

A Baby Boomer's Tale

By: PhoenixKiwi

It was a hot and muggy Autumn Friday evening in the late 1950's and I was bored out of my mind. We lived out of town on a small farm holding which wasn't quite an economical unit and, as a result, Dad worked as a truck driver on long-distance haulage and only farmed part time with lots of help from the family.

Our family consisted of me, a 14 year old male, my 15 year old sister, my mother who was in her late 30's and Dad who must have been about 40. We were a reasonably close family but, with Dad being away so much, my sister Wendy and I (my name is Greg by the way) were closer to Mum than to him.

This particular night Dad was up North and not expected back for another 2 days and Wendy was staying in town at one of her friend's home as they were going to some show or something. She wouldn't be home again till after school on Monday. I was a bit sour with her as, with her being away, I had to do her chores as well as my own.

I had finished them some time earlier and was now sprawled on the sofa all hot and sweaty and with nothing to do – TV reception was crap and there was nothing on the radio worth listening to. I couldn't be bothered reading and I couldn't even talk to Wendy – blah! Mum was in the kitchen doing something and I didn't want to venture in there in case she found something else for me to do.

I was just thinking of retiring to my room when Mum called out and asked if I wanted to go down to the river for a swim? I shot out to the kitchen and agreed and was told to grab the swimming togs and towels and to go and get the farm hack started.

I soon pulled up to the backdoor in the old pickup and Mum and I went down to the swimming hole in the river not far from home. It was twilight by this time and we changed into our togs on opposite sides of the truck. I got a bit of a peek at Mum's naked back and buttocks as she stripped off and pulled on her one-piece swimsuit.

Leaving our clothes and towels on the deck of the pick-up, parked on the top of the flood bank, we rushed down to the water and dived in. After the heat of the day it was absolutely marvellous. We horsed around, splashing and trying to duck each other. It was getting quite dark and neither of us noticed that dark clouds were rolling in. Suddenly there was one of those super quick, and even a bit frightening, changes in temperature as the weather changed dramatically. It seemed that the temperature dropped 20' instantly and there were sudden peals of thunder as the skies opened.

By the time we got out of the water and rushed back to our vehicle it was too late. Our clothes and towels were sodden with rainwater running out of them. Bundling them up we climbed into the cab and dropped the clothes and towels onto the floor.

Disaster number 2 was about to happen – the truck would not start. This was not really surprising, as, in its role of the farm hack, it did not have its engine cover on



in an attempt to keep it running cooler and, naturally, the electrics were now soaked. There was no way of drying things off until the down pour stopped and we had no choice but to sit and wait.

Mum fumbled behind the seat and pulled out an old woollen blanket. It was grubby and threadbare but, with the air getting so much colder, it actually looked great. We huddled together and pulled it round us. I felt a bit warmer but not much. Swimsuits of those days were quite heavy and did not dry out like today's ones do and in those conditions they soon became clammy and cold. We both started to shiver with the cold. After a few minutes of shivering Mum said that, as it was dark and there was no-one around, she was going to take off her suit in an attempt to get a bit warmer and she said I should do the same and that neither of us should be embarrassed in the circumstances. I was an innocent young fellow and there were not the books and videos (or computers) available in those days that there are now and the nearest I had come to naked females was seeing Mums backside an hour previous.

I was aware of sex but only in a second hand sort of way. I had found it sort of exciting being huddled so close to Mum but felt quite guilty about it. My penis was semi-hard and I would have been mortified if Mum had been aware of this. When we began taking our swim suits off in the close confines of the truck cab we bumped and pressed against each other by necessity rather than choice and this increased my awareness and excitement. By the time we were both naked I was so on edge that I was trembling but Mum naturally put this down to the cold, I am sure that she was not aware of the effect her nudity and proximity was having on me.

When we were again huddled under the blanket Mum squeezed in even closer to me to try and warm both of us up. Her thigh and side were pressed up against me and I thought I could feel the side of her breast pushing against my upper arm – God! - I was on edge – I was breathing in jerky pants, there was a ringing sound in my ear and my cock was so hard it was hurting and twitching uncontrollably. Then she turned a bit to get even closer and when her (I presumed) nipple lightly touched my bicep and her forearm brushed against the tip of my penis it was just too much and I exploded. My cock jerked uncontrollably and jetted out copious discharge. The cum went everywhere – all over my leg and belly and all over Mum's leg and belly as well. I couldn't stop the spouting cum even though I was absolutely and utterly ashamed and tried hard to stop. You could have heard a pin drop. I stopped breathing and went into a state of shock and shame. I was waiting for Mum to go ballistic. When she giggled nervously it was too much and I burst into tears and tried to sob out an apology.

Mum pulled me to her and put her arms around me and hugged me closely. She muttered soothing words and finally calmed me down by explaining that it was nothing to be ashamed of and I could not have stopped it happening under the circumstances. I had ceased weeping but was still feeling a very sorry for myself. When she was sure that I had sort of pulled myself together she said that she would clean us up and reached down and fumbled through the wet clothing and came up with her panties, which seemed to be a bit drier than the rest. She pulled the blanket away and wiped all my cum from the both of us. The faint and indistinct



sight of her nakedness and the feel of her wiping my lower parts soon had me almost as hard as I was before and I started to feel embarrassed again. Mum was aware of this and quickly re-assured me that it was a natural happening in lads of my age and was to be expected and that it would occur regularly. She pulled the blanket around us again and we cuddled there talking quietly.

Mum said that it was obviously time I learnt the facts of life and she proceeded to tell me the basics – this had me excited again but luckily the rain had been over for a short time and we decided that it was time to try to start the truck.

I grabbed an oily piece of cloth we kept in the glove-box and climbed out to dry off the electrics. I discovered that once I got over my initial embarrassment of being naked it was actually quite exciting to be working nude in front of my mother with my hard dick flapping around in front of me. After I had dried off everything I could get at, I climbed back behind the wheel and to my surprise the motor eventually started and we set off for home. We had left the lights on and the door open and it was a very welcoming sight when they came into view. When we were finally parked Mum got out quickly and, with the blanket wrapped around her, disappeared inside leaving me to bring in the wet clothing and towels.

By the time I got inside the bath was filling and Mum was preparing to climb in. She called to me and told me that as we had already seen each other's bodies I shouldn't stand around getting a chill but that I should use the shower while she bathed.

After I had finished my shower I dried off behind her back (she was still in the bath) and I could clearly see one of her breasts and the hair round her pussy in the full light. I wished I could see more but once again I had a rock hard dick and I didn't want her to see it. The brown and pinkishness of her nipple and the slight bulge of her tummy above the light brown coloured bush were highly erotic and had me dying to see more from closer in. I was dried off far too soon and I reluctantly left the bathroom to put on my pyjamas. I returned to the kitchen, pausing, as I passed the bathroom, to ask Mum if she wanted a cup of hot chocolate. While asking her I got another glimpse, from behind, of her naked body as she was, by now, drying herself. The sight of her tight little buttock-cheeks looking all pink and warm from the bath was as good if not better than the sight of her breast. After getting her confirmation I reluctantly forced myself away to the kitchen and made the hot drinks.

When Mum arrived in the kitchen wrapped in her towelling robe she thanked me for the drink and said that she was taking it to bed as she was still frozen to the marrow. As she went out she said that if I was still cold I should bring my drink, sleep in the big double bed and we could help each other warm through. Grabbing my mug and flipping off the light switch I followed her up the stairs with some eagerness but also some trepidation. When we got to the master bedroom Mum hung her robe behind the door and climbed into bed giving me a glimpse of her leg and upper thigh as her nightdress rode up – another highly erotic sight that had my mind in turmoil. I climbed in beside her and we lay there sipping our drinks and chatting about our swim and adventure. For the first time I became aware that maybe Mum had found it a bit exciting being naked also.



I would like to be able to say that I had a gigantic 10” dick, which Mum quickly dove down on, but in reality my cock was only average (between 5 ^{1/2} & 6” long and of normal girth) and after finishing our drinks Mum turned out the light, rolled onto her side and went to sleep. I kept my distance from her as my penis was again erect and I did not want to have her aware of this. Eventually I dozed off.

During the night I must have rolled over and I woke in the darkness pressed against Mum’s back. My cock was hard (it seemed to be perpetually hard) and was sticking through my fly and was up against her bum. Her nightie had pulled up and my shaft was pressed hard between her cheeks. I didn’t dare move in case I woke her. After what seemed like ages and I had not felt her move I decided that she was sound asleep and I pressed a bit harder. I didn’t know what I was doing but it sure felt great. I reached down and touched myself and at the same time felt Mum’s naked flesh – the ringing in my ears was back – worse than before. I didn’t know how to continue and just lay there pressing hard and keeping my hand on her bare buttock. I found out later that Mum was awake all the time and she also didn’t want to move in case she woke me, but after my actions, she knew I was awake and she finally reached back and, with her hand spread on my bum through my pj’s, she pushed me even harder up against herself and slowly moved her bum up and down against my cock. Eventually this caused me to come again and I spouted another dose up her back and over her bum. When I finally stopped she reached down and picked up a hand towel from the floor and dried us off. She dropped the towel back on the floor turned to me and gave me a good night kiss on the lips and told me to turn on my side and go back to sleep. She cuddled up to my back and I dozed off again with the feel of her breasts and tummy pressed into me.

I woke with the sun shining in through the open blinds as Mum climbed out of bed. She disappeared into the toilet next door and I could hear the sound of her peeing, flushing the toilet and then washing. She returned to the bedroom and stripped off her nightie and pulled on panties, shorts and tee shirt. I thought she must have thought I was asleep but as she left she told me to get up and come for breakfast. That display had me hard yet again and made pissing and dressing difficult but the thought of bacon, eggs and coffee was irresistible.

When I entered the kitchen the sunshine was streaming through the window and the appetising smell of bacon, eggs, toast and coffee and the sight of Mum standing at the bench with her back to me, greeted me. I crept up behind her and wrapped my arms around her waist and hugged her.

“Morning Mum” I said, “I don’t know which smells best – you or the food.”

“Morning, you should be starving after all that exercise last night” she said, “Put me down and sit at the table and I’ll get your breakfast”

I squeezed her harder and kissed the back of her neck and with some nervousness I let my hands slide up her front and cup her breasts through her tee-shirt waiting for her to explode. On the contrary she covered my hands with her own and pressed then harder against her breasts. She was not a very big woman and did not have large breasts but they were nicely shaped and fitted nicely in my hands. I could feel the hard nipples through the light cloth and once again my cock started



to erect up against her bum. After a few seconds she released my hands and slapped them lightly.

“There will be no more of that – it’s wicked “ she said, not sounding too angry, “Now sit down”

I sat at the table and tucked into the plate of food that she had placed in front of me. Mum sat at the other end of the table and nursed at a cup of coffee and smoked a cigarette

“I don’t really feel hungry this morning” she said, “I am not quite sure how I feel about last night happenings. Your father will go berserk if he ever finds out so you must promise never to mention what happened to anyone”

“I promise,” I reassured her, and hopefully went on “I enjoyed it too much too risk doing anything that might stop it happening again.”

“We mustn’t take any risks like that ever again” she replied, completely dashing my hopes. “What did you intend doing today?”

“I thought I might finishing that fencing down the back paddock. You know the bit – just on the other side of the creek.” I replied.

“If you want some help go and throw what we need on the back of the hack and I’ll rinse these dishes and make some smoko. Come and pick me up in about 10 minutes.”

I placed my cup and plate by the sink and went out sliding my feet into my gumboots.

I drove the pick-up from where we left it last night round to the shed and threw some post, wire and tools onto the back and went back and collected Mum and the smoko basket.

We drove out to the back of the farm and down into the small gully where we were to finish the fence. It was a beautiful day – hot and still with a small creek trickling quietly in the sunshine – it was in fact an idyllic setting and it was a pity that we had to work. Mum was a real farmers wife a was prepared to get stuck in so after about two hours we had the half dozen posts dug in and set in place. Time for a break and a cup of coffee from the thermos flask. After she had finished her coffee and another cigarette she flicked the dregs from her cup and stood up saying:

“I’m just going over to those bushes as I need a pee.”

I quickly put down my cup and stood up, saying

‘I think I’ll come too – I need one as well and I’d like to watch you.”

“Don’t be disgusting – you find your own place away from mine.” Mum replied.

“Please.” I begged, “I’ve never seen a woman peeing and I thought after last night



that you wouldn't mind. Please."

"I told you that there was going to be no more of that and I meant it!" she said.

"I don't see why not – I promised you that I wouldn't tell anyone and we didn't hurt anybody. Please let me watch," I entreated. I could see her wavering

"Please let me" I continued.

"I think it absolutely disgusting" she said, "But I suppose it won't hurt anyone. Its a waste of time going way over there – we might as well just pee here."

"You know that I think this is sick," she said as she pulled down her shorts and panties and squatted in front of me.

I dropped to my knees close in front of her and asked her to take her shorts and panties right off so as I could see clearly. She stood up and stepped clear of them and crouched back down.

For the first time I could clearly see the lips of her pussy below the bush of hair and they bulged out, slightly open so as to show the pink inner lips glistening in the sunlight. God this was exciting and my mouth was dry and my cock was pressing hard against the fabric of my shorts. I could also see her small brown puckered anus and was surprised to see that the whole area was starting to look moist even though she had not started peeing yet.

"I hope you're enjoying yourself" she said, "This is terrible and we should be ashamed of ourselves – but I suppose it is a bit exciting."

Her anus seemed to bulge out a little and there was a couple of small spurts from between her pussy lips and then a strong flow started and splashed onto the grass with a hissing sound. I reached out and stuck my hand into the hot flow and watched it splash around it. The stream continued for a short while and then slowed and with a couple of weak final spurts finally ceased. Mum stayed where she was and I lifted my hand and brushed off the drips that clung to her vaginal lips and hair. I shook my fingers sort of dry and put them in my mouth and sucked on them – I don't know why – it just seemed the thing to do at the time. Mum told me later that my doing this really turned her on.

"Grab a tissue from the box in the basket," she asked, "and you can wipe me dry if you like."

I nearly dislocated my back in my hurry to get a tissue and wipe her genitals dry. I slipped the used tissue into my pocket with the intentions of using it later. Mum stood up and stepped back into her clothes and pulled them up.

"Right" she said "you've lusted on me and its now my turn to watch you pissing"

I lowered my shorts and underpants and grasped my stiff member. It was hopeless – there was no chance of me peeing with a hard on like I had. Mum laughed and



stated that maybe we should do something about my condition or maybe my bladder would explode before I could empty it.

“Get out of your shorts and lie down over here,” she ordered, “And we’ll take care of that little problem”

I eagerly kicked my shorts and undies clear and dropped to the ground. I was prepared to forgive the ‘Little’ reference if she was prepared to play around with me. Mum lay down beside me and took my dick in her hand. I was leaking some fluid from the tip of my penis and she smeared this over the shaft and then proceeded to squeeze and rub it vigorously. My excitement and arousal grew and I tentatively reached out and placed my hand on her thigh. When she didn’t reject my caress I ran my hand up her leg and nervously slid my hand in the leg of her shorts. I fumbled my fingers under her nickers and groped around in her crotch area. I didn’t know what to do.

“This is wicked and we could get in deep trouble,” she said, her voice quivering, “Push your fingers inside me and wriggle them around and sort of rub the wee lump above the top of the lips.”

I did as she ordered and I must have got it partly right as she started to breathe jerkily and noisily and rub my cock even harder. It was a good thing there was no one for miles, as it must have been getting quite noisy as by now I was groaning and Mum was starting to gasp noisily. Her face was starting to get quite red and her nipples were showing clearly through her shirt. I reached out with my free hand and tried to pull her shirt up to get at her breasts. Mum grabbed the bottom with her free hand and pulled it up around her neck giving me a clear view of her breasts. Her whole chest and throat were reddening as well as her face. With her free hand she began to pinch her nipples and getting the hint I also did this with one hand while continuing to massage her pussy with the other.

Eventually my excitement reached the top and I began to jerk and jet out cum all over my belly and Mum’s hand and arm. She slowed down but continued rubbing until I finished but she begged me not to stop rubbing her yet. By now she was lifting herself off the grass and thrusting back against my fingers. Her whole crotch was getting really wet and her breath was coming in noisy gasps. Finally she squealed and clamped on my hand and jerkily thrust herself hard against me. After pulsating for a few seconds she eventually cooled down and rolled onto her side with her back to me.

After a couple of seconds I noticed her shoulders heaving and realised that she was sobbing – I was dismayed and uncertain what the problem was. I reached out and placed my hand on her still bare back

“What’s wrong Mum?” I asked

“Its shameful and disgusting and I don’t know how I will ever look Dad and Wendy in the eye ever again,” she replied.

“Well, they wont find out from me,” I stated, “Anyway, what’s so bad – we’re not



hurting anyone, and it sure feels good!”

Mum had calmed down and sort of sniffled and giggled at my response

“It’s not right and it can’t happen again” she re-iterated, as she sat up and, to my intense disappointment, pulled her tee shirt down over her breasts shutting off my great view.

“God I’m soaked down there,” she said, “Turn your back while I dry off.”

I turned my back and she grabbed a handful of tissues. I heard the sound of her clothing sliding over flesh and I waited a few seconds and spun around. Sure enough her pants were around her ankles and she was wiping herself dry.

“I thought I told you to face the other way,” she said as she straightened her clothing, “Now, lets get finished here and get home.”

I reluctantly climbed to my feet and, after wiping the cum from myself, climbed back into my underpants and shorts and grabbed the roll of wire off the truck. It was only a short stretch of fence and we were able to quickly string the wires and tighten them with the wire strainer. Another hour’s work finished the job and we set off for home where Mum went to fix some lunch while I returned the tools and gear to the shed.

I returned to the kitchen and sat at the table and ogled Mum’s behind as she bustled round fixing a snack. The tight shorts showed the outline of her panties and even though I had seen her bare-arsed I still found the sight inspiring. A couple of times she turned and caught me watching but she did not say anything only blushed a little.

After a couple of sandwiches and coffee I wiped the dishes for Mum and then said I was going up for a lie down before I completed the regular chores. I sort of hoped that Mum might join me for a while but I dozed off alone and disappointed.

When I awoke it was late afternoon and I had to hurry to get Wendy’s and my own work done before dark. I returned inside to find tea ready and Mum changed into a dress. While we were having our meal Mum advised me that she was going out for the evening.

“I’m going over to Pat and John’s for the evening,” she said, “I thought you might like to drop me off and go into town to the movies and pick me up afterwards.”

“That sounds like a great idea, I’ll finish here and grab a quick shower.”

I gobbled down the rest of my meal and hurried upstairs to shower and change. It was about a half hour drive to Pat and Johns and a further 10 minutes to town. I went to some movie or other and, afterwards, to the local milk bar for a snack where I met a couple of my mates from school. We shot the breeze for a while and then I set off to collect Mum.

It was pretty late by the time I arrived and she must have been eager to go, as I



didn't even have to toot because she heard me arrive. Some quick goodnights and we set off for home. It was a cool night and Mum was sitting close, I think in an endeavour to warm up a little. After driving for a while I got brave and lifted my free arm onto the back of the seat and after a short time I lowered it around her shoulders. I expected to be rejected and to ordered to remove my arm but Mum didn't say a word.

After a while I summoned more nerve and slowly let my hand slide down and rest on the top part off her breast. Still no telling off! I let my hand progress on down and work its way under the top of her dress and further down her breast.

By now Mum was pressed closely to my side and resting her head on my shoulder and she seemed to be enjoying me pinching and pulling on her nipple which was growing larger and harder. Hardly a word had been spoken since we left and she seemed content just to sit quietly and enjoy the contact and closeness.

All too soon home came into view and we pulled up at the door. I made no effort to let go of Mum and she seemed to be in no hurry to go inside.

"You really are wicked, Son," she said, " And I'm ashamed to admit I'm finding it arousing, even though I know that I shouldn't be letting you do that. If anyone ever finds out, my marriage will be over and that will probably be the least of my worries."

"Well if you don't tell anyone I certainly won't," I promised, "And I don't see how anyone can find out any other way."

"It's still not right!" Mum said.

I was frightened that she would talk herself out of letting me continue and I was really starting to feel comfortable with her breast cupped in my hand. I reached around and pulled her face up to mine with my other hand on the back of her head. I kissed her eyes and then the tip of her nose and finally pressed my lips to hers. She still did not object and I pulled away a little and started to lick her face. She really seemed to love this and seemed to purr a little like a cat. After a little, she sort of shook herself and pulled away from my embrace and said

"I guess we had better go in a get some sleep. We've got tomorrows chores to think about and Dad will be home later tomorrow, even if Wendy won't."

To my disappointment she opened the door and climbed out and went inside.

"You want a hot drink?" she asked and when I refused, she went on "I don't think I'll bother either. Goodnight. See you in the morning" and went off to her room closing the door emphatically behind her.

I was heart-broken. I'm not sure what I expected but certainly not this, especially after I'd fondled her tit all the way home. I decided to go off to bed myself and maybe rub my own dick. I crawled nude into bed and reached down and grasping my penis firmly I began to rub away.



I guess I must have been more tired than I thought because the next thing I was aware of, was my bedroom light glaring brightly in my eyes. I had gone to sleep with the light on and without even finishing masturbating. My penis was rock hard and needed relief. Without considering the consequences I got up and crept down the hall to mothers room where I pressed my ear to the door. I could hear quiet snoring and decided that Mum was sleeping soundly. I gently opened the door and crept over to her bed and round to Dads side where I lifted the duvet and slid in beside Mum. I never even thought about what I was doing, I just acted – I guess when your dicks erect your brain sort of disengages – well my one did anyway.

After a short pause I slowly slid over and moved up against Mum's back. My cock again pressed against her bum cheeks but this time it was through her nightie and I slowly slid my arm up and over her to fondle her breast. I was in heaven and was quite happy to just lie there quietly and enjoy our closeness, however, Mum decided, in her sleep, to turn onto her other side and this action caused her to bump up against me and to wake up. Oh! Oh!

“What do you think you are doing in my bed, “ she asked and paused for me to answer.

I didn't know what to say so I kept my mouth shut and tried to look innocent – not too convincing in the circumstances.

“God! And you're naked,” she cried out, “and you've got another erection. You're a pervert! Get out!”

I reluctantly dragged myself to the side of the bed, stood up and slowly headed for the door and to my own bed. I had almost reached the door when she spoke again

“Well, what else can I expect? It's probably my own fault. Come on back and you promise never to tell anyone what we do!”

“I've already promised that!” I said, as I quickly returned and slid back under the covers, “Thanks, and you've got nothing to worry about.”

I snuggled cosily back in against her and returned my hand onto her breast. She reached her arm around me and hugged me close as I slowly slid the strap of her nightie down and uncovered her breast. I lowered my head and sucked her nipple into my mouth where I felt it harden and grow. My cock was doing the same thing a lot lower and was pressing up against her thigh. Mum put her other arm around me and using both hands she massaged my back slowly working her way down till she had one of my butt cheeks in each hand. By now I had her nightie down to her waist and was playing with and sucking, licking and nibbling both her breasts. I was learning fast.

I now worked my hand down under her nightie at her waist and moved it over her tummy. She had a trim little tummy with just enough of a bulge to make it sexy. She loved this and releasing my bum she pulled me up her body until she could reach my lips with her own. I continued to work my hand lower and was by now at the top of her little patch of hair. Mum pressed her lips hard against mine and



opened her mouth and licked my lips with her tongue encouraging me to open my mouth. I obliged and she thrust her tongue into my mouth. I found this to be the most exciting thing to happen so far and even better than seeing her pissing and her fondling me to a climax. She sucked hard on my tongue and I thrust mine into her mouth and sucked on hers – our tongues rubbing together and the taste of her saliva and the thought of mine in her mouth was nearly too much for me and I thought that I was going to reach another climax without even touching my cock.

