

MY MOTHER, MY SISTER AND ME PT. 02

Briterotic

The incestuous circle of lust is forged.

Incest/Taboo

4.83

22.4k words

If you have the time, please read part one of this story first. It provides the background and context for part two.

My mother and I loved each other in ways that a mother and son never should. The sudden death of my father had revealed him to be a bigamist. Madeline, the other woman he had 'married,' and my mother, formed an unexpectedly close friendship, and recovered from the shock by consoling each other; mostly whilst they were in bed together. At the same time, the relationship between my mother and I had shifted inexorably toward an incestuous sexual union. She teased, tormented and seduced my willing cock, until I sank it into her warm wet cunt on her forty-eighth birthday; from that moment, we became insatiable lovers.

A happy consequence of my father's bigamy was the discovery that I had a half-sister, Lauren. Not content with taking my mother for my incestuous lover, I had all but committed incest with Lauren as well. Apparently, In many cases where adult siblings meet for the first time, obsessive emotions come to the fore; sometimes, they are sexual, as it soon proved to be the case with Lauren and me. I'd met her once before, very briefly, at our father's funeral, and she'd gone back to university in Aberdeen the following day. Aberdeen is ten hours away by road or rail; too far for us to be able to get together in person.

In the absence of an opportunity to meet face to face, we'd agreed to get to know each other by video call until we could get together at Christmas, when she would return home for the holidays. As it turned out, our video calls soon descended into mutual masturbation sessions; sustained by the fantasy of me fucking my mother while Lauren watched.

Indeed, Lauren had watched our fantasy become reality by video; she had even struck up her own long-distance, erotic affinity with my mother, Rebecca. Things had moved very quickly in the last couple of weeks.

My mother had taken charge of my dating arrangements and had organised my sex life for me in the lead-up to Christmas. It promised to be an intensely incestuous few days, but I was more than willing to comply with her erotic schedule of events.

On Wednesday, we would go out for a date together as lovers; on Thursday, she had arranged for me to fuck my sister while she watched us; on Friday, she would go on a date with Lauren whilst I dated Madeline. On Sunday, Christmas Eve, my mother would be in her Christmas stockings; we would go to a local pub where we would endeavour to keep our hands off each other until we got home.

Madeline and Lauren would be with their extended family on Christmas Day, and then they'd be visiting Madeline's mother in Ireland from the 26th to the 30th of December. So, the four of us would get together to see in the New Year; the arrangements were left to Madeline.

My relationship with my mother had changed immeasurably; that much was obvious. We were lovers; we shared her former marital bed, but I couldn't help noticing that she was starting to exert her power of parental authority over me. Some of the time it still felt as though we were equals, but, more often, it was clear that she saw herself as the dominant partner in our incestuous relationship; I liked the idea very much.

There was something deliciously kinky about submitting to my gorgeous, tight-skirted, high-heeled mother. The thought of her taking charge of my cock, and using me for her pleasure, turned me on immensely. Her dominance wasn't overt; she didn't dress in tight latex and carry a whip; it was much more subtle and erotic. It was a tone of voice, a posture, or a look that brooked no defiance. She was slowly reasserting herself over me; in such a way that I felt subordinate to her and was only too ready to obey her. She could switch between the two roles in an instant; one moment she was my equal, and the next, she was my 'Mother Superior.'

On the evening before our first official date together, she had come home late from work. She wasn't very hungry, so I made her a sandwich and a cup of tea. I'd already changed into jeans and a T-shirt, but, perhaps because it was quite late, she didn't bother to change. She sat in her large armchair, in her tight pin-striped skirt and high heels, reading a story on the 'Literotica' website.

As she periodically moved her hand to scroll down the text, she allowed her thumb to graze one of her nipples through the material of her semi-translucent blouse. The TV was on, with the volume turned down low, but I wasn't watching it; I was watching her, and she knew it. I could tell whenever she got to an arousing part of the story, her lips parted slightly, and she rested her hand between her breasts while she played with her necklace. She crossed and uncrossed her legs; it was as though she was trying to squeeze her pussy between her thighs and her pelvic floor muscles.

Each time she recrossed her legs, her skirt rode up a little more until I could see her stocking welt pulled taut by a straining suspender strap. Just as she had intended, I was turned on by her performance; my fully engorged cock was pushing against my tight jeans, and I ran my thumbnail along its length several times, very slowly.

The sensation was intense; arousal pulsed along my hard shaft, my glans spasmed several times; I could feel my balls tighten, several drops of come oozed out and left a wet patch on the denim material. I wasn't wearing briefs, I'd left them off earlier when I'd changed because I thought it might turn my mother on when she unbuttoned her son's fly and reached for his hard cock.

Her eyes must have been tired because she was wearing her reading glasses. She looked like a stern librarian as she glanced over the top of the frames and spoke to me.

"What have I told you about playing with yourself without my permission?"

She'd set the tone for the evening with one short sentence; I trembled with delight as I took on the submissive role she had assigned me.

"I'm sorry Mother, I promise I won't do it again."

"It's too late young man, you've come in your pants."

"Only a little."

"Well you'll be no good to your mother with empty balls and a limp dick; make sure that you leave yourself alone from now on. Sit on your hands and don't move until I finish this story. Go on, do as you're told; I'll be keeping an eye on you."

"Yes, Mother."

I wanted desperately to masturbate and finish myself off; my balls were aching and my cock kept on twitching. As I watched my devastatingly sexy mother teasing me while she read her story, I thought I might come spontaneously. She'd made no secret of how turned on she was; she emitted soft little groans of pleasure, and squeezed her nipples between a thumb and finger, as she read the best bits.

Her tight skirt had ridden right up; as she reached a particularly erotic part of the story, she gasped, hurriedly put her iPad down, and pulled her straining hemline up over her thighs as far it would go. Then she reached between her legs and stroked the silken gusset of the panties that I would be wearing during our date the next evening. She picked up the iPad and continued reading while she pressed her panty gusset into the moist cleft between her labia.

"I'm still watching you young man," she said in a tremulous voice, "don't think that you can disobey me."

I sat on my hands with my cock throbbing against taut, damp denim and watched my mother masturbate slowly as she continued to read. She looked incredible with her stocking tops and suspenders on show; and her shapely legs still set off by flattering high heels.

Her silken panty gusset was saturated with pussy juice; her breathing became rapid and shallow as her breasts rose and fell. As the story ended she breathed out, "Oh fuck," snapped the iPad shut, dropped it onto the seat next to her and pulled her wet panty gusset to one side with her left hand. With her right hand, she pushed three fingers into her clenching cunt and massaged her erect little bud with her thumb. Her head fell back against the chair, her back arched and she fingered herself rhythmically to the onset of orgasm.

She looked over the top of her reading glasses, and fixed her eyes on me, as she started to come. The ends of her dark-brown bobbed hair curled towards her mouth. Her top front teeth dug into her bottom lip; she uttered, "Fuuuuckkkk," almost silently, and then her lips formed an 'o' shape as she voiced deep erotic sounds of ecstasy and satisfaction.

Watching my mother fuck herself while I was forbidden to touch myself was exquisitely erotic. She stood up, her skirt still clinging to the top of her thighs, and then peeled off her soaking wet panties and stepped out of them with such grace and femininity. She smoothed her skirt down and sniffed her panty gusset before striding purposefully over to the settee where I sat on my hands. She smiled at the sight of my jeans with the bulge and wet patch.

"Has my naughty boy come in his pants?"

I looked at her imploringly, "Please let me fuck you Mother."

"Well you'll just have to be patient won't you?" she said in a low sultry tone.

Before I could answer she sat down on my lap and pushed her wet panties into my mouth; the earthy tang of her fresh pussy juice danced on my tongue and made my cock even harder.

"Do you like that? I can see that you do. If you're a good obedient boy, and you sit on your hands until I say otherwise, I'll let you lick your mother's pussy for as long as you like."

With that, I gave a forlorn grunt, she got off my lap and settled herself, sexily, back into her large chair.

She picked up her iPad, "Mmm, I'm going to see what else I can find to read. That last story was sensational, it was in the Incest/Taboo section; so hot. It was about a mother seducing her son, she teased and tormented him until she cornered him in his bedroom, and sucked his cock, while her drunken husband slept in the next room. Then she let him fuck her; it was so erotic how the author described the son's rigid cock sliding slowly into his mother. Oh God! The thought of it has made me all horny again. I'm so glad you introduced me to this site... oh look! The tags on this one include 'mother-son incest' and 'domination.' You lucky boy; by the time I've finished this I'll need to give my son such a fucking.

She settled back and began to massage her nipples as she started to read. For the next thirty-five minutes, my cock stayed achingly hard as I watched the erotic pleasure of the story wash over my mother's face. She knew exactly what she was doing to me and she loved it. She occasionally glanced at me over the top of her reading glasses; one side of her mouth seemed to curl into a sadistic smile as she saw me, still obediently sitting on my hands, with her black lace panties hanging out of my mouth.

It was sublime torture, her strict mother routine had me captivated and ready to do anything she wanted. But I desperately wanted to be able to free my hands and remove her panties from my mouth. I could see that the story had her highly aroused. Her large hard nipples were poking against the material of her blouse; she tweaked them periodically; she rubbed her stocking-clad thighs together and pushed her fingers into her mound through the taut material of her skirt. She took a long deep breath as she finished the story and snapped her iPad shut again. Then she eased herself off the chair; she looked as though she was clinging on to an orgasm that was in danger of escaping her; there was an urgency to her voice.

"Unbutton your fly, pull your jeans down to your knees and lie on your back."

I did as she told me.

"Ummm, you've gone commando, was that for my benefit?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Good. I love that you've made your cock so easily available to me," she said as she unzipped her tight skirt and wiggled out of it.

"You do know that I own your cock, don't you?... Well?"

"Yes, Mother."

"It doesn't belong to you now, it belongs to me, and I decide what you do with it."

By now, she had removed her blouse and bra, she stood over me looking glorious in her stockings, suspenders and heels. Her pink labia glistened with pussy juice. My cock stood long and hard just proud of my abdomen. She looked at it and uttered one word.

"Magnificent!"

She pushed my T-shirt up over my chest, swung her right leg over my prone body and straddled me on the large leather settee. She took hold of my erect cock and held its leaking tip against the entrance to her vagina. I trembled with anticipation; it was the most sublime feeling I'd ever known, or was ever likely to know; the sensation of my rock-hard penis being slowly engulfed by my mother's slick warm cunt as she impaled herself on me.

"Well, I must say, you've excelled yourself tonight. I've never seen it so big and hard, you certainly know how to show respect for your mother."

"Thank you, Mother."

It felt sensational as my mother slid herself onto me; the walls of her tight vagina stretched wide as she accommodated her son's rigid manhood. I could feel the tip of my cock pressing against her cervix, she gasped as she lowered herself onto me; her beautiful breasts swayed together until they were pressed against my chest. She supported herself on her elbows and knees.

With my mother's cunt still full of my cock, I put my arms around her waist and then caressed her buttocks. To my amazement, she shouted, "No," and pushed my arms under my torso, so that I was lying on them with her lying on top of me.

"Don't try to move."

She gave me a vigorous fucking; her firm buttocks rose and fell rapidly as she thrust her pelvis and kept my cock prisoner inside her hot, wet cunt. Her head rested on my neck and shoulder as she pounded me hard and fast. Her gym-honed body was lithe and strong, she pulled my arms from underneath me and pinned them on either side of my head. I'd hardly lasted a minute before I was shooting strands of incestuous come into her all-conquering vagina; she groaned loudly and thrust at my still-hard cock until she had milked it dry, and then she came in long loud bursts; her pelvis juddered and spasmed and she gripped my wrists so tight that my fingers started to feel numb. Her orgasm had been magnificent and powerful, she still lay over me, her hair stuck to her sweating face; she looked majestic and imperious.

"Did my young man enjoy being fucked into oblivion by his mummy?"

"God yes, you were so forceful, where did that come from?"

"In the last story I read, a mother caught her son fucking his sister so she pulled him off her and tied his wrists behind his back. Then she tied her daughter up and fucked her son hard while she watched. When she'd finished with him, she masturbated her daughter while her son watched."

"Wow, do I sense an opening for a little mild bondage?"

"You might, I have to say the thought did occur to me. I'd love to tie you to the bed and fuck you until you beg for mercy. But not tonight darling, I'm going up to bed now so turn off the lights, and make sure the doors are locked, then come and make slow sensuous love to your mother."

