

2022

# Erotica Collection

MISS D'MENA

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# Guardian Angel

Lucille lifted her leg as high as she could but was still unable to get her foot to clear the top stoop of the stile. She had no choice; she was going to have to hitch her skirt higher. Self-consciously, she pulled it up to mid-thigh, lifted her leg again and stepped over. Jordon was waiting for her on the other side, glancing away as she stepped down. She was sure she had noticed him looking at her legs and wondered how much he had seen up her skirt. For the first time in over twelve months, she felt a tingle in the pit of her stomach which was quickly replaced by disgust. Why the hell would her son want to be looking up her skirt.

Jordon pointed over to the far corner of the field where the small copse of trees was situated and where they planned to have their picnic. For nine months, his mother had not left the house, ever since her husband had died suddenly in a car crash. He had not been alone sadly. The police had later told Jordon that the woman in the vehicle with him had been a 'street girl' and that he had been three times over the drink-

drive limit when he left the road and ploughed the car into a tree, killing them both instantly.

Jordon had felt completely indifferent; he had never liked the man. Thomas had only been his stepfather, his real father having done a bunk the moment his mother had found herself pregnant.

She had married Thomas when he was only two years old and they had gone on to have another child, his sister Sally. He and his stepfather had never got on. Thomas only had time for his daughter; she could do no wrong while Jordon would be blamed for any trouble that she got into. He was a bully as far as Jordon was concerned, who had made their lives a misery over the years. It had continued up until a few months before his death when Jordon had finally had enough one day and threatened to put him on his arse, something Thomas suddenly realised he could probably now do.

As he led his mother across the field, he could not dislodge the picture in his head of her legs and thighs as she raised her

skirt and stepped over the stile. For a moment, he'd had a view of her inner thigh, right up to the gusset of her panties. Up until that moment he had never thought of her in any other way than as his mum, but that view up her skirt had made him realise that she had pretty good legs and he found himself thinking that it was a shame that she didn't show more of them. He imagined her undressed, acknowledging that her figure was not bad for a woman of her age. But then he thrust the thought away, why the hell was he thinking of her in that way, she was old enough to be his "mother". He smiled to himself as he recognised the irony, pleased to have reached the far end of the field and put down the quite heavy picnic basket.

Together they spread out the blanket before opening a bottle of wine they had brought with them, Jordon pouring them a glass each before they clinked their glasses together.

'Cheers,' he said, taking a sip of the cool liquid.

The day was getting hotter he thought, pulling his vest top from his torso, his body already tanned from the time he had spent outdoors under the sun's gaze this summer. He lay back and closed his eyes against the glare, the only sounds, were those of passing birds and insects as they buzzed around them. Occasionally the noise of a tractor somewhere in the many fields was carried on the breeze.

Lucille was also getting hot, the blouse she was wearing, though white and lightweight was sticking to her skin as she perspired. Looking across at her son her eyes lingered on his toned bronzed chest, before slowly moving down to his waist, groin and his bare thighs and legs. She shook herself.

'Jesus Christ get a grip of yourself woman,' the tingle in her stomach had moved and she felt embarrassed at where it had come to rest. She helped herself to another glass of wine, attempting to slake her thirst and distract her mind.

Jordon sat up, noticing the rivulets of sweat that ran down his mother's face.

'Why don't you take your blouse off if you are getting too hot? Besides, you could with a bit of a tan.'

Lucille was shocked, fancy her son suggesting that she undress in front of him.

'I can't do that; it would not be right that you see me naked.'

He laughed, 'Mum, I'm not going to see you naked am I, you're wearing a bra which is no different to a bikini top, so what's the problem?'

He was right she supposed, but still, he had never seen her even partly undressed. She sat for another fifteen minutes, but eventually, she had to capitulate. With her face flushed with embarrassment, she undid the buttons of her blouse and eased it from her shoulders, instantly feeling the cooling effect of the slight breeze on her moist bare skin. Jordon tried not to look but her pale skin attracted his attention. Her bra

of light blue pulled her breasts together and pushed them upwards, creating quite an inviting cleavage. Her breasts while not large looked to be more than a handful, the skin smooth and free from blemishes. He wondered what her nipples looked like, conscious that he could feel a growing urge between his legs. As she lay down, she hitched up her skirt, baring more of her legs and attracting Jordon's attention once again. Finally, he had to turn on his front, the bulge in his shorts becoming conspicuous. Meanwhile, Lucille had polished off another glass of wine and was feeling tipsy, normally one was her limit.

On a sudden drunken impulse, she stood and unzipped her skirt, letting it fall to the ground and stepping out of it before lying back down. Jordon could not take his eyes off her now, his gaze roving over her body while the stiffening in his shorts became more pronounced. He turned his head away from her, looking off into the distance and trying to think of anything to distract himself until his cock had subsided. Lucille had just started her fourth glass of wine when he suggested that they have something to eat. She needed some food in her he decided before she became so pissed that he

would have trouble getting her home. He put sandwiches and titbits on paper plates before opening a tub of salad and taking two bottles of soft drinks from the hamper, intending to try and get her away from the wine for the moment.

'Glad you came?' He asked her.

She had been reticent to leave the house. All the town had been talking about what had happened, the gossipmongers out in force, and she had responded by locking herself away.

She nodded her head, her mouth full of food. She was glad that she had let him persuade her, relishing being out in the fresh air but still requiring to be away from other people.

'So, what do you intend to do next? Do you think that you will date again at some point?' Jordon asked, watching as her face turned dark and mean looking.

'What! So that another man can fuck me about and treat me like shit.' She spat vehemently. 'All men are bastards!'

He was taken aback, having never heard his mother use coarse language like that.

'Am I included in that statement?' He asked, wounded by the viciousness in her voice.

Her face softened and she smiled, 'I'm sorry Jordon, of course not, you are the only one that has always treated me with any respect.'

His face brightened, as her mood changed. 'It's only because I love you, you know,' he said and laughed, trying to lighten the conversation once more.

They had eaten, but Lucille had not touched the soft drink. Instead, finishing the glass of wine she had. Putting her arms out straight behind her, she leant back on them and then

asked him the most surprising of questions. 'Have you ever sunbathed naked?'

He stared at her, wondering where that had come from.

'Well yes, I have done a few times when I have been alone.'  
He told her.

'What does it feel like?' She wanted to know.

Jordon was not going to tell her he had been naked here several times, usually with a girlfriend, as they took the opportunity for some al-fresco sex.

But his mother seemed to have read his mind, 'Have you brought your girlfriend here? Is that why you were naked?'

'Did you.....?'

She stopped, suddenly aware of what she had been about to ask him and going bright red, 'Sorry, Sorry Jordon, none of my business.'

She knew she had drunk too much and that it was suppressing her inhibitions. But her original question was still niggling at her.

'What did it feel like to be naked out here?' Spreading her arms and indicating their surroundings.

He thought for a moment, 'I suppose it felt quite liberating, it's not something that normally happens, and so to be outside and naked is quite refreshing. It's also a little bit exciting, probably that element of possibly getting caught heightens the senses.'

His answer made sense Lucille decided, she knew that he'd had several girlfriends but none of them seemed to last. Looking back, the longest one had managed four months. He never fell out with any of them, several still visiting the house,

even if now only as friends. A thought came into her head, one that she was not able to dislodge. If it had not been for the drink, she would never have thought of suggesting it.

'Could we sunbathe naked?' She said very quietly, 'I will if you will.'

Jordon's head jerked around, surely; she was pulling his leg. But he found her looking at him intently with a hint of devilment spread across her face.

'I don't think that's a good idea mum, it could cause embarrassment.'

'Rubbish,' she responded drunkenly, 'I have seen you naked before, hell, I've even wiped your bottom.'

What she was saying was perfectly true, what she had failed to mention was that he was probably only two at the time.

'Anyway, I promise not to get embarrassed, come on, please say yes,' she pleaded.

Jordon was only too aware that it was the drink talking.

It wasn't her embarrassment he was concerned about as he reluctantly agreed. Sliding his shorts down, he felt the slight breeze around his genitals as he concentrated on keeping everything under control. He was fine until she reached behind her back and unfastened her bra, lowering it slowly and releasing her breasts.

That was when his problems started, her tits were fantastic, her areoles large and covering the front of each orb. But it was her nipples that got him, each was a darker brown colour and must have been at least half an inch long. Instantly his cock reacted, starting to thicken and expand as she lay back and wriggled out of her panties before treating him to a perfect view of her beautifully manicured pubic mound.

He lay down trying to keep his mind blank, but the minute he closed his eyes images of her appeared. He was sucking on those tantalising nipples, or he was laid between her thighs as her legs wrapped around his waist.

His cock was growing, and he began to panic, opening his eyes to dispel the thoughts. But now he could see her nakedness in his peripheral vision. Her tits pointing skywards, as well as the little mound of hair between her legs with a hint of red, matching her head. No matter what he tried, his penis refused to respond as it stood majestically from between his legs, bouncing like a "jack in the box" with each involuntary twitch.

He was about to turn onto his front when Lucille shrieked. 'Oh my God Jordon. What's happening, why is it sticking up like that?'

What a stupid question he thought, sitting bolt upright and trying to cover his appendage with his hands.

'What were you doing? You weren't.....you know?' His mother asked, her voice slurring.

The irritation was evident in his voice, 'No I wasn't. I told you it would cause embarrassment, but you would not listen.'

She was still wittering on as he tried to block her voice out, he was already embarrassed enough without her continuing in the same vein.

'Well you had to be thinking of someone to cause that to happen, and at the moment, you and I are the only ones here.'

Jordon sarcastically responded with one word, 'Precisely.'

Lucille shut her mouth with a snap, the penny had suddenly dropped. It was her; she had caused his erection; she was the one lying there naked like some hussy. How disgusting must she be?

She was the one that had sexually aroused her son the voice in her head told her. She grabbed her underwear, quickly scrabbling into it before sitting upright and drawing her knee's up to her chest. She noticed that Jordon had taken the opportunity and had also replaced his shorts.

Close to tears and ashamed of her behaviour, she could not erase that startling view of his erect shaft. Internally she was scolding herself for her wickedness, appalled that secretly she wanted to see it again, or better still wrap her hand around it.

'Why Jordon? Why would I arouse you like that? I'm your mother and I'm twenty-odd years older than you are. I'm old, wrinkly and not nice to look at, surely you can't find that arousing.'

Exasperated, he shook his head, leaving her puzzled.

'What did you think was going to happen, mum? You're an attractive woman and you have a nice body. You can't lie there naked and expect me not to notice, I'm only human.'

Lucille did not know how to respond at first but then retreated to what had become her normal behaviour.

'I want to go home, please take me home Jordon.'

She wanted to return to her house where she could hide away again and refuse to face the consequences of her actions. What was her alternative, other than to give in to the dark demons which suddenly seemed to be tormenting her? She watched as he started packing all the bits and pieces away, the bulge in the front of his shorts had at least diminished but was still obvious.

Against her better judgement, she stopped him, patting the blanket next to her.

'Sit down for a minute. What you said about an attractive woman with a good body, you meant that?' He simply nodded his head.

'Was that just a reaction to me being naked?' She asked, unsure whether she wanted to ask the next part of her question or what her son's reaction would be.

'Or was there more to it than that, perhaps sex?'

She watched as he coloured and turned away from her, but it had answered her question. Jordon had thought about having sex with her.

Afterwards, she blamed it on the drink as she cautiously turned her back to him.

'You had better undo me.' She whispered.

Kneeling behind her he unfastened the hook and eyes of her bra, slipping the straps from her shoulders. Sitting up higher, he was able to look over her shoulders and view her breasts from above as they jutted from her chest.

His arms circled her as his hands cupped each one. They felt heavier than he anticipated, and he heard her murmur as he caressed the velvety smooth flesh. Squeezing gently, he was surprised at how firm her tits still were and was rewarded with gasps as his fingers found and teased her nipples.

In his present position, Lucille could feel his cock pushing into the middle of her back as she leant against him. The tingle had returned between her legs and her teats were demanding that he increased the pressure that he was applying. She could feel herself getting wet as his touch aroused her and she had the urge to see his manhood again.

'Take your shorts off, I want to see you,' she said as she turned, watching as he lay back and raised his hips, pushing the shorts from his waist and down his legs.

Once free, his shaft stood proudly to attention, the skin pulled tight along its length. The veins bulged from its surface as they pushed blood to its bulbous head which was smooth and

shiny. She had to resist the urge to grab at it immediately, not wanting to appear hurried or desperate.

Jordon stretched out on the blanket, his hand shielding his eyes as he watched her stand and slowly ease her panties down her legs. In his present position, he could see her cunt, the lips had opened slightly, and he could see the moisture within.

Lucille eased herself down, lying atop him, her head resting on his chest as he ran his fingers through her russet curls. His manhood felt hot and would twitch frequently as it pushed against her belly. It elicited shivers of excitement as she deliberately waited for the moment when he would hopefully fulfil her.

Jordon could feel her breasts squashed against his chest, her nipples like two cherries, ripe for the plucking, hard against his ribs. He moved one hand, tracing patterns up and down the soft skin of her back and spine before coming to rest on her buttocks.

'Like a ripe peach,' he thought to himself.

Lucille could resist no longer, she desperately wanted to feel him inside her. It had been over two years since she had felt a cock down there, her husband Thomas having lost interest in her long ago. Nowadays, she knew the reason why; he was getting what he wanted from some old "prostitute" that he had picked up.

Pushing herself upright she straddled her son's hips, ensuring that her cunt rested on his cock and grinding her lips against it as she became excited. Jordon's hands ran up and down her thighs and across her belly before grasping her hips as he pushed his shaft against her pussy.

Pushing herself upright, her hand went between her legs as she grasped his cock and positioned it between her open lips. Taking a deep breath, she started to sink onto it, the air whooshing from her lungs as her insides stretched and

expanded. It took her by surprise, the sheer sensation of being impaled on his shaft after so long, making her cum.

Gripping his hips with her thighs she squeezed tightly, rocking back and forward with her eyes closed and her head thrown back.

She spoke quietly to herself, Oh fuck, oh yes, Jesus, that's so good.'

Lucille leant forward onto her outstretched arms, her head hanging down and her face covered by her hair as she breathed heavily. Her eyes were still closed as she savoured the slowly diminishing sensation of her orgasm. When she finally opened her eyes to look down at her son, he had a smile spread across his face.

'Feel better now?' He asked her.

She nodded; still unable to speak as she took deep breaths, his smile was infectious, and she found herself breaking into a laugh.

'You could say that' she eventually managed to reply.

He wasn't smirking, he just actually looked happy that she had achieved her climax.

He raised his hands and parted her hair, pushing it back from her face before doing something that she had not been expecting. Raising his head and torso, he pulled her face towards his and kissed her. It was slow and soft, and tantalisingly sensual. Lucille had never thought about that possibility, what he was doing to her body was sex; she could understand that; the kiss was something else, it was intimate and promised so much more.

She had not even thought of kissing him, presuming the sex was what they both wanted. But that kiss had just taken things to a new level and despite her reservations, she found herself

returning it. Their lips locked together as he released her face, his hands moving to caress her breasts and excite her nipples.

She rocked back and forwards on his shaft, raising and lowering her bottom as she felt his cock slide in and out of her cunt. She noticed that his eyes rarely left her breasts as they jiggled and bounced while she moved, his hands constantly touching, squeezing and fondling them.

His fingers delighted in keeping her nipples erect, a fact that she loved. Her nipples had always been sensitive, so much so that she seldom went without a bra, the material of her top whether it be a blouse, t-shirt or vest would rub against them and could very easily cause her to climax in the most inopportune places.

Her husband had often ignored them, now that she thought about it; he had ignored lots of things that she would have liked. He was only ever concerned with his own gratification, often leaving her feeling frustrated because he had finished and did not consider her orgasm of the same importance. She

felt bitter about the way she had been treated by him and the ignominy he had heaped on her with his selfish inconsiderate actions.

'Good riddance,' she thought, returning to the present.

With the attention, her breasts were receiving and his cock throbbing inside her as she rode him, her climax was swiftly approaching. His hands roamed her body, constantly on the move as he committed her curves to memory, his thumb finally sliding between her legs and pushing the hood back from her clitoris as he gently rubbed it.

She tried to ask him to stop and that she wanted to wait for him, but he ignored her, sensing that she was close and finally pushing her over the edge. Her body shook as she climaxed, his hips rising as he ground his cock into her, partially lifting her off her knees.

Her cunt and nipples were alive with sensations, as every nerve sent pleasure signals to her brain. With her eyes shut tight, she could hear herself panting and realised that she was

sobbing, the tears running down her face with the exquisite pleasure he had given her.

Lucille slumped forward, lying on his chest as she recovered. Jordon was concerned, thinking that she was upset and that he had perhaps hurt her.

'It's OK Jordon, I'm fine, it's just that it has been an exceedingly long time since anyone has made me feel like that, thank you,' she managed in between breaths.

He allowed her the time to recover before rolling her over onto her back, his cock still inside her quim. Kneeling between her open thighs, he looked down at her beautiful body, the picture that had sprung into his consciousness previously, had now come to life.

At first, he fucked her slowly, his cock sliding in and out of her thoroughly moist cunt. He would tease her by withdrawing and just rubbing her labia and clit with the tip of

his shaft, before suddenly plunging it back inside her and making her gasp and moan each time.

He was aware that his arousal was growing and that his climax was imminent but was determined that he would last until she was ready again. Watching as his mother writhed beneath him, Jordon knew that sex had never felt this good. Her vagina, even at the age of forty-four was still tight and he could feel her muscles grip him with each insertion.

She used words to encourage him, words that he thought he might never hear his mother utter as she told him, 'Fuck my cunt. Ram your cock in me. God, that feels so good.'

Lucille was so aroused that she could not think straight, accepting that her sons cock was bigger than she had been used to. Thomas had been quite small by comparison, but it was the way he fucked her that she could not get over. She had expected a wham bam and thank you, instead she found that he was a very competent and considerate lover.

He had teased her and fucked her, his hands stroking her skin and rubbing at her clit. In between all of that, his mouth and tongue had nearly had her climaxing as he sucked and licked her nipples.

She was ready, his cock now frantically slamming into her cunt as she was swept over her precipice. Her body arched, every muscle straining as her orgasm took control of her. Flinging her head back she shouted and screamed at the sky.

And then suddenly her head flew forwards, her eyes open and staring as she felt his cock explode inside her quim, filling her with his cum.

Jordon's hips became a blur as he rammed his cock into her cunt, intent on prolonging both their orgasms as long as possible. His chest heaved and his lungs burned as he attempted to get enough oxygen into them until he could last no longer and spent and exhausted, he collapsed on top of her. Even then, he was still considerate enough to carry on supporting his weight, so as not to squash her.

Two naked bodies lay side by side, both covered in sweat and breathing heavily, but that was where the similarity ended.

Jordon felt drained but contented, his mother had been a fantastic fuck, the main thought in his head was the possibility that she let him do it again. She had ticked all the boxes, he thought, already planning what other things he would like to do with her.

Lucille initially was thinking the same thing, but then the voice started in her head. It was always her husband's voice, as the guilt started to consume her. She closed her eyes tight, but still, his voice droned on as she imagined his finger-wagging in her face.

'Look at you, you slut, you whore. What kind of woman fucks her son?

'You're a pervert, you're disgusting. You should be ashamed of yourself.

'You're his mother and you lay there and opened your legs wide and then made him fuck you, you deserve to die.'

Lucille was close to tears as she sat upright abruptly and told him that they should get dressed and go home. Her excuse was that it was getting late, even though it was only mid-afternoon.

Jordon was stunned, but she refused to speak or even look at him as she busied herself getting dressed. Dutifully, he packed everything away before putting his clothes back on. The journey home was completed in total silence with Lucille rushing up to her room immediately she was indoors and locking herself in.

Jordon got an evening meal ready for his sister who had been out in town with her friends, telling her that their mum had a

headache and had gone to bed and did not want to be disturbed.

Sally was in bed and fast asleep while Jordon was in his room tossing and turning. He was struggling to go to sleep, still confused by the change that had come over his mother. Even though he had waited for her, she had not appeared again that evening, and he had not heard a sound from her room.

Glancing at his clock, he saw that it was approaching two in the morning, 'Shit, I need to get some sleep,' he thought to himself.

He was about to turn over when he heard the faintest of taps on his bedroom door and it started to open as a shadowy figured entered and closed the door behind them.

'Who is that?' He asked, the voice of his mother telling him to 'Hush!'

She sat on the edge of his bed as he turned on his side lamp, leaving the room mostly in shadow as its weak light only illuminated the immediate area. Her face and eyes looked puffy as though she had been crying and as she started to speak, her voice cracked.

'I know I'm a bad mother, but what I made you do today was unforgivable. I know that I probably disgust you and while the drink was partially to blame, I must accept full responsibility for my actions.

'I used you for my gratification, imagining that you might find an old woman like me attractive and sexy, which I am not.

'I know I can't compare myself to the young girls that you date, and that you must have found it distasteful having to perform those acts on me, a fat, ugly, old woman.'

Jordon had heard enough; he knew where this was coming from and could hear his stepfather's words spilling from her mouth. Before she could say anymore, he stopped her.

'Stay here and for fuck's sake, shut up,' he said angrily as he got from his bed and disappeared out through his bedroom door.

When he eventually returned, he had a skirt and top draped over his arm, telling his mother to get dressed. She looked worried, asking him what he was doing, but Jordon was in no mood for any more of her crap.

'Just do as I tell you,' he hissed at her abruptly, conscious that his sister was asleep next door.

His mother began to protest, but he gave her options, the anger evident in his voice.

'You can put those clothes on, or you can go naked, the choice is yours.'

Lucille cowered at the way he spoke to her but did as she was told, feeling awkward that he had not brought her any underwear.

Jordon dressed in shorts and a jumper, took her hand and silently led her down the stairs.

'You need some flat shoes,' he told her as he slipped his trainers on and handed her a light-weight coat. The house was in darkness as he quietly opened the back door, ushering her through, and then re-locked it behind them.

'Where are we going?' She asked him fearfully, but her son refused to say a word, simply taking her hand and pulling her along.

Outside, everything was quiet and still. The night-time was still warm from the heat of the day and not even a dog barked as they moved among the shadows, Jordon keeping to the side roads and alleyways. She was afraid to speak now lest it attracted attention, looking around as she tried to get her bearings.

Finally, as they crossed the park she knew where she was, a sudden fear developing in her chest. Jordon stopped and took both her hands in his.

'Do you trust me?' He asked.

Lucille nodded her head hesitantly.

'I promise that no harm will come to you. I will look after you and will do nothing to hurt you. Remember that I love you,' he said, as keeping hold of her hand he walked towards the small wall and the gate set in it, the rear entrance into the graveyard.

She knew exactly where he was heading. Thomas's grave was in the corner of the cemetery by the over-hanging tree. Lucille trembled with fright as they stood by the side of the grave, Jordon looking around and making certain that no one was about at this hour.

He squatted down, pulling her down with him and started to speak, his voice barely above a whisper.

'Look who I have brought to visit you, Tom.'

Lucille knew that her husband had hated being called Tom, he had always insisted on Thomas.

'I know it must be a little difficult to see properly, what with six-foot on earth on top of you, but there is a reason I have brought her here.'

'I don't know how to tell you this mate, but yesterday, I fucked her.

'And I'll tell you something else Tommy boy, she was the best shag I have ever had.

'What was that? You don't believe me. Well, that's the other reason we are here Tom, I thought you would say that.'

Lucille had suddenly lost her fear as she listened to her son having this imaginary conversation with her dead husband and had to stifle her giggles as he continued.

'What was that Tom? Sorry, I am digressing.

'OK, guess what she is wearing beneath her skirt and top, a what?

'Sorry mate you're not even warm, let me tell you, beneath what you can see she is stark bollock naked.'

'Now that's the real reason we are here. I knew you would not believe me, so I thought that the best way to prove it was to come here and fuck her on your grave so that you can watch.'

Lucille stared at him in horror, surely, he was joking. But he wasn't, as from beneath his jumper he produced the picnic blanket.

The grave had no flowers, it was simply a mound of soil now covered in grass with a headstone. Taking the blanket, he spread it over the mound before taking her coat and placing it over the memorial. She held his hand as he helped her down onto the mound, sitting with her legs on either side and her back against the stone. He checked once more to ensure that were alone and then started unfastening the buttons on the front of her skirt. Lucille had wondered why he had chosen that one.

As he pulled her skirt open, she felt the cool air waft across her cunt.

'Look at that Tom, have you ever seen a prettier looking pussy.... wait a minute. Christ Tom, she is bloody wet in there, she must be desperate for some cock.'

As he had been talking, his hand had been rubbing between her legs, his fingers parting her lips and slipping inside her cunt. She had her eyes closed now as she listened to his conversation and had started to become aroused by what his finger was doing to her.

'Have we to see what else she has to offer Tom?' Jordon asked.

'Well fuck me, I tell you, mate, she has got a fantastic set of tits.' This was said as he raised her top exposing her breasts, his fingers teasing her nipples.

Lucille was so excited that she had forgotten to be afraid, now only concentrating on her mounting arousal as his fingers squelched inside her cunt. She reached out to his groin, her

hand encountering the large bulge in the front as her fingers traced the length of his cock.

'Fuck me..... Jordon, I want you to fuck me.'

He unfastened his shorts and pushed them down to his ankles.

'You'll have to excuse me, Tom.' He continued to whisper. 'Only, your wife, my mum, says she needs some cock, a proper cock, not your kiddy cock.'

With that, he opened her legs wider and slid his shaft inside her, her back bumping against the headstone as he fucked her. He was not planning for a marathon session, only long enough to make her cum. With the sound of her breathing and the amount of moaning she was doing, that was not going to be that long at all.

The location and conversation now coupled with the fact that his cock was filling her cunt had Lucille already on the edge.

His manhood slammed into her faster and faster and then as he applied pressure to her nipples, she climaxed, feeling his cock shoot his hot cream inside her.

It was probably a good job no one was about and passing, the noises she made would have given them a heart attack. He held her tightly as they both got their breath back and recovered before producing some tissues from his pocket so that she could wipe herself. When she was done, he helped her to her feet before folding the blanket again.

'Well Tom, I'm afraid we must go now. What did you say? It's not fair?

'Now don't you worry; I will take care of her and I promise to shag her whenever she needs it.

'Oh, by the way, she says she needs it every day.'

'Also, she has a message for you, she says, you can go fuck yourself, nobody else wants too.'

Jordon put his arm around her waist as he escorted her from the graveyard, quietly closing the gate behind them before merging back into the shadows.

Lucille was like a giddy schoolgirl on the way home, she could not believe what they had just done. Never in her life had she ever done anything as outrageous as that.

'Bloody hell Jordon, that was manic, you're a nutcase, I can't believe that I just let you fuck me in a graveyard, and on top of his grave.'

She could not stop herself from laughing, it just seemed so funny and ridiculous now that the tension had dissipated. Jordon stopped and pulled her into the shadow of the lane.

'You don't have to be afraid anymore, you can come and go as you want. You can say what you want, wear what you want. Hell, you can even go out and get shagged if you want!'

'He can't control you any more mum, he's dead and gone. Enjoy your life from now on, you deserve it.'

Lucille wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him close, before planting her lips on his.

He couldn't help himself as his hand automatically sought her breasts, massaging them through her coat and top.

'I'm sure you're obsessed with my tits,' she quipped, the look in his eyes confirming her suspicion.

'Do you realise that they are the most sensitive part of my body? It is why I seldom go without a bra, just the sensation of material rubbing across my nipples can make me cum,' she giggled self-consciously.

Jordon had the most wicked lascivious look on his face.

'You definitely should not have told me that,' he said, as he unbuttoned her coat and pushed her top up, freeing her breasts. He stooped slightly so that his mouth was level with her left tit before taking her nipple between his lips, his tongue licking at its tip. His other hand fondled her right breast, his fingers applying pressure to her teat and sending her into raptures.

When he had told her previously, about the excitement of being outdoors in a risqué situation she had not necessarily believed him, now she understood. The night had been unbelievable from start to finish. Stood there in the darkened alleyway with her son sucking on her breasts accelerated her arousal, and before long she felt her legs turn to jelly as she orgasmed, aware of her juices running down her leg.

'You are a very naughty boy,' she said as he handed her some more tissue to clean herself up, 'But from now on, you are my naughty boy.'

They were finally back indoors and very quietly, tiptoed up the stairs.

'You could always join me in my bed,' she whispered in his ear, but Jordon shook his head.

'I'd like nothing better, but with Sally asleep next door, it's too risky with the amount of noise you make.'

He laughed quietly as he kissed her goodnight, squeezing her bottom as she turned and headed for her room. She slept that night, the kind of sleep she had not experienced in a long time, the voice in her head finally banished.

The following day the weather had turned and outside the rain fell. Sally was going to the cinema later with her friends,

but all three of them decided that what the house needed was a spring clean. Since the funeral, Lucille had let things slip.

The house had originally belonged to her parents who owned several properties which they rented out. When she had fallen pregnant, her father had allowed her to live in this one rent-free and had then bequeathed it to her when he had passed away.

Her mother was still alive and lived in the next town, to which they all made frequent trips to visit her and occasionally stay over.

Jordon and Sally made a start on their bedrooms whilst Lucille tackled the lounge. She had done the normal day to day jobs, and so nowhere was too bad, it just really needed a good dusting and vacuum.

By ten-thirty they had completed the three rooms. His mother was cleaning the bathroom while he did the stairs and hallway. Sally had already lost interest and was lounging in

her bedroom, not being one for hard work. He was polishing the bureau when he opened the front and out fell a multitude of letters.

'Bloody hell,' he thought, it looked like his mother had not opened any mail since his stepfather had died. Collecting it all together, he dumped the pile on the kitchen table and made himself and his mother a hot drink. He had noticed several letters amongst the pile, that had "Final Demand" stamped on them. He was worried now, had his mother been paying the bills? She did not work, and he suddenly wondered where the money had come from each week to keep them going.

With two cups of coffee sat on the table he called her down, her face paled as she came into the kitchen and saw all the letters piled high.

'Who's been paying the bills?' He asked.

His mother shrugged her shoulders. 'Thomas took care of most of that, I never really saw any money other than a small

allowance. I know a lot of the bills where paid automatically from the bank, and I have just used his credit card to pay for food to keep us going.'

One by one they opened and sorted the letters; some just went into the bin immediately as they were only junk mail. The others went onto different piles, bank statements on one, credit card statements on another and a third for bills and sundries. It did not make for great reading, the credit card statement showed that she was currently in debt to the tune of two thousand pounds as only the minimum had been paid each month and the interest had mounted.

The bank statements brought little relief, if she paid the credit card off completely it would leave only a thousand pound in her account, an amount which would not stretch very far.

The "Final Demands" were for the gas and electric which would take nearly three hundred from the paltry amount in her account.

'Well, it looks like I need to get a job because I am officially broke,' Lucille said despondently.

It was the next to last letter in the pile and looked like it had been in the bureau for a while, addressed to his mother, the logo on the front read "Dobson, Greene & Morgan Solicitors".

'There's a letter here from your solicitors,' he said, handing it to her.

Lucille stared at it puzzled. 'These are not my solicitors; I've never heard of them.' She opened the letter and scanned the single sheet of paper before reading out loud.

Dear Mrs Wilson,

We currently act for your husband, Thomas Wilson (Deceased) as executors of his estate.

We would be pleased if you would contact us at your earliest opportunity as we have news which may be advantageous to yourself.

Yours Sincerely

P.P.

Charles Dobson

'I don't understand,' she said, 'there was no estate. We had a joint bank account, but there were only a few hundred pounds in there.

'There was nothing else other than the house, and that was already mine. What estate are they on about?'

She handed the letter to Jordon who scanned what she had already read to him. 'Do you realise this letter came nearly six months ago; don't you think you had better ring them?'

He handed the letter back and went to get her the telephone, putting it on the table in front of her and sitting back down. Lucille dialled the number and asked for "Charles Dobson", explaining who she was.

Jordon could only hear one side of the conversation, which was irritating.

'Yes..... Yes.....I've not been myself ..... I'm fine now..... Thank you.....What estate..... Yes, I see.....Today at two-thirty..... That's fine.....I'll meet you later then. Thank you..... Goodbye.'

'Well?' He asked, the suspense killing him.

His mother looked stunned, but there was little more she could tell him.

'Thomas did not make a will it appears, so anything that he had or owned, automatically comes to me as his spouse. They haven't told me what it is about, only that they need to speak to me.'

The firm of solicitors was in the city, which was just over ten miles away, and would take her only about thirty minutes to get to. Jordon asked if she wanted him to accompany her, but she said she would go in alone and asked if he would finish the last few chores around the house.

Sally heard that her mother was going out and asked if she would drop her in town on the way.

It was nearly four-o'clock when his mother returned. Hearing the car pull up in the driveway, he opened the door for her, eager to hear what she had learned and secretly hoping it was nothing that would cause her to relapse.

Seating herself on the couch, it was as though she was in a trance as he asked her three times what had happened before

she noticed that he was there. She told him to sit down, before straddling his thighs and sitting down facing him.

'Will you kiss me?' She asked him.

He did not need asking twice as he took her face and drew her towards him until their lips met. He loved the taste of her lips as his tongue traced a pattern across them, his fingers stroking and running through her curls.

Finally, she sat back and took a deep breath.

'It appears Thomas owned a couple of properties in the city,' she began, 'One is an apartment in the centre, they estimate the current value at two hundred and fifty thousand. The other is a three-story "Townhouse", current value approximately seven hundred and fifty thousand.'

Jordon's mouth had dropped open, he could not believe what she had just told him. Over several hours, she had gone from being broke to being, quite rich, on paper.

'That's not all,' she continued, 'There are also two bank accounts which in total contain.....five, hundred, thousand, pounds.'

Jordon just stared for ages, his brain refusing to acknowledge the amounts of monies she had mentioned. 'But.....but that makes you.....bloody hell mum, you're rich!'

'From what they would tell me, Thomas was the only child of a very wealthy family. When they passed away, it all went to him.

'This is the portion that this lot of solicitors dealt with, but they have said that there may be more out there being dealt with by other firms. They are going to make some enquiries and get back to me.'

Lucille looked sad as she finished telling him what she knew. 'I hate him, Jordon, all those years of pleading poverty, telling me that he had to work all hours just to provide for us and yet he was sat on a pile of money and we could have had a comfortable life.'

Jordon could see the pain on her face and needed to distract her, 'Well, I'd like to thank him,' he said.

'What the hell for?' His mother asked, vehemently.

'Firstly, for making you a rich woman. The money does not bother me, but I know it will make your life easier.

'Secondly, if he hadn't been such a cretin, you would not be sat here on my knee showing me what you have, and may I say it looks extremely sexy.' As he spoke, he glanced down, she had hitched up her skirt to straddle his legs and her panties were now fully on display.

It made her laugh, 'Is that what I am, a sex object?' Jordon nodded his head enthusiastically as his fingers softly rubbed the lips of her cunt through the silky material.

Lucille stood, and never taking her eyes off him, sexily wriggled out of her panties. At the same time, Jordon unfastened his pants and slid everything down to his ankles. He did not know what it was, but he had only to be near her or touch her, for his cock to start growing.

Imagining her cunt beneath the black panties already had it throbbing and it stood upright as he released it. Slouching back on the couch, he watched as she parted her legs and resumed her position, only this time, she slid down on his shaft. With her skirt around her waist, his hands grasped her hips and buttocks, assisting her rocking motion as she impaled herself on his manhood.

She was still wearing her suit jacket and it was tricky to remove, but eventually, she managed to cast it to one side, all

the while whimpering and talking to herself as much as to her son.

'Fuck, I needed this, it feels so good Jordon, do you realise I have had more sex in the last two days than I have in the last twelve months.'

He smiled wickedly, 'Well mum, that is nowhere near enough, we are just going to have to make up for it.'

Slowly she undid the buttons on her shirt, teasing him a bit by bit he caught sight of her breasts. Pulling it free, she unfastened the last buttons before reaching up to the centre of her bra and pushing the catch, allowing it to pop open and release her breasts. Jordon's hands were faster than the eye could see as he immediately grabbed them, squeezing quite firmly and pushing them together.

In this way, he brought both of her nipples close to each other before leaning forward and taking both between his lips at once, his tongue sliding from one to the other.

Lucille groaned loudly as she bounced up and down faster in his lap, her juice lubricating his cock, as well as his thighs and balls. His constant attention to her tits, made her fully aroused as she realised that Sally could return anytime soon.

Here she was, she thought, broad daylight and getting fucked on her couch. She could tell her son was close. Not content to let her bounce up and down, he held her aloft as his hips propelled his cock upwards, ramming it into her cunt. And then as his hot semen hit the back of her vagina, her climax happened. Her legs shook and her nails dug into his shoulders as she thrashed and shuddered, screaming out his name.

It turned out they had timed it to perfection, no sooner had they made themselves decent than they heard a key in the front door and Sally arrived home.

'Are you OK mum?' She asked, 'It's just that you look a little flushed.' Both of them having to stifle their grins.

As his sister fussed in the kitchen, he whispered to his mother, asking if she was going to tell Sally about her visit to the solicitors.

Keeping her voice low, she shook her head. 'There is no reason why she needs to know yet. You know what she can be like when she decides she needs something and if she knows that there is money there, I can guarantee there will be something that she wants.'

She loved her daughter dearly, but her husband had spoilt her, forever buying her gifts whilst Jordon received very little from him. There always seemed to be money for his daughter, even at times at the expense of essentials. Sally could get particularly stroppy, especially if she were not getting her own way, so as far as Lucille was concerned, what she did not know would not hurt her.

He was just rising when he heard the phone ring and his mother answer it, she spoke for about fifteen minutes before he heard her call him.

'Your gran is not feeling too good, so I'm going to pop over and make sure she is OK and get some shopping in for her. I should be back by late afternoon or early evening.'

Jordon was disappointed even though he tried not to show it. He had already looked out to check the weather, the rain having passed late the previous evening and the sun now high in the sky again. He had been hoping for a nice day and to perhaps to persuade his mother that what she needed was another picnic and all the accoutrements that would come with it.

Left to his own devices, he decided to go out alone, taking with him some reading that he had to complete over the summer break. Most of his friends were still away on holidays with their families and one group had all gone off together. He had been invited along but knowing his mother would not be able to afford it, he had politely declined, thankful that he had with the way his break had so far turned out.

He put everything he needed into his rucksack, along with cold drinks and some snacks, before donning his trainers and setting out across the fields. Arriving at his destination, he spread the blanket out on the ground in front of the coppice and removed his t-shirt before kicking off his shoes, his toes luxuriating in the long grass.

He read for about forty minutes, before finding that the glare of the sun on the white pages was making his eyes feel drowsy. Sitting up and looking around him, there was not a soul to be seen as he slipped out of his shorts and lay back down, enjoying the feeling of the heat on his naked flesh and the slight cooling breeze as it wafted between his legs.

Jordon was dozing, that serene state between wide awake and fast asleep. Thoughts of his mother and what he could be doing to her now if it had not been for his gran, had resulted in his cock sticking proudly up in the air.

He was suddenly startled by a noise from in among the trees as turning onto his front, he scanned as much of the copse as

he could see. He stayed perfectly still, looking and listening for any sight or sounds, but none came, and he simply put it down to a rabbit or squirrel moving about in the undergrowth.

Settling back down, he allowed the images of his mother which had been so rudely interrupted, to slowly return. He was lying on his back; the book being held in front of his face to shield his eyes from the sun as he continued to read. Trying to concentrate, images of his mother's body would pop in and out of his head, his cock springing to attention and twitching each time. He had contemplated whether to have a wank but decided he would wait till later in the hope he could get her alone.

'Crack.' Jordon sat up abruptly as the twig snapped, it was too loud to have been caused by some small mammal he thought, as he pulled on his shorts and slid his feet into his trainers. He stood and walked in among the trees; the area not so large that he could not see out the other side. Walking from one edge to the other he looked both ways for any signs of human life. It seemed empty, but to be sure, he walked up the centre

checking behind some of the larger tree's, just in case someone was hiding.

Satisfied that he was alone, he returned to his spot but had the strangest feeling that he was being watched. Putting his hand above his eyes, he scanned the horizon, slowly turning three hundred and sixty degrees. There was not a soul to be seen and the feeling of eyes watching him had disappeared.

Staying for another hour he finally became bored, packing his things together and heading for home. The sky had suddenly gone silvery grey and extremely bright, a sure sign that unless he got a move on, he was going to get caught in the sudden summer downpour. He was only a hundred yards from home when it started but was soaked to the skin by the time, he reached the front door.

The rain persisted for the rest of the afternoon, so he settled on his bed after taking a shower and continued reading. His mother rang at just after four to say that although his gran was

on the mend, she was going to stay there over the weekend and would see him on Monday.

He was preparing the evening meal when Sally came in at five, drenched through to the skin.

'You had better go and get a hot shower before you catch your death,' he told her. 'Tea will be ready in about thirty minutes.'

Over the meal, they ate and talked. Whilst there were times that she could be a pain, he did not dislike her, it was just that at two years difference in age, they had different likes and separate groups of friends. For some reason, this evening though she was quite chatty, asking how his day had been.

'You know Melissa fancies you,' she suddenly said.

Jordon knew that she was one of Sally's friends, an extremely attractive half-caste girl with beautiful olive skin and dark hair.

'Does she now? Well, she is very pretty; I shall have to give that some thought.'

He had no intention but did not want his sister suddenly questioning why he presently had no girlfriend in tow.

Although the rain had ceased, the sky had turned a dirty grey, in places almost black. He had put the house lights on as it had suddenly gone so dark that it was becoming difficult to see. Outside it continued to darken until by ten-o'clock that evening, the sky was a broiling mass of clouds and he was sure he had heard the first murmur of thunder off in the distance.

Sally was already upstairs in her room and so he switched off all the downstairs lights before going up himself and getting changed into his pyjama bottoms. Switching off his light he opened his curtains wide before sitting on his bed and waiting as he heard the rumbles growing closer.

His room and the street outside lit up brilliant white for a second, before, after a short interval, the clap of thunder boomed close by. The nearing storm did not bother him, fascinated; he watched the light show outside, marvelling at the sudden flashes of light.

The next flash ripped across the sky, lighting up the town. It looked like it had struck something off in the distance and was followed by a crash of thunder that reverberated through the house, even making the windows vibrate with its intensity. His bedroom door was flung open as his sister threw herself into his room, tears streaming down her face as she sobbed with fear.

Jordon pulled the covers back next to him and allowed her to crawl beneath them before putting his arm around her. He could feel her trembling as she begged him to make it stop, each crash of thunder turning her into a quivering wreck. He could not understand her irrational fear but was happy to comfort her until the storm finally passed. It took longer than he thought before the display was finished, by which time his sister was fast asleep and snoring gently beside him. He didn't

have the heart to disturb her, so gently slid down under the covers and was soon asleep himself.

Jordon was having the strangest of dreams. For some reason, he was kissing Sally and although it seemed quite normal, he could not understand how and why it was happening, but it felt pleasant. Next, she seemed to be proffering herself to him, but he had no recollection of what was said before the scene dissolved, only to return in a different room of the house where he was touching her. This disjointed series of events went on for a while until as he looked up, the sun shone into his eyes and he found he was laid out in the fields, his cock ached, and he could see someone approaching. He could not see the woman's face but for some reason, he presumed it was his sister, as she raised her skirt and straddling him, started to insert his cock into her cunt.

The feeling was so intense that he suddenly jerked awake, at first disorientated until he realised, he was in his bed in the darkened room. The next thing he noticed was a hand resting on his stomach and his pyjama bottoms felt loose, as though they had been undone.

His cock was throbbing as it pushed against the covers, but as he lay there for a moment perfectly still, he felt the hand move as its fingers encompassed his girth.

His initial thought was that his mother had returned early and had snuck into his room, but then he recalled that she was at his grandmother's and that it was his sister in bed, next to him. As the skin of his shaft was moved back and forward, he could not contain the groan that escaped his lips, his head swivelled to find Sally staring intently at him.

'What are you doing? You shouldn't do that.' He managed to gasp

Her hand stopped but did not release him; instead, she squeezed him, her fingers beneath the head of his cock, rubbing softly as she kept him aroused.

'Does it not feel nice?' She asked as her hand continued its slow-motion up and down his shaft, Jordon finding it difficult to speak as he enjoyed the sensations her hand bestowed.

'Why are you touching me?' He stuttered as the moan left his mouth, interrupting his speech.

Quietly she told him, 'We saw you leaving the house today. Melissa fancies you, as I said, and thought it would be fun to follow you and see where you went.'

'You could imagine her surprise and delight when you stripped naked; it took everything I had to stop her from bounding out and near enough raping you.'

Jordon placed his hand on top of hers, stopping what she was doing to him so that he could concentrate.

