as pre-nups. If there was, it was something new, and anyway, Gordon and I practically had a shotgun wedding with almost no say because of my being pregnant with you, to even have time to think of such a thing.”

“In any event, when we broke up, Gordon agreed to this split because there was enough money for all and the interest that would be accrued in the years before that birthday would make it somewhat painless, even though his division would be only one-fourth. He knew, however, that in being the guilty party, since you were the really the one who worked our earned money, I could’ve had it all. To contest this might’ve dug up how it was originally earned, and since he did the original hacking, there was a thought he could also go to jail retroactively. Knowing all of this, Gordon was content with what was to be his financial share. What we got, we put with our nest eggs, as everything became our only source of income. It was no longer mad money.”

“In the meantime, we moved here, and you finished school. What was supposed to be Gordon and my room while it was being built, I wound up sharing it with Jess. I know you especially joined the Marines to put some meat on those bones and discipline the body into shape, because you had grown up tall and lanky. It turned out wonderfully, as I accepted all of your excuses not to visit me on your leaves, to surprise me when you finally came home but you didn’t dream that it would made Jess and I attack you, hmm?”

“Anyway, you also went to take advantage of their educational deal while there, to even better and improve that mind of yours, for that same money. You turned twenty-one last year while still enlisted, to work what would be waiting for you when you came home. Just like it takes money to make money, it also takes wisdom to become more knowledgeable. You did it for me, for us, just so your dad doesn’t screw us.

“And that’s the point of my review, Geri”, Dylan finished. “If I had gotten caught hacking, Dad would’ve hung me out to dry. He and I both knew it, even though I was causing no harm, unlike him. Not everyone who sought his services were strictly honest. It was a good thing no one from organized crime asked for his services. Still, between the people he dealt with and the growing laws against hackers, he got increasingly fearful. So, with what he closed shop with, although he had seemingly honored the divorce settlement, it took deliberate schooling in computer science while in the Marines, to expand my computer expertise.”

“Now, I’ve found that he has been robbing us blind for years, while I was away! See for yourself!”

At that, Geri was invited to view the computer screen. It was then that she fully understood her son’s cold, ill-tempered feelings. That bastard! she now growled. That damn, fucking bastard! If she had discovered this all alone, she would have broken down in angry frustration and tears, not knowing what to do. But Dylan was here, proving to be more than just a shoulder to lean on. Now, Geri was simply furious.

Quite simply, Gordon had hacked into Geri and Dylan’s finances; apparently dissatisfied with his share of the divorce split, despite still being wealthy. Gordon had become spitefully greedy and did it behind Geri’s back. Noting her wealth, he learned to back-door into their investments, taking regular withdrawals a little more than the interests earned. He had presumed that Geri would periodically check on her money, and yet, not be duly concerned because a huge principal was virtually intact.

Yet, with a few keystrokes, hacking into Gordon’s affairs, Dylan showed his father’s account a little too healthy years later, considering his little fourth of financial dissolution. While it all seemed well and proper, with Dylan calculating projected earnings via interests during his absence and matched them with Gordon’s deposits

made to look like accrued interests, the duo knew that it was not possible. Gordon was gone from their lives for better than five years and he was still screwing Geri.

Geri now fully understood her loved one's disposition. After Dylan explained that he just put up a firewall against any more withdrawals, he stated that this might alert Gordon that they were on to him. The store was closed and yet to do the same thing he did to them would have him crying foul. Quite possibly making them look bad, instead of him. So, they knew that he knew that they would not do anything about it because all these years, no outside agency such as an outside accountant to corroborate their case has seen their financial affairs.

Over the years, someone had been hired for tax purposes only. Geri saw that there would be expected gains over the years that Dylan was gone and there were. She did not dream that there should have been much more. Other than that, outside of that, due to the lack of visible extravagant opulence, no one outside of family knew exactly how wealthy the Ashes were, particularly to dissuade spongers and con artists. As Geri dated, as noted, there were a few. When she discovered their true feelings, or lack thereof, they were shown the door.

There would be no 'He said She said' open court battle. Yet there must be payback. They did not need financial recompense. Geri was not hurting the last four years. But with Dylan back and if nothing was not done, it was conceivable that Gordon would get increasingly bolder. Thinking that he fooled his ignorant wife, it would be a coup to have put one over on his smart son. If left unchecked, Gordon could very well bleed them dry and stupidly go into his own pot then until that was exhausted. How someone could be so brilliant and yet so insipid could be thought of as inconceivable. Yet, prisons are populated with such geniuses.

Jail would not solve the problem. Incarceration might aggravate

to spur him on more. It was possible for him to serve his time, get out, and do it again. Especially being older and resources do limit themselves with age. An excuse to self-justifiably claim to have no recourse but to swindle them again instead of a stranger.

Geri and Dylan were already manipulated behind their backs. Could they retaliate and do so effectively, so that Gordon is stopped permanently? Something had to be done. Just like their lives, it would have to be dealt with in private and yet be prevailingly secure.

And dealt with, it would be. Even as a grinning Geri eased herself between Dylan's legs after pulling down her tube top and his pants, to fill her mouth with cock, plans were forming in both their minds.

**End of Preview**