

CHAPTER 5

In Harriet's den over the next hour the women hashed out a plan to educate their offspring and explore the new dimension of their friendship. The first part of the plan was to get Marsha's itch taken care of. Harriet's, husband, Dennis, was the obvious person to take charge of this. It didn't matter that he was so inhibited that they both would have to coordinate the attack. That brought up the question of pregnancy. Marsha related that after her husband's death she began to suffer some severe women's problems. Her gynecologist told her that since she was a widow, the simplest cure would be to remove the baby carriage and play pen since she didn't need either anymore. His attitude angered her so much that she sought another opinion. The doctor she sought out was much less cavalier. He said that, in his opinion, the removal of her baby carriage was a medical necessity, but the removal of her vagina (the play pen) could be easily avoided. "Who knows, with your looks and age, you might find it useful." Besides," the doctor added, "if we leave your ovaries in place and remove your uterus, you will have the best of both of worlds, if what my wife says is true." He said that I would not experience the trauma of premature menopause and I would be spared my monthly visitor. He added what she thought was an afterthought, "I think that you should find a use for the play pen. The day and age when a young widow like yourself just sits around and becomes a young spinster are over." Unfortunately, Marsha had not followed her doctor's advice. Until now, that is. Harriet then related that she was safe. She had been on "the pill" for the last year. They next turned their attention to what to do about their daughters. They decided that they would take the young ones to Harriet's OB/GYN for a checkup and a prescription for the pill. That taken care of, they moved on to plot how they would instigate their plan.

The obvious next step would be the seduction of Dennis. Harriet thought that her weekly sessions with the boys was having an effect on him. He was much less cautious about his own state of dress around their daughter. This even though he had resisted almost all attempts by Harriet to start talking to their daughter about her budding sexuality. The only thing she had been able to force Dennis to do was explain to Nancy that she would have a period and that it was connected to her ability have children. The explanation was long on evasions and short on facts and approval.

As they were searching for ideas that would put Dennis in the proper frame of mind, the telephone rang. The call was from the Alumni office of the state university. Harriet had a long conversation with the caller. Marsha heard many "I don't know"s, "we're very busy's", then finally, "give me a number, I will have to call you back".

Harriet turned to her friend and asked, "What year did you graduate from State?"

"That's a little complicated. I attended years ago but didn't officially graduate until five years ago. After Roger's death, I took a couple of courses at the local campus and was able to complete the requirements for graduation. So, my official graduation took place then. Why do you ask?"

Harriet said that the phone call was about a big reunion coming up next weekend. The

school was trying to get as many attendees as possible. With a devilish look in her eye she said, "I just had a brainstorm."

Harriet suggested that she and Dennis attend and get one of the last rooms available at one of the local motels, then find that Marsha wanted to go also but couldn't find a place to stay. Harriet would pressure Dennis to share their room with Marsha. From there, they worked out a way of getting Marsha into Dennis's bed. They put things in motion by calling the Alumni office back and making reservations. They then called to make the motel reservations and were somewhat surprised to find that reservations were in short supply for real. At least they wouldn't be fibbing to Dennis when they told him that one room for all three of them was all that was available. With that much settled, they decided to go shopping for some suitable clothes for the reunion. They both needed a new dress and they had to buy new nightgowns. They would pass them off as "I couldn't let anybody see that tired old one." They spent the remainder of the day touring the large department stores in the area. Each woman purchased a complete new outfit including new bras and panties. In addition each bought new sleep wear. They looked until they found the right degree of naughtiness, Marsha's being more revealing than Harriet's - the thought being that since Dennis was used to seeing Harriet's charms, revealing Marsha would get him thinking in the right direction. Marsha also bought a baby doll nightie for Natalie and new underwear for both Natalie and Roger, with Roger's being deliberately too small. They returned home in plenty of time to be there when their kids got home from school.

That evening, Harriet explained about the reunion to Dennis. He acquiesced to the arrangements, knowing that Harriet always made social plans without consulting him. He knew that it was fruitless to try to change Harriet's mind once she had made a commitment. He did wonder at the thought of the three of them sharing a room. Marsha had always presented such a prim and proper aura that he could not imagine her sleeping in the same room with a man, even though his wife was there to chaperone. Not that with his wife's recent escapades he would consider her much of a chaperone. Marsha fixed dinner for her children. While they were cleaning up, she told them she had bought them some new things and would need them to try them on to make sure that they fit properly. "As soon as we are done here, come to my bedroom."