He breathed deeply for a minute whilst he got his thoughts together. 'So, it was you two spying on me. I heard the twig

snap, which was why I went to investigate, but I never saw either of you,' Jordon responded quizzically.

Sally smiled mischievously, 'There's a hollow which is hard to see because it is surrounded by three bushes. 'From the outside, it looks like one big bush, but there is a space where you can wriggle into the middle.

'When you heard the twig snap, that was me dragging Melissa back in as she was determined to get to you.'

Despite his hand trapping hers, she still grasped him firmly, her fingers continually squeezing where she knew it would keep his cock erect. As hard as he tried, his current state of arousal made it difficult to marshal his thoughts, and try as he might, he could not stop the groans of pleasure that would sneak out against his will.

'Sally, please, you need to stop. If it was Melissa that wanted me, why are you the one that has your hand around my penis?'

She laughed at the word he had just used, 'Because my dear brother, if anyone is going to sample this cock of yours's, then I think I should get preferential treatment.'

He did not know at what point she had partially undressed. But as she threw the covers back, still keeping a firm grip on his manhood and straddled him, he saw that she was naked from the waist down. She appeared to be well versed, because it took her only seconds before she was sliding down his shaft, swearing loudly as he filled her cunt.

Jordon was just too weak-willed to stop her; he had been looking forward to having sex with his mother, but instead, found himself having sex with his sister. He did not mean to touch her, it was just an involuntary reflex, his hands sliding up her thighs towards that small patch of hair between her legs, and his goal of her clit.

Rubbing it slowly increased her excitement as she rocked back and forward, her breasts, still encased in her vest top,

hung down over his face. He wanted to see them because he was already aware that his sister's tits were considerably larger than his mothers. Sally sensed what he was after and sat upright as she slowly peeled the vest top over her head, releasing two large mammaries. While her areoles were like other girls he had bedded, her nipples were just like his mothers and were longer than normal.

His hands were immediately attracted to them, but each was too large for one hand to encompass. He wondered if just like his mother, her nipples were extremely sensitive. His suspicions confirmed, when as he twisted them, she responded by crying out loudly, her up and down movement increasing rapidly.

Sally, when she had seen his cock earlier in the day, was convinced that she could manage him quite easily. But she was now finding, however, that her body was so aroused by the sensations of sliding down his length, that she was struggling to contain her climax.

'How the hell did he know that she had sensitive nipples?' She thought, aware that he was giving her breasts and teats plenty of attention.

Suddenly he pulled her head towards him, forcing her hips and bottom into the air. And then his cock was fucking her, like some mechanical piston, ramming itself into her cunt. She could not stop her body's reaction anymore as she felt her juices flow, her hips and legs shaking as the waves of pleasure surged through her with her orgasm.

When finally, he allowed her to relax, she slumped on top of him feeling drained.

'Christ,' she thought to herself, 'I feel fucked,' she was only too aware that he had not ejaculated and that she could still feel his erect cock, throbbing away inside her pussy.

With practised ease, Jordon flipped her over before kneeling between her thighs, his cock still buried deep within her quim.

He teased her by fucking her slowly and then withdrawing, rubbing his cock against her cunt and clit before suddenly and when she was least expecting it, impaling her once more as he fucked her rapidly. He would then stop, before repeating the process all over again, keeping her in suspense all the time and bringing her to the stage of begging him to make her cum.

She was loud, far louder than his mother as she moaned, cried and coarsely told him that she wanted 'Fucking.' He brought her to the edge, left her dangling there for a moment and then gently eased her down before taking her to the edge once more. As he reached his climax and his hot spurt of semen hit the back of her cunt, Sally was already too far gone. Her multiple orgasms shook her body as her eyes turned up and she hovered within the spectrum of unconsciousness.

Fully sated, she lay next to him, wondering what in hell had possessed her to want to fuck her brother. What she had told him was true, the very fact that Melissa had been intent on

sampling his flesh had suddenly induced a strong feeling of jealousy and yet she did not know why.

Yes, he was good-looking, and yes, he had a well-toned muscular body, but that had not influenced her in the slightest. It was as she looked at him, laid there naked in the grass with his cock pointing up at the sky, that she suddenly imagined herself sliding down his length. Immediately, that thought was accompanied by the sensation between her legs, knowing she was starting to grow moist.

The image would not fade. She had closed her eyes, but Melissa's whispered comments about what she wanted to do with Jordon just brought the image sharper into focus. And then she found herself wanting him, more than that, she needed him. She desperately wanted him to fuck her, and she would happily have hurt Melissa if she had got in her way or got to her brother first, which was why she dragged her back into the bush and sat on the girl to restrain her.

Sally was in a quandary, she had thought that once she had fucked him, she would be content and Melissa could then happily make a play for him, but she would always have come second to Sally. Unfortunately, that was not happening, having just had sex with him, she was intent on repeating the performance every chance she got.

She knew that the storm had given her the excuse she needed to come into his bedroom, somewhere she seldom ventured. The weather outside had not bothered her in the slightest and it had been easy to bring on the tears. Whilst Jordon had always been kind to her and had looked after her on many occasions, for some reason, she always imagined that he did not particularly like her that much.

She was determined that once in his bed, she could slowly arouse him to a state where he would be unable to refuse her advances. Her plan had worked perfectly up to a point, the point at which he fucked her. She could tell he was taking as much pleasure from the coupling as she was, which caused her initially to feel guilty, and then he made her cum.

'Shit, I'm not supposed to feel like this,' she told herself as she realised that she wanted him again and again.

'Has that satisfied your curiosity?' He asked her brusquely, sitting up and placing his arms behind his head.

'You don't like me? Do you Jordon? And yet you have just happily fucked me,' she said sarcastically.

'Listen, Sally, where do you get the idea from that I do not like you. I did not like the way that Thomas would continually buy you things and spoil you, while I was lucky if I even got so much as a thank you.'

Even though he had been incredibly young when his mother married, he had always called him "Thomas", never having called him "Dad", perhaps that had been part of the problem.

'I saw him spend money on you, even while mum was going without. And I got fed up with being blamed for things I had not done.

'I'm sorry, I know he was your father and I appreciate that you miss him. But because of the way he treated me and mum, I did not like the man. That wasn't your fault, so there is no reason why I should dislike you, you are my sister.'

Jordon did not hate or dislike his sister. Because they had been treated differently, they had never bonded. At times, he'd had very little to do with her, preferring to be with his mates growing up while letting her be with her own set of friends. Sally had gone noticeably quiet and withdrawn, pulling the sheet up under her chin and staring off into space.

'They were not present's, Jordon, they were bribes.' Sally told him, refusing to elaborate and go into details, but enough for Jordon to piece together what had perhaps taken place.

He watched as a tear ran down her cheek, suddenly feeling sorry for her and angry at the same time. If Thomas had still been alive, he could happily have killed him. Was there anyone in his family, who that man had not affected?

'You must tell mum,' he said, but Sally was adamant that no one should ever know. 'He's dead and he's gone, it's over with and I just want to forget about him.'

She spent the rest of the night in his bed, even though there was no more physical contact. It took him a while to drift off, his head full of the little she had told him. He awoke the next morning as the sunshine streamed in through his bedroom window, aware that she was still next to him sleeping. Sliding from beneath the covers which she had pushed down to her waist, exposing her large breasts. Jordon had to admit that she was extremely attractive, and the sight of her tits was causing a slow reaction down below. Grabbing his dressing gown to cover it, he went to wash and dress. He had just finished his breakfast when she finally appeared.

'Do you want some making?' He asked, but she just shook her head, making herself a coffee.

'What have you got planned for today, are you meeting up with Melissa?' Sally was still quiet, thinking that she was not yet ready to let her friend anywhere near her brother.

'Would you mind if I spent the day with you?' She asked him. Jordon was surprised; Sally had never asked to spend time with him, ever, but he saw no reason why not if that was what she wanted.

'Certainly,' he told her, 'But I don't have anything planned and mum's not going to be back until Monday.'

She was stood at the sink washing up her cup when she quietly asked him, 'Fancy going for a walk, the weather looks lovely again outside.'

Living on the edge of town, it was only a short walk down their road and then up the lane before it branched out into the open countryside. They were both dressed the same in shorts, tops and trainers and at first Sally said extremely little, but bit by bit he got her chatting.

'So, I take it I am going to get pestered by Melissa, now she has seen me naked.'

Sally shook her head, 'I'm sorry, it was a childish thing to do. I'll make sure I keep her out of your way. Anyway, you said she was pretty, are you sure you're not interested, you have no one at the moment.'

Jordon was sure, he had no intention of acquiring a girlfriend yet, his thoughts conjuring up images of his mother. Sally was a step behind him when the question popped out, 'Am I pretty?' she asked.

Jordon kept walking, not even turning his head as he said, 'You'll do.'

He turned to look at her downcast face, a large grin spread across his own.

'You bastard,' she cried, as she realised, he was teasing her before catching him up and punching his arm.

'I will deny I ever said this,' Jordon laughed, drawing his answer out.

'I suppose you could be considered gorgeous.' Sally's chest felt as if it would burst and Jordon thought she was going to crack his ribs as she hugged him fiercely.

He had turned in a different direction to the one he normally took to get to the copse deciding that today he would give it a miss. They had covered nearly three miles across fields and Sally was beginning to flag, she wasn't really a country girl. The field in front of them rose to a small summit which she

was not looking forward to ascending, but Jordon took her hand, nearly dragging her along.

Standing on the top, she looked down to see a stream about two hundred yards away which looked cool and inviting after the heat of the day. The small expanse of water was about ten feet across and varied in depth of between three and five feet, with crystal clear water and a sandy bottom. Many years ago, he would often frequent it in summer with his friends. But as they got older, the prospect of a four-mile hike put many of them off.

Jordon sat on the grassy bank after having removed his trainers and dangled his legs in the water, enjoying the coolness passing over his feet. Sally sat beside him, her feet splashing in the water like a mischievous toddler, she had not known that this place even existed.

Eventually, he turned to her, 'What was last night all about Sally?

'You were the last person that I thought would ever consider something like that. Is this a game you have dreamt up? Because if it is, the game just got profoundly serious.'

She stilled her feet, watching the water as it idly drifted by.

'Honestly, Jordon, I don't know yet, I can't explain it properly, I don't have the words. It was not something that I have ever thought about or considered, even watching you lying naked did not trigger any kind of desire, even though you were impressive.

'Melissa, on the other hand, could not believe her luck. I remember her giving me a running commentary of what she was going to do to you, and it was then that I got the funniest feeling in my tummy. The trouble was, it did not stay there, it moved, down below and then suddenly, I wanted you to fuck me.

'The more I tried to dismiss the idea, the greater it became. Do you realise how hard it was to get through dinner last night

and then stay in my room, while all the time I wanted to come and throw myself at you, to have you touch me, to make love to me?'

Jordon sympathised with her, had his sudden infatuation with his mother not taken a similar route, and would he not find it just as difficult to rationalise the reason.

'What now then Sally? You've had what you wanted, has that satisfied your sudden desire?'

How was it that he was not surprised when she shook her head? It took her a few moments before speaking very quietly, she managed to spit it out.

'I want to be like a girlfriend.'

He could not stop the laugh that followed her statement.

'I'm sorry Sally, I'm not laughing at you, but how can you be my girlfriend?

'You're my sister. How would that work? I can't exactly walk through town holding your hand or kiss you. I think people would talk.'

She was secretly pleased he had not dismissed the idea out of hand, only raising points of impracticality.

'I know I can't be your girlfriend in those types of situations, but look at it like this, you get all the benefits of a girlfriend without any of the demands.' Jordon knew exactly what she meant by benefits, that much she was making obvious.

'So, if I say yes, what happens when I do acquire a girlfriend. What happens if I already have someone, not a girlfriend, but someone that I see occasionally,' he asked her, thinking about his mother but not about to divulge that information to his sister.

'Look, Jordon, I'm not talking about taking over your life. I appreciate that things will change, that girls will come and go, I wouldn't expect you to be a monk.

'There may be times that I want to bed someone. There may be times when you just want someone convenient. I'm sure Melissa would be happy to stand in when needed, so long as you shag her occasionally.'

'I just want to be part of your life, more than just a sister because it feels like I haven't been anything in the past.'

He sat mulling her request over in his head as she stood and walked up and down the bank. Deep in thought, he was unaware that she was now behind him until he felt the push in the middle of his back, and he went headlong into the water, surfacing and spluttering as he got his breath back.

The day may have been hot, but the stream was still quite cool. Sally was crouched down on the bank as she laughed uncontrollably, so much so, that she did not see him reach out and jerk her into the water next to him. As she surfaced, pushing her now wet hair back from her face, it was obvious from her chest, how cold the water was. Jordon was unable to take his eyes away from the two substantial protrusions, while his tackle had shrunk in the cold water, it was suddenly making a comeback as he stared at her breasts.

His sister was no prude, she knew what she wanted and would grasp any opportunity to attain her desires. Taking his hand, she placed it on her left breast, squeezing it as her other hand dipped below the waterline fondling his quickly growing cock. How could he resist, not content with her nipples pushing into his palm through the material of her vest and bra, Jordon wanted to feel skin.

Pulling her top from her shorts, he slid his hand underneath and pushed her bra up and out of his way so that he could massage her heavy breast. Her nipple was extremely hard, a combination of the cold water and his finger and thumb

applying pressure as he squeezed and twisted it. Her eyes closed in pleasure, a guttural growl rising from her throat.

'Are we going to stand here freezing or are you going to shag me?' She asked in a husky voice.

Jordon moved to the bank and climbed out, extending a hand to his sister and then as she watched, he pulled his wet vest over his head before shrugging out of his shorts. She was surprised and ecstatic to find that he wore no underwear, perhaps his intention all along had been for this to happen. He helped her out of her clothes before laying them to one side so that they could dry in the sun.

He towered above her for a moment, before leaning forward and kissing her mouth. Sally had not expected that but found his kiss arousing as she responded to it, her tongue slipping into his mouth. He broke away and kissed her neck slowly working his way down to her breasts and nipples. Sally groaned loudly as his mouth took each nipple in turn, his tongue circling each tip.

She was still surprised at how quickly he had worked out that her teats were extremely sensitive but lost the thought as the sun warmed her body, still considerably slower than her brother was.

She lay expectantly, her legs open, as he kissed his way over her tummy, knowing where he was heading. Her cunt was wet, and her hips moved in anticipation of his mouth reaching her genitals as his lips traced patterns across her inner thigh. Then, at last, her back arched and she cried out loudly as his tongue penetrated her quim, forcing itself into her hot interior. His attention was divided as he first lapped at her cunt, and then compressed her clit between his lips, his teeth softly nibbling at its tip.

Sally just lay back and enjoyed the attention her cunt was getting, she could feel her excitement rising, knowing that her climax was edging ever closer. She thought she could hold out a little longer, enjoying the sensation of his tongue inside her, until his hands reached up to her breasts and found her nipples, twisting and pulling at their erectness. She exploded,

her juices splashing his mouth and face as her hips bucked. He held her firmly, his tongue continuing to pleasure her as she shook and writhed with her climax.

She had to beg him to stop in the end, her clitoris far too sensitive to be licked anymore. Her eyes were closed, her chest heaving up and down as she gasped for air. She was knackered, feeling as though she had just run several miles.

But Jordon was not going to give her the chance to recover as she felt the head of his cock against her labia and then he was sliding into her, stretching her passage as she took the full length and girth of his cock. With his hips producing a steady rhythm, his cock plunged in and out of her wet cunt, squelching as he rammed it in, his balls banging against her anus.

No sooner had her first climax finished than her second was already building. Jordon seemed to sense that she was reaching her peak and would dip his head, showering kisses on her nipples and making her cum. She had orgasmed twice

in a row without his continuous penetration faltering. She could feel her excitement building again as her arousal rose once more, only this time his head did not dip as she reached her summit. Instead, he fucked her hard and fast, and as she went over the edge, she felt his cock filling her insides as his semen spurted against the back of her cunt.

They lay side by side, their bodies hot, wet and sticky with their coupling, his hand holding hers gently and protectively. Sally did not have the strength to move, she felt drained, her body completely satisfied.

'Christ, my brother knows how to fuck,' she thought to herself, slightly jealous of the girls that had gone before her.

'No wonder he was always in demand,' she chuckled to herself as she admitted, that the girls compared notes just as much as the boys did.

Their mother returned home on Monday morning, just as Sally was about to go out to meet up with her friends. Jordon

was still in bed after a hectic night of sex, but Sally needed to escape for a while, she had underestimated his sexual appetite and just needed a few hours of rest and recuperation.

'Can you go and get your brother up please Sal? I need to speak to you both.' Lucille requested.

Sally went and woke him, pushing his hands away as they made a beeline for her tits and he tried to entice her back into his bed.

'Behave,' she laughed, 'Mums home already and she needs to speak to us both.'

Washed and dressed he sat in the lounge, Sally by his side. He had momentarily forgotten how sexy his mother looked, finding it hard to concentrate on what she was saying as his eyes undressed her and he imagined his cock sliding into her cunt, the ensuing protuberance causing him to fidget in his seat.

'You both know that your grandmother is not getting any younger and while, she is still spritely, it does concern me that we are so far away from her if she needs us. I have spoken with her and we have decided that it would be best if we moved.' She told them both.

She could tell immediately by the looks on their faces that the idea had not gone down well, both of her children piping up at once with objections as to why they disliked the idea. She held her hand up, silencing them.

'Gran has a couple of properties that she still rents out, but the return on them is not as great nowadays as she has to have a management company look after them, and they take a percentage of the earnings.

'We are proposing that we sell those two properties, as well as her house and this house, and put the proceeds into buying one property.'

Before the children could interrupt, she continued.

'Birchwood House is up for sale; it has five bedrooms as well as a granny flat and has been on the market for quite a while. I have spoken to the estate agent and he estimates that we would raise more than enough to be able to afford it.'

Jordon and Sally sat stunned, the thought of moving away had been the worst suggestion they could think of, but they both knew of "Birchwood House". It was on the edge of the town, literally about one and a half miles from where they presently lived. It was a big old rambling house, set in its massive grounds right on the edge of the countryside.

'If you'd like to, we can go and look around it this afternoon,' their mother finished. 'The owners have already moved out and are looking for a quick sale.' She was nearly killed in the stampede as both Sally and Jordon jumped up, wanting to go straight away.

The house was owned by the Douglas family. Jordon vaguely remembered the kids, but they had been quite a lot of years

older than he was and had finished senior school just as he was starting. It appeared that they were married with their own families now, and their parents, Tom and Jean Douglas had felt like they were rattling around in the big house now that everyone had gone, and they were both getting on.

They had bought a large bungalow on the other side of town and were now hoping to sell the house, unfortunately, the asking price was out of most people's range and meant that it had been on the market for quite a while.

That afternoon they bundled into the car with their mother as she drove to the estate agents to pick up the keys, and then out to the "Big House" as they decided to call it. As they rolled up the driveway, Jordon wondered if the interior was as old fashioned and rambling as the exterior. He was pleasantly surprised to find, once they entered the property, that it had been thoroughly modernised over the years. Other than some decorating, the inside felt and looked no different than their present house, only larger and with a lot more space.

Sally and Jordon were both impatient, expecting that things would happen within a short period. Lucille had spoken with her mother and had decided that of the two properties she had suddenly inherited; the townhouse was the one that she was least likely ever to use.

She had no desire to live in the city with its hustle and bustle and so decided that she would put it on the market. It was in an affluent area and was snapped up nearly immediately, fetching fifty thousand over the initial valuation price. The sale would put enough money in the bank to buy 'Birchwood House' outright, and the coffers would then be replenished as she sold her own home, and her mother sold her property. Lucille's mother, Dorothy, also had another two properties that she had decided to dispose of. But because they presently had tenants in, she would have to give them at least six months' notice or the option to buy the houses.

Summer was over with and they were heading towards Christmas by the time the deal was done on their new home. It was November when their current house went on the

market and they expected that this would be the last Christmas in the home they had grown up in.

The sale went through in February the following year and Lucille was planning for all the furniture and belongings to be removed and transported. Their gran's house was also on the market, there had been several viewings but nothing definite offer wise had yet been received. Their mother had decided that once they had settled in and got things straight, she would move their grandmother over into her new flat. She was having it spruced up and redecorated ready for her arrival.

Both Jordon and Sally had picked their rooms on that first visit; they were at the front of the house overlooking the driveway and the town off in the distance. At the rear of the house was a large master bedroom with en-suite which overlooked the gardens and the fields beyond. Their mother was going to take this room because it also overlooked the granny flat and her mother. By the time Dorothy had moved into her flat, it was already the middle of summer and both Jordon and Sally were on their summer breaks from their respective colleges.

The next term would be Jordon's last, he had taken a course in computer technology, something he had always had an affinity with and hoped to get a job with one of the many companies in the city in their IT departments. Sally was at another college doing a business course, she wanted eventually to go into retail, her dream job was to be a buyer for one of the big clothing outlets and travel abroad.

The last twelve months had been a bit of a nightmare for Jordon, who had realised that having a girlfriend was simple compared to trying to find time to spend with his mother and satisfy his sister's demands. He had lost count of the number of times that they had all come so close to being caught. The summer had made it easy to disappear into the fields and have time alone whilst they made love. Winter, however, put a stop to that and trying to get either of them on their own for any length of time became a juggling act.

There had been times when both Lucille and Sally had snuck into his room late at night, they thought that they were the

only one doing that, but Jordon had visions of one of them walking in whilst he was already in bed with the other.

The granny flat was perfect for Dorothy. The lounge had views across the gardens with double doors leading onto a small patio where she could sit out in the sun. There was a small kitchen if she needed it, but she tended to have her meals with the rest of them. Coupled with a toilet and bathroom and a spacious bedroom, it meant that she could have her privacy if she wanted but could also join the family in the main house.

Jordon had explored the fields the moment they had moved in. They could still get to their old haunts, it was just a slightly longer walk, but he also found new areas, many of them well hidden. The other thing that he had come across was what appeared to be an old wartime bunker which sat within the boundary of their land, looking out across the fields. The door was on their garden side and was made of steel and although he had pulled at it, he found it solidly locked. He made a mental note to ask his mother about a key, wondering if it was theirs to use.

He visited frequently the areas he had selected, noting each time if there ever seemed to be many people about, happy that where he had chosen appeared secluded and he had yet to see another soul.

It was on one of these trips that he suddenly remembered about the bunker, returning home to see if they had a key. His mother pointed him towards a drawer where there was a tub of keys which they had yet to find a use for. Taking the box, he crossed the gardens and back into the tree line as he circled round to the bunker.

It was the fifth key he tried, excited as it turned full circle in the lock. He expected the door to be heavy and rusted shut, but to his surprise, it opened easily without a sound. It seemed someone had taken good care of the building, oiling and greasing the lock and hinges. Inside was quite small but had been fitted out with a large camp-bed, stove and armchair. The slits which would have previously been left open for lookouts or guns had been glazed. Looking out of one slit, he was amazed that he appeared to be quite close to the ground.

Going outside, he circled the building, noticing that it was built into a small bank so that the fields were on a slightly higher level.

He walked forward several feet and climbed over the fence, from the field it was very hard to spot even when he knew where to look, what did show above ground level had been disguised, possibly by the previous owner, with rocks and shrubs.

The glass in the openings looked to be tinted, making it impossible to see inside when the door was shut. He returned over the fence, going back inside. The walls had been painted a dark grey and were covered by posters depicting different types of birds, perhaps old Mr Douglas had done it as a hobby.

The floor was covered in a thick carpet making the small space quite cosy, he imagined with the small stove lit, it would be quite warm in there. Returning home, he plundered the cupboards for old sheets and blankets, taking them back and making the bed up. He was puzzled as to where the smoke

from the stove vented and went outside to investigate. It was hard to spot, but someone had ingeniously run the chimney up the rear of a tree so that the top came out far up in the canopy. Satisfied with his find, he returned home and the next day invited his mother to come and see his discovery.

Sally was out with Melissa and his mother had just checked with his grandmother when he approached her.

'I know it's been difficult to find time alone with you, but I may have just found a solution to our problem.'

Taking her hand, he led her out into the garden, momentarily releasing it, aware that his grandmother could see them cross the lawn. He pointed out different aspects and chatted idly just in case she was watching.

As they disappeared into the treeline his mother asked what he was waffling on about. He took her hand again as he led her towards the bunker, producing the key as they reached the door and unlocked it.

Lucille stepped inside, surprised at what she found.

'I know it's not very big, but I thought that when the weather was bad, or we wanted some time alone, we could come here,' he explained.

She sat on the edge of the made-up bed, finding it quite comfortable, now understanding what he had in mind. She nodded enthusiastically, the thought of fucking in here where there was little chance of getting caught appealed to her. She knew it appealed to Jordon as she heard the soft click of the lock and he pulled her to her feet and slowly turned her around.

He kissed her gently, his hands moving up from her waist towards her breasts when they both heard voices. They stood stock-still for a moment as the voices drew closer, Jordon moving to one of the slits and looking out, certain that whoever was approaching would not see him.

A man and woman came into view, crossing the field at an angle as they chatted to each other, they seemed to be coming directly towards them and his natural reaction at first was to duck down so as not to be seen. The couple stopped about fifteen feet away and he saw the man lay out a blanket.

He motioned his mother to come and take a look, she seemed reticent at first, scared of being seen, but as she came to stand next to her son, she peered out and whispered in his ear.

'That's Sylvia Masters, she lives a couple of streets over from where we did, I don't know who the man is, but he is not her husband.'

It was hard to hear what the couple said as they spoke very quietly now, Jordon and his mother only catching the odd word. He reminded himself to check at some point and see if people inside the bunker could be heard outside. They felt voyeuristic as they observed the couple who were unaware that they were being watched. At first, they just spoke to each other, but then the woman leaned over and kissed the man.

As they watched, they saw his hand come up and fondle her breast, while they could not hear properly; they could tell that she enjoyed his touch. Jordon's cock was already getting hard, he had been about to do the same to his mother before they were interrupted.

Outside, the woman's hand was briskly rubbing at the chap's cock before she unbuttoned his pants and he pushed them down his hips for her. They could see his hard shaft as she ran her hand up and down its length tossing him off.

Jordon was mesmerised, this was like watching a porn film, only this was live and only feet away from them. His mother turned to him; a grin spread across her face.

'Oh my god, what are they doing?' She said in mock horror, doing her best not to giggle.

'I think she would be a lot happier if she had her hand around your cock.'

This was said as his mother copied what she was watching outside and began stroking Jordon's member.

His hand slid under her top, pushing her bra up and freeing her breasts as she purred in his ear. In response, she unfastened his trousers, forcing them down his hips, so that she could wank him as he played with her. Their attention returned to the couple, the woman's head now bobbing up and down as she had the man's cock in her mouth and was giving him a blowjob.

Jordon wanted to see her naked and he also wanted to fuck, very quietly he eased the armchair nearer to the slits and motioned his mother to remove her knickers. Using sign language, he indicated what he wanted her to do, climbing onto the chair, she placed a foot on either arm before squatting down. It had the effect of opening her up completely and as Jordon stood behind her, she felt his cock

against her cunt before he pushed forward, and she felt him slide inside her.

It seemed that the woman had also reached the point where she wanted fucking, the dress she wore appeared to be some sort of wrap-over and Jordon was delighted as she unfastened the ties and opened it wide. She was completely naked beneath and as she straddled her partner; Jordon was given a perfect view as she slid up and down the other man's shaft.

She looked to be a little bit younger than his mother, but of a similar build, she had the same baby-belly and probably carried a little more weight than when she had been younger. Her tits were a reasonable size with quite big hard nipples and Jordon knew straight away that he would not mind fucking her if he was ever offered the chance. What did catch his eye, as he spied between her open legs, was that she had a tattoo of an angel where her pubic hair should be, her cunt currently bald as a coot.

It was as though both couples were synchronised. As the woman slammed herself down onto the man's cock, Jordon would ram his shaft up his mother's cunt. Lucille was doing her best to contain her excitement. The sensation of her son fucking her, whilst she watched another woman getting fucked had her extremely aroused and it was taking a lot of self-control not to climax too soon and to stop herself from crying out.

Jordon watched as the other woman's body moved and bounced with her exertions, the timing was so perfect that it was easy to imagine that he was fucking her and not his mother. Outside, the other woman had grown so vocal that the sound now carried into the bunker, she leant forward, her large breasts swinging backwards and forwards as she impaled herself on the shaft.

She sat upright, breathing heavily and giving Jordon a magnificent view of everything she had to offer. At last, he heard her cry out as she started to climax, his cock throbbing insistently inside his mother's cunt, spat his semen deep inside her, triggering her orgasm

Lucille had not been able to contain herself anymore and had moaned loudly as Jordon filled her cunt and she had climaxed. The couple outside had not seemed to notice, so either the bunker was soundproofed, or they had been too consumed with their satisfaction to hear them. As Jordon and Lucille slumped into the armchair, he was thinking of ways that he could get to know this Sylvia Masters.

'Good god Jordon, is sex with you always like this?' She asked him quietly.

So far it had been anything except normal, fields, graveyards and now spying on another couple. She had to admit to herself though, that it had been exhilarating watching the other people fuck whilst she was getting shagged at the same time.

Thankfully, once they had finished, the couple seemed to want to leave quickly meaning that Lucille and Jordon were not trapped inside the bunker. That was the only downside he

realised, being so close, it would have been extremely hard to sneak out without being spotted. Lucille climbed back into her panties before they both walked back through the tree's and out into the garden, his grandmother waving to them as they walked back towards the house.

Five weeks had passed, and he would be back in college in another two. In his mind, he had played out numerous scenarios as to how he could get to meet this Sylvia Masters but was accepting that it was not going to happen. He could hardly approach her and start chatting her up, there was too large an age difference for that to happen. Could he blackmail her he wondered, and then dropped the idea as fast as he had thought of it?

No matter what came to mind, it was preposterous and was never going to happen. He stopped thinking about it and had also stopped going each day to check the bunker, he had hoped she might return but so far, he had not had any luck.

He was in town shopping for a few items, when, as he left the shop, he was knocked flying. One minute he was planning where to take his sister for some extracurricular activities and the next he was sprawled flat on his back, staring up at the sky. Several people leaned over him, one of them being the lady who had broadsided him and knocked him over. He was helped to his feet with everyone asking if he was OK.

'Honestly, I'm fine,' he told them all, 'Nothing to worry about.'

Folk drifted away leaving just him and the lady, she was apologising profusely as he took a proper look at her. 'I'm so sorry, it was an accident, I should have been looking where I was going.'

Jordon interrupted her before she could say anymore, 'Sylvia, it's OK. I'm not hurt, and it was my fault for not concentrating.'

She had stopped abruptly at the use of her name, Jordon was staring, up close she was even prettier than he remembered

and the way she dressed accentuated her curves. Sylvia Masters looked incredibly good dressed, almost as good as she looked naked.

'Do I know you?' She asked.

His reply was not meant to have come out, but his mouth had started before his brain had properly processed his comment, 'Not yet, but I live in hope.'

His hand flew to his mouth and he blushed profusely as he realised what he had just said. For a moment she just stared at him, and then her face broke into a beautiful smile.

She started laughing, 'What is this, am I getting chatted up by a toy-boy?'

Now it was Jordon's turn to be apologising profusely.

'Anyway,' she continued, 'How did you know my name?'

He could not stop himself stuttering slightly as he tried to come up with a reason.

'I've seen you around and I asked who you were,' it hadn't come out sounding right as he continued to explain 'I lived on the next street to you, maybe you know my mother, Lucille?'

She was teasing him now, 'Well, I must be doing something right if a young man notices me and wants to know who I am.'

Jordon took a deep breath to steady his nerves, this may be the only chance he would ever get, and he was making a complete idiot of himself.

'I'm not doing well, here am I?'

She was laughing again, he loved the sound of it, it was kind of dirty and sexy.

'Perhaps we should start this again,' he said.

'You want me to bump into you again,' she teased, his retort teasing her in return.

'If that's what it takes to get to know you?'

It was his eyes and his smile that got to her, she just knew that what he was doing, was undressing her with that look, the smile on his face showing the pleasure he anticipated.

Quickly she looked him up and down, he was young but quite a lot older than her kids who were seven and nine. He was certainly good looking, but not in a way that afflicts some men; she supposed it was his boyish charm, whatever it was, it was causing a tingle between her legs.

Sylvia bent to retrieve her shopping bags, however nice he was, she needed to get on.

'Here, let me help, please. I'm going your way; I'll give you a hand with the bags.'

She looked at him suspiciously.

'Honestly, I am,' he said, 'We lived on Victoria Road and we have just moved across town. I'm just nipping back to collect any mail that may still have been delivered there.'

They chatted as they strolled along, she told him that now he had mentioned the road, she did faintly remember his mother. Jordon did not tell her where they had moved to, simply explaining that as his grandmother was getting older, his mother had wanted her to come and live with them.

The last thing he presently wanted, was for her to realise that she had been shagging at the rear of his garden. At the end of her road, he handed the bags over.

'Perhaps we'll meet again,' she said, her smile conveying more than words.

Jordon's confidence had returned, as he walked away, he knew his parting comment had stunned her, 'I hope so,' he said, 'I've always wanted to meet an Angel.'

Jordon walked through the town on his way home from college having just finished for the Christmas holiday. Through his earphones, Christmas music filled his head as he took in the festive lights strung across the street. He occasionally glanced in the shop windows, brightly lit as they displayed their seasonal wares. It was already dark and earlier the sky had looked like they might hopefully have a white Christmas. As he passed the station absorbed in his little world, he felt a tap on his shoulder, swinging around, he was confronted by a shy smile.

'Hello again, toy-boy,' she said.

Pulling the phones from his ears, it took him a moment to recognise her. He had not bumped into Sylvia since the time she had knocked him onto his back, even though he had looked for her each time he had been in town. He and his mother had used the bunker on many occasions since that day but had never been treated to a repeat performance.

His nervousness returned as he blurted, 'I didn't recognise you dressed,' immediately blushing as he suddenly realised what he had said.

'Pardon me!' She looked startled for a moment before his hands indicated the business suit, she was dressed in.

'You look exceptionally smart in your suit, I didn't recognise you at first, I meant to say.'

She was doing that laugh again which he found so attractive and quite arousing.

'You do seem to have a way with words... Not,' she said holding her sides.

It transpired that she worked in the city and had just left the station and was on her way home. As they strolled along together, they told each other a little of their lives and Jordon found himself telling her things that he wouldn't normally have divulged so soon.

She asked if he had a girlfriend and for some reason, he explained what he sometimes saw as his dilemma.

'Don't get me wrong, there have been plenty of them, but they never last,' he explained, 'I suppose the fact is, it feels like they are all a bit too young.'

They had reached the point where Jordon turned off. As he said good evening to her, she stopped him, 'What did you mean the last time about an Angel,' it seemed a strange thing to say?' She asked him.

He was not about to tell her what he had witnessed, but at the same time, he wanted to keep her interested in him.

'It was a dream,' he told her, 'I saw an Angel and thought I was in heaven, thankfully it turned out to be you.' He set off up the adjacent road leaving her stood there looking at his receding back, he turned and waved before carrying on his journey home.

Sylvia watched as he walked away, with his good looks, she was sure that he never had difficulty finding a pretty girl. When he spoke to her at first, he was a typical youngster, saying the first thing that came into his head. But as he relaxed, she noticed he spoke quite eloquently and rather mysteriously. Again, his parting comment had intimated something that he knew, his words chosen carefully for effect without imparting any actual knowledge. The comment could easily be taken one of two ways and she felt both nervous and excited at the same time.

Arriving home, the house looked inviting. There was a Christmas tree in the driveway covered in flashing lights and his mother had fastened a wreath to the front door. The windows with the curtains still drawn back showed rooms filled with Christmas decorations, and in the lounge, a log fire burned in the grate. He closed the door behind him, hearing laughter emanating from the kitchen at the rear of the house. Placing his coat and bag in the closet, he made his way through, his mother, grandmother, sister and Melissa were sat around the large kitchen table, a glass of wine in front of each of them.

'The prodigal son returns,' his mother said, raising her glass and sounding rather tipsy. All the women looked like they had been having a good time as several empty bottles sat on the side.

Melissa's gaze never left him as he moved around the kitchen to get himself a beer from the fridge, Sally giving him a look of consternation, aware that her friend had eyes only for her brother.

His mother turned, speaking to him, 'Melissa's parents are away over Christmas this year, so I thought it would be nice if she spent it with us. Her bags are at the bottom of the stairs, would you take them up and put them in the room next to your sister?'

Drinking half the contents of the bottle, he went and grabbed the bags, taking them upstairs and depositing them in one of the guest rooms. As he turned to leave, he found the doorway blocked, Melissa having followed him upstairs. He knew he had to say something otherwise Christmas was going to be uncomfortable and could not see his sister putting up with her behaviour for long.

He sat on the bed, indicating that she should come and sit next to him. 'Listen, Mel, Sally has already told me that you were both spying on me during that summer. I can't change that, but for now, I am not in the market for a girlfriend.'

She looked disappointed and he thought she was going to burst into tears. 'If you spend all of Christmas following me around like a lapdog it is not going to endear you to me.

'Be yourself and let me get to know you, I'm not promising that something will happen, but you never know.'

Her face had brightened as he left her to settle in, returning downstairs to the kitchen and his drunken family. They were all laughing hilariously at something when he heard the doorbell. He went and opened the front door to find a delivery driver outside, loaded up with take-away food. Lucille came up behind him and paid for the order as he carried it towards the kitchen.

'I'm sorry about Melissa,' she said, 'Sally said that she is still infatuated with you at the moment. I can't say that I blame the poor girl. Try and be nice to her.' Her speech slurred slightly, and she walked unsteadily as he followed her back to the kitchen.

They all sat around the table and devoured the food, Melissa was trying hard to be normal, but every so often he would catch her lecherous glance. The evening was drawing to a close and his mother, by now drunk, had gone up to her bed. Noticing Melissa still looking longingly in his direction, he decided that he would see his grandmother to her room and spend a while with her, giving the girls time to retire. Sally mouthed a 'sorry,' to him as he took his grandmother's arm and escorted her out of the kitchen.

His grandmother sat on the couch and sighed deeply, 'By heck, it's been a good while since I've drunk so much, I'm pissed.'

He looked at her with a grin, never having heard her speak like that. On a bookcase opposite the couch were several photo albums and he idly picked one out, leafing through the pages. A lot of the pictures were of people who were all dead and buried, relatives, most of whom he had never known. Dorothy would point to occasional faces, explaining who they were and how they were related to him. He turned the page and was confronted by two pages of a strikingly beautiful

woman. She must have been around his age and had been taken on a beach and around a pool as she cavorted about, dressed in a bikini.

'Who is this woman gran?' He asked, Dorothy, laughing loudly.

'Why do you ask?' She wanted to know as Jordon noticed the smirk on her face.

'She is gorgeous, is she related to us? She sure is one hot lady.' Jordon thought she was going to have a seizure; she was laughing so much.

'That young girl was me when I was about your age, it was taken in France, and now that you mention it, I was hot wasn't I?'

She rose from the couch, leaving him looking at the pictures of her as she went into her kitchen to pour herself her nightly

tot. For years she had done this every evening before she went to bed, three fingers of brandy made her sleep well and she always woke refreshed. On impulse, she poured one for her grandson, having the sense to give him a little less. Returning to her lounge, she handed him the glass, He looked at what seemed an awful lot of brandy.

'I don't normally drink spirits,' he told her, but she just chuckled, telling him it would put hairs on his chest.

It only took three gulps and hers was gone, he tried to follow her example and ended up coughing as the liquid hit the back of his throat and went down, an instant burning sensation in his stomach. She took the glass from him, placing it on her side-table.

'It takes a bit of practice,' she said, 'You soon get used to it.' Already he could feel a tightening in his temples as his head spun a little, the alcohol having an immediate effect on him and his gran who had already consumed several glasses of wine was now quite drunk.

She took the album from him, gazing at the pictures, when she spoke, it was as much to herself as it was to him.

'I was about twenty or so and it was the first time I had been abroad; I went with two friends even though our parents were not happy about it.

'Bikini's still hadn't been seen much in this country, but they were all the fashion abroad, so we bought one each.

'I looked fit, I remember I had to fight the waiters off all the time, it was a couple of years before I met your grandfather, and I was young, free and single.'

Jordon listened, enthralled by her story, 'Did you..... You know?'

She looked him in the eye, 'What? Get myself shagged? Of course, I bloody well did, though you had to take precautions

back then. If I had come back pregnant, my parents would have disowned me and kicked me out, times were vastly different than now.'

His grandmother was so candid with her answers, that it prompted him to ask more questions.

'Were you and granddad happy, and how come you never had any more children?' He asked inquisitively.

She looked thoughtful for several minutes, 'Yes, I would say we were happy, we had our ups and downs like anyone else. You can't live with someone for all those years without falling out sometimes, but you have just got to put it behind you and get on with life.'

'When I had your mum, there were complications afterwards and it meant that I could never have any more children. I went off the rails for a while, but your grandfather was patient and eventually we sorted things out.'

'Did you ever cheat on him, gran?' He asked.

She nodded, 'As I said, I went off the rails a bit and ended up having an affair, it was nothing serious and didn't last that long. I just wanted to punish him because it felt like I was being punished, I'd always wanted several children.

'We got over it and put our energy into being successful.'

Jordon had one more question that he often wondered about, he was young, and sex was an essential part of his life, 'Do you miss it?' She looked at him curiously.

'Do you miss having sex, do you still get the urge, or does it just fade away?' He wanted to know.

She answered him as candidly as she had answered his other questions.

Smiling sardonically, she told him, 'Of course I miss sex, do you not think there are nights when I would love to have a man in my bed. Do you not think that I don't appreciate a good-looking chap, or that there are times when what I need is a good fucking?

'Let's face facts, who the hell wants to take a sixty-eight-year-old bag of bones to bed?

'Tell the truth Jordon, would you?' she finished bitterly.

Jordon stood, slightly unsteady on his feet, the brandy had hit him more than he thought as he held out his hand to her. Dorothy looked at him through bleary eyes, wondering why his hand was outstretched, nevertheless, she took hold of it.

'Where are we going?' She asked, stunned when his simple reply was 'Bed.'

She stopped in her tracks, surely she had misheard, 'I'm sorry. Did you say bed?'

Jordon turned to face her, coming in close, 'You asked who would take you to bed?' He paused just long enough for her to understand what he was suggesting, 'I would if you will let me?'

Dorothy was still pondering why she had followed him into her bedroom as he closed the door behind them. Standing in front of her, he slowly unfastened the buttons on her blouse, easing it gently from her skirt to undo the last few, before sliding it from her shoulders.

She was thin, her bones barely covered by the flesh which was wrinkled and covered in blemishes. The old-fashioned bra she wore made it look like she still had full breasts, but as he unhooked it and threw it to one side, her tits hung down like two empty sacks. He pulled his t-shirt over his head, taking her hand and placing it on his chest as his hands cupped her

tits, fondling them gently, fearful that if he applied too much pressure, he would break her.

Dorothy was no were near as fragile as he supposed. As his fingers found her nipples and brought them erect, her hand slid down to his crotch, cupping his sack. She moved her hand upwards discovering the length of his erection, as she gasped with delight. Jordon lifted her easily, laying her on the bed. She watched wide-eyed as slowly he unbuttoned his jeans, sliding the zipper down before getting rid of the rest of his clothes, he stood naked in front of her with his cock jutting out. Dorothy patted the bed next to her, eager to touch him now that she had seen his erection exposed.

Lying next to his grandmother, he watched as her bony hand encircled his shaft, stretching the skin as she started to masturbate him. He suckled her nipples, causing her to cry out in pleasure before she took one of his hands and moved it down towards her groin.

'You must be careful my darling, I will be very dry at first.'

Jordon's hand moved from her knee, sliding over the nylon covering as he inched up her inner thigh, finally reaching the top of her stocking. It seemed his grandmother was not one for those new-fangled tights. As his finger touched bare flesh, he felt her shiver. Her thighs were thin, even with her legs closed, he would have still been able to insert his hand. As he reached the gusset of her panties, he eased the material to one side and with a single finger, stroked her completely hairless cunt.

Her hand flew up and down his shaft as she wanked him off. Reaching over her waist, Jordon found the zip on her skirt and slid it down. She had to release him for a moment as she wriggled out of it and removed her knickers. Her hips were as skinny as the rest of her body, her stomach wrinkled and rounded. What fascinated him was her vulva, because she was all skin and bone, it seemed to extend from her body, her labia now open and showing its pink interior.

She had been correct he found, even with his finger covered in saliva, her cunt was tight and dry. As gentle as he was, he

knew he would hurt her if he applied to much pressure. He glanced around hastily, looking for anything that may help when his eyes alighted on her moisturiser.