"It will be my pleasure."

"And mine."

"Did you ever fuck my father like that?"

"God no, he would have seen it as a threat to his masculinity."

"What was sex like with him?"

"Vanilla, nothing at all to get excited about. That's why it feels so right with you, you're adventurous in bed, and you're such a hot sexy man; you're a good couple of inches bigger and you're wider. It would be neglectful of any mother not to make the most of a son like you."

The next morning my mother was up and ready for an early start. Before she left, she came up to the bedroom to bring me a mug of tea, and to remind me of the arrangements for our date that evening. She looked so desirable that I lamented the fact that she'd had to leave before we could enjoy a swift morning fuck.

"Yes, I thought you'd be disappointed, you were such a good obedient boy last night that I ought to give you a little treat before I go."

She pulled the quilt off me and exposed my morning erection.

"Well, I am flattered, it looks like all I need to do is pull the trigger," she said as she took hold of my cock and masturbated me expertly between her thumb and fingers. In no time at all I was shooting strands of come onto my stomach.

"Don't be late for work young man," she said as she wiped my come off her fingers with a tissue.

She leaned over me and kissed my forehead, and then she sucked on her fingers as she left the bedroom. I was still buzzing from the orgasm that she'd just given me, her skirt had pulled taut as she'd bent over me, and I could trace the outline of her suspender clips; I was in heaven. As it happened, I was late for work, I couldn't resist masturbating in the shower; I relived the sight of her blurred hand as she wanked me off.

That evening we both showered and got ready for our date. This would be where we would present ourselves as boyfriend and girlfriend and get a kick out of the erotic deception. We'd chosen a restaurant some thirty minutes away in another town. It would have been silly to have risked being seen as lovers by anyone who recognised us.

I watched my mother put on her sexy black lingerie and a new, figure-hugging, fuschia-pink minidress. She wore seamed barely-black stockings and her filigree heeled stilettos. The sleeves were long and the hem was high; at least six inches above her knees. Her stockings were long hold-ups with a lace welt that was just visible when she sat down. I have to say I was mesmerised watching her get ready; I'd momentarily forgotten our agreement that I would wear the unwashed panties that she'd been wearing for the last three days; indeed, they'd even been in my mouth on the previous evening. I was in a crisp, formal white shirt and I was about to put on a black suit.

The used panties were black lace and silk, when she stood up from her dressing table, she picked them up from a chair where she had left them when she had taken them off earlier. She dangled them from one finger in front of my nose.

"You haven't forgotten about these have you, you naughty boy?"

I could smell the odour of fresh pussy juice mixed with an older stale vintage.

"Put them on at once," she commanded.

She'd already noticed that I was not wearing any underpants.

"It's just as well for you my boy, I'd have had to punish you if you'd forgotten our agreement."

The panty gusset was damp in places, and crusty elsewhere. I pulled them on while she watched approvingly; the lace thong hugged my hips and settled into the cleft between my buttocks. My flaccid but hopeful cock just nestled inside the v-shaped lace panel at the front, but I knew that it would not be contained by it once it was stimulated to its full size.

"I'm going to make you come in those later on."

My cock twitched and started to strain against the lace panel. By the time we got to the restaurant, it was almost fully engorged and had broken free of the v-shaped panel. I rearranged myself so that my cock laid at an angle, pointing towards my left hip; still swaddled by the lace material. It had been impossible to watch my mother's dress riding up her thighs, as she drove the car, without it resulting in a swollen cock.

It being just five days before Christmas, the restaurant was full. My mother turned heads as she followed the waitress to our table. I felt so proud of her, she was my girlfriend, or perhaps even my wife as far as the other diners were concerned. She looked even hotter than ever, beautifully made up with a sleek, stylish dark-brown bob. Her toned body and shapely legs attracted the attention of a couple of men sitting on adjacent tables. I enjoyed imagining that most of the other men, and even some of the women, were looking at me and thinking 'Lucky bastard.'

"My pussy is tingling at the thought of what you are wearing underneath your trousers."

"It's the most erotic thing I've ever done, I feel as though I'm going to burst out of your panties at any moment."

"I'll trade my pussy stained panties for your come-stained trousers."

"Is that your plan Mother, to make me empty my balls into my trousers before we leave the restaurant? If it is, it's working."

"What better way for my boyfriend to show how much he loves and desires me?"

Our drinks arrived and as we waited for the first course; all of a sudden my mother's demeanour changed. She fixed me with a look that shook me out of my complacency. Her neck and jaw muscles flexed and her tone of voice changed. She told me in no uncertain terms that she was going to overthrow me.

"Listen to me carefully Callum, you've awoken in me a desire to dominate; you must have noticed."

"Your performance last night left me in no doubt as to which of us is in charge, and it's not me."

"Good, this is what I will expect from you in future: as your mother, I demand obedience and respect at all times. I will allow you to fuck your sister and Madeline; you will only be allowed to fuck other women with my explicit permission, and it is unlikely that I will grant it. When we're out on a date, you must obey me at all times. Sometimes I will take control, sometimes, when I feel like it, I will be submissive and give control to you."

I placed a hand on the top of her thigh and felt the lace pattern of her stocking top through the fine material of her dress; it was a mistake.

"Tonight, I am in control, you're not allowed to touch me unless I say so. Take your hand away or I'll tell the waitress that you've molested me and I'll ask her to call the police."

Her teasing was powerfully erotic. The shaft of my cock was at full stretch and had broken free of the constraints of my mother's panties. The v-shaped waistband dug into its base and my balls stretched the crusty gusset. She could see my arousal mixed with discomfort, she drove home her advantage by reaching underneath the table, squeezing my balls and dragging her red-painted, long fingernails along the length of my erection. I gasped and barely managed to avoid shooting come into my trousers; she looked at me and smirked at my discomposure.

She teased and tormented me throughout the rest of the meal. I was in her thrall like the dutiful obedient son that she wanted. When we'd finished the meal, I asked for the bill, and while I waited she went to the toilet. She'd gone to freshen her make-up and enjoy the feeling of sexual dominance that she had established over her son. She took pleasure in my submission and looked forward to using me however she chose for the rest of the evening.

I relished the prospect of being taken in hand and used by her. The submission and dominance role play added a new dimension to our already exciting sex life. We both knew that it was just an act, but we played our parts with enthusiasm.

An attractive, smartly dressed woman in her 60s entered the toilets. She made friendly eye contact in the mirror as they washed their hands; they smiled and nodded a greeting to each other, and then the woman spoke.

"I hope you don't mind me asking, that handsome young man you're with, is he your son?"

My mother was taken aback, she hadn't expected the question at all. Her mouth said no but her red cheeks gave a different answer.

"Er no, it's my boyfriend actually... he is a little younger than me but..."

"If you say so, my dear."

There was a momentary pause in their exchange. My mother looked embarrassed that she'd been found out; the woman was not to be fobbed off with her denials.

"Look, it's none of my business really, but I do have something of an insight into these things. I've been sexually intimate with my son, on and off, for the past twenty-five years."

My mother's mouth fell open, for once, she didn't know what to say.

"He's forty-eight now and I'm almost seventy. It's been the most wonderful thing. We couldn't get enough of each other at first, but then he felt that he should stop screwing his mother and settle down with a nice girl; it was devastating at the time but I understood."

"His wife is a lovely woman, but it soon turned out that she couldn't keep him satisfied, you know, in bed. He told me that she'd decided that she no longer liked penetration, and their lovemaking had ceased altogether, I took pity on him and invited him back into my bed."

"He was insatiable, we both were, he moved me in with him and his wife. I was a lucky woman in her mid-fifties, being fucked every night by her son with his wife's approval. When he'd finished satisfying me, he'd get into bed with his wife and fall asleep with her. It's a little more sedate in that department now, but we still make love occasionally. I still like to feel him inside me"

"My God."

"Indeed, I'll be having that privilege later on tonight

"What about his wife, when did she find out?"

"Oh she put two and two together eventually, she surprised us both by accepting it without protest. The way she saw it, if he's in bed with me he's not straying with anyone else. She's told me that my moving in with them was the best thing that could have happened; it took the pressure off her, it was her idea to move me in."

"You've amazed me, and given me hope for the future."

"He's very dishy, isn't he? Enjoy him while you can dear, there's nothing so purely erotic as the lust between a mother and her son."

The door opened and another diner came into the toilets. When my mother returned to the table, she told me about her conversation with the elegant older lady.

"Don't make it obvious that you're looking, but you see that smartly dressed older lady just leaving with the couple in their forties?"

"Yes."

"I've just had the most amazing chat with her in the ladies."

"What about?"

"Let's just say that she recognised a kindred spirit."

"What do you mean?"

"She asked about you, I said you were my boyfriend but she'd seen through us. The couple she's with are her son and his wife; she's been her son's lover for twenty-five years, with his wife's approval for most of that time."

"Fuck!"

"Yes indeed, I couldn't have put it better myself."

We paid the bill and left the restaurant; we walked through the well-lit car park, she was looking around, I asked her why and she said that she was looking for CCTV cameras. Again I asked why, and she said, "You'll see."

She opened the passenger side door for me, squeezed my buttocks, and told me to get in. Then she sauntered sexily around the front of the car in her short dress and high heels. She sat in the driver's seat showing plenty of stocking tops, she knew exactly what she was doing; my cock started to expand.

We were taking a risk, the car was facing the main entrance and there was a camera pointing directly at her car; the prospect of being seen excited us both.

"I want to see you in my panties."

"What, here?"

"Yes here. I'm your mother, do as I say."

I started to unbuckle my belt.

"Hurry up, pull your trousers down to your knees, quickly. Now pull your panties halfway down your thighs."

I raised myself off the seat to comply with her commands. Her eyes were fixed on my engorged cock as it started to break free from the constraints of my mother's thong.

"Get your penis out, I want to see whether you're showing me proper respect."

I pulled my almost fully erect cock free of the v-shaped lace panel. The hem of her mini dress had ridden so far up that I could see her swollen labia nestling in her damp panty gusset; the two lips pushed against the damp material, emphasising the cleft between them. She caught me looking at her pussy and her shapely stocking-clad legs; she spoke the words that had me fully engorged and rock hard in a matter of seconds.

"Are you thinking about fucking your mummy?"

She took my cock in her hand and I gasped; she told me that we were going home so that I could fuck her while still wearing her panties.

"Do you like wearing my panties?"

"Yes Mother, I like it very much."

"Good, I'm going to give them to you after we've finished with them tonight. You can do whatever you want with them, they'll be your panties to do with as you please. I'll bet you won't be able to resist emptying your balls into them from time to time. I'm going to make you do that now."

She took hold of my erection between her thumb and fingers and bent it forward until its tip lay just above the gusset that stretched between my legs. Her thumb rested on top, just below the glans, and her supple fingers held it underneath. She started slowly to masturbate me; I was so fucking aroused by her legs, her casual demeanour and the prospect of being caught in the act by anyone leaving the restaurant. I felt my balls tighten and semen preparing to surge along my shaft. She pointed the tip of my penis at the panty gusset; her dexterous hand moved in a blur.

I watched in ecstasy as she made me shoot my load into the gusset. My toes curled; my semen pooled in the soft black material.

"Good boy, now pull your pants up, and you'd better be hard again when we get home."

I sat through the half-hour journey with my come coating my scrotum and seeping down along my perineum; I'd never felt so fulfilled and alive.

"Comfortable?"

"Yes thank you, Mother."

"If you please me when we get home, I'll lick your balls clean."

Her words had the desired effect, I was hard again. She reached over and gripped my shaft.

"Who's property is this?"

"Yours Mother."

"Quite right, and don't you ever forget it."

When we got home, she pulled the car onto the secluded driveway and turned off the engine. I was about to open my door, but she stopped me and unzipped my fly. She reached past my hard penis and delved down to cup my balls in her warm hand. The sensation was electric; she coated her fingers with what was left of my come, and then she opened her legs and slipped her wet fingers into her vagina. She masturbated herself, sitting there outside our house, in the driver's seat, in the dark. She was moaning with pleasure for several minutes; I just watched her, mesmerised.

She seemed close to coming when she suddenly stopped, leaned over toward me and pushed her pussy soaked fingers into my mouth; the taste was wonderful. I licked her fingers clean, she got out of the driving seat and came round to the passenger side, opened the door and told me to get out.