My hand was still working away at Mums pussy and I had now proceeded through her patch of hair and I was again at her vaginal lips and was rubbing gently. Everything seemed hot, wet and sticky and Mum was gasping excitedly. My ears were ringing again and I was trembling in anticipation of something but I wasn't sure exactly what. Mum pulled herself back from me and said

“I guess it's inevitable, so we might as well let it happen and enjoy it. You can have intercourse with me if you want.”

With that she threw back the duvet and lifting her bum from the bed, she told me to pull her nightie completely off, which I did, eagerly. This was the first time I had seen her completely nude and I examined her closely and was amazed at the beauty of a woman's body. Mum lay back and seemed to revel in my examination. She parted her legs a little to give me more access to her pussy, which was, as I said, really wet. She spread a little wider and slowly pulled her feet towards her bum, spreading her knees and opening herself to me.

“I want you to lie on me between my legs and push your cock into me.” She asked

I did as she requested and thrust away frantically with no success. I couldn't find my way into her and finally she reached down and grasped my member and guided it to the right place.

“Now push it in slowly and gently until we get going properly. There's no hurry, we've got all night.”

I did this and the feeling of my cock going into her was unbelievable. The walls of her cunt seemed to squeeze my cock and encourage it to go right in. I pushed it in as far as I could and then just lay there enjoying the feel of our two bodies pressed hard up against each other. Her internal muscles seemed to grip and release, grip and release and the feeling was nearly blowing the top off of my head

“Now slowly pull it almost out and then push it back in and continue to do this.” She ordered.

I did as she wanted and slowly got faster and faster and pushed harder and harder. I got more and more excited and was by now sweating profusely. It was running down my forehead and into my eyes but I couldn't stop to wipe it off. Mum was grunting loudly with each thrust and she was also sweating and was beetroot red. Her eyes were almost closed, mere slits, and her mouth was wide open and she was gasping for breath. The veins in her neck stood out and her head was forced right back. We were so wet down below that our thrusting was making a watery



squishing noise. The bed seemed to be groaning in protest at our exertions and everything was fast building up to a peak.

Suddenly Mum cried out and lifted her and me clear of the bed and pushed desperately back against my thrusts. She shook violently and her pussy gripped me desperately and after a few seconds she slowed her shuddering and slowly lowered back down to the bed. This was all enough to make me climax and I pushed my cock desperately into her as hard as I could as it felt like the juice was being dragged out of my spine. My head and my eyes throbbed painfully and the feeling of my discharging into Mum's pussy was indescribable and I wanted it never to end but sadly it did.

I slumped down on to Mum and kissed her deeply. She kissed me back and then gently rolled me off her and pulled the Duvet back over us. She rolled closer and pressed herself to my back, put her arm over me and kissed my neck, licked my ear and slowly we dozed off.

When I woke next morning the sun was beaming through the window as we had neglected to close the curtains the night before. It was not long after sun-up and I was a bit 'punchy' at first and not totally aware of where I was. It soon came back to me and I recalled the happenings of the previous day and night with disbelief. As usual I had woken with a real 'Piss-proud' penis and a mouth that was dry and horrible tasting. My arm, which Mum was partly lying on, had gone to sleep and getting up to the toilet was a priority. I carefully extracted my arm and after waiting till the 'pins and needles' ended and the feeling came back I then carefully slid out from the covers and padded off naked to the bathroom.

I stood in front of the toilet and forced my erect cock down to point in the right direction – eventually this treatment caused it to deflate and I was able to piss. The relief was great and I even sighed with satisfaction. After I had shaken the last few drips off I went to the sink and brushed my teeth and cupping my hands beneath the cold tap I sipped a couple of mouthfuls of water. Feeling a lot more human I returned to the bedroom and looked down on my still sleeping Mother. I really couldn't believe my luck and I slipped back into bed trying hard not to disturb Mum.

The movement must have disturbed her, however, and she groaned and rolled onto her back and opened her eyes. She sort of smiled at me and then lifted her arms above her head and stretched and wriggled a bit and finally relaxed again.

"Good morning, Greg. Thanks!" she said and rolled over and pecked me on the mouth, "God, do I need to pee! It's real urgent." And with that she sat up, swung her legs over the side of the bed and stood up, and, without even pausing to grab a robe, she headed off naked to the bathroom. The sight of her bum cheeks moving away from me got my immediate attention and I quickly followed her to the toilet and when she sat down I knelt in front of her and pulled her knees wide apart.

"Your disgusting!" Mum said, but she made no effort to stop me and without pause she started to pee. It must have been urgent and I was amazed at the force with which the stream jetted out and moving closer I pulled her pussy lips apart with



my thumbs so as to get an even better look than last time. When she eventually finished she made no effort to close her legs or push me away but after a few seconds, she asked me to get her a warm soapy face cloth. When I handed it to her she washed all around her pussy and pubic hair and then called me to her and proceeded to do the same for me.

“Grab a towel and you can dry us both off.” She invited.

I did this with pleasure and when I had finished Mum stood and went to the sink and washed her face and cleaned her teeth.

“That feels much better. I think I’ll go back to bed for another hour or so.” Mum said returning to the bedroom and getting back under the duvet. All this nakedness had me excited again and I climbed carefully in beside her taking care not to bump my erection on anything hard.

Nuzzling in close to me Mum reached down and fondly rubbed her hand on the shaft of my penis and then reached further down and cupped my testicles and squeezed them gently.

“Thank you for yesterday,” she said, “But I’m afraid that we can’t carry on. Dad will be home later today and your sister, tomorrow. I did enjoy it and it showed me how casual your father and I have been about sex over the last few years.”

“Why? What’s been wrong?” I asked.

“Oh, by the time your father gets home the first night all he cares about is a quick piece of arse and he doesn’t worry about me at all. The second night all he wants to do is catch up on his sleep and then the third night he is normally half drunk after being with his mates all day and while he tries hard he’s not usually up to much. And then he’s gone for another spell. Not much satisfaction there for me as you can see.”

“I’m sorry, Mum,” I commiserated, hopefully, “You know I’m only too pleased to help out.”

Mum laughed, “You should be so lucky! You’ll get us both hung!” she giggled

“I think we’ll get up and shower, grab a quick bite of breakfast and then go to church.” She decided to my great disappointment as I had visualised us playing in bed all morning.

“If you were interested we could Fuck before getting up,” she invited.

I was shocked hearing her use words like arse and fuck, as I was not aware that women knew language like that. It did however excite me even more and I reached out and squeezed her breast as I moved close enough to fasten my lips on to hers. There was no learning this time and we both opened our mouths and probed and explored with our tongues swapping copious quantities of spittle. My hands were roaming all over her body and I could feel the moistness of her pussy increasing – I



had worked out by now that this showed how excited she was becoming and I was pleased at the effect that I was apparently having.

When I finally came up for air Mum pushed me onto my back and cast the bedcovers aside. She got onto her knees and lifted one leg over my waist and sank down onto my belly. The sight of her sitting there with her breasts sticking out proudly with hard, swollen nipples, her hair all in disarray and a wanton look on her face was almost too much - especially as I could feel her fluids from her cunt leaking a little onto the bare skin of my stomach. She leant forward and pressed her breasts into my chest and locked her mouth onto mine again. I reached around and grabbed one of her bum cheeks in each hand and fondled them, running my fingers down the crack in her bum, over her anus and finally pushing them between her vaginal lips.

Sitting back, Mum said, "This time I'm going to fuck you, so lie back and I'll do all the work. "

Moving back down my body she raised herself up and reached down and grabbed my cock and pulled it away from hard against my lower belly into a more vertical position. She wriggled around until the head of my penis was between her pussy lips and then, with a bit of a sigh she sank slowly down onto me. Unlike last night, this morning I could see clearly and the sight of my cock slowly sliding out of sight into her body was the most erotic thing I could even imagine. And it felt better than it looked. Mum reached down and pinched my nipples and while it hurt a bit it was exciting, and taking the hint, I reached up and did the same to her and also squeezed and fondled her breasts firmly.

Mum commenced raising and lowering herself, taking care not to let my cock slide completely out of her, and she slowly got quicker and quicker and came down harder and harder. She was getting wetter and wetter and so was I and there seemed to almost be a bit of froth around her cunt lips. As she got more excited her upper body got redder and her eyes got more slitted. She was starting to groan loudly and her lips were pulled back from her teeth - she seemed to be reverting to her basic animal instincts.

Finally she started to shudder and shake and with a cry, she leant down and bit hard on my shoulder. This sudden flash of pain was too much and I came, squirting cum, almost painfully, deep inside her while I frantically grabbed her arse cheeks and pulled her as hard down on my cock as I could, groaning loudly while doing so.

When we both came back down Mum rolled off me, and lying beside me, she reached out and lit a smoke and offered me one, which I took even though I didn't normally smoke. She dragged in deeply and contentedly sighed as she blew the smoke out.

"God, that was great! I think it's because it's forbidden and so wicked that makes it so exciting," she said. "Do you know when I first thought that we might fuck?" she asked.

"When you sucked your fingers after wiping my cunt down at the creek." She went



on, without giving me a chance to answer. “I found that sooo wicked especially as your Dad wouldn’t think of doing anything that is not straight sex in the privacy of our bedroom. He had a very strict upbringing and is completely un-adventuresome when it comes to sex.”

“Oh!” Was all I could say, as I was feeling sick with the cigarette and reached out to butt it out.

She suddenly noticed the teeth marks on my shoulder and the little bit of blood where she had penetrated my flesh.

“Shit! Did I do that? I’m so sorry. It just goes to show how excited you got me. I don’t even remember biting you. Do you want something on it?”

“No. Just kiss it better” I replied.

She leant over and kissed and licked it finally running her tongue up my neck and licking all round my ear. She then kissed me on the mouth and thrust her tongue in and slurped on mine a little. That made it seem worthwhile getting bitten and sitting back she sucked on her cigarette and said

“Well, its time to get ready for Church, you grab the first shower while I finish my smoke and then you can make coffee and toast while I get ready”

I was just buttering the last slice of toast and pouring the coffee when Mum came down stairs. She was dressed in a summer dress and low-heeled shoes and with her make up on she looked great and considerably younger than her almost 40 years.

“You look beautiful, Mum.” I said, “Sit down and I’ll pass you your toast and coffee.”

“Thank you, Handsome Young Gentleman, you’re looking pretty damn good yourself,” she replied, “Lets get finished and get away. It will take us at least half an hour to get there.”

We were soon on our way with Mum driving and me sitting there watching her admiringly. She was aware of my attention and did not seem to mind it – in fact she almost seemed to be encouraging it.

“Do you like what you see? You haven’t taken your eyes off me since we left.”

“How could I not like such a beautiful sight,” I replied and she preened contentedly.

I had something in mind but did not really dare ask her. ‘What the hell?’ I thought “she can only say no.’

“Mum?”

“What?”



“Would you do something for me?” I asked.

“I might. Depends. What do you want?”

“Would you take your panties off and go to Church naked under your dress?” I blurted out in a rush.

“What! NO! Why do you want that? You’re sick!” She replied.

“I’m sorry.” I said, “I just thought it would be wildly exciting sitting there thinking about all those people being very straight and good and them not knowing and thinking you are the same as them. I’m sorry.”

“I couldn’t do that it wouldn’t be right and in fact would be downright wicked”

We carried on silently down the road with me too embarrassed to say anything and Mum seemingly in deep thought. Suddenly she pulled the car into a picnic area and round behind some bushes where she stopped and turned the motor off.

“What the hell!” she said, “It does sound wickedly exciting and I was going on about your father being strait-laced wasn’t I. I’ll do it!”

Reaching down she grasped the hem of her dress and pulled it up to the top of her thighs and reached in below her dress to the waistband of her nickers. Lifting her bum clear of the car seat she wriggled and pulled her panties down to her feet and lifted her shoes clear of them. She picked them up and asked

“Where can I put these?”

“Give them here and I’ll take care of them,” I replied and stretched out and took them from her hand. I pressed them to my face and breathed in deeply watching the look on Mum face as I did so. She blushed but didn’t say anything and pressed her fingers against her pussy on the outside of her dress. Oh, those womanly odours – instant erection.

When Mum went to pull the skirt of her dress back down I reached out and prevented her.

“Don’t spoil the view,” I said, “You’d better get going or we will be late.”

She started the car and set off again while I sat and took in the view – this was in the days before tights took over and the sight of Mums legs clad in stocking with her naked white thighs framed by suspenders was just out of this world. If her dress hem was just a little higher I would be able to see her pussy so I reached down and flipped it up a little higher. If the sight of her thighs was great the picture of her glistening cunt lips and brown pubic hair framed by a white suspender belt was just unbelievable and I was actually panting.

“This is terrible. I wont be able to look anyone in the eye!” Mum said, as she spread



her legs little further apart and increased my excitement accordingly.

The church came into sight in the distance so I placed my hand on her thigh, slid it up and thrust 3 of my fingers into her. She was wet and ready and groaned a little as I rammed them in and out 3 or 4 times.

“Stop! Stop! We’re nearly there and someone will see,” she cried frantically, pulling at my hand and trying to get her dress down. I pulled away and sat back to allow her to compose herself.

We went into the church and attended the service without incident except Mum did get a bit jumpy when I pressed my leg against hers and when I wiped my nose on her balled up nickers and sniffed them surreptitiously. I think she was relieved when the minister finished and we were on our way home.

When we had travelled about ½ mile down the road to home Mum finally relaxed and breathed a long sigh of relief.

“God! That was terrifying! I was frightened that someone would notice the guilty look on my face and when you blew your nose on my panties I could have died! I have to admit that it was exciting but never again. Thank heavens your father’s home this afternoon – that will end all this.” She said.

I wasn’t waiting for Dad’s return with my usual eager anticipation as I could see my new found freedoms and privileges coming to an end. In fact I was actually dreading his homecoming.

I slid over in the seat and reached down to the hem of Mothers dress and pulled on it in an attempt to bare her lower half.

“Stop that now!” she ordered, putting her free hand down and trying to stop my manoeuvres, “this will have to stop right now. Your Dad mustn’t find out or there will be hell to pay! Now stop it!”

I took no notice and continued to tug on her hem and succeeded in getting it part way up. Mum had to concentrate on her driving and she couldn’t really stop me.

“Lift up from the seat,” I told her without any hope of her doing it.

To my amazement she hesitated then did lift herself clear and I slipped the skirt of her dress right up and clear of the seat. When she settled back down her bare skin was on the seat cover and her legs and cunt were exposed almost up to her waist. She was flushed and would not meet my eye. I reached down and rubbed my palm all over her genitals. I reached over with my other hand and thrust it down her bodice and squeezed and fondled her breast through her bra.

After a very short time her cunt was all wet and she had spread her thighs to allow me better access. The car was starting to smell like the bedroom had last night and I knew that I could fuck her again if I wanted. I let go of her tit and reached into my



pocket and pulled out her nickers, I took a deep sniff of them and then shifted them to my other hand and proceeded to rub her cunt with them. I slowly pushed them in between the lips of her pussy and continued to work away at masturbating her until they were completely in. Mum was getting very excited and was trembling. She was having trouble driving and we were lucky that we were on a back road that had next to no traffic – you could go days without seeing another vehicle.

After some time I slowly pulled the panties from inside her vagina and held them up to examine them. They were soaked and were almost dripping wet and when she saw them Mum blushed.

“Put them on the floor in the back seat.” she ordered, “They’re dirty!”

Instead of doing as she asked I held them to my face and sniffed them appreciatively. Mum was even more embarrassed and then I think I totally blew her mind, and I don’t know why I did it, by putting the crotch of her panties in my mouth and chewing on them.

“Don’t! Don’t! You shouldn’t be doing that. Now stop it.” She cried.

“You taste great – I don’t know why it is upsetting you,” I mumbled through my mouthful of cotton, “Best meal I have ever had.”

To Mum’s relief we had finally reached home and she could escape inside. We hadn’t been through the door 5 minutes when the phone rang. I could tell from the look on her face that it was Dad. Unfortunately I could only hear one side of the conversation.

“Where are you?”

“Why are you still up there?”

“You are joking aren’t you? Now when will you get here?”

“WHAT!”

“THAT’S NOT A FAIR GO!”

“DON’T YOU SHUSH ME!”

“WHEN ARE YOU COMING THEN?”

“THAT WILL BE NEARLY 6 WEEKS SINCE WE HAVE SEEN YOU.”

“Well I suppose it’s not your fault but you had better decide which means the most to you - your job or your family! GOODBYE!”

SLAM.

I could tell she was pissed, I don’t know what exactly was going down but I took it



that Dad wasn't coming home today.

"Dad won't be home for about 2 weeks," she sobbed, "His Company has another contract starting Tuesday morning and they won't fly him home for only 1 day. It's not Fucking fair!"

The language surprised me and I went over to her and put my arm round her to comfort her

"It's not really Dad's fault, Mum. I suppose he's not too pleased either." I said, hugging her.

"You can let me go too" she said, "There's only one reason you're cuddling me! And there'll be no more of that either!"

Mum ran off up stairs and I heard her bedroom door slam behind her. I followed her up and pressed my ear to her door and I could hear her crying. I was lost and didn't know what to do. Hot cup of tea – that's the answer to every problem so I returned to the kitchen and boiled the kettle. I made a pot of tea and placed it on a tray with sugar and milk and a couple of cups.

"Can I come in Mum?" I said through the closed door, "I've made some tea and that might help."

The door opened and I placed the tray on the dressing table and poured Mum a cup and handed it to her. I poured one for myself and sat down beside her on the edge of the bed. I put my arm back around her and waited for her to tell me to remove it. When she said nothing I put my cup back on the tray and pulled her to me with both arms and hugged her tightly. I kissed her cheek and then nuzzled into her and kissed my way up her neck and ran my tongue all around and inside her ear. While doing this I fumbled behind her and undid the buttons on the back of her dress.

I licked my way back down Mum's neck and over the tops of her breasts. I slid her dress down and kept working away with my tongue. I reached out and took her teacup from her and put it aside.

"Lie back and lift up so as I can get your dress off," I suggested, hopefully.

She did as I asked and when she raised herself I slid her dress completely off and dropped it aside. She lay back dressed in her white bra, white suspender belt and flesh coloured stockings. Her brown haired pussy was framed nicely and the lips were slightly apart and glistening. What an inspiring sight - I was as hard as I could possibly be and trembling with anticipation.

"Not fair," Mum said, "I'm naked and showing all I've got and you are still fully dressed."

I dropped my good pants and kicked them aside and pulled my white shirt over my head and threw it into the corner and I stood there in just my jockeys with the front



poking way out. I carefully worked the waistband over the head of my cock and slid them off and returned to the bed beside Mum.

“Roll over so I can undo your bra “

She lay face down and I finally worked the catch apart and pulled the straps to her sides under her arms. I lowered my head and started licking the back of her neck. I licked my way straight down her spine massaging her back and sides with my hands as I went. I carried on down and licked down the crack of her butt and only stopped when I reached her anus. I completely licked and nibbled her bum cheeks and by this time she was shaking and pressing herself into the bed-pane.

I moved back up a bit and rolled her over onto to her back and removed her bra but left the suspender belt and stockings on. I returned back up to her face and licked it clean all over and slowly worked my way down her front chewing on her breasts and nipples in passing When I reached her belly button I thrust my tongue into it and moved it all around. By this stage Mum was just lying there with her eyes rolled up and she was mewling softly. My cock was dripping fluid and quivering and I loved every moment of what was happening. I continued licking on down Mums body and reached her pubic hair – I chewed on it for a bit and gripped it between my lips and pulled gently on it.

Finally I arrived at her cunt. I was lying between her spread legs with my face about an inch from her sopping pussy lips. Not really knowing what to do but more than willing to try I stretched out my tongue and licked completely over her lips. Mum jerked up and squealed

“What are you doing? No one’s ever done that to me before. It’s wicked but don’t stop” she panted.

I lapped furiously at her vagina and her lips seemed to unfold exposing the pink lips inside, there was moisture everywhere and it seemed to come flooding from her insides. She wrapped her stocking clad legs over my shoulders and onto my back. Mum was groaning and thrusting her pussy into my face. I hardened my tongue and pushed it inside of her, and, at the same time, I tentatively reached up and prodded at her anus with my finger. It seemed like a good idea at the time and Mum certainly did not reject my actions. She was shuddering and gulping down great gasps of air and her nipples were standing up and she was pulling at them and rubbing her breasts desperately. I brought my other hand up and rubbed at the wee lump at the top of her cunt lips at the same time as I pushed my finger into her arsehole and thrust my tongue into her cunt as far as I could.

I think this finally pushed Mum over the edge as she thrust her genital area hard into my face and pressed down on the back of my head, while, at the same time, squeezing my head between her thighs. She groaned very loudly and shook furiously. I also exploded and pumped my discharge into the fancy bedspread, thrusting my cock into the material.

We both slowly subsided and lay there gasping for breath.



Mum just lay there flat on her back not moving. Her legs were parted a little and her arms lay at her sides. She had her eyes almost closed and was breathing in fast shallow pants. I moved up and lay beside her and kissed her gently, first on her lips and then her eyes and all over her face while gently petting her body at the same time. I was a bit worried that she might have had a fit or something and I did not what I should be doing.

Slowly she relaxed and her breathing slowed and she returned to reality. She reached out her hand and caressed my face. She smiled and looked deeply into my eyes. I could see the love there and it made feel warm and tingly all over.

“That was by far and away the greatest thing that has ever happened to me. No-one has ever done anything like that to me before.” She said quietly, “I don’t know how you can bear to put your mouth down there. It must taste all yucky and horrible! God! It felt so wonderful, though.”

“I enjoyed it and you tasted great.” I replied, “Haven’t you ever tasted yourself? Surely you must have.”

“ Don’t be silly – why would I taste it down there. I thought it would be awful.”

I sat up, bent down and pushed my face into her groin and licked and rubbed my face all over her cunt. I then thrust a couple of fingers inside her and worked them all around. I returned to her face and leant over and kissed her deeply.

“Now lick my face and suck on my fingers,” I ordered, “And you will know what you taste like.”

She did as I asked and decided that it was not too bad.

“I still don’t know how you can bear to do it, but I’d love it if you would think about doing it again sometime,” she said, looking a bit embarrassed. “Did you manage to have an orgasm or was it just me. I’ll rub your cock for you if you want.”

Strangely I didn’t have an erection at the moment and was enjoying just lying there sharing affection with my lovely mother, I wasn’t even thinking about having more sex with her straight away. I was falling deeply and passionately in love with her and would do anything that she asked.

“No, I’m ok,” I replied, “But I don’t know about your bedspread as I squirted all over it. And to answer your question, I’ll lick and suck your pussy anytime you want. I really love the taste and smell of you down there.”

“Thanks. I really do love you, pet,” Mum said, “I suppose we had better get up and have some lunch. What do you want to eat?”

“I don’t think I could eat another thing,” I joked, “And even steak won’t taste as good as you. I could die for coffee though.”

Mum giggled and sat up. She opened a dresser drawer and retrieved a large baggy



tee shirt. She lent forward and asked me to undo her suspender belt. I obliged and she unfastened her suspenders from her stocking tops and removed the belt. She then lifted each leg in turn and slid her stockings off – I was starting to get excited again, watching this display. She dropped the belt and stockings beside the bed and slipped the tee shirt over her head. She stood up and the material draped her body to just below her bum. Her cunt was just hidden and no more, and I expected her to get fresh panties and put them on, however, she just headed for the door dressed as she was.

“I’ll make coffee and a couple of sandwiches,” she advised over her shoulder as she went out the door.