He grabbed the tub and got a dollop on his fingers, rubbing it into his hand and smearing it all around her genitals and partially inside her pussy. He applied a slight pressure and was rewarded as his finger gradually slid inside her cunt, now that he had got some lubrication in there, he dipped his fingers once more into the tub and forced more of it inside her.

His fingers now slid easily in and out of her cunt as she moaned loudly, her hand still firmly gripping his cock as she slid his skin back and forth. His mouth went to her teat, his tongue swirling around her nipple while his finger could tell that her natural lubrication had kicked in as he fingered her a little faster and watched her arousal intensify. Because her skin seemed to have shrunk over the years, the hood of her clitoris had drawn back leaving it permanently exposed. It seemed large compared to his sister and mothers, and as he gently rubbed it, she bucked her hips and swore loudly.

The constant attention she was giving his cock was bringing him close to ejaculating, and so he stopped her hand, removing it from his member as he slid down the bed. Jordon opened her legs wider as he lay between them. He could smell the moisturiser and her juices as he moved his mouth closer to her cunt and then the tip of his tongue slid across her clit.

Dorothy swore like a trooper, her bony legs gripping his head as her fingers, tangled in his hair, pulled his face closer. She was stronger than he realised as she ground her cunt against his mouth, all the while mouthing obscenities.

'Shit...Fuck.... Suck my fucking cunt.'

She suddenly went rigid, the veins standing out on her neck and her tits flopping about as she climaxed. Jordon had to keep telling her to 'Hush,' fearing that his mother would hear his granny's cries and come to investigate.

As her body started to relax, Jordon took the opportunity to get another dollop of cream and rub it into his shaft. Her eyes

were closed, and her breathing was slowing as he raised her legs and shuffled between them, placing the head of his cock against her open pussy lips. Gently and slowly he eased himself inside her, Dorothy's eyes coming open as his cock filled her cunt.

'Oh lordy! You're going to split me in two,' she said as she wrapped her legs around his hips, pulling him deeper inside her quim.

He was slow and considerate, fearful of hurting her. But she was tougher than he realised as she grabbed his buttocks, pulling him into her cunt with each thrust until she climaxed. Her fingers clawing at her bedsheets as she raised her hips each time his cock slammed into her quim. Jordon felt that final twitch of his throbbing member and then emptied his sack into her, several spurts of spunk hitting the back of her cunt as he forgot to be gentle and just pounded her love hole.

As he lay next to her, she wrapped her scrawny body around him, totally fulfilled. It had been nearly ten years since she

had last got herself fucked and she had accepted the fact that in all probability, she would never get fucked again. Her grandson had breathed new life into her, having forgotten what it was like to have a cock once again sliding in and out of her cunt.

'Thank you, thank you, my darling boy, you have made me a complete woman again.'

Jordon had thoroughly enjoyed shagging her. All right, she was never going to win a 'Miss World' contest, but there was something quite arousing about her skinny body.

'You do not need to thank me, gran, I enjoyed every moment of it. So much so, that if you are happy to let me, then I would love to come and fuck you whenever you want.'

It must have been around four in the morning when he awoke, his grandmother next to him was sleeping soundly. He quietly slipped from her bed and collected his clothing before getting dressed in the lounge, tiptoeing from her flat and

heading for his bedroom. As he passed through the kitchen, the room seemed exceptionally light and he glanced out of the window. He had expected to see a full moon, instead, he found it was snowing steadily, about a foot of snow had already fallen. The garden looked breath-taking in its white coat, still unmarked by the clear crisp layer.

Going upstairs, he crept into Melissa's room, standing at the foot of her bed as he watched her sleep. She had pushed her quilt down and it was obvious that she slept naked because her cute breasts were plainly on show. Kneeling at the side of the bed, he blew gently on her face, her hand moving as she tried to brush away whatever was disturbing her. He persisted until her she opened her eyes and peered at him sleepily.

'Get up and get dressed,' he said very quietly, 'Oh and by the way, you have great tits.' He winked at her as he got up and left the room, while she became aware that her top half was exposed.

Next, he entered his sisters' room, only this time, as he knelt by the side of her bed, he pulled her quilt lower and ran his

tongue over one nipple resulting in a long drawn out 'Mmmm.'

Smiling to himself, he blew across her rapidly hardening teat, before tickling it once more. Sally's eyes opened, slowly focusing on his face.

She uttered another 'Mmmm,' as she pulled her quilt back, inviting him to join her.

'Behave, get dressed, put on something warm.' He kissed her forehead before making his way to his room.

By the time he had pulled on a warm jumper and thick socks Melissa was stood quietly outside her room, she seemed extremely bashful as she asked him, 'How long were you watching me?'

Jordon teased her as he realised, she could not dispute what he said, 'Long enough to see what you have to offer. I think

that makes us quits now, as I said before, very nice tits,' he winked at her again as his sister joined them.

Quietly, he led the girl's downstairs, the house still in darkness. As he brought them into the kitchen, they both commented at how light it was and then gasped with delight as they looked out of the window. For the next two hours, they chased each other around the garden. They had snowball fights, which Jordon lost badly, as the two girls ganged up against him. They built a snowman in the middle of the large lawn area, and still, the flakes kept coming, slowly covering the footprints they had already made.

The noise they were making increased so that by six-thirty their mother and grandmother were stood together by the patio doors watching them before she called them in for some breakfast. His mother had made everyone a "Full English" which they devoured with gusto while she asked what they had planned for the day. Christmas was five days away and she still had a couple of chores to complete.

'Sally do you mind giving me a hand for an hour, I just need to get some last bits and pieces.' Sally nodded her head, 'Of course mum, I'm sure Jordon can look after Melissa,' she said smiling at Jordon wickedly.

Lucille agreed, 'You don't mind do you, Jordon,' in effect giving him no chance to refuse.

His mother and sister had just left, and his grandmother was watching some boring program on the television

'Fancy a walk?' He asked Melissa, noting that she seemed subdued without his sister by her side.

They donned their coats once more, wrapping scarves around their necks and pulling on leather gloves. He led her across the gardens and through the treeline before giving her a helping hand over the fence and up the slight banking. Bit by bit he got her talking, the fact that he had now seen her partially naked seemed to have diminished her previous infatuation.

She followed him as they crossed several fields, the snow for the moment had stopped and the morning was crisp and clear. They had covered several miles when the sky began to darken, Jordon looked up as the first snowflake landed on his nose. As Melissa finally found her confidence, he began to enjoy her company, it seemed they had similar likes and she had a natural knack for telling jokes which had him in stitches.

They had completed a circuitous route and were on the way back when it started to snow heavily, making it quite difficult to see where they were going. Jordon knew they were not far from the coppice and so headed in that direction, the tree's suddenly appearing from the whiteout.

Beneath the sparse canopy, they found a small amount of protection, Melissa shivered a little, starting to feel the cold. Jordon found one of the larger tree's and put his back against it, sheltering from the wind.

'Come here,' he said, and wrapped his arms around her, trying to keep her warm. His nose picked up the scent of her shampoo and her perfume as he held her close. She was still shivering and so he unzipped his coat, opening it wide and pulling her in against him, before wrapping it back around her. She rested her head on his chest and he felt the heat rising from her body as she cracked a joke which made him chuckle as she turned her face upwards, gazing at him. Her dark hair and colouring accentuated her looks, she was very pretty, her lips full and shiny, before he realised what he was doing, he had kissed her.

'I'm sorry Melissa, that wasn't very fair of me.' She had been as surprised as he was as their lips had met. The kiss had been soft, his arms holding her close to him. There had been no tongues nor hands exploring her body, it was purely a kiss of affection, something she had waited so long for.

'It's OK, these things happen,' she replied, 'I won't hold you to anything.'

He still held her tight, shielding her from the cold wind.

'Look, Jordon, you know how I feel about you, and I realise that I've been a pain lately. But just because you have kissed me, doesn't mean we are suddenly in a relationship.

'If something happens in the future, then I will be the happiest person alive, and if it doesn't, then so be it.' She explained to him with a hint of sadness in her voice.

The snow had let up for the moment and she took the opportunity to wriggle from his arms, 'Come on, we had better get back, and don't worry, I won't be saying anything to Sally.'

Both his mother and sister had returned by the time they got back indoors, and Sally seemed to be looking for an opportunity to ask him something.

'Well, did you?'

Jordon feigned ignorance, 'Did I what?'

'Did you bloody kiss her, you, idiot?' Thumping him on his arm as his downcast eyes told her everything she needed to know.

Christmas Eve had finally arrived, and his mum and gran were ensconced in front of a roaring fire, watching old movies on the television. Mel and Sal were wrapping last-minute presents, their laughter loud, as they shared some private joke. The snow had eventually stopped and as he walked across the garden, he looked up at the clear blue sky with its wintery sun.

He set off across the field at a brisk pace, loving the feel of the cold air as he inhaled, watching the little cloud of vapour as he breathed out. He had covered several miles around the edge of town when suddenly he heard a dog bark and a rotund Labrador came bounding up, wagging its tail briskly. Its

owner was still a couple of hundred yards off yet, and he ruffled the dog's fur as they came towards him.

'We meet again, toy-boy,' she laughed, it was hard to recognise Sylvia beneath the fur-collared coat and the furry hat.

'Hello, it seems we are destined to keep meeting, perhaps someone is trying to tell us something?' He joked.

Jordon walked through the snow with her, the Labrador, who was called Max, continually bounding ahead as it sniffed here and there. As they crossed the field, the only sound at first was the crunch of their boots in the crisp virgin layer and an occasional bark from the dog.

'So, what brings you out here?' she asked him.

He shrugged his shoulders, 'I needed to clear my head, and perhaps meet someone interesting,' he replied, teasing her.

Sylvia gave him a look of disbelief, 'I'm anything but interesting.'

'Depends on your perspective,' he countered, 'Anyway, I'm not your toy boy..... yet, my name is Jordon, and if no one else does, I at least find you interesting.'

She laughed, 'You know we can't carry on meeting like this, people will talk.'

'How can I get to know you if we don't carry on meeting?' Jordon asked, feeling comfortable in her company as they walked. He had managed this time, not to put his foot in his mouth, and as they strolled together his confidence grew.

'Are you flirting with me, Jordon?'

He took a moment before he answered, 'Yes, I believe I am.'

'What makes you think that an older woman would be interested in a youngster like you?' She asked him,

'Maybe for the same reason that a young man, may find a slightly older woman, attractive. Is there something that says you can only be gorgeous up to a certain age?' He countered.

Sylvia admitted to herself that she was impressed by him, this time he had not floundered about as on the last two occasions. He had matched her comment for comment, and she could see that he would easily have the girls eating out of his hand.

'You sound extremely confident, Jordon, that I would in any way be interested.'

Now it was Jordon's turn to laugh, 'I'm far from confident,' he replied, 'It's not the cold making me shiver, it's the nerves.' She did not believe him for one moment, if anyone was nervous, it was her. Here was a young man, nearly young enough to be her son, chatting her up, things like that did not happen in her life.

'Would you not be better with someone of your own age?' The question hadn't come out exactly as she had intended, and she could tell that his laugh was tinged with irony.

'There is a young woman sat in my home at this very moment, who would like nothing more, than for me to return and ask her out. Most people, if they saw her, would think me mad for not doing so.

'But it would not last, and I like her too much, to see her hurt in a few months when it ends.'

Sylvia was puzzled, 'How do you know it will end, perhaps she is the one?'

Jordon just sounded sad as he continued, 'Because it always ends, the same as all the rest have done because what I want from someone, does not seem to come from females of my age!'

'And what is it you want?' Sylvia was intrigued to hear his answer.

'I want someone who has seen something of life, who realises that it can't all be a fairy tale. Who will tell me to beggar off when they are that way inclined? Someone who intrigues me but has a mind of their own, someone who has an air of mystery about them.'

She was laughing, the laugh that was husky and sexy all in one. 'Jordon, I am none of those things, what about me, is possibly intriguing?'

'Your laugh is,' he told her 'Every time I hear it, I get a shiver down my spine, and I want to know why?'

They had very nearly come full circle and Jordon could see his home off in the distance.

Sylvia was speaking, 'Say hypothetically, something did happen, and then the first time you saw this person undressed, it was not what you imagined?'

He blushed slightly as he smiled 'Perhaps I have already seen this hypothetical person undressed, that is how I know how utterly gorgeous she is.'

Sylvia had stopped, the look on her face telling him she was not happy with something about his comment, 'Do you know what a woman looks for in a man, Jordon?'

'Trust, a man who lies, can't be trusted. A man who lies will do so about anything, not a trait that I would ever tolerate.'

She started to walk away from him, and he had to run to catch her up. He had become overconfident and his mouth had got him into trouble. He had to do something if this was not to be the end.

'Sylvia, I'm not lying to you, I'm asking you to trust me for a little bit longer and to take a small detour.'

Her look told him that if he fucked this up, she would not be speaking to him anytime soon. She followed him across the adjacent field, and he noticed her looking around as though the location was bringing back memories. As they approached the back of his home, he stopped, leaning on one of the fence stoops.

'This is where I live.' His arms went wide as he indicated the fence-line.

'We had just moved in and I was exploring the grounds when I heard a woman cry out. What was I supposed to do? I thought she was in some difficulty. So, I came to check, and when I got here, I realised that she was not crying out in pain.'

Sylvia seemed stunned as she looked around her, 'How much did you see Jordon?'

'I saw everything. I saw an Angel.'

'I never saw you,' Sylvia stuttered; her face had gone red as she blushed profusely.

'You wouldn't have done,' he replied, 'You seemed to be enjoying yourself and I thought it manners not to disturb you.'

'But I could not get the image out of my head, that I had just seen the most perfect creature I could imagine.'

In Sylvia's head, all the comments, the little nuances, the clues all came together. His comment 'I thought I was in heaven and saw an angel,' made her blush even more as she suddenly understood his meaning.

'Who have you told?' She asked him nervously.

Jordon shook his head.

'I wanted to meet you and get to know you, that was never going to happen if I told all and sundry, so I have never told anyone.'

She wanted to believe him, he aroused and scared her at the same time. She remembered who she had been with that day, and it was certainly not her husband.

'Look, Sylvia, I am being as truthful as I can. I would love to get to know you, but that decision must be yours. Ultimately, you can just tell me to bugger off. If you do, then I promise, I will not trouble you anymore, and what I saw that day, will always remain a secret.

'And now, I had better let you get back to your family.' Jordon leant forward and kissed her on the cheek as he turned to leave, 'Merry Christmas Sylvia.'

She grabbed his hand, stopping him and spinning him back around, her arms went around his neck as her lips came closer, finally meeting his own as she kissed him. It was slow and warm and arousing and everything he hoped her kiss would be.

'I couldn't let you go without your Christmas present, could I, have a merry Christmas Jordon. And if you happen to be out this way on Boxing day, say ten-o-clock.....well who knows.'

Having returned home, Jordon just spent the rest of the day lounging around the house. Slowly a plan formulated in his head. It was now just a case of seeing if he could put it into practice, convinced that it would work as he fell asleep that night.

Christmas day was the same every year, and not one of them ever wanted to change it. As youngsters, they would have been awake and up, well before six. As adults, they took the chance of a couple more hours, everyone coming downstairs around about eight.

They all sat around in pyjamas and dressing gowns as their mother prepared bacon sandwiches, which would be eaten as presents and gifts were exchanged and opened. After that, they would take it in turns as they went and got washed and dressed. By 10-o'clock, the television was usually on in the corner, even though no one was taking any notice of it as they chatted and had their first drink of the day. This year Lucille had purchased several bottles of champagne, and everyone was feeling squiffy after a couple of glasses.

Dinner was normally around two and as in every previous year, there was far too much food, trouser and skirt buttons being undone as they left the table. The rest of the day was spent watching films and playing games, boxes of chocolates were spread around the lounge as well as titbits for everyone to pick at.

Gran insisted on watching the Queen's speech, Jordon teasing her that they would have to stand to attention at the end. Tea-time was normally at six-thirty, even though everyone insisted they were not hungry, Lucille still made sandwiches

to go with the considerable amount of alcohol they continued to consume.

Jordon later recalled that he had enjoyed the day spent in Melissa's company, she made him laugh all the time, and since he had kissed her, she had relaxed and had for the moment, stopped pining after him.

It was to one and all, how they spent the day every year, it was a magical day of family, fun and overindulgence, probably a good job that it only happened once a year. Their grandmother Dorothy, retired at just after ten, considerably the worse for wear. Jordon was always astonished at the number of drinks she could consume without falling over.

His mother was the next to vanish at eleven-thirty, giving him a wink as she kissed them all goodnight. Sally and Mel were starting to doze at opposite ends of the couch when he woke them, telling both to go up to bed.

It was after midnight and Christmas Day was officially over for another year. He thought back to how things had changed. His mother, his sister and then his grandmother, all becoming at some point, his sexual partner. Hopefully soon, he would add another name to that list, all he had to do, was to make sure that none of them ever discovered the truth.

He had settled down to watch the end of a film when his phone buzzed, picking it up, he wondered who could be messaging at this time on Boxing Day morning.

Glancing at the message, he smiled to himself, 'My room 02:00, I haven't given you my present yet! Love, Mum.'

He wondered what she had in store for him, besides the obvious. By one-o'clock, he could feel his eyes closing; he needed to move otherwise he was going to end up falling asleep. He donned his coat and boots before switching off all the downstairs lights and exiting by the back door. It was bitterly cold outside and at least no more snow had fallen, but

everywhere he looked was still covered by the stuff, footprints crisscrossing the garden as people had passed back and forth.

He did a tour of the perimeter, standing for a while gazing out across the field. The chill had now brought him fully awake, glancing at his watch he made his way back home, entering by the same door. The house was quiet as he tip-toed upstairs, going into his bedroom first and changing into his pyjama bottoms and a vest top. He didn't close his bedroom door completely, fearing that any noise would wake the girls. He passed their rooms hardly daring to breathe and made his way to the end of the corridor and his mother's bedroom. Opening the door softly and slowly, he slid around it before gently shutting it behind him. He had the sense to slip the lock into position as a precaution, the last thing he needed was another close shave.

Lucille was sat at her dressing table as he entered. She finished checking her makeup and hair before standing and turning around to face him. Jordon was astonished. Over the years she had barely bothered but as he now saw her in the light of her

bedside lamps, she looked stunning, for a moment he was lost for words.

'Wow, you look gorgeous.'

Slowly, she untied the belt of her robe but kept it pulled around her.

'I didn't know what to get to for Christmas this year, so I hoped that you might like this.' As she spoke, she pulled her robe open.

Jordon's mouth dropped open and he thought his eyes would pop out of his head. His mother stood there in black lingerie; the bra cut incredibly low. Supporting only the bottom part of her breasts, it left the remainder, including her nipples, exposed.

Her panties were little more than a slender thong and at a guess, he would say that she had shaved her pubes, as there

was no sign of wispy tendrils. Her legs were covered in black stockings, attached to the suspender belt around her hips.

'I don't need to ask if you approve,' she said with a giggle as she glanced down at his erect cock which had already burst from his pyjama bottoms.

She shrugged the robe from her shoulders as he advanced towards her, naked by the time he took her in his arms, his cock feeling hot to her skin as it pushed against her belly. Their mouths locked together, the kiss urgent as their tongues tangled, his hands roaming up and down her skin as he stroked her hips and waist. All the while they were moving upwards until they grasped her ribcage, his thumbs rubbing at her now erect nipples. As she tilted her head back in pleasure, he kissed her neck before sweeping her up and depositing her on the bed.

His mouth continued across her chest, latching on to each one of her teats in turn as he crushed them between his lips, nipping them gently between his teeth. The attention he bestowed on her breasts triggered her initial minor climax as she stretched out, groaning softly, her senses ignited.

Allowing her no respite, his mouth continued across her belly and down to the thin lacy edge of her panties. Carefully, he stroked her through the thin material, already damp from her first secretions. Lucille was hot, and she was wet, she wanted his cock, but he kept her hands from it as he continued to tease and arouse her.

Sliding between her legs, he could smell her musk and kissed her cunt lips through the damp material. There wasn't a lot to move, a minute piece of satin, but nevertheless, he eased it to one side as his tongue licked her labia.

He was conscious that she was no longer quiet, hoping that the noise would not carry to the girl's bedrooms. His hands stroked the nylon of her outer thighs as his lips showered kisses across the bare flesh of her inner thigh. His head turned from one to the other, with each turn, he would plant a kiss on her now moist open cunt. She would lift her hips each time his mouth encountered her genitals, and then she emitted a loud cry as his tongue penetrated her cunt, licking and lapping at her sensitive internals.

Jordon cradled her buttocks, lifting her slightly from the mattress and pulling her cheeks apart. His mouth was glued to her vagina as he alternated between her cunt and clit, feeling her begin to shudder, his thumb pressing and rubbing at her anus.

He had never touched her there before, but she appeared to respond to the pressure as his digit slipped inside and she exploded with another climax, her nails digging into the sheet as she scrunched it in her fist. Her hips bucked, his head moving with them, refusing to be stopped from giving her as much pleasure as he could. Eventually, she managed to push his head away, her clitoris too sensitive. Each tiny contact made her muscles spasm as she gulped down much-needed air, aware that she was covered in sweat on such a cold night.

Sliding up the bed, he lay beside her as she rested her head on his chest and her breathing slowed, watching his cock still standing proud and erect in front of her face.

'Do you realise how easy it would be to fall in love with you Jordon?'

His fingers ran through her hair as she playfully twanged his shaft, making it swing back and forwards.

He spoke quietly to her, 'If the world was different mum, then I would already have beaten you to it. I love you, in ways that a son shouldn't, unfortunately, those feelings must never be allowed to surface, it would be too dangerous.'

Lucille laughed, 'Not me you bloody idiot. There are plenty of girls out there who would happily fall in love with you, at some point you are going to have to give them a chance.'

'I love what we have. I have had more sex with you in the last eighteen months than I have had most of my life. But I'm not stupid enough to think it can go on forever.'

'What are you doing for New Year?'

'Would it be OK if I borrowed the apartment, I was thinking of going into the city for New Year's Eve and wondered if it was alright if I stayed there?' Jordon asked.

'Of course, it is, use it whenever you want. The keys are in the bureau, tucked in the back. In fact, why don't you get a set cut, then you can go there whenever you need too. I'm sure Mel would like to go out at New Year.'

She straddled his hips, her cunt rubbing against his cock as she slid back and forwards, her juice lubricating his shaft.

'You know you looked like the perfect couple! To.....day.'

The sentence was drawn out because he had somehow managed to insert his cock, and as she slid backwards, it had filled her cunt.

'I'm sorry,' he laughed, 'I didn't quite catch that, anyway, I've got this nympho of a mother to take care of first.'

Lucille surrendered herself to him as he fucked her slowly. He was well practised now at arousing her, but then keeping her waiting right on the edge. So that when he finally rammed his cock into her with intensity, she was like a dam bursting. The sudden surge, as every nerve in her body, went into overdrive.

Jordon had to pull her down and kiss her as he buried his cock deep inside her cunt, his hot cream coating her insides, if he hadn't, Lucille would have woken the entire house.

He could not remember what time they fell asleep, but it was after they had tried several other positions. What he did know, as he opened his eyes was that the clock next to the bed said eight.

'Shit, eight-o-clock! Other people in the house may already be up and about and he was still in his mother's bed,' he panicked.

He jumped out and started pulling on his clothes as he shook her gently, 'Mum, you need to wake up,' she stared at him through bleary eyes, 'What time is it?' She asked sleepily.

When she heard him say eight, her eyes shot open, 'Is there anyone up yet?'

Jordon was whispering, 'I need to get back to my room before anyone notices. If anyone looks in there, they will see that my bed has not slept in all night.'

His heart was going like the clappers as he eased her door open and listened carefully, the house still seemed quiet as he dashed for his bedroom. He had almost made it when his sisters door opened and she stepped onto the landing, noticing him immediately.

'Where did you get to last night?' She asked, 'I came to your room and you were not there, nor were you in Melissa's room, I checked.'

His mind raced as he tried to come up with a reason for his absence.

'I came up but couldn't settle, so I went for a walk around the garden and then watched television. I ended up falling asleep on the couch.'

Sally seemed to accept his explanation as he breathed a sigh of relief. What he did not know was that she had noticed when she went to his room, that his bed was still made and unruffled. She had also gone downstairs during the night and checked for his presence, Jordon was not to be seen and why had he been coming from their mother's room this morning?

After washing and dressing, he checked his watch before putting on his coat and boots, slipping from the house and across the garden and disappearing into the treeline. Emerging on the other side, he climbed the fence and crossed the first field, waiting on the far side and looking into the distance. He was unaware that he was being watched. Sally having observed him getting dressed and going out, had, as he reached the far end of the garden, decided to follow him.

Moving cautiously and trying to be as quiet as possible she made her way through the tree's, it had been difficult, the snow crunching and twigs breaking as she went. Fortunately, he seemed preoccupied with getting somewhere and did not hear her. She waited as she saw him cross the field and stop, wondering what he was waiting for.

Jordon heard the dog barking before he saw her, Max coming bounding up with his tail wagging furiously, jumping up at him to be stroked. As he ruffled the dog's fur, Sylvia came into view, dressed in the same hat and coat as Christmas Eve.

'Hello Jordon,' she said mischievously as he leant in and gave her a peck on her lips.

'I'm afraid I haven't got as long today before I need to get back, should we walk?' She linked her arm through his as they strolled across the field.

Sally was curious, who was that woman? And why had Jordon sneaked out to come and meet her, is that where he had been last night, she wondered to herself?

She was already frozen and realised that if she tried to follow them, she would easily be spotted against the snow-covered fields, so turned around making her way back to the house.

He decided that Sylvia felt nice on his arm as they strolled together.

'Well toy-boy,' she started, 'Where do we go from here. I can't invite you back to mine, not with a husband and children.

What about you?' Jordon explained his circumstances, giving her a brief rundown of what had gone on in the past.

'Of course,' Sylvia said, 'That is where I know your mum's name from, it really must have been awful for you all.'

Jordon shrugged his shoulders, 'We have come through it, and anyway, perhaps if it had not happened, I would not have met you.'

He did say the sweetest things at times she decided, it was the way his words came out, totally uncontrived and sounding as though he honestly meant every word.

'What are you doing Saturday?' He asked, 'Perhaps, you might be going into the city to see if there is anything that takes your fancy in the sales?

'You never know, you might meet someone on the station who is also waiting for the ten-thirty train.'

Sylvia stopped and looked at him, 'What have you been planning?' She asked with a smile.

His reply was said so innocently that perhaps she should reconsider his ability to manipulate her. 'Nothing, I just thought that if you met someone, you could have a look around the shops together, and then maybe he happens to know of somewhere where you could go and grab a coffee and get warm.'

She looked at him in disbelief, 'How long have you been planning this Jordon?'

His face showed the faintest trace of a smile, 'Since the first time I saw you,' was his reply.

There were no prying eyes on the way back as he kissed her passionately and said goodbye. 'Perhaps I may see you on Saturday,' he said with a twinkle in his eyes.

As Sylvia made her way home, she felt a warm sensation inside. Her married life was not the best, it was probably why, every so often she would cheat on her husband. She sensed Jordon was different than the others had been, for a start he seemed to have a genuine affection for her. Whatever he had planned for this weekend, he had put some thought into, he wasn't just expecting her to drop her knickers in a field.

Once he was home, Jordon went to find his mother, pulling her to one side as he spoke quietly to her.

'I'm going to go into the city tomorrow and make sure the apartment is OK and get some keys cut. On Saturday I'm meeting someone there and no it's not Melissa, at least not yet. We may use the apartment and I may be back late if that's alright.'

Lucille gave him a warm smile, tinged he presumed with a little disappointment that it was not Melissa, she seemed determined to push the two of them together.

'Of course, it is Jordon,' she whispered back, 'You have a good time, I'll put some money in your account in case you need it and be careful.' Jordon knew exactly what she meant by that.

Boxing Day in a way had always seemed a little bit of an anti-climax, the big day had gone, most places were still closed, and the excitement had passed.

At home it was a more subdued repeat of Christmas Day, his mother would lay the table out with cold joints of meat, sausage rolls and pies along with salads and dips so that everyone could eat when they felt like it.

Then she and his grandmother would be sat engrossed in the television, watching more Christmas films and shedding a tear at some weepy that was being shown for the three hundredth time. He, Sally and Melissa chatted and played silly games throughout the day, but he got the impression that his sister was itching to say something to him.

He was coming out of the bathroom when she collared him.

'Who's your lady friend, is that where you were last night, I know you were not in the house, I checked everywhere?' She had a grin spread across her face at having found him out.

'Were you following me, Sally?' He asked, not happy at the prospect.

'I was going to come for a walk with you, but then when I saw you meet her, I thought I had better give you some space. Is she nice?' Sally asked, wanting to know the ins and outs of a cat's backside.

'I've only just met her,' he said, 'And I really like her. There is a slight problem though, which is why I have had to be discreet; she's married.'

Sally's mouth was gaping open with surprise, 'Bloody hell Jordon, you're taking a risk aren't you, what if her husband finds out.'

Jordon shrugged his shoulders, hopefully, he thought, that would not happen.

'You be careful,' she cautioned. 'And make sure you come back in one piece; I haven't had my fill of you yet.'

Her hand had grasped his crotch as she rubbed him vigorously, already achieving a bulge and planted a smacker on his lips. She giggled as she pushed him towards the stairs, 'I'm sure Melissa will be happy to see you again,' indicating her handiwork.

The next morning, he was up early to catch the train into the city. His mother was the only one who had so far visited, and he had got directions from her, reminding himself that there may be short cuts from the main shopping areas, as she had been driving.

Coming out of the station, he walked into the centre which only took him a couple of minutes, and then using the sat-nav on his phone, he walked to the apartment. It was easy to find, only being five minutes from the city centre, as he stood outside looking up, he felt overwhelmed at the splendour of the building.

This was not your common or garden city flat, this was a proper posh apartment building. With trepidation, he pulled the keys from his pocket and approached the front door. There were several keys on the bunch, and it took him a moment of trying several before he found the correct one. Once inside the foyer, he was faced with a second door, at least he knew which key it wasn't. It clicked open as he approached and as he went through, he was met by a reception.

'Good Morning Sir, can I help you?'

Jordon explained who he was and that he had just come to check everything as he would be visiting tomorrow with a guest. The man at reception, whose name was Robert, explained all the protocols and where everything was, before showing him up to the apartment.

'I remember Mr Wilson,' he said, and Jordon thought he caught a note of disdain in his voice'

'If it is alright with you sir, I shall call you Master Jordon for the moment.' Jordon was going to insist that he just used his first name, but Robert was adamant that he would adhere to the protocols.

Using the lift, Robert took him to the fourth floor and showed him to the door of the apartment.

'If there is anything you need sir, just call down. Will you have female company tomorrow sir?' He asked.

Jordon confirmed that he would have a lady with him and that her name was Sylvia.

'Very good sir, so that is Master Jordon and Miss Sylvia for tomorrow.'

Jordon was about to tip him, but Robert would have none of it.

'That's incredibly good of you sir, but there is no need, it is all part of the service.'

Jordon thanked him for his assistance, 'Do you mind if I ask Robert, what do you drink?'

'I'm a Brandy man, sir.' He replied as he turned, making his way back to the lift.

Jordon's first job was to explore the apartment, from the front door, a corridor stretched straight down to the lounge, which

boasted a large plate glass window giving views across the city. At one end of the lounge was an open plan kitchen with a six-seater dining table and a large wine cabinet which appeared to be well-stocked. Going back into the corridor, doors opened into a bathroom, a guest bedroom and then the master bedroom with en-suite.

'Bloody hell,' thought Simon, 'So this is how the other half lives.'

Somehow in his head, he had been expecting a cold flat, not this height of luxury. It was already cosy and warm, he presumed it was Roberts job to ensure its occupants were pampered to the extreme.

He went back downstairs and asked Robert for directions to the nearest shops.

'What would you like Sir,' he enquired.

Jordon told him what he was looking for.

'Very good Sir, leave it to me and I will get it sent around,'

Jordon was going to ask about paying for the stuff when Robert continued, 'Your mother phoned to say I should expect you and that anything you needed should be put on the account, a very nice lady, your mother.'

Jordon thanked him, 'Could you also get me a bottle of Brandy please Robert, I'll leave the choice up to you.'

As he made his way back up to the apartment, he must remember to have a word with his mother he thought. This place must cost a fortune, and Sylvia was going to wet herself when he brought her here at the weekend.

About forty minutes had passed when there came a knock on the door, he opened it to find Robert waiting outside.

'Your items Sir,' handing the bags to Jordon, he was turning to leave when Jordon stopped him.

'Sorry Robert, this is for you. Thank you for making me feel welcome and for everything you have done.' He said as he handed the fancy bottle of Brandy over, 'Though I'm sure if my grandmother were here, she would fight you for it.'

Robert smiled, 'Thank you very much, sir, your grandmother must be a very formidable lady.'

Jordon laughed, 'She certainly is Robert, she certainly is.'

Back home, he could hardly wait for the next morning, his nervous energy having him constantly on the move. He was in the kitchen when his mother came in.

'Jordon, for God's sake, calm down, be yourself and I'm sure everything will go perfectly.'

He tried to relax but was too much on edge, even going out for a walk did not make him feel any easier.

He went up to his room, stretching out on his bed but within minutes, Sally had popped her head around the door.

'I have never seen you so nervous about meeting a woman before,' she laughed.

'Who says I'm meeting a woman,' he countered.

'Well, you ain't this nervous about going for a "Big Mac" so it must be a woman.'

She sat on the edge of his bed and lowered her voice, 'I could help you relax if you wanted,' her hand starting to move up his thigh

'Better still, I bet I could persuade Melissa to come and join me, the two of us would make you relax.'

He told her politely to 'bugger off,' as she left his room laughing loudly.

Jordon had gone to bed early, he was not as nervous as everyone seemed to presume, he was simply impatient. So far, he had only managed short periods with Sylvia, tomorrow hopefully, he would have her to himself for most of the day.

Even the sex seemed unimportant; he just desperately needed that time in her company as they got acquainted. By ten-o-clock, he was fast asleep, his mother looking in on him as she passed. Sally did the same when she came to bed, undecided whether once the house was quiet, to join him.

The next morning when he awoke, the wintery sun was beaming in through his bedroom window, the snow still covered everything in sight, but he could see that it was beginning to melt in places. The house was still sleeping when

he went and showered, returning to his room, he was undecided as to what to wear.

Normally it would have been jeans and his boots in this weather, but today he decided on smart but casual, picking out some trousers and a shirt. Once dressed, he retrieved his "Crombie" overcoat from the wardrobe, draping it across his bed, ready for later.

He was downstairs by nine-o'clock, pacing back and forwards, raring to get going. Glancing out of the lounge window, he decided that the shoes he was going to wear were not ideally suited to the weather outside and so rang for a taxi at ten past ten. It was only a two-minute journey, getting him to the station in plenty of time. No matter how many times he looked at the clock, the hands refused to move any faster, the time seemingly dragging.

Finally, he saw the car pull up at the bottom of the drive. He could hear movement upstairs as his family began to surface. Letting himself out the front door, he closed it quietly behind

him, not wanting to draw attention, the journey to the station taking only minutes.

He was glad he had called the cab, while the fields around them had still been white, the roads into town had turned to slush with the constant traffic, and his feet would have been wet through by the time he made it.

Jordon paid the cabbie and entered the station purchasing himself a ticket into the city, it felt warm enough when he was in the sun, but out on the platform, a cold breeze blew through the station. Looking up and down, there were another couple of women standing around; the weather it seemed was keeping most people indoors.

He had his back to the entrance when he heard the clip-clop of a woman's heels as they came onto the platform and then hesitate. As he turned around, she caught sight of him and slowly made her way to where he was stood. She was dressed in a skirt and thigh length winter jacket; her legs clad in black leather boots.

She gave him a shy smile, 'Someone looks very smart, I very nearly didn't recognise you.'

Jordon looked her up and down, 'Someone looks stunning,' he said quietly, not wanting to attract the attention of the other women.

On the train, while he sat next to her, he made sure he was not to close. You never knew who may recognise her and wonder who the young man was in her company. Alighting in the city, he allowed her to walk a couple of feet in front of him, all the while watching her bottom wiggle, she turned and saw him staring at her rear, blushing and telling him to behave.

They spent the first-hour shopping, she would point things out to him, and they would talk about their lives. One thing that she never discussed or mentioned, he noticed, was her husband and family. Jordon making a mental note that it seemed to be out of bounds.

She told him about her job and where she had come from before moving into the area, while he spoke of his life growing up and his studies at college.

She had picked up several items which Jordon offered to pay for, 'No thank you toy-boy, maybe in the future. Let's get to know each other first and see how it goes.'

By twelve-thirty, the cold wind had taken its toll.

'I could do with a hot drink,' she had said to him.

His face had given nothing away as he gave her two options, 'We can grab a coffee in the centre if you want to do some more shopping, or I know a place that's a little bit quieter.'

She wondered what he had planned as she opted for the "quieter place".

Moving to the edge of the pavement, he raised his arm and hailed a cab, opening the door for her as it pulled alongside and giving the driver the address. Sylvia sat back, asking where they were going, but Jordon just gave her a mysterious smile. The journey only took a couple of minutes, but Sylvia, looking out of the window could see that they were in the affluent part of the city.

The taxi drew up outside the apartments as Jordon jumped out and paid the driver, Sylvia staring up at the building, before giving him a puzzling look. He took her hand, leading her to the front door which he opened with a set of keys, ushering her inside, the inner door opened once the main door closed.

They approached the reception finding Robert on duty once again.

'Good Afternoon Master Jordon, Miss Sylvia. Not the best weather to be out and about, I hope you have managed to get everything you need?'

'Yes, thank you, Robert. Could you possibly order me a taxi for four-fifteen?' Jordon looked at Sylvia for confirmation.

'Certainly, sir, have a pleasant afternoon.'

Jordon led her to the lift and as they ascended, Sylvia looked completely astonished.

'Bloody hell Jordon, how much is this costing you, have you borrowed it off someone?'

He opened the door of the apartment, allowing her to enter first and then showing her through into the lounge. She stood looking out of the window at the view across the city, feeling completely overwhelmed. He came and stood behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist.

'I hope you like it. My family own it. Would you like a coffee, or there is wine in the cabinet in the kitchen? Or would you like something stronger?'

Sylvia requested coffee, exploring the apartment as he made them. She popped her head into the master bedroom, the bed was laid out with two robes and slippers. Checking the ensuite, there was a selection of sprays and deodorants as well as toothpaste and toothbrushes still in their wrappers.

She returned to the kitchen, 'Are we being a bit presumptuous Jordon?' She asked with a laugh.

He shook his head, 'No, we are taking precautions. I have no idea what you wanted to do today, we can go back out shopping or we can just sit and talk It does not matter to me, so long as I get to spend that time with you. But, if something did happen, would I want you returning home, smelling of me, no, so I see it as a precaution.'

Sylvia was impressed, no, she was more than impressed, she was full of admiration for him. No one had ever gone to this much trouble, simply for a few hours of her company. He had planned meticulously for her comfort, and to protect her, if she had not believed in angels before, she considered that she presently had a "guardian angel" looking after her.

She found herself enjoying his company, yes, he was young. But the way he acted, the way he spoke, it was as though he was many years older than he really was. He put her completely at her ease, continually making her laugh, even when he sometimes blundered, it was all part of his charm she found herself thinking.

When she had set out that morning, she had been undecided, his age a contributing factor, now, she unequivocally knew that her body wanted him, and wanted him badly.

She excused herself, making her way to the en-suite bathroom. When she returned, she was clad only in the robe.

'Are you not going to join me?' She asked innocently.

It took Jordon no time at all, finding her stood looking out of the window as he returned, he came up behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist as she rested her head on his chest.

He turned her slowly, Sylvia looking at him expectantly as he kissed her. She found it exhilarating, part of the attraction was that he did not attempt to touch any other part of her, most men by now would have grabbed her tits.

As they eventually broke apart, he took her hand, leading her towards the bedroom. He helped her onto the bed as she knelt in its centre, Jordon kneeling behind her. He kissed her earlobe and then her neck as he slid the robe from her shoulders before kissing her shoulders and across her back. His hands stroked her arms, moving downwards over her hands where he rested for a moment before she felt his fingers on her thighs. He continued down to her knee's before starting his return journey along her inner thighs, Sylvia

opening her knee's wider, allowing him access to her soft centre.

She waited in anticipation for his touch which never came, he had got so near, his hand mere centimetres away, but instead of touching her there, he had moved past and onto her tummy.

His hands travelled upwards, tracing patterns across her rib cage until they reached the underside of her breasts. Again, it was the same, he touched underneath and to the sides, he even ran a single digit between her breasts, tracing the line of her cleavage.

All the time he was kissing her neck, her shoulders and back, his hands slid down her sides as he followed her curves. Gently stroking the sides of her buttocks before sliding back across her thighs and starting his journey all over again.

When his hand eventually, after several minutes, slipped between her thighs and alighted on her vagina, Sylvia felt as

though a bomb had just gone off inside her. Her body shook, her thighs tightened on his hand as she squirmed and she found herself panting, beads of perspiration breaking out on her forehead as her arousal suddenly soared.

Her head swam.

'Fucking hell,' she thought, never had anyone got her to this point so quickly. She could feel her insides trembling as he pulled her against him, allowing her to compose herself.

His hand was still covering her vagina and she could feel his erect penis pushing into the small of her back and yet he had still not allowed her to glance it. Each time she moved, he moved with her. She tried to slide her hand between them, but he foiled her by pulling her tightly against him.

A single finger started to stroke her cunt, her lips opening like the petals of a flower, granting it access. The digit was soon covered in her juice's as they seeped from her and then she

took a sharp intake of breath as he slid it inside her, slowly and gently fingering her cunt.

Sylvia felt his other hand which had been resting on her tummy move up and over her ribs, before finally cupping and squeezing her left breast.

She was too far gone to even contemplate stopping him, even if she had wanted to. Her chest heaved rapidly as she drew in much-needed air, his fingers twisting and stroking her nipples, as she continuously called his name.

Her emotions were in turmoil, one moment she felt like weeping, the next she wanted to scream as he aroused her to fever pitch. He had chosen his moment perfectly as he eased her forward so that she was knelt on all fours, pushing his cock down, she felt its tip meet her cunt and in one fluid movement, slid his shaft inside her moist tunnel.

Sylvia wanted to cry out and scream, suddenly realising, that she was doing just that. His cock slid in and out of her cunt, as

he varied his momentum, leaning forward to shower her back and spine with kisses. His hands reached under her as he held her tits, squeezing and teasing her nipples.

She would have liked to stop herself so that she could allow him to catch her up, but he had control of her body and mind, sensing when she had reached her summit and tipping her over.

She felt his groin slapping against her buttocks as his cock was rammed into her, she was shaking again, trying to concentrate on supporting herself as her orgasm shook her soul, sending shockwaves to her brain, every touch on her skin causing her nerve endings to implode.

He had withdrawn his cock and eased her down, her brain refusing to move her body anymore because of the overload. Jordon lay beside her and eased his arm under her head and neck before cuddling her protectively. To Sylvia, it felt like she was alternating between sleep and awake and it took her a while before she was finally able to construct a sentence.

At that moment, no matter how irrational it felt, she loved him. At last, she was able to open her eyes, catching sight for the first time, of his cock jutting proud and erect from between his legs.

She took a deep breath, she had died and gone to heaven. No longer would she call him her toy-boy, no boy could ever turn her into the quivering wreck that she currently felt, that took a man.

Sylvia eased herself up, leaning on one arm so that she could look at him properly, her eyes took in his muscular chest and slim waist, travelling past his groin to his thighs and legs, but no matter how she tried, her gaze was drawn back to his jutting member.

'What have you done to me, Jordon?'

'Hopefully, not enough yet,' he chuckled.

Sylvia was momentarily scared, each time she had cheated, it had been to get back at her husband, or because she needed satisfying. Once it was over, she was happy never to see the other person again. She was scared now because, for the first time in her life, she wondered what it would feel like if Jordon did not want to see her again, the very thought making her eyes moisten.

She blinked the tear away, sure that he would not have noticed, but she did not yet know him well enough yet as he sat up sharply, full of concern.

'What's wrong, have I hurt you?' Jordon asked.

Sylvia forced a smile, 'It's nothing, I'm just being silly,' but he wouldn't let it go, convinced that he had done something to upset her.

Finally, she explained, 'I wondered what it would feel like if you said that you did not want to see me again after today and found that it hurt.'

Jordon took her hand, kissing the palm and holding it to his cheek, 'Now you know how I feel at the prospect of not seeing you again.'

