

# MY MOTHER, MY SISTER AND ME

***Briterotic***

*Incestuous lust follows a family bereavement.*

Incest/Taboo

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The news came as a complete shock. He was here one minute, gone the next. An aneurysm, the doctor said. My mother looked pale and faint as the doctor sat her down on the sofa whilst he explained to me what had happened to my father. He'd collapsed on the stairs and died instantaneously. The man, absent for much of my life, was gone for good.

At the time, my mother had been working from home, so she'd been the one to find him. I'd rushed home from work the moment I'd taken the call from the doctor; he didn't want my mother to be left alone. I was only fifteen minutes away, so I was soon at her side. She seemed paralysed by the enormity of it all. I wanted to be useful; after all, I was twenty-five years of age, a grown-up. I knew what I had to do, so I set about phoning relations; not that there were many of them to phone.

After I'd spoken to my mum's sister and a couple of distant cousins, I asked her about any friends that ought to be informed. She knew of no one; it brought home to us just how little we knew of my father's life. We did know where he worked, or at least we thought we did. I got in touch with the company, only to be told that he had changed his employer over three years ago. They gave me a number to ring; I spoke to a sympathetic lady in the personnel department of the civil engineering firm that he worked for. That was it, there was no one else to tell, so I made Mum a cup of sweet tea. She didn't take sugar usually, but what the hell, I was just trying to help. She drank it without protest.

The following day, she was a little more like herself; we went to see an undertaker and were relieved at just how much he could take off our hands. Then we visited the Registrar's office to record the death. A flurry of correspondence, to banks and Government departments and agencies, over the next few days, brought an end to what it had been in our power to do, leaving us with three weeks to wait before the funeral.

We entered a period where neither of us wanted to speak about or dwell on his death. We had both gone back to work. In the evenings, the only times we came close to discussing him, was to sort out practicalities like what should be done with his clothes. It was as though neither of us felt any great sense of loss, but nor did we want to be the first one to say as much.

That's not to say that my father's death left no impact on us. My mother looked drawn and tired, but I also sensed that she was relieved. He had worked away so much of the time that their marriage seemed to have stumbled along on a stop-start basis. There always seemed to be an important job that kept him away for birthdays, anniversaries and Christmas every other year. He would come home after a few days or weeks away, collect his mail and laundry and be off again on another highly important and unavoidable job.

I'd never had much of a relationship with him. I felt guilty that I didn't feel anything much at all.

About a week after he died, I plucked up the courage to ask my mother if she missed him, "How can you miss someone who was hardly ever here?" was her reply. She was exaggerating, but I took

her point. It said all I needed to know about her lack of feelings for him. How long ago had she fallen out of love with him, I wondered. I felt sorry for her; she was forty-seven years old, married for twenty-six years, and what had she to show for it? A big fat nothing, oh, and me I suppose. I felt a surge of affection for her, I wanted to protect her, to show her that she was loved.

It was whilst I was admitting to myself the truth of what my mother had just said, that the doorbell rang. I was halfway upstairs at the time, so I shouted that I would answer it and made my way back downstairs to the front door. Standing there was a glamorous, but faintly troubled looking, woman of about my mother's age. I have to admit that she looked attractive in her skirt suit and heels, I noticed that her legs were particularly nice; I tended to notice these things quite a lot.

"Does Mrs. Rebecca Fields live at this address?" she asked with a slight tremor in her voice.

"Yes, who shall I say is calling?"

"Mrs. Fields"

"Yes, that's right, she's here now. I'll get her for you. I didn't catch your name."

"No, I mean I'm Mrs. Fields, Mrs. Madeline Fields."

"Oh, I see. Right, well, that's a coincidence..."

My mother appeared in the hallway. "Who is it Cal?"

"Ah, right, this lady is asking for you, she's Mrs. Fields as well."

"Mrs. Rebecca Fields?" asked the shapely woman.

"Yes, That's right. Can I help you?"

"Can we talk in private? I have something important to tell you."

"Well, yes, I suppose so, come in please, we'll go through into the lounge."

"Is this your son?"

"Yes, this is Callum."

"Hi," I was trying to be friendly and thinking about just how friendly I'd like to get with her.

"I think he should hear what I have to say as well."

"Very well, please come through, do sit down," said my mother.

"No thank you, I'll stand. This is going to be quite a shock to you both."

We all stood facing each other. The visitor looked apprehensive but seemed determined to deliver her important news, whatever it was. She paused a moment to collect herself and I paused to admire the outline of her thighs in her tight skirt, her flat stomach and her nice breasts.

"As I've just told your son, my name is Madeline Fields, Mrs. Madeline Fields, or so I thought until this morning."

"I see, I think, or do I?" said my mother.

"Has your husband died recently?"

"Yes, but I don't see what that's..."

"Was he called John Fields, date of birth 18th March 1973?"

"Well yes, but..."

"When did you get married?"

"I'm sorry but I don't see how this is any of your business."

"Please tell me."

"We got married in July 1997, why are you asking me these questions?"

Our visitor took a deep breath, "Because your husband married me on the 12th of June 1998."

After a long dramatic pause, my mother and I looked at each other, before she sank slowly down onto the sofa with an expression of incredulity on her face. The best I had to offer was to ask if I should put the kettle on, a lame question that both women ignored. I didn't know what else to do, so I answered my own question by retreating into the kitchen to make a pot of tea that no one would drink.

From the kitchen, I could overhear snatches of tense discussion. I heard Madeline asking my mother to look at photographs and a marriage certificate that she described bitterly as not worth the paper it was written on. She told my mother that she had a daughter, "John's daughter" she said, before readily conceding that her marriage to my father was void. She said that she lived with my father near Watford which was just under an hour away from his other marital home, where he lived with my mother and me, in Guildford.

She explained that she'd only found out a day earlier that her 'husband' had died. He'd been expected home several days ago. He wasn't answering his mobile, and she had no idea where he worked. She eventually found a payslip in a jacket pocket and, on phoning the company, held a confused conversation with a puzzled and embarrassed woman in the personnel department.

At first, she didn't know what to do, but after she'd slept on it, she realised that she had to find out where my father's other wife lived so that she could speak to her. She'd decided that it was best if it was all out in the open, she'd hated the thought of my mother not knowing, and being embarrassed by finding out at some later date, that her husband was a bigamist.

Their fraught conversation came to an end when Madeline asked for details of the funeral. My mother didn't respond well and I could hear Madeline placating her, saying that she was leaving her contact details in the hope that mum would get in touch when she'd had time to deal with what must have been quite a shock.

I caught up with Madeline at the front door as she was leaving, it was worth it just to see those gorgeous legs and shapely buttocks from behind. She turned and looked at me with her deep blue eyes and I was smitten. When she took hold of my hand and said that she was sorry for my loss, I felt a tingle of arousal; I would have done anything for her. Then a sudden thought hit me and I blurted out, "I've got a sister?"

"Yes, she looks like you, you both inherited your father's good looks."

I wanted to say that she couldn't be any more attractive than her mother, but I knew it wouldn't be appropriate.

"Would you do me a favour?"

If only she knew.

"Yes of course."

"Please encourage your mother to let me have the details of the funeral. I'm quite determined to attend anyway but, in the circumstances, I want her to feel that she's agreed to me and my family being there."

As well as finding her very desirable, I was impressed with her selflessness and her consideration of my mother's feelings.

"Don't worry, I'm sure she'll get her head around it. This can't have been easy for you either?"

"Tell me about it. It was a huge shock at first, but it all makes perfect sense now. The bastard has made your mother and I live a lie for twenty five years... Oh, I'm sorry to speak ill of your father, but it's hard to take."

"It's okay, I didn't have much of a relationship with him. Do you mind me asking, did you love him?"

She paused for a moment, I thought she was going to tell me that it was none of my business. But she just looked at me and said, "Once maybe, a long time ago." My deceased father wasn't scoring very highly in the popularity polls.

As she turned to go I said, "I'll see you at the funeral." She answered me with a nod and a half smile, then she left me lusting on the doorstep. I watched her swaying hips all the way until she swung her lovely legs and high heels daintily into the driving seat of her car. I could feel my cock twitching, by the time I got back into the lounge it was half erect.

My mother sat on the sofa looking so forlorn, tears filled her eyes. She was still in her business suit and heels. Oddly, I thought that she looked quite alluring in her distress; what the hell was the matter with me? I put it down to jumbled emotions, my moral compass seemed to have malfunctioned in the last few minutes. I could see that she needed a cuddle, so I sat down beside her and pulled her toward me, her head rested on my shoulder as she sobbed gently for a few moments.

"We'll get through this mum, you'll see. You're a great mother and you've got a lot going for you."

"Oh thank you, darling, that's so kind of you," she said as she pressed her face into my neck.

I could feel her tears wetting my skin and her warm breath on my ear. Just moments ago, the lovely Madeline had set my erection in motion and now, to my discomfort and consternation, my mother was finishing the job by unwittingly making me harder than I'd ever been in my life. My moral compass was spinning out of control. I held her close in the desperate hope that she wouldn't see the bulge in my trousers, but that just made things worse; with her lips pressed against my neck, she was sending fireworks down my spine; I was practically coming in my pants; I needed a way out.

To my enormous relief, she managed to get her dangly earring caught in my tie. I was able to undo and take off the tie, then twist myself away from her so that she couldn't get a look at my raging

hard-on; a lucky escape.

"Would you like that tea now?"

"Yes please, but no sugar this time."

"Okay, mum."

I made the tea, and as we sat together drinking it, I broached the subject of Madeline. It was a risky strategy, but if I could get her to agree now, while she was in a vulnerable and compliant mood, it might be easier than in the morning when her resolve might have hardened.

"Mother, we're both tired; it's been an emotional time; we've just had a bit of a shock and I, for one, will be glad when it's all over. I'm sure you will too. If you like, in the morning I'll have a word with a trainee solicitor friend of mine about bigamy law. It'll be sensible for you, well, us, to know where we stand."

"Oh, would you darling, thank you, you're quite right, we do need some legal insight."