Marsha arrived first as she had planned. She proceeded to put the new clothes on her bed. Then she undressed down to her bra and panties. She waited until she heard the two coming down the hall to begin removing her bra. The pair was startled when they walked in on their mother mostly undressed. They immediately started to leave, while saying they were sorry to barge in. Marsha stopped them, saying, "That's OK, just stay. I will only be a minute longer". She put the bra on the bed and removed her panties, picking up her new night dress. She took her time putting the sheer panties on then stopping to look at herself in the mirror. She asked Natalie whether the panties were making her butt look too big. Natalie told her mother she didn't think so but what difference would it make as no one was going to see them. Marsha looked at her daughter and said "Well, you never can tell". Then looking at Roger she added, "I'd ask you but all I probably would get is that typical 'deer caught in the headlights look' male response." Marsha put on the top to the outfit. She then modeled the negligee for them. She reported that she had bought it that afternoon so she would have something nice to wear when she went to the reunion with Harriet and Dennis. Natalie questioned her

about what she thought Mrs. Marshal was going to say about Mr. Marshal seeing her in such a revealing outfit. Marsha stunned her daughter by telling her that Mrs. Marshal (Harriet) had helped her pick it out with the coming weekend in mind. "You know, Natalie, I haven't had the pleasure of dressing sexy for a man since your father's death."

Marsha pointed to the rest of her purchases and continued with, "Enough about me. Now I want both of you to try on these new things. But first, Roger, you take a shower in there," indicating the master bath. "And after he tries on his things, Natalie, you can take your turn. And Roger, put on this new pair of briefs."

Roger was curious about his mother's request. Before tonight he had been trying to catch a glimpse of his mother's or sister's bodies without any real success. He had caught fleeting looks on a couple of occasions. But just a few minutes ago his mother had stood naked in front of him and had even mentioned that she knew he was looking, then told him to stay. Now she was telling him to shower in the master bath and come out in just his shorts. This when just a couple of weeks ago she had admonished him for coming to the breakfast table in his briefs. Then there was this morning. His mother had not only noticed that he only had shorts on but called it to his sister's attention. Then she was putting her hands all over him. He was not quite sure why but it felt very good, especially around his groin. He had gotten hard when he "knew" that was not what was expected. Roger was still trying to fit the puzzle pieces together while he was in the bathroom. He had not arrived at any answers by the time he came out into the master bedroom.

As Roger came into the room, Marsha told her daughter, "Your turn now, Natalie, here are your new bra and panties. We'll wait until you have changed to do the fittings at one time."

"Mom, you want me to come out of the bathroom in just my undies?" retorted Natalie. "Why not? You will have more on than I did a few moments ago. I didn't object so why should you?"

If the truth be told Marsha's resolve was weakening.

"Please would you just do it for me?"

Natalie looked at her brother and said "I'm doing this for Mom; no rude comments from you, little brother. If you tell any of your friends about this I will see to it that you will sing soprano forevermore."

Roger was taken back by his sister's outburst. It wasn't his idea after all. Marsha quickly intervened. She told Natalie that her brother wasn't going to be spreading any tales. She cautioned the kids that happened in the home stayed in the home. That included what they had seen earlier as well as her telling them that Harriet had helped pick out her outfit for the weekend. Natalie went into the master bath and showered. As soon as she was out of earshot Roger asked his mom, "What's up?" Marsha told him that she had been doing some research and she had several things she needed to bring the pair up to date on. He had to wait until his sister had returned. Marsha then started to move about the room, ostensibly straightening and picking up an already neat room. Her real intent was to let Roger to have an opportunity to look at her seminude body without seeming to be staring.

As Natalie emerged from the bathroom, Roger turned his attention to his sister.

"Wow! What a fox!" was all he could manage. Natalie turned three shades of pink with

the compliment. "That does not qualify as a rude comment, so your manhood will live to see the light of day." Natalie then slowly pivoted, giving her brother a good look at her new bra and panties. The bra was only a size 32 but she had a full B cup. Her panties were not the plain white cotton that her mother usually bought her. They were a light blue and were very lacy. They were cut so that they hugged her hips and covered the minimum in the front.