Pulling her on top of him, he kissed the tears away from each of her eyes as his fingers ran through her blonde hair. He kissed the tip of her nose and then found her full juicy lips. Sylvia would have loved to just stay in that position all day, but she could feel his cock pushing urgently against her belly.

Sitting upright as she straddled his legs, she took her first opportunity to wrap her hand around his shaft, while the outer skin was soft and smooth, she could feel the rigidity within.

Sliding her hand up and down his length, she was amused at the way his eyes involuntary shut each time she touched its

sensitive head, opening immediately as he refused to avert his gaze from her body.

She teased him incessantly, making him groan and his hips arch until she raised herself and moving forward, positioned his cock against her open cunt. Even though she had previously had him inside her, it still caused her to gasp as she impaled herself on his shaft, sinking slowly, until she felt her groin touch his.

Jordon held her in that position for a moment, as his gaze moved from the 'angel' tattoo to her face. His slight smile making her ask what he was thinking.

He shook his head, but she persisted. 'Don't get mad, but this is exactly how you were positioned, the first time I saw you.'

Sylvia leaned forward and kissed him, what was it about this young man that got to her, she wondered as she started to raise herself up and down his shaft

His hands fondled her breasts, they were easily as large as his sisters. Up close and naked Jordon could see that she carried not one ounce of fat, she was what his mates would describe as 'a perfect mature woman.'

Everything was in proportion, her legs and thighs were extremely shapely, her hips while wide, curved in perfectly to her waist. Yes, she had a bit of a tummy, but then so did his mother, probably a side effect of having children. And her tits were magnificent, especially at that moment as they hung down over his face, gratefully he took each of her nipples between his lips.

Sylvia was trying her best to make him cum, the trouble was that Jordon was doing the same. She was doing well until his thumb and finger found her clitoris, once exposed, his constant attention heightened her arousal. She slammed herself down on his cock, her climax was already underway as much as she had tried to stop it.

Each time she rose he would ram his cock into her cunt with such intensity that she could no longer control her orgasm. As she peaked and her juices flowed, he rolled her over onto her back, her legs and thighs opening wide. Towering over her, he ploughed her cunt with his cock. Watching as she stared at him, her mouth hanging open and her orgasm so intense that one ran into another as he reached his plateau, filling her cunt with his cream.

They lay side by side, both completely exhausted. For Jordon, she had been far better than he could ever have imagined, Sylvia was just too exhausted to think, a single word continuously emanating from her lips.

'Fuck.....fuck.....fuck.....fuck.....fuck.' She felt drained, covered in sweat, her inner thighs and cunt wet were with her juices. She could not remember a time when she had been shagged and satisfied to such an extent. When at last she was able to move, she rested her head on his chest, listening as his heart hammered away, and then gently slowing as he started to recover.

Jordon glanced at his watch and gently ruffled her hair, 'Sorry to do this, but its three-fifteen and the taxi will be here in an hour. I wasn't sure if you wanted to take a shower?'

Sylvia sat up, she didn't want to go but knew that neither of them had a choice.

'Are you going to join me?' She asked awkwardly.

'Try and stop me,' he said, mischievously, 'Though you may have to keep pushing my hands away.'

It made her laugh, but underlying it was a question she needed to ask.

Jordon beat her to it, 'I'm sorry, I have to ask, do we get to do this again?'

Her smile told him everything as she nodded enthusiastically.

They were ready with time to spare, and yes, she'd had to slap his hands away several times as he could not stop wanting to touch her.

Robert had just called the apartment to say the taxi was outside as Jordon stopped her by the front door.

'I may not get the chance once we step through,' he said as he took her in his arms and kissed her before escorting her downstairs.

'Good afternoon, Master Jordon, Miss Sylvia, I hope we see you again soon.' Robert said as he pushed the button which opened the inner door to them. Sylvia smiled and nodded shyly.

As he followed her out, Jordon asked, 'If you don't mind, I'll pay the taxi to take us straight back to town, I'm not quite ready yet to share you with a train full of passengers.'

She readily agreed, it beat the prospect of standing on a draughty platform.

Ensconced in the warmth of the cab, Jordon discretely held her hand, 'I know I've asked already, but it has not properly sunk in yet, are you certain that you want to repeat this?'

Sylvia looked down at their hands joined together, raising her head, she looked into his eyes, 'You try and stop me!'

The taxi dropped them in the town and Jordon walked her as far as he dared towards her home before handing over the bags of items she had bought.

Sylvia asked him for his phone number.

'Sorry, I can't give you mine. I can never be sure when it would be safe to phone me.'

Jordon completely understood, the last thing he wanted was for things to go wrong before they had started. Sylvia glanced around her several times, making sure that there was no one about before she pulled his face closer and kissed him.

'Thank you for today Jordon, it would take far too long to try and explain how you have made me feel, please rest assured, I will be in contact.'

With that she turned and walked away from him, heading for her home, she turned after a few moments and gave a little wave before carrying on her way.

As Jordon continued on his way home, he suddenly felt lost, as though part of him had been ripped away. Inside, he was supremely happy, it was just that feeling that without her, he was not complete.

Sylvia walked up the road towards her home, glad that she would be back with her children shortly, sad that Jordon was no longer with her. While outwardly she appeared normal,

internally she was a nervous emotional wreck. What if she called and he did not answer? Yes, today had been fantastic, but how long before he got bored. He was a handsome young man, in all probability, most of the young girls in town would be trying to catch his eye. He had already mentioned one that had been staying with his family, at her age, how did she compete with them? She had reached her front door, taking a moment to compose herself before entering.

Arriving home, his mother tried not to pry, simply asking how his day had been. Sally, on the other hand, could not help herself, she wanted to know if he had shagged the woman, she had seen him with. The more someone else was getting, would mean less time he would spend fucking her.

She had managed to get away from Melissa for several moments, saying she was going to the bathroom, once upstairs she went to her brothers' room, just as he was getting changed. Barging in, she found him stood there naked and was unable to keep her hands off him.

Before he could even cover his bits, she had flung herself at him, her hand automatically reaching for his cock as she squeezed and slid her hand up and down its rapidly expanding length.

'Bloody hell Sally, someone could come in,' Jordon was trying to say.

But she was not listening, sinking to her knees, she pulled the skin back tightly on his cock. Looking at him mischievously, she opened her mouth and took the head of his prick between her lips, sucking and teasing the tip with her tongue as she continued to work his flesh back and forth.

Jordon once aroused, was not able to stop her, his hips pushing his shaft into her mouth. She could feel him twitching as he neared the point of ejaculation, gripping his cock at its base, she squeezed tightly, waiting as his arousal abated.

Standing up, she hoisted her skirt before wriggling out of her knickers. Leading him to the desk chair in the corner, she

placed one foot on the seat as she pulled his cock between her legs. Her cunt was already wet, and Jordon slipped easily inside her, opening his legs wide so that he was in a lower position as he rammed his cock into her cunt.

Sally raised her top, exposing her bare breasts, her nipples already erect and crying out for his fingers to abuse them, Jordon dutifully obliged, as he pulled and twisted her teats causing her to cry out in pleasure.

'Sally, keep the noise down, they'll hear you downstairs if we're not careful.' This was said as he continued to rapidly ram his cock into her.

She wasn't hoping for a marathon session, all she needed was a quick fuck and was grateful as she started to cum, hearing him call her name as she felt that first spurt of his semen inside her quim.

After wiping her cunt, she made herself decent.

'I'm glad to see your lady friend hasn't exhausted you completely,' she laughed, the laugh getting louder as Jordon pinched her bottom and called her a 'Nympho.'

Alone once more, he went to take another shower, his third of the day. Returning to his bedroom, he tried willing the phone to ring, but much to his disappointment, it did not ring that day.

It was Monday morning before she called him, his phone rang about ten-thirty, just as he was about to go into town and meet some friends. He didn't recognise the number when he answered, elated as he heard her dulcet tones on the other end.

'Hi Jordon, guess who?'

She explained that she was at work and that if he needed, he could contact her Monday to Friday on that number.

'You do realise that this is going to be awkward. It's not as though I can disappear each week.'

Tomorrow I'm only at work till twelve and then I'll be off on New Year's Day. The only time I can get to see you in that period is about six-o-clock each evening when I take the dog for a quick walk.'

Jordon was disappointed but appreciated that there was truly little she could do, he had loved spending the day with her and asked what the prospect was, of repeating that in the future.

'I'm sorry Jordon, if we are lucky, then maybe once a month. Other than work, I need an excuse to be going into the city.

'I can get away with it once a month by saying I am going out with the girls from work.

'Anyway, I just rang to say how much I really enjoyed my day with you, and I do look forward to doing it again. Give it some thought and see if you can come up with any ideas, hopefully, I will see you this evening.'

She ended the call, leaving Jordon wracking his brain trying to think of some way that he could make this work. While out with his friends, he would come up with madcap ideas. Maybe borrow a mate's house for the day while their parents were out, he couldn't see Sylvia going for that idea. His mother didn't work, and even if she did, there was still his gran.

Perhaps he could rent a flat in town, he scoured estate agent windows until he realised that they were all outside what he could afford without asking his mother for money.

As he walked back home, most of the town was now nearly clear of snow and he detoured to the fields at the rear of his home. While there was still some snow covering them, patches of green grass were beginning to show all over.

He finally conceded that he had run out of ideas, making his way to the boundary fence and climbing over, he looked over to his left, remembering about the bunker.

He and his mother had used it quite a lot when there had been no opportunity at home, but as the weather got colder it had been neglected slightly.

Taking the key from his pocket he walked over and unlocked the door. Whilst it was cold inside, it wasn't damp. He looked at the stove, never yet having lit it and wondered where the supply of wood or coal came from. He made his way back to the house, searching the outbuildings but did not manage to find any kind of supply.

Disappointed, he started back to the bunker. He would have to get a supply in, once all the shops reopened after the New Year. Returning by a slightly different route and coming at the concrete structure from a different angle, he spied something in the undergrowth.

Hidden by several bushes was a concrete storage bin. Forcing his way through, he lifted the lid to find kindling, logs and two bags of coal. Taking some kindling and coal he crossed over to the bunker. Inside the bunker, he opened the stove, pleased to see that whoever had used it last had cleared all the ashes. He needed some paper, but there had been none in the bin and there was none in the bunker when his eyes alighted on the posters. He ripped one from the wall, screwing it up and stuffing it into the stove followed by kindling and a few pieces of coal. On a shelf to one side he had previously spied a box of matches, taking one, he lit the paper in several places.

It took him several attempts to get it going, but by about four-thirty, he had an adequate fire burning in the stove, going out and returning with a couple of logs. As five-o'clock approached the small room was extremely snug, in fact even if he had been naked, he would have been getting a sweat on.

So much heat was emitted from the small appliance, he would have to remember in future, not to build it up as much. Locking up the bunker, he nipped into the field to see if any

sign of the smoke could be seen, amazed that there was no evidence that there was even a building in the vicinity.

Jordon rushed his tea down and excused himself, grabbing his coat and boots he went straight back out. By now the evening was dark and he had brought a torch with him so he could better find his way back to the structure. Going back inside, he shone the torch around until he noticed a switch right by the door and flicked it down. It flooded the small space with light but instantly he realised that it could probably be seen now from outside.

He searched around but saw nothing, getting down on hands and knees he looked under the bed and was rewarded as he saw two slats. He pulled them out, fitting one over each of the windows before going outside to check.

He was elated, stood in the field right up against the fence, it was impossible to see the structure. The only way it could be detected was if someone happened to blunder across it, and even then, so long as the door was locked the building seemed

impenetrable. He checked the fire one last time before climbing the fence and wandering out to the other side of the field.

The sky was clear, and the moon reflected off the snow which still lay about, lighting the area in an eerie glow. He heard a dog bark in the distance and caught the occasional flash of a torch as it came nearer, flashing his torch back and forth a few times so as not to scare her.

As usual, Max arrived first, running around him and licking his hand. Sylvia arrived next, switching her torch off and kissing him.

'Are you going to walk with me?' She asked as they set off and strolled around the edge of the field.

'I'm sorry, it's not much to offer you, is it. Only thirty minutes of my time, especially after what you did for me.'

'I have had an idea,' he told her, 'Please try not to be too disappointed and feel free to say no. I won't be offended, but it is all I could come up with for the moment. It's not exactly what I was able to offer you on Saturday I'm afraid.'

Sylvia was intrigued, most if not all men would just have walked away, considering it too much work for too little reward. Yet he seemed to have spent the afternoon trying to figure out a solution for her.

He led her to the spot on the edge of his garden, staring into the dark of the trees.

'What do you think?' He asked. What did she think about what?

She looked around her, wondering what the hell he was on about.

'Are you alright Jordon, I can't see anything?'

He said nothing, instead, he took her hand and led her along the fence line until he reached a gap where they could get through.

Keeping his torch off, Sylvia dutifully followed him until suddenly she was surprised to find a door in front of her and as he opened it, the trees were flooded with light just before he stepped inside the room and Sylvia followed him.

Max sniffed around the walls as he shut the door behind them. She looked at the room, finding it cosy and warm as Jordon opened the door to the stove and switched the light off so that the orange glow from the flames danced across the walls.

She sat in the armchair looking around her, Max had already sprawled out in front of the stove.

'Where are we?' She asked.

'Five feet away from where we stood a few moments ago,' he told her.

She didn't believe him until he pulled one of the slats down and allowed her to look out, 'You can't see it,' she exclaimed, 'What about in daylight?'

Jordon shook his head, a slight smile playing across his face, 'Did you see me on that day?' He asked her, 'And I was less than five feet away from you.'

'We can use the apartment in the city whenever you desire, that is no problem at all. But I'm afraid that this is the best I can offer at short notice until I come up with a better idea.'

She had removed her hat and unbuttoned her coat. The room was extremely warm even though the fire had died down. Her eyes sparkled in what few flames remained as she looked at him.

'You..... are a bloody marvel, do you know that, of course, it will do, how comfy is that bed?' She asked as she came and joined him.

She had to get back home, promising she would see him the next evening. Jordon walked her through the trees and back into the fields. He would have walked her the whole way home, but as they got closer, she stopped and pulled him to her, wrapping her arms around his neck as she kissed him passionately before sadly having to wish him goodnight.

Jordon returned to the bunker, made sure everything was safe and turned the lights out before making his way back to the house. No one commented on his sudden disappearance and he spent a happier evening with his family, watching the television.

Sylvia lay in bed, staring up at her ceiling, her husband was fast asleep and snoring beside her. She couldn't settle and tonight did not seem able to drift off. She checked her clock,

aware that she had to get up for work in the morning, at least it was only half a day.

The reason she could not sleep was because of Jordon. She was missing him already, he never failed to surprise her. He was so young compared to her, she guessed at least ten years if not more, and yet, the effort that he had so far put into seeing her was way beyond what she had ever experienced with other men.

'What was she doing?' She asked herself, he was little more than a youngster, 'Christ, he was even still at College,' she thought.

The trouble was that she had enjoyed herself, in her company he didn't act as she expected. He was mature for his age, she had known other men, far older, that were not as mature as he was.

It was the age difference rearing its ugly head again. Yes, they'd had lots of fun, and there was no denying that he had

more than satisfied her, but what could he possibly see in a woman of her age, other than some infatuation. She promised herself that at the first sign of disinterest, she would walk away.

Tomorrow was New Year's Eve and Jordon had told his mother about using the apartment that night as a pretence to being able to take Sylvia there.

He had no chance of seeing her tomorrow night and was not thinking of going into the city until Lucille spoke to him that evening as they all sat around, asking him about his plans for the next day.

Jordon told her that his friend could not make it, so was not planning on going.

'Rubbish!' She had said, 'You must still go and have a good time, why not take Sally and Melissa with you.'

She had boxed him into a corner and there was no way of escaping without looking mean, the two girls would not let it drop, excited at the prospect of spending the New Year in the city, rather than the town.

He managed to get his mother on her own later, 'I was planning on using the apartment, don't forget that Sally knows nothing about it,' he told her. She hummed and hawed for a few moments.

'Tell her you have borrowed it from one of your gran's friends, she won't know any different.

'I'll have a word later with gran and I'll also call Robert tomorrow and let him know.'

It was apparent to Jordon that his mother was keen on the idea, again pushing him and Melissa together.

Sally was the only one that had seen Sylvia at a distance but did not know her name. He had also not told his mother who the friend was that he was meeting, all of them presuming it was a female of his own age.

The next day she gave him the thumbs up, 'I've had a word with gran and Robert, everything is sorted.'

New Year's Eve did not go exactly as Jordon would have maybe planned. The two girls came downstairs looking stunning, his sister especially. The tight dress she wore, emphasising her ample bosom. Melissa meanwhile had chosen a "Mandarin" style dress with a high collar. It was split at the side, showing all her legs, right up to the top of her thigh. The style of dress accentuating her colouring. He, on the other hand, had just dressed similarly to how he had done at the weekend with Sylvia.

Their mother had called them a taxi which deposited them at the station just before seven, so that they may catch the seven-

fifteen train. Sally was studying the timetable when Jordon sidled up to her.

'We're not coming back tonight. We're staying over in the city.'

Her exclamation attracted Melissa's attention, the girls crowding around him as he explained that their grandmother had borrowed a flat for the night so that they could sleepover.

Sally's eyes sparkled at the prospect, her mind already making plans for later. It took no time at all before they arrived in the city, following the throngs of people all making their way towards the centre. Sally had been in many times before. She had never said anything about her ventures, knowing that her mother would have forbidden it, feeling that her daughter was still far too young.

The start of the night went well as they moved from one venue to another, all three enjoying the atmosphere and trying not to drink too much early on. By eleven-o'clock,

they had managed to get into a club where they would spend the final few hours before New Year's Day. Jordon was sure that the only reason they were admitted was because of the way the two girls were dressed.

The drinks flowed thick and fast, so that by midnight, as the chimes of 'Big Ben' sounded, all three of them were well and truly drunk. Jordon suggested that they should have another half an hour with their final drink before making their way to the accommodation. He reckoned it would be nigh on impossible to get a cab, and in their present condition would take a bit more than the normal five minutes to walk.

The venue was still crowded as he finished his drink, ushering the two girls towards the exit. It was nice to be outside and get some fresh air after the oppressive heat inside.

He knew he was drunk, what he hadn't expected, was how randy he was feeling. Had he been there only with his sister, he would have been perhaps looking for somewhere on the

short walk to the apartment to fuck her, so great was the demand in his loins.

The two girls linked arms with him, one on either side as they strolled along. From the way that Sally kept pushing against him, and the looks she gave him, he imagined that she was feeling exactly like he was.

What was more surprising was that Melissa was doing the same. She was cuddled in tight against him, her head resting against his arm, every time he looked at her he noted the same urgency in her eyes.

They had finally made it, Jordon unlocking the front entrance door for them, the girls already awed as they got their first look at the building. The second door opened as they approached, only that evening it was not Robert behind the desk. Jordon explained who they were and that they would be using the apartment on the fourth floor.

'Very good sir, you were expected, the lift is just around the corner,' the man had winked at Jordon, as he had nearly set off, knowing exactly where to go. He must remember when they got upstairs to be as surprised as the others, and not let on that he had already been here before.

The girls were exploring the apartment as he gazed out of the window, admiring the view of the city lit up at night. Once they had looked in every room, they came and joined him. Sally had already noticed the wine cabinet in the kitchen.

'Do you know that there are pyjamas laid out on the beds? Two sets in the master bedroom and one set in the other, do you suppose they are for us?' She asked.

Jordon nodded, 'Mum and gran said they had arranged it so that we did not have to bring anything with us.'

It had been Sally's idea, she slurred her words as she ordered them, 'Right, everyone into their PJ's and I will get us some drinks.'

Thankfully, the pyjama bottoms did not have a fly hole and were slightly baggy, otherwise, Jordon would have been embarrassed. His cock was rigid and refused to go down, no matter how much he tried to think of other things and ignore it.

Returning to the lounge he plonked himself down on the couch as the two girls joined him and Sally handed out glasses of wine. To be honest, he had already had enough to drink and decided he would make this one glass last. The girls, on the other hand, had polished off the bottle and his sister contemplated opening another one when he suggested that it was probably time for bed.

'I'm not tired yet, come and sit and talk to us.' Sally had demanded, dragging him into the master bedroom.

He had ended up lying in the middle of the bed with Sally and Melissa on either side of him. He did his best to hide the bulge, but it was obvious to anyone who gave more than a

cursory glance, that he had a 'hard-on'. Sally rambled on in her drunken stupor with Melissa interrupting every few moments until suddenly his sister sat up and knelt facing him.

'Do you realise that neither of us has had a New Year kiss?' She said, intimating herself and Melissa, 'I think at the very least you should give Melissa a New Year kiss.'

Melissa was definitely up for that and had turned on her side and leaned over before Jordon had a chance to say anything, her lips meeting his. He could smell and taste the alcohol she had consumed, her perfume lingered in his nostrils and he found himself responding and kissing her back. Their mouths ground together, and Jordon had to mentally stop his hands from starting to explore her body.

As they broke apart, he could see that it had excited his sister, watching the two of them kiss.

'What about my kiss?' She asked slyly.

Jordon was about to mention the fact that she was his sister, but Melissa was egging him on.

'Go on, give Sally a kiss, it's only a bit of fun.'

Sally straddled his hips, leaning over him as she kissed him, her pelvis grinding her cunt against his cock as her tongue darted into his mouth. She knew exactly what she was doing, having already noted the bulge in his pyjama's.

Melissa found it arousing as she watched them, finding nothing abnormal in the fact that they were brother and sister and that Sally seemed to be rubbing herself against him. As her friend relinquished her position, Melissa decided that she wanted some of the same and quickly jumped on him. Immediately she recognised what was pushing against her cunt, helping to alleviate some of the pressure that was building between her legs.

She kissed him hungrily, loving the sensation as she felt his hard shaft push against the lips of her pussy, surreptitiously

she grabbed his hand, raising it to her breast and squeezing his fingers against it.

Whilst Jordon's mind was trying to work out what the hell, he had allowed himself to be caught up in, his body simply responded to the sexual stimulation. His hand cupped and firmly squeezed Melissa's breast, his fingers searching for her nipple and applying pressure.

He heard her moan, a soft guttural sound, her lips still clamped firmly to his. When at last she sat upright, all three of them were breathing heavily. Sally was waiting to swap places again when Melissa reached out, placing a hand on her breast. It paused there for several seconds, before her fingers stroked Sally's, by now, prominent nipple.

The young girls' eyes closed as the touch increased the fire in her belly, moaning softly as her friend moved from breast to breast.

Without any forethought, Sally whipped her top off, exposing her two large orbs. Melissa twisted, still straddling Jordon's hips so that she could fondle both of her friend's tits. She squeezed upwards firmly, making both nipples stand firm as she applied her tongue to one and then the other.

Sally's moans were no longer low as her volume increased. Jordon was arching his hips, forcing his cock against Melissa's pussy as he excitedly watched the two girls pleasure each other. His hand went between Melissa's legs, rubbing at the dampness there and increasing the flow of her pussy juices.

By now, both girls were topless as Jordon compared the size of their breasts. Size-wise, his sister was miles ahead, her tits were large with those magnificent nipples, but their sheer weight tended to pull them down slightly.

Melissa, on the other hand, had pert breasts, they were larger than his mother's but smaller than his sisters, each one a perfect handful. Her areoles and nipples were dark because of

her skin colouring, the teats while smaller than Sally's, nevertheless, at the moment were hard and erect.

The two girls finally released each other, as one, turning to stare down at him.

Melissa moved from his hips so that they knelt one on either side of his body, their eyes focusing on his now prominent erection, pushing the front of his pyjama bottoms up into the air.

They giggled, and as though by some telepathic connection, they grabbed a leg each, and pulled the bottoms off him. Leaving him laid there with his cock stuck up proudly, twitching every few seconds, as it demanded to be touched.

In a frenzy, Sally and Melissa wriggled out of their bottom halves, while Jordon ditched his top, laying back completely naked as he watched the two girls descend on him.

Jordon had died and gone to heaven, watching as Melissa and Sally took it in turns to take his cock into their mouths. First one, and then the other's head would bob up and down as their hands stroked his shaft. At one point as they kissed each other, the head of his cock was between their lips, their tongues lapping at its bulbous tip as they dragged the skin down tightly to the base of his shaft.

He could not work out if they had tossed a coin, or just mutually agreed as to who would be the first one to get fucked. It would appear that Melissa had won as she crouched over him, fumbling as she grasped his manhood and located the spot, before sinking slowly.

'Oh, my fu-ck-ing God,' she cried as he filled her, Sally smirking.

She already knew how big her brother was, whereas this was Melissa's first time. The young woman seemed paralysed, not daring to move in case he split her cunt open. It wasn't until Sally got up and wobbling slightly on the bed, grabbed her

under the armpits and pulled her upwards before releasing her and letting her slide down his shaft again that she came to her senses.

It took very little before she was bouncing up and down on his shaft. Sally now knelt behind her as she cupped Melissa's tits and pulled at her nipples whilst Jordon had extracted her clitoris and was rubbing at it frantically.

The poor girl lasted only minutes before she was screaming her release as Jordon felt her juices flow from her, soaking his cock and groin. Melissa was trying to extract herself, but Sally would not let her go. Holding her in a raised position, she nodded to Jordon who began to raise his hips, his cock now ramming into Mel's cunt until she climaxed a second time, her eyes rolling back up into her head as she thrashed about above him.

Melissa had collapsed so that Jordon had to roll her to get her off his shaft. She lay next to him, her legs open and eyes

closed as her body, still in the throes of her orgasm, recovered.

She was swiftly replaced by Sally, eager now to have her turn as she sank onto his shaft.

'You fuck my cunt, and you fuck it hard,' she demanded.

And that is exactly what Jordon did. There was no foreplay nor pleasantries. He simply raised her buttocks, jammed his finger up her anus, which opened her eyes wide, and then began to fuck her.

Fifteen minutes later and Sally was having her third orgasm. He had not stopped, seemingly able to go all indefinitely. His cock had been like a jackhammer, 'bang' 'bang' 'bang' continuously thrusting, as he had rammed it up her cunt.

'Jordon.....please stop.....let me rest for a second, it's too sensitive.'

That was exactly how long he gave her as she raised herself.

Pulling her forward slightly, he slid his still throbbing shaft up her rectum, causing her to squeal as he speared her deep and continued pounding her. His thumb and finger of one hand, twisting at her nipples whilst his other hand rubbed her clit.

Tears were streaming down Sally's face. Her body would not stop convulsing as one after another she experienced multiple orgasms for the first time in her life. Eventually, she could take no more and keeled over, slipping from him as she went over sideways.

Jordon was bursting, needing one of them so that he could finally achieve his release. Melissa had opened her eyes, looking at Sally sprawled out on the opposite side of the bed just as Jordon grabbed her, opened her legs wide and slid his cock into her sopping wet cunt. He fucked her incessantly until it seemed with a bang, his body exploded, and he

emptied his load inside her quim causing the young woman to climax again.

The bed looked like a war zone, pillows, sheets and quilts discarded everywhere. Three naked bodies lay sprawled among the debris, covered in sweat and bodily fluids as all three of them slept the "sleep of the dead".

They all three awoke the next morning with thick heads, Jordon was the first one to surface, gazing around the bed and the room at the other naked bodies sprawled about. Still sleeping, Sally lay on her back, her knees raised, and legs open wide, giving him a perfect view of her cunt. In other circumstances, he may have taken the opportunity, but his greatest need at that moment was to relieve his bladder which was frantically complaining.

Melissa was the next to waken, sitting up and still feeling drowsy. Her head hurt, and she could hear someone in the bathroom as she became conscious that she was naked. She

glanced across at her friend, suddenly remembering what had taken place several hours earlier.

She grabbed her pyjama's, climbing into them quickly as Jordon re-entered the bedroom, his tackle, swinging between his legs. He did not seem embarrassed that he was naked and that she was looking at him, why should he be? She had seen and sampled everything he had got to offer.

Grabbing his pyjama bottoms, he pulled them on before sitting next to her on the bed, both of them glancing at Sally who was still happily snoring away and laid there, very unladylike.

'I didn't realise that you had those sorts of tendency's,' he said, remembering some of the things Mel and his sister had done.

'I don't,' she replied, looking completely embarrassed.

'What the hell happened last night? I've never felt like that before. Don't get me wrong, I loved every minute of what you did to me,' she said shyly, her eyes downcast.

'The only trouble is, that now, I know what I am missing..... I'm not being pushy, but if you want to do it.....' Her words trailed off as Sally began to come awake.

Sally sat up and rubbed her temples, looking at her brother and friend sat next to each other, she groaned loudly and not with pleasure.

'Shit, did we do what I think we did last night?'

The other two nodded, both unable to comprehend what had taken place. Sally stretched, openly displaying her nudity.

'Christ, I need a piss,' she said as she left the bed heading for the bathroom.

'I can't remember all that happened,' Jordon confided in Mel.

'But one thing that does stick in my head,' he said seriously, 'I seem to remember that you were gorgeous. At the same time, it doesn't mean to say we are in a relationship.' Melissa squeezed his hand and smiled, at least she had made an impression on him.

Sally sat on the toilet, a steady stream splashing into the bowl, her head was thumping, and her mouth tasted like a "whore's armpit". But at least she knew why they were all feeling tender, the stuff she had used to spike their drinks had cost her five pounds apiece. The man telling her they were guaranteed to increase her boyfriend's libido.

They had certainly worked, her head was not the only part of her body that was sore, it was a bloody miracle she was not walking like "John Wayne" this morning, she chuckled to herself.

They spent the next hour and a half showering, getting dressed and tidying the apartment. Jordon hung the pyjama's in one of the wardrobes next to the robes he had purchased before he checked if there was anything that needed replenishing.

Once he was satisfied, he called for a taxi, not sure who would be on the reception desk downstairs. The apartment phone rang to say the taxi had arrived. It was not Robert and didn't sound like the chap from last night, Jordon presuming there must be several, working different shifts.

There were no trains with it being New Year's Day and so they got the taxi straight back to town, costing considerably more on this trip than the last time. The atmosphere in the cab was subdued, except for Sally, who managed to talk incessantly, seemingly impressed with what had happened the previous evening,

Jordon on several occasions had to tell her to shut up lest the driver heard her comments. They finally arrived home, their

mother wanting to know how the evening went, and was everyone hungry, as there was plenty of food to get through. The last thing on everyone's mind at that moment was food, the very thought of it, making them feel queasy.

They all managed to get through the day, some better than others, by ten, his grandmother had gone to her flat, deciding that the day had been long enough. Jordon was feeling a lot better, his pounding head had gone, and he had also managed a bit of food.

That night would be Melissa's last one, her parents returning tomorrow, and so the two girls had gone up around about eleven. His mother had popped to the loo, coming back wearing her dressing gown.

'Why don't you go and get changed?' She asked mischievously.

Jordon returned in shorts and top, settling down on the couch next to her, the program they were watching not interesting either of them.

'I've got something else I could put on the TV if you would be interested,' he told her but refused to elaborate further, despite her questions.

Finally, she relented and told him 'Yes,' he disappeared back upstairs, quickly returning carrying a small black box which he connected to the TV and another small box wrapped in Christmas paper.

Of course, she wanted to know what he had got.

'It's a present for you, I didn't get chance to give it to you on Christmas Day, and your present that night made it a little superfluous, but you are not allowed to open it yet,' he told her.

Taking the TV remote, he changed channels, picked a file and pressed play. Lucille sat watching, wondering what film he had chosen. There were no opening titles, the film simply starting as the camera showed a woman, probably around her age, laid on a bed, reading a magazine.

As she watched, the woman seemed to be getting aroused by what she was reading, continually rubbing at parts of her body. She had raised her skirt to show stockings and suspenders and had wriggled out of her panties before her hand went between her legs and she started to finger herself.

Lucille stared at her son, wild-eyed, 'Flaming hell Jordon, where did you get this, look at her, she's certainly giving it some.'

Jordon could not help but chuckle, 'You just need to know where to look mum,' he told her.

The woman by now had removed her top, her bra supporting two enormous breasts. Unhooking the bra, she proceeded to

play with her tits as her hand went back to fingering herself. He glanced sideways at his mother, watching her chest rise and fall quickly as she became aroused by the antics on screen.

Bit by bit, the woman ended up naked, lying propped up against her pillows. She rummaged beneath them and produced a vibrator in the shape of a cock, squirting some liquid on it before opening her legs wide and inserting it.

She turned the end of the device and a quiet buzzing could be heard as she proceeded to slide it in and out of her cunt, moaning continuously. Jordon could hear his mother breathing rapidly, her eyes had never left the screen and her hands were fidgeting in her lap as he paused the clip.

Lucille's head spun to look at him, 'What?' She asked expectantly.

'Open your present,' Jordon said with a wicked smile.

She tore the paper from it like a child, eager to find out what it was, and then her eyes went wide with surprise and shock as the box illustration showed a replica of what the woman on the screen was using.

'Oh, my giddy aunt, JORDON! You are a bad, bad, boy?' She said with a broad grin.

'Why don't you give it a try?' He asked after she had removed it from the packaging. She turned the end of the rubberised cock, a quite loud persistent buzzing sounding in the now quiet house. Lucille shut it off immediately, scared that people would have heard.

'I didn't mean turn it on full speed,' Jordon said, unable to stop himself laughing, his mother emptied the rest of the box which contained spare batteries and some lubricant.

'I would think that you probably don't need that yet, I'm guessing that you're getting a little moist down there.'

Jordon took the vibrator and knelt on the floor in front of her. Opening her robe, he eased her legs open before running his finger across her cunt, his digit coming away covered in her juice which he transferred to the rubber cock.

Slowly, he rubbed it between her lips, her legs and cunt opening wider as she closed her eyes and started to moan softly. Inch by inch, he eased it inside her until she had taken its full length. Turning the end slightly at first, the buzzing could now hardly be heard, which was more than could be said for Lucille's gasps.

Taking her hand, he placed it on the end of the device, allowing his mother to dictate the pace of her insertions which at first were imperceptible. But as the woman in the film started to moan loudly and roll around the bed, he noted that the speed of his mother's hand increased.

Jordon's hand slipped inside her robe, finding her nipples already hard. He had set the volume of the television low initially so that it could not be heard upstairs. Unfortunately, now, it was hard to hear, his mother's moans and gasps had increased, drowning out the film. He fondled her breasts in turn, as always, paying attention to her nipples.

Lucille's left hand was sliding the dildo in and out of her cunt, the vibration causing her to groan loudly with each insertion. Her other hand was fumbling in her son's lap as she tried to push his shorts down and gain access to his cock.

Jordon raised his hips, pushing the shorts to his ankles as his mother immediately grasped his shaft, sliding her hand up and down its length and stretching the skin as she masturbated him.

The vibration in her cunt had become too much as she groaned loudly and started to climax, her thighs clamping tightly on the vibrator, still merrily buzzing away inside her. Lucille was trying to watch the action on tv, but at the same

time, she wanted fucking. Removing the vibrator, she switched it off and stretched out on the couch, opening her robe wide. Jordon knelt between her legs and inserted his cock into her now, very moist cunt, fucking her at a nice steady rhythm as her head continually turned to watch what happened next.

Lucille's eyes went wide as the woman on screen had been joined by two men. One presently filled her cunt while the other deftly slid his cock up her arse. And the together they commenced fucking her, one in either hole, causing her to squeal.

Lucille for some reason found that supremely erotic having never experienced it.

'I want to try that,' she begged him. 'If you slide your dick up my arse, I can use my new toy to simulate another cock.'

Jordon was only too happy to oblige her, his cock already wet with her juice, took very little force to slide inside her anus.

Lucille's eyes went wide as he sank half of his length into her arse. She retrieved the vibrator and very, very slowly, slid it inside her cunt.

Up until that point, she had done exceptionally well, she had breathed slowly, controlling her quickly mounting arousal. She still did well as Jordon slid his cock in and out of her rectum. It was as he started to slide the vibrator in and out of her cunt, and especially as with a smirk, he twisted the bottom of the device, that her world turned topsy-turvy.

She came almost instantly, Jordon not even having time to touch her tits before she was thrashing and writhing beneath him. Her hips and cunt ground so persistently against his groin that she caused him to ejaculate, his spunk jetting up her anus as he plunged his cock deeper and deeper into her back passage.

They lay together, exhausted, neither of them taking much notice of the television anymore.

'Is sex with you ever straight forward?' Lucille asked, thoroughly contented and thinking back over the varied episodes that he had introduced her to.

'Sex with you was always meant to be exciting, and so far, it has been anything but dull.' Jordon told her as he kissed her cheek, 'I suppose we had better think of going to bed?'

Lucille agreed but was still saddened that she could not easily take him into her bed for the rest of the night.

Lying on his bed, Jordon took stock of his life, the last twelve months especially, had been a busy one and had flown through. The summer was over, and autumn was settling in, at twenty-two, his life had changed and as he lay there, he thought of the women who one by one had become part of his life.

His mother Lucille, and Sylvia, had become his two constants, he and Lucille taking any opportunities to get down and dirty. She had come out of her the shell, having spent years being

dominated. She had now started aerobic classes each week at the local sports centre and had treated herself to a new wardrobe. As she lost weight and her body became toned, her clothes had become tighter, showing off her svelte figure. Her skirts had got progressively shorter and she had taken to wearing heels regularly, if she had not been his mother, Jordon would have happily spent the rest of his life with her as his partner, she really was stunning nowadays.

Sylvia, true to her word, managed once a month to find time for them both as they put the apartment to good use. Jordon saw her most evenings, walking with her as she exercised Max the dog. When possible during the summer, they had used the plethora of open fields to indulge their lovemaking. On the days when the weather had been inclement, the bunker had got its fair share of use. Jordon always making sure that no clues were left behind as he and his mother also used it as their bolt hole.

Over the last eight months, Sally had acquired a new boyfriend and so his liaisons with his sister had become infrequent. Usually, when she'd argued with her new beau, she would retaliate by sleeping with Jordon. Melissa was still

on the scene, she too had a current boyfriend, but her eyes were always full of longing for Jordon and occasionally they would get together and fuck each other's brains out. The only other, his grandmother Dorothy, made very few demands on his time or body. It had only been a couple of occasions since that first encounter that she had sidled up to him and whispered in his ear.

'I have a cunt that is hungry, and it wants to eat some cock.'

It never failed to surprise Jordon as to how crude she could be when she wanted to, wishing that he had known her forty years earlier, he bet that she had been a 'right goer'.

Since last Christmas, he had taken driving lessons and passed his test, occasionally borrowing his mother's car when she did not need it. She was already talking of getting him a small runabout, especially as he had finished college and had now started work in the city, it was surprising how much extra time the train journeys put on his day.

He had joined a firm in the city in their IT department and had been there nearly three months now enjoying all the new aspects of his job. One difference he did immediately notice were holidays, at college he regularly got nearly eight weeks during the summer, at work, he only got that amount to last the entire year. 'Welcome to the real world,' he told himself.

Sylvia sat at her desk feeling frustrated, the 'bloody' computer was playing up again. Something it seemed to do every few weeks when her log-in seemed to go tits-up and would not let her into the system. She had rung IT and was waiting for yet another technician to come and fiddle with it and possibly, make things worse, which is what they normally did.

'Good morning Mrs Masters, I believe you have a problem?' Sylvia spun in her chair, immediately recognising the voice.

'Hi, my names Jordon, they have sent me up from IT, I believe you're having a problem?'

Jordon had spoken loud enough so that the others in the office could hear him and partly to cover the surprise evident in Sylvia's eyes before she blurted anything out.

It took a moment for her to regain her composure as he leant on her desk, giving her a wink. 'What are you doing here?' She whispered to him.

'I've just started,' Jordon whispered back, 'But this is the first opportunity I've had to see you. I didn't want to arouse any suspicion at work.'

Sylvia could not help herself, every time she was in his company the day suddenly looked brighter and she could not help but smile. She'd have to watch herself; her husband had caught her a couple of times as she daydreamed of Jordon, a smile plastered across her face, he would ask what was making her smile and she'd had to make up excuses. Bit by bit as the months had passed since that first time, Sylvia began to suspect that she was falling in love with this charming young

man, a thought, she constantly tried to put to the back of her mind.

Sylvia explained her problem, relinquishing her chair so that Jordon could sit at the screen. She watched as his fingers flew across her keyboard, she could type quickly, but nowhere near as fast as Jordon's hands moved as screens popped up and disappeared.

'Ah, I see, that's the problem.' Quickly he downloaded a couple of files and updated her program.

'OK, try it now,' he said as he stood and let her sit once more. She logged on easily, the program seemed to work faster than it had ever done, in fact, the whole system seemed to be working better.

'It seems that this is another thing you're damned good at,' she said with a mischievous smile.

Jordon could not help but blush slightly at her comment, knowing exactly what she was referring to.

'I owe you a coffee at dinner time if you want to join me?' She said quietly to him.

He'd joined her for dinner, going out to grab a coffee and sandwich as they chatted, looking to most people like a devoted couple. It was something they repeated every dinner time from then on, Jordon realising that it put a bounce in his step for the rest of the day. Eventually, they would catch the train together each morning and then travel home together each evening.

Jordon came back to reality, he must have a word with his mother he thought, the prospect of a car to shorten the day and to have more private time with Sylvia becoming more and more appealing. He knew that his mother was at present in contact with another set of solicitors but as yet, she was still awaiting developments. There was now a substantial amount

in her bank account, enough that the interest alone provided for all that they needed each month.

Christmas came and went, nearly a replica of the previous year, although this time Melissa had been home with her own family. She had split with the boyfriend she'd had, leaving her all alone for the New Year. Jordon had been in the same position as last year in not being able to see Sylvia and so had asked Melissa out, joining Sally and her boyfriend Tom in town for a few drinks.

Jordon knew that he enjoyed Melissa's company, but at the same time, he also knew his feelings for her did not extend past an occasional bit of fun and friendship. She enjoyed their time together, her initial wish from the day she had first seen him naked, fulfilled. But for Melissa, something more had developed, she had found herself falling in love with him. Sally had told her that he was seeing someone else occasionally, but had not divulged any other details, Melissa clinging to the hope that one day he would start to feel something more for her.

Jordon was now the proud owner of his first car; it was nothing special, just as his mother had said, 'a runabout'. She had told him that once he was used to driving and in a couple of years, he could have a new car of his choice. He was enamoured by the tiny vehicle, lovingly polishing it every weekend. It made his journey to work so much easier and enabled him to spend more time with Sylvia as he quickly began giving her a lift each day.

Several months had gone by and the weather was starting to pick up again. He was parked at the bottom of Sylvia's road waiting for her, constantly looking at his watch. She was normally here by now he thought, but after all this time; he still did not know which house she lived at.

Starting the engine, he drove up and down her road several times, seeing if anything would give him a clue as to her address. Eventually, he had to admit defeat and leave otherwise he was going to be late himself. During the day he could find no excuse to visit her floor and even though he looked for her at dinner time, he could not see any sign.

He hung around near the entrance at the end of the day but there was still no sign of her, and she had not rung him during the day with any message. After tea that evening, he followed his normal routine, disappearing across the fields where he would normally meet her, but tonight for the first time, no one came walking. The next day was the same, he waited but she did not appear, by the end of the week he was beginning to worry.

Plucking up the courage, he went up to her office and engaged one of the other women in conversation, explaining that he normally gave Sylvia a lift but that she had not turned up. The woman told him that she had called in sick on Monday and was full of a cold. Jordon felt relieved with the news, and to escape from the office, feeling the women's eyes on him and the secret smiles they all gave him as they watched him leave, the room erupting with voices as he closed the door.

The following week followed the first, although he waited each day, and looked for her each evening, it was though she had dropped off the face of the earth. At least knowing that she was full of a cold eased his mind, saddened that she was

not well, but feeling confident that she would contact him once she was feeling better.

Another week passed before he finally got the phone call he was so desperately waiting for.

'Can you meet me this evening?' She had asked, sounding as though in a rush and giving him no further details.

He rushed home from work that evening and wolfed his tea down before dashing out across the garden and into the fields. He still had a while to wait but did not mind, eager to see her after those few weeks. As usual, he heard Max barking before they came into view, the dog bounding up to him to be stroked as Sylvia slowly walked towards him.

As she approached, the first thing he noticed was the sunglasses. Whilst the day had been nice, they were not something she needed at that time of evening.

He went to kiss her, but she turned her face away. 'Please don't Jordon,' was all she said at first, leaving him wondering what was going on.

It took her a while, as though she was trying to summon up the courage to speak to him. 'I'm sorry Jordon, we can't do this anymore. sadly, this is the last time I can see you.'

He felt sick to his stomach, as though someone had just punched him. Suddenly feeling clammy, hundreds of questions swirled about inside his head and it took him several minutes before he found himself able to utter a word.

'I don't understand Sylvia, have I done something wrong? Please tell me if I have, I'm sure I can make it right.' His mind going back over their last few meetings, trying to remember what he had said or done.