I lay there in the sunshine thinking about what was happening to me and how great it all was. I was dying to boast to someone, anyone, and to tell them all about it and how marvellous it all was but I realised that I could never tell anyone. I finally came back to reality and got up, picked up my discarded clothing and went into my own room where I pulled on a pair of shorts not bothering about underwear. I went to the bathroom and splashed my face and rinsed out my mouth with Listerine and went downstairs to the kitchen.

Mum was bustling around looking highly arousing with all her legs bare and on show and with the sun shining through her tee shirt and silhouetting the rest of her trim little body. Every time she stretched up her shirt rose and flashed a large portion of her cheeks and when she bent over her bum spread open a little framing the pouting lips of her cunt and giving me a glimpse of her small, brown coloured and puckered anus. It was really turning me on and I am sure she was aware of the effect she was having on me. She seemed to be getting stuff from the lower drawers and cupboards that I knew she did not need and she was glancing often at the large bulge in the front of my shorts.

Finally she placed a mug of coffee in front of me where I sat at the end of the table and she set another mug for herself at the side and put a plate of sandwiches between us. She sat sideways to the table facing me and sipped from her mug. We had not spoken since I came down and words did not seem necessary. We both reached for a sandwich at the same time and our hands met over the plate. For a few seconds we maintained hand contact and looked into each other’s eyes, I felt that she was starting to love me in a new way – not just as a mother but now more as her lover. Finally we both got our food and she sat back and bit into it, at the same time lifting one of her feet and placing it on the chair rung. This exposed her pussy even more and as she chewed she looked down at the front of my shorts.

Her legs spread apart slowly and I could tell that once again she was getting turned on. Her inner lips were starting to display and her whole cunt area was looking damp and her nipples were standing out through the front of her tee shirt. I reached down and freed my penis from its confines and let it stick out from the leg of my shorts. Mum’s legs spread even further and the pink inner lips became more visible.

After finishing a couple of sandwiches and drinking most of my coffee, I said,



“I suppose I had better go and get on with my jobs.”

The look of disappointment of her face made my wee joke seem even funnier than it actually was and I quickly reassured her,

“I was only joking – I couldn’t do anything with this sticking out my front anyway. Why don’t you come and sit on my lap and we’ll see if we can’t get rid of it.”

Mum put her mug down and quickly came over and with one leg on each side of mine settled down on my knees, facing me. She wrapped her arms around my head and pulled my face to hers and locked her open mouth to mine, prodding frantically at my open mouth with her tongue.

I reached around and cupped a bum cheek in each hand and pulled her hard against me, feeling her breasts flatten against my chest and her nipples bore into me. I slowly moved my hands lower while maintaining the pressure and eventually could work on her arsehole with my fingers. I could feel the moisture from her pussy dampening the front of my shorts and I stood up and took her weight with one hand using the other to push my shorts down. This was not as easy as my erect member was still poking out the leg hole and had to be worked free before they fell to the floor around my ankles and I could sit back down.

Mum pulled back a bit and gasped for breath and then asked,

“Do you think we can do it here or do you want to move somewhere else?”

“We’ll try here and see what happens. I’ll lift you up a bit – can you put it in?”

Suiting my words with actions I lifted her up a little and she reached around and down and grasped my cock, squeezing it and rubbing her hands up and down the shaft.

“Don’t do that – you’ll finish it before we get started,” I groaned.

She let her hand slide back up and squeezed the head of my cock which caused me to yelp a little as it was so tender and touchy. Finally she moved it to her opening and I lowered her, impaling her and making her gasp. She settled right down pressing our pubic areas hard into one another and we sat there unmoving, making passionate love with our tongues. I could feel the walls of her pussy squeezing my penis and I was happy just to sit there and savour our closeness and growing intimacy. I couldn’t believe that we would eventually have to stop when Dad and Wendy came home.

Finally Mum began to move gently, humping up and down a little and slowly building up the excitement. I was still fondling her buttocks and rubbing my hands all over them and occasionally prodding at her anus, which she seemed to enjoy. I found it incredible that Dad had not enjoyed all this with Mum and felt quite sorry for his having missed out. She soon started to raise herself up and down harder and faster as our excitement grew. The moisture began to flow in increasing amounts and the smell of our coupling was becoming stronger. The violence of our movements soon started to cause me much pain as the hard wooden chair was



digging in to my back and bum.

“Stop for a minute!” I begged, “We’ll have to move as this is killing me!”

Mum paused in her movements and I stood up without taking my cock from her and I laid her back onto the table, dragging her bum right to the edge. It was now me making the thrusts and since I was standing I was able to ram myself home strongly. As this was tending to move her up the table she grabbed the edges and desperately tried to hold herself in place. She wrapped her legs around my back and rode out the violence of my fucking without protest, she seemed to enjoy the hard ramming home of my cock and was panting and rolling her head from side to side. I grasped a breast in each hand and squeezed them firmly in time with my thrusts. This bit of pain seemed to be to her liking and when I finally erupted and ejected my cum into her, she orgasmed at the same time.

When it was all over Mum lay back and I slumped exhausted on top of her. When we had both regained our breath I stood up and moved slightly back from her and looked down at her – she was lying flat and totally relaxed, her nipples were still firm and her breasts were still gently heaving. She had not closed her legs and as they were still some distance apart I could see that a mixture of our fluids was slowly leaking from her cunt and pooling on the table. Eventually she sat up and looking down between her legs, she blushed and said,

“God! Look at the state of me. I’m going to grab a shower and its getting late so we had better get on with the chores. I’ll give you a hand if you want or I could cook us a really good meal and we could pretend there’s only us two. We could try to forget Dad and Wendy exist and you could woo me and see where it leads to?”

I agreed eagerly and reached for my shorts as Mum climbed down from the table and headed off upstairs cupping her hand over her cunt to prevent herself dripping everywhere.

I pulled my shorts on and went up to my room to grab a shirt and as I was heading back out I looked in to the bathroom where Mum was just stepping in to the shower.

“Like me to wash your back?” I asked.

She looked over her bare shoulder, smiled and beckoned me in and held out a soapy sponge.

“I’d love that,” she said, “But that’s all your doing for now. We still have to keep the farm operating and all the animals need feeding.”

I pulled my shirt back off and moved to the door of the shower and reached in and turned down the water until it was just trickling softly on to Mum’s lovely body. I lifted the sponge to the back of her neck and proceeded to wash and caress her with it and as I did this I massaged and squeezed her bum and upper thighs with my other hand. I worked my way down her body with the sponge and as I did so



Mum slowly leant forward and rested her forehead against the wall of the shower, helping support herself by clinging with both hands to the shower nozzle.

I washed and wiped my way down her back to her buttocks and I gently washed each cheek as sensuously as I could. I asked her to poke her butt out so I could get at it easier and she did as I asked. I pushed the sponge into her arse crack and worked it down over her anus and onto her cunt. I rubbed her anus firmly in passing, pushing the sponge a little way inside her, and then I washed between the lips of her pussy very carefully and did my best to penetrate right up inside her cunt. Mum had her feet spread apart and was bearing down on my probing fingers and was writhing sexily against the pressure of my hand.

Finally she pulled away and grabbed the sponge back from me.

“Get away to your chores,” she ordered, “You can really get me going when you want, can’t you? We’ll never get anything done if you don’t go now.”

I smiled at her and pulled my shirt back on and left to feed animals and clean out the horse stalls. I had a couple of hour’s hard work ahead of me but I was looking forward to a nice meal and my date with my Mother.

Later,

“You’ve finished it all, already?” mum greeted me, “Dinner will be served in about 40 minutes, so, if Sir would like to shower and change ready for an excellent evening I will finalise the preparations and call Sir when all is ready.”

I headed upstairs to the shower eager to take part in Mum’s little fantasy. I took the rose that I had picked from the garden from under my shirt and laid it on my dressing table and stripped off and headed for a shower and shave. I splashed deodorant and aftershave on after I finished in the bathroom and climbed into a set of my best clothes – light grey slacks, white shirt, dark red tie and a blue sports jacket. Slip-on black loafers completed my ensemble and I thought I looked pretty sharp as I sat on the edge of my bed and waited for Mum’s call.

When she summoned me I picked up the rose and headed down stairs and into the front room. There was a nice fire blazing and there were no lights on, just 4 or 5 candles spluttering in candelabra. The table was set for two with Mum’s very best linen, silver and china. Her best wine glasses were also set out and the room looked cosy and intimate and I found myself with an anticipatory buzz – who would know where all this could lead to? I turned on the radiogram and found some easy listening mood music and turned the volume down till it was just audible in the background. I stood with my back to the fire and waited for Mum to come in – I felt like someone in a movie.

The door finally opened and Mum came in. She also had dressed up for our date and was wearing a short black evening dress with a white wrap. She had on black stockings and was wearing moderately heeled shoes that set off her legs perfectly. She looked absolutely adorable and totally delicious. My penis jerked in my pants as I looked her over and my mouth went dry.



“Good evening, Greg,” she said, “How nice of you to invite me out for the evening.”

“Good evening, Debbie,” I replied, “Your looking particularly delectable tonight. Good enough to eat in fact!”

She blushed prettily and came over and kissed me gently on the lips.

“This is for you, pretty lady,” I said holding out the rose, “I’ll pin it onto your dress if you will let me.”

“Thank you, Kind Sir, would you like a drink before dinner?”

After pinning on the rose without taking any liberties I poured a couple of gin and tonics and we sat down in front of the fire. I knew to be careful not to drink too much since I was only nearly 15 and would easily become incapable. We sat and chatted for about ½ an hour and then Debbie served us dinner and what a great and grand meal it was. How she had done all the preparation in only a couple of hours I couldn’t work out but it was just like I imagined a fancy restaurant would be like. We drank most of a bottle of wine with the meal and we finally moved back to the sofa with the last of it in our glasses.

“Thank you for a wonderful meal, Debbie,”

I leant forward and kissed her cheek in thanks. She put her glass down and put her arms around me and proceeded to kiss me properly. She sat back and took my glass from my hand and put it aside saying,

“We don’t want you incapacitated on our last night and I really enjoyed spoiling you after what you did for me this morning. You more than earned it and I really am grateful to you. I can still feel what you did to me.”

She pulled me back to her and we went back to kissing. We were both slobbering all over each other and our tongues were thrusting as far into each other’s mouth as we could manage. Both of us were massaging the other’s back, and when we finally came up for air my head was spinning and I was getting really wound up.

“Would you dance with me, Darling,” she begged and I stood up reluctantly. I had a raging erection and a major problem.

“I can’t dance.” I replied sadly

“Just put your arms around me and follow me. I’ll lead and soon show you what to do. Its not hard – well the dancing’s not anyway.” She giggled.

Mum tuned in a good music station and turned the volume up and shimmered seductively up to me.

“Please. Pleaseeee.”



I reluctantly reached out and grasped her tentatively. She giggled and pulled me to her and put her arms around my neck while encouraging me to wrap mine around her back. She moved backwards pulling me after her and got me following her steps. Soon we were moving back and forth in time to the music – we were actually dancing.

She pulled me as close to her as she could and pushed her face into the side of my neck where she softly kissed and licked all she could reach. My cock was as stiff as a poker and was pushing hard against her soft little tummy but she didn't seem to mind and I certainly was enjoying myself. After a while I slid my hands lower and lower down her back and I was eventually cupping one cheek in each hand and even through the layers of clothing her bum still felt wonderful - firm and just the right size for my hands. I pressed her buttocks firmly together and pulled her harder against my cock.

I let my hands move still lower and reached the bottom of her dress. I worked the skirt up until I was able to slide my hands down under the top of her panties. Her buttocks felt even better without the clothing covering them and I continued squeezing them with my fingers thrust into the crack between her cheeks. I could feel the tips of my forefingers probing at the entrance of her tight little anus. Her breasts were pressed into my chest and I could feel her nipples right through the clothing we were both wearing. She stopped working on my neck and plastered herself onto my face. We continued like this for a little and then without a word we moved to the couch after putting out the candles.

The only light left in the room was the flickering firelight and it was cosy and intimate feeling. I removed my hand from her nickers and we sank into the sofa and resumed our embrace. I worked Mum's dress up around her waist and then paused to check her out. Tonight she had on black stockings and suspender belt and small white lacy panties. There was a decidedly wet spot right over her cunt lips and the panties were sort of see through. Mum's pubic hair showed clearly through the cloth. She had her legs spread apart and I reached down and cupped her pubes in my hand and squeezed softly pressing down with my fingers. She groaned and pushed herself back against my hand.

I pulled away from her and dropped to my knees between her legs and lifted one of her thighs over each my shoulders and, leaning forward, I bit her pussy through her panties. I then tried to push the cloth inside her with my tongue. She was slowly flushing and turning red out of her dress top and was up her throat towards her face and head, and she was already gasping for breath. I reached for the band of her nickers and pulled them down and off, replaced her legs on my shoulders and I then bent back down and went to work on her cunt again. Mum was lying back with her head resting on the back of the sofa and she had her hands down the top of her dress and was rubbing furiously at her breasts. She was gasping loudly and was soon squealing and jerking in the throes of another orgasm.

When she stopped I got up off my knees and sat beside her with my arm around her and hugged her close while she calmed down. My cock was still painfully erect and confined in my trousers. I would have to do something about it and I was hoping to spend another night fucking with mum in her bed. She eventually sat up



and looked at me with a loving expression and asked,

“What about you? Would you like me to try to get you off with my mouth? I’ve never done it before and I’ve always wanted to try it but your father thought it was nasty.”

I couldn’t agree fast enough and I bolted to my feet and dropped my trousers and underwear. Mum stood, removed her dress and then dropped to her knees in front of me now that I was re-seated on the couch. We must have made an unusual sight, me in a jacket, collar and tie and naked from the waist down and mother in bra, stockings and a suspender belt. We both still had our shoes on as well.

I leant back on the sofa and thrust my groin forward so as my cock was standing proud. Mum took it in her hands and bent forward and licked it.

“Tell me if I’m doing it wrong or hurting you.” she gasped and dropped her head back down.

She lapped furiously and cupped my balls in one hand and squeezed them gently. I couldn’t see what was happening as her hair had formed a curtain over all of my lower parts, but it sure felt great. I could feel the fluid leaking from my penis and when mum’s tongue licked it off I nearly screamed because it was so touchy. After lapping away furiously and dribbling saliva all over my cock Mum finally opened her mouth and slid it over the head of my cock. Shit! This was even better than fucking and I didn’t think anything could beat that. She could only get a bit of it in but what with her sucking furiously and licking away at the head I soon felt the pressure building and realised I would soon be spouting.

“Quick, Mum, Let go. I’m about to come.” I warned her.

She started to pull her head away but she was not quite quick enough. Her mouth was still wide open and close to the head of my cock when the first spurt jetted out. It went into her mouth before she could close it and she swallowed involuntarily, the rest of my cum spurting all over her face and dripping down onto her chest and bra.

“God! I’m sorry Mum. I tried to warn you but it came that quickly.”

“You don’t need to apologise after what you did for me and anyway it tastes not too bad. It’s sort of bland and tasteless and I didn’t mind. If we do it again I think I could swallow it all without too much bother.”

She wiped the cum from her breasts with her fingers and then licked them clean. I bent over and licked her face clean, the thought of tasting my own cum did not repel me as it had done in the past when I masturbated, and she was right, there was not much taste.

Mum stood and stretched her hand out to me, saying,

“Come on, let’s get an early night. You’ve got school tomorrow and your sister will



be home tomorrow night. Maybe you'll get enough strength back to be able to make love to me again later."

I followed her off to bed noting that we were now 'making love' not just 'fucking.' Where was this all leading to and where did I stand when Dad returned.

As I climbed the stairs close behind Mum I was subjected to the very erotic sight of her taut little buttocks working away at my eye level. Finally it got too much for me and I reached around her with one arm and stopped her by grasping her little tummy in my hand.

"I can't stand it,' I exclaimed, "This shouldn't be allowed. Stay there and lean right forward."

Mum bent over and rested her head on the next step up and looked at me, through her spread legs with a smirk on her face. She had obviously known what effect the sight of her bare bum, framed by her black stockings and suspender belt, would have on me. She raised her eyebrows (upside down, of course) as if to say 'what now' and I stepped back down one step maintaining my grasp of her sexy little belly. The sight of her spread cheeks exposing her puckered little anus and pouting cunt lips finally enticed me to lean down and press my mouth to her at the base of her spine. I extended my tongue and licked my way down her split till I got to her anus where I thrust as far into her as I could get. I licked and tongued her arsehole and her thighs started to tremble. I let go of her tummy and spread her cunt lips apart with both my hands making her pink inner lips available to my exploring tongue that had now moved down to lick furiously at them.

Mum was no longer smirking and was breathing in fast shallow pants and seemed to be having trouble keeping her balance. I finally stopped licking and slurping up her juices that were again flowing copiously and moved back up a step and without pause I slammed my cock in. Luckily I was holding firmly on to her hips as I think she would have collapsed with the sudden rush she got from my surprise invasion. I rammed in and out as hard as I could a couple of times and then pulled my cock from her and pulling her to her upright said,

"That should answer your question as to whether we will be able to make love later. I think I might be able to manage"

"How could you stop? That felt so wonderful – God, you've got me right where you want me, haven't you? You can get me to do anything!" she panted out, standing there still trembling.

This time it was me that was smirking, however I was not sure I could stop myself getting stuck back in so I encouraged her to her bedroom and left her at the door and went into my own room. I hung my jacket back up and dropped my shirt in the hamper when I brushed my teeth and applied more de-odorant. I returned to Mums room where I discovered she was in her bathroom with the door closed. I turned off the main light, flicked on the bedside lamp removed the duvet and climbed into bed under just a sheet and waited.



Eventually the door opened and Mum stood framed in the doorway. She had redone her hair and applied a little make-up. She was wearing a very silky see-through nightgown that fell to mid thigh. The bathroom light behind her showed off her figure to its absolute best. It showed me that it was much sexier being covered by the right clothing than being completely naked. Mum was not a particularly tall woman, only about 5 foot 4 and she weighed a tad over seven stone. Her breasts were 32” and were tipped with small pink/brown nipples – and, while they weren’t very large they were firm and sort of tilted upwards. As I said, she had a bit of a tummy but this was small and added to her sexual appeal. Her legs were nicely shaped and when wearing high heels as she was now they were probably her best attribute along with her firm little butt. This was all on display for my benefit and it got my undivided attention and approval – my cock snapped erect and lifted the sheet up at my groin.

Mum looked at the swelling and asked,

“You obviously approve? I thought I might get your attention – that’ll fix you for teasing me on the stairs,” she smiled and went on, “ I know it’s not fair on your Dad but I feel just like a new woman and am really looking forward to having more sex with you.”

“ I don’t normally have relations after only one date but since I fancy you so much I’ll make an exception this time.” She went on, switching moods and obviously wanting to carry her fantasy on and I was happy to play along.

“You look absolutely wonderful, Debbie,” I said, and staying in character went on, “I am falling completely in love with you and I want to spend my whole life licking, sucking and fucking with you. Making you happy and satisfied would make my life complete.” To my surprise I realised that I actually did feel this.

She blushed and looked pleased at my words and came to the bed. Stepping out of her shoes she lifted the sheet and slipped in beside me, settling down with her face on the pillow close to mine. I reached out and pulled her closer, and, cuddling her to me, I pressed my cock firmly against her tummy. She looked pleased at my obvious excitement and wrapped her arms around me and kissed me deeply. I rubbed her back through her silky nightie and lay there quite content in being so close to my lovely mother – she smelt wonderful and I caught the faint odour of her arousal over the scent that she was wearing – she was as excited and turned on as me! I slid my hands down her back and finished up doing my favourite thing – playing with her arse. I squeezed her cheeks together through the material and pulled her harder to me, thrusting my tongue deep into her mouth at the same time. Mum lifted one thigh over mine and ground her cunt into me and proceeded to rub up and down on my bare skin. The slippery material of her nightie helped her to move freely and I soon felt the heat and moisture from her pussy seeping through it onto my leg.

“Greg, my lover, would you put your mouth back down there?” she whispered in my ear and blushed prettily, looking away, not wanting to meet my gaze.

“I hoped you might ask that.” I replied, “ I love eating you and if I could do anything



in the world that I wanted, it would be that. We could both lick each other if you were to face the other way and kneel with your pretty little pussy over my face.”

“Do you want me to take this off?” she asked, sitting up and throwing the sheet clear.

“No Debbie, leave it on, it makes you look even more sexy than usual and I absolutely love seeing you wearing it.”

Mum moved to the top of the bed and facing my feet she swung one leg over my chest and knelt facing my cock. Her nightie dropped down covering me to below my waist and when I shifted it clear of my face I could look down the tunnel it made and see Mum’s pretty face framed between her two breasts, which were dangling down. Closer to my face her cunt was gaping open and was leaking moisture that was dripping on to me. Her pink inner lips were spread and open and the little nubbin at the top of her cunt lips seemed to be larger than I’d seen it before – obviously the whole scene had her turned on even more than our previous escapades. I watched her licking her lips with the tip of her tongue as she gazed at my cock directly below her face. When I arched myself off the bed, causing my penis to stand up straighter and point at her mouth, Mum stuck her tongue right out and lowered her face and licked the fluid oozing out of the end of it – I am really touchy there and her action caused me to groan out loud. My approval encouraged her and she greedily opened her mouth and sucked in the head and a part of the shaft of my penis. She licked and teased with her tongue as she sucked and I loved every little bit of it. I lifted my head and pushed my tongue out and pressing hard I ran my tongue right over her exposed lips and up to her arsehole.

Mum mumbled her approval round her mouthful and her body sank down till she was lying on top of me with her breasts pressing into my lower stomach. I brought one hand up and rubbed at her nubbin and worked a couple of fingers into her cunt and massaged her firmly. As I was working at her cunt I licked and prodded at her anus with my tongue. Her lubricating fluids were running out of her in copious amounts and I was getting quite wet. Mum kept sucking and licking on my cock and she was pressing her fingers into my arsehole but she soon released my cock and thrust herself up from me with both arms extended and threw her head back as she started to orgasm, crying out loudly and grinding into my face.

I pulled away from her cunt and rolled her onto her back while she was still coming, crying and shaking and trying to pull me back to her. I quickly changed ends and flicked her nightie back and rammed my cock as hard into her sopping cunt as I could. If anything this increased the strength of her orgasm and she continued shaking and crying out as I thrust in and out as deeply as I could. She was still in the throes of her orgasm when I reached my own peak after about 6 or 7 strokes. When she felt me pumping my discharge into her she clamped down on my cock and squeezed it with her pussy and this increased the sensations I was getting and it seemed that her cunt was actually sucking the juices out of me. When I was finished spouting I rolled off her and leant over to kiss her. To my surprise Mum was out cold and this frightened me but I decided to wait and see what happened.

After a few minutes her eyes opened and she shook her head, as if she was dizzy,



and looked at me, smiled tentatively and said,

“What are you trying to do to me? I thought I was going to die, the sensations were so intense. When you rammed your cock into me I thought I would pass out with the feelings that it caused. What am I going to do without you?”

Mum leant over and kissed me and gave me a hug, saying,

“I don’t think I could stand being aroused again tonight and another orgasm like the last might finish me off, so we should go to sleep now. Thank you for that last experience – I can’t imagine anything that could possibly top that. You’ve learnt a lot in 2 days and nights – I think you must have been born to it or are all young men as horny and capable as you?” She kissed me again and then turned on her side with her back to me and after pulling her nightie back into place, she settled down to sleep.

I wrapped one arm over her and cupped her breast in my hand and lay there thinking about all that had happened since Friday evening’s swim. I decided that the best part was licking and chewing Mum’s cunt for the first time as this gave her so much pleasure and it was something that I really loved doing. I finally went to sleep with my face pressed into mum’s neck and shoulder, wondering what Monday would bring.