"Cool, sis. Where have you been hiding?"

"Thanks Rog! You look good yourself. I didn't know that my little brother was interested in girls yet."

Marsha was pleased by the way the exchange had gone. She had been worried that Natalie was going to freeze up and become all modest.

"Ok you two, come over here. It's time to see how those things fit you."

By this time Marsha had taken up a position sitting on the edge of her bed. Her children dutifully came over to her. She had Natalie sit next to her with Roger standing in front of them. Marsha had Roger turn around. She put her fingers under the leg bands of the shorts, then remarked, "These seem too tight. What do you think, Natalie?"

Natalie didn't know how to respond. Seeing her daughter's quandary she took her hand out of the shorts and grasped her daughter's hand, then placed it on Roger's bottom.

"Now run your fingers around the band and tell me what you think." Natalie did as instructed. "Ok, Roger, turn back around so we can check the front."

The feeling of first his mother then his sister running their fingers over his butt excited him. He had become quite hard. Fortunately his prick had been positioned so that as it had grown it pressed its way up and now its tip was just below the waistband of his Jockeys. He was wondering what kind of comment he was going to receive from his mother and sister. The thought of them seeing that he had an erection both embarrassed and thrilled him. He had been trying to expose himself to them for the last several months. That had been why he had been coming to the breakfast table with the absolute minimum he could get away with. Up to yesterday either his mother and sister were ignoring him or they truly didn't notice. Now they were going to actually be paying close attention. He turned to face them.

Natalie's eyes grew to the size of saucers as she saw her mother reach out and trace the outline of her son's swollen member through the material of the briefs. Marsha nodded to her daughter to do the same. "See, these are way too confining." Roger's cock jerked slightly at his sister's touch. He felt he was on his way to the seventh heaven. "Oh, those briefs are way too tight. Let me take them off before they harm you," said Marsha as she reached out and pulled them off her son.

"By the way that's a nice compliment " indicating his erection "that you are paying your sister and me."

She then had Roger and Natalie change places. "Roger, first I want you to check your sister's bra cups and the under band. That's the part which runs around her body below her breast."

"Mom, you are going to let my nerdy brother touch my tits? That's gross!"

Marsha suddenly remembered what she had really set out to do. "Roger, stop now!"

Roger's hand stopped midway to his sister's chest.

As soon as Marsha saw Roger's hand stop she told the boy "Thank you, I forgot an important step here. Roger, before you touch a young lady you must get her

permission, that is, unless she has actually requested the touch.”

“Here I will show you how it works.” She picked up the hem of her negligee, and turned to look her son in the eye. “Roger would you please put your hand up under here and touch me ? I am not telling you that you have to, but if you don’t mind, I would like it.”

“Mom, can I really?” Marsha smiled and nodded her head yes. Roger moved his hand under the upraised nightgown and gently cupped his mother’s breast. As he kneaded it, a softly moaned “Yes!” escaped Marsha’s lips. “Roger, if you will touch the tips of my breast you will feel how hard my nipples have become. That is a good sign how nice your touch feels.” Marsha put her arm around her son and gave him a hug. “See, Natalie, it isn’t gross at all.” Roger started to remove his hand when Marsha stopped him, telling him he could continue caressing her. “That is unless your sister has something she wants to ask you.” Natalie saw the look of pleasure on her mother’s face. It reminded her of the look her friend Emile had when she bragged that she had let Mike Marshal feel her up through her blouse. “Mom, could you have Roger check my bra, please?”

“Natalie, I think that Roger will be happy to do that for you. Isn’t that true, Roger?”

Roger took his time making sure that he examined every inch of Natalie’s bra. After he had completed his task under the watchful direction of his mother, he looked his sister in the eye and said “Thank you. I think the bra fits you well. Those are very nice tits you have. I really enjoyed helping you.” Natalie couldn’t believe how sincere the thank you was or how positively glorious it felt to have her brother’s hand running over her breasts.

“Roger, I want you to check your sister’s panties for fit. Do it just the way we checked yours. Run your fingers around the leg bands making sure you to pay attention how they fit over her crotch, except on a young lady you call it her mound. Then check the waistband and the fit over her bottom. But first ask Natalie’s permission.”