"Open the front door, lock the car and come into the dining room, I have a special task for you to perform."

I did as she told me. When I entered the dining room, I found her bent face down over the dining table with her minidress pulled up over her buttocks. She'd already removed her panties; her glorious legs, high heels and stockings made me even harder.

"I want my son to fuck me hard. I want my grown-up boy to waste me on the end of his beautiful big cock. Do it now, fuck me, fuck your mummy."

I didn't need further encouragement; I was inside her in a flash. She was insatiable; she came three times before I could fill my mother's cunt with her son's semen. She still wasn't finished, we fucked and fucked until my come ran down the inside of her thighs and into her stocking tops. By then, she had come twice more.

"Oh God, if I'd known that you could fuck like this, I'd have had you on your eighteenth birthday, you sexy man. Now carry me upstairs to bed and eat your mummy's pussy while she sucks her son's huge hard cock."

Although she was fit and strong, she was as light as a feather when I picked her up and carried her to bed. She looked at me adoringly as we climbed the stairs. I placed her on the bed and went to remove my jacket, but she pulled me down by the lapels; we spent fifteen minutes or so giving oral sex while still fully dressed. She let me take my clothes off eventually, but she insisted that I keep her panties on.

"Be a good boy and undress your Mother Callum; then I want your big cock in my mouth again... I hope you're looking forward to tomorrow night as much as I am; I'm going to enjoy watching you fuck your sister. I know she can't wait to get your cock inside her. She'll be blown away by the feel of that monster stretching her tight little pussy. Mummy's going to make you come one more time, then I'll tuck you in and tell you a bedtime story about a mother who owns her son's cock."

We ate each other to one more orgasm, and then we slept soundly. I dreamt that we'd fucked on top of the restaurant table with the elegantly dressed lady, her son, and his wife urging us on; and the other diners' faces torn between outrage and arousal.

It was Thursday morning; by the time we'd roused ourselves for another incestuous fuck, and managed to grab a mug of tea and a slice of toast, we were both in danger of being late for work. Lauren had been home for thirty-six hours, most of which she'd spent recovering from the long train journey from Aberdeen to her mother's house in Watford. There had been problems on the journey and it had taken twelve hours of weary travelling for her to get home.

"Don't forget to send Lauren a message reminding her that I'm picking her up from the station this afternoon," said my mother as she hurried out the front door in her black high heels, barely-black stockings and a knee-length grey coat with a velvet collar.

My God, she looked as stunning as ever, even though she was foregoing her usual elegance and poise for a swift canter to her car. I watched her as her heels click clacked across the driveway and couldn't help visualising what was underneath her tight pin-striped skirt; the image of stocking tops, suspender straps and black lace panties, full of her dark bush and quivering labia, stayed with me as I drove myself to work.

To say that my mind wasn't on my job would be an understatement. I spent the day trying to persuade my cock to lie low as I dwelt on memories of the previous evening with my mother and the prospect of fucking my sister later.

When I got home, my mother's car was in the driveway, so I knew they were together inside the house. My cock twitched as I imagined finding them in bed together; I wondered whether they had played with each other's pussies on the drive back from the railway station. It all turned out to be the fanciful product of a highly aroused, oversexed imagination. They were in the kitchen together, drinking tea.

Lauren put her mug down and almost leapt into my arms as soon as she saw me. She gave me such a long, warm embrace that felt both sisterly and sexual at the same time. Her lovely body wrapped itself around me, her warm lips on my neck and her pussy pressing into my awakening cock; I recognised the same feelings of unbounded familial love and deep incestuous eroticism, that I'd shared with my mother these past few months.

By the time we'd let go of each other, my mother was pouring me tea and smiling knowingly at the lump of engorged penis stretching the material of my trousers; my head was swimming, I was with two of the three most desirable women I would ever lust after; Madeline's turn would come twenty-four hours later.

Lauren looked so sexy and adorable in a tight, little pink miniskirt, soft cream woollen jumper, opaque, cream thigh-high socks and white trainers. Her long blonde hair fell across her beautifully shaped breasts, and her bright-blue eyes left me speechless with desire. I looked across awkwardly at my delightfully hot mother in her tight skirt, heels and semi-translucent white blouse. She seemed to sense that I was almost overwhelmed by their combined sexuality, so she came to my rescue.

"Callum darling, open a bottle of wine and pour us all a drink while I sort out the macaroni cheese; did you manage to pick up a baguette for garlic bread?"

"Yes, in my excitement, I left it in the car; I'll just go and get it."

"If it's okay with you Lauren, we'll eat in about an hour."

"Yes, that's fine."

"I think you look adorable as you are, and I'd be pleased to take you out on our date tomorrow night in what you're wearing now, but I think Callum wants us to get dressed up tonight; is that okay? I'm guessing that we're about the same dress size, so, if you need to borrow anything of mine, you'd be most welcome. Ask Callum to show you my lingerie drawers when he takes you up to your room; I think he'd be very turned on by the thought of you in my underwear, I know I am."

"He's lucky to have such a hot, sexy, open-minded mother as you, you're so seductive, I can't wait to get to know you better. You do know that he worships the ground you walk on?"

"I love him dearly, mostly in ways that I'm not supposed to, but I can't resist him; I just love having my son's cock inside me; it makes me feel complete."

"My mother has told me that you're amazing in bed; I hope you don't mind?"

"Not at all, I'm thrilled to hear it, she's a very sexy woman, she's given me some of the best orgasms of my life. Do you mind me asking whether you find your mother desirable? When I told her that Callum and I had become lovers, she already seemed to know about your dirty video calls to each other, but she became embarrassed and uncomfortable when I asked if she had ever felt a desire to fuck you."

"She's frightened of the idea; she's worried about what it will mean if she allows her daughter to seduce her. I must admit I'm a little nervous at the thought myself. It's not like me and Callum; we never had the chance for societal norms to establish themselves before we met; we immediately began lusting after each other."

"Well, all I can say is that as Callum grew into a young man, I worked very hard at keeping my steamy thoughts about him in check. When that didn't work I tried to keep them to myself, or at least between me and my vibrator, but after his father died, I sensed his sexual desire for me growing day by day. I knew I should put a stop to it, but I'd already fallen into bed with your mother and anything seemed possible."

"The excitement of taking, first my dead bigamist of a husband's other wife, and then my son, for a lover, was overwhelming. I loved the thought of being much better at fucking your mother than your father had ever been, and I wanted to find out how much better Callum was than his father."

I loved teasing him, and giving him an erection, to have that power over him was exhilarating. When we hugged in a way that a mother and son should never hug, I could tell that he was big and hard, significantly larger than his father, and, in some ways, it was an odd act of revenge on John, to seduce and fuck his other wife, and then to be fucked by his better-endowed son."

"Wow, I'd love to discuss the psychology of all of this with you in more detail, and I apologise if I seemed to suggest that incest is only excusable if the parties meet as adults. I should confess to you that I've masturbated frequently just lately about fucking my mother."

"Save it for tomorrow night darling, you'll have my undivided attention and you can tell me just how much you want her. You've reminded me though, I should ask, have you been with a woman before?"

"Yes, don't worry, I've had some practice, you won't be my first girlfriend, I've had a couple of flings at university."

"Mmm, you're an interesting young woman, you must tell me all about your flings tomorrow night as well."

I came back in with the baguette and a special present for Lauren. I could tell that my mother and my sister had been having a private conversation so I didn't pry, but I'd heard the part about Lauren masturbating at the thought of fucking her mother.

"Oh Cal, there you are, be a darling and show Lauren up to your old room. I've told her that she is welcome to wear any of my clothes this evening, so show her the wardrobe and my lingerie drawers."

"No need to worry about clothes; Lauren may remember that she asked for a very specific present for Christmas."

"You haven't, have you?"

"Here, I know it's not Christmas yet but you can open it now."

Lauren tore open the flimsy Christmas paper that I'd used to wrap the present, badly. Her face lit up when she held up the strapless red velvet, Mrs Claus mini dress with its white 'fur' trim.

"I didn't manage to get any underwear I'm afraid."

"Don't worry Lauren, I'll go and get my highest black stilettos and a stockings and suspender set for you to wear. I'd quite like to see you in red lingerie and black stockings, what do you think?"

"Perfect Rebecca."

Throughout dinner, Lauren was the target of lustful looks from both me and my mother. My mother whispered to me, as we loaded the dishwasher, that she had no idea that she could be so completely turned on by a woman. She found Lauren utterly alluring in her Mrs Claus outfit, and she promised to let me take possession of her red panties once Lauren's pussy had made its mark on them.

Lauren told my mother that she looked foxy, and she did, she'd opted for a smart, tailored, grey pencil-cut dress with silver accessories and jewellery. I wore a white T-shirt and blue jeans, and no underwear. That was something that became apparent to my mother and my sister when we adjourned to the bedroom. Lauren took pleasure in stripping my clothes off and lying me down on the bed. My cock tingled with excitement as it anticipated the touch of my sister's hand for the very first time.

"Help me out of this dress darling," my mother said to Lauren.

The sight of my sister in her tight Mrs Claus dress and heels, standing behind my elegantly dressed mother and unzipping her, almost ruined the chances of keeping my come inside my balls for the time being. Lauren went down on one knee so that my mother could wiggle the dress over her hips and step out of it. Lauren's face was level with my mother's shapely backside, she leaned forward slightly and kissed her left buttock, leaving a perfect lipstick impression of her mouth on the silky flesh.

My mother turned to face her, and Lauren kissed the panty-covered cleft between her plump labia; I heard my mother murmur, "Later darling," to her as she helped her back to her feet. Then she

stroked Lauren's hair and grazed her thumb over her lips. It was good to see the relaxed easy sexual rapport between them

"Callum darling, please pass me my silk robe."

I held the robe open for my mother as she removed her bra; she put it on and draped herself over the bedroom chair, with one leg over an arm so that she could easily access her pussy. She was still wearing her stockings, suspenders and heels and she looked gorgeous in the Chinese silk robe with her hard nipples pushing at the thin material.

After I had helped my mother with her robe, my sister moved behind me, and as I turned toward her, my erect cock swung to greet her. She caught it deftly in her right hand and pulled me into a kiss. The feeling of my sister's warm hand grasping my cock for the very first time was scintillating. She squeezed it and masturbated it very slowly for several seconds as we kissed; I went weak at the knees.

"My God Cal, I thought it looked impressive on my laptop screen, but seeing it like this, and holding it, well I must have died and gone to heaven. Get on the bed and lean back against the headboard, I'm going to show you what I've been dying to do to my 'big' brother."

I got onto the bed and propped myself up on a couple of pillows. Lauren moved round to the end of the bed so that she was almost in front of my mother. She took off her, or should I say my mother's, red panties and crept onto the bed in a feline prow. As she approached me I could see, in the full-length, wardrobe-door mirror, the same view that my mother had.

Lauren's buttocks and perfect pink labia were framed by the white trim of her Christmas outfit; her black stocking tops and her red suspender straps. How my mother stopped herself from forcing her tongue between her buttocks, I'll never know.

When my sister reached me, she pulled my knees apart, lowered her head, levered my erection into position and filled her mouth with my cock. I looked down at her bobbing blonde hair; then I saw the expression on my mother's face. Her eyes were fixed on my sister's pussy and her lips had parted; she licked them lasciviously.

My sister held the base of my cock with her left hand, with her right hand, she tickled my balls and tormented my perineum. Her mouth and tongue lubricated my penis and slid with devastating effect up and down its shaft. I lasted for almost three minutes before the sight of my little sister sucking my cock sent me into orgasmic raptures.

I shot two strands of come into the back of her throat before she quickly released my cock and allowed the next two strands to hit her full in the face. Then with great agility, she turned herself onto her back and lay just underneath the tip of my penis, and squeezed the shaft as it oozed the rest of my come onto her lips.

When she was satisfied that she'd milked me dry with her hand, she turned again, grabbed the back of my knees and pulled me flat onto my back before kissing me with a mouth full of my come. Covered in my viscous fluid, our lips slipped and slid together as we explored each other's mouths with our tongues.

When she eventually let me up, I could see my mother sitting back in the chair and masturbating vigorously. Lauren got off the bed and knelt over my mother; she kissed her passionately and as

they broke the kiss, a strand of saliva mixed with my semen looped between my mother's mouth and my sister's cheek.