"Also, and I hope you don't mind me bringing this up, but I think it would be good for all concerned if you extended an olive branch to Madeline by letting her have details of the funeral. After all, it wasn't her fault, I'm sure she's as angry and upset as you are. You've both been certain for the last twenty-odd years that Dad was your husband and this has been a massive shock to you and her. She's done the honourable thing, don't be angry with her, be angry with him."

"I'm dreading the funeral, with or without his other family."

"Well why don't we get it over with now? Did she leave you her mobile number?"

"Yes, and an email."

"Even better, if you like I'll send an email to her from you now, just a short message giving the time and location of the funeral."

"Okay, I'm sure you're right, here's my phone, I'm shattered, I'm going up to bed, I'll see you in the morning. Goodnight darling."

"Goodnight Mother."

If only my mother knew that a large part of the reason for my pleading with Madeline's case was that I just wanted to be near her again. I sent the message, it just said, "Funeral at St Margaret's, on Browning Lane, 26th September at 11 am. Details of wake to be confirmed." We had planned to hold a wake at home immediately after the funeral, but I knew there was no way that my mother would want a group of complete strangers in the house; not these strangers anyway. No, I'd have to book a neutral venue, I'd run it by her in the morning.

I felt tired but very horny so I waited until I was sure that my mother was asleep then, putting my earlier confusion about being aroused by her out of my mind, I thought about Madeline, and only Madeline, as I masturbated whilst lying on the sofa. It was a hugely satisfying orgasm.

Two hours later, in bed, I indulged in a leisurely fondling of my cock and thought about Madeline again. I invented several fantasies as I imagined fucking her, but the one that tipped me over the edge was of me pinning her against a church wall during a funeral, opening her coat and lifting her

black dress to expose her stocking tops and suspender straps, before slipping my hard cock inside her warm wet cunt. The thought of her against a wall, a willing fuck in her high heels, gripping my cock with her taut vagina, was more than enough to release globules of semen over my abdomen as another staggering orgasm made my toes curl.

As I drifted off, half asleep, half awake, without consciously bringing it to mind, I recalled my mother's tears and lips on my neck and my cock gave one last involuntary spasm before I dozed off.

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The morning of the funeral was damp and overcast at first. The service was excruciatingly tense, but the vicar kept it mercifully short and sweet, she merely alluded to the choices we make in life without directly addressing the 'elephant in the room.' Thankfully no one felt the urge to do a reading or say a few words about my father the bigamist. I felt a mild sadness at what might have been if he had been more present in my life, but my mind was occupied mostly by the presence of so many attractive women in black. Why did women always look so sexy at funerals? There ought to be a law against it. The gathering around the grave for the committal was like a scene from a film. The drizzle had relented, the sky had cleared and the churchyard dripped with classy women.

They all looked so stylish and smartly attractive. The sun began to shine through the damp mist, bathing the scene in a soft glow. Well-cut, figure-hugging, sombre dresses, black hosiery and high heels were everywhere. A few of them were accompanied by smartly dressed husbands or boyfriends, but it was the sexy, attractive women, with their shiny hair, tasteful makeup and black hosiery, that made my cock tingle. I'd rarely seen so many pairs of nice legs in heeled shoes, all in one place at the same time.

Madeline had caught my eye earlier inside the church; she acknowledged me and mouthed, "Thank you" with ruby red, perfectly painted lips. I knew instantly that the stunning, blonde-haired young woman with her was my sister. I could see signs of my father's features in her face but she'd got her mother's genes to thank for her shapely body. Wow, was my initial reaction, but I quickly admonished myself, she was after all a blood relative.

I learned later that Lauren was twenty-two and still at university. I also discovered later that the other women accompanying Madeline were her sisters Nadine and Kristen and their daughters Zoe and Danielle respectively; all very easy on the eye. Not that my side of the family was going to be outdone either. My mother's sister Sarah, and her two daughters, my cousins Charlotte and Beatrice, looked very foxy as well.

The nice lady from the personnel department of the company that had employed my father was there, she'd introduced herself and her two female colleagues before the service. The decorous trio fitted in well with the other female mourners.

As we all stood by the graveside I scanned the gathering of attractive women and felt like the luckiest man alive. Though I did wonder once more about my moral compass, surely it's not normal to feel sexually aroused at a funeral, but there were alluring women everywhere I looked.

When we got to the "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust" bit, my mother put her arm through mine and leaned on me gently. I felt a surge of pride, she didn't look out of place among the bevy of beauties that surrounded us.

It had been almost a month since my father had died and she had informed me, sheepishly, earlier on at home, that she had lost twelve pounds in weight during that time. She had been so pleased that she'd been able to get into her expensive, knee-length, classic black dress. She looked very attractive and sophisticated in the dress with its matching jacket, barely black hosiery, sleek, three-inch high, stiletto-heeled court shoes and a classy black hat with a sexy 'birdcage' veil.

Her drop pearl earrings and subtle pink lipstick took me back to when I was a young boy and I used to love watching her getting ready to go out. The feeling I used to get, that my mother was the most beautiful woman in the world, had come flooding back when I watched her make her way downstairs just as we were leaving for the funeral. She used to be so fun-loving and vivacious; I wanted to see her like that again.

Over the past couple of weeks, I sensed that she'd been worried that she would be outshone by Madeline. She'd said to me a couple of times that she thought Madeline was very attractive and could see why my father had fallen for her. I told her that my father had great taste in women and she had given me a bashful look and kissed me on the cheek.

As we left the churchyard I told her that she was the most desirable woman there. It wasn't flattery, I meant it, she squeezed my arm, pressed her manicured pink thumbnail into the palm of my hand and dragged it down to my fingertips. I knew she hadn't done it to intentionally arouse me but, to my delight and shameful discomfort, an erotic tingle travelled down my spine and sent waves of pleasure into my cock.

I checked with Madeline that she and her family knew how to get to the pub where the wake was being held. The skirt of her knee-length dress pulled taut around her thighs as she settled into the driving seat of her car. I was standing over her with the door open and couldn't help noticing the telltale signs of the suspender clips that protruded through the tight black material.

She followed the direction of my gaze and seemed to adjust her position so that the material pulled even tighter. Her suspender straps, the little button that fastened the welt of her stockings to her suspender clips and the clips themselves, were all showing in clear relief through her dress. She fixed her eyes on mine and gave me a look that made me feel like a naughty boy that she would take in hand at the first opportunity. Later on in bed that night, Madeline would once again be the subject of my masturbation fantasies.

As I drove to the pub, I glanced surreptitiously, several times, at my mother's thighs in her smart close-fitting dress. I wondered whether she ever wore stockings; I didn't know why, but I suddenly imagined her in them, unzipping her dress, letting it fall to the floor and stepping out of it as it lay on the floor around her ankles. I quickly forced the erotic image from my mind, but not before another pulse of pleasure had passed through my semi-swollen penis. I kept my eyes on the road ahead and convinced myself that it was nothing to worry about, just my mind playing tricks on me because my mother was bereaved and vulnerable; I felt I needed to look after her.

The first person I sought out at the wake was my brand new, blue-eyed sister Lauren. I soon forgot about my cock's reactions to the mildly inappropriate thoughts I was having about my mother. I immediately felt a strong connection with Lauren. Having done some reading about discovering siblings later in life, I knew that it could be a minefield. In many cases, obsessive emotions came to the fore; sometimes they were sexual. I'd almost laughed at the idea, but, just as a precaution, I'd been convincing myself that it wouldn't be an issue for me and Lauren; that was before I'd set eyes on her.

We hugged warmly for several seconds; she kissed me on the cheek. It was a slow, sensuous kiss; I wasn't prepared for it, or for what she said immediately afterwards.

"Well, that's a bonus."

"What is?"

"Not only do I get the brother that I've always wanted, but he's hot as well," she said with a confident smile as she hung on to my hand.

That completely pulled the rug from under my feet, all my, "She's just your sister, that's all," inner dialogue flew out of the window. My reply was rather clumsy, even for me.

"Oh, ha, yeah, I've been researching cases where siblings meet for the first time as, you know, adults, and apparently there can be all sorts of emotions..."

Oh God, did I really think that I was impressing her?

"...you know, unexpected passions..."

Oh shit, she'll think I'm a right idiot and a pervert, not necessarily in that order.

"Really? You wouldn't take advantage of your little sister would you?"

"No, no, not at all, I wasn't suggesting..."

"Oh, that's a shame; I was looking forward to it," she said with a teasing grin.

"Okay, you got me there, I'm a prat."

We talked about our Dad and how neither of us felt particularly close to him. We spoke about the shock of discovering that he had another family and how our mothers were coping.

"I'm relieved that our mothers have been civilised about all this," I ventured.

"Yes, my mum told me that she'd been to see you both. She said that as her marriage to Dad was void, she was grateful that your mum hadn't been difficult about things."

"I was impressed by the way your mum handled it when she visited. I think my mum likes her, she keeps saying that she seems honest and trustworthy."

We noticed at that point that our mothers were deep in conversation in a quiet corner of the pub.

"It looks friendly doesn't it?"

"Yes, I bet they're comparing notes on how Dad managed to fool us for all those years."

"I don't even want to think about it anymore; it is what it is."

"Me neither; I'm just looking ahead now. It's so lovely that I get a brother out of this. I'd like to get to know you; do you mind?"

Did I mind? I was finding her utterly irresistible, I just wanted to kiss her.

"Not at all, I'd like that too. Can we meet up soon?"



"Sadly not, I'm studying for an MSc in Psychological Studies at Aberdeen University. I delayed going back because of the funeral, so I'm travelling up tomorrow."

"Oh that's a shame, not your studying, I mean it's a shame we won't be able to meet up soon."

"Look, give me your phone number, I'll phone you when I get settled back in at uni, we can have some long chats to find out all about each other, then we'll get together when I'm back home for the Christmas holidays," she said with a conspiratorial raise of an eyebrow.

By then, our mothers had emerged from their quiet little tet a tet, circulated and accepted the condolences of the other mourners present. One of my father's ex-work colleagues seemed particularly upset and tearful, I surmised that she'd been in love with him and they'd probably had an affair.