'You haven't done anything wrong. You have been perfect Jordon. It's just that I can't see you anymore.'

He could feel his eyes beginning to moisten as the panic began to set in, 'Is it your husband? Has he found out about us? Has someone else found out about us?' The questions would not stop coming as he tried to fathom her decision.

'I'm sorry Jordon, I can't tell you anymore. Its none of those things, all I can say is that it has to end.

'Please don't come looking for me, and I will stay out of your way at work. I won't be coming this way again. I'm sorry, I have to go.'

She turned around and walked away from him, calling the dog after her. Jordon just stood there watching her retreating, his world had just come crashing down around him. What he couldn't see or know as she made her way back across the field, was how much Sylvia was hurting. The glasses hid the shiner that her husband had given her after he had come home and told her that he was leaving her for another woman. Someone 'younger and more attractive,' he had

pronounced. She had called him all the names under the sun, and he had lashed out at her, giving her a black eye. It hadn't been the first time he had struck her, but as far as she was concerned it was going to be the last.

The next day she had contacted a solicitor and had started divorce proceedings, it was one of the reasons why she did not want to see Jordon, determined that he would not be involved in what was to come. By now, the tears were streaming down her face as she openly sobbed. She loved him, but she was a thirty-two-year-old woman with two kids, soon to be divorced. Why the hell would he want to be saddled with her for the rest of his life. She had seen him in town several times but had been unable to approach him, as, on each occasion, he'd had a young woman on his arm and seemed to be having a great time as they laughed and joked.

The two young women she had seen, had both been strikingly attractive, especially the one with the olive complexion. She could see the way that she looked at Jordon, hanging on his every word, how the hell could she compete with women like

that. It was better that it ended now, rather than waiting until he got bored with her and left her for another.

It was late evening when Jordon finally returned home, having no wish to speak to anyone. Inside he felt sick, as though part of him had suddenly been ripped away. His mind refused to accept Sylvia's decision, constantly going over the last months, searching for a clue as to what had gone wrong. He was also feeling bitter, why was it that adults insisted on saying something without ever explaining their reasoning, perhaps because their reasoning never made sense to anyone but themselves.

The next day at work he kept himself to himself, getting the jobs done and getting through the day. He did as she requested and did not look for her at dinner time or the end of work, simply jumping in his car and driving home. His conversation at home was stilted, a lot of 'yes' and 'no' without any explanations. Once tea was over, he disappeared out into the countryside, only reappearing once it had gone dark and going straight to his room.

Two weeks had passed, his family noticing the change in him, his mother had tried taking him to one side to ask what was wrong, but Jordon simply clammed up, refusing to say a word. Sally even though preoccupied with her fella now, also noticed the change in him, she came to his room one night, slipping into bed beside him. Her hand naturally gravitated towards his groin, but Jordon stopped her, refusing to even let her try and change his mood.

'What's going on Jordon, this is not like you, trouble with the fancy woman?' Sally knew instantly she had said the wrong thing, his face looked like thunder, as though he was about to explode.

'I'm not seeing her anymore, and anyway, it's fuck all to do with you, Sal. Mind your own business. Now if you don't mind, I'd like some peace.' Sally returned to her room, feeling hurt, never had Jordon dismissed her so abruptly.

His sister began to wonder where he disappeared to each evening, going out, once teatime had finished. She

determined that she would follow him at the next opportunity, giving him a moment's head start before going after him. She watched him move into the tree line as she set off across the garden in his wake, but much to her surprise, as she came out of the tree's on the other side, Jordon was nowhere to be seen. No matter which way she turned there was no one in sight, she returned home, puzzled as to how he could have disappeared so swiftly.

The bunker had become his refuge, each evening he would lay on the bed and pop his earphones in, letting the music from his player wash over him as he wallowed in his self-pity. He lost track of how long his mood lasted, only recognising that it was now the middle of summer when his mother one day passed a chance remark.

'Do you remember that Sylvia Master's?' Jordon just looked at her, non-committal.

'Well, her husband's left her and has shacked up with a younger woman, the word is they are getting divorced.'

Jordon did not comment, simply shrugging his shoulders, the affection for Sylvia turning to anger.

The following weekend he told his mother he would not be home for tea and that he would get something while he was out. He roughly knew where Sylvia lived, all he had to do was head over the fields in that direction, sure that she would still be walking Max. The weather on both Saturday and Sunday wasn't the best, and he returned home wet, without having caught sight of her.

All through the next week, he went out each evening, changing his plan slightly. He knew her street, sitting in the field at the rear of her road, he should be able to spot her whichever way she went. He'd been sat over an hour when he heard a dog bark and a woman came out through a gate at the back of one of the houses, instinctively knowing it was her. He made a mental note of the position of the building, sure that he could return later and work out the house number.

Sylvia set off at a right angle, going in the opposite direction from the one she used to take, even after all this time, the very fact of coming out here reminded her of Jordon. She had seen nothing of him since that fateful evening, even at work, unless there was a problem with one of the computers, there was no chance of seeing the IT personnel. As she walked up the hill, Max ran ahead as he normally did and had disappeared over the summit. She could hear him barking at something, but even though she called his name, he did not reappear.

As she crested the brow, she could see the dog laid on its back as someone tickled its tummy, she knew straight away who it was, a mixture of relief and sadness immediately coming over her as she approached him slowly.

'Hello Jordon, why have you come over here?'

His voice was flat and emotionless as he looked up at her, his hand still stroking Max who was loving the attention.

'You could have told me you know, but then I suppose I'm just some stupid kid with an infatuation.

'I always treated you with respect, Sylvia. I never treated you as some bit of skirt. If that was what I wanted, there were plenty of girls my age to choose from.'

'I suppose the glasses were to hide the shiner he had given you, was that because of me, are you getting divorced because of me?'

Sylvia was on the defensive, what he had said was perfectly true. He had always treated her with respect, always going out of his way to look after her and protect her so that no one was any the wiser about their liaisons.

'It's none of your business Jordon. I don't have to explain myself to you, and No! I'm not getting divorced because of you. He still knows nothing about us.'

She could feel herself shaking inside, wanting to rush into his arms so that he could comfort her. She wanted to feel his lips on hers, but she knew she had to be strong it was not fair on Jordon to let him get involved.

Jordon stood, moving closer to her, 'I thought you were special Sylvia, that you were the one. But then it turns out you are just like the rest, never sure of what you want.

'Perhaps I should take your advice, just find someone my age. Perhaps what I'm looking for does not exist, perhaps all women are the same.'

He turned abruptly and walked away from her, heading back in the direction of his home and never once looking back to where she stood, the tears once again rolling down her face.

As summer came to an end, it felt to all the women in his life, that Jordon had taken a vow of chastity, all of them currently going without. Sally had managed to get him to take Melissa out one evening, but it had not gone well, he had been moody

and had drunk far too much. She had stayed over at their house that night, sneaking into Jordon's room in the early hours of the morning. Yes, he had fucked her, but as she came away, a single tear rolled down her cheek. He could have been fucking anyone, while he had been gentle with her, there had been no passion there, only reflex actions on his part. The final insult was the woman's name he said as he ejaculated inside her, 'Sylvia.'

The next day Melissa spoke to Sally, 'Who's Sylvia?'

Sally wanted to know more, but Mel was not giving anything away, especially her visit to his bedroom during the night.

'All I know is that he was seeing a woman who was married. I'm sure he said her name was Sylvia, but he told me he was not seeing her anymore.' Sally told her.

Jordon had disappeared outdoors, as usual, the two girls cornering Sally's mother downstairs. 'You know Jordon's been seeing someone, do you know who she is?' Sally asked.

Lucille just shrugged her shoulders, 'He never told me who she was, but I know it's been going on for quite a while, is that what is wrong with him at the moment?'

'I don't know mum. All I know is that she was called Sylvia and that she was married. I did tell him to be careful,' Sally confided in her mother.

Lucille had suddenly stopped what she was doing, staring at her daughter.

'It can't be, she's too old for him,' the two girls looking puzzled at her comments. 'It's the local gossip at the moment. Sylvia Master's husband has gone off with another woman and they are getting divorced. But it can't be her, she is easily ten years older than Jordon.'

It was agreed by all three that they would say nothing to him, Sally had already seen the way his mood could change and was determined not to experience his wrath again. Unfortunately, Sally being Sally, she could not let it rest. She

was going to find this woman and give her a piece of her mind. Jordon had always looked out for her, now for the first time in her life, she would look out for him.

Sat in her bedroom with Melissa, she discussed what she wanted to do.

'I've only seen her the once and that was from a distance, what I do know is that she had a dog with her. I presume she walks it over the fields regularly, so all we have to look out for is an older woman with a dog.'

Melissa didn't like the idea one bit, preferring to leave Jordon to sort his love-life out. In truth, hoping that eventually he would forget about this Sylvia and become interested in her.

For the next few evenings, the two girls trawled the fields all around. Sally first visiting all the area's that she could think of that had been near their previous home, moving nearer to their present house without catching sight of anyone. It was on the fourth outing, having gone in the opposite direction,

that she caught sight of a woman and dog going back into a house and garden. She was too far away to tell properly, but Sally was insistent that the next evening if they came out earlier in this direction, she could confront the woman.

Things went to plan or not as the case may be, yes, they located the lady and her dog, but as they approached, the woman seemed to recognise them both.

Sally, as usual, did not know when to say nothing and went steaming in.

'Are you Sylvia, are you the one that's been seeing Jordon. Don't you think you're a bit old for him?'

Melissa knew that trouble was coming. Her friend may get away with that type of attitude among their peers, but this was an older woman. The look on her face and the way her hands had balled into fists, told Melissa, that Sally was very quickly going to feel her wrath unless she could diffuse the situation.

The woman eyed Sally steely. 'Young lady, I suggest you turn around and go home before you say anything else and I put my fist in your mouth. Anything that went on between Jordon and me, is none of your business.'

The woman started to inch forward, the dog growling menacingly when Melissa interjected. 'Sally! Shut the fuck up and go away, if this lady does not hit you, I will.'

Sally backed away. Melissa had never spoken to her like that. She had always been the pushy one while Mel normally just followed. She didn't go far, keeping an eye on the woman, just in case her friend needed assistance.

'I'm sorry about that, Sally tends to get a bit protective about her brother I'm afraid. I don't think they got on well in the past and now she's trying to make up for it.'

Sylvia looked puzzled. 'Sister? I thought she was one of his girlfriends. I presume you must be his girlfriend then?'

Melissa smiled, but the smile only conveyed the sadness she so often felt.

'I wish, I would like nothing better than to be his girlfriend, but it would appear I am just a friend.'

Sylvia was feeling confused after convincing herself that Jordon was having a relationship with one or the other of these beautiful young women.

They walked side by side, Sally at first following closely behind before finally catching them up.

'How do you feel about Jordon?' Melissa asked.

Sylvia just looked at her before replying, 'It's over.'

Mel studied her for a moment, 'I didn't ask you that. I asked how you felt about him, and your face tells me everything. You have fallen in love with him. I know that look, it's how I feel all the time.'

Melissa continued, her voice cracking, as for the very first time she unloaded her feelings for Jordon.

'I love him every bit as much as you do, the only trouble is, he does not love me But I think if you do not want him, then maybe I can make him love me in time.'

Sylvia noticed how the young girl's voice went up and down, feeling her pain as she finally accepted what she felt for that charming young man.

'Say you don't want him, and I will take him in the blink of an eye. but if you love him half as much as I suspect, then you need to give him a chance.'

Sally had not realised how Melissa felt about her brother, wrapping her arm around her friend as she saw the first tears run down her face.

Sylvia felt the tears prick her own eyes.

'I don't want to spoil his life. I don't understand what he sees in me and it is not fair to expect him to bear all this responsibility at his age. Anyway, how do I compete with someone of your age when they come along eventually.'

Melissa dried her tears, she laughed trying to make light of how she felt. 'Then you join the club of those that are in love with him, those that tried and lost, and those who are still to try.'

'Do you know that I managed to get into his bed last week and he made love to me?'

That single comment cut Sylvia deep, even though she knew there must be other women, and that she had no hold over him. The thought of him being in bed with this beautiful creature, hurt her deeply. Before she could say anything, Mel continued, 'The only trouble was, he was not making love to me, he was making love to you. In the end, he even called me by your name.'

Sally had not known any of this, but it did not matter, by now all three of them had tears streaming down their cheeks, the one thing they all had in common was their affection for Jordon.

'You need to speak to him. I'll give you a few days, but if you haven't contacted him by next week, then I'll take it that you no longer want him. I will do everything I can to make him mine, and if I do, then I will never let him go.'

Sylvia nodded, she knew exactly what the young woman meant, detecting the steeliness beneath her parting comment.

Jordon was in his usual haunt, laid out on the camp-bed with his earphones attached listening to music, his brain refusing to stop bringing him images of Sylvia. He was missing her badly and was disgusted with himself for the way he had used Melissa. He knew how she felt about him, but no matter how he tried, at the moment, he felt nothing for her other than a friendship that was no different than he felt for his sister.

He wished it could be different, knowing that he had only to say the word and she would not hesitate. He was wondering if he said yes and started to date her, whether overtime he would feel more for her, she deserved better than being treated the way he had done.

His thoughts were interrupted as the music cut off and his phone rang, looking at the incoming number, he did not recognise it as he answered.

'Hello Jordon,' a voice said timidly, he recognised the sound of her immediately. His heart soared but his voice hardened,

he had been hurt and could not stop the bitterness creeping into his response.

'Hello Sylvia, what do you want?' If she thought it was going to be easy, she was quickly disillusioned, his voice sounding cold and distant towards her.

'I need to speak to you,' she said very quietly.

'You're speaking to me now, what do you want?'

Sylvia was struggling to keep her emotions under control, feeling herself near to tears. 'Not over the phone Jordon, I would like to speak to you and explain, please.'

There was no sound at first and she began to wonder if he had hung up on her when his voice came back on. 'Where do you want to meet?'

She quickly wracked her brains, trying to think of somewhere that would not elicit the wrong sort of message.

'I have to go to the city tomorrow; would you meet me there. Say about two-thirty, outside the station?' She held her breath, wondering if he would agree or if she had left it too long and her chance with him had gone.

'I'll pick you up outside the station at two-thirty, don't be late, I won't be waiting, bye.' The phone cut off and he was gone, and then the tears came as she broke down and sobbed.

Jordon did not know what to feel, on one hand, he felt elated that she had called him. On the other hand, he steeled himself for more hurt. The bitterness he felt, over-riding any other feelings. As he replaced his earphones and escaped back into his music, he was deliberating what he would say to her. Perhaps it was better to move on, perhaps it was time to give Melissa her chance. They got on well and she made him laugh, his family had continually tried to push them together, perhaps that was the sign that he had been waiting for, he

decided that the next time he saw her, he would ask her out and see how it went.

That evening he was a little brighter than he had been in a while, he was up in his room when Sally came in. 'It's nice to see you smile again. How are things?'

Jordon shrugged his shoulders, 'I'm not sure Sal, I'm thinking of asking Melissa out.'

Sally sat on the end of his bed looking puzzled, 'Has Sylvia not called you?'

Now it was Jordon's turn to look puzzled, 'Why do you ask about Sylvia, I thought you might be happy that I had decided to ask Melissa?'

Sally took a moment, 'Has she called you?'

Jordon nodded. 'Listen to me Jordon, Melissa would be over the moon if you asked her, you know she has wanted that for so long. But before you do, you need to speak to Sylvia, promise me you won't say anything to Melissa until then.'

Jordon could not see what difference that would make but agreed to Sally's request. The next morning, he was up bright and early, the rest of the family still in bed as he sat and ate his breakfast, he heard footsteps descending the stairs as his mother appeared.

He presumed that Sally must have spoken to her because she launched straight into him with questions.

'I believe that the woman you have been seeing is Sylvia Masters when did that start? She's quite a bit older than you, how do you feel about her? I've heard she is getting divorced. You know she has children, are you involved in all of that mess?'

Jordon sat back, leaving his breakfast for the moment.

'Yes, I've been seeing Sylvia,' he went on to explain how she had bumped into him one day and yes, he knew that she was the woman that he and his mother had watched.

'Is she the one? I suppose she comes as close as anyone has. I can't have the 'one', so I must settle for second best.

'I knew she was married and had kids and no I'm not involved in that 'mess' as you put it, she had already broken it off.'

Lucille looked at him, full of concern for her son, 'Why are you settling for second best,' she asked him, wondering who else he had designs on.

Jordon just looked into her beautiful face, 'Because the 'one' also happens to be my mother.'

'Anyway, I'm going to ask Melissa out, you've all tried to push us together, so perhaps it might work.'

His mother nodded her head sagely. 'Do you love Melissa?'  
Jordon shook his head, 'Are you in love with Sylvia?'

It took Jordon a moment before he could admit it to himself  
as he nodded his head.

'Sally says she has phoned you. You need to go and speak to  
her before you do anything and be careful.'

She stood and kissed the top of his head as she went and made  
herself a brew, she loved her son dearly but knew they could  
never have what he fervently desired.

The journey into the city did not go exactly as planned. The  
day had turned wet and the traffic going in had been heavy.  
Jordon glanced at his watch, realising that he was going to be  
at least five minutes late. He felt himself starting to panic  
slightly, afraid that he would miss her, why had he told her he  
would not wait?

Sylvia got down off the train, walking out into the street, she glanced at her watch, two-thirty on the dot. She looked up and down the road but could see no sign of Jordon. Five minutes passed and she could still not see him, the panic was slowly beginning to build in her. She checked her watch again, was it correct she suddenly wondered. There was a clock on the platform, but that meant going back inside, what if he turned up as she was inside and did not wait, indecision ate at her as her panic built and she felt like crying.

Jordon slowed down on the station approach, it was busy, and he was unable to park directly outside. He finally managed to find a spot in the carpark, rushing around to the main entrance as he looked at his watch.

'Shit,' he was ten minutes late. He walked up and down outside but could see no sign of Sylvia, she must have thought he was not coming and had gone on to do whatever had brought her to the city, now it was his turn to feel the panic rising. It was now a quarter to three, convinced that it had all gone wrong,

as a last resort, he entered the station looking down the platform.

Sylvia sat on a bench at the far end of the station, not wanting people to see the tears that just wouldn't stop. She had popped in and then back out again, but still no sign of him, she had nobody to blame but herself, she was the one that had finished it and now he didn't want to see her. She had never felt as sad in her life as she did at that very moment, turning her head to one side as someone sat next to her, why couldn't they go away and leave her alone.

'Hello, Sylvia.'

Her head swivelled as she turned to see Jordon sat there, he moved closer, putting his arm around her shoulders as he comforted her. He could feel her trembling as he held her tightly, wondering if that was what she wanted. She finally dried her eyes, they looked red and puffy as she dabbed at them with a tissue, 'I thought you weren't coming. God, I must look a mess.'

Jordon just gave her an apologetic smile, 'I'm sorry, the traffic was heavy and then I couldn't find anywhere to park. Do you want to go and grab a coffee?'

Going into the station buffet, he found them a table and went and got two coffee's, returning to the table and putting one in front of her. He sat down opposite, taking a sip from his cup, 'What do you want to talk to me about?'

It took Sylvia several attempts to get started. 'Have you found someone else?' her heart was beating rapidly as she waited for his answer, relief flooding through her as he shook his head.

'I'm sorry, I thought I was doing it for the best, you know I'm getting divorced, it did not seem fair to get you involved in that.

'Look, Jordon, I'm at least ten years older than you. I have two kids and I have bills to pay. Your young and have your life

ahead of you, why would you want to be saddled with someone like me?'

Jordon already knew the answer and was finally able to say it, 'Because I love you.' As he watched, her tears came again.

'You have got to be sure Jordon, this a lot of responsibility, it's not going to be easy.'

Jordon nodded his head, 'I don't care, as long as you are with me, then we will get through it somehow.' Her hand reached out across the table as she grasped his, despite the tears and ruined make-up she managed a smile, 'You know I'm in love with you as well.'

He got up from the table, holding his hand out for her to take.

'Let's get out of here and find somewhere quieter.' As they left the station this time, he did not walk behind her as he had done on previous occasions, today he firmly wrapped his arm

around her shoulders as he held her to him. He had decided that he would start as he meant to go on and let anyone watching, know, that she was his.

Sylvia knew where they were going straight away, she lowered the sunshade and checked her face. It didn't look as bad as it felt as she patched up around her eyes. Jordon parked the car at the rear of the apartment in the private compound, taking her hand and leading her around the front.

'Good afternoon Master Jordon, Miss Sylvia, lovely to see you again,' said Robert as he welcomed them in.

Once upstairs he took her coat, looking at her from a distance as he hung it in the closet. She was exactly as he remembered as he admired her curves. She turned as he was looking at her, blushing slightly as she noted the adoration written across his face.

They were stood in front of the large window, seemingly joined at the hip.

'Do you realise that this is where it all started?' Sylvia said.

'Not for me,' he replied, 'It started when I first saw an Angel.'

She turned and offered her lips to be kissed, Jordon taking her in his arm and embracing her, remembering the taste of her lips and mouth. It was as though nothing had changed as she felt him pushing against her belly.

Just being held by him again, brought back that familiar excitement and she wondered if that was why he had brought her here. As their mouths parted, she gave him a quizzical look as she turned her head and nodded towards the bedroom, but Jordon initially disappointed her and she felt a slight wobble, fearing there was a reason behind the rejection.

'I can think of nothing better than taking you in there and ripping your clothes off before making love to you, but it's not going to happen today.'

'Today is the first day of a new start, I want to get to know you, and ultimately your family. I want you to get to know my family, and I want us to finally become a family.

'Don't worry. There will be plenty of time in the future to take care of that beautiful body of yours.' Jordon told her.

All the old familiar feelings were returning, what he said made sense. It was not just herself she had to consider, it was the divorce and her two children, Andrea and Ian.

'Very well, would you mind getting me a drink,' she asked as she moved over to the large couch.

Jordon poured her a gin and tonic before helping himself to coke as he was driving.

'There are a couple of conditions attached to this,' he said, noticing as she became wary again.

'Firstly, if there is a problem, you speak to me about it, no matter what it is.

'I'm not promising I can solve everything, but together we will find a solution.

'Secondly, and I'm not suggesting this happen immediately, but in time, I want to visit your home, and I want you to visit mine, if we are going to be a couple, then folks need to get used to the fact.'

Sylvia could not help but beam, he never failed to amaze her. He was young only in looks, whatever went on inside his head at times belonged to someone twice his age.

They spent the rest of the afternoon becoming re-acquainted, Jordon finally asking the question that was on his mind. 'What made you decide to call me?' He asked.

Sylvia took a sip of her drink.

'I got waylaid by some of your fan club one evening. I had seen you a couple of time with one or the other of them and presumed they were possibly girlfriends.'

'One of them was a bit forward and mouthy and I thought at first I was going to end up in a fight, but it turned out she was your sister.'

Jordon could not help but smile, that sounded exactly like Sally. Sylvia went on to explain what the other girl had said to his sister. 'She was a stunning young woman, more so because of her olive skin.'

Jordon was surprised, especially to find Melissa speaking to his sister like that.

'She was the one that stayed with us for Christmas last year, you remember I said to you about her, she is called Melissa.'

Jordon could just imagine the surprise on Sally's face when someone stood up to her like that.

Sylvia was looking at him in astonishment, 'Good god Jordon, why would you give up a gorgeous young woman like that for me?'

'It's simple,' he replied, 'I fell in love with you, and no matter how I tried, I was not in love with her.' Sylvia was stunned as well as feeling elated, it was as though someone had just picked her up and stuck her on a pedestal ten foot high.

At the end of the day he drove her home, pulling up outside her house, she looked up and down her street nervously.

Jordon gave a small laugh, 'They are going to talk, no matter what you do, we might as well give them something to talk about,' he said as he pulled her closer and kissed her goodbye.

'If your husband is going to trade you in for a younger model, is there any reason why you shouldn't do the same?'

He got out of the car and went around to the passenger side, opening her door for her and helping her out, before kissing her again, 'I can see all the curtains twitching,' he said with a mischievous grin as he watched her go indoors.

Jordon returned home to a thousand and one questions, both Sally and his mother wanting to know what had gone on and what he was intending to do. He explained as much as he was prepared to at that moment, probably because he had not had a chance to process it all yet and he knew that there would be lots to sort out.

Of course, the first visitor to his room was Sally, the little that he had already told them, not enough to satisfy her curiosity.

'You didn't tell me you had spoken to Sylvia,' Jordon said. Sally looked slightly embarrassed. 'She said the girl that had approached her had been pushy and mouthy.'

Now, Sally looked indignant, as Jordon broke into a grin and gave her a huge hug. 'She thought you were my girlfriend, thank you, for what you did.'

Sally looked embarrassed again, 'It wasn't me really, and I thought I was going to end up in a fight with her. Truthfully, you should thank Melissa.'

Sat on his bed, he looked at her, feeling proud that she had wanted to protect him. 'I'll speak to Melissa, but I'm still proud of you. What you did took a lot of courage, thank you again.'

He was continually making her blush as she was not used to the praise from him. Sally retaliated in the way she knew best, as she took him by surprise, and pushed him back before leaping on top of him.

'Does that mean you are going to be nice to me?' She asked sexily, as she ground her hips and vagina against him.

Aware that his mother was still downstairs and could be up anytime soon, what could he do.

'Sally, behave, mum could walk in at any moment, I'll come to your room later,' She left him alone retreating to her bedroom, but he knew he would have to keep his promise otherwise he could expect another visit later on.

His next visitor was his mother, it was late, and the house was quiet when she tapped on his door before entering. Jordon was still sat up in bed, too many things whirling around inside his head, making it impossible to sleep.

'Are you sure this is the woman you want to be with?' She asked him, knowing that things would not be easy for him at first and that his life would change.

Jordon nodded his head, 'I'm sure mum, the more I get to know her, the more in love with her I am. I know it's going to be hard, but at the very least, I need to try and make it work.'

Lucille asked him a few more questions before she leant forward to kiss him goodnight. Jordon had abstained for quite a while and could not help himself as his hand cupped her breast and fondled it, eliciting murmurs of pleasure as he applied pressure. She had been to the sports centre that evening and was still dressed in her aerobic outfit, the Lycra fitting her like a glove, as it clung to every curve and contour of her body. Even wearing a sports bra could not stop the two elongated protrusions of her nipples, prominent through the thin stretchy material.

That was all Jordon could concentrate on at first, his fingers softly rubbing each large peak, as her arousal became apparent.

'Jordon you mustn't, Sally could still be awake,' she said but making no effort to stop him.

One of his hands slid between her legs, already able to discern the slight dampness there as her cunt became moist.

'Not here, my room,' she managed to croak, as she fled his bed towards her bedroom, Jordon madly chasing after her, his erect cock bouncing back and forth as he tried to quietly dash along the landing, following his mother.

Once inside he locked the door as Lucille divested herself of her clothing and lay prostrate on the bed with her legs open. Jordon eagerly accepted the invitation as he slid between her thighs and pushed his cock into her moist interior. Lucille moaned with pleasure as he fucked her slowly, his head dipping as he showered kisses on her breasts and nipples, her legs wrapping around him as she pulled him deeper into her cunt with each thrust.

They had both been without for quite a while and so it was not long before Jordon watched his mother writhe beneath him as her first climax shook her, the muscles of her body taut

and her fingers scrabbling at the sheet as her hips rose each time to meet his thrusting shaft. Once she had recovered, they changed position, so that she now straddled his hips, his cock snugly buried inside her.

He gazed lovingly at her body, all those months of exercise had paid off, and she did look fit. Jordon knew that she was the only woman that he would ever forsake Sylvia for.

'I suppose one day soon I will lose you completely to Sylvia,' she said, a note of sadness in her voice.

Jordon pulled her down to him, kissing her softly. 'No matter what happens, I promise that I will always make time for me..... and..... you.'

His cock thrust into her as he enunciated each word, taking her breath away as he filled her cunt. Jordon lasted as long as he could, but the softness of her body and the bouncing of her breasts as she rode him quickly took their toll as with a grunt,

his cock spewed his semen deep inside her, triggering her second climax.

They lay side by side, covered in perspiration, their breathing gradually slowing.

'I wish you could spend the night with me,' Lucille said as she curled up next to him. Jordon knew it could not be that night, it was only time before Sally came looking for him, he gave it a moment's thought.

'Gran's well enough, and I'm sure Sally could keep an eye on her for one night. Is there any reason why we could not use the apartment one night and stay over?'

Lucille loved the idea immediately, wondering why she had never thought of it before.

'When?' she immediately wanted to know.

'Tell Sally that you have some business to sort out in the city and that I'm seeing Sylvia, and then pick a weekend,' he whispered to her, already looking forward to the idea himself.

They chatted for a while longer, discussing the idea before his mother had drifted into sleep, Jordon quietly slipping from her bed and unlocking the door before making his way to the bathroom. He quickly wiped himself down before listening outside Sally's bedroom door. He could not hear a sound as he turned the doorknob and sidled into her room.

Sally was sound asleep as Jordon uncovered the curtains slightly, letting a modicum of light into the room so that he could see his way around. He knelt at the foot of her bed and stealthily slipped beneath her quilt. She was already laid on her back and Jordon very gently, eased her legs apart, sliding forward until he could feel the warmth of her thighs against his face and smell her musk. His tongue licked softly along the length of her labia as she murmured in her sleep.

Slowly her lips opened, and his tongue delved deeper, flicking every so often at her clitoris.

Sally was having the most erotic dream, she could not make out the face of the person who was exciting her and to be honest, she wasn't bothered as the pleasure was too intense. She knew she was nearing her climax when a blinding light brought her suddenly wide awake. Her body was shaking as she climaxed, someone fervently sucking on her clit as she felt fingers slide inside her cunt, she managed to lift her quit, peering beneath it as Jordon smiled and winked at her.

The following few months were a transitional period for both Jordon and Sylvia. He would sometimes visit her house, even though she was wary that her husband may suddenly turn up.

'It's not that I don't want you here Jordon, it's just that until the divorce is settled, it is liable to complicate matters.'

As it was, matters very shortly we're going to become complicated. As summer rolled into autumn, he invited

Sylvia and the two children to come to his home on that Sunday. It had been his mother's idea, 'We have got to meet her at some point, it might as well be sooner than later.'

To Jordon and Sylvia, that day felt more like an interrogation, than a meet the family. His grandmother, mother and sister bombarded them both with questions. The one thing that did seem to go down fairly well where her two children, Andrea was the youngest at six, while Ian was the eldest at eight, his mother had spoilt them all afternoon and the two of them had Sally wrapped around their little fingers. Jordon had been surprised, his sister was a natural with them, as they all chased each other around the house and played games that Sally made up.

As Jordon helped his mother clear the table that evening, he asked what she thought. 'I like her,' she said, 'And I think given time, that they will fit into this family admirably.'

Time, unfortunately, was not something they had as Sylvia telephoned Jordon one evening the following week.

'Please don't come around tonight, Steve's coming over. He wants to discuss something, I'm afraid it may cause trouble if you are here. I promise I'll ring you once he's gone.'

Steve was Sylvia's husband and whilst he saw the kids every week, this was the first time that he was returning to the house. Jordon was worried, not for himself, but for Sylvia, he had seen the result of their last confrontation.

It was ten-o'clock when she phoned him, sounding a little upset.

'Steve told me his new woman is pregnant,' Sylvia told him.

'He's not going to contest the divorce, but he wants me to put the house up for sale and want's half of it so that he can look for somewhere new.

'I can put him off for a while, but ultimately, that's going to happen whether I like it or not. So, I need to start looking for somewhere to rent.'

Jordon tried to reassure her the best that he could, but this type of thing was completely new to him and he felt out of his depth.

He had finished the call and was sat in the lounge looking distracted as he tried to think of a solution. Sally was still out, and his mother had gone up early, complaining of a headache, so that it was just he and his grandmother. It did not take Dorothy long to notice that he seemed concerned about something. 'Come on, spit it out, something is worrying you.'

Jordon explained what Sylvia had told him. 'So, what do you intend to do?' She had asked.

'I honestly do not know gran, things seem to be happening quickly, while I'm still getting used to the situation.'

Dorothy closed her eyes for a few moments as though contemplating the problem.

'Are you committed to her Jordon?' She had asked, he told her 'Yes.'

Nodding her head, she continued, 'Well then, you have two choices, you either look around and try and rent somewhere or, you buy a house.'

Jordon thought about it, he had some money in the bank, his mother had refused to take any of his wages once he started working, so he had just left it to mount up in his bank account. He judged that he had roughly twenty-five thousand saved, asking his grandmother if that would be enough for a deposit.

His grandmother did some quick mental arithmetic. 'Renting is dead money Jordon, it's always better to buy if you can afford it, now don't forget that when Sylvia sells the house,

whatever they owe will be deducted and then whatever is left will be divided.

'If you put both amounts together, then that will give you an exceptionally good deposit. I have a few idea's, let me speak to your mother in the morning.'

The following evening when he returned from work, his mother and grandmother called him into the dining room, his grandmother doing the talking.

'We have talked about it today, and this is what we propose. Both you and Sylvia pool your money and look for somewhere to buy. Once you have found a place, your mother and I will buy it.

'You will then pay us, two-thirds of whatever money you have as your deposit. We will set an amount to be paid each month, exactly like a mortgage, except we will not be charging you any interest.

'We will have a document drawn up officially which you will both sign and when you have paid the house off, it will be yours.'

Jordon was ecstatic, eager to tell Sylvia the news. Giving her a quick phone call, he asked if it would be OK for him to pop around. Normally he would turn right out of their driveway, following the road down towards the town and Sylvia's street. For some unfathomable reason, that evening he turned left. He could still get to her house going this way, it was just a longer route. He had only driven about a mile along the winding lane when he came to four detached houses on the side of the road, two on one side and two on the other. What caught his attention was the "For Sale" sign, stuck in the garden of the end house.

He stopped the car and got out, the other three houses all looked cheerful with lighted windows, but that end one looked a little forlorn and uncared for. Opening the gate, he walked up the path of the small garden, peering in through the windows. It was impossible to see anything properly as the

house was in darkness. Going around the rear, he was met by a huge garden, completely overgrown. But as he returned, he could not dismiss the huge grin, the house had potential, and Jordon was convinced that it would make a perfect home.

Getting back in his car, he made a note of the estate agents telephone number, eager to give them a call first thing the next morning. He arrived at Sylvia's as she opened the door for him, puzzled at the huge smile plastered across his face.

'Have you just won the lottery?' she asked.

Jordon told her what his mother and grandmother had proposed.

Sylvia looking completely stunned, 'Your family would do that for me?'

'No,' Jordon replied, 'My family would do that for us, and, I may have perhaps already found us a house.'

They managed to get viewing the next evening, his complete family plus Sylvia looking around the house. It needed modernising as very little had been done over the years. Dorothy was in her element as she took Sylvia around, making suggestions. 'I've still got contacts in the trade, my dear, you decide what you want and I'm sure we can get it done.'

They came away, all meeting back at his home as they discussed their options.

'If we modernise it, would you be happy with it?' His grandmother asked, both Sylvia and Jordon saying 'yes,' together. 'OK, leave it to your mother and me, we'll see the estate agent tomorrow and see if we can get things moving.'

By the following weekend, things began to progress, it was as though Dorothy had suddenly got a new lease of life as she began to co-ordinate workmen. She and his mother had put an offer in which had been accepted, even managing to get

the price reduced because of the attention the property needed. Jordon and Sylvia were both made to promise that they would not go near the house until Dorothy was happy with the work that needed undertaking.

They had both been out for a meal one evening, his mother happy to babysit the children, Sylvia's divorce was still going through and shortly, her house would go onto the market.

'You have been cordially invited for Christmas if you would like to attend?' Jordon said to her as they drove towards his home, it was a funny thing he thought, they had been seeing each other for quite a while now, and yet, they had still to spend an entire night together. The thought of sharing a bed that she had previously shared with her husband had not appealed to Jordon, and he got the feeling that Sylvia was reticent about sharing his bed in the same house as the rest of his family.

'We would love to come for Christmas,' she replied, 'I might even buy you a present if you are a good boy.' She gave that

sexy laugh that Jordon so loved about her. Arriving home, they went and got the kid's, both of whom were drowsing and bundled them into the car, before he drove them around to their own house. Jordon helped her indoors with them, carrying the children one by one up to their bedrooms before kissing her goodnight. 'Take care and I will see you tomorrow.' She waved him off as he left, driving towards home.

He had not gone far when he noticed a solitary figure, instantly recognising Melissa as she walked along. Sounding his horn, he drew up next to her. 'Hello stranger, can I give you a lift?'

Climbing in next to him, she leaned over, giving him a peck on his cheek. Jordon had seen nothing of her since his relationship with Sylvia had restarted. 'Where have you been hiding?' He asked her.

'I've been about,' she told him, 'But Sally's constantly out with Tom nowadays and to be honest, I feel a bit of a gooseberry, tagging along with them. How is life with Sylvia progressing?'

'It's going well Mel, I believe in no small part due to you, why did you do that for me?'

She just shrugged her shoulders, 'It was never going to happen for me, and you, was it? I loved the time we spent together, but I wanted so much more, more, unfortunately, than you were able to give. So eventually I realised that there was no reason for both of us to be unhappy.'

Jordon realised that now, was not the moment to tell her that he had been on the point of asking her out.

Melissa went on to tell him that she had been offered a job, but that it was a couple of hundred miles away.

'It's the type of career I'm looking for and they will also let me finish college up there while I work at the same time and gain experience. I'm just sorting everything out and hopefully, I will move there in January.'

He felt sad at the fact that she was leaving but could understand her reasoning. Hadn't he felt the same when he was suddenly denied his relationship with Sylvia? Whilst really, she was his sister's friend, he had got used to her being around and could not deny that they'd had fun together, the problem was that he did not have those types of feelings for her presently. He wished her all the best as he dropped her off outside her home, wondering if things could perhaps have been different.

Everyone was in bed when he arrived home, he put the television on for a while, not watching it as he cast his mind back at how his life had unfolded, remembering that day, out in the fields, when he and his mother had first had sex.

His thoughts progressed, remembering his sister Sally coming to his room, and how they had ended up fucking and then the Christmas when to avoid Melissa, he had ended up in bed with his grandmother. His first sight of Sylvia featured heavily and the consequent times that they had spent together, even the occasions when he and Melissa had finally got it on.

All those months and years had seemed to pass in a blur, but currently, things seemed to be moving at a snail's pace. Another month and it would be Christmas. Sylvia's house was on the market, but it was slow going at this time of year, not ideal for people looking to move homes. She had told him that her divorce could take nearly two years to become final, both she and her husband trying to make it as amicable as possible. He wondered how the house they had looked at was progressing, neither of them being allowed to visit until his grandmother was satisfied with the work being done. All in all, he felt a little down at the moment, although he saw Sylvia every day, actually getting private time together was quite difficult. Looking back, he realised that he bedded her more

when she was married that he presently managed, the children needs, always coming first.

Christmas had finally arrived with Sylvia confiding in him that she was going to find it difficult this year with only the one wage coming in. Jordon had offered to help, but she was having none of it.

'We are not officially your problem yet, I'll manage somehow.'

He went to pick her up on Christmas morning. Unfortunately, this year there was no snow to add to the festive feeling. The kids were excited about their presents, even though there did not seem to be many of them, Jordon remembering quite a few years like that, when Thomas had been alive.

Arriving back home, he could hear voices from all over the house. This year there would be himself and Sylvia and the two kids, along with his mother, grandmother and Sally with her boyfriend Tom. Sadly, this time, Melissa would again be at home with her parents, but there were still enough people

to create that Christmas cheer. His mother Lucille had been out and spoilt the children, Andrea and Ian, both had a large pile of presents sat next to the tree, a large tag with their names on it, fastened to each pile. There was an instant clamour as the kids excitedly wanted to rip the paper off all the boxes.

Sylvia stood next to Jordon, her arm around his waist as she watched her children happily opening present after present. She was welling up inside, conscious at how well his family was treating hers. His arm around her shoulder squeezed her, she looked into his face as he mouthed the words 'I love you,' at her, at the moment making her feel like the luckiest person alive.

The day progressed much the same as it did every year, Jordon had settled down after the dinner, feeling too full to move when his mother beckoned him from the kitchen.

Quietly she whispered to him. 'There is one more present, but I think you and Sylvia need to go for a walk and work off all that food you have eaten.'

Tantalisingly, she dangled a set of house keys in front of him, it took Jordon a moment to realise what they were for. The children were happily watching the television as he told her quietly that they needed to go out.

They both sidled from the room, grabbing their coats and getting rugged up before going outside. The wind was bitter as they huddled together and walked down the lane arm in arm with Sylvia asking where they were going.

'I have been told that it is our Christmas present,' was all he would say until finally, they reached the four houses.

It had been a while since they had last seen it, but the front garden now looked manicured and inviting as they walked up the path and Jordon inserted the key into the door lock. Their jaws dropped as they entered, the house was lovely and warm,

with the lounge being newly decorated. As they worked their way around, they found a newly fitted kitchen and that the rear of the house had also been turned back into something that resembled a garden. It still needed furniture, but the bedrooms had also had a makeover and new beds sat in each room.

Sylvia was overwhelmed; she could feel the tears trickle down her face as she looked around their new home. Jordon also feeling flabbergasted, the house was perfect, he just knew they were all going to be incredibly happy there.

'Do you think your mother would mind if the kids slept at your house tonight?' She said mischievously, 'I thought perhaps we could christen our new home.'

Jordon did not need asking a second time, determined to check with his mother, once they got back.

It had been a lovely day; his mother had not minded at all and the children were now safely tucked up in bed. His

grandmother had retired when Jordon and Sylvia said goodnight to his mother and Sally and set off towards their new home. It felt colder outside, the wind biting against their faces as they made the short journey, letting themselves in, they found the house still warm as they dashed up the stairs to what would eventually be their bedroom.

Eagerly, they undressed each other, marvelling at the attraction they had for the other person. Once naked, Jordon dropped to his knees, his face level with the tattoo which had first caught his attention and had subsequently introduced him to this beautiful woman. He kissed her bare mound, her lips eliciting murmured approval as slowly he worked his way between her legs.

Sylvia moved backwards, sitting squarely on the divan bed, opening her thighs wide so that he could access her already moist centre and then ecstatic as he opened her lips, and she felt his tongue pierce her cunt. Her stomach quivered as his lips gently squeezed her clit before his tongue flicked out at it, involuntary raising her hips from the bed.

'Fuck!' She thought, 'Does he even start to realise how much I love him,' she was about to try and tell him, but his hands, sweeping over her body had reached her breasts and he had suddenly tweaked her nipples causing her to moan loudly.

She needed him to fuck her as she pushed his face away and moved up the bed, her eyes glued to his erect manhood as he advanced on her. She raised her knees and opened her legs wide as Jordon slid between them and then suddenly, she could feel the head of his cock forcing the lips of her pussy open as he slipped it deep inside her, sending a raging urge through her body.

Their lovemaking was slow and indulgent, for the first time, they had no time constraints. There was no one they had to get back to, no fear of being too long and having to make excuses. They made love and spoke of their future before making love again, eventually falling asleep, cradled in each other's arms. Jordon awoke first, turning on his side as he watched Sylvia sleeping, hoping that she realised how much in love with her he was. She awoke slowly, smiling at him when she noticed him watching her.

'What are you looking at?' She asked him,

'The most beautiful creature I've ever met,' was his reply as he kissed her tenderly.

At last, they rose, washing and dressing, aware that the kids would probably be waiting, but not yet ready to put an end to the most perfect of nights.

'Don't worry,' Jordon told her, 'We will soon be able to do this every night.'

Together they made their way back to his home, folk were only just getting up and the children had not even missed them as they arrived back, his mother putting down hot drinks in front of both of them.

'Looks like someone had a good night,' she said with a sly smile, perhaps wishing it might have been her.

By February Sylvia's house had been sold and they had moved in together into their new home. The kids were excited with their new rooms and the large garden, even though it was yet too cold to go out and play in it. They soon developed a routine, Jordon's mum only too happy to drop the kids off and pick them up from school. She quite enjoyed having the youngsters around the house, now that her own two were grown up.

All their friends and family quickly accepted them as a couple. Even at work, it had not taken long before their relationship was accepted, the girls in Sylvia's office often enquiring how she had managed to pull a handsome young man. Sylvia never divulged the truth of what had initially attracted him to her, that would always remain their secret.

Sally and Tom continued with their relationship though she would still occasionally entice Jordon back home when she suddenly decided that she needed to get back at Tom for some reason and wanted her brother to fuck her. Jordon always found time for his mother, it was a lot more difficult

now that he had a home of his own, but he still managed to find time to visit her, the secret bunker often coming in very handy as they continued to make love.