Roger did as instructed. He could not believe his luck. He not only got to feel up his mother but she had talked his sister into allowing him to feel her up also. Now he was going to be able to touch a girl there. Roger spent considerable time performing the requested checks. As he had been instructed, he spent the most time running his hands over his sister’s mound both on the outside and also inside of her new panties. The inspection complete, he again thanked his sister and added more appreciation of her looks. Natalie was becoming seriously aroused. Natalie shyly asked her mother, “Could Roger check some more, please?”

“I am certain that he could be talked into it, if you ask him nicely.”

“Roger would you like to check out the panty fit some more? I think there might be a rough seam or something right over my pussy.”

“Young lady! Is that the proper thing to call your ‘Mound of Venus’?”

“Aaw mom, everybody calls it that. Even Emile’s mom.”

“And just how would you know what Mrs. Knauer calls it a pussy?”

A somewhat contrite Natalie responded, “That’s what she called it the other day when she was screaming at Emile and me.”

Realizing that she had upset the mood that she was trying to create, Marsha said,

“Natalie, I am sorry that I sounded cross with you, I am trying to help you, not traumatize either of you.”

In a much softer tone of voice Marsha asked, “Why was Mrs. ‘Blue Blood, Nose in the

air', Knauer scolding you and Emile?"

During this exchange Natalie relaxed somewhat . Marsha sensed that her words had touched something more than the mere use of slang. In a stroke of pure genius born of mother's intuition, she told her offspring, "Roger, move over and make room for Natalie. And, Natalie, before you sit why don't you take those new clothes off, my princess."

Still in a fog, Natalie did as she was bid. The three arranged themselves on the side of the bed. Marsha put her arm around her distraught daughter and hugged her lightly.

"I think your sister would like you to massage the bra marks, Roger. Just be very gentle. Then she probably would like you to rub the area where the new panties were irritating her. " Roger put one hand on his sister's naked breast. As soon as his hand touched her, Natalie purred "Yes!, Please! Thank you! More!"

Marsha reached across her daughter to grasp her son's other hand and placed it on Natalie's pubes. She began to guide his fingers to stroke her daughter's pussy. Natalie seemed to melt into her mothers embrace.

"You appear to like that. Good. Roger, keep up the good work. And don't forget her nipples; go easy until she tells you otherwise."

"Roger, pull on my nipples! Rub my pussy faster!!" gasped Natalie.

Natalie collapsed in the throws of her first non-self-induced 'petit mort '. "Roger, hold your sister tightly, slow down with your hands but don't stop."

As Marsha spoke Natalie moved to melt herself into her brother. She turned her face to him. "Could you please kiss me?" she asked.

Roger was more than willing to comply. The kiss was very clumsy as neither had much practice. The results were apparently satisfactory to both of them. The kiss continued for some time with the pair experimenting with their lips, teeth and tongues.

Marsha was amazed at how natural the kissing was. Each of the kids experimented with each other. Neither side appeared to be upset with moves that did not satisfy their need. Each would give some type of signal and the other would respond appropriately. Marsha thought she was witnessing one of the most beautiful things in the universe.

The things she was seeing and feeling convinced her that she had taken the correct tract in educating her children in the interface of men and women. She looked over at the children. The first thing she noticed was the pained look on Rogers face.

"Oh, Roger, I'm so sorry. I wasn't thinking what it cost you to be so nice to your sister. I'm sure Natalie and I can relieve some of the pressure; however, neither one of us are going to let you put that beautiful piece of manhood in either of us. In Natalie's case she is probably too fertile and as for myself you are my son, and that is one line I won't cross. That doesn't mean that we are going to leave you frustrated. Natalie, if you don't mind, I would like to give your brother some quality time with me."

Natalie apparently misunderstood her mother's intentions. She assumed a hurt expression and said, "You are telling me to leave, aren't you?"

"Heavens no! " replied Marsha. "I want you here and I think that your brother would like you to stay. WE got him aroused it's only fair that WE show him that his respecting our needs as well as treating us as the ladies that we are engenders our respect. With the wonderful stamina of youth, I am sure that he will arise to the occasion for both of us in turn."

"Roger, thank you for treating your sister so well. Now come stand in front of me , please."