It wasn't long before Madeline's contingent said their goodbyes. I saw my mother making a fuss of Lauren as she was leaving and telling her that she hoped she'd stay in touch. To my delight, Madeline sought me out for a lingering hug and warm lips on my cheek. She sent a shiver of desire through me, then she murmured into my ear that my mother was a good woman and that I should look after her.

I waved to them as I watched them leave, my mind was a jumble of feelings and emotions. I wanted very much to fuck Madeline and knew that she'd still be prominent in my masturbation fantasies; it was straightforward unashamed lust. On an altogether more disturbing level, I also had incestuous thoughts about her daughter, my new sister; a much darker, debased carnal desire. Then there was my mother, Rebecca, I didn't want to go there but part of me did; the part that hung between my legs.

Madeline's entreaty that I should look after my mother felt a little ambiguous. Surely all she meant was that I should be kind and thoughtful towards her, but I thought that there'd been a slightly salacious tone to her voice. Perhaps I'd imagined it, perhaps I was stupid. In any event, as I turned to make my way back inside the pub, I saw my mother looking sad and wistful as she watched Madeline's party depart, she gave them one last wave. In that moment, I felt a surge of love and affection for her and I resolved to be her protector, and to all intents and purposes, to be the man in her life.

What an outdated notion, was I living in the 1950s? I was soon to learn that she didn't need a protector or, necessarily, even a 'man' in her life. She hadn't forged a career as a successful employment law solicitor without being strong-minded and independent. In fact, with Madeline running her own employment agency and Lauren studying for a postgraduate degree, I soon started to feel that, as a junior health service administrator, it was me who was being left in the slow lane.

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My mother, Rebecca, told me as we drove home from the wake that she and Madeline had agreed that they owed it to themselves to seize life by the horns and start living for themselves. She was as good as her word. She joined a gym and started swimming and running. I watched her as she transformed in front of my eyes. Soon after the funeral, she took to ordering lots of new clothes online. Every day she seemed to be in a new outfit; she looked great, I mean really hot. She told me that she'd gone down two dress sizes none of her old stuff fitted her any more.

She often asked me how she looked, and I'd tell her she looked great, and it was true, she did. Sometimes, when I was feeling brave, I'd tell her she looked hot and she'd give me a girlish smile and blow me a kiss as she left for work.

I'd watch her leaving the house each morning in expensively cut dresses or business suits; new high heels for every day of the week. One night, she told me that she was going out and not to wait up for her because she'd be staying with a friend. This started happening once or twice a week and I wasn't handling it well. I became a little jealous and possessive; I didn't like the thought of another man fucking my mother. Eventually, I plucked up the courage to ask her who she was seeing and spending the night with.

"Callum, I'm your mother, not your daughter, don't you think I'm entitled to a private life?"

"Yes, of course. I'm sorry, I was out of order. You don't have to tell me where you're going or who you're seeing."

"Well if you must know, I've been catching up with some old girlfriends that I've neglected in recent years."

There was no mention of a man, so I was relieved and ready to believe what I would discover later to be a lie. As I watched her walk down the hallway in a tight blue dress, stiletto heels and seamed stockings, it should have occurred to me that she was dressed for sex. The seamed stockings stuck in my mind for the rest of the evening.

I'd already taken to looking closely at my mother's thighs, in her tight skirts and dresses, and I was sure that, on several occasions, I'd seen the protrusion of suspender clips. The thought had sent pulses of arousal through me that I tried hard not to enjoy. After all, she was my mother, even if she was swathed in classy clothes that were cut to show off her lovely breasts, toned torso, flat stomach, curvaceous hips and buttocks, and long shapely legs. Fuck, I was clearly beyond redemption, but I didn't realise it at the time.

Still believing that I was merely curious rather than hopelessly aroused by her, I decided to go and explore her bedroom. The feeling of stealthy sensuality was very erotic as I pushed open the door and stood surveying my mother's private space. Ahead of me was the bed, I wondered whether she ever masturbated on it. My room was across the landing and not connected to hers, but the thought of her masturbating, at the same time as me, sent a warm tingle through my cock.

If she did masturbate, I wondered about what fantasies she conjured up as she built towards her orgasm; the thought was as erotic as it was daunting. Where did she keep her lingerie? It had to be the chest of drawers to my right. I opened them in turn, the second and third drawers down were full of women's intimate things. There it all lay, perfectly folded and ordered. I had to be careful not to leave any trace that my trembling hands had touched my mother's underwear.

It all looked quite new, there were beautiful sets of lingerie in black, red, purple, white, pink and champagne. Plain bra cups contrasted with frilly lace cups, soft teddies and stiff basques fought for space with suspender belts and corsets. In one of the drawers were packs and packs of stockings of all shades: silk, opaque, fishnet, sheer and seamed. I was mesmerised, and my cock started to harden, and I wanted to wrap a pair of her panties around my shaft while I masturbated.

The danger was that she'd have known if I'd touched any of her clean pairs, so I decided to rummage through the laundry basket. As I did so, I realised that if I found what I was looking for, they'd have been worn by her; my cock was bursting at the thought. It got even better, I found two

pairs and took them into her bedroom. Something told me to look inside the drawers and cupboards of her bedside table, and there I found an item that had me yanking my jeans and underpants down.

The vibrator was large and looked well-used. Its presence sent an erotic shock through me; I wasted no time wrapping one pair of her used panties around the shaft of my penis and holding the others to my nose. The scent of my mother's cunt still lingered on her panty gusset; it drove me wild with depraved erotic lust. I played her vibrator against the underside of my cock, and came in no time at all. So quickly that I was able to retreat to my bedroom and spend the next fifteen minutes building to another orgasm while I fantasised about fucking my mother in every conceivable way imaginable.

As my second orgasm approached, I imagined I bent her over the dining table, ready to be taken from behind. In my fantasy, I lifted the hem of her dress over her hips; her long legs and stilettos raised her pussy to just the right height. Her glistening, inviting, pale pink labia were framed by her black suspender belt, straps and stocking tops. I admired her taut, shapely buttocks, parted her cunt lips and slowly sank into my mother. I could almost feel her vagina walls being forced apart as I slid my cock into her; it was a magnificently erotic, depraved sensation. I came hard for the second time as I imagined fucking my mother.

I must have drifted off to sleep straight away. The next thing I remember was hearing her in the kitchen unloading the dishwasher. It was almost seven o'clock, time to get ready for work. She must have heard me moving around because she shouted a cheery, "Good Morning," and asked me to make sure that all of my dirty washing had been put into the laundry basket. I was already one step ahead of her; I'd woken up with one pair of her used panties on my pillow and another still wrapped around my flaccid cock. I'd used a tissue to wipe the come from my abdomen and chest the previous night, so I flushed it down the toilet after I gave her panties one last sniff and buried them deep in the laundry basket.

At breakfast, I asked her what time she had come home; with a smirk, she told me it was none of my business. She was already showered and dressed for work, she looked immaculate in her tight-skirted business suit. There was no sign that she'd been fucking until the early hours, in any case, my mind was concentrating hard on not allowing my cock to treat itself to an obvious fully blown erection at the thought of her wearing stockings under her skirt.

I knew as I drove to work that a profound change had taken place in me. I no longer made excuses to myself for the feelings of arousal that had increasingly pervaded my mind whenever I thought about my mother; which by now was quite often. There was no denying it, I'd crossed a line, my crush on my mother had turned into outright incestuous sexual desire; I lusted after her and wanted badly to fuck her and possess her.

I even started to think of ways that I could make it happen and used these fantasies every night as masturbation material. I frequently dug two pairs of her used panties out of the laundry basket. Sometimes, at bedtime, I listened for the sound of the basket lid falling after she'd deposited the clothes that she had worn that day. If I was lucky, I would be able to hold the gusset of a still warm, pussy scented pair of panties to my nose.

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One evening, soon after my first sneaky search of my mother's bedroom, Lauren rang me from Aberdeen. She'd been there over a month and we'd spoken several times at length as we started to

get to know about each other. I looked forward to her calls and was becoming very fond of her. From time to time, I still fantasised about her and her mother, Madeline.

My mother was out on another all-nighter and Lauren and I couldn't get a clear video signal, so we made do with a voice call. As soon as I realised this, I took myself and my phone up to my mother's bedroom so that I could play with my penis as we spoke; without Lauren's knowledge of course. It gave me an erotic thrill to be sitting on the chair at my mother's dressing table while I spoke to my sister.

We talked about family and compared notes about growing up with our largely absent father, but mostly, we talked about our mothers. I started to confide in Lauren about my mother's transformation, but first she teased me in her usual manner; she was becoming bolder and more explicit with every phone call. This time, being unable to see her facial expressions, she had me on a string. Although, at twenty-five years of age, I was three years older than her, my teasing little sister was in control of our interactions.

"I spoke to my mum a few minutes ago; she asked me to give you her love."

"Oh, okay, please tell her thank you, and pass on my love to her."

"Wouldn't you rather give it to her in person?"

At this stage, I was unbuttoning the fly of my jeans and getting my hand inside the waistband of my underpants.

"Er yes, it would be nice for us all to meet up again."

"She likes you."

"Does she?"

"Yes, she calls you my hot new brother."

"Oh!"

"Do you like her?"

"Yes, she's really nice."

"Don't be coy, you know what I mean, do you fancy her?"

My silence spoke volumes, the answer was obviously yes, but I didn't know what to say.

"What's the matter, cat got your tongue?"

"Well, she very attractive, I mean..."

"You do don't you? I don't blame you, she's very fanciable, isn't she? I think she'd jump at the chance of getting her hands on a nice younger man."

I put the phone on 'speaker,' so that I could pull my pants and jeans down to my ankles and get my hands on my hard cock. I tried to sound normal, but I thought she might be on to me; my responses were clumsy and my breathing was shallow.

"Are you still there, or have you gone off to take care of business?"

"What?"

"It doesn't matter; you're not a virgin are you?"

"What? Fuck no, I've had my moments."

"Mmmm, would you like to have a moment with me?"

"I know that you're just winding me up now."

"Am I?"

"Yes, you're a tease."

"Mmm, don't you like being teased? I think you do actually, I think you love being teased and turned on by your little sister."

"Maybe I do."