"Later honey, come to me later. He stays hard for ages, pleasure yourself on him now, go on, he wants you to fuck him."

Lauren squeezed my mother's pussy, and then she turned her attention back to me. I was still on my back; my sister crawled on top of me and slid her saturated cunt over my still-hard penis. She started to fuck me rhythmically, her pelvis gyrating slowly with deep supple movements. She propped herself up on her arms as she did so.

The sight of my sister, breasts swaying as she pleased herself on my erection, made me even harder. Her long blonde hair fell over her face and her eyes glazed over. She was in ecstasy; her gyrations increased in intensity. She licked the fingers of her right hand and massaged her clitoris as she thrust into me rapidly; her orgasm broke in spectacular waves, and she started to voice her pleasure. Then another voice joined in the cacophony of come noises; my mother had reached orgasm too.

I'd never heard such sweet feminine moans and sighs. Their orgasms seemed to go on for an age, they fed off each other; it tipped me over the edge and I came again, without producing semen this time, but the pleasure was intense.

My mother left the bedroom, I guessed that she'd gone to my old room so that my sister and I could concentrate on fucking each other; which was exactly what happened. For several hours, my little sister and I pleased each other until we had nothing left to give. I don't know how long I'd slept, but at some point in the early hours, I awoke to soft murmurs and the unmistakable soft sucking sound of fingers inside wet vaginas. At first, I thought that my sister was masturbating herself, but then I heard my mother breathe her name in a low seductive tone.

I didn't want to spoil their moment, so I laid perfectly still while they kissed and fingered each other surreptitiously to stifled orgasms. It was a beautiful experience to hear them making such tender love to each other and doing their best not to wake me. I drifted off to sleep again and didn't wake up until I was already late for work. My beautiful sister still slept next to me so I got out of bed and walked silently to my old bedroom to find my mother also still asleep.

She had taken the day off work to look after our visitor. They planned to go out together in the evening whilst I was on my date with Madeline; I wondered if they would manage to get out of bed with each other. My day at work passed in a daze; I felt as though I was in a wonderful dream.

I loved my mother, especially in the ways that a son should never love his mother. Now my feelings for my sister were running riot, we'd shared an amazing night in bed together, establishing a deep connection as we made depraved love to each other. It occurred to me that I would probably be making love to my mother and my sister for many years to come. It was as though I loved them both twice over, once as any son or brother would love any mother or sister, and once in an intensely erotic incestuous way that felt so normal.

Sure enough, when I got home, my mother's and my sister's faces were flushed with fornication. They looked as though they had just got out of bed. They insisted that they still intended to go out with each other; they'd decided on a pub meal and the cinema. After I'd changed and got ready for my date with Madeline, Lauren came into the kitchen while I was filling a glass with water. She

looked adorable in the miniskirt and the white over-the-knee socks and trainers that she'd worn when I first set eyes on her the previous evening. I took several gulps of water, and as I turned to tip the rest into the sink, I heard her greet my mother as she came into the kitchen.

"Rebecca, you look amazing."

"Thank you, Lauren, it's a while since I've worn jeans this tight, do you think they go with the heels? I don't have a pair of white trainers."

"God yes, you look such a gorgeous milf, I'm not sure I'll be able to keep my hands off you."

"That's the general idea, Honey."

My mother's pale pink, angora wool, tight-fitting jumper, and skin-tight jeans with stilettos, was a look I'd not seen her in before, but she looked stunning. They'd both had a couple of glasses of wine already and they set off for the bus in their long padded coats, giggling like naughty schoolgirls. It was almost freezing outside but they looked well-insulated against the cold. I set off on the one-hour-long drive to Madeline's house wondering what she would have in store for me. I thought of the first time I laid eyes on her, at the front door, just over three months ago, when she was looking for my father's other wife. She was agitated at the time, but she looked so hot and I wanted to fuck her; tonight I would get my wish.

As I neared my destination, my mother and sister were on their second large glass of wine in a town centre pub. My mother normally only frequented the pub as a formally dressed, tight-skirted solicitor at lunchtime or early evenings. A female bartender, in her late thirties, with close-cropped hair, piercings and a sleeve of tattoos on her arm, kept giving my mother the eye.

"I think you've pulled there Rebecca," said Lauren with a chuckle.

"I've already got a date, remember? Come on, drink up, the film starts in fifteen minutes."

"Is it far to walk? I'm just thinking about your heels."

"No, it's a small independent arts centre just around the corner."

"Oh good, is it somewhere that we can get cosy?"

"I hope it won't be too full, you never know at Christmas."

"Well, I'm starting to feel quite uninhibited after all of this wine, watch out because I'll be trying to get into your knickers at every opportunity."

"What makes you think I'll try to stop you?"

"Mmm, I love having sex in public."

"Good, you can show me the ropes; I've never had the privilege."

"Oh wow! Really? Well, you've set me a challenge that I can't ignore."

"Be gentle with me Lauren."

In the sparsely populated auditorium, in the dark, Lauren took hold of my mother's hand and pushed it up underneath the hem of her miniskirt, she wasn't wearing panties.

"Oh my God, Lauren, you filthy little minx. Oh, you're so wet."

My mother felt Lauren's slick warm pussy juice coat her fingers, she slipped them inside her vagina with ease and, with a thumb stimulating her clit, gave her a silent, stifled orgasm in no time at all. Lauren straightened her miniskirt with a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Did you enjoy that Lauren honey?"

"Very much so Rebecca, now it's your turn, I've come prepared for your tight jeans. Go to the ladies, remove your panties and slip this into your hot little hole, and then give your panties to me when you come back."

She put the business end of a discreet remote control vibrator in my mother's hand.

"My Goodness, you're full of surprises darling, I'll be back in a moment."

As soon as she had sat back down in her seat and handed over her panties, my sister gave my mother a powerful blast of vibrations that sent erotic shockwaves through her pussy.

"Oh fuck, Lauren! Fuck, I said be gentle with me."

"Sorry Rebecca, I couldn't resist. I want you to order an Uber now, we're going clubbing."

Throughout the short taxi journey, with my mother's panties in her coat pocket, my sister teased my mother's pussy with fluctuating levels of vibration that had her squeezing Lauren's hand with a look of surrender in her eyes. On the dance floor, my sister held my mother close and gave her a vibrator-induced orgasm to the throbbing music. My mother could barely stand so my sister guided her to a quiet alcove where they kissed passionately. My sister unzipped my mother's tight jeans and made her come again with four fingers and a thrumming vibrator up inside her wet cunt.

They danced together again, by now they had become quite tipsy on the shots and beer that they'd been putting away at the club; following the wine they'd been drinking earlier.

"Order an Uber to take us home Rebecca, I've got an urge to fuck you with the strap-on again."

"Not if I fuck you first."

"Is that a challenge?"

"Most definitely."

"Don't forget who's in control of this," said my sister as she held up the remote, "I'm just going to the loo."

As my mother waited for my sister to return, she couldn't help noticing that the power had been turned up on the device inside her vagina. She felt highly aroused as she looked around at the rest of the nightclub clientele. Several women caught her eye, one of whom was the bartender from earlier in the evening. The woman saw her looking and approached her.

The woman had changed her outfit from denim and leather to a tight-fitting, knee-length blue dress with flat black ankle boots. She was sturdily built but in shapely proportions. With her strong thighs, well-formed buttocks and large breasts, and small waist, she looked an enticing mix of soft butch and femme. My mother, already aroused by the remote sex toy and uninhibited by the alcohol, felt a sudden pulse of arousal for the woman.

"Hi, didn't I see you in the pub earlier?"

"Yes, you've changed your outfit."

"I thought I'd need to up my game to have any chance with a classy woman like you. Where's your pretty friend?"

My mother's arousal increased as she realised she was being hit on.

"Flattery will get you everywhere; she's probably queuing for the toilet at the moment."

"Would you like a drink?"

"Thanks but no, we're just about to go home and I've had far too much already."

"You aren't going to leave without a goodbye kiss are you?"

"What, well I..."

The woman manoeuvred my mother behind a wide beam, just at the entrance to the dark alcove, pressed her against it and kissed her. At first, she was shocked, but she soon gathered herself and let the woman's sensual lips and the fire in her vagina take over. She returned her kiss with a passion; her tongue inside the woman's mouth and her right hand caressing one of her sturdy buttocks as she pressed her pussy against a powerful thigh.

"Mmm, you're bolder than you look, I'd love to fuck you, will you come home with me?"

"I'd love you to fuck me, but I'm with my girlfriend tonight."

"Are you sure," said the woman as she ran her strong fingers between my mother's legs and pressed them against her pussy.

My mother almost fainted with desire for her, but thought about Lauren; she tried to push her arm away, but she couldn't and the woman took possession of her mouth again.

My mother was worried that the woman would realise that she'd got a remote sex toy in her vagina, but the alcohol and the vibrations left her powerless to resist. The woman backed her further into the dark alcove, unzipped her jeans, and pushed her strong fingers inside her fly and tangled them in her bush.

"Mmmm, naughty lady, no knickers, I could get to like you very much."

My mother was kissing her wildly now; she surrendered her pussy to the strong fingers that probed and stroked her to a rapid orgasm, she didn't care now if the woman found the device tucked cosily into her cunt. As she savoured the aftershocks, still embracing her new conqueror, the woman spoke softly into her ear.

"You won't need that little toy if I ever get you into bed. I'll give you such a fucking, you won't be able to walk for a week afterwards."

My mother felt slightly scared and out of her depth, which turned her on even more. She trembled as she zipped herself up and looked around for my sister. The woman looked magnificent now with her rock-hard nipples poking in relief through the material of her dress and her gaze ogling my mother's shapely body.

"Give me your phone."

My mother wondered momentarily if she was being mugged, but the imposing woman merely entered her phone number and kissed her on the cheek as she handed the phone back.

"Bye gorgeous milf, ring that number when you want to repay the favour and make my pussy zing with those beautiful lips of yours."

With that, the woman turned and walked away. My mother couldn't believe what had just happened, her head was swimming as she tucked her phone back into her handbag and her pussy clenched at the thought of meeting up with the woman again.

"There you are Rebecca, I've been looking all over for you, where have you been?"

"Oh, I've been right here."

"You're shaking, are you okay?"

"Yes, come on let's go home, I've got something to tell you."

Mmm, sounds intriguing."

When they got home, my mother and sister put the fire on, poured a brandy, sat naked by the fire and made love. As they did so, my mother told my sister about her encounter in the nightclub.

"Fuck, Rebecca! You're joking, aren't you?"

"No, I'm deadly serious, that's just what happened. I don't know how it happened, but it did and I fucking loved it. I don't know what came over me, I'm usually attracted to feminine types like you and your mother, I hope you're not jealous."

"Jealous! Fuck no, we'll be lovers for a long time to come, but given our interesting family dynamic, I think it would be healthy if we all 'played away from home' occasionally. Are you going to ring her?"

"I don't know, if I do it will be after Christmas, and I'll have to tell your brother."

"He'll probably find it a massive turn-on and will encourage you to meet her again."

"I hope so, but we'll see, maybe after a few days I'll think it over and decide to quit while I'm ahead."

"Well it's turned me on; fuck me, Rebecca, take me now on the rug with your strap on."

"I thought you were going to wrestle me for it?"

"Another time maybe. Just fuck me with it now, and then I'll bend you over the table in your stilettos and take you from behind while you imagine that your bartender friend is making you her bitch."

"Oh fuck Lauren, you've almost made me come."

"Oh! Only almost, well we must do something about that."

"Not before I've made you my bitch," joked my mother as she fitted a large strap-on cock to her pelvis."

My mother described their night out to me in detail, on the following evening, while we fucked on the settee after work. My sister was right, her encounter with her bartender friend turned me on immensely and I tried to persuade her to follow it up. But in the meantime, I was eagerly ringing the bell at Madeline's front door.

I didn't have to wait long in the freezing temperature before the door was opened by the lovely red-haired Madeline. Her blue eyes sparkled and she gave me a welcoming smile. We greeted each other with a strangely formal handshake before she laughed at the absurdity of it and wrapped herself around me in a warm hug.

"Come in Callum, take your coat off, I must say you look really good, I love the way you dress."

I'd opted for smart blue jeans and brown boots with white soles and edging. It was so cold that a clean white vest lay unseen underneath a thick dark purple 'Timberland' jumper with a high, button-up neck. I took off my thick three-quarter-length coat and followed her into the lounge. Madeline was still in her dressing gown but she'd finished her makeup and looked ravishing.