The young boy was happy to comply with his mother's wishes. The first thing Marsha noticed was that Roger's penis was dripping pre-cum and appeared to be throbbing in anticipation. Marsha looked up at her boy and smiled.

"You are ready to explode, aren't you?"

"Ye...s mom!" was Roger's reply.

"Ok, I am going to do what I used to do for your father when he got that way. First would you please take my top off?"

Her son reached for the pre-offered hem of the nightgown and pulled it up and over his mother's head. He was rewarded with another look at his mother's naked breasts.

Marsha pushed her chest forward and told Roger to grasp her tits. "Hold them up so that they catch your sperm when you cum. " Marsha reached into her own panties and gathered up some of the wetness that had begun to gush from her. She lathered her boy's erection with her lubrication, taking several trips to her cunt to gather more. It took only a few moments of this extreme excitement to take Roger over the edge. He convulsed several times, each time pumping gobs of semen onto his mother.

As he was pumping the last of his seed, his mother said, "I deliberately brought you off quickly. After a short rest, Natalie can take her time, letting each of you enjoy the experience."

Natalie looked in wonderment at her mother and brother. "Mom, you asked earlier why Emile's mother was screaming as us. She overheard Emile and I talking. We weren't being loud or anything. I think she was snooping. Emile was telling me how she had let Mike Marshal feel her up. They had gone to the movies and they were kissing in the back row when Mike put his hand on her tit. Emile said that it felt very good. With what Roger just did for me, I know that she was not exaggerating. Emile said that she stopped Mike when he tried to put his hand under her sweater. That is when Emile's mom burst in and began to rant about how evil Mike was and that Emile was acting like a wanton woman. Did she have no shame? Was she going to besmirch her parents' good name? She even said that any girl that would let a boy have anything more than a hand shake before marriage would never be able to control her husband properly. Oh, she went on and on. She even forbade Emile to talk to Mike ever again."

During the time Natalie was talking, Marsha was unconsciously rubbing her son's cum over her naked breasts.

"I never thought much of that woman anyway. Now, I know that she is nothing more than a power hungry bitch. Handshake, **control** her husband, wanton woman, never talk to Mike. Tell me, how did Emile react to all of this ?"

"Mom, she was mortified. And she was scared. "

"Why scared? No we will finish this later. For now I think Mrs Knauer was dead wrong in both what she said and how she said it."

Roger listened to the exchange with much trepidation. Everything that had happened tonight was beyond his wildest fantasies. He had heard that girls really didn't like sex but just used sex as a way of getting what they wanted. He had thought that it was simply a power game between men and women. From what he guessed from the conversation, Emile's mom felt the same way. His mother, on the other hand, was saying that she was wrong. He wanted to believe that his mother was right and Emile's mom was wrong. The things that he had just experienced were too powerful to play games with.

"Roger, are you ok?"

"Yes Mom. I'm just trying to figure out what is going on here."

"Oh dear! I hope I haven't gone too far, too fast."

Marsha thought for several moments, then told the kids that she had realized that she had been remiss in the sex education end of parenting and was trying to make it up. She told the children what she had read. Then she added that she agreed 100% with the author's thoughts. She regretted that she had not started long ago. If she was going too fast for them she would rethink her approach. With that little bit of explanation Rogers mood changed from somber to glee. He wanted to know if he was going to be allowed to see his mother and sister nude all the time or was it a one time thing? Marsha explained that for her part she would be leaving her bedroom door open from now on. Roger was to feel free to come on in any time or he could just watch from the doorway. Marsha said that what his sister Natalie did was up to her. Natalie wanted to know if she could leave it open but close it when she had friends over. Marsha said that probably was a good idea. She asked Roger what he was going to do about his door. Roger said that he thought he would leave it open but wanted to know if he had an erection was that going to be a problem. Marsha told her son she didn't expect that his stage of arousal would be a problem as long as it was only family seeing it. She explained that the rules were different for family vs. outsiders.

With Roger's questions answered Marsha moved onto the next part of the "lesson plan" as she thought of it.

"Ok, kids, let me try one more thing tonight. If its alright with you both, I want to show you how nice sex between a boy and girl who like one another can be."

Marsha observed the dreamy look on Natalie's face as she gazed at her brother. Good start she thought. Turning her attention to Roger she sensed that he was eager to experience whatever she had in store for them.