That year passed in a whirlwind of activity, old furniture to dispose of new furniture to buy. Each evening, he and the two kids would take Max for a walk over the fields while Sylvia got the tea ready. Other times they would have tea at his mother's, enjoying the luxury of not having to cook after a long day at work.

They both set to on the gardens come spring, and by summer it was an oasis of tranquillity, as well as a playground for Andrea and Ian who both seemed to be able to wreck things faster than Jordon or Sylvia could build them. All in all, he thought, as Christmas once again approached, he had loved every second of their first year together as a family.

It was the following spring when Sylvia's divorce came through, she had shown Jordon the letter's, but he had not brought the subject up again as spring turned into summer.

They'd had tea at his mother's that evening when he asked her if she fancied a walk. They left the kids playing as they strolled across the gardens and into the treeline, exiting into the fields beyond which they had trod many times.

Arm in arm they walked several fields until eventually, Jordon led her back to the exact spot that he had caught a glimpse of her, over two years ago now.

'I still remember that very first sight of you, doing press-ups,' he added with a grin, receiving a punch to his shoulder as she still blushed at the memory.

And then suddenly, Jordon was on one knee in front of her, 'You know I adore you, and I don't ever want to be without you again, I suppose what I'm asking,' he fumbled for words as he produced a small velvet box, 'Sylvia, will you marry me?'

She was stunned, at a loss for words, the sod had been planning this all along she thought, which was why he had

said nothing since her divorce. She'd left him kneeling there long enough she decided.

'Of course, I will,' she said, a large grin plastered across her face as he slipped the ring on her finger.

Without a doubt, she was going to marry him, who wouldn't, there was no chance she was going to let him go a second time, he had made her life idyllic and she loved him with every ounce of her soul.

'You know, you could always show me how much you want me,' she suggested mischievously, as her fingers traced the length of his cock through his trousers. Jordon glanced around as his hand gently pulled the hem of her dress higher, before slipping it between her legs and rubbing her cunt through her flimsy panties.

It took him no time at all to divest himself of his clothes, standing at the edge of the treeline, naked with his cock jutting out in front of him. Sylvia dropped to her knees and took him

in her mouth. Her tongue teased him to further stiffness, a throbbing so intense that it felt as though his cock would burst. Grasping his hardness, she worked her hand up and down its length, slowing masturbating him as he groaned and opened his legs wider so that she could cup and caress his scrotum.

Sylvia waited and waited as she excited him, picking the most opportunistic moment to rip her clothes off and lay back, opening her legs wide so that he could penetrate her cunt. His cock slammed into her quim as he rode her, her legs encircling his waist, pulling him deeper into her moist warm centre. And then, at last, they consummated their frantic coupling as she cried his name, her body convulsing as Jordon emptied his cream deep inside her.

They dressed and returned home, all the women crowding around her as they admired the engagement ring and asking when the big day would be.

In actuality, it was six months later that Sylvia and Jordon stood side by side in front of the registrar and made their vows, waiting for those final words.

'I pronounce you husband and wife.' Jordon knew his life was finally complete, come what may, he would continue to find time for the females in his family, but from now on, Sylvia would take centre stage.

# Incestuous Covid

## Part One -- First & Second Lockdowns

Covid-19 started with a feeling of excitement for Ethan and Becky, but little did they know that within a short time, it would begin to feel more like a prison sentence rather than the adventure they had imagined. As more restrictions began to be imposed the two of them found themselves at home, all schools and colleges having been closed and their lectures and coursework being done online. Their father also found himself working from home while their mum was placed on furlough, her job disappearing when all non-essential shops had to shut their doors.

There was an exhilarating feeling on that first Monday morning when for the foreseeable future, they did not have to be up early for college, they didn't even have to get dressed if they didn't feel like it. Their mornings were taken up with online lectures, the two of them, accompanied by their father, sat around the dining table as they tapped away at laptop

computers, all three of them wearing headphones so as not to disturb the others. Inside a week, their father had the room to himself, both Ethan and Becky preferring to stay in their bedrooms as they completed the modules set each day.

By the third week, cracks were beginning to appear, there were so many things they had taken for granted, especially their social lives. No longer were they able to visit friends and family, even if they could have done, with everything closed, there was nowhere to go and nothing to do. From the very beginning, they all started to look forward to the once-a-day escape as they were allowed out for exercise, initially going out as a family onto the heath at the back of their home for a walk. But as the atmosphere at home slowly became toxic, a result of living on top of each other, it was not uncommon for each of them to escape alone for some sought after solitude.

Ethan was nineteen, Becky eighteen, and while their disagreements were brief, they were soon forgotten. The main protagonists were their mother and father, Alan, their dad, working at home, made frequent demands which caused friction with his wife. Normally at his office, he would have a

personal assistant who would bring refreshments whenever he requested them, she would also go out for sandwiches if he were having a working lunch and do whatever was needed. This, unfortunately, was how he began to treat his wife who quickly let it be known that she wasn't his skivvy and would not run around after him.

Susan, their mother worked in the retail sector, not as an assistant, but behind the scenes as part of the management team. She was used to giving orders, not taking them and what their father was asking of her was not going down well. She had thought that with the two of them having so much time at home that they could get lots of planned jobs done before the summer was eventually upon them. She was frustrated in her attempts as their dad treated his working day exactly as he would have done in the office, not that she considered he was doing all that much work anyway.

Six weeks in and hostilities had commenced, Ethan and Becky able to hear raised voices once their parents were in bed each night and sarcastic comments punctuating each day.

His father was going out for some exercise and Becky unusually had decided to accompany him, slowly it seemed to Ethan that he and his sister were beginning to choose sides. She had always been a 'daddy's girl,' and so it did not surprise him when she took her father's position in any disagreement. On the other hand, he could appreciate his mother's point of view, dad did not do all that much work each day and if he had managed his time better, he could easily have completed some of the tasks his mother wanted out of the way. And so, it was that Ethan tended to take her side in any discourse which eventually pitted him against his sister.

With the weather beginning to warm up, they used it as an excuse to escape onto the heath more frequently, going out several times each day for their so-called exercise. Although by rights this was against the rules, the location of their home and the open countryside behind them meant that the likelihood of them getting caught was minuscule. Routines were quickly established, Becky frequently accompanying their father while mum and he would go out together. When the four of them did go out as a family they inevitably quickly

split, mum and Ethan going in one direction while Becky and her dad went in the opposite.

The longer the lockdown went on the more Ethan started to notice the whispered conversations between his father and sister, their disappearances each week becoming more frequent as time passed. He was going to join them that morning for their constitutional but wanted to get his last bit of coursework finished first. Mum had said she did not feel up to it and they had left before he was finished. It wouldn't take much to catch them up Ethan decided as he switched off his laptop and cleared his books away.

Outside the day was warm, the heath and accompanying fields quiet with not another soul in sight as he trudged up the slight slope and reached its summit, looking around only to find that his father and sister had disappeared. Continuing to walk in the general direction that they seemed to take each day, Ethan thought he would quickly come across them.

He was enjoying the fresh air and the warmth of the sun on his face when he became aware of the faint sound of voices carried on the slight breeze. Turning three hundred and sixty degree's, Ethan scoured the horizon in all directions, unable to pinpoint the location of the sound which had now disappeared as he continued his stroll, the voices appearing and then fading, mystifying him as to where they could be coming from. Up ahead there was a small copse of trees and bushes as he headed in their general direction, meaning to circle around them before heading towards home. But as he drew closer, he could hear the voices as more and more it sounded like his father and sister.

Ethan didn't know what made him hang back instead of immediately going to join them, wondering why they had stopped. Creeping closer, he peered through one of the bushes, both of them sat on the opposite side of the hollow which the copse surrounded. They seemed deep in conversation as he watched for a couple of minutes before getting ready to move and call out to them both. Perhaps that is what he should have done instead of moving stealthily a little closer, finding himself shocked when they did

something that he would never have expected in a million years.

In astonishment, Ethan watched Becky lean forward and kiss their dad, not the kind of kiss a daughter may perhaps give his cheek, or even a quick peck on his lips. This was a full-on kiss, her lips planted firmly on his as their mouths moved together. The sight had taken his breath away, leaving him feeling furtive as he continued to watch while Becky removed her thin jacket and his father's hand rose to her ample breasts as he fondled her right tit.

What he was watching was repugnant, but at the same time arousing. Did he make himself seen, interrupting what they were doing and saying something, or did he stay hidden? His mind was made up as his father removed his sisters top and Ethan saw that she was braless beneath it, her breasts jutting proudly from her chest as his father leant forwards and took one of her nipples into his mouth. Becky tilted her head backwards, her eyes closed as he moved from nipple to nipple, his hand now between her legs as he rubbed the gusset of her jeans and her fanny beneath the material.

This felt so wrong to Ethan, she was eighteen, his dad was in his forties, but that did not seem to be bothering Becky as his father unfastened her jeans, pulled the zip down and slid his hand inside both her jeans and panties. Her voice got louder and from his vantage point, Ethan could hear her groans as she urged her father onwards, obvious to Ethan now, that his dad was fingering her. When her hand finally stopped him, he rolled onto his back, Becky unfastening his pants and pushing them down as he raised his hips, and his shaft sprang free.

She immediately wrapped her fingers around his swollen member, tossing him off as it was now his turn to moan. As disgusted as Ethan felt, there was no denying that his own cock found it arousing, a throbbing intensity accompanied the large bulge in the front of his jeans. He was unable to help himself as he rubbed at it, now seeing his sister move, her head hovering over his father's shaft until she lowered it and took his cock into her mouth.

When at last she removed her jeans and mounted their father, straddling his hips, Ethan's shaft was in his hand as he wanked furiously, his arousal quickly reaching fever pitch as he watched Becky bounce up and down on his dad's shaft while he played with her tits. Ethan beat them to it, cum spurting from the swollen head as he heard his sister start to climax, his hand flashing up and down his length as he emptied his sack onto the bush and grass below.

Hastily shoving his cock back into his pants, Ethan set off at a trot, moving in a diagonal direction as he tried to put as much distance as he could between his sister and his father. With his brain working overtime as he ran, Ethan wondered what the hell he did next, did he say something to the both of them or just to his sister, did he tell his mother what he had just witnessed and thus destroy his family, knowing full well that she was liable to kick them both out immediately and call the police.

Flushed and breathless, Ethan arrived back at their house, hanging around outside until he got his breath back and his face cooled. There was no way he could tell his mother, not

with the consequences he had just imagined, nor could he say something to his father, he would be far too embarrassed.

He had meant to broach the subject with Becky, but his imagination got in the way. When they returned, Ethan found that he couldn't stop watching her, images of her breasts and what she had done with dad firmly fixed in his mind. He began to wonder what it may be like to fuck her, something that had never entered his head before that morning. For the first time, he began to notice her body, she was slim, her stomach perfectly flat which made her ample breasts look even bigger than they were. Her hips flared and then tapered to a very decent set of legs and there was no denying that she was attractive. Whilst for the rest of that week Ethan had no opportunity to try and follow them, he did wank each night as he imagined her sliding up and down his shaft, his cum spurting each time onto a pair of her panties that he had managed to pilfer.

Over time, Ethan found there was another consequence to what he had witnessed that morning, it was slow to start and seemed to creep up on him without any proper realisation.

Currently, though, he had developed an unhealthy obsession with his sister, wondering if he should use his nearly acquired knowledge to perhaps blackmail her into doing something for him.

Further thought told him it was a bad idea, even though he had seen his sister and father at it with his own eyes, he had no concrete proof. If he said something, it would be their words against his and he was sure that they would come up with some scenario to discredit what he had seen, mum certain to believe his father over him. All Ethan could do for the moment was to bide his time, determined at some point to follow them once more and this time he would capture pictures on his phone which would prove his claims.

Becky immediately went for a shower when she and her father returned, her body hot and sweaty from their sexual encounter. It was not the first time he had fucked her; their liaison having started just after Christmas and a month before lockdown began. In retrospect, it had been she who had initiated that first occasion she remembered as she stood beneath the stream of water from the showerhead above her.

It had happened here in the shower cubicle, the memory still vivid. Mum had been at work and Ethan her brother still at college. She had been on a half-day, bursting for the loo when she arrived home. Dashing upstairs, she had thrown her bag into her bedroom and flown into the bathroom, unaware that her dad was at home and taking a shower. Her knickers had been around her ankles and her skirt around her waist before her brain processed his presence, unable to wait without wetting herself as she plonked her bottom on the seat and pissed. Her father had been so surprised that he'd made no effort to cover himself and they had simply stared at each other as she urinated.

Despite the stream of water cascading down the glass panel, she could see his flaccid cock hanging between his legs, his upper torso covered in soapsuds. The more she stared at his manhood the greater the tingling sensation between her legs became as she noted the sporadic jerks his shaft made as it started to thicken. Becky had no idea what came over her as their eyes met, but suddenly she was pulling her top over her

head and unfastening her bra as she saw her father's eyes open wide as he looked at her tits.

Taking a piece of tissue, she wiped her fanny, the touch increasing the mounting sensations her vagina was experiencing. She stood and flushed the toilet, stepping out of her panties as she moved towards the cubicle, stopping for a second to get rid of her skirt before opening its door and feeling the first spray of water hit her skin. Alan hadn't stopped her as she had entered, neither of them saying a word to the other, the only sound was the splashing of water and the grunt he emitted as she grasped his cock and slid the skin back. She could feel it growing in her hand, becoming solid as he came erect and then she moaned as her father's hand came up and caressed her breast, his fingers tweaking her nipple.

She could hear him panting above the noise of the shower, her hand now tossing him off and his cock rock hard, throbbing against her palm. He had retaliated, her breathing quickening as his other hand went between her legs and she felt a finger trace the lips of her fanny. She had moaned louder as he opened her piss flaps and then the finger had slid

inside her cunt, her juices mixing with the water still cascading down their bodies.

When he had lifted her easily, she had wrapped her legs around his waist as she felt her back pressed up against the tiled wall. She felt the head of his shaft against her vagina, long seconds as she registered it twitch a couple of times, and then he was lowering her slowly, her fanny stretching and expanding as he began to fill her passage until she had his cock buried deep inside her.

Her father had been good, his hips pumping his shaft into her had been constant as he built her arousal to a fever pitch, begging him to make her cum. With her tits squashed against his chest, he had fucked her furiously and then as a finger slid up her arse she had climaxed, both of them crying out as she felt his cock shoot his semen to the back of her vagina.

Of course, afterwards, he had made her promise to say nothing to anyone, she had agreed readily but on the proviso that he would fuck her again whenever she demanded. It

wasn't every week, but when she got the urge, her daddy would find time to stick his cock in her cunt.

Ethan was out with his mother, the lockdown about to enter its third month as he wished he could return to college. Over time the country had nearly come to a standstill and he had seen nothing of his friends and especially his girlfriend. People were taking precautions and whilst he and his friends thought they were in no danger; their parents saw it differently and had banned any meetings.

He stopped and knelt for a second, retying the lace of his trainer which had come undone as he looked at his mother who had carried on walking slowly. His attention was drawn to her bottom, encased in tight leggings, it swayed from side to side each time she took a step. His mother's buttocks were every bit as pert as his sisters and her legs as good if not better, she was slim like Becky although her breasts were considerably smaller, he was thinking to himself, as she turned to find him staring at her and questioning him.

'What? Have I stood in something?'

Ethan shook his head as he stood and caught up with her, suddenly coming out with a comment that surprised both he and his mother.

'Has anyone told you that you have a nice bottom?'

He had immediately gone red as she looked at him and laughed. 'I'm sure you shouldn't be looking at my bottom. But thank you, I'll take it as a compliment.'

It was as though his comment had made their conversation easier, chatting about what they were both missing due to the covid. She asked about his girlfriend and he spoke of his father, there was no way he was going to tell her what he had seen, he was trying to gauge if she had an inkling that in effect his dad was cheating on her. To Ethan's dismay, their walk was over quicker than he had anticipated, their house already on the horizon as they headed back. They had laughed and joked all the way through their journey and as they headed

homewards, mum had linked her arm through his. It felt good Ethan realised, her arm and shoulder pressed tightly against him as he made her laugh once more.

Perhaps because of what he had seen happen between his sister and father, the thought suddenly entered his head as he wondered what it might be like to have sex with his mother. She might be older than him, but she was still a good-looking woman and the more he noticed her, the more he decided that she had a sexy body.

For the rest of that week, he found that the fantasies he'd been having about Becky had now been replaced by his mother, lying in his bed each night, he would close his eyes and imagine her straddling his hips naked as she jerked him off, Becky's panties now replaced with a pair of his mothers, as he filled the gusset with his cream, one spurt after another of hot cum as his body trembled with the secret thrill of his imaginings. His mind became obsessed with the notion of having sex with her, jealous of his sister who had somehow made it happen and wondering if he should ask her advice.

He quickly realised that it was a stupid idea, not only informing her of what he knew but also admitting to her that he wanted to do the same with their mum. It was futile Ethan decided, there was no way he could broach the subject with his mum and surmised that what had happened with his sister, was one of those once in a lifetime opportunities that occurred and that he could wait forever without it ever happening for him.

As summer approached there was talk of lifting the lockdown, schools and colleges would not re-open until September but hopefully, their mother and father would soon return to work. Their mum Susan was the first to return, but only working three days a week so that the store could rotate staff. Their father was returning full time the coming Monday and the atmosphere at home seemed to become friendlier as everyone looked forward to being able to see friends and family again.

During the summer, most days Ethan met up with a couple of friends or with his girlfriend, pubs and cafes were open once more as they took the opportunity to enjoy their freedom, but

occasionally, he and Becky would go out for a walk on the heath if all of their friends were already occupied. He still hadn't mentioned the subject to her, wondering if it had been a one-off and would not be repeated now that life was returning to normal, but he had not been able to shrug off the thoughts about his mother, not helped by the fact that he had found a website filled with erotic stories.

Ethan had printed off copies of several different types of story, but they all had one thing in common, incest. Some were "Father-Daughter" others "Sister-Brother" but mostly, they were of the "Mother-Son" type which he would read in bed each night, the tales arousing and adding to his fantasies about his mum. One, in particular, was extremely graphic and he had been so taken by the tale that he had reprinted it, changing the names of the main characters to Susan and Ethan. Each morning, he would hide them under his mattress, not wanting anyone else to read them, especially the one that he had adapted.

Throughout June and July, life in a way returned to what it previously had been, everything was open, people were mixing and taking holidays, although they were still expected

to social distance and wear masks in certain indoor areas. Their father was at work and mum was on one of her days off as they left her washing and ironing, he and Becky deciding to take a stroll across the heath. Ethan's girlfriend was away with her parents and their other friends were presently dispersed. Halfway through the walk, he had just decided to come out with it as he turned to Becky and asked.

'How long have you and dad been fucking?'

She stopped suddenly in her tracks and it was as though she had been struck dumb as turning towards him her face displayed a look of horror and fear. When she finally regained her composure, Ethan could see she was about to try and deny it as he spoke before she could.

'I was trying to catch you both up one day. By the time I arrived, he was shagging you. I watched you both.'

He saw her face turn crimson as she looked guilty, which was then followed by dismay as she asked him. 'You didn't say anything to mum, did you?'

Ethan shook his head, 'I haven't said anything to anyone,' he told her. 'What are you playing at Becky?'

Initially, she had refused to answer, turning away as she carried on walking until eventually, she spotted what she was looking for, changing direction and taking her brother's hand, she led him from the heath into a field where the grass was longer, and a lone tree provided some shade.

Once seated and away from prying eyes, she made him tell her all that he had seen, continually asking questions as his story unfolded.

'Did it turn you on?' She asked brazenly when he had finally finished, Becky sensing that there were some things her brother was not divulging.

He may as well tell her, Ethan thought as he described how he had watched as she got fucked, his cock out as he jerked himself off. His descriptions had aroused her, with life slowly returning to normal, Becky had been going without, especially now her father had returned to work. She had wondered if her brother would be up for fucking her but did not have an inkling how she could approach the subject with him.

This was the perfect opportunity Becky thought, glancing around to make sure there was no one else out on the heath or in the surrounding fields as she suddenly leant forward and grabbed the back of his head, pulling him closer until his lips met hers.

Ethan could tell she was excited by the way she kissed him; her mouth hungry as her tongue was forced between his lips. When his hand came up and caressed her breast, she made no effort to stop him, only putting her hand on top of his as she forced him to squeeze the firm orb. He could not believe how easily this was happening, his arousal openly apparent as her

hand went to his groin, rubbing sensuously at his cock. When they broke apart, she breathlessly suggested a bit of fun as she glanced around once more.

'No one's about. Why don't you get naked?' Immediately starting to divest herself of her clothing. 'I take it that you would like to fuck me,' she giggled.

There was no way that Ethan was going to miss this opportunity, it may never happen again he was thinking to himself as he stripped off, watching Becky who had a head start and was now nearly naked. With a final cursory glance, she pulled him down on top of her, feeling his erection pushing against her belly and mound as she began to kiss him once more.

Her fantasies, initially, had actually been about Ethan. She was the same age as his girlfriend Mona and had overheard plenty of comments the young woman made about her brother which led Becky to wonder what it may be like to have him fuck her. As was the problem with all fantasies, how did you

then take your secret desires to a stage of reality, especially when you had no idea if the other person was indeed interested in you?

Becky enjoyed sex, she'd had a couple of boyfriends, but not enough to satisfy the demands her body seemed to continually make. She knew what happened to girls who put out too easily and the name's they got and so she'd had to deny herself on many occasions. Ethan, if she could ever persuade him, was the perfect solution, they would be able to fuck whenever the urge took her, which was quite often, and no one would be any the wiser.

He was handsome, and for a brother, was surprisingly good with her. She had friends who continually complained that their brothers were 'Pigs.'

Watching him undress, she could feel her arousal increase as she got her first sight of his penis, her father was reasonably endowed, but at a rough guess, Ethan seemed to be a little larger and she was now filled with anticipation as she dragged

him on top of her and felt his manhood pulsing against her mound.

When she released him from their kiss, she whispered in his ear. 'I want you to fuck me, Ethan. I want you to slide that huge cock of yours into my cunt.'

She had opened her legs wide as he knelt between them, her eyes sparkling as he pushed his plump head against her vagina, and she uttered her first groan. And then she had gasped out loud as he forced his cock into her cunt, feeling her passage stretch as he began to fill her until at last, his groin pressed against her own. All she could do at first was stare at him wide-eyed as her fanny became accustomed to the lump of meat jammed inside it.

Ethan started slowly, his shaft sliding in and out of his sister's well-lubricated fanny and her voice going up and down with each thrust. Her tits were as excellent as he remembered, large and firm as he gripped both of them, squeezing and making them bulge before leaning forward and sucking on each of

her nipples, Becky uttering a shriek each time he nipped the large teats with his teeth. He was intent on making it last, partly because he had no idea if this would be his only chance to fuck her, building her sensations slowly until as she approached her plateau, he would stop and rub softly at her clit with his thumb until her arousal diminished before starting all over again.

Becky lifted her hips meeting her brothers each time his cock was plunged into her cunt. She was calling him all sorts of awful names, but she couldn't help herself as he pushed her to the brink and then stopped, keeping her finely balanced whilst her body continued to demand that final release. And then his shaft was pumping into her pussy, tipping her over the edge as she arched her back, her body going taut as she climaxed and stars appeared before her eyes, the intense sensations ripping through her.

She was screaming, the pleasure emanating from her cunt refusing to stop, as did her brother who continued to ram his cock into her sodden passage, juices leaking from her and dripping onto the grass beneath her bottom as a second

orgasm consumed her and she felt him ejaculate his hot sperm into her vagina.

Becky was fucked, at that moment wanting nothing more than to be allowed to sleep, her eyes were heavy, and her body exhausted as she lay back under the warm sun and snoozed.

She awoke to find Ethan still nestled beside her, one arm under her head and his other hand softly caressing her breasts. Turning to face him, she kissed the tip of his nose.

'Do I take it that this is something that you may want to repeat? She asked with a smile which turned into a grin as he nodded his head. They spent the next thirty minutes lying next to each other, delighting in their nakedness before deciding to get dressed and finally head for home.

There was no point in making plans, far easier to see what each day brought but Becky knew for certain that she had not yet finished with Ethan, hopefully, between him and her

father, they would provide all of the sex that her body could desire.

Indoors they reverted to being brother and sister, their mother asking if they'd had a nice walk, but there was something in the way that she looked at Ethan that unsettled him as he went up to his bedroom. He had been laid on his bed for the past hour when he suddenly realised that the sheets and covers had been changed, springing up as he lifted the mattress to check if the pages of stories he had downloaded were still there and giving a sigh of relief when he found them still in situ.

The next morning, he was up early, the sound of his mother vacuuming downstairs having disturbed him. Becky was still sleeping when he peeped in before making his way downstairs and making himself some breakfast.

'Fancy a walk once you're finished?' His mother called.

Ethan told her he was going for a quick shower and to give him fifteen minutes. Outside, they took a familiar route, up onto the heath and then onwards into the open fields. The day was beginning to warm nicely as he and his mother chatted about nothing in particular, Ethan matching her step for step as she marched along. Crossing the field, they were nearing another part of the town and one of the local parks.

'Let's take a seat for five minutes,' her mother suddenly uttered.

Sat together, she stared off into space, Ethan getting the feeling that she wanted to say something but wasn't quite sure where to start.

'How's Mona? She suddenly enquired.

Ethan told her that his girlfriend was fine and that she was currently away with her parents.

'Everything alright between you two? Are you getting a little bored with her? How have you managed not being able to see her because of the lockdown?

Ethan wondered where his mother was going with the questions, it was not like her to take this much interest in his girlfriend.

'Your sisters becoming very attractive, isn't she? She's growing into a beautiful young woman, don't you think?

Ethan felt a cold sweat break out, had his mother guessed that he and Becky had indulged in intercourse. He answered her questions the best he could but now had a sickly feeling in his stomach as she continued, going off at tangents as she asked more questions.

'You don't fantasise about her, do you, Ethan? You know that wouldn't be right?'

His mouth dropped open, what the hell kind of a question was that. There was only one thing he could do, and that was to lie through his teeth, telling her he did not fantasise about Becky, which in a way was true, he didn't have to dream about it anymore now that they had consummated their relationship. He watched as his mother nodded her head, staring off into the distance again as he waited for her next utterance with bated breath. The silence seemed to go on, Ethan hoping against all odds that his answers had satisfied his mother's sudden curiosity.

'Perhaps you have fantasies about older women? I suppose that's understandable, though I couldn't necessarily see the fascination,' she had suddenly said after a lengthy silence.

Ethan quickly had this nagging feeling that he knew where this was coming from. His mother had changed his bed yesterday, had she come across the stories secreted beneath the mattress, worse still, had she started to read them, he had the sudden premonition that the one that he had altered was the top story on the pile.

He had two choices, he could continue to lie, coming up with any excuses he could quickly think of or he could brazen it out and at the least tell his mother a modicum of truth. Quickly deciding before she could throw more questions at him, he interrupted her.

'Is this to do with the stories you found under my mattress? I take it you read some of it,' he said, trying not to blush and sound as grown-up as he could. He wasn't a child anymore and it wasn't as though he was doing anything wrong by reading erotic stories.

His mother nodded her head, refusing to look at him as he turned sideways on the bench and stared in her direction.

'Yes. I've thought about an older woman. And yes, I've imagined doing things with one, especially if she is attractive and quite sexy. Is there something wrong with that?'

There was another prolonged silence. 'Did you write that story, the one about a mother and a son?' She wanted to know.

'The one where the mother is called Susan and her son is called Ethan.'

He shook his head, trying to explain that he had simply downloaded it, but it was evident by the look on her face that she did not believe him, asking sarcastically if it was a coincidence that the characters in the story had the same names as they did.

'Why, Ethan. Why would you write something like that? I'm your mother. Surely you can't be imagining doing the things to me that I noticed in that story?'

Try as he might, his mother had convinced herself that he was the author of what she had read and no matter what he said to the contrary, she was not going to believe him. He felt like telling her that what he was feeling was no different to what his father and sister were doing but knew that something like that would only make matters worse.

'Alright then, I did write it, and everything thing you read is what I have perhaps dreamt about.' He looked away feeling ashamed, it wasn't supposed to be like this, she was supposed to understand a young man's fantasies.

His mother had refused to discuss it with him anymore, only saying that it was time they were getting back. At least she hadn't gone off on one Ethan thought, but he wondered if she was going to say something to his father.

He had stayed out of the way over the weekend, spending time out with his friends and arriving back late. His mother had made no further mention and there had been no man to man talk from his dad, Ethan realising that, if that happened, it would be hard to keep a straight face, knowing what his dad had done with his sister.

And then before he knew it, he and Becky were back in college, dad was working full time and his mother had also returned to her job. Although there were still cautious

messages broadcast each evening, it felt like the worst was over and that the country was returning to normal.

For a time, he had forgotten about the pages beneath his mattress, suddenly remembering one evening and going in search of them. Much to his surprise, they were no longer there, had his mother thrown them away he wondered, he couldn't understand why when he could simply download them again.

Neither he nor Becky had managed to complete a term time at college before their part of the country was put into a tiered lockdown again. Their father was currently allowed to work, but once more their mother was furloughed as meetings between friends and relatives started to be banned. It had felt like they had been let out on parole, only to be called back to prison after a short period.

When their father was eventually sent to work from home once more, things soon returned to how they had been the first time around. At least then it had been spring and

summer, when it all got too much indoors, they could escape onto the heath and the surrounding countryside. Now it was October, and while they could still go out for exercise, the weather had changed, wet miserable days that did not inspire long walks in the fresh air.

Hostilities had soon broken out, only this time, the arguments were not confined to their parent's bedroom each night, slanging matches taking place in the lounge during the day which meant he and Becky spent more time in their rooms, trying to stay out of the way as much as possible.

Ethan could tell his mother was exasperated as she asked him if he wished to go out. Becky was upstairs in her room and his father was in the dining room working as Ethan nodded his head, it was the first time his mother had asked since their conversation several months earlier. Outside it was cold and miserable as he rugged up and put on some walking boots, it wasn't the weather to be crossing fields in their normal footwear he thought as he went out of the rear of the house, waiting for his mum.

Following her lead, they set off in a slightly different direction than they normally took, heading east in the direction of the next nearest town which was about five miles away. The first three miles were done in nearly complete silence, his mother marching along as he followed in her wake, glancing occasionally at the sky which was beginning to darken, suggesting that a downpour was imminent. They were only about a half-mile from the next town when the rain started, just a drizzle at first but at least his mother was now speaking to him as she gazed upwards and changed direction again.

The drizzle turned to larger drops and then to a steady rainfall until suddenly the heavens opened and it lashed it down, the both of them saturated inside five minutes. She had set off at a trot, Ethan not sure where she was heading to, until he suddenly remembered that her sister, Aunt Janice, had a caravan out this way which she used about six times each year when she came up to visit, letting it out for holidays when it was unoccupied. Situated on a small park on the edge of town, Ethan and his mother were soaked through to the skin by the time they reached it, his mum taking a key from her pocket and letting them in.

Indoors was cold with everything turned off, Ethan going back outside to turn on the gas bottle so that his mum could make them both a hot drink and light the gas fire in the lounge. Going to a storage cupboard in one of the bedrooms, she returned with several large towels.

'Get out of those wet things before you catch your death. The fire will soon warm the lounge up and I'll put our clothes in the dryer.'

Using one to dry his hair and damp skin, Ethan wrapped the other around his waist, aware that he was naked beneath it as he picked up his wet clothes from the floor of the second bedroom and took them through to the kitchen and placed them in the tumble dryer ready. When his mother appeared wearing nothing, but a towel wrapped around her, Ethan had to restrain himself from uttering a word, conscious that something was happening beneath his own towel as he watched her bend and put her clothes into the dryer and switch it on.

Sitting together on the rug in front of the fire with their coffee mugs they began to warm up, his mother casting occasional sideways glances. He could see her in his peripheral vision, making an effort not to turn his head and stare at her and already embarrassed because of his erection which he had managed to disguise under the folds of the towel. Every few minutes he would fidget as his shaft protested the constraint and throbbed incessantly.

His mother wasn't saying very much, her conversation stilted, but every so often he was sure he caught the slightest of shy smiles on her face, but each time he turned his head slightly to glance, she would look away.

'I'm sorry, this is not particularly fair of me, is it? She asked.

Ethan just continued to stare into the flames of the gas fire as he shook his head and mumbled 'No.'

He could feel her staring at him again, sure that his face was going red. The fact that except for a couple of towels they were both naked was driving him to distraction, his mind imagining different scenarios where her towel slipped down or came undone, allowing him a view of her body, even if only briefly. No matter how hard he tried to put the thoughts from his mind, they refused to budge, only increasing the discomfort he felt down below.

Glancing out of the window at the continuing rainfall, he was so distracted by his impediment that it came as a shock when he first felt her fingers touch his skin, his head swivelling suddenly to look at her as she traced patterns across his chest and then running them down his arm before resting her hand on his. His mother's eyes were downcast, as though she was afraid to look at him.

'I read some of the other stories from under your mattress. They are very graphic, aren't they?'

All Ethan could do was nod his head again, presently not trusting his voice.

'The one about me and you. I've read it several times. Have you imagined us doing things like that, even though I don't understand why you would want to? They get up to some very risqué things at times.' She spoke very quietly, her voice barely more than a whisper.

Ethan, at last, found his voice, 'It's been like this ever since I noticed your bottom that day. After that, I began to notice the rest of you. And then it was easier to see you as a woman, rather than my mother. I never meant it to happen. It just did.'

Susan nodded her head as her mind momentarily drifted back over the last couple of weeks and how she had come to her decision. The weather had played its part, better than she could ever have anticipated, she was thinking, as she lifted his hand and placed it high up on her chest where she had tucked in the towel to keep it in place.

'It's your decision as to whether you open it or not,' she said, 'You don't have to if you have changed your mind.'

She had been downstairs alone one afternoon, her husband and daughter out taking their exercise and Ethan upstairs in his bedroom and she was bored. She had remembered the stories she had removed from under her son's mattress a couple of weeks earlier and was going to throw them in the dustbin but for whatever reason, she had popped them in a cupboard, curiosity making her want to read one of them properly before she got rid of them.

Dismissing the one that had her name within it, she started to read some of the others, the first being a "Father and Daughter" story. Repugnant as the idea was, she found the writing titillating and by the time she had finished it, she was feeling slightly aroused. As no one had yet returned or appeared downstairs, she started on a second, this time a "Mother and Son", becoming engrossed in the tale as her nipples became erect and the first sensations appeared between her legs.

What the pair got up to in the tale was highly erotic, the sex scenes graphically described as she suddenly found herself

imagining Ethan's shaft sliding inside her cunt. By the time she had finished, she could feel the dampness in her panties and the urge in her fanny as she decided to hide the stories in another location and read more later. It was a good job she did because her husband and daughter were just walking through the garden and would be indoors shortly.

It was a couple of nights later and she was unable to settle, forever glancing at her bedside clock while her husband snored beside her. Deciding to get up and make herself a drink, the house was quiet as she slipped on a robe and tiptoed downstairs to put the kettle on. At first, she had thought about putting the tv on low but then remembered the stories, retrieving them from her hiding place. Settling down on the couch with her drink, she this time selected a "Brother and Sister" story, quickly becoming engrossed until she realised that her breathing had quickened, and her pulse was racing slightly, suddenly wondering if her son and daughter had played out these characters and had slept with each other.

Casting the notion to one side, she picked another "Mother and Son", not noticing that it was the one with characters

based on her and Ethan until she began reading. By the time she had read half of it, her nipples ached and the feeling in her vagina was insistent as she slipped one hand inside her robe and allowed her fingers to tease her teats, wanting to continue with the tale to see what happened next. The sex scene had her fanny open and moist as she put the document to one side and closed her eyes as her other hand slid between her legs.

Susan shivered as her fingers softly rubbed either side of her clitoris, pulling its hood back as she exposed it and rubbed its tip, her first moans escaping her lips as she tried desperately to keep the noise to a minimum. Her other hand opened her robe wide as she cupped and massaged her small breasts, pulling at her nipples as she began to squirm, her arousal kicking in fully as she imagined another pair of hands touching them.

She had slid first one and then a second finger into her cunt, slowly to start with, but then increasing her momentum as she pummelled her fanny, her breathing coming short and fast now as she alternated between her vagina and her clitoris. She

was so close as she imagined his cock filling her passage, plunging it in and out as he fucked her, and then she was climaxing, her body going rigid as waves of pleasure swallowed her whole.

When her hand stopped and her breathing began to slow, she tried to reconcile herself to the fact that all through her masturbation, it was her son Ethan that she had imagined fucking her.

She had returned to her bed and instantly fallen asleep but the next morning recollections of the previous night disturbed her thoughts as she found herself constantly watching her son. The more she was around him over the next few days, the greater her urge became to perhaps let him make love to her. She started to realise what Ethan had perhaps been going through, the fact that he had come from her body jettisoned, as she imagined him towering over her as his cock slid into her fanny.

Having decided that she would offer herself to him, she was at a loss as to when and where. Summer would have made it easy; they were often alone together each day as they took their exercise, but with it now heading towards winter, there was no way she was about to drop her knickers outdoors. Opportunities at home were few and far between, the only time was when her husband and daughter went out for their exercise and she could not guarantee they would be out long enough to consider doing something like that with her son.

And then she had remembered about her sister's caravan, it was a reasonable distance away and she had the spare set of keys, perhaps a walk in that direction on a slightly rainy day would give her the excuse she was looking for.

Susan came back to reality as she felt her towel begin to loosen before falling away. She couldn't bring herself to look at Ethan as she instantly felt the heat of the fire on her bare skin and realised her face was flushed, embarrassed with her body which although she exercised regularly, was showing signs of ageing.

His hand was on her cheek as he turned her head towards him, his face very close to her own now as his lips gently caressed hers. As they parted, she glanced downwards, at some point he had opened his towel and she got her first glimpse of his erection standing proud in his lap. The feeling in the pit of her stomach moved, those first sensations of arousal in her vagina becoming more dominant as their lips came together once more and his hand cupped her breast.

Ethan could not believe this was happening, his mother was giving her permission for him to actually act out his fantasies and have sex with her. He had spent weeks pondering how he could orchestrate such a situation and low and behold, she had plonked the opportunity in his lap, there was no way he was not going to take her up on her offer as he tugged gently on her towel and felt it loosen. As it fell away to her waist, he could do nothing at first except gaze at her small perfectly formed breasts, the throbbing in his cock intensifying as he loosened his towel and pushed it away.

Moving closer, he turned her head towards him and then kissed her sweetly, his hand going to her breast as he felt his

mother begin to respond and their kiss becoming increasingly arousing as their mouths pressed and moved against each other.

Breaking apart for a moment, he eased her down and removed her towel, lying next to her as he got his first view of her completely naked body and noticing her glance at him shyly as though she was unsure as to whether he would find her body old and unappealing. His mother did not need to worry Ethan was thinking, she was perfect in every way despite being twice his age. He found her smaller breasts cute and loved the way that they still stood upright even when she was laid flat. Running his hand over her breast, he moved it downwards across her flat stomach, his fingers encountering her mound and her well-manicured dark pubic hair before his hand curved between her legs and his fingers made the first contact with her vagina.

Ethan gasped sharply as his mother's hand wrapped around his shaft, admitting to himself that it felt even better than when his girlfriend or even his sister touched him. As she started to slowly jack him off, he opened her pussy lips and

slid a finger inside her cunt, burying it deep before swirling it around inside her passage and making her hips lift from the floor as she groaned loudly.

When she dragged him on top of her and his cock pierced her cunt, Susan forgot that it was her son fucking her and not her husband as her arousal quickly escalated, the butterflies in her stomach banished as she abandoned herself to his continually moving hands. She found herself surprised at how gentle and caring her son was as he slowly fucked her, he certainly seemed to be taken by her breasts, constantly raining kisses on them and making her squirm and moan when his mouth encompassed her nipples and nipped them between his teeth.

Ethan's mouth went back to Susan's as his thrusting increased, his mother's moaning cut off for a moment as their lips ground against each other until as he pulled back, she begged him to make her climax. Gripping her hips as he knelt upright, he pulled her tightly against his groin, his mum opening her legs wider as she tried to get every inch of his cock inside her, her arousal now at fever pitch and knowing her climax was imminent.

And then she was crying out loud as his cock slammed into her cunt furiously, his thrusting frantic as he pushed her over the edge and she began to orgasm, her body thrashing beneath him as she gripped the rug tightly and went rigid, the feel of his cum filling her cunt intensify the sensations she experienced.

The lounge was far too hot Ethan decided, his body covered in sweat as he reached out and turned the gas fire right down. His mother still had her eyes closed and was breathing steadily as if she was dozing or sleeping as he eased himself back down beside her. A glance at his watch told him that they had already been away from home for over two hours now, long enough for them to be on their way back by rights.

Shaking her shoulder gently, he roused her from her slumber, a smile appearing on her face as she finally opened her eyes. It had been a while since she had last had sex, the constant petty arguments at home not conducive to a night of lovemaking once she and her husband were in bed. Ethan had surprised her, the sex leaving her feeling enthralled and

satisfied, more akin to the sex that she'd had in her early twenties and newly married.

'We had better make a move mum. They'll be wondering where we have got to,' Ethan said.

With great reluctance, Susan climbed to her feet, unfazed now about her nudity as she went and got their clothes from the dryer. She could happily have stayed there for the rest of the day, definitely having sex with her son again. With that simple acknowledgement, Susan knew that today was only the first of hopefully, more encounters in the future. She had already climbed into her bra and panties when she decided to ask.

'Not disappointed Ethan?'

Her son's response was to grab hold of her, he had been too busy watching her dress to begin himself, his cock starting to thicken as he pulled her against him, his hand rubbing gently at her fanny through the thin material of her panties.

'What do you think?' he asked a twinkle in his eyes.

Susan could not help but laugh, now content in the knowledge that Ethan found her sexually alluring, and with his actions, ready to fuck her again already.

'Behave, Ethan,' she giggled, pushing his hand away because he was beginning to excite her once more.

'Don't be greedy. There will be other occasions in future.' She promised.

They climbed into their warm dry clothes, the weather outside had stopped raining for the moment as he turned off the fire and his mother made sure everything was clear. Ethan went out and turned the gas bottle off while his mother locked up before setting off in the direction of home. Susan did not intend to mention the caravan to anyone else, it was the perfect venue for her and Ethan to have sex regularly, she

thought to herself, tucking the key safely into an inside pocket.

Becky watched as her mother and brother crossed the garden, heading towards the heath for their daily walk. She knew they would be at least an hour which filled her with glee because presently she was feeling as randy as hell, the ongoing restrictions and weather meant she had not been getting any lately, too wet and cold outdoors and too many people indoors.

She could hear her father in the dining room talking to someone on his laptop and when she had popped her head around the door he had mouthed 'customer call,' to her. Fifteen minutes later and he was still talking which left Becky frustrated as the minutes continued to tick by and brought her mother's arrival back ever closer. On hands and knees, she crawled into the dining room, her father engrossed in the call not noticing her entry as she snuck beneath the table.

As he continued to chat, Becky eased herself nearer until she could reach out and softly rub his cock and balls, making him suddenly jump and trying to disguise his surprise with a cough. Moving closer she slid his zip down and unfastened the button of his pants as she reached inside his briefs, pulled the front down and extracted his flaccid cock. It did not stay soft for long as she stroked him, pushing the skin down and exposing its helmet as she felt it start to thicken and swell in her hand.

Slowly she began to jerk her father off as his cock became fully erect, twitching occasionally in her hand as she aroused him. There was another disguised cough as she moved her face closer and took his knob into her mouth, sucking at its now plump head and running her tongue under its rim and then up and down his shaft. She had already removed her panties, her fanny open and moist with the excitement of what she was doing as she ran a finger across her clit and eliciting what would have been a groan if her mouth had not been full of cock.

It was surprising how fast his call ended as she continued to jack him off, her father's arousal making his face flushed and starting to affect his speech.

Becky was not interested in lovemaking, what she presently needed was a swift fucking and the sooner the better, her vagina protesting about her lack of sex lately.

Alan closed the lid of his laptop and removed his headphones, his breathing already coming rapidly as his daughter gobbled on his cock. He had to move, she was not the only one who had been going without and with the constant attention his shaft was getting, it would not be long before he exploded in her mouth. Extracting himself, he reached beneath the table and pulled a grinning Becky out as he took a moment to rid himself of his pants and briefs before picking her up and carrying her to the other end of the table and plonking her down.