"Would you like a hot drink or something stronger?"

"No thanks Madeline, I'll wait until we hit town."

"Okay, I'll just go and put my clothes on, I won't be long."

I nearly cracked a joke about it not being long before they came off again, but thought better of it.

When she came back into the lounge, she blew me away. She'd dressed for the cold but, wow, she looked very enticing and so radiant. Like my mother, you would never have guessed that she was in her mid to late forties. She wore a short pencil-cut brown and orange tweed miniskirt that followed her curves perfectly. Her burnt orange, ribbed, cowl-neck jumper fell nicely over her breasts. I hoped that the thick, opaque, dark-brown hosiery that she was wearing were stockings rather than tights. Her legs looked great in brown leather ankle boots with blocked heels.

"You look nice Madeline," I said lamely.

"Thank you. The taxi will be here in a moment," she said as she put on a short camel-coloured coat that was the same length as the hem of her miniskirt.

"Where are we going, or is it a surprise?"

"We're going into London, we're getting a taxi to the station then we're going in on the tube."

"Great."

We held hands in the taxi like young lovers but we didn't talk. We got on the train at Watford Junction, the northern terminus of the Metropolitan line, so there were plenty of seats. By the time we'd changed at Baker Street for Piccadilly Circus, the train was packed and we eventually spilled out onto the street to join the thronging Christmas crowds.

We'd had said very little to each other so far and it all felt a little awkward; not surprising as we'd only met twice before and had hardly spoken to each other. In my fantasies of her, she'd been as familiar to me as my mother and my sister but, in reality, we were strangers. Each time our eyes met, she gave me a slightly embarrassed smile. We needed something to break the ice. I asked her a question.

"Tights or stockings," I whispered as I rested my hand lightly on her knee.

"Stockings of course darling, hold-ups" she murmured, "make sure you keep your hands nice and warm."

"In these temperatures? I hope you're wearing nice warm panties."

"For now," she smiled.

That had done the trick, she put her arm through mine and leaned against my shoulder. When we got off the train we held hands; the growing affection between us was tangible. We climbed the steps out into the noise and bright lights of Piccadilly Circus. It was almost Christmas and the streets buzzed with celebrating workers on their way to and from pubs and office parties.

We took advantage of our anonymity in the crowd of revellers, no one knew us, so I pulled Madeline into the doorway of a building and kissed her.

"There, I think we needed to get that over with."

"Yes, agreed, but I hope you'll do it to me again."

"You can count on it," I said as I drew her in for a second kiss and pressed my swelling cock into her hip.

"And I hope you'll share that with me later; I'm reliably informed by your mother and my daughter that it's an impressive sight."

"I'll try not to disappoint madam, I'm sure, should the need arise, that it will show the utmost respect to a beautiful lady like you."

We visited two crowded pubs, Madeline set the tone in the first one as we queued at the bar, she pressed her buttocks into my groin and made my cock grow again; it was a relief to know that the mischievous hand, that gave my erect shaft a sneaky squeeze as I ordered the drinks, belonged to her.

After a couple of drinks and a lot of surreptitious touching, as we stood in a corner of the crowded bar, we set off through the busy, icy streets to another pub where we grabbed a bite to eat. We sat in a small secluded dining booth from which we enjoyed people-watching. After we had eaten, I introduced Madeline to 'Lagavulin' single malt whisky and we sat alone in the booth, both feeling warmed and aroused.

It was tantalising to see the hem of her short skirt stretched taut across the midpoint of her lovely stocking-clad thighs and to know that her, as yet, undiscovered pussy was just out of reach. My erect cock lay at an angle across my abdomen, pointing straight at her and bulging in my jeans. It was the most exquisite torture to be able to lust after her but to be unable to touch.

"Madeline, how did you and my mother end up together?"

"Hasn't she told you?"

"Not in any detail."

"I think most people expect us to hate each other. They were probably expecting a scene at the funeral, but I think we amazed everyone by being friendly and supportive towards each other. We arranged to meet up for a drink and a chat about a week after the funeral. Your mother came over to Watford and we went for lunch together, she'd come straight from work so she was in her office attire; I remember thinking that she looked very attractive. I was in a short shift dress and she kept looking at my legs; I thought it was unusual but didn't dwell on it."

"I've only met you three times now and you may have noticed that I can't stop looking at your legs either, among other things."

"Yes, it has occurred to me, you naughty man. Anyway, Rebecca told me that she'd felt insecure because she said I looked so hot when I called at your front door. Don't be embarrassed, but she said that your tongue was hanging out; I was amazed that she noticed a detail like that through her distress."

"Was it so obvious that I was smitten by you?"

Madeline just smiled indulgently.

"So, we talked a lot about you and Lauren, and we wondered if you might struggle to abide by the normal brother and sister rules. We drank a bottle of wine each and we got rid of a lot of anger about your bigamist of a father.

There was no way your mother could drive home, so I invited her to stay at my place. When we got there, we opened another bottle of wine and we both got tearful and hugged each other on the settee. I don't recall exactly how it happened but the next thing I knew, Rebecca's lips were on my earlobe; I could feel her tears trickling down the side of my neck and my pussy was twitching like crazy. Before either of us could stop ourselves, we were kissing each other's faces off."

"God! That's hot," I said as I remembered consoling my mother after my father had died. She had rested her head on my shoulder; her warm lips made contact with an erogenous zone underneath my ear and she had unintentionally given me a huge erection.

"We kissed like there was no tomorrow," continued Madeline, "after a while, I could feel your mother tugging at the zip on my dress so I suggested that we go to bed. We did, and we didn't get out of bed again until the following lunchtime. We both felt that it had been almost an act of revenge on our shared, dead husband; you know, defiling each other, committing a kind of posthumous adultery."

"Yes, I get that."

"We parted, both sober and swearing that it was a one-off and it wouldn't happen again. Then a few days later Rebecca phoned me and we arranged to meet up the following week. We kidded ourselves that it wasn't a date, that we were just meeting as friends, but we'd both dressed for sex, you know, stockings, heels, tight dresses, and we ended up with our hands inside each other's knickers."

Listening to Madeline describe how she and my mother had lusted after each other had me incredibly aroused. Eventually, I felt brave enough, in our quiet little recess, to put my hand under

the hem of her skirt and feel her lace stocking top. Her eyes invited me to go further, she parted her legs slightly, I eased my hand further underneath her skirt and felt the warm flesh above her stocking top. My little finger stretched sideways until it just grazed her damp panty gusset. It was enough to make her sigh softly and squeeze my arm.

We both realised that we'd be unable to quell our ardour in the busy pub; she breathed into my ear that she wanted me to take her home. We set off, walking through the city streets, soaking up the Christmas atmosphere. I asked if she wanted to go on to a club, and she said no; as we passed one of the many central London alleyways, she pulled me into the entrance and we kissed fervently.

The crooked alleyway was quiet; a warm light further along its length invited us to explore. Around a dog leg corner, it opened out into a broader walkway. It was eerily quiet after the Christmas hustle and bustle just a few yards away on the busy street. We moved further in until we stood next to a doorway to an accountancy firm. There was no sign of life except for our breath as it condensed in the cold air.

We kissed again and she pressed her pussy into my groin before feeling my erect cock through my jeans.

"I want your gorgeous young cock between my legs."

"But it's freezing, I'll get frostbite," I joked.

She undid my belt and started to unbutton my fly.

"Don't worry, it'll be nice and warm where it's going... oh fuck, it's magnificent," she said as she pulled my erect manhood free of its confines.

"Pull my skirt up," she said with a breathless urgency.

I did as she said, she put one leg up onto a high step and opened her legs for me. There was no time to admire the contrast between the pale silky flesh at the top of her thighs and her dark-brown lace stocking tops. Without ceremony, she pulled the gusset of her panties to one side and guided the tip of my erect penis to her entrance.

We braced ourselves momentarily for what was about to happen; she was wet and warm and I slid into her, easily forcing her cunt walls apart. She wasn't quite as tight as my sister but her strong pelvic floor muscles squeezed my shaft with a firm grip.

"Fuck me," she whispered softly into my ear.

I started slowly but she wanted me to thrust into her. She grabbed my buttocks and pulled me in up to the hilt and said, "Harder, faster."

I gave her what she wanted, she rode my cock with her gyrations and in no time, she came with heaving groans and gasps of delight. With the first sign that she had reached orgasm, I shot my load into her, coating her cunt walls with my come. We clung to each other in the freezing cold, still basking in the afterglow of our orgasms and savouring our first erotic coupling.

"Come on, let's get moving before we're discovered."

"Too late," she said, looking over my shoulder as she straightened her skirt.

I looked both ways along the alley but saw no one, "where?" I asked her.

"The CCTV camera on the wall behind you."

"Oh shit!"

"Don't worry, I doubt anyone will look at it unless there's a break-in."

She blew a kiss to the camera and we made our way back out onto the street. We managed to catch the last but one train to Watford. It wasn't too full at the outset and it was almost empty for the last few stops. She sat on my knee and we kissed and caressed all the way to the terminus. None of the few passengers that were left paid much attention except for one woman who, whilst getting off the train a couple of stops before ours, expressed the view that we should, "Get a room."

Madeline somehow managed the taxi ride home without giving away the fact that I'd got my hand up her skirt. Her pussy felt soft and wet through her damp panty gusset; my cock was bursting again at the thought of where it would find itself in a few minutes after we'd arrived back at her place. She gave it an encouraging squeeze whenever she was sure that the driver wasn't looking in his rearview mirror.

We paid the taxi fare and trotted through the freezing night up the long pathway to Madeline's front door. She was shivering and fumbling with her keys, so I took charge and unlocked the door. As I closed it behind me, she threw herself at me and unbuckled my belt again. I spun her around and held her against the door; we looked into each other's eyes for a moment and then she launched herself at me again.

We still had our coats on. Before I could move, she had her hand inside my jeans and she masturbated me vigorously. We collapsed onto the floor in instalments; me trying to get a hand up her skirt and her gradually winning the contest by leaving me helpless against her supple, rapidly moving wrist. When she finally got me on my back, she covered my captured cock with her mouth and sucked me until I shot globules of come into her throat.

A triumphant-looking Madeline got up, swallowed and deliberately stood over me with a leg on either side of my chest so that I could see up her skirt. She wiped her lips on her hand and stepped over me to make her way to who knows where. It was a deliberate challenge to find out if the man she had just vanquished had anything left in him; I had.

As she walked away from me, I managed to grasp one of her ankles and pulled her slowly to the ground. She fought but she was no match for me now that she hadn't got me by the cock. I heaved myself on top of her and was never so pleased with my ability to stay hard for a long time. I pinned her wrists over her head with one hand and tore her panties off with the other. The ripping sound aroused me even more and it seemed to end her resistance, she opened her legs wide and I sank myself into her and gave her a forceful fucking. She lasted quite a while before her erotic screams announced her orgasm.

We lay together for several moments in shattered ecstasy.

"Well done, I thought I'd got the better of you, but you gave me a good fucking; eventually."

"You're an incredible fuck Madeline, and full of surprises."

"You're not too shabby yourself. Come on, take your coat off and join me in the lounge, I'll pour us a brandy, well have a bit of a rest and then I'll expect to be serviced by you again. Do you think

you'll be able to keep up?" she grinned.

"It'll be fun finding out."

Sitting together on the settee, drinking brandy and fondling each other's thighs, I knew it wouldn't be long before we were fucking each other again. There was one burning question in my mind; it was to do with my sister and her mother's feelings for her.

"I imagine my mother and my sister are enjoying themselves."

"I'll say, three months ago, I could never have imagined all of this incestuous carnality."

"Although, if you think about it, there's no incest taking place tonight."

"No, that's right, what's it like?"

"I was going to ask you that same question."

"What, you mean me and Lauren?"

"Yes, of course, you can't deny that she's really hot."

"Well, yes I know but..."

"Have you ever been sexually intimate with her?"

"No."

Madeline's cheeks were crimson.

"You like to though wouldn't you?"

Silence.

"Come on, you must have had thoughts about her, wondered what it would be like to touch her, to have her touching you. Especially since you started fucking my mother, and after you found out that I was fucking her too."