When I woke Mum was already up and singing in the shower. A glance at the bedside clock indicated that I needed to get moving or I would miss the bus to school. I crawled out of bed and headed for the shower in the main bathroom and had a much needed clean up. By the time I was dressed and downstairs ready for another day at the mill, Mum had breakfast almost ready. She was singing happily to herself as she puttered around and it had been a long time since I had seen her in this mood. She was wearing the same tee shirt as yesterday and I was sure that she was naked under it but, sadly, I decided that I couldn’t start anything, as I wouldn’t have time to finish it.

I sat at the table and Mum placed a plate of food and a mug of coffee in front of me and stood at my side fondling my neck and shoulders as I started in on it. After a couple of bites and a mouthful of coffee I thought ‘what the hell?’ and let one hand fall and grasped her thigh. I slid my hand up her leg and cupped her pussy in my palm. I squeezed firmly and watched Mum’s reaction from the corner of my eye, as I continued eating. She scrunched her face up and gripped my shoulder hard. I released my hold on her cunt and reached round behind her and pushed between her legs back on to her pussy. Spreading my fingers wide, I inserted the middle two between her lips and thrust hard into her, trying as if to lift her off her feet with the rest of my hand cupping her. This action forced her arse cheeks to spread and straddle my forearm – I could feel her anus pressing on the inside of my wrist and she was moving back and forward against the pressure I was exerting. Her cunt was getting hot and wet as she got more aroused.

I gulped down the rest of the coffee, pushed the plate and the rest of the food away and stood up, swinging Mum around in front of me facing the table, and, without removing my hand from between her legs, I lifted her up and on to it. I finally



removed my hand and grasped her by the hips and lifted her into a kneeling position with her face still pressed down against the surface of the table. In this position she was spread wide open and it was easy to tell how aroused she was by the strong smell wafting from her cunt and by the amount of fluid she was leaking. I would have liked to fuck her in this position but decided reluctantly that it would take too long to get cleaned up again and so contented myself with thrusting my face between her spread cheeks and licking and chewing on her arsehole and cunt. She was soon grunting and shaking and when I pushed my tongue into her anus she reached her orgasm and slowly subsided onto the table.

“You cant know just how much I love get my cunt and arsehole licked like that,” she said, “ I don’t think I’ll be able to go with out it and I don’t know what I’ll do when your Dad’s home.”

I noted that it was ‘your Dad’ now rather than just ‘Dad’ as before and I wondered at her possible change of feelings towards him.

“Now, what about you – have you time for a quick fuck or should I suck you?”

“I haven’t time for a fuck and I don’t want you doing anything you don’t really want to.” I replied, “I’ll be ok”

“Don’t be silly,” she said climbing down from the table and dropping to her knees in front of me. “Come here, you lovely man.”

Apparently my status had altered to manhood and I stood there proudly as she unbuckled my jeans, slid the fly open and pushed them, together with my jockeys, down to my knees. My penis thrust proudly out from below my tee shirt and Mum leant forward and, grasping the base in one hand and cupping my balls with her other she sucked part of it into her mouth. Mum was getting better at this and she managed to get a lot more of my cock into her mouth without gagging, than before, and her sucking and licking soon had me trembling and ready to cum. She removed her hand from my shaft and reaching under her other hand, that was still cupping my balls, she forced her finger deep into my tightly clenched arsehole while squeezing my balls firmly. Instant ejaculation! Mum managed to hold the first couple of squirts in her mouth but she then pulled her face back and the rest of my cum jetted out to land high on her face and then slowly ooze towards her chin. My legs nearly gave out and Mum wrapped her arms around my bum and pulled me to her, with her face now pressed into my stomach until I stopped trembling and was able to stand unaided.

Mum pulled up my underpants and settled my cock and balls comfortably into place and then she replaced my jeans and refastened them. She stuck out her tongue and lapped all the cum from her face that she could reach and massaged the rest into her skin. She climbed to her feet and wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me deeply, holding the kiss for quite a time. She finally released me and pointed me towards the door saying,

“I hope that was as good for you as it was for me. Make the best of it, as there will be no more till Wendy goes away again next Friday. Now go! Or you will miss the



bus.”

I headed off feeling satisfied and while I was a bit dismayed that I wouldn't get any more sex till next weekend, I was relieved that it appeared that my sex life with my Mother was not over.

School went as school normally did and I said hi to Wendy at the lunch break and met her again as we waited on the bus. Most of the students lived locally or arrived on school buses but unfortunately we lived on a route with few students and we actually travelled in a small van type passenger/freight run vehicle. This was normally great as most of the time the bus was not very full and we travelled in relative comfort

But occasionally there were lots of passengers and parcels and there was a shortage of room and another disadvantage was that timetables were a bit flexible.

When it arrived, a bit late, the bus was full and it looked as if one of us would have to stand as the only remaining seat was a single right at the back opposite the parcel bay. We climbed on board and squeezed down to the rear seat, it usually being the last one filled because of the bumpy ride back there. I played the gentleman and offered Wendy the seat and said that I would stand.

“No, you sit down,” she ordered, “and I'll sit on your knee. That is if you don't mind.”

Of course I didn't mind, as the thought of half an hour of hanging on to a strap didn't thrill me, so I sat and Wendy turned and eased herself onto my lap. We set off and the bumpy ride and the feel of Wendy's bum pressing on me caused a natural reaction and I began to get a hard-on. Wendy obviously felt my cock pressing into her and shifted around a little, blushing slightly. This didn't help and I grew even firmer. Wendy turned her head and glared at me without actually saying anything, but mouthing 'Stop That!'

I put my lips close to her ear and whispered,

“I'm sorry but I can't help it. The feel of your bum would put life in a corpse. It's making me real uncomfortable – can you lift up a bit so as I can fix myself up?”

Wendy partly stood up and I shifted my penis to a more comfortable position and indicated that she should resume her seat. We finally reached our stop, hiked up the drive and went inside to be greeted by the smell of hot soup. Mum kissed and hugged Wendy, welcoming her home and explained about Dad's non-coming home. I had forgotten about this and had not warned Wendy so the news upset her a bit as she was close to her father. Mum eventually released Wendy and asked if we wanted a mug of hot soup before starting our chores.

“Sure, and why are you playing favourites? Why no hug and kiss for me?” I retorted.

She gave me a quick peck and a hug and put a mug of soup at the end of the table for me and at the side for Wendy. We both sat and Mum took her mug around to



the other side and sat, slightly facing me. On being asked, Wendy told us all about her Weekend and as she rambled on we all sipped at our soup. Lowering her free hand to her lap Mum proceeded to slowly drag her dress up until her thighs were totally exposed. Looking at me over the top of her mug she deliberately lifted both feet and hooked her heels over the chair rung, spreading her knees wide. From where she sat Wendy could see nothing of this and it would have appeared that Mum was just sitting with her hand on her lap. She certainly didn't observe Mum push three fingers into herself and thrust them slowly in and out. Finally she stopped, having totally aroused me as she intended, and pulled her fingers out and lowered her legs and put her dress in order.

She then changed hands on her mug and as she lifted it to her mouth she surreptitiously licked her fingers and smiled wickedly at me knowing exactly what she was causing in me.

Wendy finally finished rabbiting on and stood up, saying she was going to change and start on her chores. I had to remain seated till she was out of sight and when she heard Wendy going upstairs, Mum came over and gave me a deep French kiss before pulling away and holding her fingers under my nose.

"I guess we're square for the stairs yesterday," she smirked, "Don't worry, its not all that long 'til Friday night."

I left to carry out my work and the next couple of days went by uneventfully, without me getting so much as a hint of sex from Mum and I was getting really horny and looking forward to Friday night.

On Thursday morning we walked together down the drive to await the bus. After standing there for a while Wendy started shifting from foot to foot and looking uncomfortable and worried.

"Damn!" she exclaimed, "I wonder how long the bus will be?"

"What's wrong?"

"I thought we were late and that I didn't have time for the toilet but now I won't be able to last till school. Do you think I'd have time to get to the house and back?"

"Not a chance. You will have to go here. We'll hear the bus coming long before it gets here."

"I suppose I've got no choice. I'll go behind those bushes. DON'T YOU DARE LOOK!" she said walking around behind some bushes that came up to just slightly above waist height. I watched her fumble at her waist, obviously undoing her jeans, and then she leant forward and pushed them down her legs and then crouched down.

'Why not?' I grinned to myself, and pulling my handkerchief from my pocket I walked around the bushes scoring a quick glimpse as she tried to turn from my view.



“I thought you might like my hankie to wipe yourself dry with,” I said, ogling her bare legs and thighs, and holding it out to her.

“Get away you beast!” she yelled, and when she saw that I had no intention of leaving, she stood, trying to pull her jeans and panties up at the same time. Fortunately, they jammed at her knees and she finished up standing, bare from her waist to her knees. Her pubic hair was darker and denser than Mum’s, her tummy was flatter but I couldn’t compare her pussy lips because of her thick bush. After she failed to get her pants up she just stood there grasping them at lower thigh level and snarled at me,

“Getting a good look, you pervert? I am your sister you know and you shouldn’t be doing this! Since you offered, give me your hankie and piss off.”

I smirked at her and passed it over, returning back round the bushes where she eventually joined me, thrusting my handkerchief back at me. The bus finally arrived, late again, but with a double seat available for us. Wendy totally ignored me and wouldn’t speak all the way to school and, just before we arrived, thinking of what Mum had said, I dragged out my handkerchief and, pushing it into my mouth, I chewed on it eagerly. Wendy went scarlet and turned away from me. I leant over to her and whispered in her ear,

“You taste great! I’d love to lick and kiss your pretty little pussy till you were squealing with excitement.”

Her face and neck turned even redder and she didn’t say anything but just stood up to get ready to get off the bus. What the hell, might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb, so I checked quickly to make sure that no-one could see and slipped my hand under her bum and gave her a quick grope, To my surprise she just ignored me and stalked off the bus with her head high and looking straight ahead. ‘I’ve done it this time,’ I thought.

On the way home Wendy pointedly sat in a separate seat from me and ignored me, not acknowledging my existence in any way, and I thought that there would be the Devil to pay when she told Mum of my actions. I followed her inside and Mum greeted us with our usual mug of soup and I sat and drank it nervously waiting for Wendy to drop the axe on me, but nothing happened. Mum and Wendy discussed our evening meal and I remembered that they usually swapped roles on Thursday nights, with Wendy cooking and Mum cleaning out the horse stalls in the barn – something to do with the ‘Home Economics’ class at school. I finished my soup and went up, changed and started in on my duties.

After about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour I was finished and I snuck over to the barn and crept through the door, pulling it closed and quietly slipping the bar into place. I snuck silently up the barn and found Mum spreading fresh straw in one of the stalls and I jumped forward and wrapping her in my arms and fell face down with me lying on top of her back. I roughed her up, groping her all over and nipping and licking at the back of her neck. Mum was giggling and struggling, not too strenuously, to get free. She was obviously enjoying the attention, however, when I started to get



serious and rolled her onto her back she allowed me to kiss her and fondle her breasts but stopped me from going any further.

“No! We mustn’t! Wendy might come in and we can’t risk that happening.”

“I barred the door,” I replied pulling the boot from her foot. She tried to prevent me getting the other one off but I managed and reached for the fastening on her jeans. After a struggle I got it undone and her zip open, however she still wouldn’t let me slide them down, so I grabbed the bottom of her pant-legs and stood up and tried to drag them off. She clung desperately to the waist of her jeans and, when, I pulled more determinedly she finished up resting on her shoulders with rest of her body suspended in the air. Her tee shirt slid down towards her head and exposed most of her breasts covered by a sexy little bra. Slowly I was winning and her pants slipped down exposing first her navel, then her pouty little tummy and then her pubic hair slowly started to appear. The whole scene was turning me on and I thought it was probably causing the same reaction in Mum. This was confirmed when the jeans slid even lower and her cunt was revealed being obviously wet and open. At this point Mum released her hold and her pants suddenly slid right off causing me to stumble back and nearly fall. This tickled her and, laughing, she pulled her knees up and spread them saying,

“Well if you’re determined to fuck me you’d better get on with it. Come on stud, stick it in there.” And she spread her lips open with her fingers.

I wasn’t sure what fantasy she was playing out this time, but I was more than happy to play along and I yanked my shorts down, dropped on top of Mum and in one motion shoved my cock into her. She drove back at me and we fucked – we didn’t make love or even have sex – we just fucked. We never kissed, fondled each other or even spoke, just thrust furiously at each other until we came, violently.

“I was ready for that and you caught my mood exactly. Now we had better get back to the house before Wendy comes looking for us for.”

She rolled over and kissed me passionately and then got to her feet and pulled up her jeans, seemingly ignoring the juices that were running out of her cunt. She pulled a hankie from her pocket and pushed it between her pussy lips before zipping her pants and we set out for the house.

When we walked through the back door we were greeted by a mouth-watering odour. It seemed that going by the smell we were to dine well tonight, unlike some previous undistinguished efforts. After a quick splash in the washhouse, a Chinese style stir-fry was awaiting our attention and it was as delicious as it promised.

When we had finished Mum arose, after having told us that she was away to play cards for the evening and for us not to wait up as she was would be late, and headed upstairs to get ready. I offered to help with the cleaning up before I went upstairs to do my homework. To my great surprise Wendy replied,

“No, I’ll be ok. You do your homework and I’ll fix these, I did my homework in my free period this afternoon.”



Amazed at my luck, especially after what I had done this morning, I headed upstairs and stuck my head into Mum's door. She had by then stripped off her shirt and stepped out of her jeans and was standing in just her panties and bra.

"You stay right where you are, Young Man, I don't trust either you or myself if you come any closer," she smiled, "I've got to get ready and Wendy's just down-stairs."

She pushed her nickers down and stepped out of them and, after bending to pick them from the floor, she dropped them into her washing hamper. Crouching slightly Mum spread her thighs and, reaching between them she pushed her fingers between her cunt lips and grasped the hankie that was still inside her and pulled it free.

"Look at that! Its dripping wet! How much cum have you pumped in or over me in the last week? Its lucky for me you're young and can recover so quickly." She laughed, dropping the hankie on top of nickers, "Now go and let me get ready." She disappeared into the bathroom and I took my hard-on and me off to my bedroom.

I closed the door, tuned the radio loudly onto a pop station and settled down with my schoolbooks. After about 15 minutes I heard Mum rap on my door and call out 'Bye' as she left and 15 minute after that I heard Wendy pass to by going to her room. I thought for a couple of minutes and after turning it in the lock, I grabbed my door key, my souvenir German binoculars (liberated during the war) and climbed out of my bedroom window onto the washhouse roof. I dropped down to the ground and headed for the tree at the end of the house.

This tree was a large old fir and both Wendy and I had spent considerable time playing on and under it as kids. There were still a couple of tree huts, at different heights, remaining from our childhood but, currently, its main advantage now was that it overlooked Wendy's bedroom. I clambered up till I was straddling a branch at the same level as her window and was pleased to see that she still did not lower her blinds or close her curtains.

It was becoming dark by now and Wendy had turned her bedroom light on and I was confident that even if she did lookout the chances of her seeing me were slight. I bought the 'binocs to my eyes and focused them carefully. The interior of the bedroom came into clear view and, feeling like I was right in there with her, I watched Wendy sitting in front of her dressing table looking into the mirror. Eventually she stood and went over and checked her door was closed and then proceeded to remove her blouse and jeans She stood there for a moment or two in her white bra and panties examining herself in the full length wardrobe mirror and then returned to her place at the dressing table.

From my vantage point I only had a rear view of her but I could see her upper front side clearly in the mirror. Firstly she examined her eyes, and then her nose and then she opened her mouth and checked out her tongue and teeth. Wendy then cupped her bra-covered breasts in her hands and after a few seconds she undid the fastening and allowed the bra to drop clear. My mouth dried up and I pressed



my eyes tighter into the binoculars.

I could see that she was squeezing her delicious tits quite firmly and then she pinched her nipples between her fingers and this seemed to make them larger and harder. Finally she let go with one hand, which she lowered out of sight, obviously down onto her lap.

Eventually Wendy rose and went and turned the key in her door, raising my excitement level many notches, and then stood in front of the wardrobe and pushed her hand under the band of her panties. I could see her fingers working under the white cloth and she was getting a little flushed. After a short time she stepped over to her bed, lay down on her back, lifted her hips clear and slid her nickers down and off. She spread her legs and pressed her fingers up between her cunt lips and pushed them in and out while fondling her breast with her other hand. By this time I was masturbating vigorously. Wendy rubbed faster and faster and finally she appeared to reach a climax and this brought me over the top and it was lucky that I had, by now, pulled my cock free because, as I spurted cum in great gouts, my pants would have been a terrible mess.

Wendy stood, grabbed a robe, wrapped it round herself and headed for her door. I climbed down the tree and, after seeing that the bathroom light had come on, figured that the way was clear and returned inside through the back door. I passed the bathroom and thought, 'Why not?' and after quietly unlocking my door and, after replacing the key and binoculars, noisily dragged back my desk chair and returned to the bathroom where I threw open the door and walked straight in.

"Oops! God I'm sorry, Wendy" I said, in response to her yells, but I made no effort to leave.

She was just lowering herself into the water and she quickly completed this and hunched forward, bringing up her knees and hugging them, so as to stop me seeing too much of her body. Wendy was blushing, embarrassedly, all over the upper parts of her body.

"I didn't hear you come in here," I lied, "and I'm dying for a piss. I'm sorry but I have to go."

I unzipped myself and pulled out my cock and pushed it down until it pointed into the bowl and, luckily because of my growing erection, was able to send a strong jet of piss splashing into the toilet. I watched Wendy from the corner of my eye figuring that if she didn't look I would just cut my losses and leave, but I observed that she was watching me closely. Finally my stream dried up and I shook the last few drops free. This caused my penis to come fully erect and I saw her swallow and wriggle round a little. 'Ah ha!' I sort of turned slightly towards her and said,

"I suppose it would only be fair for me to let you have a look at mine since I sort of saw yours this morning. Do you want me to come closer so as to give you a clearer view?"

"NO! You degenerate. Get out!" she said, loudly, but I did notice that she didn't



really look away.

“You sure?” I asked, stepping closer and wrapping my hand round my penis and giving it an encouraging rub. By now she was staring straight at it and blushing furiously,

“That’s disgusting! God it certainly looks hard and painful! Does it hurt?”

“No it doesn’t hurt but it is certainly hard. Do you want to touch it and feel?” I asked hopefully.

“Yuck! Certainly not! Put it away.” Wendy seemed to have lost her initial panic at my being in the bathroom with her, but she was still not showing any more of herself to me.

I did as she requested and forced my penis, uncomfortably, back into my pants and zipped up. Remembering my good fortune on Saturday I hopefully asked Wendy if she wanted her back scrubbed. She did not reply so I stepped forward, grabbed the sponge, soaped it up and lifting her long hair clear of her neck I started to gently caress her shoulders and neck. Wendy didn’t cry out or try to send me away so I decided that she wanted my attention but was too embarrassed to ask or give me actual permission.

I slowly washed my way down her back and over the upper parts of her buttocks and then returned higher and washed her sides and armpits that she allowed me access to by lifting each arm when directed. When finished I suggested that she might like me to shampoo her hair and when she hesitated, I encouraged her,

“Come I won’t offer again. You can’t often get such skilled service and you know you would enjoy it.”

Finally she mumbled a ‘suppose so’ so I stood, removed my shirt and grabbed the shampoo and conditioner off the shelf above the hand-basin.

I knelt back down and cupped my hand and scooped water onto the top of her head and then squirted on some gunk. She was still hunched forward and was trembling a little and as I put my hands onto her head and proceeded to massage in the shampoo I reassured her,

“ I don’t what you’re so nervous about,. I’m not going to do anything against your will so you should just relax and enjoy.”

Finally she stopped shaking and slumped down a little, contentedly, and seemed to be quite content to receive my ministrations. Eventually I had the shampoo right through her luxurious crop of hair and now the big test had arrived.

“Lean back and let me take your weight on one hand so I can lower you down until your hair is under water for rinsing.” I ordered and waited to see what would happen.

Wendy seemed to think for ages before coming to a decision and finally she sat up



and leaned back against my hand. A WIN! I slowly lowered her backwards until she was lying almost flat on her back with only her face clear of the water. This, of course, brought the rest of her front side to the surface and made it available for me to leer at and lust over. I took no liberties and just rinsed out the shampoo and brought her back to a sitting position to put the conditioning on. Wendy appeared to be put further at ease by this and she visibly relaxed more and seemed to place more trust in me. I spread the conditioner on, thickly, leant her backwards to rinse again and then again sat her back up.

This time she didn't sit hunched forward but sat with her legs down and her hands lowered at her sides. Her breasts were a bit larger than Mum's and seemed to sit prouder on her chest but her nipples were not as prominent or as dark coloured. Her dense black bush of pubic hair was clearly visible through the soapy water but I could still not clearly make out her pussy lips.

"Did you enjoy that?" I asked, "Would you like me to continue and wash your front as well?"

Wendy would not meet my eye but she nodded and leant back a little. I began to wash her breasts with the soapy sponge and after a few swipes I put it aside and carried on with my bare hand. Eventually I worked my way down below her breasts and over her tummy and on into her patch of hair. I looked at her face to see if she was becoming upset but she was staring far into distant space, her lips were apart and she was panting deeply. I pushed further down and inserted my fingers tips between her cunt lips and rubbed back and forth making sure to pay some attention to her wee nubbin. Her arousal increased and I thought she was totally at my mercy.

"Stand up," I said, "and I'll finish the job off."

Sadly I had made a major tactical blunder and my order seemed to suddenly bring her to her senses. She grasped my wrist and wrenched my hand from between her legs and clamped her thighs closed.

"Stop that right now." She demanded, "I'll finish the rest myself. Now get out, you beast."

I had overplayed my hand and it seemed as if I would get no further on this night. Dejectedly I wandered out leaving the bathroom door wide open behind me and retired to my own room where I lay on my bed.

I was lying there fondling my cock through the material of my pants when I heard the bath gurgling empty and looked up when my shirt flew in and stared at Wendy who was flaunting herself stark naked in the doorway.

"Just thought I might show you what you are missing out on!" she said, "Maybe this'll teach you not to spy on girls when they have to pee."

She giggled and ducked off to her room and I heard the key turn in the door before I could open it.



At breakfast next morning I asked Mum if she needed the car today, as I would like to visit the library and then the feed store for chicken meal. I made sure to point out that I could drop Wendy off at her friends place for the weekend and would be able to be home early. I think that it was possibly this last fact that convinced her and she fumbled in her bag and dropped the keys in front of me.

Once breakfast was over Wendy shot upstairs for something so I kissed Mum goodbye, a slobbery tongue sucking kiss, and clutched her backside, pulled her hard against me and whispered that I expected her to be wet and ready when I came home. Mum did not reply, she just smiled and stuck her tongue out and ran it round her lips – we were both obviously horny and eager to recommence our relationship.

I heard Wendy clattering back down the stairs so I grabbed my books and her overnight bag and went out to the car where she eventually joined me. After we had travelled a few minutes Wendy sort of turned sideways in her seat and lifted one leg so it rested on the seat. This action caused her skirt to rise half way up her thigh and I admired the smooth white skin that this exposed and noted that she was not wearing stockings or the new-fangled tights.

When I finally looked at her face instead of sneaking peaks at her leg (between watching the road) I was a bit embarrassed to see that she was watching me watch her and she was smirking a little.

“I bet I know what you did after you went back to bed last night.” She said, “Don’t be so embarrassed, I had to do the same thing and had a fantastic orgasm, it was extra strong. What was yours like?”