"I wish I was there with you."

"I wish you were here too."

By now I was just slowly stroking and caressing the underside of my penis. Listening to my sister's sexy, warm-voiced innuendo, I was becoming very aroused.

"We'll get together at Christmas, when term ends. I'm looking forward to that very much aren't you?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to get me for a Christmas present?"

"Uh, er... well I hadn't thought about it yet."

"I'll make it easy for you, get me some sexy red lingerie and the shortest, sluttiest Santa dress that you can find."

I was speechless again.

"Are you still there?"

"Y-yes, I'm here."

"Do you know what I'm going to get you for Christmas?"

I stopped stroking my cock, I didn't want to come just yet and she'd already taken me close.

"Er, no I couldn't even guess."

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes okay."

"Me."

"What?"

"Me, I'm going to give myself to you as a Christmas present. I'll come gift-wrapped if you like, in fact, I'll come in any way that you want me to come."

"Fuck."

"Yes, that's the general idea. Poor lamb, I'm tormenting you now, aren't I? You'll be getting into a sticky mess if I keep this up."

How did she know that I was playing with myself?

"Mmm, I love talking to you like this, it's such a pleasurable experience," she said, then she sighed softly a couple of times, then she groaned so loud that I was convinced that she'd got her fingers inside her pussy.

"There's someone we haven't talked about yet."

"Who's that?"

"Your mother of course, silly. How is she, mmm?"

"She's good thanks, she's lost weight and she's firmed up by going to the gym a couple of times a week. She's bought loads of new clothes because her old stuff no longer fits her; you should see her."

"Mmm, I'd love to, she's nice, I liked her a lot. She's a solicitor isn't she?"

"Yes."

"She's a classy woman, she looked hot at the funeral in that hat and veil, if she's slimmed down and toned up even more, I bet she's an absolute babe now. I don't know how you keep your hands off her."

My erect cock pulsed and a drop of fluid appeared at its end. I had my thumb on top just below the glans and my fingers touching lightly on the underside. I kept my hand completely still in the hope that I could avoid coming too soon.

"You've gone very quiet hot brother, what are you thinking? Go on, tell me what dirty thoughts you're having about your mother."

I still couldn't respond.

"Okay, I don't need to be doing a master's in psychology to know that you're very aroused at the moment. What has your gorgeous mother been up to in her new outfits? Does she turn you on when you see her in her new stuff? ...I bet she does... are you finding this as erotic as I am, mmm? ...What has she been buying? She's a solicitor so, she has to dress in business suits and dresses, doesn't she? ...and high heels... mmmm lovely... I bet her new skirts and dresses are tight-fitting... and I bet her legs look amazing in her stilettos... what's she wearing underneath do you think? ... I bet she's wearing sexy underwear... and stockings, mmm... hold-up stockings with lace tops... mmmm, lovely... or maybe she pushes the boat and wears stockings and suspenders underneath those sexy tight pencil skirts... what's the matter eh?... doesn't she realise what effect she's having

on you?... poor thing, I'll bet she does though... I bet she's enjoying it and I'll bet you're spilling your seed at every opportunity."

Lauren spoke in a low sensual tone and I was so fucking highly aroused that I could feel a spontaneous orgasm growing in my balls. In a voice like warm honey, she'd made an uncannily accurate assessment of my mother's transformation, I felt my balls tighten and a flow of come oozed slowly along the shaft of my cock, dribbled onto the chair seat and collected in a viscous pool. The sensation was amazing, my cock cried out for stimulation by hand, but I kept completely still and savoured the long, slow intensity of my half-orgasm.

I heard Lauren's shallow breathing, her joyful soft little sighs sounded as though she was close to coming. Without thinking, I chose just the right words to tip her over the edge.

"Would you like to watch me fuck my mother?"

"Ohh! Fuck, yes, yes, fuck her, fuckkk her for me, yes, fuck her hard, oh God, ohhhh... fffffffuccckk."

The sound of her coming sent another surge of arousal coursing through me; I pumped the shaft of my cock and it went off like a grenade. Jolts of orgasmic delight shot through me and I shot the rest of my semen onto the top of my mother's dressing table. I was the first to break a long silence.

"Fuck, that was awesome, how the fuck were you able to describe my mother so well?"

"Call it women's intuition," she purred.

"Whatever it was, you nailed her; I'm convinced that someone's giving her a regular fucking at the moment, she's always looked well-dressed and professional, but she's definitely taken it a bit further than just what would be expected for work, especially when she goes out in the evenings, she's definitely dressing to turn someone on."

"Well, it sounds as though she'll be turning a lot of people on. Have you considered that she might be intending to turn you on as well?"

"Fuck!"

"You never know she might be having the odd inappropriate thought about her son. She certainly might enjoy your admiring looks and what is obviously your newfound interest in her since our father died. Why wouldn't she? It sounds as though her relationship with dad was pretty much over years ago; I know my mother's was."

"If that's the case, she'll be enjoying her newfound freedom, and with her fit new body and stylish new clothes, she'll relish the compliments and attention she gets. She's attractive, but I'll bet she's been in her shell for years. Now she's emerged all gleaming and sexy, and she probably knows that she is too. She'll enjoy turning people on, including her hot, good-looking, sexy son."

It hit me like an express train, Lauren might be right, my mother might just have been intentionally teasing and arousing me just for the thrill that it gave her. What I didn't know then was that my sister knew something I didn't.

We ended the call and made an appointment for more phone sex in a few day's time. It would become a regular feature of our burgeoning relationship; I couldn't wait to consummate it when my sister returned home at Christmas. Before my father died, I considered myself to be a fairly normal young heterosexual male. I loved women and loved sex with women when I could get it, which

hadn't been very often in the months before his death; but I lived in hope. I could never have imagined that a few months down the line, I would be having phone sex with my sister while we both fantasised about committing incest with my mother. What the fuck was going on?

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I thought of my sister every day, I really looked forward to our regular video-call sex. Somehow, if the signal was poor and we had to resort to a voice call, it seemed even more intimate and erotic. If my mother was at home when we spoke, I'd take my phone to my bedroom. I relished the thought of coming while listening to Lauren's fantasies about mum as she sat downstairs, completely oblivious that her son and his sister were having orgasms about watching me fuck my mother.

One morning in mid-November, I'd got ready for work and was walking along the landing to the top of the stairs when I realised that my mother's bedroom door was not fully closed. Through the slightly open door, I watched from behind as she pulled on black stockings and clipped them to her black suspender belt. As far as I could tell, the only other garment she wore was a thin silk dressing gown; I was mesmerised and rooted to the spot. I watched her push her feet into her stilettos then, without warning, she got up and turned toward the door. As she did so, the unfastened garment fell open, she pulled it closed as she walked around the end of the bed, but not before I'd got a good look at her hairy bush and beautiful pink pussy. She didn't appear to realise that I was there until she opened the door fully and almost bumped into me. I tried to look nonchalant.

"Oh, I thought you were downstairs darling; you scared me standing there like that."

Before I could speak, she glanced down and saw my erection bulging in my trousers; time stood still. After what seemed an age of her looking at my groin, she looked into my eyes for a second, her cheeks flushed, and I noticed that her nipples were rock hard and poking through the thin silk. Her lips parted and she gave an audible involuntary sigh. The sexual tension was incredible; I wanted to take her in my arms and kiss her.

She stood there; I couldn't look her in the face; I just gazed over her left shoulder like a naughty little boy. She still didn't move, it felt like a dare, I think she knew I wanted her badly, but my courage failed me.

"I-I must hurry or I'll be late," I stammered.

I grabbed my jacket and set off for work, still highly aroused and regretting a missed opportunity.

I wasn't there to see her go back into her bedroom, close the door and take her vibrator out of her bedside cupboard.

From that day forward, she left the door slightly ajar every morning and I watched her make a performance of putting on her stockings and heels. By now, she must have known that I was watching. I still thought that she was fucking someone else, but my sister might have been right, she seemed to enjoy my furtive attention.

She soon took our unspoken intimacy to new levels. One morning as she was ready to leave for work, she initiated physical contact between us in such a casual manner that it seemed quite normal.

"Aren't you going to kiss your mother goodbye darling?"



We hugged and she kissed me tenderly on the cheek. The embrace lasted just a little longer than was appropriate between mother and son. It was a full embrace, my cock started to wake up as she pressed her abdomen against me.

"You know you can hug me whenever you want, darling; I'm worried that there's no physical contact in your life. It's good for your emotional health to have a nice warm cuddle with someone now and again,"

She gave me an indulgent smile and turned to make her way to the front door; I think she knew that she'd got my cock's full attention and that I was watching her hips and buttocks sway in her pencil skirt as she walked away from me. The moment she closed the door behind her, I raced upstairs and spilt globules of come into the toilet bowl.

The hugs became a regular thing, both before leaving for work and when greeting each other when arriving at home. She avoided pressing into my cock after that first time; it was as though she was telling me that she was in charge and would keep me guessing about the next time she would do it. It quickly became understood between us that she was in control of our slowly emerging 'mating dance' and would decide how far it went, if anywhere at all.

One evening, as she was on her way out to see her 'friend,' she wore a figure-hugging, knee-length, long-sleeved, black pencil dress. She looked fucking stunning in the fine knit dress, black seamed stockings and stilettos. My pulse quickened the moment I set eyes on her. I was bending down to load the dishwasher and suddenly noticed her standing close to me. As I straightened up, I drank her in, from her four-inch high heels, to her suspender bumps and onto her flat, toned stomach and fulsome breasts. I couldn't disguise the lustful look on my face; my mouth fell open, and I only managed to utter two words.

"Fuck, mother!"

She was loving my arousal, but I felt like a kid in a sweet shop who'd been told that he couldn't have any of what he was seeing.

"Well? How do I look?"

"You look fucking amazing," I blurted as I made an involuntary move towards her.

Her lips and fingernails were bright red and her brown hair was up in a loose chignon.

"Ah-ah, be careful that you don't damage the goods."

She allowed me a tentative hug; no contact between our lower halves, and air kissed my cheek.

"I'll see you in the morning. Be good and don't do anything I wouldn't do," she said with a sly grin.