"I found it such a turn-on when Rebecca told me that she'd seduced you on her birthday. I've got a confession to make. When we were in bed together recently, she told me how she'd been teasing you and seducing you for weeks. It was amazing, she played with me while she told me the full story, I came five times believe it or not."

"Oh, I believe it. But what about Lauren, would you like to..."

"Yes."

"You would?"

"I'll kill you if you breathe a word to her."

"No, you won't, you're hoping I'll find out from her whether she likes the idea. You are aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I'll let you into a little secret?"

"What's that?"

"I overheard Lauren telling my mother last night that she's been masturbating at the thought of committing incest with you."

"Oh, Jesus! Oh fuck, you're kidding."

"No, I'm not."

"Oh fuck, I wouldn't know where to start."

"You don't need to, how about if you let my mother and I make the necessary arrangements when we all get together to see the New Year in? That is if you haven't already taken the plunge."

"I don't know, it all seems... it seems wrong somehow. I mean fantasising about fucking your daughter is one thing, but..."

"I can assure you that it's deliciously wrong and that's what makes it so right. It's hard to describe what it's like to watch your mother or sister as you make them come. It feels wonderfully dirty and forbidden; just having them hold my erect cock is mind-blowingly erotic."

"You make it sound so natural; but how can it be?"

"Well, what about your lust for my mother? Have you been with a woman before?"

"No."

"So how did that feel once you'd sobered up?"

"It felt good while we were doing it but we both said it was a one-off and we wouldn't do it again. We weren't ashamed, just a bit taken aback I suppose. I must admit though, we couldn't leave each other alone, so it must have been in us, the capacity for loving another woman I mean. I'd never seen myself as being attracted to women but it felt, yes, natural I suppose; but you're trying to equate it to incest. That might be a step too far."

"I guarantee, the first time you feel Lauren's fingers on your pussy, your body will be on fire, you'll come harder than you ever have in your life, and you'll feel a deeply erotic sense of incestuous depravity that you'll want to feel with her again and again."

"Stop, you're turning me on too much."

"It's impossible to turn anyone on too much."

We changed the subject and talked about my deceased father, and Madeline's astonishment that he'd been a bigamist. When that subject had been exhausted, we talked about Madeline's family, but the subject matter was irrelevant, what we were really doing was slowly enticing each other into another intimate encounter.

By the time I whispered into her ear that I would describe what it felt like to make love to her daughter, as we made love to each other, I was on top of her and reaching under her miniskirt to gently caress her swollen labia. She sighed, closed her eyes and listened to me telling her how her daughter, my sister, had committed incest with me by sucking my cock and making me come. I told

her how my mother and my sister had fingered each other to orgasm while I lay next to them in bed pretending to be asleep.

As I murmured my erotic stories of incest into Madeline's ear, she became more and more aroused until she pulled my face toward hers and filled my mouth with her tongue. At the same time, she squeezed my shaft and unbuckled my belt for the third time during the evening.

"Take them off," she commanded, "take everything off, I want to see your lovely body. As she said this, she sat up and removed her ankle boots, and then she took off her jumper and bra. Her breasts were beautiful, firm, fulsome and swaying slightly with her movements. She stood up and unzipped her skirt and then let it fall to the floor. All she had on now were her stockings and panties. I relieved her of panties and she sat down and peeled off her stockings with a sexy flourish.

By this time I was naked apart from my underpants; I reached for the waistband but she told me to stand up and then she hooked her fingers into the waistband and pulled them down slowly. My erect cock flipped up and smacked against my abdomen, she took hold of it and covered it with her mouth. The feeling, as her tongue licked the length of my shaft and her lips teased my glans, was beyond incredible.

She was sitting on the settee and I stood in front of her. She laid back slowly and, still holding me by my penis, pulled me on top of her and guided me into her hole.

"I want to watch you fucking my daughter from behind while she licks my pussy."

She looked slightly shocked at her own words, we both froze for a moment then we fucked each other frantically, spurred on by her erotic admission. She wrapped her legs around my waist as I thrust into her. We fucked wildly; yet again, I felt my semen surge along my shaft and explode into her cunt. She reached down and masturbated herself to orgasm as I continued to stroke my cock in and out of her come-lubricated hole.

Before she could recover from her orgasm, and with her fingers still massaging her clitoris and the cleft between her labia, I covered her cunt with my mouth and pushed my tongue as far inside her as I could manage. She gasped and started to finger herself with a renewed sense of urgency. She came again within seconds; my cock had nothing else to offer for the time being so my tongue and lips wrestled with her fingers for prime position on her wet pussy. I won, and I lapped up the cocktail of her pussy juice and my come as it oozed out of her vagina, before sucking her clit; she came a third time.

Later in bed, in the early hours, we made soft sensual love and fell asleep in each other's arms.

I drifted off thinking about my erotic night with Madeline. It had exceeded my expectations and I felt enormous affection for her. Making love to her was different from the glorious incest that I shared with my mother and my sister. The frisson of excitement that I got from our forbidden sexual intimacy was absent with Madeline. Instead, I felt a sense of pure elation; I was already in love with my mother and my sister, and now I was ready to fall in love with Madeline and help guide her toward her daughter's pretty pussy.

By Friday morning I was feeling the effects of three consecutive long nights of sex. All three women were insatiable; I wondered how I would be able to keep up the pace. If I had to choose between the three of them it would be no contest. There's nothing to compare with the erotic sensation of

fucking your mother. My sister would be a close second, the incestuous thrill, of seeing my cock in her hand, had kept me half erect all day at work the day after I'd fucked her. And then there was Madeline, multi-orgasmic Madeline, I knew I was falling in love with her; I was becoming obsessed about watching her come at the hands of her daughter.

Christmas Day was on the following Monday, so Friday was the last day at work for most people. My mother and I were both working; she told me that she'd be late home because one of the partners was retiring and she was making a speech and a presentation; then they were all going for a meal. My office Christmas party was also going to take place after work and I promised not to be home too late.

We were both going to work a little later than usual, following our nights of passion. I'd arrived home to change into my work attire and my mother was just about to drive Lauren to the station. My sister was still upstairs putting her makeup on.

"Did you enjoy yourself with Madeline last night?"

"Yes, very much, how about you and Lauren?"

"Magnificent."

"I'll have to go now, I'll just say goodbye to Lauren and we can tell each other all about our dates later tonight."

"Yes, but before you go, listen carefully. You do not have my permission to fuck any of your colleagues at your office party. Make sure you behave yourself and I want you home by nine o'clock, do you understand."

My cock pulsed several times at the thought of my mother's domineering manner. I hoped for and expected her to stay in the role this evening.

"Yes, mother."

"Leave your phone on, I'll be checking on you from time to time."

The office party was in full swing by seven o'clock. Those who would rather not be there had gone home, and the rest of us were getting warmed up drinking and dancing.

I didn't hear the 'message received' sound on my phone, "You'd better be behaving yourself, don't forget 9 pm curfew!" was her first message.

I also failed to hear the second message at just after 7.45 pm, "Do not ignore me, message me back to assure me that your cock is still in your trousers."

It was, but only just, I was dancing closely with my thirty-nine-year-old, married, team leader; she must have been able to feel my erection pressing against her but she did nothing to discourage me. I should have at least felt the vibration from my phone, but I didn't, so I also missed the third message at 7:50 p.m. "I'm coming to get you NOW, meet me outside your building in ten mins."

I wasn't there, my mother had to find a parking space and come looking for me, it pissed her off immensely. I was well lit up with alcohol and party spirit. Just as my mother entered the general office, where the party was being held, my team leader manoeuvred me under a sprig of mistletoe and kissed me.

"Put her down and come with me now," were her words as she spun on her heel and walked assertively back towards the door.

"Oh God, have I got you into trouble? I hope that wasn't your girlfriend."

"It was my mother," I confessed, secretly pleased at my team leader's assumption.

"Wow, your mother? She's hot, but why was she so annoyed with you?"

"Oh, probably because I've kept her waiting," I said, looking at my watch, "you know mothers."

We drove home in almost complete silence. Just before we arrived at the house my mother shot me a warning.

"If I ever find out that you've fucked her, I'll make you resign from your job and turn you into my house boy."

When we got inside, her mood didn't change. It was just gone eight-thirty, in truth, we were both exhausted from our recent long nights of passion. My mother stayed in the role, at least I thought it was a role play, she was so damn convincing that I couldn't tell. She detained me in the hallway, my head still woozy from drink.

"You're going straight to bed, you can sleep in your old room tonight; I've got an appointment with my vibrator."

I slunk upstairs and got into bed feeling chastened, I left the bedroom door ajar so that I could sneak out onto the landing later to hear my mother masturbating with her sex toy. I was beginning to think that I was one of her sex toys, she had me disconcerted and she knew it.

Several minutes later I heard her climbing the stairs. I waited until it sounded as though she'd settled into bed and then I crept out onto the landing. To my surprise and delight, she'd left our bedroom door half open. I knew she had done it on purpose; hoping and expecting that I would play the part of voyeur.

Before long I heard a low buzzing noise, followed by the soft moans of a woman being sexually aroused. She went on for a long time, occasionally murmuring Madeline or Lauren's names. It occurred to me that she might be waiting until she knew I was there, just outside the bedroom door, with my hard cock in my hand. I deliberately trod on a spot where I knew a loose floorboard would give me away; sure enough, she let out a long sigh of, "Oh Madeline." I could hear the vibrator plainly now, she must have turned the power up. Looking through the gap between the bedroom door and the frame, I could see her, legs spread wide open, head arched back, pelvis gyrating as she built up to orgasm.

The sex toy had well and truly got her in its grip, she let it take her, and she was powerless to resist. The first grunts of intense orgasmic sensation came out as low, guttural noises. As her orgasm crested, she let short staccato squeals out from the back of her throat; her hands expertly manipulated the large device and kept it just where she wanted it. She came hard and then subsided into whimpering little aftershocks, I had a cock full of come to dispose of so I tiptoed back into my old room and wanked myself off, with images of my masturbating mother filling my head.

The next day, she was still playing the dominatrix. She told me that she was still angry with me and I was not to speak unless spoken to. She busied herself preparing for Christmas. We were going to my mother's sister's family for Christmas Day; we'd offered to take a starter course and a pudding.

She would usually have been in a pair of tight jeans and a jumper for cooking and cleaning, but today, she flounced about in a short little flared skirt, heels and opaque stockings.

I helped her in the kitchen, playing meek to her domineering mood. In the evening, she sat reading more 'Literotica' stories and teasing me in her short skirt and stockings. The sexual tension between us was palpable, but I had no idea whether I would be permitted to share her bed later on.

She snapped her iPad shut, got up off her chair and told me to follow her across to the dining area where she pulled out a sturdy dining chair and told me to stand next to it.

"Stand there and don't move, I'll be back in a moment."

She was gone for a couple of minutes then she reappeared with an old table tennis bat in her hand. I knew she used to play when she was younger, but I hadn't seen the bat for years. I felt very nervous; she sat down in the chair and gave me another instruction.

"Pull your jeans and underpants down to your ankles and bend over my lap."

Her skirt had ridden up, or she had arranged it so that her stocking tops and suspender clips were visible. I looked at her gorgeous thighs and hoped she would only give me a playful tap with the bat; I was wrong.

"I have decided you should be punished for your disobedience last night. In future, when I give you an instruction, you will obey immediately and without question, is that clear?"

"Yes."

"Now, we'll make sure this lesson sticks."

I settled myself on her lap and my cock started to engorge. She trapped it between her stocking-clad thighs and brought the bat crashing down on my buttocks with a hard thwack. I flinched, and five seconds later she hit me hard again, another five seconds and I felt the pain of a third slap. This went on for two or three minutes; I'd stopped counting. There was a stinging pain at first, but it eased after a while and a warmth radiated from my buttocks, through my balls to my trapped erection.

She was still spanking me, but now there was pleasure as well as pain; it turned me on immensely. She noticed my breathing had changed and she cupped my balls with her right hand and caressed them. Then she ran her fingernails up and down my perineum until I felt as though I was going to come. She still had my erect cock trapped between her knees. She had me so worked up, playing with me in this way, that I eventually shot my load all over her stockings, shoes and the wooden floor.

"You dirty boy, can't you keep control of yourself? Go and get a cloth and clean your mess up. I returned with a damp cloth and wiped my come off the floor. She raised her legs and let me remove her shoes.

"Lick them clean, then go and fetch me another pair of stockings."