“It was great! I must have pumped out gallons and it went on for ages. You obviously found what we did as exciting as me.” I replied.

“Yeah, and I’m hot again just thinking about it. Here, see for yourself.” Grabbing my hand, she pushed it under her skirt where I could feel the heat and moisture of her cunt through her panties. I squeezed hard.

Wendy pulled her skirt further up exposing her little black lacy nickers and looked down at my hand gripping her between the tops of her thighs.

“God look at me! You’ve got me wound right up. I hope I can last till Suzie’s tonight.”

What! You don’t mean you and Suzie - - -?” I sort of tapered off, not quite sure of my ground and released of my grip on her pussy.

“Of course. You don’t think we get together just to gossip, do you?” Wendy giggled.

The area where Mum and I had stopped last Sunday came into view and I slowed and turned in, pulling round behind the same bushes and switched off the motor. I



was sure that my furiously beating heart was loud enough for Wendy to hear and I was breathing hard and could hear her doing the same. I looked down between her legs and could see a pronounced wet area in the crotch of her panties.

“I won’t have full sex with you, but, we could fool around and masturbate together if you wanted to.”

Of course I wanted to and I lifted my bum from the seat as far as the steering wheel would allow and slid my jeans & jockeys down till my cock could stand free, and, at the same time, I watched Wendy push her nickers down to her ankles and lift her feet clear of them. She leant down, picked them up and held them to her nose, breathed in deeply and then, rubbed them all over her face.

“God! I’m turned on more than ever before – I’m absolutely saturated and you must be able to smell my excitement.” and dropping her panties on the seat between us, she reached down and thrust her fingers into her cunt and went on, “Fancy fooling around with my brother! It’s so wicked!”

Wendy pulled her foot up onto the seat and pushed her knee as hard against the seat back as she could, this totally exposed her and opened the lips of her pussy. I was finally getting to see it in all its erotic beauty and I could see how aroused she was getting by how wet the whole area was, from her rubbing and thrusting fingers, and, together with my rubbing away at my penis, this sight had me almost ready to come. She stopped then and suggested,

“We should do each other. That would be even more exciting. I can do this by myself anytime and it would be a shame to waste this chance.”

That suited me and I moved a little closer and reached down, with the hand that had been fondling myself so shortly before, and thrust my fingers into her cunt. It was tighter and hotter than Mum’s and I was soon ramming into her hard and fast as she rubbed her hand up and down the shaft of my cock. Wendy had her other hand under her blouse and was working at her breasts with it so I reached down with my free hand and thrust a finger up her bum hole. I also started to rub on her nubbin with the thumb of the hand that I was ‘fucking’ her with and pretty soon she was gasping and groaning and pressing back at my fingers as she convulsed in an orgasm. I spurted my seed over her thigh at same time and when we both finally calmed down she leant over and gave me a deep and open mouthed kiss, which I felt indicated that there was a possibility that this might lead to further things.

Eventually we pulled apart and Wendy looked down and saw the mess that we had made,

“Shit! Look at the mess! We’ll be lucky to get that cleaned up properly. Mum’s going to go berserk!”

My cum had spurted mostly onto her thighs, but some of it had landed directly on the seat and more of it had oozed down her leg and dripped off. She had generated so much lubrication that there was a distinct wet area below her and the car literally smelled of our passion.



“I need to put on clean one’s anyway,” she said, “So I’ll use these to clean up with”

Suiting words with actions, she proceeded to wipe up the mess with her nickers, starting by drying the inside and outside of her cunt first and moving on to wipe my cum off her thighs and finishing up with the mess on the seat.

“We’ll have to let the seat dry out by itself.” She said, “Now I need some clean nickers and I need to pee before we go. I suppose you’ll want to watch?”

Wendy leant over the seat back to get at her bag on the rear seat and I flipped the back of her skirt up and fondled her bare buttocks as she retrieved some white cotton panties. When she settled back down she then opened her door and climbed out and turned to face me. Squatting down real close to the car she pulled her skirt up about her waist and I had a clear close-up view of her pussy lips spread wide open and of the stream of piss jetting out. Her pee seemed to flow with more force than Mother’s and was an equally arousing sight until she stopped, finally, stood, dried herself off with her black nickers, dropped them on the seat and stepped into the fresh white ones.

It seemed that our adventure was over so I pulled up my clothing, settled my cock into a comfortable position and zipped up. I picked up the discarded panties from the seat, and, ignoring Wendy’s protests, put them in my pocket, another pair for my collection.

When she had climbed back in and was sitting fairly close to me, we set off again for school, which was still quite a distance away. I returned my free hand onto her leg, slid it up her thigh and over her stomach to the waist-band of her fresh nickers. I worked my way into her panties and pushed back down to cup her pussy again, but I took few liberties this time, just enjoyed the feel of her hair and lips in my palm.

“Tell me what you and Suzie do together,” I begged, “I feel quite jealous of her, the lucky bitch.”

“We do what we just did and sometimes –,” She stopped, and blushed.

“Sometimes?” I encouraged her, “Go on you can tell me – it’ll be just between us. I’ll never tell anyone.”

“We sometimes do what you said on the bus yesterday – you know – we get each other excited with our mouths.” Wendy looked highly embarrassed but she was very obviously getting more turned on by our talk.

“I’d love to do that sometime with you,” I replied, squeezing her cunt a bit firmer, “I absolutely love licking and nibbling cunts – the wetter the better.”

She made no reply but, as we were almost at school, reached down and pulled at my arm to get my hand from her nickers and leant over and kissed me again, passionately but quickly. We turned into the parking area and after parking and



locking the car, I reassured her that I would run her and Suzie home after school. Wendy headed off to her 1st class saying over her shoulder as she went,

“You never know, little brother, you could get very lucky some time.”

After school I met the two girls at the car and Wendy hopped in the front with me and Suzie sat in the back with the books and bags. It was not terribly far to Suzie’s home but I still had time to push my hand firmly into Wendy’s groin on the outside of her skirt. She frowned at me and indicated that I shouldn’t be doing this with Suzie sitting in the back. I just smiled at her and continued and slowly her legs parted and she thrust onto my hand while attempting to stop Suzie from noticing by keeping her top still. She seemed very relieved when we arrived and knew I would be forced to remove my hand. She squeezed her thighs together and thrust hard against my hand and then opened them and released me. She leant over and gave me a quick peck on the cheek and smirked as she climbed out and waved goodbye.

I called at the library and collected a couple of books, went to the feed store and picked up chicken feed and then headed for home and Mum.

At home I dropped the feed in the shed, grabbed both my school and library books and headed inside. There was no reply to my calls so I decided that Mum must have gone out and headed, disappointed, up to my bedroom.

I walked through the door and was greeted by the sight of my mother lying spread-eagled on my bed. She was wearing only a tee shirt, she had her hands between her spread legs and she was gently fondling her cunt. Her arousal was obvious and got my immediate full attention.

“I’m just following orders,” she smiled, “Wet and ready, wasn’t it. I’m definitely ready and you can see for yourself how wet I am.”

I dropped the books where I stood and wrenched my tee shirt off while heading to her. I fell to my knees at the end of the bend and dragged her body till her bum was at the edge and then I pushed my face into her crotch. I licked furiously savouring the taste of her cunt and enjoying the feeling of my tongue sliding over her hot slippery lips. By the cries and movements that Mum was making she was enjoying it as much as I was and had really missed my attention. I could see that it was going to be a long, erotic and tiring weekend and I looked forward to every minute of it – Wendy had, by now, completely exited from my thoughts.

As I worked at Mum with my lips and tongue I unbuckled my belt and pushed my pants and underpants down to knee level.

“Could you rub my clitoris?” Mum asked, “I love it being touched. It really does wind me up a couple of notches.”

“Where’s your clitoris?” I was forced to ask.

“It’s the wee hard button at the top of my pussy lips.” She replied, giggling.



'So that's what it's called.' I thought and I continued lapping at her cunt lips and brought my hand up and rubbed her 'clitoris' firmly with the 1st two fingers. She was not exaggerating; this rubbing had her gasping and shuddering in an orgasm in a very short time. As soon she stopped moving and relaxed a little, I stood, stepped right out of my clothes and stood beside the bed. I bent down, kissed her and said,

"Hello Mum. I'm home."

"Good, it's nice that your back so early. What do you fancy for your tea?"

We both cracked up laughing and Mum slid back up the bed, pulled me down to her and glued her lips to mine and thrust her tongue in as far as she could. She gripped my rock hard cock in her fist and pulled her face back and asked,

"Looks like you desperately need either fucking or sucking. Which do you want?"

Without replying, I pulled her legs apart, knelt on the bed, crawled between her spread thighs and lowered myself to lie on her. I was aware of her breasts, with erect nipples, pressing into my chest, her protruding little belly hard against mine and my cock prodding at her pubic hair and hot wet cunt lips. I returned my mouth to hers and reached down and guided the head of my penis between her pussy lips. I pushed it slowly into her till our pubic hair was intermingled and I couldn't thrust it any further. I guessed that she would have worked out the answer to her question by herself and I commenced to thrust in and out of her.

For the first time Mum wrapped her legs around me and I could feel her heels digging into my back as she tried to force my cock further in. This encouraged me to start thrusting as hard as I could in an attempt to satisfy her and the feel of her inner muscles clamping on my cock, trying to stop me withdrawing, soon had me at a fever pitch.

For a person that apparently hadn't been getting much sexual satisfaction, she was amazingly easy to get highly aroused and she seemed determined to make up for any missed orgasms. Once again she was in an extremely excited state, her breasts were swollen with erect nipples, she was flushed right to her hairline, and her eyes were just narrow slits. She was panting desperately and, eventually she screamed and thrust back at me so hard she lifted both of us. Her legs squeezed even tighter, if that was possible, and she clamped down on my penis so tightly I could not withdraw. I came with her. I was being gripped so tightly it was sort of a painful ejaculation but it was an extremely pleasurable type of pain and it ended far too quickly. It was a while before Mother was finished and she clung tightly to me while she shook and shuddered, she groaned and mumbled as she slowly came back to reality, relaxing her grip on me, and I was able to finally able to pull my now soft cock from her.

"You've no idea how much I love you, - and your cock," Mum said, "How I've survived on your father's idea of a good sex life I don't know. I still love him deeply and I don't know what will happen when he comes home. It would kill him if he



ever found out!”

I noticed that ‘Dad’ had now been reduced to ‘Your Father’. She rolled on top of me and kissed me deeply for a long time before pulling back slightly and licking all over my face and upper chest.

“I even love the taste of your sweat,” she said, “Now did you have anything planned for tonight? If not I thought we could go over to that dance in the next County and find somewhere for a nice meal on the way. What do you think?”

“That sounds great. We had better get moving, then.”

We both headed for the shower, Mum in her little en-suite and me in the main bathroom down the hall and we eventually met downstairs in the kitchen. I had dressed appropriately for a country dance in jeans and a button down check shirt and had on my best ‘Going to Town’ boots and thought I looked pretty damn good. I was a bit nervous, though, as my only experience of dancing was at home with mother the previous weekend. Mum had dressed in a flowery summer type of frock and was also wearing her best boots. She had brushed her hair into a ponytail and with her sparkling eyes and wide, white smile she looked like every cowboys fantasy girl.

I complimented her on her appearance and mentioned my worries about dancing to her.

“Don’t worry about it,” she reassured me, “You will be fine. It was great dancing with you after our last date and, anyway, there probably wont be anyone there that we know, so what difference does it make?”

We headed off with me driving and Mum tucked into my side. I had been forbidden, before setting out, to get her aroused, as she didn’t want to be dishevelled before we had our meal and arrived at the dance I contented myself with my arm around her shoulders and cupping her tit outside her dress.

About an hour into our one and a half hour trip we came to a small, unobtrusive restaurant that we thought might suit us. On entering, we found a small cosy dining room with about 8 small tables, the lighting was subdued and there was a fire crackling quietly in the corner. There was only one other couple in the place and a middle-aged woman greeted us graciously and led us to a table widely separated from the other two. We were handed menus and asked for gin and tonics in response to her enquiry. Our drinks soon arrived and we were left alone, perusing the menu prior to ordering our meals and sitting back to relax.

Some of the tables were of a normal 4-sided type and the others were designed for two couples to sit side-by-side facing each other. We were seated at one of this type, facing the fire and not the other diners. We felt as if we were in our own private little world and hoped that the meal would live up to the promise that the atmosphere generated. Mum rested her hand on mine and leant over and gave me a quick peck on the cheek,

“Thank you for going out with me, this evening,” she said, “I’m sure we’ll have a



great meal and a good time at the dance. I promise that you will enjoy it and anything else that might follow.”

I thanked her for asking me and, sliding my hand out from under hers, I lowered it to her lap and gave her thigh a squeeze through her dress, hand pressing the side of my hand hard against her pussy. I could make out her cunt lips even through the layers of clothing and was most disappointed when I was forced to halt because of the arrival of our food. The quality of the meal was definitely all that could be expected and the fine service and the bottle of wine left us feeling very contented. While we were finishing up with an after dinner liqueur, Mum slipped me a wad of notes so as I could pay for the meal.

We resumed our journey to the dance, and before we set out Mum kissed me long and hard, thrusting her tongue into my mouth.

“That makes up for that pretend kiss in the restaurant,” she stated, “I really did enjoy our meal and I hope the rest of our night goes as well.”

When we pulled up at the hall we could hear the sounds of people dancing and generally having a good time. The music sounded great and we purchased tickets at the door and entered. There was a large crowd, many dressed ‘Country-ish’, as we were, and they all seemed intent on having a great time, drinking, dancing, singing and making a lot of noise. We found seats at the end of a long table, purchased beers from a passing waitress and shouted conversation at one another. All too soon we were pulled into a square dance, of all things, but nobody seemed upset at my lack of ability. I decided that as long as every-one was having a good time no one was bothered. This set me at ease and I started to really enjoy myself.

There were all types of dances including slower ones later in the evening, and when they dimmed the lights right down anything could have been happening in the near darkness. I took the opportunity during these dances to hold Mum close to me and to push my erection hard into her belly. She wrapped both arms round my neck and pressed her face into the junction of my shoulders and neck allowing me to bury my face in her hair, we felt very close during this and it was love not just lust that I felt for her.

Sadly, the evening eventually ended at we set out for home, weary and happy. Mum cuddled into me and rested her hand on my thigh and I returned mine round her shoulders. I was getting good at this one-handed driving.

“There’s no hurry to get home,” Mum said, “Why don’t you find somewhere nice and we could park and make-out. It would be nice to pretend we were both teenagers. That’s if you want to.”

Talk about a silly statement! I soon turned off the main road and drove down to the river, where I found and parked in a secluded, sheltered spot where we would be unlikely to be discovered. I switched off the engine and turned to face her, pulling her to me keeping my arm around her. I lowered my face to hers and, pretending we were on our first date, I pressed my lips gently to hers and tentatively let my tongue press and lick at her closed lips. Mum entered into the spirit of things and



at first resisted but then opened her lips a little and let my tongue press its way between her teeth till it was up against her own tongue.

While I was kissing her I caressed her with my free hand, sliding it up and down her bare arm, eventually going right up and over her shoulder and down her side. I carried on like this for a while and then softly cupped her breast through her dress. Mum was slowly allowing me more freedom with my kiss and she now had her mouth quite wide open and was slowly prodding back with her own tongue. I released my grasp of her breast and slid my hand round her back and opened the three buttons on her dress. She protested weakly but made no effort to stop me – still playing the reluctant virgin. Finally I had them undone and pulled the top of her dress down, together with her petticoat straps and ending my kiss and sitting back a little,

“Slide your arms free, Debbie, it’ll make it a lot more comfortable.” I requested.

“No! No! We shouldn’t be doing this. I’ve never gone this far before.” But she pulled her arms from the sleeves, ignoring of her pretended misgivings.

I recommenced our kiss and I pushed her dress and petticoat to below her breasts and went back to fondling them, with now only the thickness of her white bra keeping me from her bare skin.

I progressed on, slowly, sliding my lips down from hers and licking and sucking on her chin and then, on her throat. At the same time I inserted my fingers under her bra and pinched her nipple between my fingers. Mum groaned and protested faintly and brought her hands to the back of my head and ran her fingers through my hair and massaged the back of my head, neck and shoulders.

I kissed my way lower and licked, sucked on the top of her breasts and fumbled awkwardly at the fastener at rear of her bra. Eventually I managed to get the damn thing undone and pulled her bra free, slid it down and off her arms and dropped it out of the way. I then took her nipple into my mouth and suckled on it as hard as I could and bit it gently. This brought a decided groan from deep within Mum and she was, by this time, rubbing massaging down my back. I pressed her dress and petticoat further down until it was pooled round her waist and lowered my hand onto her leg just above her knee.

Keeping her legs clamped together she protested,

“Don’t do that. What kind of a girl do you think I am? I didn’t think you would be like this.”

Mum shook her head from side to side but did not pull away, she was really in character now and I was almost believed that I was with a virgin girl. As I continued to work at her breasts with my mouth, she released the pressure of her legs and I was able to slide up her nylon clad thigh to the top of her stockings, The change from nylon to hot smooth flesh was extremely erotic and I was creating a wet spot on the front of my jeans. After a long struggle I finally had mum’s pussy cupped in my hand. She was still shaking her head ‘No’ but the wetness of her panties made a



lie of her protests. I could feel her cunt lips and pubic hair through her panties and I released my grip on her and dragged her skirts up until they were also around her waist. I found that tonight she was wearing white cotton nickers with little coloured flowers.

I found that these prim and proper underpants more exciting than the sexier ones that I had seen her in previously.

When I pushed in under the waistband of her panties and rubbed my palm down over her tummy and into her pubic hair Mum clamped her legs together again and prevented me from going any lower, but, when I persisted, she eventually allowed me access to her cunt and gasped in excitement when I inserted a couple of fingers between her lips and on into her. She was very wet and slippery, clung to me desperately and seemed disappointed when I pulled them out of her. I started to remove her nickers and she protested and put up a little resistance, but allowed me to push them down her legs and off. I picked them up and as usual put them to my nose and sniffed appreciatively.

I returned my hand to her exposed pussy and went back to working at her with my fingers, at the same time I pulled her hand down to my groin and pushed her hand onto my erection. She just let her hand lie there unmoving and I encouraged her to squeeze and rub my cock through the cloth of my jeans. She did this, somewhat nervously, while I undid my belt and unzipped my fly, and grasped her wrist again and pushed her hand into my underpants. .

The continuing stimulation of my fingers in her cunt and my mouth on her tits soon forced Mum to drop out of character a little and to act in her usual way. She was showing all her normal indications of being very close to orgasm and she was masturbating me furiously. We both started to spend at the same time and I spurted out my discharge over her naked thighs, tummy and pussy and onto her dress and petticoat.

When we calmed down we kissed and relaxed holding each other tightly. Mum was idly massaging my cum into her skin and she said,

“I haven’t done anything like that in 25 years. It brings home to me the difference in our ages and the fact that we shouldn’t continue on like this. But lets worry about it later – its time we headed for home. It’s been a fabulous night out and I’ve had a really wonderful time.”

It was well into Saturday and as Mum said, it was time that we set off for home. I hitched my pants and undies up, tucked everything into place and fastened my jeans. The only thing that Mum did was move closer to my side, she was seemingly happy to travel near enough to naked and she made no effort to put her dress and petticoat in order. They were still bunched at her waist and left her breasts, legs, pussy and the lower part of her tummy exposed. I made no comment, started the car and set off, facing another hours’ travel before home.

Once we were travelling Mum grabbed my wrist and lifted my arm over her head and arranged it across her shoulders and guided my hand down to cup her bare tit. I felt the softness and weight of her breast in its relaxed state and I was quite



content just to hold it and softly brush my thumb back and forth on her nipple. Mum lowered both her hands to cup her pussy and then just leaned against me, not moving, with a satisfied smile and her eyes almost closed. She was nearly asleep.

Eventually Mum did begin to snore gently, and I noticed that, even in her sleep, she was still smiling and then she slowly started rubbing her cunt lips. I grinned and wondered at what a highly sexed woman she was and was saddened at the knowledge of Dad's missing out on all her passion.

Turning off of the car engine woke Mum and she stretched and pecked me on the lips.

"What a wonderful night. Do you know what I'd like to do to finish it off?" she asked.

I grinned and licked my lips.

"No! Not that, though it would be nice. I'd like to cuddle up on the porch, with a hot drink and watch the sunrise. It's not long till it comes up. If you want to, you could go up and get a rug and I'll make the drinks."

It seemed like a good idea so I climbed out of the car and went round to open Mum's door. What a magnificent sight! Naked flesh and pussy hair on open display, any voyeur's dream. I offered to carry her but after being told not to be ridiculous, trailed inside behind her and headed upstairs. By the time I visited the toilet, found a rug and returned to the kitchen Mum had milk heated and was filling 2 mugs, standing at the bench naked, having not been able to hold up her dress and pour the drinks as well.

"Take the rug out to the recliner and I'll bring the drinks."

I did as she asked and spread the rug and sat down, with Mum cuddling into me. I was pleased I'd had the foresight to bring a double blanket, as it more than adequately covered us when I dragged it around us. This was the second Friday night in a row that I had shared a rug with my Mother but this week only she was naked and I was a whole lot more confident.

"I'd just like to have a cuddle, drink our hot milk and watch the sun come up. I think any more sex would ruin a perfect night. We've still got till Monday night before Wendy gets home."

I decided to go along with her wishes and we sat snuggled up under the blanket, watched the fabulous colours of the sunrise and chatted. When the sun was up we decided getting some sleep was the thing to do and we headed upstairs and climbed into Mum's bed. I made no attempt to start anything, as I was content to just curl up to her and snore off.

I woke up with a hard-on that I could have poked through a wall and I reached out to grab Mum and found that she was gone. I climbed out of bed and headed, bare-arsed. Down-stairs and found her doing washing in the laundry. She was fully



dressed and looking hot and harassed, as she always did when doing washing, and I knew that my chances of a fuck were minimal, still I had to try,

“What are you doing down here when this thing is going to waste upstairs?” I thrust my pelvis forward at her, making my cock stand up even more.

She looked at me totally disinterestedly and turned back to the washing machine and tub,

“You’ll have to look after that yourself.” She replied, “I having a sod of a time here. If this damned wringer doesn’t start working properly soon, I’m going outside for the axe!”

I decided to take this as a definite ‘No’ and went to the kitchen for a swallow or two of orange juice and then headed to the shower. When I was dressed and had made breakfast for myself, Mum came in for coffee as I was sitting eating. She poured herself coffee and came and sat on my knee and gave me a sloppy wet kiss.

“Sorry about before, but you know how I get on washing days. It was such a beauty too – did you let it go to waste or did you have fun in the shower? I hope you scrubbed the walls down when you were finished.” And she laughed.

“No – I thought I would let it build pressure for tonight.” I replied.

“What makes you think you’ll get lucky tonight?” she asked, and finished her coffee, stood, gave my cock a pat and my balls a squeeze and headed back to the laundry.

I finished breakfast, rinsed off my crockery and headed out to feed all the animals, as they would be practically starving by now, having been overlooked in yesterday’s excitement. I was hoping to be able to get a round of golf in the afternoon and needed to complete all the chores before leaving. I succeeded in finishing all the work and eventually headed off, with my clubs in the deck of the ‘Hack’

It was early evening when I got back and I checked the animals before going inside for the night. There was a delicious smell of food cooking and I found Mum in the front room with a fire burning that wasn’t necessary, but the fire did make the room cosy and intimate. Mum was on the settee sipping a glass of wine and she smiled when I entered.

“Have a good game? Would you like a glass of wine? Grab a glass if you do.”