I heard the front door close and her stilettos tip-tapping along the garden path, and then I took my raging hard-on into the lounge and shot spunk onto the floor in front of the sofa.

We continued to kiss and hug every morning and evening, she would teasingly run the backs of her fingers down from my shoulders, over my chest and around my waist to caress the small of my back. It was all done with such apparent innocence that I wondered whether I was reading things incorrectly, and if she was just being maternal. Such thoughts were dispelled when she leaned her hip into my groin for a split second as she put both of her arms around my neck and 'accidentally' brushed my lips with hers, before planting a kiss on my cheek. It was barely perceptible

salaciousness, just enough to keep me interested by making me realise that it was far from innocent and that she might be available.

I got into such a horny state one evening after dinner that I decided to try my luck with her. She'd got home late from work and was still in the tightest of her pin-striped skirt suits, a white fitted shirt and heels. She was at the kitchen sink with her back to me as she rinsed the crockery before placing it in the dishwasher. As she stretched down each time to put a plate in the dishwasher, her skirt pulled taut and showed the outline of her suspender clips and straps. It was all too much to bear, so I approached her from behind and wrapped my arms around her waist; just under her breasts. At the same time, I pushed my rapidly hardening cock into the cleft between her buttocks and pressed her against the worktop.

"You don't mind me hugging you like this do you mother?"

As my cock hardened, I was sure that I'd seized the initiative.

"You know, I'm always ready for a motherly embrace with you, but you're being a little bit naughty at the moment."

"Sorry Mum, it just happened without warning."

She'd admonished me, but she made no effort to move, she let me lean into her for a few more seconds, then pulled my arms from around her waist and turned to face me. She stood in front of me and looked down at the bulge in my trousers.

"I think you need to take a cold shower young man."

I almost suggested she get into the shower with me, but she was back in control and my nerve failed me again.

Having been well and truly put in my place, I was surprised the following evening when my mother stayed in her sexy work clothes until bedtime. It seemed that she'd deliberately sat in my line of vision all evening, watching TV, purposely crossing and uncrossing her legs, smoothing her skirt over her thighs and occasionally brushing non-existent fluff from her breasts; she watched TV and I watched her. When we both got up to go to bed, she asked me to make sure all of the doors were locked, then she embraced me.

"Let me give my gorgeous big son a hug."

With her head resting on my shoulder and her arms around my torso, she pressed her hip lightly into my groin and my cock started to swell. Although she must have been able to feel it, she just seemed to ignore it and made small talk as though nothing was happening. As soon as it was fully erect, she gave me a peck on the cheek, released me and said goodnight. Fuck, she was teasing me mercilessly, and she knew it.

The next evening, she added a new trick to her repertoire. No longer content with letting me watch surreptitiously as she put her stockings on every morning and teasing me with hugs and kisses, she started to tell me that I'd be a great catch for any young woman. That I was very nice-looking and she was sure that women found me desirable.

"You're a very good-looking young man, women notice you; I've seen it. You'd be quite a catch, and you could probably take your pick."

"I think you exaggerate a little mother."

"Not at all, you're a hunk; if I were young and fancy-free, I'd snap you up in no time."

"And I'd let you."

"Mmm, you're also a very naughty man, flirting with your mother like that."

Minutes later, she called me into the kitchen, she was standing on a chair so that she could reach the top shelf of a cupboard, and she pretended that she couldn't get down because her skirt was too tight. She hitched it up to reveal her stocking tops and put her hands on my shoulders as she stepped down gingerly in her stiletto heels. I held her around her waist whilst admiring her stocking-clad legs, she fell against me as she got down; I had to catch her to stop her from falling. Her breasts squashed against my chest and she slid down my body and ran her silk-swathed pussy down along the top of my thigh. Her hands were on my shoulders as she put her lips against mine for a lingering moment, kissed me and called me her hero.

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Despite my mother's increasingly seductive behaviour towards me, I was still convinced that she was being fucked regularly by someone. The morning after her kitchen chair difficulty, she made a special effort to dress enticingly, but not for me. I watched her pull on long hold-up stockings with the welt high on her thigh. Then she painted her lips and nails and put on a shorter-than-usual dress with a low v-necked cleavage. With her shapely, toned body and silky skin, she could easily pass for a woman in her late thirties; or younger. In other words, she could still wear a revealingly short dress without anyone batting an eyelid.

It was a cold morning in early December, so she wore a long, fake fur collared coat over her short red dress and long, stiletto-heeled, black leather boots; the combination was devastatingly sexy. I couldn't resist asking her where she was going, she told me she was having a day out in London with a friend. I knew full well that she was meeting someone for sex. I left the house before her. After arriving at work, my head full of images of my mother, in her very short red dress and long black coat and boots, I hit on the idea of tracking her phone. I'd been there an hour or so when I told my line manager that I needed to leave so that I could deal with a family emergency.

As I was about to set off from the car park, I checked her location and was surprised to find that she was still at home. So, I decided to drive to a retail park close to where we lived and wait for her to leave the house. Half an hour later, she still hadn't moved; I wondered if she'd forgotten to take her phone, or perhaps had changed her mind.

I had to know what was going on, so I drove home and parked a few doors from our house. My mother's car was still outside, so I knew that she was at home. I let myself through the front gate and crept quietly round to the back door; I was in luck, it was unlocked. As I tiptoed through the kitchen towards the hallway, I thought I could hear noises from upstairs. I was nervous about what I might find, if my mother was in bed with a man, she would be beyond angry to know that I was checking up on her.

I climbed the stairs slowly, avoiding steps that I knew would creak. As I approached the top step, I could clearly hear my mother gasping and groaning with pleasure. She sounded very close to orgasm, I was completely gripped, and my cock was leading me on; I had come this far so I was determined to watch her come. I sneaked up to the partially open bedroom door and caught sight of my mother lying on her back on her bed. From where I stood, I could see her from the waist

upwards, she was writhing on the bed with her back arched, she started to scream with orgasmic delight.

"Oh God, I'm coming you gorgeous bitch, eat me, eat my cunt, ohhh fffuckk."

I was stunned and turned on in equal measure, she was being tongue fucked by a woman. I had to see who it was, so I took a risk and moved stealthily to the other side of the door frame. My mother was naked except for her stockings and black leather boots; her face was turned away from the door as she gripped the sheets and howled her orgasm into the room. Her lover's face was buried in her pussy, but there was no mistaking Madeline's flowing red hair.

Madeline looked resplendent in a black basque, stockings and heels, with her head moving rhythmically between my mother's legs, giving her what appeared to be the pussy licking of her life. Thankfully my mother's orgasm was long and loud; her eyes stayed closed. As her climax subsided, Madeline crawled up on top of her and kissed her with pussy juice-coated lips. Their tongues swirled inside each other's mouths as they emitted grunts and groans of pleasure.

It was the most erotic sight I'd ever set eyes on but I had to leave before they caught me watching them. Just as I reached the top of the stairs, I heard Madeline's voice.

"Now put this on and fuck me senseless, you sexy cow."

I realised she was referring to the strap-on cock I'd just seen lying on the bedside table. I wanted to hang around and watch my mother fuck Madeline, but I'd been lucky so far, and I would have been caught if I'd lingered any longer. I heard my mother say that she needed a piss so I made my way quickly and quietly back downstairs and out of the house the same way I had entered.

I didn't realise at the time, but my mother spotted my car being driven past the house as she came out of the en-suite and glanced out of the bedroom window. I spent the rest of the day in a state of high arousal and came home at what would have been my usual time if I'd been to work. My mother had changed her clothes, she was wearing tight jeans and a v-necked cashmere sweater; fuck she looked good. Her breasts looked irresistible in the jumper; I felt them squash against my chest as she hugged me. All I could think of was how I'd watched her hot little pussy being serviced by Madeline earlier on.

"Hello darling, how was work?"

"Oh, you know, same as usual, how was your trip to London?"

"It was lovely."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, nothing special; we visited a couple of galleries and had lunch in a nice restaurant."

"What did you have for lunch?"

"Oh, er, we er, fish I think, yes, that's it, we both had sea bass in a nice sauce."

"Who did you go with?"

"Oh, just an old friend; I may have mentioned her to you before."

"No, I don't think so; how do you know her?"

"We, er, we were at university together."

"Was it Hannah?"

"No, someone else. You must be hungry; I'll prepare tea tonight, you go and relax."

"Okay, but don't forget that it's your birthday tomorrow and I'm doing the catering."

"Oh, that's sweet of you darling, you go and get changed and sit down; I'll call you when it's ready."

I knew that she would be in the kitchen for half an hour or so, so I took my phone upstairs to my room and called Lauren.

"Fuck Lauren, hold the front page."

"Why, what's happened?"

I told her in detail how I'd planned to follow my mother to find out who she was fucking and it had turned out to be her mother. Lauren's response was yet another surprise.

"Yes, my mother told me weeks ago that they'd been seeing each other. It started soon after the funeral. They bonded over their shared anger towards Dad; before they knew it, they were in bed together fucking each other like crazy. It's hot isn't it? At least me and my vibrator think so."

"But why didn't you tell me?"

"Mum told me not to let on, Rebecca didn't want you to know, said she thought you wouldn't understand; if only she knew what a depraved, horny little bunny you really are; if only she'd known that you'd have wanted to watch."

"Fuck Lauren, I feel so jealous yet so turned on at the same time."

"You'll get over it. Look, I've got to go, you go and fuck your mother and tell me all about it next week."

"Wait, do they know about us? Have you told them?"

"My mother knows I've got the hots for you, and she's cool with it. I've explained the psychology to her, and she understands, she said you were very hot, and she didn't blame me."

"Yes, but have you told her that we have mutual masturbation sessions while we fantasise about me fucking my mother?"

"God no, that's personal, it's between us, I wouldn't do that to you."

"Oh thank God."

"Stop worrying and go get her tiger."

Nothing seemed to phase Lauren, I wondered if she'd fucked her mother, it wouldn't have surprised me. I'd got three women swirling around in my head, and I wanted each of them very much. I was sure that Lauren and I would jump into bed together at the first opportunity as soon as she came home at Christmas. I still harboured hopes about fucking her mother Madeline, somehow the

events of earlier today made that seem a little more likely. But the woman I still wanted to fuck more than any other was my mother.