She watched as I licked my come off her stilettos; I could tell she was becoming very turned on. After I'd removed the evidence of my premature spillage, I fetched her a clean pair of stockings. She had me gripped as she acted out a perfectly choreographed, arousing vignette of a fifties film star changing her stocking; so feminine, so sexy, I loved watching her.

"Take everything off and get on your hands and knees, then follow me."

She waited until I was naked and on all fours then she set off toward the hallway. I followed her upstairs on my hands and knees. As she climbed the stairs, deliberately slowly, I was able to see up her skirt; her stocking tops and white silk panty gusset sent another tingle through me. My gorgeous mother was teasing her son mercilessly. My cock started to twitch again; at the top of the stairs, she half-turned and crooked her finger at me to tell me to follow her into her bedroom.

"Lie face down on the bed and close your eyes."

I heard a dressing table drawer open and close. The next thing I knew she had straddled me and was pulling my wrists together. She bound them tight with a soft material, it turned out to be one of her old stockings. Then she turned me over and slowly removed her jumper and skirt.

"You'd better be hard again by the time I'm naked," she said, looking at my three-quarter erect cock struggling to reach full hardness.

She left me bound up for two hours and rode me for her own satisfaction several times. When she finally untied me, she told me to go back to my old room again.

The next day was Christmas Eve. I was already downstairs and dressed when my mother came down in her dressing gown. I was expecting more punishment and teasing, she'd seemed to be getting herself off on subjugating me. To my surprise, she looked a little shame-faced and said she wanted to apologise.

"Callum, I'm sorry for the way I have treated you for the past day and a half. I was jealous and I overreacted, I'm very sorry. To make it up to you, I'm going to be submissive today. I'll do everything and anything you say. You're in charge for the whole day including in bed tonight."

I was stunned, she'd said previously that she'd let me be in charge sometimes but this was the first time it had happened.

"Good, well the first thing you can do is go and get showered and dressed. I want you in that black flared miniskirt, heels and seamed black stockings, around the house today. In the meantime, I'll think about what you're going to wear for me tonight when we go to the pub."

"Of course Callum, anything you say."

"We're going to our local so we'll both have to be on our best behaviour if we want to keep our little family secret from being widely known."

She moved around all day with a feline grace that had my cock twitching. I indulged myself just after lunch and made her masturbate for me in her big armchair. It was the sexiest thing I'd ever seen. Her little feminine sighs built slowly into throaty screams and she came almost growling. As soon as she'd finished, I lifted her off her chair, pulled my cock out of my jeans and sat her down on it; we were both facing forwards. I massaged her pussy and tweaked her nipples while she came again. I turned her around to face me and told her to fuck my cock with her tight little pussy.

As she did so, I murmured into her ear that I wanted to watch her being fucked with a strap-on by her bartender friend. She was so aroused at my fantasy that she came a third time in the space of five minutes, and I shot my load into my mother's clenching cunt.

The pub was heaving, we managed to find seats with a group of neighbours. We tried to keep our hands off each other but I did run my knuckles sneakily against a suspender clip on a couple occasions. I'd told her to wear her highest stilettos, barely black seamed stockings, her very tightest, black pencil-cut, knee-length skirt and a semi-translucent cream blouse with a pretty lace camisole that showed off the contours of her fulsome breasts.

She looked utterly stunning, people couldn't take their eyes off her. I felt proud of her, she was my mother and no one there knew that I was fucking her. She was my woman and I owned her sweet little pussy. A fact I had impressed on her throughout the day, and did so again when no one was looking and I whispered it into her ear.

We got separated at some point and I watched her flirting with several men at once, they were like bees around a honey pot. She kept glancing over at me and smiling so I sent her a phone message that said, "Tease them and leave them wanting more."

When I finally got to speak to her twenty minutes later, she told me that she'd had two propositions for sex and two requests for a date from several married men, some of whom she knew vaguely. The pub was boisterous; we got separated again when one of our fit middle-aged neighbours took me on one side and hinted that I ought to drop by for a 'coffee and a chat' when her husband was away after Christmas.

My mother was, by now, over on the other side of the crowded pub. It was almost ten-fifteen and she was surrounded again by admirers that wanted to get inside her panties. I saw her surreptitiously taking out her phone and looking at the screen; she seemed to make an excuse and turned to one side so that no one could see her screen.

As soon as she'd put her phone back in her handbag, my phone vibrated in my pocket. I took it out and read the message, "pls rescue me, take me home and fck me." I said goodnight to my sexy middle-aged friend, and she insisted on a Christmas kiss, I aimed for her cheek but somehow found her tongue in my mouth. It was very pleasant, but I had other priorities, like rescuing a damsel in distress.

When I reached my mother, I whisked her away from her admirers and held her coat for her while she put it on; we said our goodbyes and stepped out into the cold night air. As we walked home, I was bursting to tell my mother how I felt.

"I love you twice over: once as my mother, and once as my lover."

"Oh darling that's a wonderful thing to say to me," Her eyes filled with tears and she kissed me on the cheek, "I feel the same except, of course, I love you three times over: once as my son, once as my lover, and once as a man attached to magnificent cock," she laughed.

We snuggled closer together, arm in arm, so far still within the bounds of mother and son affection. Thankfully we lived just five minutes from the pub; my mother's five-inch stilettos would have been a challenge at a greater distance. As it was, she walked gracefully in them and turned heads in the street.

Once we left the main road and started along the quiet streets to our house, I felt a strong urge to kiss her like a son should never kiss his mother; so I did. She kissed me back; the thrill of taking the risk of being seen by someone we knew turned us both on. Pretty soon she was stroking my cock through my jeans and I was pulling her hip into my groin.

"I've got a surprise for you when we get home if you don't mind that is."

"What sort of surprise?"

"You'll see, do you trust me?"

"Yes, of course, even though you spanked me last night."

"Did you enjoy it?"

"Surprisingly, yes I did."

"Well if you're very naughty, I might do it again sometime; but tonight, you're the boss."

We arrived at the front door, the temperature was falling. We were pleased to get inside the warm house. We took our coats off, I couldn't take my eyes off my mother in her tight skirt, translucent blouse and heels. I felt elated that she was my lover. She went through into the kitchen, poured a large whisky cut a slice of cake and put it on a plate. She put the cake and whisky down on the fireside hearth, near the Christmas tree.

"Who's that for?" I asked.

"Santa of course."

"I haven't seen you do that since I was a kid,"

"Ah, well there's a special reason for it tonight."

I looked at her expecting an answer. She opened a cupboard, took out a large bag and handed it to me.

"Go and put these things on, then come back downstairs and make yourself at home with the whisky and cake. I'll join you at some point."

I must have looked puzzled.

"It's okay, it's a role play, a bit of erotic fun and you're definitely the lead character."

I went up to the bedroom and opened the bag. Inside was a Santa outfit, including a beard and black boots. I laughed to myself as I put it on; Ho Ho Ho.

When I got back downstairs, my mother was nowhere to be seen so I sat in her large armchair and tucked into the whisky and cake. After a few minutes, she appeared from the hallway pretending to be shocked at finding Father Christmas sitting in her lounge.

"Oh goodness me, Father Christmas, is it really you?"

"Ho Ho Ho, yes my dear, have you been a good girl this year?"

"Not really Santa. In fact, I've been very naughty, I let my son fuck me."

"Well don't worry, I think we can overlook a small misdemeanour like incest; on one condition."

"Oh really, what's the condition Santa?"

"That you let me fuck you."

"Oh, Santa! I thought you would never ask."

I stood up and let the jacket fall to the floor and pulled down the trousers to reveal my eager, erect cock in all its glory. She quickly removed her blouse and skirt; then I fucked my mother in her heels and stockings, on the rug in front of the fireplace, in just my Santa boots. To round off the night, we exchanged Christmas presents and made love again in bed, before falling asleep in each other's arms.

Three weeks before Christmas, when my mother had suggested that the four of us should see in the New Year together, she thought it would be too late to book places at any of the events in our or Madeline's areas. Madeline told my mother to leave it with her and she would see what she could do. Madeline's employment agency provided staff for several entertainment venues in Hertfordshire, so she used her contacts to find somewhere that could squeeze us in. She also had the foresight to book taxis to and from the venue in question.

Madeline and Lauren were in Ireland for five days between Christmas and the New Year; my mother and I were restricted to communicating with them by phone. The three women shared an excited discussion on speakerphone about what they would wear at the New Year party. Although they were careful not to say anything that might give our collective 'lifestyle choice' away, I was sufficiently aroused by their chat to get a very hard erection that my mother put to good use when the call ended.

During the week of our lovers' absence in Ireland, my mother and I had no option but to fuck each other several times each day. She resisted repeating her dominatrix role-play persona and, if anything, she was slightly submissive and deferential towards me. She wanted me on top of her, or entering her from behind, each time we made love.

On the morning before New Year's Eve, my mother came downstairs in a 1950s housewife vintage swing dress I hadn't seen before. It was green with a white collar, and had a tight bodice, a flared skirt and a fluffy petticoat; she wore it with low-heeled white sandals. She asked me if I would ever punish her if she was naughty. I immediately had a raging hard-on and was hopeful about where our discussion might lead.

I quickly understood that she wanted to experience a spanking, so I asked her if there was anything she wanted to confess. She pretended, or at least I thought it was a pretence, that she'd been masturbating about the sturdy and very sexy bartender that she'd encountered just over a week ago, so I bent her over my knee and pulled her dress up. Her beautiful buttocks in the frilly, white lace panties were crying out to be spanked. I pulled her panties down to her knees and smacked her hard several times. She gave a little yelp each time I hit her; her pretty pink pussy started to glisten. I stopped spanking her and slid my thumb inside her; she gasped and opened her legs as far as she could.

With my mother across my knee, and my thumb stroking a sweet spot on the roof of her vagina, she came spectacularly. She shuddered and spasmed for several moments before emitting a long satisfied sigh and then going limp as she lay across my lap.

She'd left me with a huge erection that I needed to put to good use.

"Your punishment isn't over yet Mother, get up and follow me."

"I led her to the dining table and bent her over it face down. I lifted her dress to reveal her beautiful swollen labia; her panties had fallen and gathered on the floor around her left foot; it was such an erotic sight, her shapely legs in nude stockings, bright red buttocks and her little tush covered in her viscous pussy juice. By now I was desperate to come inside my mother; I held her head down on the tabletop, eased my hard cock into her wet cunt and fucked her vigorously. I didn't last long, but she managed to come again as my hard cock filled and stretched her vagina. I shot my spunk into her and she came as only my mother could, breathlessly squealing, moaning and urging me to fuck her senseless.

It was extremely intense, and we both took several minutes to recover.

My mother had surprised me again; she'd shown me her submissive side, and it wouldn't be the last time that she provoked me into disciplining her and restraining her while I gave her a good spanking and a firm fucking. She never did get in touch with her bartender acquaintance, or if she did, she didn't tell me about it. I was sure she didn't, but we did use her encounter many times in the fantasies that we told each other when we made love.

The following evening, we gathered at Madeline's to get ready for the party. I was soon dressed in my black suit, white shirt and black bow tie. The women had a bedroom each in which to get ready; they'd decided to wear little black dresses with barely-black seamed stockings and black stilettos. They each wore a stole around their shoulders and carried a clutch bag; they were an utter delight to see, a perfect mix of sex and sophistication.

Lauren's dress was short, tight and tastefully revealing. My mother and Madeline opted for tight pencil-cut dresses, knee-length in my mother's case and a few inches above the knee for Madeline. I didn't know where to look; I knew I would have all three of them at some point during the forthcoming night. I felt like the luckiest man in the world.

It got better; as Madeline and Lauren looked on, my mother produced her wedding ring. She hadn't worn it since my father's funeral. She handed it to me and asked Lauren and Madeline to witness me putting it on her ring finger. I must have looked slightly puzzled, so she explained her motive.

"Tonight, you're not my son, you're my husband."

I felt elated; I'd made love to my mother almost every day for the past month, and now she wanted to regard herself as my wife. I looked forward with immense pride to introducing her as my wife to as many people as possible.

The look on the taxi driver's face, when the three women squeezed into the back seat of his taxi, was absolutely priceless. I sat next to him in the front passenger seat and watched him adjust his driving mirror downwards so that he could see their legs. Lauren sat in the middle of the back seat and tried to keep her knees together but the drive shaft housing meant that her feet were several inches apart. The taxi driver didn't seem to mind.