I got a glass and sat beside her and tasted the wine that she poured me. It was red and tasted sour and bitter. I couldn’t understand why anybody would bother to drink this stuff. I checked Mum out, she was wearing a white, sleeveless dress that just covered her knees, black stockings and she had her hair loose. She looked absolutely ravishing and I told her so. She looked pleased and I decided that she was definitely over her ‘washing day blues’.

“It nice with a fire going, isn’t it? I’ve been sitting here for a while, thinking about



that lovely cock that I turned down this morning, and I've got myself quite aroused. Dinner's a casserole that can stay in the oven indefinitely. So?"

There was no need to draw me a diagram and I put my wine-glass aside with some relief and turned to her. I pressed her back until she was lying along the sofa and I brought one knee up and over, straddling her, and lowered my head until our lips were locked together and we sucked furiously on each other. I pulled the top of her dress down and discovered that she was not wearing a bra, and after I released her lips, went back to licking and chewing her breasts and nipples. While doing this I reached down and grasped the back of her thigh just above her knee and slowly slid my hand up, enjoying the smooth feel of her nylons, and over her thighs until I was clutching her buttock, firmly. I think Mum had worked out how much I enjoyed woman's nickers and she was wearing a different type tonight. I was actually surprised that she had any on, and they felt to be made of silk and seemed to be a loose-legged shorts type, and squeezing her bum through them was very exciting.

I climbed off Mum and knelt beside her without releasing my hold on either her bum or her breast. When I was settled again I pulled her dress up baring her to waist level and found she was wearing grey silk pantaloon type nickers that were so delicate they were almost transparent and I could easily make out her pubic hair and cunt lips through them. They were over top of her black suspender belt and increased her sexiness, accentuating her slightly swelling belly with a pretty little belly button at the top of it and a small patch of brown hair at the base.

Pulling her panties down and off, I bared all these delights to my view and then I lifted Mum and crawled to the rug in front of the fire and lowered her onto it. Mum was heavier than I thought and it was a bit of a struggle to get her there, but I pretended that it was no problem.

I removed my trousers and shorts and turned to face her feet and knelt over her positioning my face above her cunt and my cock over her mouth. Mum looked eager to start and opened her mouth to receive my cock when I lowered myself to her. I pushed my face into her groin and found her pussy wide open, wet and ready. She sucked eagerly on my penis as I worked on her cunt. Mum started her orgasm before me and, unfortunately, I lost my self-control and rather than letting her suck me I finished up fucking her mouth. Luckily I didn't last too long as I was ramming the head of my cock down past the back of her throat and into the top of her throat. This caused her to gag and gasp desperately, and when I ejaculated she really struggled to swallow and breathe at the same time. My cum overfilled her mouth and ran down her cheeks and dripped onto her hair.

I finally finished and fell away from her, feeling ashamed of what I had done and nervous of how she would react.

"I'm sorry, Mum. I really don't know what came over me. You had me so aroused I just didn't think properly. I really am sorry."

"It's alright, Son. Once I got over the initial shock I loved it. I seem to need to be made to do things – I think that's part of the problem with your father- he always asks nicely rather than ordering me." She leant over and kissed me and caressed



my face, which made me feel a lot better.

She then sat up, wiped my cum off her face and licked it off her fingers, stood and straightened her dress and headed for the kitchen to dish up tea telling me to bring the rest of the wine and the glasses.

I stood and straightened my clothing and after picking up Mum's nickers and draping them over the arm of the sofa, I followed her into the kitchen, bringing the wine and glasses as directed.

We dined well on a fine chicken and mushroom casserole and after stacking the dirty plates in the sink we returned to the front room and the fire. Mum sat beside me on the sofa and we chatted, sipping wine. We hugged and kissed a little but were mostly just content to be in each other's company. After a while I started to get a bit hornier and I pulled Mum onto my lap and began to kiss her a lot more passionately. She was sitting sideways, with her legs flat on the settee, completely relaxed in my arms. I loved the feel and the taste of her and, every now and then I paused in kissing her and spent some time licking and cleaning her face with my tongue. She also seemed to revel in my mouthing her ear and thrusting my tongue inside it.

Mum would have been aware of my arousal by the feel of my erection pressing between her buttocks. I pulled her top down, uncovering her naked breasts again and took a nipple into my mouth and tongued it gently. I planned to arouse Mum by a long slow, loving seduction, to see just how excited she would actually get. She seemed quite happy just to lie in my arms, passive and enjoy the attention. She wrapped her arms around my neck and, burying her face in my shoulder, she let me make all the running. I worked on both breasts and kept the nipples hard and erect, and slowly lifted the skirt of her dress baring her pussy to my touch.

I didn't immediately go straight for her cunt but I continued to tease and arouse her slowly. I began running my hand up from her knee on the outside of her thigh, over stockings and bare skin, until I was rubbing and fondling her buttock. I did this a few times, sliding my fingers down her crack and brushing the tips of them over her anus on the way to her knee to start again. I pressed a bit firmer on her bum hole each time until I actually penetrated it a little, this causing her to groan quietly, and, as she liked it so much, I spent a little time there rubbing and pressing with my fingers.

My next move was to switch to her other leg and to work my way up the inside of her thigh. I skirted around her cunt lips each time and carried on up over her tummy and suspender belt to her belly button. I softly and sensuously drew circles round it with my fingertip and watched her with great interest, observing that, each time I massaged up her leg, her thighs spread a little further and her cunt lips unfolded a little more. She was becoming extremely wet and lubricated and was definitely in a very high level of excitement. I think Mum would have allowed me to do anything to her by this time but I decided to carry on, slowly, as I had been doing.

Both breasts were wet from my saliva by now as I continued to work at them with



my lips and tongue, she was flushed right to her hairline and was nursing furiously at my neck, sucking and biting, but hopefully not breaking my skin. I finished playing with her belly button and began combing my fingers through her pubic hair, retreating back when I got close to her clitoris. I carried on with this action until she was constantly groaning and pushing her groin back at me and, when I finally pressed and nipped her clitoris between my thumb and first finger, she jerked in my embrace and squealed quite loudly – I thought I had brought her to an orgasm but she settled back down and allowed me to carry on. I was surprised when her clitoris grew stiff and seemed to expand, I didn't know that it did this and had not noticed this before – it was a bit like a tiny wee cock. I continued to rub and squeeze it and then I pushed my other three fingers between her cunt lips and deep inside her. Her lips were wide open by now and she was sopping wet, I had never seen her cunt in this condition and I felt quite smug and proud of myself.

I thrust my fingers in and out slowly, and knew that she was getting closer to her peak, her legs were spread as far apart as possible and she was fucking herself against my hand.

Abruptly, I pulled my hand away and she continued to thrust at the missing fingers, crying out desperately,

“Why did you do that? How could you stop then? You must know how close I am.”

I stopped her from touching herself and picked up her silk nickers from the arm of the sofa. I let them dangle between her legs and then gently dragged them over her pussy lips and watched her reaction. Mum definitely seemed to enjoy the caress of the silk and I saw with amazement that her cunt lips appeared to be trying to grip the moving cloth. I did this a couple more times and then I changed tactics, and massaged the panties inside her with a couple of fingers. When most of the silk was inside her I left it for a few seconds and then slowly withdrew it. I didn't know what sensations this action would cause but I would have bet that they would be considerable, and would push her excitement up a couple of notches. I did it again and the second time I pulled her panties from her it pushed her over the top and she orgasmed.

I thought the orgasm she had when I licked her pussy the first times was dramatic but this one was REALLY spectacular. She cried out loudly, bucked and writhed, lifted her body clear off my lap and her convulsions seemed to go on and on. Fluid appeared to be flooding from her cunt and she didn't appear to be aware of anything else but her pleasure. She finally calmed down and just lay in my arms panting, exhausted and spent, and with her eyes screwed tightly shut. I had spent while watching Mum and emptied all of my cum into my underwear. My trousers and undies were going to be a horrible mess and the back of Mum's lovely white dress was not going to be much better. I had only pulled the front of it up and the back was still under her bum where it had soaked up all the fluid that had oozed from her. Her sexy silk nickers were also soaked and would be a prize part of my growing collection.

“How do you do that to me? Look at me! I've turned into a total slut. I'm lying here, tits out, dress up round my waist, legs apart and cunt spread wide open. I'm



sopping wet and you seem able to make me do anything you want. The worst thing of all is that I'm loving every minute of it."

I just smiled at her, content in what I had managed to do, and bent down and kissed her passionately.

"I think its bedtime, I'm absolutely shattered," Mum said, "Would you put the firescreen up and turn everything off? You will be sleeping with me?"

Mum stood and headed off, clutching her dress at her waist, and slowly made her way upstairs. I 'battened down the hatches' as asked and, carrying my newest panties, joined her in the master bedroom. She had taken her dress off and was seated on the side of the bed removing her stockings and suspenders, I sat on the opposite side and removed my trousers, underwear and socks, and dropped them with the panties at my feet and headed for the little bathroom where I pulled off my shirt as the basin filled. I was standing nude, washing the dried semen from myself when Mum came in and, without saying a word, sat, spread her legs and piddled, wiped herself with toilet paper and held her hand out for the soapy flannel. She proceeded to wash her own crotch and, after drying off, headed for the bed. She never spoke a word and seemed to be operating in full automatic mode. By the time I had finished and joined her she was asleep, her lips slightly parted and snoring gently. I was a bit disappointed, as I had hoped to finish the night with a good fuck and it seemed that that was not now going to happen, so cuddling in to her I settled down to sleep.

I awoke with Mum nibbling on the head of my cock,

"I thought that might get your attention," she greeted me, "I woke up and felt guilty about the amount of pleasure you gave me without getting anything in return. Would you like me to suck you off?"

I was tempted to accept her offer and just lie there and enjoy, but I still fancied a proper fuck and told her this.

"Did you enjoy my screwing you, last week?" she asked, "Would you like to do it that way again?"

"It was great and I would love you fucking me. It feels a lot different from when I do it to you." And I lay back and let her take over.

Mum went back to sucking my cock until she had it really hard and wet and then she straddled me and proceeded to ride me with increasing enthusiasm until I could hold off no longer and I came, pumping my cum deep into her. She clamped my cock with her inner cunt muscles and kept me buried fully inside her, unmoving, until I had completely finished, and when my cock had gone limp she lifted herself and allowed it to fall from her. She climbed off me and reached down and picked up her nickers from the pile of my clothing beside the bed where I had dropped them. She plastered them over her pussy and kept them in place by closing her legs. We curled up back under the covers and snuggled close to-gether, I was really starting to love sleeping beside my mother and I was not look forward to it ending.



“Don’t you want to cum too?” I asked, “You didn’t have an orgasm then, did you?”

“No. I’m fine – I’m still getting over the one earlier and all I want is sleep. Will you come to church with me in the morning, and, before you ask, I won’t wear any panties if you don’t want me to?”

I agreed to accompany her and unfortunately we slept quite late in the morning. There was not time for any sexual play and to get ready for church, so it was a rush to throw my grubby clothes in the hamper and shower and change. We had to finish our morning coffee on the road and when I had finished I bent down and placed the empty mug on the floor and, while I was down there, grabbed the bottom of her skirt and lifted it up and peered up between her legs.

“You don’t need to check, you nasty man. I said I wouldn’t wear any and I haven’t and, I’ve left my bra off as well. All I’m wearing are skirt, blouse and shoes. And I can’t believe I’m actually going to church like this!”

The thought of her in church sitting at my side with next to nothing on got me excited and I attempted to put my hand on her leg.

“There will be none of that before church,” she stated, “We’ve committed enough sins this week already without adding to them.”

The Service was well under way by the time we entered the church, and luckily there was only a small congregation there, so we sat at the end of the rear pew. I entered first leaving the end seat for Mum. We had the pew seat to ourselves and I planned to take advantage of this and see how Mum reacted under a bit of pressure. I sat, behaving, until we stood for the first hymn, when I crowded close to her to share the hymn card.

Under the cover of our standing so close together I reached down and worked the back of her skirt up and ran my hand down the crack of her bum till I was cupping her cunt in my hand. She tried to get away from me by moving forward but I negated her effort by just moving with her. Mum could do little without attracting someone’s attention and she had to suffer my actions without protest. I tried to lift her with my hand between her legs and the resulting pressure forced my fingers, flat, between the lips of her cunt. She seemed to welcome the finish of the hymn and sat back down in relief but when I didn’t remove my hand, she looked terrified but turned on, and when I ignored her whispered entreaty to let her go she got up and headed outside, pretending that she needed a toilet stop. It seemed ages before she returned and she sat well away from me for the rest of the service.

After we had carried out our duty and spoke with the vicar, we escaped to the car and set off for home.

“You are an evil bugger!” she cried, “I was so turned on by your teasing that I masturbated in the toilet when I went out. Isn’t that disgusting! I’m turning into such a slut.”



When we were out of sight of the church I pulled Mum's skirt up and placed my hand on her pussy. She made no protest, just spread her thighs and thrust her groin forward.

"My, you are horny this morning, aren't you? You're pussy's decidedly moist and I just bet you want to stop on the way home. Let's go to that lay-by that we visited last week and see what happens."

She never answered, just drove down the side road and turned into the lay-by. When she had parked behind our bushes she turned to me and asked,

"What little surprise have you got planned for me today? For a fifteen year old you have certainly got a deviant mind. I thought that all teenagers wanted to do was to fuck as often and as long as possible."

"I just want to give you all the pleasure that I can and to show you what you have been missing out on with Dad." I reached over and opened her door and continued,

"Hop out, I think we'll make love outside today."

I slid over the seat and followed her out the driver's door and proceeded to undo the buttons down the front of her blouse. Mum just stood there, with her arms at her side and allowed me to remove her blouse and drop it in the car. I pulled her into my arms and kissed her while reaching round to undo the button and zip on the back of her skirt. When it fell to the ground round her ankles I released her, picked it up and put it with the blouse, and looked at her still just standing, arms at her side, unmoving. She was obviously going to play a submissive and subservient role and was happy to stand there completely naked except for her shoes

"Go and stand at the front of the car." I ordered and was surprised when she obeyed without question. I took her in my arms again, went back to kissing her and bent her backwards to half lie on the engine cover. I lowered myself on to her, partly taking my weight on one hand and continued to work on her mouth and tongue with my own. I used my other hand to fondle her breasts, fairly roughly, and then massaged my way down her body to her cunt. I played with her clitoris and rubbed and thrust at her pussy lips until she was moist and wide open. When I figured that she was sufficiently aroused I lifted myself off her.

"Turn and lie face down." I ordered, "I'm going to do it from behind this time."

"No I'm not ready for that." Mum protested.

"Just do it!"

As she turned over I undid my belt, opened my zip, slid my pants down a little and stood close to her, pushing her feet apart with my own. I put one hand on the back of her neck and pushed her flat. Mum's front and face were pressed firmly against the bonnet and this flattened her tits and they bulged out a little at her sides. She grunted when I did this but didn't say anything, possibly because of the way her



face was pushed against the car.

With my other hand I positioned the head of my penis between the lips of her cunt and pressed it home. As I entered her Mum groaned, I thought with pleasure, and pushed back at me. I started to thrust in and out of her steadily, determined not to fuck too hard or too quickly for as long as I could, in an effort to bring us both to a long slow orgasm. It went well for a time but all too soon my excitement grew until I couldn't help myself and I started to ram at her as hard as I could. Mum was obviously also highly aroused and was clawing at the bonnet and pushing back at my thrusts, hard. She reached her peak first and started to shake in the throes of her orgasm and this caused me to come. I pulled my cock from her and pushed it in the split between her cheeks and rubbed it there until I pumped all my ejaculate up her back.

I pulled away from her, refastened my pants and helped her down off the bonnet and led her over to a patch of grass and lowered her down to sit on it.

“You really frightened me when you made me turn over on the engine bonnet. I thought you were going to poke it in my - er - - bum and I've never done that.” She said, and went on, “I was so relieved when you put it in the right place.”

I went over to the car and climbed behind the wheel,

“Well, it was an absolutely piss-poor fuck, so you can damned well walk home!” and I started the car and drove away before she could react.

I travelled up the road about a half-mile and pulled over and parked. I tried to imagine how Mum was felling at this point – she was stark naked in the middle of nowhere with cum all up her back. I guessed that she would be petrified with fear but turned on with the forbidden and wicked aspect of it. Well, that's what I hoped she would feel and that she wouldn't panic and do something stupid.

I sat there for about 15 minutes, figuring that would be long enough to induce, in her mind, serious doubt about my return. When I pulled back into the lay-by Mum had moved and was hiding well back in the bushes and she rushed over and climbed in as soon as I had stopped. She looked relieved and pleased to see me.

“I knew you'd be back,” she cried, pulling me into a kiss, “Well .. I thought I knew, anyway. You didn't mean what you said, did you? It was alright, wasn't it?”

“Of course it was.” I re-assured her, “Did you enjoy our little play? I thought I would cater to your need for domination. Did it work?”

“It worked alright. I hid there absolutely terrified but I was almost coming with the excitement of it all. Look, I'm absolutely soaked.”

Mum pulled my hand onto her pussy and she was definitely wet and wide open. I grabbed her leg and pulled it up and over the seat back, forcing her down on the seat, legs spread wide.



“I’ve got to taste that,” I said, bending down and licking with great enthusiasm at her cum. I finished up with a quick nibble at her clitoris and sat up ready to go home. Mum looked a bit disappointed at my stopping, but she clambered back into her clothes and we set off.

When we pulled into the yard there was a police car sitting outside the door. I panicked, assuming that someone had seen Mum and me together, but she calmed me down and we went inside to see what was what.

There were a policeman and a policewoman sitting, sipping coffee, at the table with Wendy, who looked devastated and red-eyed. She had obviously been crying.

“My God! What’s happened to you, Wendy?” Mum cried, making the natural assumption.

“It’s not me, it’s Daddy!” Wendy burst in tears again.

“You had better sit down, Mrs Williamson” the policeman said, “I’m afraid we’ve got some really bad news for you.”

The police explained that Dad had been killed the previous evening; He had apparently stopped, at a country pub, for a few beers when he finished work and had run off the road on his way back to base. He died instantly, they thought, but had not been discovered till this morning. The policewoman’s daughter knew that Wendy was staying with her friend so they had collected her and come straight out when they received the bad news.

After they had explained a few things and enquired as to whether we needed anything they departed, leaving us in shock.

We spent a long time grieving together, hugging and crying on each other’s shoulder, and when we had calmed a little, we separated, looking for private corners to suffer alone. I had terrible guilt feelings along with my grief, remembering what we were probably doing when Dad had his accident. I finally headed to my bedroom and as I passed Wendy’s I tapped on her door, opening it quietly when there was no response, and found that she was sleeping face down on top of her bed. She had cried herself to sleep and was sprawled there defenceless. Sick bastard that I was, I focused on the crotch of her white panties clearly visible between her parted thighs, and saw that the cloth had pulled between the lips of her pussy, outlining it perfectly. I quickly left, closing the door, mentally berating myself for perving on my sister at a time like this.

I pushed open Mum’s door and found her face down sobbing into her pillow. I went to her and sat and rubbed her back gently, trying to comfort her and not knowing what to say. She sat up and buried her face into my chest, and sobbed out,

“You know what we were doing don’t you. It’s our fault.”

“Don’t be silly Mum. You know Dad regularly drank too much and then drove. It would have happened sooner or later and what we did we had nothing to do with



it.”

Mum kept her arms around me, cuddling closely to me, and her sobs slowed to a snuffle. I continued to rub her back, and eventually found that I was, in fact, caressing her gently. Her closeness, and the memory of Wendy lying semi-exposed, had a natural effect on me, and despite my best intentions, I grew an erection. Mum didn't notice at first but when she did she was horrified.

“What's wrong with you? Your father's just died and you've got a hard-on! I don't believe it.” Mum was shouting in a whisper.

“I'm sorry, Mum. I tried to stop it but you being so close got me going, and it's like it's got a mind of it's own.” I was quite upset and she must have realised this, because she cuddled back into me and said nothing further.

We stayed comforting each other for a long time and we both began to feel a bit better. My erection didn't disappear though, and eventually Mum's hand, as if of it's own accord, found its way onto it and rubbed it softly through my pants. In my het-up state it only took a few seconds for me to discharge into my underwear for the second time in 24 hours. When I had finished Mum pulled away from me, looking really angry and disgusted.

“That was wrong. It's absolutely the worst thing that we've done. Not only has Dad just been killed, but we never even thought about Wendy coming in. Now go away and get cleaned up. We have to sit down as a family and make some decisions tonight.”

We all got together in the kitchen later in the afternoon and sat at the table drinking tea and discussing what we needed to do. It was decided that Mum and I should go to town with Mum seeing the Family Solicitor and me visiting and make some preliminary arrangements with the town funeral director. Wendy stay home hold the fort and phone some of the relatives and friends and break the terrible news to them.

With a plan of action and something to do other than brooding, I think we all felt a bit better and after freshening up, Mum and I headed for town. I dropped Mum at the solicitor's home and I drove to the funeral parlour, where the Funeral Director was waiting, in response to my phone call. I passed on the information we had received from the police and he confirmed that he would arrange for Dad to be brought home and suggested that we aim for the funeral service on Wednesday morning. I looked at a couple of caskets and tentatively chose one subject to Mum and Wendy approving.

I collected Mum and we picked up a pizza, to save having to fix something at home. When we got home we all sat back round the table and discussed what we had managed to achieve. They were both happy with the arrangements I had made, and Mum advised us of what she had found out. Dad had left us in a reasonably solid financial position, as he had been a great believer in life insurance. The farm would become mortgage free and Wendy and I would be able to continue with our education. That was quite a load off my mind as I had been visualising having to go



to work without qualifications. I knew Wendy would have been thinking along the same lines and would be just as relieved. We discussed and decided on hymns, pallbearers, who would give the eulogy and all the other things required for a funeral. It was fortunate that the funeral director had supplied an information booklet, as there many things that we would not have thought of.

It was quite late by the time we finished and Mum offered brandies to help us sleep. While sipping them Mum suggested that, as there were only 10 days till the summer break, Wendy and I should finish school for the year and we should take a holiday after the funeral. We both agreed enthusiastically and it was decided to hire a large campervan and go on a travelling holiday, heading where the urge took us. That would be my project for tomorrow and we all headed of for much needed sleep.

Next day the two women went to arrange the service and check out the funeral arrangements while I phoned around and located a mobile home, and arranged to collect it on Thursday. Our nearest neighbour agreed to have his hired hand feed and care for our stock while we were away and everything seemed to be falling into place. The news of Dads accident was starting to spread and the never-ending phone calls and visitors started. It was understandable that everyone wanted to sympathise but the constant stream of calls and visitors began to get me down and I was pleased when Mum and Wendy returned and could help. I could see why Mum was so keen to get away after the funeral – we would all be desperate for a break by the time we could finally depart.

We got through the next few days somehow, and the funeral went off as well as funerals ever do. Dad received a fine send off and, after a few drinks at home, everybody finally left and we began our new lives. The fact that Dad would never be coming home was just now starting to sink in but I think, because of the time he had been spending away, it did not effect us that as it should have. We decided that, on Thursday morning, Mum and I would catch a bus from town into the city and collect the Motor Home and Wendy would stay in town, clear things up at school and bring the car home.

Things went according to plan and we were driving off in our hire vehicle by lunchtime next day. The home was bigger than I expected and we would be fairly comfortable for the next few weeks. Mum seemed to be able to drive it ok and once we were well past the city limits we swapped and I drove. We had pulled into a supermarket and stocked the van and a bit further down the road she suggested that we find a secluded spot and fix some lunch. We turned off the main road and located a picnic spot on a riverbank and parked up. I sprawled out while mum made a drink and some snacks.