She called out that tea was ready, and I joined her in the kitchen. We ate in relative silence, and my mother went to bed early. I wasn't far behind her; despite the muddle of feelings and emotions going through my mind, one particular urge overrode everything else. With my cock in my hand, I needed to relive what I'd witnessed earlier. I closed my eyes and saw images of my mother coming spectacularly as Madeline gave her pussy an expert seeing to with her tongue.

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I awoke with an erection and dispatched it quickly; I was so highly aroused by images of my mother and Madeline that I got another partial one in the shower. I decided to leave it alone and just enjoy the feeling of my cock feeling heavier and fatter as it snuggled in my underpants.

For the first time in weeks, my mother's bedroom door was closed. When she came down to breakfast, she seemed jittery and didn't indulge in any of her usual choreographed teasing as she moved around the kitchen. She looked as good as ever, but her sparkle was missing. I wished her happy birthday and said I'd let her open her present in the evening. I reminded her not to be late because I was preparing a special dinner.

To my surprise, she said goodbye and left without a hug or a kiss. I watched her striding down the path in her stilettos; a lovely sight, I had to admit. What had changed though? I was slightly puzzled; yes I'd discovered her dirty secret but she didn't know that I had; so why was she so preoccupied, and why had she stopped her seductive flirting with me?

I left work early and bought two dry-aged ribeye steaks on the way home. The Dauphinoise potatoes were in the oven, and the large oak dining table was set with two places opposite each other at one end. A bottle of 'Chateauneuf-du-Pape' had been opened and decanted; I'd bought two just in case. The candles were ready to be lit, and her present was waiting to be opened.

I'd been in two minds about the present, when I'd bought it, three days earlier, it had seemed ideal given the direction in which our relationship seemed to be heading. A set of erotic lingerie seemed just the thing to say to my mother that I really saw her as a sexual being, as a supremely sexy woman that I wanted to please in bed. At least it might have called her bluff; I might have found out whether she was serious about taking me as a lover, or whether she was just enjoying being a prick tease for her son.

Given her current frame of mind, I thought even more so that the lingerie would prompt a reaction one way or another; at least I'd know where I stood with her. I heard her key in the front door, I would soon find out.

"Hi, Mother, Happy Birthday. Everything is prepared, all you have to do is to go and make yourself even more beautiful than you are already."

"Can I just relax with a cup of tea first? It's been a pig of a day."

"Okay, I'll put the kettle on, you can open your birthday present."

We went into the kitchen, and I filled the kettle and switched it on. She sat at the kitchen table looking distracted and a little nervous, it was now or never, I fetched the gift-wrapped box from the lounge and handed it to her. She waited for me to pour the tea, and then she started to open her

present. When she opened the box lid, her face was a picture. She looked as though she didn't know whether to be flattered or to admonish me for being inappropriate.

She lifted the soft, black, waist-high 'Victoria's Secret' corset out of the box and held it up. Her face turned crimson as she inspected the long integral suspender straps and the broad, low-rise matching thong. Then she picked up the two packs of ten denier, black, seamed stockings that I'd slipped into the box.

"Do you like it?"

She gave me a questioning look for several moments as though she was unsure of my intentions, at last, she spoke.

"You really are a naughty boy, buying your mother sexy underwear, What am I supposed to think?"

"I was hoping very much that you'd wear your present with that stunning, black, knitted dress you wore when you went out with your girlfriend a couple of weeks ago."

A shadow passed over her face when I spoke the word 'girlfriend,' I realised that it was too near the truth. I needed to move things on.

"Well, do I get a hug, or are you going to make me take it all back to the store?"

It did the trick; she put her arms around my neck and clung to me. I put my hands inside her suit jacket and pulled her in close. We stayed locked together long enough for my cock to pulse with arousal and start to enlarge.

"How did you know my size?" she said softly into my ear.

"Ah, that's my secret."

"Are you sure it's not Victoria's?" she chuckled and pulled away so that she could see my face, "Laundry basket or my knickers drawer?"

Now it was my turn to look embarrassed; not wanting her to know that I regularly rummaged through the laundry basket in search of the heady scent of her pussy, I confessed to looking in her underwear drawers.

"You're a very naughty young man; don't let me catch you with your hands on my panties, or I might have to smack your bottom," she grinned.

Her words sent a surge of arousal into my already engorged cock; I laughed lamely at her joke, hoping she wouldn't catch sight of the growing bulge in my trousers. I was pleased though, she seemed to have overcome whatever had been bothering her and was teasing and flirting with me again.

"I'll get started on the steaks if you'd like to ready yourself for a spectacular culinary experience madam."

"Mmmm, sounds like I'm in for a real treat tonight; I can't wait. Give me an hour; I need to shower and take care of some other girly stuff, and then I'm all yours," she said as she kissed my cheek slowly and sensuously."

"Okay, I'll grab a quick shower and get changed; see you in an hour."

I resisted a joke about us saving water by showering together and watched her sway her hips into the hallway in her tight pencil skirt. I could feel a tingling excitement in my stomach; this was going to be my chance to fuck my gorgeous mother, I was sure of it and I was determined not to do anything to spoil it.

After I'd showered and changed into a clean pale blue shirt and my best charcoal grey suit, I made my way along the landing. My mother's bedroom door was wide open, and so was the door to her en-suite. I could see her in the walk-in shower, she was reflected in a mirror that hung over the sink. The shower glass was steamed up so I couldn't see her clearly, but I could just make out the outline of her beautiful curves as she soaped her shoulders and arms, humming a pleasant tune.

I felt like a voyeur standing there watching her naked with her back to me. It didn't occur to me immediately that she must have left the doors open deliberately. I was more concerned that, should she turn around, she might be able to see me ogling her like some kind of pervert, so I made my way downstairs to make myself busy with preparations for the meal.

Eventually, everything was ready; all that was left was to fry the steaks, we both liked them medium rare, so it would only take five minutes once the griddle pan was hot enough. I stood at the bottom of the stairs, plucking up the courage to go and spy on my mother while she pulled her stockings on. Just as I thought better of it, she called my name.

"Callum, darling, could you just come and give me a hand please?"

"Okay."

My pulse quickened as I climbed the stairs. There she stood in her bedroom, in front of the full-length wardrobe door mirror, admiring her reflection in her black, fine-knit dress. Her brown hair was in a loose chignon, just like last time. She wore two gold earrings in each ear, one was a stud and the other long and dangling. Her lips and long, manicured fingernails were deep red, her black leather and gold metal filigree-heeled stilettos were high and her seamed, black stockings swathed her long shapely legs all the way up under her knee-length, pencil-cut dress to the tops of her thighs. The dress hugged her figure perfectly, her suspender fastenings were just faintly visible beneath the soft fine material.

She held out a fine gold chain necklace with a small red garnet in a gold setting. Her hazel eyes sparkled as they met mine in the mirror.

"Fasten this for me please darling, it's too fiddly for me."

I stood behind her, placed the fine gold chain around her slender neck, and fastened the catch, deliberately grazing the nape of her neck with my fingertips as I did so. She shivered and I could see the goosebumps appear around her collarbones. I rested my hands lightly on her shoulders, then moved them to cup the tops of her arms. The garnet rested on her décolletage, just above her cleavage; she looked more beautiful than I'd ever seen.

"Oh! Darling, what are you doing? You're sending shivers down my spine."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to," I lied, "you smell lovely, what are you wearing?"

"I've gone old school, it's Chanel number five, your father hated it, so I'm glad you like it."

"It's very classy, like you Mother."



"Ah, thanks darling, flattery will get you everywhere with me," she said as she put her right hand on my left hand.

"You've got big strong hands, that's another way that you differ from your father."

"I hope I'm as little like him as possible."

She turned to face me to emphasise her sincerity.

"You're not at all like him in any way."

She put a hand on my forearm; we looked searchingly into each other's eyes; I felt an overwhelming desire to kiss her full on the lips. She must have judged that the moment wasn't right, because, with a swift pirouette, she eluded me and made her way downstairs.

I didn't follow her straight away; I looked at my reflection in the mirror and wondered if I was being foolish; how could I possibly imagine that my mother would commit incest by allowing her son to fuck her for God's sake? In any case, she was clearly getting what she needed from Madeline. If my mother was into women now, or even if she swung both ways, how could I compete with Madeline's experience and expertise?

My self-doubt vanished the moment I heard her stilettos click-clacking on the hard floors downstairs. It was such a sexy, evocative sound; I had to be in my mother's presence, to watch as her fit, shapely body slinked around the house in her close-fitting dress and high heels. She was in the kitchen when I caught up with her. I loved that the heels she was wearing raised her up to just a couple of inches shorter than me.

"Mother, you don't need to do anything, it's all in hand. I've just got to do the steaks then we can sit down to eat."

"Okay darling, you don't mind if I watch you, do you?"

"No, let me pour you a glass of wine, it's been breathing for a couple of hours now," I said as I turned on the heat for the griddle pan.

"Mmmm, nice," she said as she took a sip of wine, "I can't remember the last time I was wined and dined by such a dishy young man, but I'd better stay sober in case you try to take advantage of me later on."

"You look so lovely that it would be impolite of me not to give you a birthday kiss at the very least."

"You're being very naughty and inappropriate again with your mother," she said teasingly.

"Well it is your birthday, it would be remiss of me not to give you my special attention."

The steaks started to sizzle and smoke in the pan; my mother's apron was hanging on the back of the kitchen door; I put it on to protect my clothes.

"Mmmm, it's a good job I'm your mother, otherwise I'd be insisting that you were naked underneath that apron."

Her words sent a tingle through me; my cock pulsed a couple of times and started to engorge. I turned to look at her in mock disbelief.

"Now who's being naughty and inappropriate?"

Her cheeks flushed with embarrassment, she got up off the edge of the kitchen table where she'd draped herself and sashayed toward the dining table.

"I can see it's nearly ready; I'll go and sit down."

Our flirting was back in full flow, but my comment about her being naughty and inappropriate seemed to have unnerved her a little. She looked pensive, I would have to go carefully with her if I was to stand any chance of coaxing her into a birthday kiss.