Pulling her top up, Becky displayed her bosom still encased in a lacy bra as she lay back on the dining room table, lifting

her legs and opening them wide as her skirt slipped back to her waist and exposed her naked cunt. Alan rubbed his cock against her fanny as he reached out and pushed her bra up and out of his way as he looked at his daughters perfectly formed largish breasts. He had always been a tit man, though surprisingly, his wife had a small bosom, he thought to himself as he grabbed his daughter's tits and squeezed forcibly, making them bulge and her erect nipples stand proudly to attention.

In his excitement he was quite brutal with Becky's breasts, mauling them constantly as he leant over her and ran his tongue over her teats, his cock all the while rubbing against her fanny and spreading her juices until without any assistance he slid inside her passage, making her gasp. There was no finesse to their sexual act, all Becky needed was cock and to climax, constantly keeping an eye on the wall clock as her father pumped his shaft into her wet passage.

'Faster daddy, faster. Fuck your little girls pussy and make me come.' Becky simpered, knowing that it turned her father on to be spoken to like that.

It did not take either of them long before Becky was arching her back, her climax escalating as her father filled her pussy with his cum. As her breathing slowed, she glanced at the time again, ten minutes before her mother and brother would normally return, she was thinking when her father surprised her.

Alan was still feeling rampant, his cock still refusing to soften despite his ejaculation. He had lost all track of time, intent only on further satisfaction as he gripped Becky's legs and nearly pushed them above her head as he brought her buttock cheeks and her anus into view. His cock was still slick with her juices as he manoeuvred his shaft and eased himself forward, watching as first his plump knob and then the rest of his cock disappeared up his daughters rear passage as he began to sodomise her despite Becky's screams.

'Holy fucking shit!' No one had ever fucked her arse previously Becky thought for a moment as her father's cock filled her shitter, but she quickly became accustomed to the

sensations as he continued to plough her arse, the excitement evident on his face.

'Play with yourself. Touch your fanny for me,' Alan urged her as Becky's hand went between her legs and she started to rub at her clit.

With her fingers now pumping into her cunt rapidly, she grimaced, her climax catching her by surprise as she went rigid, gaping her cunt so that her father could see her pink wet internals as she felt and heard him grunt, a second helping of spunk this time forced up her arse.

Alan and Becky were both dressed and going about their normal routines when Susan and Ethan eventually reached home, Becky wondering where they had been for nearly three hours and why they were dry when she was sure she had heard it pouring down. She found herself intrigued about their lengthy disappearance and cornered her brother later on that day.

'Where did you and mum get to. Both of you seemed to be gone for hours. She asked him.

Ethan had thought about it on the way back, knowing full well that Becky would have noticed how long they had been gone. He had his excuse to hand, not yet ready to divulge to his sister that he'd had sex with their mother.

'We walked over to the next town and then it decided to throw it down. We sheltered for what seemed ages before it finally stopped and we set off back,' he said smoothly, no hint of the lie he was telling.

He was happy that she accepted the explanation without any further questioning, his mind trying to figure out how he and his mother could disappear each day for that amount of time without Becky or his father becoming suspicious.

Over the course of the next week, they only managed it on one other occasion, Becky again taking advantage of their absence to once more get herself fucked by her father. Ideally,

she wanted sex with her brother again, but there was no chance at home because her mother and father presently never seemed to go out together and when Ethan did go out, he was always accompanied by their mother.

One consequence of every one of them getting sex that week was that the tensions between their parents seemed to diminish. Their father offered to do some jobs and even mum managed not to nag and accepted supplying him with brews when he was working, with good grace.

At the end of October, Ethan had his twentieth birthday, there was no point in planning anything as the country was going back towards a full lockdown again. With the sex that each couple were managing, the atmosphere during November and on the run-up to Christmas had greatly improved, their parents going out one weekend just before it came into place to grab as much shopping and presents as they could before everything closed down once more.

Normally they would have friends and family over during Christmas, but this year would be different even though there was an amnesty for a few days over the festive period. This

year it would just be the four of them and they had decided that while they would put a tree and decorations up, it would be less than they normally did.

Mum and dad would be at least a couple of hours Becky had decided as she watched them drive away. They were going to the larger town about ten miles away which would give her all the time she needed as she headed for Ethan's bedroom. Although she'd had a couple of good fuckings that week, there was no way she was going to miss the opportunity of having her brother shag her while their parents were away.

Becky had never been shy about coming forward as she bounded into Ethan's room and leapt onto his bed. He was currently listening to music and never managed to get a word out before she was stroking his cock through his pants and doing her best to rip them off him.

'Come on, get undressed,' she urged him as she began to disrobe.

Becky was naked and laid-back waiting as Ethan finished getting naked. Like his sister, he knew his parents would be a good while and was in no rush as he climbed back onto the bed and slid between his sister's thighs, an eager expression on her face when she realised what he intended to do. Closing her eyes and relaxing, she felt his hot breath on her inner thighs and her fanny as Ethan's face moved closer to her vagina, her body shuddering as his fingers touched her labia and traced a line down her slit.

'Oh God, it feels so good,' she mumbled as his fingers opened her vagina and his tongue made its first contact, slipping over her pink moist interior as he licked the sensitive flesh. Becky shuddered and jerk when his tongue penetrated her cunt, lapping at her juices as she pressed her vagina tightly against his mouth. Her fanny was buzzing with the attention it was receiving, Becky crying out loud when he exposed her clitoris and sucked on it gently, his tongue flicking out and teasing the ultra-sensitive bud.

She could not stop herself panting, her body tensing and relaxing as Ethan brought her closer to her climax despite her

pleading with him to fuck her. With a finger in her fanny and his tongue still lapping away, Becky's orgasm exploded as he sank a single digit into her anus, frigging both orifices as his mouth continued to pleasure her. Despite thrashing about the bed, he kept up his administrations as she floated serenely, waves of pleasure coursing through her body and her juices splashing her brothers face.

Swapping places, Becky straddled Ethan's hips, his cock now buried deep inside her pussy as she rocked back and forwards, slowly exciting and arousing the both of them. She was beguiled by the way her brother kept looking at her, his eyes constantly moving up and down her body until finally his hands moved upwards and cupped her breasts.

Ethan keenly watched his sister as she sat atop his lap, in truth she looked like a younger version of his mother, only with bigger tits as she raised and lowered herself on his shaft. Her breasts bounced with each movement, Becky beginning to move up and down faster as her excitement intensified. His cock was throbbing inside her passage as Ethan hoisted her,

ramming his shaft into her cunt rapidly as his own climax drew close.

Becky leant over him on outstretched arms, her mouth open and head hanging down as she tried to breathe, her orgasm overcoming her as pleasure signals overloaded her brain. She could not stop her body shaking and convulsing as one orgasm was overtaken by another, Ethan continuing to pound her cunt until at last she felt his cock jerk rapidly inside her passage and then the blast of hot cum as he emptied his sack inside her cunt.

Of the two, Becky was the most content, normally all she managed with her father were quickies here and there, neither of them as yet managing to find time for a proper encounter. Alan seemed perfectly happy with that, not once having alluded that he would like longer with her and the chance to make love to her properly, it was as though he thrived on the thrill and excitement of their fast and furious shagging.

As she lay side by side with her brother, she decided that there was something to be said for Ethan's slower approach, the sex with him today had been exhilarating and in a way, Becky felt jealous of his girlfriend who got that kind of shag at regular intervals. It wasn't that she did not enjoy her daddy fucking her when her body demanded it, that kind of wham-bam sex was perfect, it was just that up until now, no one had ever taken the time to make love to her and prolong her climaxes until she was crying for release. She wished that there were opportunities each day for him to take her to bed, but with Christmas on the horizon, she knew their coupling would be few and far between.

As the family moved into December, at least life at home had found some kind of relative normality for the moment. Arguments had diminished as they all began to get into the upcoming festive mood which was also helped by the fact that at least twice a week, Ethan and his mother would use the opportunity to walk over to the caravan and have sex while Becky and her father would use the two's absence to fuck. Such was the dramatic change in circumstances that Alan and

Susan had actually managed sex with each other on several occasions.

Although neither of them made any comment, Alan had to admit that sex with his wife did not presently leave him as fulfilled as the sex that he had with his daughter. He looked forward to their time alone and the thrill of that secretive fast exhilarating sex, always wondering in the back of his mind if they would get caught, which only added to the excitement.

Susan on the other hand while enjoying the excitement of what she was doing with her son, appreciated his style of lovemaking. Quickies were fine when that was all she wanted, Ethan never at a loss to dream up new ideas of how to excite her. But what she most looked forward to, was the opportunities when he would take the time to slowly build her arousal, allowing it to subside before building it once more. On those occasions, it seemed as though Ethan was never content until he had made her climax at least two or three times, leaving her completely fulfilled and exhausted. She was reaching a stage where she much preferred to have sex with her son rather than with her husband.

The week before Christmas, Alan announced he would have to pop into his office to pick some items up and would be gone for a couple of hours. Becky was nipping to see a friend even though she shouldn't by rights and had quietly slipped from the house.

Ethan and his mum had presumed that Becky had gone with Alan as he wrapped his arms around her waist, standing behind her and grinding his erection against her bottom as she swivelled her hips and teased him. Moving his hands upwards, he massaged her breasts through the material of her shirt before slowly unfastening the buttons one by one and then sliding his hand inside as he pulled her left tit from its cup and gave it a gentle squeeze.

Spinning around, Susan's hand went to his groin as she ran it up and down his expanding length, immediately excited and aroused at the prospect of getting fucked. With the knowledge that her husband would be away for a while and hoping that her daughter would accompany him as had become her

routine, Susan had dressed that morning in a way that she hoped would both excite and arouse her son.

Taking his hand, she led him into the lounge and sat him in the centre of the couch before ever so slowly, she began to raise her skirt. Ethan watched enthralled as his mother's skirt rose higher until at last, his face broke into a grin. He had presumed she was wearing tights, but the height of her skirt now allowed him to see the top of her stockings and the straps of a suspender belt. The tiny panties she wore covered very little of her fanny and it was obvious to him as she opened her legs, told him to push his pants and briefs down and straddled his lap, that she had shaved off her pubic hair.

Susan's skirt was nearly around her waist as she eased herself forward and felt her son's throbbing erection pushing against her pussy as she moved her hips imperceptibly and teasingly jerked his shaft with her vagina. Removing her already open shirt, she reached behind her and unclipped her bra, tossing it to one side as Ethan's hands immediately went to her breasts and twisted her nipples. She loved the way he adored her small tits, although she'd had to warn him a couple of

times when he had copped a feel whilst the other were in the house.

With his hand and fingers massaging her fanny, Susan leant forwards, tantalisingly placing her breasts close to her son's mouth. He duly obliged as his face shot forward and one by one, he sucked and teased her teats, his tongue swirling around her areola as he kept them erect.

Ethan did not attempt to remove her panties, simply pulling the gusset to one side as his mother raised her bottom and then sank onto his shaft, gasping loudly as she felt her innards stretch to accommodate his cock. From the way his hands kept stroking her nylon clad legs and lingering where the stockings finished and her bare flesh began, Susan knew that her son was delighted with her choice of lingerie as she slowly began to bounce on his shaft and her excitement grew.

Becky had only nipped around to her friends to pick up on some ideas for the coursework they had to complete. She got

the feeling that Sandy's parents were not keen for her to be there and so after half an hour, she headed for home.

Coming over the heath, she let herself in by the backdoor and removed her boots. She could hear noises coming from the lounge and the more she listened the more she was coming to the conclusion that whoever was in there was having sex. Her first thought was that perhaps it was her father and mother, her inquisitiveness getting the better of her as she stealthily moved from the kitchen to the dining room, heading towards the partially open door and a view into the main room.

Standing behind the door, she peered through the small gap where the hinges held it to the casing, amazed at the scene she witnessed as presently, she could only see her brothers face. She presumed that her mother must be out and that Ethan's girlfriend had turned up, her brother making the most of his opportunity after not seeing a lot of her over the last ten months. Becky chanced her luck and peeped around the door, astounded as she realised that the female riding her brothers cock was non-other than her topless mother.

Becky was held spellbound as she watched her mum slide up and down Ethan's shaft, moaning continually as his hands played with her tits before pulling her head towards him as they kissed passionately. She was flooded by sudden emotions, the first was a sudden spiralling of arousal, her fanny aching as she slid the zip down on her jeans and slid a hand inside her panties and ran it over her vagina. The next was a flash of jealousy, she wished that Ethan were fucking her and not their mother, and then came a sudden urge to join them, swapping places with her mother and giving her a chance to watch her son and daughter shag.

Ethan grabbed his mother's buttocks, holding her steady as his cock was thrust into her cunt again and again, getting faster all the while as he watched her face change. Susan's climax was close as she stared at him with blank eyes, her mouth hanging open as she gasped for breath and then she involuntarily shuddered as she began to orgasm, Ethan's cock now pounding her fanny as fast as his hips would allow.

It was as she screeched her release that he spotted a movement in the dining room and then a head popped

slightly around the door, his sister watching them and from the way she was shaking, she was fingering herself. The sudden realisation that he and his mother were putting on a show added impetus to his thrusts, his cock sinking deeper and faster into his mother's cunt as she continued to cry out and he ejaculated spurts of cum up her flue, pushing her into another climax as he fucked her until he was exhausted.

Susan had collapsed on top of him, her breasts pushed tightly against his chest and his slowly softening cock still inside her fanny. His shaft and bollocks were wet with her juices as he held her against him, his brain in a whirl as he noticed Becky had disappeared. He could hear nothing and wondered where she was, scared that now they were done, his mum may make a beeline for the kitchen.

Thankfully, when she did finally move, she grabbed her shirt and bra and told him she was going for a shower and to change some of her clothes, Ethan knowing the items that she meant. The moment she was out of the room, he pulled his pants up and went into the dining room and then into the

kitchen but there was no sign of his sister which left him wondering if she had somehow snuck out again.

Becky arrived back a short time later and other than a quick smirk, she said nothing of what she had witnessed to her brother. With their parents downstairs watching tv, Ethan, upstairs in his room, knew it was only time before Becky put in an appearance. As usual, there was no knock on his door as she came bounding in, her excitement palpable as she took a flying leap and landed on his bed.

'Tell me, tell me, tell me. Come on, I want all the gossip. How did it happen?'

Ethan saw no point in holding anything back, taking great pride as he described all the things that had taken place between him and his mother, Becky continually interrupting as they swapped anecdotes and their impressions of having sex with their parents. It was during their discussion that she let slip that her initial fantasies had been about Ethan, he was the one that she had originally wanted to have sex with.

'So, what happens now then?' Ethan had asked, Becky shrugging her shoulders.

'I suppose we just carry on as we have been doing. Although it would be nice if you could manage to find a little more time for me,' she suggested shyly.

Their talk had left both of them feeling aroused and with their parents still engrossed downstairs, it was too good an opportunity to miss as they began to tease the other. Whilst they knew sex was out of the question, nevertheless that did not stop Becky from pulling the front of his shorts down as she played with his cock and brought him erect before taking his shaft into her mouth. Not to be outdone, Ethan soon had her out of her knickers as he pulled away for a second and swivelled around on his bed so that they now laid top to toe.

With his plump knob back between her lips, he raised her skirt and ran a finger along her slit, eliciting a grunt from Becky, her mouth presently full. His nostrils picked up the

scent of her sex as he shuffled closer, opening her piss flaps wide as he extended his tongue and licked all of the pink moist flesh. She released him momentarily, the sensations he was causing her meant she had to pause for a second and take a breath, her arousal already flooding through her body.

As Ethan sucked licked and teased Becky's cunt and especially her clitoris, it became a competition between them, both doing their utmost to make the other climax. As she ran her tongue around his knob, her hand flew up and down his shaft, wanking him furiously but having to stop every so often, especially when he inserted fingers into her cunt and more so when he added to that by pushing his thumb up her anus.

Her fanny sounded sloppy as he rammed fingers into it, her climax close now with Becky doing her best to reign it in but swiftly losing the battle as he frigged her faster and she began to orgasm. Her hand was becoming exhausted but putting in a final effort, she was rewarded as she heard her brother moan and suddenly found her mouth full of his salty cum, his shaft twitching and jerking in her hand. It wasn't something she had ever done, but in the throes of her climax, she simply

swallowed, the taste not as unpleasant as she may have imagined.

Covering their modesty, they lay together, chests heaving as they regained their composure, chatting about the impending festivities and how this year would be different from those of the past. Although there was nothing to stop them from seeing family their parents had decided that this year as a one-off, they would be prudent and safe, limiting who may visit them over the Christmas period.

It was only later that Ethan remembered a well-known phrase, 'The best-laid plans of mice and men.'

Incestuous Covid

Part Two -- Third Lockdown & Release from captivity

Christmas that year was certainly one to remember but not for the reasons that any of them would normally have

expected. Two days before the day itself, Ethan received a text from Mona his girlfriend, it had been nearly a year and, despite a short period during the summer, they had seen very little of each other. While he and his sister were at the local college, Sandy had gone off to university and during the first part of lockdown, she had initially been stuck in her rooms before being sent back to her home to study and hear lectures online.

The message was short and sweet as she explained that she wanted them to break up. In other circumstances, Ethan might have felt hurt, but times were not normal and coupled with the fact that he was currently having sex with his mother and sister, he had to admit to actually not feeling overly bothered. Perhaps, he decided, their relationship had run its course and it was better to part now than to prolong something that was slowly dying. Messaging her back, he agreed and wished her well for the future, no point in being mean, far better to part as friends he decided.

The whole family made the most of Christmas day, sitting down mid-afternoon for their normal festive lunch and a few

drinks, both Ethan and Becky now old enough to partake. Later their mother and father settled down in front of the tv, watching the same programs and films that seemed to be shown every year, but which left Ethan and Becky bored to tears as they decided they would go for a stroll.

Out on the heath, it was cold, the wind gusting every so often as they walked in the direction of the copse where Ethan had first come across his father and sister having sex.

'How are you and mum managing?' Becky asked. She knew how difficult it was for her and their father to find opportunities to have sex and imagining that it must be the same for Ethan.

Even though he had divulged to his sister most of what had happened between him and their mother, he had never mentioned the caravan. He found that he could not contain himself as he gloated.

'Aunt Janice has a holiday home on the edge of the next town and mum has a spare key,' he said with a grin.

Becky was immediately jealous, such a setup would be perfect and would enable her and her father to disappear whenever the need arose instead of trying to find a time when her brother and mother were out.

'Where does she keep the key,' she asked slyly.

But Ethan was unable to help, he had no idea where she hid the key, just producing it each time that they decided they wanted to be alone and have sex.

They were both beginning to feel the chill and as much as the both of them would have liked to have indulged in intercourse, outside today was definitely not the place to even consider getting even partially naked as they turned towards home and made their way back to the house.

Boxing day was the same as Christmas day and followed a similar routine, it was only later that it managed to turn into a shambolic catastrophe, much of the blame placed firmly on his sister's shoulders as the main instigator.

At some point during the evening and upstairs in Ethan's bedroom, he had introduced Becky to the website where he had found the erotic stories. After reading one tale together, she'd wanted to continue, taking herself off to her bedroom and opening her laptop. She was still reading several hours later when she heard her parents come to bed, engrossed in the story as she teased her fanny beneath the covers.

It must have been after one o'clock in the morning and Becky of course, after so much eroticism, wanted to get herself fucked. Common sense should have told her that Ethan would present a far easier opportunity but for some unknown reason she had quietly left her bedroom and tip-toed along the landing to her parent's room. Opening their door as gently as she could, she slipped through into the darkened room, both her mum and dad sound asleep as she went down on all fours and crawled to her father's side of the bed.

Sliding her hand beneath the covers she found he slept naked as her fingers moved across his thigh to his groin and encountering his flaccid cock. Gently she eased his foreskin back and softly rubbed his knob. At first, he continued to sleep, but his body and especially his penis soon responded to her constant stroking as she felt it start to thicken and expand.

With his cock now hard and erect, she wrapped her hand around it, wanking him slow and carefully as he began to mumble and moan softly in his sleep. As Alan's arousal continued to increase his eyes suddenly shot open, taking a moment to realise that his shaft was throbbing and that he was being masturbated. His first thought was that it was his wife Susan, but he quickly recognised that she was still breathing deeply and had her back to him, whoever was gripping his shaft was on the opposite side of the bed. He was taken by surprise as Becky's head popped up into view, a grin spread across her face as she placed a finger on his lips and removed her hand from his cock.

Silently and with gestures, she motioned him to follow her as she crawled back across the floor and opening the door softly

again, disappeared. As carefully as he could, he slid out of the bed, taking care not to disturb his wife as he grabbed his robe and exited their bedroom. Placing one foot in front of the other, he felt his way along the landing and headed downstairs, presuming that was where his daughter had gone.

Becky was waiting for him in the lounge and had turned on the ornamental gas fire so that it would take the chill off the room. She was naked and looked sexily alluring in the light that the flames cast across the living room.

'Hello daddy, your little girl needs fucking desperately. She cupped her breasts, lifting one so that she could lick her own nipple. 'Becky needs your big cock daddy. I need you to shag me.'

She lay back on the rug in front of the fire, propping herself up on her elbows as she extended one hand, opened her legs wide and slipped a finger into her cunt.

Chuckling his robe onto the couch, he joined her on the floor, his cock jutting from his groin and bouncing with excitement as he advanced on his daughter. Becky was already moist, enabling him easily to slide into her fanny, for once taking it slowly as her arousal started to mount. The house was deathly quiet, both of them knowing that they would have to keep their noises to a minimum. Leaning over his daughter, Alan's mouth went to her breasts, finding himself excited as usual with their size, something large and firm to grip onto when he shagged her forcefully.

He'd had to clamp his mouth over hers when she achieved her first climax, Becky's body bucking beneath him as he pounded her fanny, her hips rising to meet his every stroke. Alan had slid from her cunt and made her change position so that she was now on all fours as he took her from behind, doggy fashion. It was his favourite, able to slip from her fanny and then slide his cock up her arse, alternating between his daughters two orifices as she headed towards another climax, one that he would join her in this time as his cock demanded release.

He had just built up a head of steam his hips ramming his cock into his daughters cunt and Becky moaning far too loudly when the lounge door opened suddenly, and the room was flooded with light as the switch was turned on. He looked up in dismay, unable to stop as he ejaculated inside her vagina, Becky screeching her release as she ground her buttocks against his shaft as she orgasmed.

Susan stood staring at them, her hand covering her mouth in horror as she watched her husband and daughter copulate. Her immediate feeling was revulsion, Alans naked older body knelt behind her young daughter's pale flesh as he continued to pound her pussy, a look of utter fear on his face mixed with the pleasure of his ejaculation.

She had suddenly been disturbed from her sleep, turning over and realising that her husband wasn't there as she presumed, he must have just gone to the loo. She had been in the process of dozing off again and he still hadn't returned which she found strange and brought her fully awake once more. Perhaps he couldn't settle and had gone to make a drink

she thought, deciding that now she was awake, she would join him.

Susan slid from their bed and slipped on a robe, the room cool now in the early hours of the morning as she shivered slightly, surprised to find that their bedroom door wasn't closed properly when she reached it. Not wanting to put any lights on, she felt her way along the landing and carefully descended the stairs, her ears picking up very faints sounds coming from the lounge as she wondered if the tv was on but then dismissed the idea as the sounds became recognisable and she entered the lounge.

The shouts and screams had woken Ethan, his first thoughts were that someone was being murdered as he threw on shorts and a t-shirt and raced downstairs to be confronted by the sight of his mother kicking and slapping his naked father and sister while screaming at them both at the top of her voice.

'You fucking perverted bastard. How could you? Fucking your own bastard daughter.' Each remark was punctuated as either her fist or foot lashed out.

Bitch! Fucking slut! Can't even keep your legs closed at home.' Susan's temper was up as she lashed out at her husband and daughter.

It seemed to be the fact that they had been surprised and that they were both naked as the main reason they were not fighting back as Susan continued to pile into them, Ethan eventually grabbing hold of her and pulling her off with great difficulty, surprised at how strong she was in her present mood.

'I want you out. I want you both out. Get out of my fucking house,' She screamed as Ethan dragged her across the lounge, his father taking the chance to grab his robe and cover his modesty while Becky just stood brazenly, her nakedness adding to her defiance now that she was on her feet.

Susan wrestled herself free, but Ethan moved in front of her, blocking her passage towards his father and sister.

'I want them out of this house,' she snarled at her son her hand extended as she pointed at Alan and Becky. 'Fucking bastards!' was her final comment as she turned on her heels and raced back up the stairs, the slamming of her bedroom door reverberating throughout the house.

Now it was Ethan's turn, 'What the fuck were you two thinking of. I know it's been going on for a while, but what made you think you could get away with fucking each other when mum and I were in the house.'

No answer came, his father continuing to sit on the couch, his head buried in his hands as the realisation hit him while Becky just stared at her brother looking stunned. The thrill and excitement of what they had been doing had expunged any thoughts that there may be consequences if they were ever caught, they had always thought they could get away with it forever so long as they used a bit of caution.

Unfortunately, they had cast caution to the wind and now there would be a price to pay for their stupidity.

'You had better use the spare room dad, I can't see mum letting you back into the bedroom tonight.' Ethan watched as his father stood, suddenly looking older than his years and with his face full of humiliation as he passed Ethan, heading upstairs.

Ethan sat for a while longer with his still naked sister who now seemed unconcerned about her nudity as he asked what she had been thinking. The trouble was as Becky admitted, she hadn't thought, especially about any consequences should she and her father ever get caught. From the look on her face now that their parents had disappeared, Ethan knew that what had been said that night would not be the end of it. Becky was too much like her mother, and their mother had a secret, a secret that his sister knew all about having witnessed him and Susan fucking. He just knew that come the morning, Becky was going to use that knowledge, even though he pleaded with her to say nothing for the moment.

'She called me a slut and a bitch,' she said vehemently. 'Huh, she can talk. She has been doing exactly the same with you as dad and I have done. She had better watch out in the morning.'

He finally got Becky to go up to her room as he switched off the fire and made his way upstairs. He tried his mother's room door, but it was locked, and he had no wish to cause any more commotion tonight by calling out, no matter how quietly.

It was late the next morning before any of them appeared downstairs, Ethan being the first and hoping to have a word with his mother before Becky was up and about. Unfortunately, his sister was the next downstairs, closely followed by his mother who refused to speak to her daughter as she made herself some breakfast. When his father finally appeared, he said nothing, keeping his head down and nodding at Becky and Ethan. Susan looked up from her breakfast as she snarled at him.

'I meant what I said last night. I want you out of this house and take that slag with you.'

Ethan knew his mother had gone too far, but before he could say anything, Becky was on her feet.

'You call me a slag again and I'm going to ram my fist down your throat,' she spat at her mother. 'And if you want to talk about slags, try having a look in the mirror. Go on, try and deny that you have been letting Ethan fuck you. I watched you both shagging on the couch, you even tarted yourself up and put stockings on for him.'

Ethan watched the colour drain from his mother's face before he glared at his sister, who was glaring at her mother, who in turn was glaring at her husband who was currently glaring at Ethan, silence now having fallen in the room.

Becky couldn't let it drop, feeling that she now had the upper hand, 'I'm not going anywhere, and neither is dad. If you don't like it, why don't you fuck off?'

His mother looked stricken and his father angry as he stormed from the room and back upstairs, doors slamming as he moved about. Becky made herself some breakfast, having now said her piece she plonked herself down opposite their mother defiantly, daring her to say something more.

So much for "Peace and Goodwill to all men" Ethan thought, Christmas at their house had suddenly become a battleground, no thanks to Becky, although he conveniently forgot that he was may have been equally to blame, he was the one after all who had pursued his mother.

With the truth out in the open, battle lines had been drawn, his father and Becky on one side, Ethan and his mother on the other. If it had just been his father, he may eventually have come through it by keeping his head down and taking the flak, but with his sister involved, Ethan just knew that there would be more upset to come. They saw nothing of their parents for the rest of that day, their father going out walking alone while their mother never ventured from her room. Ethan had gone up several times, trying the door handle on each occasion, but

it was always locked and despite tapping on her door and calling her name, she refused to speak to him or let him in.

By the time a couple of days had passed whilst Susan and Alan moved around the house, they refused to speak or even recognise each other, Becky and Ethan feeling like they were living with two complete strangers.

Despite him speaking with his sister and asking her to refrain from causing any more trouble, she refused to let the matter drop, exacerbating the problem as New Year's Eve approached.

His mother was in the dining room, his father in the lounge watching tv when Becky appeared. The top she wore was far too tight and it was obvious that she was wearing no bra beneath it as her nipples made two prominent bulges in the thin material. Her skirt only just managed to cover her butt cheeks and there was no way she could move or sit without displaying the minuscule panties she wore.

It was obvious that Becky's display was put on for her mother's benefit as she flirted outrageously with her father, sitting in his lap and squirming about. She constantly pushed her breasts against him, and she could easily see that Alan was getting excited despite the proximity of his wife. Perhaps Susan should have walked in and demanded that they stop, but her anger clouded her judgement just as Ethan returned from a late evening stroll on the heath. He took one look at his mother fuming and glanced into the lounge, surprised at what his sister was doing with their father.

What astonished him was what happened next, his mother standing and taking his hand as she dragged him through into the lounge.

'We are going to bed,' she announced to no one in particular as she carried on dragging him towards the stairs.

Surely, she was kidding Ethan was thinking to himself, expecting his mother to leave him at his bedroom door and carry on to her bedroom, but apparently, she wasn't as she

dragged him inside her bedroom and locked the door behind them.

'If that's the way it's going to be, so be it,' she said as she began to pull his jumper over his head.

His hands immediately went under her sweater, sliding over her skin and heading for her breasts as he cupped the small orbs through her lacy bra and began massaging them, his mother's throaty growl exciting him.

Down below, his father's emotions had gone from arousal to anger and betrayal as he watched his wife and son disappear, knowing exactly what Susan intended to do. His emotions changed once more, this time to revenge and retaliation as he suggested to Becky that they also went to bed and making it plainly obvious that he was not suggesting sleep. She grinned inwardly, if what her mother wanted was a battle, that was fine with Becky, determined to win at any cost. As far as she was concerned, the quicker her parents accepted the fact that they were sleeping with their children the better, the family could

get back to some kind of normality and Becky could drop into the conversation that she and Ethan were also having sex.

She couldn't understand their problem, because, at the end of the day, that's all it was, it was sex. Yes, a time would come when she and Ethan found partners of their own and then families, until then why not just enjoy the thrill and excitement that their incestuous relationships brought.

Becky followed her father upstairs, her eyes sparkling at the prospect of getting herself fucked, her body always eager to indulge. Once inside the bedroom, she pulled her top over her head and dropped her skirt to the floor, her father eager to get naked as he disposed of his clothing and his erect cock bouncing as he chased his daughter around the bedroom as she giggled loudly.

Farther along the landing, Ethan and Susan were also both now naked as he lifted his mother and carried her to the bed, laying her gently in its centre before joining her and pulling her on top of him as they kissed passionately. Susan

determined to enjoy having her son fuck her despite the noises coming from the spare room, given the choice, she now knew who she preferred to make love with, Ethan satisfying her more than her husband ever had done. She had made her mind up, one way or another, she wanted Alan out of her life and if Becky followed, so be it.

Susan raised her bottom, leaning forward on outstretched arms as Ethan pushed his shaft upright and she lowered herself, his cock stretching her cunt as it impaled her and causing her to gasp, which it did each time he fucked her. She loved the feeling of his throbbing manhood buried deep inside her and used her vaginal muscles to squeeze him tightly as his hands came upwards and cupped her small breasts.

Perhaps it was pure coincidence that Becky assumed the same position as she straddled her father's hips, his erection buried inside her moist passage as she raised and lowered her bottom, his shaft rubbing against each sensitive nerve inside her vagina. Leaning forward, her large breasts hung over his face, his head and mouth leaving the pillow as he took each

nipple between his lips and compressed it, his tongue swirling over her engorged erect teats.

Becky was enjoying herself, all thoughts that she was encouraging Alan to cheat on his wife dismissed as her arousal slowly built. This was what it should be like she had decided, no more skulking about, trying to get an hour here and there if they were lucky, she should be able to come to her daddy whenever she wanted and be allowed to let him fuck her.

Her climax was imminent, her continual motion of sliding up and down his shaft bringing her orgasm ever closer. When he lifted her buttocks, jammed a finger up her arse and forcibly shagged her, Becky abandoned herself to the sensations coursing through her body and climaxed, throwing her head back as she howled her release and juices ran from her cunt, covering her daddy's cock and balls.

Susan never even heard the noise, having swapped positions, Ethan towered over her as his cock plunged into her wet fanny. She brought her legs up, wrapping them around his

buttocks as with each thrust, she dragged him deeper into her cunt, their groins slapping together as he increased his momentum. Her moans of pleasure mixed with his grunts of exertion as he fucked her hard and fast, her climax welling up inside her like a dam ready to burst as from somewhere he found another burst of speed, Susan screaming as he pushed her over the edge, and she orgasmed. Her body shook uncontrollably as she arched her back, forcing her cunt harder against his thrusting cock and her tits towards him as an offering.

The sex continued into the early hours, perhaps each couple trying to outdo the other until eventually, they fell into an exhausted sleep, the house finally quiet. Ethan spent what was left of that night in his mother's bed, as did Becky who spent the remainder sleeping with her father.

On New Year's Day, Susan was up early, packing some food into a large bag as she and Ethan went to the caravan, his mother cooking them a meal there and then ending up spending the night together in its main bedroom.

Throughout January things only seemed to get worse, most days, Ethan and his mother would go over to the caravan, not returning until late, it wasn't ideal, having to cram in his studies whenever he could. Slowly, they were evolving into two couples who unfortunately shared the one residence, more cracks appearing as the month passed.

There had been no sexual activity between Ethan and his sister since it had all blown up, the both of them taking sides and the thought of coming together being seen as conspiring with the enemy. It was a shame he thought because he had quite looked forward to fucking her after their previous liaisons.

By February there was the promise of a light at the end of the tunnel, vaccinations had started taking place although none of the family would receive theirs until later in the year due to their ages. Towards the end of the month, their father announced that he was moving out. He had found himself a flat to rent in town and was moving in within the next week or two, Becky announcing that she would be staying there mostly but would be returning home whenever she needed.

Ethan was going to miss them both, especially his sister and told her so on one of the rare occasions that they managed to get time together. His father was back at work and the talk was that schools and colleges would be reopening at the beginning of March. His mother had gone across to the caravan, with them using it so much lately it could do with a bit of a tidy before there were potentially visitors using it once more.

Alone at last, neither Becky nor Ethan felt any animosity towards the other, they had all gambled, taking a chance with whatever, they were doing. Unfortunately, the gamble hadn't paid off, in a way they had all lost.

'I think they are both being hypocrites,' Becky began, 'They both knew what they were doing when this started, no one forced them into having sex with me and you. But now, it's like they both want to blame the other when really, they are equally to blame.' Ethan nodded his head, surprisingly, he had to agree with his sister.

'I honestly thought that they may see reason but perhaps there was already something wrong with their relationship. I really hoped that they could carry on loving each other and then when they wanted, dad and I could have sex and you and mum could have sex. In that way, it would add some excitement to their marriage.'

Ethan thought his sister's idea was a little too simplistic, it may have worked for him and Becky, but mum and dad had been married and both now felt that they had been cheated on.

'Anyway, enough about our parents, what happens will happen,' she said as she sidled closer to her brother.

'We could always retire to yours or my bedroom while mum's away.' Becky fluttered her eyelashes at him making it perfectly obvious what she was implying.

Ethan had missed her and was not going to turn down this chance, it was the one thing that neither of their parents knew anything about and he was sure that if it ever came to light it

would only cause more trouble than the family was presently going through.

Naked and laying on his sister's bed, he watched her undress, marvelling all the while at how fit she looked as he tantalisingly stroked his erection, Becky becoming excited as she saw him touching himself. She was naked in a trice as she flung herself onto the bed, eager to get at her brothers cock but Ethan teased her, keeping her hands away from his shaft as he continued to slowly masturbate.

Grabbing her hands and arms, he held them by her side as he forced her legs open and squirmed between her thighs, Becky putting up only a modicum of resistance as his face came level with her fanny and she felt his breath as he blew on her opening labia and making her shiver in anticipation. She cried with delight as his tongue slid across her cunt and then nearly screamed as it penetrated her passage lapping at her moist pink flesh.

Becky marvelled at his ability to arouse her so quickly, seeming to know exactly where and how to touch her to elicit the maximum sensation. She ground her fanny hard against his mouth, waiting for the moment when he would move from her passage to her clit and push her ever nearer to her precipice.

With his sister's juices spread across his mouth and face, her aromatic musk added to his increasing desire to fuck her, but Ethan was determined to make her climax before his cock was allowed entry into her warm vaginal embrace. The same trick worked equally as well with her mother he was thinking as he let go of her hands and inserted a finger into her cunt and with his other hand, forced his thumb up her arse. Jiggling both together, his tongue continued to lick at her pussy, his lips sucking on her clitoris as Becky started to orgasm, her upper body thrashing about the bed while her lower half was held firm by his arms.

Becky's breathing started to slow, her eyes still closed, when she felt the tip of her brothers shaft rubbing against her pussy lips. She was in the process of lifting her head and about to

open her eyes when he rammed his cock into her passage, his complete length filling her at once as both her eyes and mouth shot open, a growl flying from her lips in surprise as she felt her cunt expand. And then he was fucking her, lifting her to heights before lowering her slowly and lifting her again. He seemed insatiable, the pounding of his shaft a constant in her shrinking universe as the sensation in her fanny grew and she knew that if she did not stop him, he was going to make her climax again.

She begged him to wait until he was nearer, but Ethan paid no heed as he continued to shag his sister, determined that if this were the last time that they had intercourse, he would leave her with something to remember him by. Becky strained, her muscles taut as she orgasmed and she felt her juices leaking from her, she was trying to breathe, but all she could manage was short gasps as Ethan continued to fuck her ferociously her climax sweeping her away and leaving her feeling light-headed. Her orgasm turned into a second, her head thrown back as she cried her love for him and howled at the ceiling, and then she felt his cock explode inside her, his hot cum

filling her cunt as he continued to fuck her until oblivion beckoned.

Becky felt someone shaking her shoulder.

'Beck's, Becky. We had better get dressed. Mum could be back anytime soon.'

She roused herself, wishing she could have continued sleeping as she got dressed. As far as she was concerned, it mattered very little to her if their mother found out that she and Ethan were having sex, it couldn't cause more damage than had already been done.

As March began and Becky had her nineteenth birthday their father moved the rest of his things out of the house and into his new flat. Ethan and his sister would return to college in a few days and the house would feel empty and strange without her and his dad.

Returning home from college in the middle of March, he had soon become accustomed to their new arrangements. His mother was still at work, although shops would not reopen for another three weeks, there was plenty of work and procedures to put in place ready and so Ethan started preparing tea for when she got home. He didn't find it a chore, just something to make her life easier but knowing full well, that it was not something his father would have thought of doing.

When Susan arrived home, she was in the process of taking her coat off when she noticed Ethan keep glancing in her direction, knowing instinctively that her uniform of a white shirt, black skirt and dark tights with heels would be turning him on.

'Is it anything that will spoil?' she asked as she ran her hands over her breasts and down to her hips, she had a special surprise for him, something that her son never failed to appreciate, they weren't tights that she was wearing, having purposefully put stockings on that morning.

Ethan ran into the kitchen, turned the oven down low and turned off the pans, returning as his mother dashed for the stairs, giggling like a schoolgirl and impeded by her heels. He caught her halfway up, nipping her bottom and spinning her around as she sat on one of the steps, Ethan leaning forward as they kissed passionately.

From his vantage point, several steps lower, as Susan opened her legs, grinning mischievously he was able to see her inner thighs and the tops of her stockings, her milky white skin above having an immediate effect on his cock as it started to thicken and grow, his mother sounding like a young girl as she pointed out the obvious to him.

'Have you got something in your pocket or are you pleased to see me?' she giggled uproariously, pointing at the prominent bulge in the front of his pants.

Ethan was scrabbling at the buttons of her shirt, all fingers and thumbs as he tried to unfasten them until his mother stopped him and undid them slowly as she tantalised him with the

occasional view of her bosom. Pulling it from her skirt, she opened it for him and then popped each breast from the cups of her bra, her nipples hard and elongated with her increasing arousal.

She was not missing her husband, Ethan made her feel as she had done when she first got married, sex important and to be indulged in at any opportunity. As his face approached her breasts, she closed her eyes and sighed, feeling his lips brush across her nipples and then the warmth of his mouth as he sucked on each teat.

Pushing her skirt up, he ran his hands along her inner thigh, savouring the touch of her flesh as he reached the stocking tops, his thumbs and fingers inches from her fanny as his mother's chest rose and fell rapidly. It was the slightest of touches, the back of one single finger which touched the silkiness of her panties and traced the line of her slit, Susan shivering and trembling as he ignited fireworks in her fanny.

It took Ethan seconds to remove her panties, followed by his pants and briefs, his cock bobbing in front of her as he moved down a couple of steps and grabbed her legs, opening them wide as he perched her bottom on the edge of the stair and slammed his cock into her cunt, Susan's eyes opening wide as her passage expanded. There was no holding back for him, he could fuck her slowly when they eventually reached their bedroom, at the moment all he was concerned about was shagging her as fast and furiously as he could.

Susan loved his cock pounding her fanny, 'This is what sex should be like,' she was thinking as her arousal began to escalate. She adored his rough and ready approach, sex at its most basic and knowing full well that after this, he would take her to bed and make love to her. Supporting herself with her elbows on the step above, she pushed her cunt towards her son each time he thrust into her, the gasps and cries of pleasure coming thick and fast as they both neared their climax. As he usually did, Ethan watched his mother's face, timing it to perfection so that as she started to orgasm, he filled her cunt with his cream, his forward momentum increasing until eventually, they both collapsed exhausted.

With their current ardour sated, they adjourned to the bedroom, their tea tonight would be a little overdone, but it did not concern them as they undressed each other and came together on the bed. Ethan kissed her gently, still marvelling after all that had happened, at how attractive and sexy his mother was as she pressed her slim body against him, his cock already stirring once more as he felt it rub against her well-manicured bush. Twisting onto his back, he pulled her on top of him, Susan straddling his hips as her fanny pressed against his rapidly expanding flesh.

Ethan favoured her in this position, able to lie back and gaze at her beautiful body, especially her small breasts which he adored. Susan loved the fact that her son was enamoured by her small bosom, something she had always been conscious of, but grateful as she got older because as yet, they showed no sign of starting to sag. His hands were of course caressing her tits, something that she was getting used to as he would take any opportunity to feel them, stood at the kitchen sink, putting out the washing, she would suddenly find his arms

wrapping around her and his hands cupping her breasts as he instantly ignited a longing between her legs.

Easing herself up, Susan paused for a second before sliding back down her son's shaft, intense pleasure emanating from her fanny as his throbbing flesh expanded her passage and her vaginal muscles gripped him tightly. Her arousal continued to increase slowly as she moved up and down on his shaft until as her climax approached, he gripped her by the buttocks, holding her aloft as his cock slammed into her pussy and forcing her over the edge. On arms that were reaching weariness, her tits hung over Ethan's face as his mouth came up to her nipples, his shaft continuing to fuck her rapidly until at last, exhausted, she collapsed on top of him.

Throughout March and into April, he became the man of the house, he and his mother sharing the same bed each night as they indulged in whatever sex they desired. From comments his sister made, it seemed it was no different as dad's flat, both of them mucking in to do whatever was needed and sharing

the same bed each night as they fucked each other's brains out.

At weekends, Ethan would go and visit his father and sister, Becky normally popping back home a couple of times each week besides him also seeing her at college. As they went into April life outside was slowly beginning to return to some kind of normality despite the obvious precautions still in place. Their mother was back to working full time and as Easter approached with the warmer weather, he knew that with the break from college, he and Becky would be able to find plenty of time to come together and have sex.

Despite his sister impetuosity, he had tried to instil in her the need to be cautious and keep their ongoing relationship a secret. There had been a slight improvement over the last couple of weeks, his mother and sister at last managing to exchange a few words, but Ethan just knew that if she found out that he and Becky were shagging, she would take it as a second betrayal, and he would lose her.

Ethan considered that all four of them had been lucky, neither their parents nor he and Becky had caught the virus and been ill, but nevertheless, Covid had destroyed their family. His mother had already spoken about divorce and he knew that at some point in the future, the house would have to be sold. It had seemed so much fun at the beginning, little did any of them realise the destruction the pandemic would wreak on their family.

He did not know what the future may hold, for the present he was content to share his mother's life and body until such time as things may change.