“Looks like the range and the fridge work ok,” she said. “This seems to be a really nice Mobile Home and I think we will have a great trip, it’s just what we all need.”

“Yeah it’ll be marvellous. You don’t think we should check out the curtains and the bed as well, do you?” I replied, not too hopefully.

“It would not be right with your father still warm in his grave, and, anyway,



someone might see us.”

Maybe there was some hope – she appeared to be looking for reassurance that we wouldn’t get interrupted and I was quick to provide it.

“We can pull the curtains and lock it down. No one will be able to see or get in. And it might be a long time before we get another chance if the three of us are going to be together all the time. It’s been nearly a week since we last did it.” I exaggerated slightly.

Mum never replied, just turned the kettle off, and moved to the bed at the rear. I quickly got up and locked the cab doors and the side door and went to join her, pulling the curtain across behind me. Mum had closed the window curtains and was removing her stockings by the time I joined. her. I removed my clothing and we were both fully naked about the same time, and, after climbing on to the bed we soon aroused each other by kissing and fondling. Mum lay back, spread herself open to receive me and we were soon fucking vigorously. It had been a few days and I did not last long before coming, but when I had finished ejaculating my cock did not go slack as it usually did, and I was able to continue on. After a few thrusts I was back to full erection and managed to last long enough for Mum to reach an orgasm and I also had another one but it was a lot weaker than my first one.

“Well, at least we got to make love at least once in this thing,” she said, and went on, “ I’ll try out the toilet now – I need to pee and drain your cum out.”

“Hold on, Mum, “ I replied, “We are going to have to use the toilet as little as possible, as the tank is only small. I think we should piss outside when and where we can and only use the toilet for shitting.”

“I suppose that’s reasonable. Have a good check round outside and if it’s all clear I’ll pee beside the van.”

I pulled on my underpants and had a look outside – there was nothing in sight and I couldn’t hear any vehicles, even in the distance. When I told her this she pulled her blouse loosely on and squatted by the van, facing me with her feet apart and her thighs spread wide.

“I suppose you want to watch.” And she proceeded to piss, staying down when she had finished. My cum was oozing slowly out of her and dripping from her lips to the ground. Mum leant forward and peered at herself and commented,

“Looks like you really needed that. You’ve pumped a bucket full in to me. This could take ages- get me some toilet paper, please.”

I did as she asked and watched as she used some to wipe herself with and the rest she pushed between the lips of her cunt to sop up the rest of my discharge. She came back inside and we dressed, Mum putting a further wad of toilet paper in the crotch of her panties (black and lacy by the way), and, after straightening the bed and opening a window, we finished making and consuming the coffee and snacks.



We were soon back on the road and heading for home. Mum looked a little happier for the first time since Sunday morning, and I certainly felt pleased with myself. Wendy was home when we arrived and came out to check it over – it met with her approval and she claimed the smaller bed at the front of the vehicle, leaving the side fold down one for me. Curtains provided privacy for the front and rear beds and were of a length to cut off any view above knee level, but it was going to be difficult to maintain total modesty, with the three of us living in such a confined area.

Wendy and I went off to do our chores and Mum decided to scrub out the already spotless van and fix tea. When we had finished our work and our meal we sat and made lists of what we could and should take with us. There was only limited space and Mum and I had some trouble limiting what Wendy wanted to take but we finally managed to put the brakes on her.

After an early night we had a full morning packing clothing, linen and equipment into our home for the next three or four weeks and by lunch time we were finished, tired but pleased. A quick dip at the swimming hole seemed called for and after we returned Mum went off to visit her friends to say goodbye, while we gave our animals a really good going over prior to leaving. When I had finished with mine I went to the barn to see how Wendy was making out, and found her in the loft, forking down hay and straw for the horse stalls. She was ready for a break and sprawled out on some hay bales. I dropped down beside her and we lay and chatted about our trip.

It soon got too much for me and I tentatively began to caress her arm. When she didn't object I moved on to fondle her breast and pinch her nipples through her shirt and bra. She still didn't object and was starting to breath jerkily and had stopped speaking. I worked my hand down over her stomach and on to her thigh, massaging it through the material of her jeans. I began to kiss her and I groped at her pussy and then fumbled trying to unfasten her pants. She protested at this and tried to push my hand away,

“We can't do this, I'm your sister.”

“Don't worry I won't put it in you, I promise. I'll make love to you with my mouth.”

“No, you can't do that. I'm all hot and sweaty and I need a shower. We could do it with our hands again though if you want.”

I went back to undoing her jeans and pulled them and her little white panties off and buried my face in her groin. Wendy protested at first and tried to pull me away but she eventually accepted that I didn't find her distasteful and relaxed and enjoyed what I was doing to her. I pushed her tee shirt up and pushed her bra off her breasts and by working on them with my hands and her cunt with my mouth I soon had in the throes of an orgasm. When she had finished she pushed me onto my back and proceeded to uncover my cock saying that it was my turn, and with a combination of sucking, licking and rubbing she brought me to my climax.

When my eruption was over she released me and lay back, stating,



“I just knew it would be great doing that with you. We can’t do it again, though. Next time I might not be able to stop without fucking and we can’t do that.”

After a final kiss we put our clothes back in order and headed inside to have our last meal and spend our last night before heading off.

We were all up early next morning and after breakfast I headed out to give the farm a last check over before our departure. Mum and Wendy were busy giving the house a good going over and packing the last of the consumables into the van. We were in no mad rush to get away but managed to head out mid-morning, as we had hoped.

The night before we had pencilled out a rough trip but set no fixed routes or destinations. We had highlighted a number of sights and places that were of interest to us and we arrived at the first of these sites early afternoon. After a light lunch we checked out the site and then headed on to find a good camping area.

It was relatively early when we stopped for our first night, as we were sure that we would encounter teething troubles in learning how to get settled for the night and we hoped to get these sorted out before dark. The main difficulty encountered was parking the van relatively level and then fine tuning it with a couple of small hydraulic bottle jacks. We all pitched in and helped fix a meal and then after eating and a couple of hour’s playing cards, we organised our beds. Mum’s was easy, just needing to turn the bedding down, but Wendy’s and mine had to be folded out and then made up. We had both decided to initially try using sleeping bags, so we were all ready for bed in short order.

Before climbing into bed we all went for a pee, Mum and Wendy on the far side of the van and me on the door side. It tickled my fancy that they were both being modest for the benefit of the other, neither being aware that I had already had close-ups of both them pissing. It was a very still night and there was almost no sound to be heard. The noise of my piss splashing against the rear wheel would have been as clearly audible to them as the sounds of theirs hissing from them onto the ground was to me. I could clearly visualise them squatting down with their legs spread and this thought gave me the beginnings of an erection.

I was finished first and was sitting on my opened bag in my underwear, ready to zip myself in when they came in, both looking slightly flushed with embarrassment. After saying our goodnights they both headed for their bed spaces, pulling the curtains across behind them. I flicked my light off ready for sleep and this was when I made my discovery. The curtain that I thought, when standing, would provide cover to knee level had an entirely different perspective from a prone position.

I could just see to bed level, but the best part was that, because of their being closer to the curtain and just slightly higher, their field of view was a lot shorter than mine. In fact, while I could see nearly all the lower half of them, they could see nothing of me at all. I could see possibilities in this situation; my being able to watch them without their knowledge was voyeurism that even the thought of,



aroused me. I don't know why this was so, as I had seen both of them in their full naked glory.

Mum provided me with the first flash when she removed her shorts and nickers and after picking them up, sat on the edge of her bed. I could almost make out her pussy lips between her slightly spread thighs and when she pushed her hand down and rubbed herself there, I nearly came in my undies then and there. I was disappointed when she removed her hand and her nightie cut of my view. When she crawled under the covers and turned off the light I quickly turned to check on Wendy but all I got was a fleeting glimpse of the lower part of her panty clad buttocks as she crawled in to bed. Wendy was obviously like me and slept in her underwear. I had a raging erection by now and I needed to do something about it or I would never be able to sleep, so I picked up a sock and wanked myself into it. I groaned slightly as I came and I heard faint rustling noises from Mum's bed when I had relaxed and wondered if she was doing the same.

I was woken next morning by Mum, in her nightie, coming back through the door from her morning pee, and she gave me a kiss good morning, including a quick thrust of her tongue, and then stood at the bench brewing coffee. I was dying for a piss myself and crawled out of my bag and stood to go outside. Mum looked at my morning piss-proud hardon that was pushing out the front of my underpants and smiled and ran her tongue suggestively round her lips. I stuck my tongue out at her and went outside to the rear of the van, where I was standing, pissing happily when Wendy strolled round. She was in her blouse and nickers and obviously intending to take a piss herself.

Wendy stood for a few seconds watching me pee and then walked round behind me to the off corner, and, after making sure that Mum could not see, she stepped out of her panties and crouched, facing me and spread wide. She smiled sweetly at me and let go, the piss streaming out of her in a strong jet, and she sighed with relief. My erection returned with a rush and I headed inside before I did something stupid.

There was coffee and cereal on the table when I got inside, and I pulled on a tee shirt and sat down to breakfast. Wendy returned and joined us and we talked about yesterday's travel and roughly plotted today's route while eating. When we had finished Mum said,

"Before we move there's something that we need to discuss. For the next 3 weeks or so we have to live in close proximity. It's going to be difficult if not impossible to maintain our modesty, and I think that, as adults, we shouldn't worry about moving around in our underwear. I don't particularly want to worry about a bathrobe and I bet your both feel the same. Any effect is going to be more obvious on you, Greg, but I won't let it bother me and I hope it won't bother you, Wendy?"

We both agreed as to the common sense of this and decided to get cleaned up and on our way. Mum claimed first rights on the tiny bathroom and headed in there while we cleaned up the breakfast dishes, and when she finished, Wendy headed in for her turn, leaving me to finish up. Seeing the door close behind Wendy, Mum didn't bother to pull the curtain and just stripped off her nightie and removed her



panties. She stood naked, selected clean underpants and put them on, and when she had her shorts and blouse on as well she smiled sweetly at me and came and whispered,

“Oops, sorry. Forgot you were there.” And giggled happily, having aroused me even further, and when Wendy strutted past in a flimsy little panty and bra set, I moaned and headed for refuge in the bathroom. It was going to be a very long few weeks if they kept this up.

By the end of the first week any thought of modesty had long since disappeared and we were all comfortable being seen in various states of undress. The curtains were superfluous to requirements, neither having been pulled in a few days and we were getting changed and pissing together without embarrassment. They were both still taking pleasure in arousing me and seemed to like nothing better than seeing me walking around with a semi-permanent erection. My only relief was masturbation and I often sneaked off alone and whacked myself off. This was highly embarrassing and when Mum and Wendy smirked knowingly on my return I knew that they were aware what they were driving me to.

Finally, I had enough and on the seventh night I lined them up and warned them,

“If this doesn’t stop, there’s going to be trouble. I won’t be responsible for my actions. So you had both better stop.” there was a shocked silence and Mum replied,

“What do you mean? What have we been doing to you? If you tell us what’s wrong we’ll try and stop.”

“Don’t play the innocent, you both know exactly what you are doing. Prancing around near enough to naked, and flaunting your breasts and other bits and bobs at me. You get me in such a state that I’m liable to rape one of you.”

“Wouldn’t be anything new between you and Mum, anyway.” Wendy muttered under her breath.

Mum obviously heard and turned on Wendy.

“What the hell do you mean by that remark, you smart mouthed little madam?” Mum was pissed.

“Do you think I’m blind? I’ve seen the way you look at each another. I’m not stupid! I don’t know how far you’ve gone but I know you’ve been up to something.”

What had I started? I could visualise them rowing with each other and then both turning on me. Best to leave them to it, so I went for a walk, returning after about an hour and tentatively pushing the door open.

“It’s safe to come in, you nasty grubby man.” Mum greeted me, not too warmly.

I went inside, worried about what I had started and what had happened in my



absence. I was greeted with the sight of the two women resting on Mum's bed, cuddling each other.

"We've told each other everything and I should chop your penis off, you pervert. Not content with seducing me you had to get at your sister as well. Are you some kind of sex maniac?"

I said nothing, figuring that anything I did say would only make matters worse. It looked like the end of my home sex comforts.

"We've discussed it fully and reached a decision. We are both getting as horny as you and we think that the only solution is for us to share you. Before you start feeling too smug you might start thinking about the fact that there are two of us, and only one of you – you might regret our plan. We are going to have night about and since I'm the eldest I get first turn, tonight."

This sounded great to me and I waited eagerly for bedtime. Eventually it got dark and Mum and Wendy headed to their beds with me being ordered to join Mum when the lights were off. When both had turned out their bedside lamps, I fumbled my way to mother's bed, dropped my underpants and climbed on to the bed with her. I took her in my arms and hugged her for the first time in days and found that she had removed her clothing as well. I revelled in the feel of her naked body pressing against mine and kissed her long and passionately. I then kissed and licked my way down her body till my mouth and tongue were pressed to her pussy, and after I licked at her cunt lips and clitoris for a while she was in such a state that she was groaning loudly and obviously enjoying my attention.

"God! I can't stand this! Please can I come and watch? Please?" Wendy's desperate sounding words put a halt in our play and Mum bent and whispered to me,

"What do you think? Will you be able to carry on if she watches? It's your choice."

"Come on, Wendy. We don't mind." I made her aware of my view.

Wendy quickly joined us on the bed and flicked the light back on. I blinked a bit in the sudden bright light and went back to Mum's cunt. After another couple of minutes of working on her with my mouth I moved up between her wide spread thighs and thrust into her and proceeded to fuck her until we both reached climaxes at about the same time. Wendy lay and watched us and I could see her arousal from the moisture that was soaking her panties. She finally thrust her hand down the front of them and fingered herself until she joined us in an orgasm.

After we had finished both Mum and I cuddled and kissed Wendy and the three of us finished up sleeping in each other's arms.

Luckily it was summertime and the weather was hot as when I woke early next morning we were all still lying cuddled together on top of Mum's bed. Mum and I were completely naked and Wendy sort of had her panties on, but they had slipped down and I could see her pubic hair and the top of her pussy lips. She was lying facing Mum and their faces were only inches apart, and I was pressed into to



Mum's back. I propped myself up on one elbow and looked down on my two beautiful ladies and wondered how, in only a few short weeks, I had been lucky enough to have sex and fall much in love with both of them.

I was in need of a piss and had just decided to sneak outside when I noticed that Mum was stirring. I watched her eyes open and when she remembered last night's events she blushed a little and then smiled contentedly. I bent down and kissed her cheek and whispered,

I'm going for a piss; don't go away. Love you." And I slid off the bed and ducked outside.

Once again we were parked up at an idyllic spot and the only sounds to be heard were being made by the birds and the stream. And I stood there, holding my cock, pissing happily, I wished that life could stay like this forever, as I felt more content than ever before. When I went back inside Mum had her face pressed to Wendy's and they were kissing passionately. She had Wendy's breast cupped in her hand and as I watched she finished their kiss and proceeded to work her way down until she was working on Wendy's breasts. I just stood beside the bed watching them and I don't think that either was aware of my presence they were so deeply into each other.

I observed, with interest, the effects of their love play. Wendy's nipples were erect and had grown a lot larger and her legs were slowly drifting apart revealing a distinct wet patch on the crotch of her panties. Because of the way she was laying I couldn't see Mum's nipples but I was sure hers would be aroused as well. Her cunt was clearly visible framed in the space at the top of her thighs and below her bum cheeks, and, even with her legs pressed together the lips were partly open and it was obvious that she was well lubricated and aroused. Mum slid lower on the bed and pushed Wendy's panties down to her feet and off, then licked her way down and proceeded to make love to her with her tongue. Wendy was obviously enjoying the attention and had her legs bent at the knees and spread wide, she was playing with her own breasts and had her eyes squeezed tightly shut and was biting her bottom lip. She was extremely aroused and close to her climax.

Mum also seemed to be excited, she was as flushed as Wendy and even the tops of her thighs were wet from her fluids. I was getting fairly excited, myself, and my cock was standing straight out. I decided to enter into the action and reached down and picked up Wendy's nickers and began massaging Mum's cunt with them. She must have found this to be to her liking as she pulled her knees up, thrusting her pussy further back and out, making it more accessible and I continued to rub her and slowly worked the panties inside her.

Wendy finally reached her climax and it was quite an experience to stand back and watch her in the throes of her orgasm. She was shaking and crying out and thrusting herself hard at Mum's face. It seemed to go on a lot longer than my climaxes did and I think it was her coming that pushed Mum into her own orgasm, and when she was in the middle of it I slowly pulled the nickers from her cunt. This really pushed her over the edge and she screamed and clamped down on the nickers attempting to stop me withdrawing them. When they had both finished



they slumped down on the bed and Wendy acknowledged me for the first time, she smiled nervously at me and blushed, slightly embarrassed. I leant over Mum and kissed her, saying

“Don’t be embarrassed, Sis, that was really exciting to watch and I did let you watch last night.”

I went on to kiss Mum and then stepped back to allow them to get up off the bed. Both of them needed to urinate and they headed outside, neither making any attempt to put clothing on. We had all now completely at ease being nude in one another’s presence. My two main fascinations being buttocks and pissing, I wasn’t about to let a chance pass by and so I followed them out to watch, neither making the slightest protest just squatting side by side in front of me.

“Hang on, before you start, would one of you do me favour?” I asked.

“What do you want now?” Mum was the one who replied.

“Look what the two of you have done to me!” I pushed my hips forward, thrusting my erection at them, “You both know how much your peeing fascinates me and I wondered if you’d piss on my cock. I bet it would feel great.”

I was a bit embarrassed about my request, but I thought, ‘What the hell, if you don’t ask you don’t get’ and they could only say no at worst. Mum laughed and Wendy looked horrified but neither refused outright.

“You’re getting worse.” Mum giggled, “But then I thought you were terrible first time that you licked me, and look at us now. I suppose it’s no worse than some of the other things we’ve done, so I suppose I am willing. How do you want to do this?”

“I could just lie here on the grass and you can sort of stand over me and just let go. Will you do it as well, Wendy?” I lay flat on my back and spread my legs a little.

Mum stood up first and moved towards me, and, after a slight pause, Wendy also stood and followed. Mum lifted one foot and placed it between my legs and placed her other one beside my hip. This placed her pussy above my groin and Wendy did the same on my other side. I lay there and looked up at the two of them standing there, breasts heaving and looking decidedly excited at what they were about to do. I stared their cunts in anticipation and when Mum asked if I was sure, I just nodded, eagerly. Mum took the lead again and I watched as her cunt lips sort of pouted out and open a little, and then a strong yellow stream of piss jetted out and splashed onto me. It felt hot as it splashed onto me and I enjoyed the sensation very much, and when Wendy finally let herself go and joined in, the combination of the two streams caused me to reach a peak and start spurting. When I looked up and away from their two pussies I saw that they were kissing again and the sight of them sucking on each other increased the strength of my coming and I spouted my discharge all over my lower belly and pubic area.

When we had all finished, them peeing and me ejaculating, there was a pause



while we all calmed down and when the two women released each other and prepared to move away, I said,

“Hang on, don’t go yet. If you crouch down over my face, I’ll lick you clean. Save the cost of paper.” I joked, and watched their look of amazement at my depravity, but they did as I suggested, Mum going first as was becoming the norm. I was a bit nervous about the taste of piss but I found that while it was a bit bitter and salty, it was not repugnant and I licked them both thoroughly, enjoying the combined taste of piss and lubricating fluid.

Mum and Wendy headed inside and I went down to the stream and waded in and washed myself down. The water was cold but refreshing and caused my already soft penis to shrivel up defensively and almost disappear and when I went inside Mum looked at it and smirked.

“I warned you that there were two of us and only one of you. Looks like we’ve worn it out in one night.”

I just laughed and sat on the side of my bed towelling myself and thinking how much we had all changed. They were both wandering round with only tee shirts on, baring their cunts and backsides to my view, and I was sitting naked in front of them and nobody was giving it a second thought. I was willing to bet that none of us had ever imagined doing what we had just done, not even in their most secret and wildest fantasy; I knew I hadn’t.

“What do the two of you think about staying here for a couple of days? It’s lovely here and we just stocked up yesterday, so its not as if we need anything. A couple of days rest sounds really good to me.” Mum proposed this as she was fixing breakfast and Wendy and I both agreed with alacrity. I pulled on a pair of shorts and Wendy commented,

“What’s wrong little brother? Not getting shy, are you.”

“Nah, its just that the sight of your pretty little pussies keeps makes it sit up and stretch out to grab you, and I don’t want to bump it on anything.”

We had breakfast and lazed around for an hour or so, and then decided to go for a hike and after putting some clothes on we set off, We had packed wine and some snacks and were carrying a rug with us when we reached a sunny little clearing on the riverbank some time later, where we decided to stop and picnic. We opened the wine and sipped some of it and ate some of the food and then stripped off and settled on the rug to bask in the sun and finish off the wine. We were all laying face down, with me in the middle and I was in heaven, fondling and enjoying two beautiful sets of buttocks. I guess we all were getting frisky and it appeared that neither of them would object to going a bit further.

After our morning activities I don’t think anything I could suggest would shock them now and they agreed eagerly to my suggestion that I lie on my back and Mum fuck me and Wendy kneel over my face so I could work on her with my mouth. We were soon pleasuring each other in this position, and this way, their tits were



readily available to fondle and caress and Mum and Wendy could kiss and hug each other.

We all eventually reached orgasms and made so much noise that there was probably not a bird or animal for miles. We had all enjoyed our tryst and each had received a lot of satisfaction from our combined lovemaking. It was with some reluctance that we set off for our mobile home.

Wendy and I dressed fully for our walk home but Mum decided to wear only her tee shirt and panties, pointing out that my discharge was slowly seeping from her pussy, and, as we had to do our washing by hand she wanted to keep her shorts as clean as possible. I could see the sense in this and, anyway, the sight of her tight little buttocks writhing and grinding in her little white panties was very erotic and had my full approval. Despite all that had gone on already, that day, I still had a partial erection all the way home and had to suffer Mum's comments about my insatiability.

I gathered firewood and lit a campfire while the girls fixed some food to eat in front of it and we sat looking at the flames, cuddling each other, until well after dark. It was Wendy's 'Night' and Mum decided to have a night off and sleep in one of the smaller beds, leaving the large one for us. Leaving Mum alone, I concentrated on Wendy as we sat at the fire, and I knew I was arousing her by the way she shivered when I caressed her. I spent a long spell fondling her breasts and then moved onto her nether regions, she had reached a stage that, when I touched her clitoris, she moaned softly from deep within. I was sure that tonight I would be able to have full sex with her and I finally leant over and whispered in her ear,

"Come on it's time we went to bed, I want to make love to you till you scream. I can feel that you want that as well." And grasping her hand I pulled her to her feet and led her inside, bidding Mum goodnight as we headed off.

I sat on the edge of the bed with Wendy standing between my knees and wrapped my arms around her and pulled her hard to me and kissed and caressed her. I went on to removing her clothing and was pulling her tee shirt over her head when Mum entered. She smiled at me, stripped off her clothing as I watched over Wendy's shoulder, and reached down and cupped her cunt. After rubbing the whole area with her hand, she ran two of her fingers back and forth between her cunt lips and then rubbed her clitoris with them. She was looking right into my eyes as she did this and I could see the lust there. With a final suggestive smile she climbed onto her bed, pulled the curtain across, leaving a small space to look through and flicked off her light.