Her flirting and teasing had gathered pace and intensified over recent weeks. Once or twice, I'd been almost certain that we'd been close to a full-on kiss that would surely have led to me sinking my erect cock inside my own mother.

However, since yesterday evening, she'd seemed a little out of sorts; one minute she was seductive and provocative; the next it felt as though she was withdrawing from me. The only explanation I could think of was Madeline, my mother couldn't have known that I'd seen them in bed together, or so I thought at the time, so was she perhaps in love with her and feeling guilty about an incestuous desire to be fucked by her son?

I topped up her wine glass and she immediately took a couple of sips, it was a good sign; I didn't want her drunk, but I did want her uninhibited. I dimmed the lights, we settled down to eat; I tried to loosen her up a little by telling her how good she looked and how any son would be proud to be seen with a mother like her.

"I'd love to go out with you sometime; we could go to a classy restaurant, or the cinema, or maybe go and see a West End show. It would be great to be seen out with you, I could watch other people giving you admiring looks and wishing that you were their girlfriend."

"I'm forty-eight today; I think my 'girlfriend' days might be in short supply now."

"Nonsense, you're in your prime and you could easily pass for thirty-eight. I'll bet if we went out together, most people would assume that we were a couple."

"You look every bit as good as you did when I was small. Do you remember? You were such a kind and patient mother, you used to sit me on your knee so that I could watch while you were at your dressing table putting on your makeup."

"That was over twenty years ago darling. I don't think I'd be able to sit you on my knee now."

"Well, my point is you look as beautiful as ever, more so in fact, anyway, you could always sit on my knee."

"I might just do that if you keep plying me with wine and giving me such lovely compliments."

I picked up the bottle and refilled her glass, she laughed and took a sip, then I squeezed her hand and told her again that she was beautiful.

"Is it working?" I asked her.

"It might be," she smiled.

I was glad that I'd had the foresight to open the second bottle; I cleared the plates and brought it to the table on my way back. Her glass was almost empty again so I topped it up. Then I served a simple ice cream dessert. When we'd finished dessert, I brought in a small birthday cake with one lit candle and sang Happy Birthday to her. She looked thrilled to have been made such a fuss of; her whole demeanour lit up and a tear came to her eye. She got up and hugged me as if her life depended upon it.

"Darling, if you only knew, my own parents never attempted to make my birthday special; your father hardly ever remembered it. Oh, I'm so happy that you've made such an effort."

"I wanted you to know that you're loved and appreciated Mum; you deserve to be happy."

She released me from her tight embrace and a shadow seemed to cross her face again.

'What's the matter, is there something wrong?'

"Darling, I can't do this any longer."

I started to worry, was my incestuous affair with my mother to end before it had begun?

"Do what?"

"This, us both pretending that we don't know what happened yesterday."

"What do you mean?" I knew exactly what she meant but couldn't think why she thought that I knew.

"Did you come home from work late yesterday morning?"

I didn't answer.

"Did you?"

This time I had to tell the truth, "Yes."

"So you know then?"

"Yes, but how?..."

"How did I know?"

"Yes."

"I saw your car drive away from where you parked."

"Oh God!"

"Did you come into the house?"

"Yes."

"Then you must have realised that I was in bed with, with..."

"Madeline, yes... I watched her make you come."

"I'm so, so sorry; I didn't want you to find out like that, it must have been horrible for you."

"Mother, it was the hottest thing I've ever seen in my life."

"Really? Really? Honestly? Oh my goodness, then you don't mind that we're in a relationship?"

"No, although, to be completely honest, I'm jealous."

"Do you want to go with her too?"

"Well, yes, I can't deny it, but that's not what I meant."

"Wait, what did you mean?"

"I was jealous of her, not you."

We were still standing next to the large solid oak dining table. The only item left on the table was the birthday cake, its candle still smoking slightly. The dimmed lighting fell across my mother's face as she realised I was telling her that I wanted to fuck her. She looked at me seductively.

"Do you still want to give me that birthday kiss?"

Our lips touched for a second or two, then again for longer. She embraced me and we kissed gently at first, then with more vigour. The feeling of my mother's tongue in my mouth was sublime. My erect cock pressed against her hip, and her pussy pressed against my thigh. I could feel the heat it was giving off, she gyrated her pelvis and rubbed herself hard against me. I grabbed her right buttock with my left hand and pressed the fingers of my right hand into her mound through the fine material of her dress.

I could feel her labia parting; she gasped and then pushed her tongue further into my mouth. Her right hand slid down between our bodies; she squeezed my bulging cock through my trousers. She eased my suit jacket over my shoulders and removed it while we still kissed passionately. Then she eased herself back against the table and pulled me with her by my tie. We kissed again; I felt her suspender strap at the front of her left thigh; my ardour increased.

"Do you like me in stockings?" she asked with breathless urgency.

"Fuck yes, if only you knew how much it turns me on."

She opened my shirt buttons frantically and I tried to pull my arms out of the sleeves but I hadn't undone the cuffs. She took advantage of my predicament and unbuckled my belt, then unzipped my trousers. She let them fall to my knees, I managed to free myself from my shirtsleeves just as she peeled off my underpants and exposed my rigid cock.

"My my, what a lovely big man you are, much bigger than your father."

She stroked it slowly, I thought I was going to die from erotic pleasure.

"Do you like that darling?"

"Oh God, yes, it's amazing."

"Good, well let's see if you like this."

She pushed me back slightly to give herself room, then she went down on one knee and took my cock into her mouth. It was an incredible sensation and an astonishing sight to see my erect cock in my mother's mouth. She sucked and licked the top half while stroking the lower half with her dexterous fingers. She cupped and gently squeezed my balls, then ran her manicured red fingernails along my perineum. Just as I felt an orgasm beginning to build, she stopped, stood up again and kissed me.

"I hardly dare tell you just how many years I've fantasised about seducing you and letting you fuck me," she said as she pulled the hem of her dress up to the top of her thighs and eased herself onto the table.

"Pull my thong down, darling."

I stepped out of my shoes, socks and trousers and stood completely naked in front of her. She was still fully dressed.

"Mmmm, you're just how I like my men, naked and vulnerable," she said in a low seductive tone.

I hooked my fingers around her thong and pulled gently until it slid slowly over her stocking tops and down her thighs. I could smell the strong, musky scent of her pussy, it aroused me even further.

She took hold of my cock again and slid herself back onto the table, sending the birthday cake crashing onto the floor. She kept going until she was lying along the full length of the table with me pulled on top of her. She was very much in control and I was more than prepared to follow her lead. I loved the feeling of being seduced and taken by my mother.

"You're my gorgeous big boy and I'm going to show you how to please your mother."

She opened her legs wide, she didn't seem to care that her filigree-heeled stilettos were scratching the tabletop. With her hand placed on top of my head, she pushed my face slowly down between her thighs.

"Be a good boy and eat your mother's cunt until she begs you for mercy."

She put her stocking-clad thighs over my shoulders and I buried my face in her pussy, it was pleasantly wet and warm and it tasted so good. I licked every inch of her and she moaned with pleasure. She particularly liked it when I sucked and nibbled her clitoris and the feel of the soft cushions of her swollen labia on my cheeks drove me crazy.

"Oh, that's fucking wonderful darling, put your big middle finger inside me as well."

"Oh, fuck yes, that's... oh God, you're good... oh yes, not too fast, that's it, nice and slow, don't make your mother come just yet."

She moaned and sighed; her breathing became shallow; I recognised the pattern of noises she was making from the previous day when Madeline had her mouth locked onto my mother's pussy. She made such erotic sounds; I wanted to fuck her so badly. She must have realised what I wanted, or she wanted the same thing just as much as me. She took hold of my hair with her left hand and grasped my hard cock with her right hand and pulled me up until we were face to face.

She held my head firmly in place; I could feel her strength from her regular visits to the gym. Then she put out a large, long tongue and licked her pussy juices from my face. When she was satisfied that she'd licked me clean, she raised her legs, opened them wide, and eased my desperate cock

into the entrance to her vagina. She was slick and wet and had no trouble feeding every inch of me into her. I slid in slowly until my glans pressed against her cervix. My shaft was enveloped by the firm, tight blanket of my mother's warm cunt. She shuddered and gave a deep, throaty sigh. We stayed very still for a moment then she spoke.

"Oh! You're so big," she said as she wrapped her legs around my waist.

"Fuck me, fuck your bad incestuous mother, fuck your mother you naughty man."

Her words sent waves of delight through my balls and submerged cock. I slid in and out of her slowly at first; my mother gasped as I kept burying my cock inside her right up to the hilt. She used her considerable strength to hang onto my shoulders and I fucked her rhythmically whilst listening to her erotic expressions of extreme pleasure. She spoke to me in breathless, broken sentences.

"That's it, that's wonderful... you're all a mother... could ever want, what's the point of having... such a hot... beautiful man with... such a big cock... for a... son... if you don't put... him to good... use?"

She continued to talk dirty to me.

"Oh my, you're the best... you're cock is the... biggest and... hardest I've ever... had. Fuuuckkk, keep going... make me... come, make me worship... my son's lovely... cock. Oh fuuuckkk, do me, make me come,"

The gentle, rhythmic thrusting increased in pace, and we followed each other's movements perfectly, like two bodies moving as one. She clung on tightly as I fucked her hard, the table started to move, and my mother started to howl.

"Fuuuckkk me, fuck me hard, make meeee commme, make your mother commmmmmmmme, arghhhhhh."

I knew she was right on the edge; I was thrilled with my prowess, I'd been desperate not to come before my mother and now, here she was, at the mercy of her son's cock. I felt my balls compress and then release as I emptied my load into her and coated my mother's cunt walls with her son's semen. What a magnificent feeling, I'd fucked my mother and here she was jolting and quivering on the end of my throbbing cock as she came magnificently.

I'd never known such a sublimely depraved feeling in my life. The forbidden nature of our incestuous union kept me as hard as iron. We continued to fuck slowly for what seemed like an age, savouring the aftermath of the incredible, intense act of sexual love between mother and son.