"Natalie, pull the covers back and scoot over to make room for Roger."

"Mom, I might mess up the sheets." was Natalie's reply. "I am leaking all over the bedspread already."

Marsha stifled a giggle, "Oh, the dreaded wet spot! Don't worry about it. I'll sleep on the other side tonight. I planned on changing the bedclothes tomorrow any way. It's a small price to pay to witness your pleasure."

"Roger lay down next to your sister. Put your arms around her."

Roger happily complied. When he was settled, his body started to send him very urgent messages. He wanted to get maximum skin contact with the extraordinarily beautiful creature in his embrace. When he looked into his sister's eyes a feeling broke through his hormones. His big head went into overdrive. Some how he knew that he wanted her approval and acceptance as much as his little head wanted her body. What he said next both startled and amazed Marsha.

"Sis, Natalie, I am sorry to have ever caused you pain or discomfort by brattish behavior. I promise to think before I do anything that could cause you upset."

At that point Roger paused. He looked up at his mother and continued.

"Mom, I want to earn that look. Granddad Irving has been telling me things that have had me wondering what he meant."

As Marsha reeled back in wonderment, Roger turned back to Natalie and gently kissed her forehead.

"Oh ancient sister, I want to make you feel good. The more you appear to be enjoying my attention, the more our little friend down there likes it."

Natalie was having an epiphany. Never in her wildest dreams did she ever imagine the power she was being granted by her brother. *Hey! Boys had ALL the power right?*

Marsha saw the realization cross Natalie's consciousness.

Very quietly Marsha whispered to her daughter, "Use it wisely."

"Roger, why am I ancient?"

"Oh old and decrepit sister," smirked Roger, "If I am to remain 'little brother', you must so old and experienced. You will have to pass on 'the wisdom of ages' to poor young me."

Natalie hugged her sibling with a fierce strength.

"If you could do, whatever you did a few minutes ago, you might be on the path to becoming my younger, BIG brother."

Roger put his lips on his sister's, then probed her mouth with his tongue. The resulting whimpers of pleasure told him he was on the right course. He backed away enough to slip his hand between their bodies and ever so gently cup her breast. "Like this?"

"Or maybe this?", as he rolled her nipple in his fingers.

"How about this?", taking her ear lobe lightly between his teeth.

Natalie responded by pressing her pussy against her brother's ridged cock. She slowly rubbed her swollen pubes up and down Roger's cock, each time rising higher until her brother's little head was at her entrance. She moaned a prayerful "Please!"

An extremely conflicted Roger pleaded, "I want to say yes, but that gift is too precious for me to accept."

Turning to his mother, while holding on to his sister for dear life, Roger croaked, "Mom! I want to!", Roger paused and made another stroke along his sister's love furrow. "But I don't want us both to lose something that never can be recovered."

At this point biology took over, Roger's penis leaked pre-cum and Natalie's vagina gushed lubrication, resulting in a very slippery pair of groins. Each was moving attempting to reach more contact. The result was to stimulate each other's most sensitive regions.

Marsha watched in wonderment; her little babies were locked in the most sensual embrace she had ever imagined, but it wasn't lust it was... was?... She didn't know how to describe it. Whatever it was, it was the most emotionally satisfying moment she had experienced since she and Roger Sr. had brought Natalie home from the hospital. When they had put their infant in her crib, they looked to each other and silently asked 'What do we do now?'; 'Are we good enough?' Each made a unspoken vow to the other 'I will do ANYTHING in my power to do it right'.

In the moments that Marsha was lost in her memories, Natalie's and Roger's bodies took over. They climaxed together, Roger's cum adding to the pool between their bodies.

As their ardor cooled, Natalie and Roger looked to their mother seeking approval. What they saw was their misty-eyed mother mumbling "Roger, I think I did right."

Roger looked to his sister and silently mouthed "Me?"

Equally silently Natalie replied, "I think she means Dad."

The 'children's' movements brought Marsha out of her stupor. What she said next must have come from her heart, for she was still in a state where rational thought did not exist.

“Thank you, you two, for the privilege of being here during that. If you want, I am sure your father and I would like for you to spend the night in our bed.”

They took up their mother's offer and soon went to sleep in the spoon position.

Marsha slept in her daughter's room that night. She pondered what the next morning's breakfast would be like.