When we got to the venue, he turned and watched stocking tops and suspenders being flashed, as the three sexy women unfolded their gorgeous legs and lifted them high to lever themselves out of the car seat. He looked at me enviously, winked at me and he drove off; having dropped us off at the front door to the imposing hotel that was the venue for the party.

Inside the function room, tables of eight were arranged in cabaret style. There was a live band on a low stage and a decent-sized dance floor in front of the band. It gave me a thrill to introduce my mother as my wife to the other four guests at our table. Madeline and Lauren were introduced as my aunt and cousin. Madeline thought she recognised a couple of faces from the eighty or so guests in the room, but thankfully there was no one she knew well.

We dined, drank, and danced the night away; I danced closely with my 'wife' and at a more appropriate distance with my 'aunt' and 'cousin.' We had a great time, Madeline and Lauren danced with my mother and I watched them all cavorting.

There were plenty of attractive, well-groomed women at the party, but my three lovers stood out. I thought that they were the most attractive women in the room, and judging from all of the other eyes on them, so did many of the other guests. Close to midnight, the lead singer from the band announced that the countdown to the New Year was about to start. People piled onto the dance floor; I put my arms around my mother and Madeline from one side and my sister embraced them from the other side. We counted down in our little huddle and at the stroke of midnight, balloons and streamers were released and kisses abounded.

I kissed my mother; it was a warm and passionate kiss that signified all of our incestuous feelings and desires. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Madeline and Lauren planting a brief kiss on each other's lips before hugging intensely. Then we all kissed each other, staying within the bounds of public decency. There was sexual hunger and desire showing on our faces as we joined hands to sing 'Auld Lang Syne.' As soon as the traditional New Year song had finished, we made our exit and went to look for our taxi. It was a mild evening for the time of year; we stood outside in the fresh air waiting for the taxi to arrive. The women looked classy and elegant in their little black dresses and heels, with stoles around their shoulders, holding their clutch bags.

Another admiring taxi driver dropped us back at Madeline's house. In the large lounge, with the fire lit and a glass of brandy in our hands, we sat together wondering who was going to make the first move. Madeline had two large settees facing each other with a coffee table between them. At one end there was a large armchair, and at the other, a fireplace with a tastefully decorated Christmas tree to the left. I sat with my mother on one settee and Madeline and Lauren sat facing us.

My mother was the first to address 'the elephant in the room.'

"So, I think we did very well to act with decorum at the party, but now I want a proper New Year kiss from you two ladies."

Lauren stood up and moved around to where my mother was sitting, took her by the hand and pulled her up out of her seat.

"Good, I can't tell you how badly I wanted to kiss you properly at the party. Come along Mother, you must join in too."

"I'm content to watch you two for now," said a nervous-looking Madeline.

My mother and my sister shared a sumptuous kiss that lasted for almost a minute. They caressed and fondled each other's buttocks and pressed their pussies into each other's thighs. It was an incredibly arousing sight; my cock stiffened as I watched them.

When they broke their kiss, my mother said breathlessly, "Your turn now Madeline."

As my mother and Madeline kissed fervidly in front of the fire, I took hold of my sister and kissed her soft warm lips; she felt for my erect cock through my trousers.

"Do you want this to be the night that you fuck your mother?" I whispered to her in between kisses."

"Oh God, yes."

"Are you sure? I know you've both fantasised about it, but do you think she can be persuaded?"

"God, I hope so."

"You're shaking, are you okay."

"Yes, I'm just so fucking aroused at the thought of finally getting my hand inside my mother's panties."

"Let's see if we can make it happen."

"What are you two whispering about," asked a curious Madeline as she was still being embraced by my mother. My mother took the initiative.

"Judging by the glint in your daughter's eye, I think there might be someone else she wants to kiss. In the meantime, I'm claiming my property, my husband's cock belongs to me, but I might let you two ladies play with it later if you play nicely with each other now."

To my surprise and delight, my mother started to undress me in front of my sister and Madeline. She removed my jacket, tie and shirt in slow sensual movements. Madeline and my sister sat side by side watching with arousal in their eyes. My mother got down on her knees and kissed my shoes, then she undid the laces and removed my shoes and socks. Still on her knees, she unbuckled my belt, unbuttoned the waistband of my trousers and unzipped my fly. As she eased my trousers to the floor, she kissed my bulging shaft as it strained against the material of my grey underpants.

My sister gasped as my mother took hold of the waistband of my underpants and pulled slowly until my cock sprung free; it stood proud and erect. I stepped out of my underwear, my mother turned and asked me to unzip her dress. She removed her bra and panties with a sensual flourish and stood looking very sexy in stockings, suspenders and stilettos, her pink pussy glinting through her dark-brown bush of pubic hair. She sat me down next to her on the settee and began to very slowly caress my cock.

"Jesus Christ!" said Madeline, "I don't know which of you is turning me on most."

Madeline and my sister watched for a while as my mother continued to stroke my shaft and caress my balls. I was beginning to breathe unevenly; I wasn't prepared for what would happen next. My mother lowered her head and took almost the full length of my shaft in her mouth. I groaned with intense pleasure; my sister turned to her mother and kissed her full on the lips. Her mother struggled for a moment, she tried to push her daughter away, but Lauren had the strength of a young woman, and she took possession of her mother's mouth as she eased her slowly onto her back on the settee.

My mother lifted her head so that she could watch the erotic drama unfolding before our eyes. Lauren was on top of her mother and was kissing her avidly. Madeline no longer showed any signs of resistance, her tongue grappled with her daughter's tongue and, as best she could in her tight

dress, she hooked one leg over her daughter's leg; their bodies writhed together as they continued to kiss each other. Lauren had released a hurricane, her mother turned her so that she was now on top of her daughter. She started to massage her daughter's breasts; Lauren responded with moans of arousal.

My mother still caressed me gently as we watched Lauren reach around her mother's back and unzip her tight, pencil-cut, black dress. Madeline pushed herself up off her daughter and slipped the dress off, together with her bra and panties. Then she turned her daughter over and unzipped her dress.

"Take it off baby, take it off for me."

"Yes Mummy, I'll do anything you say."

My balls tightened at the erotic exchange of words between mother and daughter. My mother shuddered and moaned then pulled my hand onto her pussy. Lauren peeled off her tight dress, her bra and panties. Her mother had a look of surprised delight on her face.

"Darling, you've shaved your pussy. Well almost, I love your landing strip."

"Do you want to touch it, mummy?"

Lauren was using all of her seductive powers and her mother stood no chance. They sat side by side once more and kissed enthusiastically. As they did so, their hands strayed down each other's bodies until they rested on each other's abdomens. Lauren tangled her fingers in her mother's red pubic hair and slid one finger onto her clitoris.

"Oh God, don't darling, this is so wrong, please don't, we mustn't do this, I don't mind kissing but this..."

Lauren traced slow sensuous circles with her finger around her mother's clit.

"No darling. This is so wrong, it's so wrong. Oh God, no, it's wrong, it's sooo wro... Ohhhh, Oh Jesus, baaaaby, it's so good, don't stop, fuck me, fuck me, baby, I want you so badly, fuck your wicked mother."

Their lips locked together again and Madeline gave a stifled yelp before pressing her fingers firmly into the cleft between her daughter's labia; she used her daughter's pussy juice to lubricate her probing fingers.

They were both emitting sexy little moans and groans as they massaged each other's wet pussies. Their soft sounds grew louder as they slipped their fingers inside each other's cunts. I could feel my come seeping towards its outlet. My mother must have sensed it too because she removed her hand from my cock and told me to wait. Lauren and Madeline were going hard at each other's pussies, and Madeline started to come first.

"Oh fuck me baaaby, fuck me, I've waited for this, fuck me."

Her words triggered her daughter's orgasm.

"Oh yes, Mother, I've dreamed of this moment; come for your daughter, I must have you."

"Oh, Jesus! Oh fuck, yes, yes yes yes."

Madeline's pelvis juddered, she threw her head back and came to the touch of her daughter's nimble fingers. At the same time, her daughter screamed her orgasm into the room; using her free hand to rub her own clitoris, she joined her mother in orgasmic delight.

My mother and I watched transfixed. As soon as Lauren and Madeline had finished coming, she pulled me on top of her.

"Now fuck me you bastard, fuck me hard. I want my husband's cock inside me, fuck me," my highly aroused mother urged.

I needed no second invitation and within seconds we both came as though our lives depended upon it. I'd fucked my mother in front of my sister and her mother. Life couldn't get any better than this.

Brandy glasses were refilled and we took turns kissing and fondling each other. I made Madeline come with my fingers as Lauren fingered my mother to orgasm. My sister took my cock in her mouth and made me hard again; I kissed her pussy as we lay facing each other, top to tail. My mother, and my sister's newly incestuous mother, put on a superb display of mutual pussy licking on the other settee. We went on like this for a good while, changing partners every so often, until my mother had an idea.

"Move the coffee table please darling; you sit in the armchair Madeline, and you pay homage to your mother's pussy Lauren; keep your backside nice and high and I'll bury my face in the folds of your delightful little pussy. Callum darling, I don't need to tell you where I'd like you to put your cock do I?"

"Fuck, no Mother, I'll be inside your gorgeous cunt while I watch you ladies pleasure one another."

My cock was bursting at the thought of what we were all about to do. Madeline sat down with a lustful, aroused look on her face, she looked fabulous as she opened her stocking-clad thighs; her stilettos kept her knees high enough for her daughter to put her arms underneath her thighs and hold on to her stocking tops, before closing her incestuous mouth over her mother's incestuous pussy.

Madeline was soon moaning as her daughter's tongue pleased her. My mother manoeuvred Lauren so that she was kneeling, with her backside as high as possible, and then she pressed her nose and lips into her pink pussy and traced her tongue along the valley between her labia; Lauren grunted her approval into her mother's pussy.

I knelt behind my mother and sank my hard cock slowly into her cunt. The walls of her vagina offered little resistance as I slid it home. She gave a muffled moan and pushed herself back against me.

It was the most arousing sight I'd ever seen. The four of us pleasuring one another in a line of lust. Very soon, we established a rhythm between us; I fucked my mother's cunt with long strokes of my penis, she licked my sister's perineum and pushed a thumb into her vagina, and my sister sucked her mother's clit and finger fucked her at the same time.

I could see that Madeline's orgasm was fast approaching so I started to thrust into my mother, she groaned and started to massage Lauren's clit rapidly as she licked her between her anus and her cunt. Lauren's fingers found her mother's G-spot; Madeline bucked her hips and screamed with orgasmic delight. Lauren came to the rapid strokes of my mother's fingers on her clit and her

thumb inside her vagina; a gush of her pussy juice covered my mother's face; I felt a huge release of come surging along my cock and I ejaculated into my mother's cunt. It filled her until it ran down her legs and into her stocking tops.

All four of us orgasmed in a cacophony of come noises; we lay on the settees for several minutes afterwards. We smiled at one another, and Madeline spoke first.

"Rebecca, would you like to take your 'husband' up to the guest bedroom so that he can pin you to the mattress? I will take my daughter up to my bed so that we can fuck the living daylights out of each other; I may not see you for several days," joked Madeline.

My mother got up from the settee in her sexy lingerie, smiled at Madeline, took hold of my flaccid cock, said goodnight and led me by it to the guest bedroom. By the time we'd got there, I was hard again in my mother's hand. She placed a hand on my chest and pushed me slowly onto my back then straddled her son and rode his incestuous cock with her incestuous cunt.

Madeline did indeed lie on her back and open her legs for her daughter; now that she'd given in to her allure, she couldn't get enough of her daughter's fingers inside her pussy. The four of us spent the next two days in an incestuous love haze; fucking one another long and often.

Six months later, driving through the plains of northern France, the four of us were on our way to a week-long holiday in the Loire Valley. 'Family Affair' by Sly and the Family Stone played on the car's music system; it had become our anthem.

When we returned from our holiday, we'd be moving into a house that my mother and Madeline had bought together. They'd sold their separate properties and had found a place in Berkshire that suited all of our needs. For the sake of propriety, they told our families, and anyone else who was interested, that they were in a sexual relationship; which was true, but nowhere near the whole truth.

The whole truth would never be known to anyone except ourselves. Our incestuous journey was well underway and my mother, my sister, her mother and me looked forward to many more years of incest with one another.