Eventually, my mother's soft murmurs started to turn into the breathless moans of a woman building up to another orgasm. She tried to cling to my shoulders again as she begged me to make her come a second time. I overpowered her, took hold of her wrists and pinned her arms beside her head, and then I nailed her pussy to the table with my thrusting cock. She pretended to struggle but she came screaming my name; her head turning from side to side.

Watching my mother trying to free herself as I held her down and fucked her, sent jolts of perverted pleasure through my cock; every drop of come that I possessed burst forth from me and gushed into her incestuous cunt. We laid still and spent several minutes in silence, eventually, she spoke to me.

"Jesus, darling, that was awesome, so intense, I've secretly lusted after you for months, years even; and I'd hoped you'd be a good fuck, but that was something else; it was even better than my

masturbation fantasies of you."

"I've got a confession to make, but first of all, let me tell you that you're an incredible fuck too; my own mother, who'd have thought it? The depraved incestuous lust I feel for you is definitely worth it; I don't want this to be a one-off; I want to be your lover."

"That goes without saying darling, but what's your confession?"

"I've been digging your used panties out of the wash basket for months and masturbating about you, with the scent of your sweet pussy in my nostrils and another pair of your panties wrapped around my cock."

"God, you dirty man, I love it; it's so erotic. From now on I'm going to take my panties off and give them to you whenever you ask for them."

"Wow, you'd better get online and buy lots more because you're going to need them."

"Oh, I've just had a really erotic thought; you know you said earlier that you wanted to take me out, like a girlfriend?"

"Yeah."

"Well, we'll start dating and, sometimes, I'll want you to wear a pair of my used panties when we go out together as boyfriend and girlfriend."

"Fuck yes, I'm up for that, fuck, it's so hot."

The idea of wearing my mother's used panties while I dated her had me aroused again, but we both needed to recover, so we retreated to the sofa in the lounge. It felt so incredibly erotic to be kissing and fondling my mother on the sofa while I was naked and she was fully dressed, minus her thong. We kissed and caressed slowly for a long time, eventually, my cock started to come back to life and my mother's dexterous fingers soon ensured that it was hard and ready for use.

I wanted to take her up to her bed and fuck her. Then an idea came to me; I felt a thrill of excitement at the prospect of fucking her while Lauren watched.

"I want you again, Mother, upstairs in your bed, but I just need to make a quick phone call; I'll be back in a moment, here, finish your wine and I'll be back before you know it."

I dashed up to my room, leaving my mother looking puzzled, and made a video call to Lauren. I told her that I'd just fucked my mother, and she was very turned on. She readily agreed to my suggestion that we should keep the call open so that she could watch us fucking on my mother's bed, with my mother's permission of course. I left my large screen laptop on my mother's bedside table, angled in such a way that Lauren could see the whole bed, and we could see her on her bed in Aberdeen. Then I went downstairs to entice my mother to let me fuck her while Lauren watched.

"Where've you been, and who've you been talking to?"

"Lauren, you know that we've been talking to each other a lot since the funeral, well, we've become very close, unhealthily close, some might say."

"So, not content with seducing your mother, you're planning incest with your sister as well."

"Well, yes, I suppose I am, but it gets juicier, and I hope you're as broad-minded as you seem to be recently."

"You're asking a mother, who's just allowed her son to put his erect penis inside her and make her come, whether she's broad-minded?"

"Okay, point taken, anyway me and Lauren... "

"Lauren and I," she corrected me.

"Lauren and I like to watch each other masturbate to a particular sexual fantasy."

"Okay, this is interesting, and?"

"Well, it's you, you're the fantasy, or at least you and I are. She worked out weeks ago that I desperately wanted to fuck you, so we've come numerous times to just that scenario. She's very discreet, I trust her completely, so I was hoping you'd agree to let her watch us fucking each other; on your bed; now while we watch her masturbate on hers?"

"Jesus, yes, I'll do it. It's so hot, yes definitely I'll do it, but she'll need to agree to my request also."

"What's that?"

"You'll see, come on, let's go up to my room, I'm so turned on, but you'll have to obey me."

The thought of what my mother and I were about to do, with Lauren watching, made me very, very hard. My mother looked down at my erect cock, took hold of it and led me by it, out of the lounge, into the hallway, up the stairs and into her bedroom. She sizzled with sex as she swayed her hips sensuously, slowly pulling me along in her wake.

"Fuck, that is so fucking hot," gasped Lauren when she saw me on her screen, being led into my mother's bedroom by my cock, "no prizes for guessing who's in charge at the moment."

"That's right, Honey," said my mother, "but before you settle down in your front-row seat to enjoy our little show; you're going to have to promise me something."

"What's that Rebecca? You look amazing in that dress by the way."

"Thank you, you look pretty good yourself in that little miniskirt and skimpy top and from what I can make out you're not wearing panties."

"My brother likes me in a miniskirt when I masturbate for him."

"I like you in a miniskirt too. Well, the deal is this: if I let you watch me fucking my son, you must agree to me watching you get fucked by your brother when you come home at Christmas."

"Wow, okay, it's a deal; things move pretty fast around you Rebecca."

My mother continued to hold on to my cock and told me to let her hair down and remove her earrings. Then she let go of my member and told me to remove her dress; my sister gasped. My mother looked so good in her birthday present and heels with her hair loose on her shoulders.

"No wonder you've been lusting after her," murmured my sister.



My mother, taking my cock again as her prisoner, laid down on her bed and opened her legs. Lauren gasped again as Rebecca pulled her prize to the entrance to her vagina. She put her left hand behind my head and pulled my lips into contact with hers, and then she teased my balls for a while with her right hand before pulling my craving cock into her very wet cunt. In her corset, stockings and heels, she proceeded to demonstrate, to my watching sister, how to be in total control of a man, even when he's the one on top.

"That's it, come to your mother, you naughty man."

She put her right hand on my buttocks, her legs wrapped around my thighs; and her left hand held me by the hair at the back of my head. Her strength enabled her to arch her back slightly and lift me upwards while she controlled the pace of my thrusting into her. She whispered to me that I should appear to be submissive because she thought that would really turn my sister on; she was right.

"Good, that's it, do as your mother says, fuck her with your big cock, oh yes, you're filling your mother up; when did you get so big? Mmmmm, your mother loves your cock, she loves to feel it inside her and, she wants to watch you put it inside your sister."

I could hear Lauren gasping and moaning; she was becoming increasingly aroused and sounded close to coming, my mother watched her masturbating. The two women were feeding off each other: Lauren seemed to be getting off on the idea that my mother was forcing her son to fuck her; my mother seemed to be enjoying the thought that my gorgeous twenty-two year-old sister found her, on her forty-eighth birthday, to be sexually desirable.

"Are you enjoying this Lauren honey?"

"Oh yes Rebecca, yes."

"Do you want your brother to fuck you? Do you want to feel his big cock inside you?"

"Oh fuck yes, I want him to fuck me; I want my brother's big cock to fill my cunt."

"Would you like me to watch while he fucks you?"

"Yes, yes, oh God, yes."

"Would you like me to touch myself while I watch him fucking you?"

"Oh God, yes, yes, please, I'd love to see that."

"Would you like me to make myself come while I watch you being fucked by your brother?"

"Yesss, fuck yessss, oh God, yes, I want to watch you come."

"Would you like me to touch you and make you come while you're sitting on his cock?"

"Aaarggghhhh, fffuuuckkkk, yesssss."

My mother's teasing, seductive tone had done the trick, Lauren had grabbed her vibrator and was shafting herself vigorously. Her legs were wide open, her back arched, and her pelvis lurched back and forth as she came almost violently. It moved my mother to another level of arousal, she locked her legs around my waist, took hold of my arms and turned me onto my back. Now she had me pinned down, she was strong, and she wanted me to be submissive so I resisted the temptation to

grapple with her, she fucked me with a rapid thrusting of her pelvis while she pinned my arms to the bed.

I felt my load exploding out of my cock, ropes of come decorated her cunt; she used her pelvic floor muscles to squeeze the last drops out of me, and then, tired but triumphant, she blew a kiss to my wide-eyed sister and closed the laptop lid.

We made love again, several times, into the early hours. The next morning, we both took a day's leave and spent it in bed together. She invited me into her bed the following evening, and the one after that. Very soon my mother and I became established lovers and, for a feverish period, were fucking each other all over the house as soon as we got in from work. I had her on the hallway floor, the kitchen worktops, bent over the lounge table, the sofa, against any convenient wall and even once, on a very dark moonless night, in her car on the driveway with her skirt up around her waist and her sexy stockings and suspenders adding spice to our sneaky fuck.

We invited Lauren to watch us a couple more times; she would soon be home from university and would join us in bed, in the flesh this time. My mother told me that she would continue to date Lauren's mother, Madeline. I didn't argue, especially when she told me that Madeline had agreed to a sexual union with me.

Madeline wanted our first time to be a private affair, so she invited me out on a date that we both knew would end up at her place. By then, my sister would have returned from university; Madeline wanted her daughter out of the way for the night, the obvious place for Lauren to retreat to was my mother's bed.

Before any of that was to happen, in a few days, my mother and I would be going out on our very first date as boyfriend and girlfriend. She had booked a table at a classy restaurant; she would wear the same pair of lacy black panties for three days beforehand and I would wear them on our date.

One lazy Sunday morning in mid-December, I lay in bed, having fucked my mother the moment we awoke. She was now in the kitchen preparing breakfast, the thought of wearing her pussy scented and stained panties made me so hard that I took the opportunity to have a delicious sneaky wank which she walked in on.

She pretended to chastise me, then she told me to lie still while she took hold of my yearning erection and masturbated me. She looked out of the window and feigned complete indifference as she did so., This turned me on so much that I shot come all over my abdomen and chest.

As she wiped my semen from her fingers, she said that this was what she did to naughty men, and if she caught me doing it again, she would bend me over her knee and discipline me. I pointed out that her threat was all the incentive I needed to make a career out of being naughty; she expressed the hope that I would do just that.

Life was sweet; my father's double life and sudden death had brought us all together, and now an erotic journey beckoned for my mother, my sister, her mother and me.