Deciding to leave our light on to let Mum see clearly, I pulled Wendy's shorts and panties down and off, and pushed my face into her crotch and breathed in deeply. I could clearly smell her arousal and it was better than any scent ever made. I wrapped my arms around under her bum and lifted and swung her onto the bed and dropped gently on top of her, thrusting my tongue deep into her mouth. I could feel her tits with erect nipples pressing into my chest and I knew that she must feel my erection prodding and pushing at her lower tummy and crotch. Wendy was clawing at my back and when I lowered my hand down and groped at



her pussy I could feel that she was exceedingly wet and she was wide open, obviously highly excited. I whispered in her ear,

“You feel wet and ready, you’re absolutely soaked down there. Are you going to let me make proper love with you tonight?”

“I really, really want to, but I’m frightened of getting pregnant. I’m not on the pill and I haven’t noticed you using anything. I don’t know what I’d do if you gave me a baby.”

“If that’s all that’s stopping you, you needn’t worry. I’ll pull out before I come. Promise.”

She made no reply just pulled my face back to hers and spread her legs a little wider. I took this to be approval and reached down and guided the tip of my cock to the entrance of her cunt and I slid it back and forth between her lips, and then slowly pushed in to her. Wendy was so lubricated I slipped easily into her even though she was very tight. I felt the head of my cock meet some resistance and she sucked in her breath and clamped hard on me to prevent my going any further. I pulled back a bit and asked her in a whisper if she wanted me to stop, and, when she told me to keep going, I decided that a quick burst of pain was better than dragging it out slowly, so I thrust home with one quick shove. Wendy cried out and then wrapped her legs and arms round me to stop me moving any more.

“Should I pull out? Does it hurt too much to keep going?” I was worried that I might hurt her.

“No I’ll be right in a minute. Just don’t move for while till I get used to it. God you feel huge in there. It feels full up.” Wendy was slowly relaxing and gradually I could feel her easing her grasp of me so I slowly resumed thrusting gently in and out of her. She was soon seemed to be enjoying my thrusts and lifted her heels into the middle of my back, and dug them into me, trying to force my penetration deeper into her pussy. The discomfort was obviously gone and she was enjoying her first full-blooded fuck. She felt quite different from her Mother, she was tighter but didn’t grip down on my cock and which made the with-drawl feel nearly as good as the thrust in, but I guessed this was a skill that would come with experience.

I was determined to make her first intercourse memorable and bring her to a really good climax and, to this end, every time I thought she was getting close to coming I would stop and let both of us cool down a bit before starting again. Eventually Wendy had reached a level at which she was groaning non-stop and quite loudly. Then, when she had almost reached her climax, she had her eyes screwed closed and was crying out all the time,

“Fuck me Greg. Fuck me Greg. Don’t stop. Please don’t stop.” This wasn’t quite at the scream volume but in the small confines of the van it might as well have been. I didn’t know what Mum thought, as she couldn’t possibly be sleeping. God knows, she wasn’t exactly quiet when she came, but she was nothing compared to Wendy. Finally Wendy reached a peak and climaxed, and it was dramatic. She went ridged, thrust hard back at me with her pelvis and clamped hard on me with her legs and



arms and then started shaking violently and was trying to suck my tongue out of my mouth. This pushed me into my own orgasm and, as I felt it beginning, I told Wendy that I was starting to come and needed to pull out of her. She gripped me all the tighter and cried out; “No! No! No!” until I was ejaculating, still fully embedded in her, and with no thought now of withdrawing.

Finally she grew still and relaxed back on the bed with me still lying on top of her, with my cock slowly softening inside her. Wendy had not yet released me and still had her legs and arms wrapped round me, hugging me to her. She finally pulled her face from mine and whispered in my ear,

“Thank you, Greg my love. I knew it would be wonderful with you and it was everything I dreamed it would.” She ran her tongue round my ear, sending shivers up my spine, “No wonder Mum has been having sex with you. I hope we didn’t keep her awake.” She went back to kissing and hugging me.

“You didn’t let me pull out. I came in you. You might be making a baby as we speak. What should we do?”

“I just couldn’t bear for you to leave me right then. We’ll worry about it if it happens. Now do you want to get off of me and pass me up my panties and I’ll try and clean us up a bit so we can turn the light off and go to sleep.”

I rolled off her and my cock flopped free, and as I stretched down to snag her nickers, Mum spoke,

“Don’t tell me you’ve finally finished. I didn’t think you were ever going to end. I don’t know what he was doing to you Wendy but you certainly looked and definitely sounded like you enjoyed it. I had two orgasms from my fingers while I watched you, and another one without touching myself while listening to you climax. God! If you hadn’t stopped then I think you’d have killed me.”

Wendy froze and then blushed and buried her face into the side of my neck in embarrassment. Mum turned her light on and pulled her curtain back a bit further and propped herself up and looked down the van at me.

“Now you know what you sound like, Mum.” I replied, “The first time I licked your pussy you made as much noise and ruction as that.”

It was Mum’s turn to blush. “Yes, I know just how she felt. I think that was my problem. Envy.”

I sat back up with the panties and pulled Wendy to a sitting position and handed them to her. She blushed even brighter and turned partly away from Mum’s view and began to wipe all around her cunt and upper thighs. It was quite messy there with a mixture of her own juices, my cum and a few drops of blood. Her white panties would never be the same again and I thought I might claim them for my collection.

“There’s no need to be embarrassed about that, Wendy. Every woman goes



through it. If the men had to clean up after themselves they wouldn't be so damn keen on fucking us at every opportunity." I thought Mum was joking but I wasn't a hundred per cent sure, so I didn't make a smart arsed reply.

Wendy had got over her shyness and was sitting up and, now that she had mopped herself clean and dry, was drying off my crotch with her panties.

"Do you want to come and sleep with us, Mum? There's no reason for you to be lonely down there and I think we're finished for the night." Wendy invited her.

Mum quickly climbed out of her bed and, naked, came down to us and clambered over top to finish on the far side of Wendy. It seemed that it was her turn to be in the middle tonight. She took the panties from Wendy when she had finished with me and wiped herself dry as well; she must have produced a fair bit of moisture herself.

I turned the light off and my last thought as I dozed off, cuddled into Wendy, both of us with our arms wrapped round each other, was 'I'm definitely going to have those panties now, with the scent of both Mum and Wendy on them.'

Some time during the night I woke and discovered that I was still cuddled into Wendy and that I was sporting another erection. Wendy was sound asleep and clasping me tightly to her, and my cock was pressed uncomfortably against her hipbone. Moving slowly so as not to disturb her, I reached down with my hand to make myself more comfortable but she must have been sleeping more lightly than I thought and her eyes opened and she became aware of where she was. She smiled at me contentedly and gave me a quick kiss and then pushed her face close to my ear and whispered to me,

"You feeling uncomfortable? It feels nice. It's a pity we can't put it to good use without waking Mum." And she blew softly in my ear. Making me shiver in excitement.

"Maybe we can. If you lift your leg over mine and try and push the other one underneath me I'll try and put my cock in you and we might be able to fuck without moving too much."

She moved slowly and carefully and did as I suggested, I then pointed the head of my cock between the lips of her cunt and pushed it fully into her. She was well lubricated and my penis slid smoothly in and we just lay there, pressed as closely together as we could get, not moving, just enjoying the sensation and feeling of complete and absolute intimacy.

I could feel her nipples erecting against my chest and she was sucking furiously on my tongue that I was thrusting in and out of her mouth, as if it was fucking her instead of my cock, which I was not moving. Wendy was gripping it tightly with her inner cunt muscles and seemed to be rising towards a climax from the attention of my tongue only, and, when I rubbed her clitoris with my fingers and then reached round and pushed one finger a little way into her anus, it was enough to push her over the top. She orgasmed, taking me with her, and lay in my arms shuddering



and groaning into my mouth which I kept pressed against hers as I ejaculated inside of her. When we were both spent, she sighed contentedly and went back to sleep still holding me tightly.

I must have been exhausted as well because the next thing I knew was my becoming aware of Mum sitting up and looking down at the two of us. We were still clasped together and my cock was still imbedded in her, soft and uncomfortable now. A mixture of my cum and her lubricating fluids, had oozed out of her past my cock, and it had made both our pubic areas all sticky and nasty with some of it having dried and pasted us together.

God! Look at the state of the pair of you! Have you had any sleep or have you fucked each other all night? On your first performance it's a wonder I managed to sleep through it. I'm going for a pee and we'll look at cleaning you up when I get back." She whispered this softly and then climbed carefully over us and headed outside.

When she came back inside she put the kettle on and tipped the warm water in a basin and brought it over to us with soap, flannel and towel. She pushed the soapy flannel between our crotches and proceeded to wash us until I could pull free of Wendy and roll away from her. Wendy woke while Mum was ministering to us and blushed, a little embarrassed, but kept her legs apart and allowed Mum to wash and clean her. Our fluids were spread all over her lower belly and pubic hair, her upper thighs and all over her pussy and anus, and soon she seemed to be enjoying the attention she was receiving. While Mum was working the flannel between her buttocks and over her anus and then inside her pussy, she was biting her lip and I could see she was fighting her urge to thrust her groin up at Mum.

I think Wendy was quite relieved when Mum finished drying her and moved over to attend to me. Naturally I was soon sporting an erection but Mum ignored it and completed washing and drying me, and without warning, bent down and took me in her mouth. The unexpectedness of it took me by surprise and I reached an almost instantaneous climax, pumping my cum into her mouth. She managed to swallow nearly all of it with only a little of it dribbling down he chin. Wendy was kneeling watching this and was as surprised as Mum and I at the speed of my ejaculation.

"You must have really enjoyed that, going by the time that it took." Mum laughed and ran her tongue around her mouth. Wendy giggled as well and said to Mum.

"You will have to show me how to get it over and done with that quickly, Mum. Don't move for a minute. You've missed some." And she leant forward and licked all of my cum that Mum had missed, from her face.

"I'm starving." Said Mum, "I'll fix breakfast while you two get organised. Pull the sheets of that bed, we'll have to wash them today, look at the state of them." She went and pulled her tee shirt on and began to putter around the cooker and bench.

We both stood up and looked down at our bed – Mum was right, there were large stains all over the sheet and it painted a clear picture of extreme lust and intense



sexual activity. We pulled it off and took it to the stream and dropped it in to soak, weighed down with a couple of rocks. While I was standing mid-stream I decided to take a piss and stood there with my cock in hand, arching a strong jet out to splash noisily on to the water. I looked around to see if Wendy was admiring me and found that she was also peeing. She had not squatted down but merely spread her feet apart and thrust her whole pelvis forward – in this position her stream of piss was also arching forward clear of her and tinkling into the stream as well.

“I’ve always wanted to try that,” she said, “It works a treat.” And when she stopped she cupped water in her hands and slopped it over her pussy to wash it.

I pulled on my shorts and Wendy her tee shirt and we sat to breakfast and to decide our activities for the day. Since we needed to think about returning home, we decided that we would start travelling again the next day and just spend that day lying around sunbathing and resting up. When we had finished breakfast Mum and I did the dishes and cleaned out the van while Wendy washed the sheet out and hung it to dry.

With a bottle of wine and glasses we took a rug down to a flat grassy area near the stream and spread it out, stripped off and lay down to soak up the sunshine, Wendy in the middle and Mum and me to either side. After a while, and a some more wine, Mum rolled onto her back and dozed lightly while me and Wendy continued lying face down almost asleep as well. Wendy was facing Mum and I saw her stretch out and run her fingers in light circles around the breast that was closest to her. The nipple grew erect and Mum’s lips parted and her tongue emerged to lick her dry lips. This encouraged Wendy and she moved over and lay partly on top of Mum and pressed her lips to her and kissed her, deeply. I could see their lips moving and it was obvious that their tongues were active as well. Wendy soon broke off the kiss and moved to lick and flick Mum’s nipple with her tongue, at the same time sliding her hand down over the slight bulge of her tummy and in between her thighs onto her cunt.

Wendy had shifted around and her own legs had parted, giving me a close rear view of her tight little cunt, that was spreading open as she continued to fondle Mum. Wendy was also get aroused and her usual copious discharge of lubricating fluid was starting to flow. I decide to join in the fun and placed one hand on the inside of each knee and slid them up to her groin spreading her thighs wide open. I moved closer and pushed my face into the crack of her bum, allowing my tongue access to her cunt and anus, and when I started licking these Wendy indicated her liking by pushing back at me. She continued to work at Mum’s pussy and soon I heard Mum start to orgasm closely followed by Wendy. When they had both come back to reality and calmed down I was left lying flat on my back with my erection pointing skyward.

Wendy finally took pity on me and turned onto her side facing me and asked.

“Would you like me to do something about that, Brother Dear? It looks to be in need of some tender loving care.” And she laughed as she patted it. Finally she lowered her face and took the head of my cock in her mouth and went to work with her tongue, slowly taking more and more of me in her mouth until I could feel



myself pressed against the back of her throat. She was rubbing the base of my penis with one hand and holding my balls in her other. All too soon I orgasmed and unloaded myself in her mouth as she swallowed frantically to keep up with my outpourings.

We spent the rest of the day lazing round and after tea we decided that tonight we wouldn't go through the farce of the last two nights and we would all crawl into the same bed. It was Mum's turn tonight and I had an idea that I was hesitant to suggest to her. When Wendy disappeared outside, presumably for a piddle, I said to Mum,

"I've got a suggestion Mum but I'm bit nervous about it. I don't want to offend you."

"Nothing you could do would offend or even surprise me now. What do you want to try?" she smiled encouragingly and laid her hand on the side of my face to reassure me.

"You know I particularly love your backside and watching you pee, and I wondered what you would think about me putting it in your...um...er..." I paused nervously.

"Go on say it, where do you want to fuck me?"

"In your arse." I finally got it out and waited for her horrified objection.

"I thought that's what you wanted. I don't know what you were worried about. Sure we can try it. Tonight?"

"Yes please. I thought we could all get involved – you seem to like making out with Wendy so if you kneel to do that I get to fuck you from behind." I was chuffed that Mum wanted to try this and I could hardly wait till we all retired to the bed.

Over tea we discussed our plans and we decided that it was time to make our way home. School restarted in about a week and there would be work needing doing round the farm. We also discussed our long-term options and decided that completing school locally was the top priority for both Wendy and I. We all agreed that we could not carry on, sexually, at the rate we were currently enjoying, as there were other things in life that were important. It was decided that from when we got home we would return to sleeping in our own rooms on a regular basis and only get together occasionally. I wasn't sure whether to be pleased about this or not, I could see that keeping up this pace and satisfying the two of them would need careful planning and handling if I was to last.

When we retired for what was to be the second to last night in our campervan, we would spend it together for what we resolved would be the last time. Mum and Wendy were still running around wearing only tee shirts and when I came inside after checking everything out for the night and having had a last piss, they were still wearing them, curled up in each other's arms. Mum had definitely found a bi-sexuality side to herself she was not formerly aware of and Wendy was reaping the benefits of her discovery. I lay there watching Mum take the main role and work at



arousing Wendy, and, when they were both deeply involved in each other, I pushed Mum's shirt up and started in on her, kissing my way down her behind and then going to work, sucking and licking at her butt hole and cunt, and soon her juices were running and she was fully lubricated. By this time Mum had licked her way down Wendy's body and, with her face pushed into her crotch, and was tonguing at her furiously.

I inserted three fingers into Mum's pussy and smeared my wet fingers all around Mum's anus. When I had it well and truly lubricated I knelt on the mattress and positioned my cock at her rear opening. When she felt me prodding at her she paused and lifted her face from Wendy's cunt and looked round at me.

"Are you sure about this Mum?" I asked, still not sure that she was happy about it. "I can still put it in the proper hole if you prefer."

"No, go ahead, Son." she replied, "Just take it as gently as you can. I've never had anything larger than a finger in there before."

I slowly pressed my cock into her and it was a lot different to getting into her pussy. At first her anus was squeezed so tightly closed that I didn't think I was going to be able to work my way in at all, but, when I got the head of my cock past the tightly puckered outer muscles, she began to relax and I slowly sank my cock fully in her. Mum's pussy was tight but her anus was even tighter and felt a lot hotter. I slowly began to fuck her and she was soon thrusting her bum back at me. At first I was holding her firm against my thrusts by grasping her hips, but then I slid my arms around her and held her with one hand cupping her tummy and the other on her cunt. I thrust some fingers inside her pussy and rubbed her clitoris with my thumb and this action combined with the thrusts of my cock soon carried Mum to her orgasm. I reached my own climax at about the same time and I clung desperately to her, pulling her back hard against me as I emptied myself deep inside her bowels.

After I had finished humping and jerking out my discharge, I pulled my cock free of her, released my grip on her and fell back on the bed, exhausted, and Mum slumped forward, half on top of Wendy, who looked like she had also reached her climax.

When I woke in the morning we were all still curled up in a tangled mess and I lay there thinking about our actions during our holiday. I felt slightly ashamed of the depravity that we had come to. I did not feel ashamed about the incest side of our relationship but rather our total lack of modesty and decorum. When Mum and Wendy awoke they were also quiet and none of us seemed to want to look another in the eye and I figured that maybe they were feeling a little bit the same way as me.

"I think we all need to talk about what we've been doing and what and where we are heading for," I said and both nodded their agreement. I got up and pulled on my shorts and shirt and headed off for a walk before breakfast and to do some reflecting.

The two women were up, dressed and had fixed breakfast by the time I returned



and they had obviously been talking about things. When I broached the topic of our ongoing sexual relationship both agreed that they wanted it to continue but on a different tack, with threesomes as special treat when the occasion arose. I was relieved at this and felt that it was the best option, as we would surely fall out sooner or later, if we kept on as we were, but I was confident that threesomes would be more regular than just occasionally

After breakfast and our discussion was over Mum and Wendy cleaned and packed the inside of the van while I tidied up outside, and about mid morning we set off to make our way home, a trip we intending doing over a couple of days.

We made good distance that day and after stopping and checking out a couple of historical places we arrived at a mall town and booked into a caravan park This gave us access to proper showers for the first time in some days and it was a pleasure to use them instead of the tiny facilities in the van. We decided to dine out and found a delightful spot where we enjoyed a good meal and a few drinks. Feeling mellow and happy, for the first time in ages we all slept separately and without sex.

We all woke feeling happier and more refreshed than we had been, and carried on our trip home. It actually took us almost three days, not two, to get there and we spent the second and last night apart as well. It didn't take long to unload all our stuff from the van and Mum despatched us to check out the farm and the animals while she tidied and aired the house.

The animals I normally tended to seemed to have been well taken care of by our neighbour's man and I did not need to do anything for them, they had already been fed that day. I went into the barn to see what it was like in there and I discovered that Wendy was just finishing cleaning out one of the stalls, and she confirmed that everything had been well cared for in there as well. She completed spreading the straw and put her fork away and came to me and wrapped her arms around me and plastered her lips to mine, thrusting and probing with her tongue. She rubbed and slithered her body up and down against mine and I figured she was hot and trying to turn me on. I was proved correct when she pulled her lips from mine and said,

“God! I'm horny as hell. It's been three days since you last touched me and it's not fair to just cut me off like that. I desperately need some good hard fucking.” She was fumbling at my belt buckle and trying to lower my pants.

I was fairly horny myself so I pushed her shorts part way down and pushed her hands out of the way and lowered my jeans and shorts myself. When Wendy had stepped clear of her shorts and panties I wrapped my arms round under her bum and lifted her up and lowered her onto my cock and pressed her back against the wall. She wrapped her arms round my neck and her legs round my waist and clung tightly to me as I humped her vigorously. We were soon moaning and sucking at each other's mouths and reached our orgasms together, clinging to each other desperately and shaking and shuddering together.

When we had both come back down to reality I lifted her and allowed my cock to



fall free and lowered her back to a standing position. She stood there with her feet apart and looked down between her legs at our fluids seeping out from between her pussy lips and dripping to the ground.

“You needed that as much as me! Look at your cum spilling out. There must be a gallon of it! I really enjoyed doing it standing up like that – I think it might have been the best climax I’ve had. Can I have your hankie, please?”

She inserted the hankie into herself and we got dressed and returned inside. I was sure that Mum would also be ready for sex that night and I expected her to creep to my room after we had all retired, but I was disappointed.

Next morning Mum and I set out to return the campervan to where we had hired it from, Mum driving the van and me following in the car. Everything seemed to be going fine until suddenly Mum repeatedly flashed her brakelights at me and turned off the road. I followed, wondering what had gone wrong, not noticing that this was the same spot we had stopped on the way home after we had picked up the van. When I pulled up beside her I asked her what the problem was and she replied,

“There’s nothing wrong. Not with the van anyway. I just thought you might like to say goodbye to our little love nest in an fitting manner?”

I couldn’t agree fast enough and I followed her inside slamming the door behind us. Mum pulled the curtains and then did a slow sensual strip tease for me. She took her clothes off in a very slow and seductive way and when she was standing there in her panties and bra I had an erection standing up harder than ever before and it was actually throbbing and twitching in anticipation. Mum was extremely aroused herself and the wet patch in the crotch of her plain white nickers was plainly visible even when she was standing with her legs together. She removed her bra, exposing her erect nipples and swollen breasts, and I fell to the floor, kneeling at her feet, and wrapped my arms around her bum. I pulled her to me and buried my face into her crotch where I could feel how damp the material pressed over my mouth and nose was, and I could clearly taste and smell her arousal, which got me even more excited. I dragged her nickers down and lifted her onto the bed, and after I had ripped off my own clothes we had a period of oral foreplay before we made long slow love. Mum must have been thinking about having sex for some time before we stopped, as she was so wet and aroused when we first arrived and the foreplay and the fucking soon brought her to a climax. When I continued thrusting to get to my own orgasm Mum reached her second climax, and this one was more powerful than the first one. This was the first time this had happened to her and it left her weak and trembling for some time after we were finished and we had to rest a while before proceeding on our journey.

On the way home Mum and I chatted quite frankly in the seclusion of the car and Mum admitted that she no longer loved me just as a son but now saw me as her lover and a potential partner and she felt she needed to compete with Wendy for my affections. I reassured her that I felt equally strongly about both of them and I hoped that all three of us could continue a long and loving relationship. I pointed out that I didn’t feel jealous when she and Wendy made love and that she was no



more at risk of our breaking up than I was. I think Mum felt a lot better and more secure in our relationship by the time we reached home.

Things went along OK for the next few months with me making love regularly to both of them. The school year was drawing to a close and it looked as if we would both receive good passing grades, and everything seemed sweet until disaster struck. Mum learnt that she was pregnant. Wendy had been taking precautions but Mum thought that she was safe. Apparently there had been complications during my birth and the doctor had advised her and Dad that the likelihood of her having another child was small, and, despite years of trying they had no success confirming her infertility, or so she thought.

The three of us decided that the best course of action, to avoid any possible scandal, would be for us to move to another area. We would sell the farm to our obliging neighbour, who had long wanted it, and stay somewhere until Mum had her baby. Wendy and I would go through a wedding ceremony in a foreign country and then we put down roots and bring the child up together, passing her off as Wendy's and mine.

Mum would live with us and be the assisting 'Mother in Law' helping out, since we were extremely young parents and were continuing our schooling.

Everything went according to plan; eventually we both graduated and got good jobs. We had three more children, all of who were healthy, intelligent and married well and left us, and we have happily stayed together. We're both over sixty now and Mum has been gone for about three years. Wendy and I still have regular sex and we still like to have it away in outside settings but we are a lot less active and less adventuresome these days and our fucking tends to be long, slow and tender rather than vigorous. We both still love oral sex and mutually sucking each other to orgasm is one of our favourite activities. Mum was active sexually right up till her heart attack, and her and I had another child, extending our combined family to five. To the best of our knowledge we managed to keep our life style secret from the kids and, while we wouldn't have and won't in the future, lie to them about it all we will not go out of our way to inform them either.

All in all it's been a good and happy life with no more than the usual share of ups and downs, and I wouldn't change any of it. It's funny what can transpire from a swim on a boring Friday night, isn't it.

The End. .