# Key to the Door

The house was quiet when Suzy arrived home. Mum and dad were still out at work and Matty, her younger brother, was still at college. She had taken a half days holiday from the department store she worked at, meaning to relax while she had the house to herself. Dumping her damp coat in the cupboard, she kicked off her shoes and padded barefoot around the lounge watching as the rain outside lashed against the window. She was undecided, tv, or the book she was currently reading. She had got it from one of her friends at work and found it gripping. The storyline was simple, but the descriptions of its sexual content never failed to arouse her. Her immediate thoughts of what she had read the previous evening causing a tingling down below as she pondered whether to go up to her room and read a little more while masturbating.

Once the notion was in her head, there was no denying it, her genitals protesting that they needed some attention. She took the stairs silently, her shoeless feet making no noise on the deep-piled carpet. As she passed her brothers bedroom, she

noticed his closed door and stopped momentarily, sure she had heard a noise within. Suzy stood immobile and held her breath as she listened. The whispers and noises from the bedroom conjuring up images in her mind as to what might be taking place on the other side of the wooden obstruction.

Quietly, and ever so slowly, she twisted the handle until the knob had reached its full extent and then pushed the door open swiftly as she bounded into the room.

The sight she saw in that split second before Matty pulled the covers over his nudity and slammed the lid of his laptop shut were imprinted on her brain.

'What are you doing?' She asked him with a smirk, she knew exactly what he had been up to. 'Why aren't you at college?'

He glared at her for a moment, his pleasures now interrupted.

'Nothing!' he exclaimed, but his brightly coloured face told her differently. 'I've got free periods this afternoon so I thought I would study at home.'

'Show me what you are studying' Suzy commanded as she squatted on his bed, edging ever closer as Matty tried to keep himself covered.

For some reason, the thought that her eighteen-year-old brother had been masturbating excited her and at the same time, she loved to tease him, knowing full well the anguish he must be going through, caught in the act.

'Please,' she wheedled, 'I won't tell anyone.'

It took a period of gentle persuasion before he lifted the lid, the blank screen springing back into life as he ran a finger over the touchpad and turned it towards her. Suzy had expected young girls, she had known instantly that he had been browsing porn sites. What she hadn't been expecting were the pictures of middle-aged women that appeared on

the screen, some were solo, others were posing with young men. She pointed to different pictures, Matty opening the photo sets one by one for her as she looked at images of erect cocks filling the orifices of these women who all looked to be enjoying themselves as they got a good fucking.

Suzy's fanny continued to protest, the images on the screen and her imagination painting pictures in her head of what her brother had been doing, making her hot and wet. Suddenly, she felt the urge, the urge to view her brother's shaft, would it be large, would it be small, at that moment it didn't matter so long as she got to see it.

'Let me, see?' she requested, Matty, looking at her puzzled, unsure of what she was asking.

Moving around, she forced her hand beneath the covers, her brother trying to protect his nether regions as he suddenly realised where it was heading. Trying to balance the laptop and keep himself covered was an impossible task as Suzy's hand found the head of his semi-erect shaft, her fingers

immediately covered in his pre-cum as she rubbed it into his knob.

Matty tried to object and wriggle away, astonished at what his sister was doing, but with her hand now in contact with his shaft and his arousal already heightened despite her interruption, he found it hard to disentangle her hand as she stroked him.

She smiled to herself as his cock flexed, his eyes fluttering constantly as she gripped him tightly and felt his shaft become fully erect. It was hot to the touch, throbbing in her hand as she eased the skin downwards before sliding it upwards once more as she began to toss him off.

'Push the covers back so that I can see,' she pleaded, 'but keep looking at the pictures.'

Lifting the laptop, Matty had no option but to allow her to push the covers down, his cock springing free and standing erect now that there were no restrictions. Suzy breathed in

sharply, she had seen other cocks in the past and she was no longer a virgin, but her brother's shaft was beautiful. It was what all cocks should be like, she thought, not too long, not too short, smooth with the veins standing proud in its current state of arousal and with a large perfectly pronounced knob which presently shone with its coating of pre-cum.

'Tell me what you are fantasising about?' she managed to utter before her compunctions got the better of her and she leant over him, opened her lips, and allowed his cock into her mouth.

It took him a while to start, Suzy's mouth making it hard for him to speak as she swirled her tongue around and under his knob, sucking and licking as her hand continued to work its way up and down his throbbing lump of meat. He held her spellbound when he did finally speak, Suzy imagining that he had been thinking about a tutor at college, a young woman in town or perhaps a neighbour.

'Mum is undressing for me, her tits are soft and a little floppy, but her nipples look huge when they are erect. She's on her knees and she is doing exactly what you are, sucking on my cock as she wank's me off. I help her to her feet, and she lays back on the bed and opens her legs wide, her fanny is already opening, and I can see the wetness inside as she gently touches herself, teasing me as I stand and masturbate in front of her.'

Matty's voice faltered as Suzy's hand speeded up, the images in her mind forcing her free hand beneath her dress and down the front of her knickers as she ran a finger along her slit, juices already leaking from it.

'She's beckoning me towards her, pleading with me to shove my cock into her cunt. She grunts and gasps as I slide it into her, her tits starting to wobble and bounce as I begin thrusting, my cock fucking her as she writhes beneath me.'

He was panting as he described the scene to Suzy, his eyes closed and no longer looking at the laptop as his brain and

imagination took over, his hips rising with each thrust, forcing his shaft deeper into her mouth.

'Fucking hell, she feels good, her fanny is still tight, and I can feel it gripping my cock each time I plunge it into her. She's telling me she is close, asking me to fuck her faster and using coarse language to me. It makes it more erotic as I shag her harder.'

His hips were pushing his cock into her mouth rapidly now as her hand flew up and down his shaft with an urgency. And then he was trying to warn her, but it was far too late, her own arousal was reaching its peak as she felt her cheeks puff outwards and his first spurt of cum coincided with the beginning of her climax. By the time her orgasm had subsided, she had drained him, swallowing every bit of his salty tasting sperm, her panties now sodden from the juices she had secreted.

When she eventually threw herself backwards and relaxed as she tried to slow her breathing, she realised that she had

enjoyed every second of what she had just done. 'Five minutes,' she thought to herself, 'and then my book and perhaps another orgasm.'

She hadn't realised her brother had moved until she felt the draft on her belly and upper thighs his hands quickly pulling the gusset of her knickers to one side. By the time she had opened her eyes and began to push herself up onto her elbows, Matty was between her legs and then she shivered and cried out as his tongue made contact with her cunt.

Now it was her turn to writhe, forcing her pussy tightly against his mouth as his tongue fucked her like some miniature cock. She was completely unconcerned that her dress was up around her waist, her lower half on show as her brother kissed, licked, and sucked at her pussy. She played with her tits, disappointed that in her present position she had no way of baring them as she kneaded her flesh.

'Jesus. Where did Matty learn to eat fanny like that?' she thought momentarily before letting the thought slip aside as

his lips found her clitoris and he began sucking on it, in between flicking it with his tongue.

Her arousal was escalating, another climax drawing ever nearer as she thrashed about on the bed. Her upper body moved freely, but her lower half was gripped firmly in her brother's strong hands as he continued to lick at her cunt. And then she could resist him no more as she allowed her orgasm to consume her, her back arching as she called out and wallowed in the pleasure signals flooding her body.

Later and after they had recovered, she asked him.

'You fantasise about fucking mom?'

Matty nodded his head, a little shamefaced as he tried to explain. 'God, yeah. I'd love to fuck her. I bet she is a real dirty bitch when she gets going.'

It was the first time Suzy had ever heard her mother described as a "real dirty bitch," the words conjuring up images of her mum doing similar things with her brother.

'But then after what has just happened, I'm now wondering what it may be like to fuck you,' he continued.

Suzy hadn't even thought that far ahead, it had been an impulsive reaction to catching him masturbating, although she was now besotted with his penis. She hadn't got past her basic desire of wanting to touch it and to see it spurt when she made him ejaculate. She had never considered the possibility that her brother may want to fuck her. Did she want his cock inside her? Did she want his spunk filling her fanny?

There was no disputing that his technique when eating her pussy had been exquisite, but could he perform the same with his cock in her fanny, and she still wasn't sure she wanted to find out even though she was quite happy for a repeat performance of what they had just done.

'We'll see,' she said as she swung her legs to the floor, wincing slightly as her wet and soiled panties slid back into place before heading for her bedroom and leaving her brother to return to his porn if he so wished.

After two orgasms, her book was forgotten as she got a dry pair of panties and climbed into them before disappearing downstairs and turning on the tv, something to distract her for the moment and the thoughts that were presently filling her mind.

In bed that night, she cast the book to one side again, it seemed insignificant now after having had her brother's cock in her hand. Switching out her light and closing her eyes, she found it impossible to settle, images of Matty knelt between her thighs as his shaft plundered her fanny, uppermost in her mind. She was unable to stop her mounting arousal, her hand slipping beneath the covers as her fingers found her quim.

It hadn't taken long, an almighty explosion overcoming her as she imagined Matty's shaft bursting inside her. Suzy's

breathing was ragged as she squirmed on her bed, her eyes squeezed tightly shut as she virtually felt he brother's shaft fuck her cunt. She still wasn't prepared to make a decision, mutual masturbation was one thing, full sex was something else she thought to herself as now fully relaxed, she drifted into sleep.

The journey, one that was made at this time every year on the run-up to Christmas, was the visit to their mum's sister, Aunt Clodagh. This year it felt different, normally there was the four of them, mum, dad, Suzy and Matty with her father doing the driving. He had complained of not feeling great and had cried off this time with their mum doing the driving instead. It was a fairly long journey, but it was the one time a year that their mother and Clodagh got to see each other as they took up presents and cards.

The start of their trip had been a miserable wet winters day. By the time they reached the halfway point, the rain had stopped but the sky now looked ominous, the onset of this winter's first snow gently floating down. Normally they would stay the day, spend the night with their aunt and then return

the following afternoon. By nine o'clock that night the snow was falling heavily but hopefully, it would have finished and settled by the following morning.

Aunt Clodagh's house was a rambling affair attached to a smallholding where she kept a few chickens, a cow, and several piglets along with a large vegetable garden. She always prided herself that in the event of a catastrophe, she was self-sufficient.

The house had three floors, the ground floor had a large kitchen and two small lounges with the kitchen being the centre point of the house. In there, you ate, watched tv, and generally relaxed, the large log fire and the cooking range making the room warm and cosy in winter. Upstairs on the first floor, there were three bedrooms and a bathroom/toilet. Normally in the past and when they were younger, one of the bedrooms would be occupied by their mother and father and Suzy and Matty would share the other.

Because they were now so much older, Matty had been relegated to the garret or attic room up on the third floor. He didn't mind in the slightest, it meant he got the ancient double bed to himself and the vista from the minuscule windows gave him excellent views across the surrounding countryside.

Clodagh had been married once upon a time, but now in her late forties, she was happiest living alone, 'Men just get under the feet,' she was wont of saying. She had a ruddy complexion from being continually outdoors and while the years had added extra flesh here and there, she was still a reasonably attractive woman or as Matty whispered to Suzy shortly after their arrival, her tits certainly were. There was no missing Clodagh's breasts, they entered the room several seconds before the rest of her arrived and had immediately caught his attention.

After an early tea and with his mother and aunt gossiping and catching up with each other's news, Matty had retired to his attic room. There had been no point in bringing his laptop, the house was too far from anywhere to get an internet signal.

He'd brought a book to read but was interrupted before he got started by the sound of footsteps coming up to the top floor.

Suzy entered his room and flopped onto his bed, she was already bored, the sound of the two women chatting in the kitchen drowned out the tv and she didn't want to appear rude by turning the volume up and so had forsaken it.

Matty had turned on his side as she complained, his hand resting just above her knee.

'I can keep you occupied for a while,' he had whispered, Suzy knowing exactly what he was suggesting. Even though it was now several months since they had mutually masturbated each other, she was still in two minds as to whether to go further with him.

'We can't,' she whispered back at him, 'what if they hear us?'

'Then you just won't have to scream as loudly as you did last time.' That had made her giggle, she had been quite vocal when he kissed and licked her fanny.

His hand gently stroked her leg, edging upwards bit by bit, by the time it disappeared beneath the hem of her skirt, Suzy's fanny was looking forward to its continuing journey. When he finally slid a finger over the gusset of her panties, she had to restrain herself from crying out.

'You seem to have wet yourself slightly,' Matty whispered with a snigger, his fingers applying greater pressure as he stroked her fanny through the thin material of her knickers. 'Perhaps it may be best if you took them off.'

Raising her hips, she reached beneath her skirt and wriggled out of her panties, tucking them under his pillows just in case someone decided to come up to the attic room. She was just about to settle back when on a whim, she reached under her top and unhooked her bra, managing to remove it while leaving her top in place. Glancing at Matty, his eyes shone, up

until now, he still hadn't seen her tits. Settling down onto the thick, soft mattress, her brother's hand disappeared back beneath her skirt as he stroked and explored her thighs, her belly and finally her fanny, Suzy jamming a fist into her mouth as a finger slid inside her cunt.

She had to keep pressing her face into the pillows, it helped muffle the noises she was making as her brother fingered her. When he pushed her top up and exposed her titties, covering them in kisses before sucking and nipping at her engorged teats, she could have screamed with the pleasure he was eliciting.

Suzy was unable to stop herself as her hand went to his groin, her fingers fumbling as she tried to unbutton his pants and slide the zip down.

'The randy bastard,' she thought as she discovered he wasn't wearing undies, his shaft springing free once his pants were undone. Wrapping her fingers around it, she started to toss him off, Matty grunting quietly as she increased his arousal.

Her fanny was wet through, his fingers making squelching noises as they were thrust into her and then almost to her surprise, she was dragging him on top of her, pushing his pants down more so that she could position his cock.

She felt his knob push against her pussy lips and then he was sliding inside her, her cunt expanding as it welcomed him into her inner sanctum.

Despite her previous reticence, when it had come to it, she was acting like a slut, desperate to have his cock inside her. Suzy turned her face into the pillow again, his constant thrusting making her want to call out as it muffled the groans of pleasure that she was not able to stop. Thankfully, the bed and mattress were so soft and springy that there was very little noise as his cock thudded into her cunt once more.

When he sucked on her nipples as he fucked her, she lost control, her body shivering and shaking as her climax started and then when his cock filled her cunt with his seed, her

orgasm consumed her as she went taut, her head going back as she cried out in pleasure, forgetting to try and muffle it.

When she came to, her brother's hand was still over her mouth, a wide grin split his face. 'Are you trying to wake the dead?' he said quietly with a laugh. 'We'd better get decent quick just in case someone comes to investigate.'

As it was, no one came, thankfully the two women on the ground floor were too engrossed to hear the sounds from above.

Suzy relaxed next to her brother; her body ultimately had made the decision for her. He may be a year and a half younger than her, but his lovemaking had been fantastic. She felt satisfied and happy, knowing she would sleep well tonight and already planning when she could entertain him next.

Together they had gone downstairs later and had supper in the warm kitchen, Aunt Clodagh, asking questions of them both. How were they doing at college, did Suzy have a

boyfriend presently, was Matty dating? The usual questions that relatives always asked.

Making their way up to their beds, he left his sister on the first floor as he continued up to his attic bedroom, now lit by the glare from the snow outside which was continuing to fall. He watched it for a while, but there was little to see, the continuous flakes hiding the horizon and all around

He left the light off and blew out the paraffin heater before scrambling into bed, the room beginning to chill as he curled up beneath the covers and got warm again before stretching out.

He'd been staring into space, thinking about what he and his sister had done tonight when his thoughts were interrupted as he heard his mother and aunt Clodagh come up to bed. He was just about to turn on his side and snuggle down when suddenly a ring of light appeared on his ceiling.

He stared at it for a moment, wondering where it had come from, automatically looking to the curtains to see if any kind

of light was getting through. 'It was the wrong angle,' he thought as he sat up in bed, trying to judge where the source was.

The circle of light was like a torch beam, and he could see the minute specks of dust swirling in it as he looked to the floor and noticed an exceedingly small pinprick of light.

Climbing carefully from the bed, he went over to it and knelt, finding that he had to lower himself completely and put his eyes to the hole before he could see anything.

He was amazed to find that he was looking into the bedroom below, his view confined to the bed beneath and perhaps a few feet on either side of it. Someone was moving around the room, but he was only able to view their extremities and had no idea who it was as he tried to calculate whose bedroom was beneath him.

At last, the person sat on the edge of the bed, Matty now able to make out that it was his aunt and then again, much to his

astonishment, she began to undress. First came her blouse and then her bra as she scratched beneath her tits. His breathing was fast and loud and for a second, he wondered if she would be able to hear him as he held his breath and tried to control it. Next came her skirt and then her knickers, Matty catching sight of her bare arse as she disappeared with the clothes.

He waited patiently, his hand over his mouth as he continued trying to slow his ragged breathing, the first stirring of an erection pushing against the floor. She was back, messing with something he could not see as she had her naked back to him, Matty wishing she would hurry up, but at the same time worrying that she would put on a nightdress before she turned around.

At long last, she puffed up her pillows and propped them against the bedhead before swivelling and lying prone beneath him. She put on her glasses and from next to her bed, picked up a book as she started reading.

Matty couldn't believe his luck as he continued to watch her lying naked below him. Her tits were magnificent, large, and perfectly rounded with darker centres. Her pubes matched the colour of her dirty blond hair and as he watched, she opened her legs and scratched her fanny.

Matty ground his cock against the hard floor, trying to ease the tension that was currently building there as he continued to watch his aunt below. Presently, she wasn't doing anything except lying there and reading as he memorised what she looked like. Occasionally her hand would stray, scratching at an orb or her groin, Matty's hand now beneath him as he rubbed at his shaft.

Ever so slowly and carefully, he adjusted his position, turning his body slightly so that he could masturbate, but at the same time, keeping his eye pressed firmly against the minute hole.

Her hand drifted downwards again, another scratch he presumed, but this time it lingered there, his aunt rubbing it through her pubes and then between her legs. He wondered

what she was reading, something that was arousing her it seemed as she opened her legs a little wider and ran a finger along her slit.

'Jesus, he was going to shoot his load in no time if he wasn't careful.' slowing his hand and going back to teasing his shaft.

Clodagh's book had been discarded, her fingers now pummelling her cunt as she raised her legs and opened them wide, giving him the perfect view as she continued to finger herself. Her other hand was now massaging her tits, pushing, squeezing, and at one point, she got the hand beneath her left breast as she raised it and sucked at her nipple.

Matty couldn't hear her making any noise, maybe that was because she had company or maybe the floor deadened any sound she made, whichever it was, it didn't matter as he just knew that she was climaxing, her eyes fixated on the ceiling above her and her body wobbling as she orgasmed. His cock jerked in his hand, and he wanted to moan loudly as cum

blasted from the tip of his shaft, making a puddle on the floor, and covering his hand.

Whatever his obsession with his mother, she had just been relegated, Aunt Clodagh, taking her place as his masturbatory fantasy.

The following morning, they were all up bright and early, washed and dressed and ready for breakfast after which it would be the return journey home. When Matty had drawn back his curtains first thing he couldn't believe the scene outside his window, whichever way he looked, everything was covered in a blanket of white snow and with the look of the sky, there was plenty more to come.

Aunt Clodagh had warned that the going may be tough, but his mum was convinced that once away from the house and the country lanes the going would be easier and especially once she reached the motorway.

They left just before mid-day, once Matty and his aunt had been outside and cleared a path to the car and then brushed all the snow from it. The going was very slow on the lanes, his mother having to avoid snowdrifts and occasionally, backing up and taking a different route.

'We'll be fine once we hit the motorway,' she kept saying. But as Suzy and Matty looked at each other, both of them doubted it.

When they did finally get to the main roundabout, their mother was disappointed to find a police car parked sideways across the road, its blue flashing lights illuminating the snow which had started to fall again.

They had already been on the road an hour as she wound her window down, the officer standing next to the driver's door.

'Where are you trying to get to Madam?' he asked, chuckling when she told him her destination. 'Have you come far?'

Their mother explained that they had been visiting her sister and were trying to get home.

'Well, you're not going to get through this way. Your best bet is to turn around and go back to your sisters and wait it out. The last thing you want is to get stuck in the middle of nowhere in these conditions.'

Their mother took the officers advice, turning the car around and heading back the way they had come, struggling at times as the wind had now constructed new banks of snow which hadn't been there previously. It took them an hour and a half of detouring before she was back at her sister's house once more, Clodagh had the door open ready as they pulled up out front.

'I did wonder,' she said, 'when it snows here, we get it bad. It could be a couple of days before it's clear enough to head home.'

They hadn't packed to be away more than one night, only bringing the clothes they journeyed in and a change, to journey home with the next day. Their mother would suffice, she could borrow some of her sister's to tide her over, and Clodagh said that at a push she could find something for Suzy to wear. The problem was Matty.

'I have got a few of my husband's old clothes, but they won't be modern and certainly not fashionable.'

Matty wasn't bothered what he wore presently, it wasn't like they were going anywhere or that anyone was visiting, the snow continuing to fall and build up outside. What was currently going through his mind was perhaps the opportunity to see his aunt naked again that night, and if he was lucky, maybe playing with herself once more.

Taking their things back up to their bedrooms, Matty had to put the attic light on because it was so dull in the room. He suddenly had a thought, if he could see a pool of light when the attic was in darkness and his aunts light was on below, did

it work the other way around. If he had his light on and she walked into her darkened bedroom, would she notice the pinprick of light?

He glanced around and decided that the old rug at the side of his bed would do as he lifted it and placed it over where the hole was located, 'That would stop the light showing below,' he thought as he unpacked the few things he had brought.

Clodagh had plenty of food in and was in the process of making fresh bread as his mother phoned their father to say they would be away for a second night. He told her not to worry and that he was feeling better. He could manage alone until they returned.

Their mum and aunt were in the kitchen while Matty and Suzy had ventured outside, but the snow was blizzarding and the cold wind quickly chilled them as they returned to the house and made for their bedrooms to read the books they had brought with them.

It wasn't long before Suzy was up in the attic room as she plonked herself on the large bed, Matty closing his book and putting it to one side.

'Explain to me this fascination with mum. Do you really think about fucking her?'

Matty shrugged his shoulders, he didn't really understand it himself. She had never said or done anything to incite his desires, he just found himself thinking about her one day and his thoughts had quickly progressed to wondering what she was like in bed.

'Forget about mum for the moment,' he said, 'have you seen how Clodagh's tits wobble when she moves.' Suzy laughed; she knew by now her brother's obsession with breasts.

'And she was playing with herself last night. Fingering herself.

Suzy looked at him in disbelief. 'And how would you know?' she scoffed, 'did Aunt Clodagh invite you down there to watch,' she asked, her voice dripping sarcasm.

Matty climbed from the bed and went over to the rug, beckoning his sister to join him. Rolling it back, he instructed her to lie down and put her eye to the tiny hole, Suzy amazed as she peered into the bedroom below. She sat upright, looking at her brother.

'When she came to bed last night, it was dark up here. Her light shone on the ceiling, and I discovered this hole. At first, she just laid on her bed and read a book, but it must have been exciting because, after that, she started playing with herself.'

Suzy felt the thrill seep into her body as she imagined her brother laid here staring down at their aunt.

'What did you do?' she asked excitedly.

'What do you think I did?' Matty said with a grin.

'Do you think she'll do it again tonight,' Suzy asked. Matty shrugged his shoulders, but his expression told her that he hoped so.

'I'll pretend to go to bed later and then when the coasts clear, I'll sneak up here.'

He could tell the idea was exciting her, helped by his hand which was caressing her upper thighs and bottom.

True to her word she was back in his room by ten that night having stuffed pillows beneath her covers to make it look like she was in bed asleep.

They waited slightly impatiently in the dark for their mother and aunt to come to bed, snuggled together beneath the covers to ward off the chill of the room. Suzy had to restrict her brother's hands, if she allowed him to continue doing

things to her, she would be far too engrossed by the time her aunt entered her bedroom.

Clodagh had lent her an old dressing gown and she kept it tightly wrapped around her as the circle of light appeared on the ceiling.

Suzy was eager to go first, placing her eye over the hole, a minute passed, and she levered herself up.

'I can't see anything,' she whispered.

Matty put his mouth close to her ear as he whispered back. 'It was the same last night. She messes about at first before sitting on the edge of her bed.'

Suzy lowered herself and continued to watch until suddenly her hand moved, and she gave him the thumbs-up sign. When at last she did sit up and relinquish her position, her voice sounded excited.

'She's laid on her bed naked and keeps touching herself.'

There had been no prelude of reading tonight, their aunt getting straight down to business. Pressing his eyes against the hole, his view was the same as the previous evening, Clodagh laid on her bed with her legs open as she fingered her fanny. Immediately, his cock began to thicken and protest that it needed attention.

They swapped again, Suzy peering downwards as her breathing increased, partly because of what she was watching, but also because her brother's fingers had found her cunt and were presently teasing it open. Another swap and Suzy got her own back, her hand gripping his shaft as she tossed him off.

They continued to take it in turns as they watched Clodagh, please herself, their arousal building steadily as whichever one of them was peering downwards got played with and teased, both Matty and Suzy were desperate to fuck by that stage. When at last their aunt climaxed, he allowed his sister

to watch, his fingers sliding into her cunt which was presently wet and ripe.

When Clodagh's light went off, they moved slowly and carefully, Matty dragging the rug back into place as together they snuggled beneath the covers. The room was cold and the last thirty minutes lying on the floor had taken its toll. As they warmed, Suzy discarded the dressing gown, pressing her body against her brother who felt hot to the touch.

'I want to fuck you, he whispered.'

Suzy also wanted to fuck, but there was a problem. Whilst her mum and aunt had not heard them when they had been down in the kitchen, now Clodagh was in the bedroom below and as quiet as the bed was, Suzy knew she couldn't remain completely quiet.

'I have an idea,' she whispered, diving under the covers and spinning around so that they now laid top to toe.

She worked on his flaccid cock, soon getting it hard and throbbing once more before taking it into her warm mouth as she began to lick, suck, and toss him off slowly. Cocking a leg, she created space for Matty as she felt his breath on her cunt.

Suzy tried to groan as his fingers opened her fanny, but with a mouth full of cock, very little was heard in the room. Matty picked up the scent of her musk, his head now between her thighs as he clamped his mouth against her fanny and poked his tongue into her slit.

Their lust was insatiable, both of them now highly aroused as they squirmed against each other's bodies, Matty's hips trying to fuck his sisters face as she ground her cunt against his mouth. He knew he was ever so close, desperate to empty his sack. Concentrating on her clit, he sucked and nibbled on it at the same time as he inserted a finger into her cunt and got it juiced up. Just before he ejaculated, filling her mouth with his cream, he rammed the digit up her anus, her body shaking as it caused her to climax.

Throughout it all, the room had remained silent, just the slightest creak of the bed as they twisted, turned, and orgasmed together.

He didn't know at what point his sister had disappeared down to her bedroom as they had fallen asleep together after their coupling. When he awoke the next morning and opened his curtains, he had to put his hand up to shield his eyes as the sun glared off the brilliant white snow. The sky was blue and inviting looking, but when he opened a window, the blast of cold air soon had him closing it rapidly.

At first, he couldn't spot the car, buried beneath its white blanket. The snow looked deep, in places, even covering the fence tops and the vista was more akin to the arctic tundra than the normal countryside.

After a hearty breakfast and in some of the old clothes Clodagh had provided, he joined her outdoors, well rugged up against the cold as they cleared a path to the car and

brushed the snow off it and then a path to the animal shed and pens. Surprisingly, it was warm inside the building with the animals as his aunt put down new bedding and fed them. The hens were in their coup and that was the next job as they cleared a path to the henhouse and collected some eggs.

Back in the shed, she put the basket of eggs to one side and refilled the large bowls with fresh drinking water. Matty watched her as she worked, not for her several layers of clothes like he was wearing, a pair of jeans which fitted snugly across her arse and displayed her buttocks, a checked work shirt which struggled to contain her breasts and a body warmer sufficed to keep her warm enough as she went about her jobs.

Several times she had caught him looking at her, especially when she was bent over.

'Ast'sen owt ya loike?' (Have you seen anything you like) she suddenly asked, aware that he had been staring at her bottom.

She laughed as Matty went bright red and began stuttering. 'Na'then Matthew, I'm not blind tha knows.' It was said again in her thick accent which made some of the words difficult for him to understand as she chuckled away. She did it on purpose, able to speak normally when required, but when she wanted to tease him, she would revert to the old way of speaking.

'Oather ther's summat wrang wi'mi bum, or tha's tekan a shine t'wit. Y've dun nowt but sken it sin we've cum owt.' (Either there is something wrong with my bottom or you have taken a shine to it. You have done nothing but look at it since we came outside.) She laughed uproariously again having continued in her accent, knowing full well that he couldn't understand half of what she had said.

'I'm sorry, I mustn't tease,' she said once she had calmed herself. 'did you see anything you liked last night?' She started laughing again because his face looked stricken, how the hell did she know he had been watching her, he wondered.

'Hang on here for five minutes and I'll be back.' She disappeared towards the house, appearing again shortly with a flask and two large mugs, proceeding to pour hot coffee into each. 'Take it easy, there's a good measure of brandy in there, it will warm us up.'

Matty still hadn't been able to say anything, shaken and embarrassed as he continued to wonder how she knew.

'It's alright. It doesn't bother me. My husband put it there, he liked to watch me play with myself.'

He was amazed at his aunt's candidness, talking openly about sex and unconcerned about the fact that he had spied on her. 'I'd forgotten how exciting it was to have someone watch me. I hope I didn't disappoint?'

The brandy was doing its job of loosening his tongue and reducing his embarrassment, especially when she asked what he did while watching her.

The brandy gave him bravado as he told her in detail what he had been doing, suddenly noting the excitement in his aunt's eyes when he mentioned the words "cock" and "masturbation".

'Well, with the look of the weather, you're going to be here a few more nights yet. You could always come and visit me one night. If you wanted to of course.' Clodagh left it at that as they finished their coffee's, and she shook out the mugs. 'Let's get back into the warmth,' she said as she headed towards the house.

Matty followed her indoors, hanging around downstairs for a while before heading for his bedroom and knowing his sister would follow shortly. With both of them relaxing on his bed, he just suddenly dropped his bombshell.

'Aunt Clodagh knows I was watching her last night,' Now it was Suzy's turn to look worried. 'It's alright, she doesn't know you were up here with me.'

'What did she say? Did she go mad, is she going to tell mum?'

Matty kept her in suspense for a moment until his face broke into a grin. He shook his head, 'She was quite happy for me to watch her. Said it gave her a thrill. Also said I should visit her room one night if I want to.'

Suzy could hardly contain herself, 'You should..... you must go down there. But let me know when..... and I can watch from up here.'

The thought made him nervous, Aunt Clodagh wasn't Suzy, she was a lot older. Would he end up looking a fool?

It wasn't to be that evening; he was leaving it until the following evening. The next day, while no more snow had fallen, there was still no chance of getting out yet, their mother panicking a bit and phoning their father constantly, worried that they wouldn't be home in time for Christmas.

When he got the chance, again agreeing to give Clodagh a hand with the animals, he asked her shyly if she had meant what she said and if that night would be appropriate. Again, she gave him that hearty laugh, but this time it seemed deeper and sexier as she grabbed him and hugged him to her ample chest.

Initially, he felt embarrassed as she wrapped her arms around him, his cock reacting to the feel of her magnificent tits squashed against his chest. But he needn't have been, Clodagh was more excited at the realisation that someone far younger than she was, found her sexually desirable.

Matty hadn't been quite prepared for how excited she was, watching in wonder as she undid several buttons on her shirt, took his hand, and shoved it inside the massive cup of her bra. His cold fingers brought her nipple instantly erect as he rolled it between finger and thumb, the animals joining in the chorus as Clodagh sang out loudly.

Unfastening a couple more buttons, she dragged her tit from its cup, Matty getting his first close-up look as her glorious mammary and unable to resist the temptation as he dipped his head and took her nipple in his mouth. Clodagh squealed and the animals joined in again, Matty trying to support her when he placed his hand between her legs, and they turned to jelly.

'Jesus. Oh, my giddy aunt, just a little bit more.' Matty sucked harder at her teat, nipping it between his teeth and running his tongue over it as he increased the pressure between her legs.

'Oh, you beautiful boy, Oh yes, that's it. God, you're making me cum!'

It took all his strength to keep her upright as she shook, her tit bouncing around as he tried to keep his mouth latched onto her nipple.

When she finally stopped the hand rubbing at her fanny, she was flushed far more than normal, and she was panting as she held onto him until she could speak.

'Oh my. My oh my. You promise you will come to me tonight.' She wasn't asking, to Matty she sounded more like she was pleading.

'I promise. Once everyone is in bed. I'll give them chance to fall asleep and then I will come to your bedroom.'

Clodagh could hardly contain her excitement as she tucked her breast back into her bra and refastened the buttons on her shirt.

'May I?' she asked him before placing the flat of her hand in his groin and tracing the length of his cock, her eyes ablaze with lust and Matty wondering if she was going to swoon on him.

The last thing she did was to take his face in her hands as her lips came closer and then she kissed him, Matty enjoying every sweet moment of it as his hands wandered and he thrust his erection against her mound, grinding his pelvis into her so that she knew what he desired.

He was starting to get cold, Clodagh looking like she was going to burst into flames at any second as they left the animal shed and stamped through the snow back towards the house.

'You promise? Tonight?' was the last thing she said just before they entered the kitchen. Matty giving her a smile and a nod and then taking her by surprise as he pinched her bum and gave it a good patting, Clodagh coming out with her deep sexy laugh again.

'You bad, bad boy,' she whispered.

Up in his attic room, he heard the others come upstairs to bed. Twenty minutes passed and he caught the faint sound of

footsteps stealthily creeping up to his bedroom as his sister's excited face appeared around his door.

'Nervous?' she asked him as she snuggled beneath his covers, her body touching his.

He had thought he would be, but after that afternoon's episode, he felt confident that he could satisfy his aunt.

He gave it another fifteen minutes before kissing his sister and then as quietly as he could, snuck down the stairs, using his hands to guide him now that all the lights were off. His Aunts room was the only one with a dim light showing underneath the door as he gently rapped on it and waited.

The door opened slowly, Clodagh wearing nothing but the sheerest of negligee's tied at her bosom as she ushered him into her room. Dressed in only a pair of pyjama bottoms, it didn't take his cock long to react as he caught sight of her darker nipples and the neatly trimmed pubic mound through the translucent material.

Even before the door had closed properly, Clodagh was on him, her lips pressed firmly against his own and her tongue already invading his mouth as she ground herself against his erection. As quickly as he could, he edged her towards the bed, aware that his sister above would be waiting to see what was happening.

Knelt between her open thighs, he surveyed her milky white flesh, taking a moment before he pulled at the silky cord and then threw open her negligee, exposing her naked body to him. Leaning forward, he kissed her again, from her mouth he went to her neck and earlobes and thence to her upper chest trying to get his hands around her tits and failing miserably as he showered her nipples with kisses and sucked ferociously on each teat.

Talk about his sister being vocal, he just hoped his mother was well asleep with the noise his aunt was making.

Above them, Suzy already had a finger inside her pussy, her eye glued to the hole as she watched her brother perform, for a moment wishing to change places with her aunt.

Down he went again, across her ribs and stomach, across her belly and to her mound as his nose picked up the aromas of powder and musk. By now he was nearly hanging off the foot of the bed as he slid forward between her thighs and got his first closeup view of her vagina, her lips puffy and open as they awaited his inspection.

'Jesus!' The shriek, while only lasting seconds before she pulled a pillow over her face, had been loud, Clodagh shaking and trembling as his mouth pressed against her cunt and his tongue slid into her already wet passage.

She kept it there as he went to work on her fanny, his tongue licking and penetrating as he kissed and sucked at the pink moist flesh. Her body twisted and convulsed as she trembled, all the while using the pillow to deaden her screams. He felt her thighs grip his head tightly when he turned his attention

to her clit, exposing the tiny bud as again he licked and sucked, Clodagh visibly shuddering now as she began to climax. Her juices splashed his face and entered his mouth as he kept it clamped against her cunt, his hands gripping her buttocks as she twisted on the bed until she lowered the pillow enough to beg him to give her a minute.

Above them, Suzy had already achieved her first orgasm despite the cold of the room. Taking a moment, she dragged some of the covers off the bed and wrapped herself in them as her eye went back to the minute hole.

Matty was already knelt between his aunt's thighs, by now desperate to dip his wick. As she removed the pillow from her face and squinted in his direction, he rammed his cock up her flue. Her face went a darker shade, her mouth opening, and her eyes fixated on him as she gasped.

'Jesus, oh fuck, Jesus Christ!'

Clodagh blasphemed continually as Matty commenced fucking her, slowly at first but then faster as he watched her massive tits bounce back and forwards, the slight belly she had, following in a similar fashion. Despite his constants warnings to 'Hush,' his aunt was vocal, and he worried occasionally if it would wake his mother, but his arousal and lust were too insistent now as he ploughed her cunt, riding this enigmatic woman who writhed beneath him, urging him to fuck her faster and harder.

Withdrawing his shaft, he rubbed it against her piss-flaps and her clit, teasing her as he molested her massive hooters. And then he was back in her sloppy cunt, racing for the finishing line, squelching noises filling the room as his hips became a blur and he shagged her as if his life depended on it.

Matty's breathing was ragged, gulping in oxygen continually as his body began to tire. Clodagh seemed to freeze for a second, staring at him with unseeing eyes. And then she exploded as her climax and orgasm convulsed her, her body thrashing and her arms flailing as she was pushed over the

edge and her body was consumed by the waves of pleasure flooding through her system.

Exhausted, Matty slumped down next to her, his chest rising and falling rapidly as he dragged air into his lungs. Presently, Clodagh seemed to be somewhere else, her eyes closed as she mumbled to herself, her tits rising and falling in time with his own chest.

Up above, Suzy's cunt felt raw, she had lost track of how many orgasms she'd had. She was desperately jealous as well, wishing her brother would now return and give her a good seeing too.

Matty just couldn't stop his obsession with his aunt's tits, he could die between them and go to heaven he was thinking, his cock beginning to stir again as he watched them jiggle as his hand explored the large expanse of flesh and especially her elongated nipples.

Clodagh seemed unsteady as she came back to reality, sitting uptight and then shuffling about on the bed as she straddled his hips, her fanny pressing against his new erection.

She wasn't a big woman, probably her figure was similar to his mother's, it was just her tits that made her appear larger than she was. She moved back slightly, releasing his shaft as she wrapped her hand around it, slowly manipulating the flesh as she began to toss him off.

Matty retaliated, propping pillows behind him so that he could reach out to the cleft at her groin and gently massage her clit. Clodagh reacted immediately, her eyes going dreamily looking as he massaged the tiny bud. When his other hand reached up and started to pull and twist at her nipples, her arousal ratcheted up swiftly. It seemed that he could excite her and make her climax simply by playing with her teats.

As her lust escalated, she raised her bottom, pulled his shaft upright and slammed herself down onto it, gulping rapidly as

he filled her cunt once more. And then she was off, talking to herself as she rocked back and forward, her outstretched arms and hands resting on his chest as she supported herself, her tits swinging with a hypnotising rhythm.

Matty caressed the still firm flesh, periodically tweaking her nipples as her excitement got louder. And then as her breathing got faster and ragged, he gripped her buttocks, holding her aloft as he raised his knees and planted his feet.

It was like a hammer blow as his hips thrust upwards and he impaled his aunt on his shaft. He held her there for a moment, shuddering and trying to breathe as he slowly withdrew, and then he fucked her fast and hard.

For Clodagh, it was like trying to ride a bucking bronco, she simply hung on for dear life as Matty's cock pounded her cunt, her eyes screwed shut and spittle dripping from her bottom lip as he took her to the clifftop and then pushed her off. Her body was in freefall, the powerful sensations ripping her apart, every nerve ending coming alive as her orgasm

exploded within her and she felt her nephews cum fill her fanny.

Clodagh was sound asleep when he finally left her bedroom on rubbery legs and silently made his way up to his attic room. He had hoped perhaps that Suzy may still be there but was disappointed to find that she had gone.

She had left earlier, covering the hole over before she went. At one point she had been determined to wait for her brother, but her fanny could take no more and she was exhausted. Suzy was feeling despondent as she made her way towards her bedroom, on the first floor she could hear the noises coming from her aunt's room which only served to make her feel more miserable as she slipped into her room and crawled beneath her covers.

It wasn't Matty's fault, she was the one who had been eager to have him fuck their aunt so that she could watch. It wasn't the best idea she'd ever had.

Their mother was the first one up and about the next morning, the other three sleeping in late. Outside the snow was starting to melt, although it was still a little too deep in the lanes yet. Another day and then perhaps it was time to make another attempt at heading for home she thought, determined to reach there before Christmas day.

As on other mornings, after breakfast and dressed against the chill, Matty had gone out with his aunt to tend to the animals. She had brought a flask with her this time and after the chores were completed, they sat in the animal shed and had a hot drink.

Clodagh was the one to eventually get started. 'I'm fucked. You well and truly fucked me last night. You do know,' she said slyly, 'that you can come up here whenever you want to. You know..... half terms, summer holidays. You will always be welcome. You could get the train up and I'd pick you up from the station. Stay as long as you want.' Matty could see the lust and desperation in her eyes which looked kind of sad.

Placing his cup to one side he stood and moved closer to her as he brushed the hair from her face. 'It's nearly Christmas, and I've no excuse not to go home,' he told her softly. 'but I have a feeling that we haven't finished with each other yet. I promise I'll be back; it will be half term before you know it and then..... well by then you will be gagging for it again,' he told her mischievously before cupping her face and kissing her.

He revelled in the feeling of her breasts pushing against him once more and if he'd had his way, he would have stripped her and fucked in the animal pens. But it was too cold, and he had no guarantee that his sister or mother wouldn't come looking for them at some point.

Clodagh clasped his hand as they headed back towards the house, only letting go of him just before they entered.

'Make sure you have everything packed ready,' their mother told them, 'I want to make an early start in the morning all being well.'

He'd asked Clodagh if she wanted him to visit her again that final evening. She had told no, 'Far too risky, we pushed our luck last night. I'd rather wait until I have you all to myself.'

Suzy had been unusually quiet all day. Matty intimated with his head late afternoon that she should join him upstairs. Once up in his room he asked her what was wrong.

'Nothing. I'm just being stupid,' she replied.

Lying together on his bed, he wrapped his arms around her as she snuggled closely against him, resting her head on his shoulder. Matty was beginning to get an inkling of what may be wrong.

'Not as much fun as you expected watching me have sex with someone else?'

Suzy bit her lip and nodded her head.

'Look, one more night and we'll be home. It's nearly Christmas, we both have some time off and well, I'm sure we will be able to find time to fuck each other brains out. Suzy laughed at his choice of words, turning her face towards him, and rewarded as his lips made contact with hers.

Matty got a good night's sleep although he did have stimulating dreams. He was fucking his sister when her tits slowly began to grow until they were enormous. When he looked into her face, Clodagh grinned back at him, his cock exploding inside her pussy and waking the next morning with a crusty layer covering his stomach.

After breakfast, they loaded their belongings into the car and then said their goodbye's. He would have liked some time alone with his aunt to say it properly, but it wasn't to be, their eyes conveying a certain understanding. And then they were off as they waved out of the car windows.

The journey home, as expected took longer than normal, but at last, they were out on the motorway, and they would be back in the next thirty minutes or so.

Once home it had been a mad rush getting everything ready for Christmas day, Matty and Suzy never getting a chance as yet to resume their relationship

The big day arrived, Christmas in their own home, their father recovered and back to his cheery self. Both their parents had drunk too much during the day and they wished their children goodnight as they toddled off to their bed.

Suzy and Matty watched tv for a while longer, he sat in the corner of the couch and his sister lounging with her head in his lap.

Their parents had been upstairs an hour when she asked. 'Do you think we dare?'

'I'll go first and put my pyjama's on,' he told her, 'I'll see if it sounds like mum and dad are asleep. If they are, you nip up and get changed.'

He was gone ten minutes, returning with a grin. 'Up you go, go and get undressed.' It was the way he said it that sent a shiver down Suzy's spine.

They turned the tv down low, loud enough to mask any noise they made but low enough that they should hear if one of their parents decided to come downstairs. They were watching, but not really concentrating on the screen, back in their former positions. Now, Matty had his hand beneath his sisters top as he gently massaged her tits and added to her arousal by rolling her erect nipples between finger and thumb.

With her head in his lap, Suzy could feel his erection jerking against her cheek. Turning her head sideways, she extracted his shaft, again marvelling at the heat emanating from it as

she wrapped her hand around it, pulled it down and enveloped its knob with her lips.

Matty closed his eyes, his arousal increasing as her tongue went to work on him. He leant sideways so that he could better reach her groin as his hand slid inside her pyjama bottoms and across her mound before curving between her legs. Suzy grunted as he slid a finger into her quim, grunting again as he slid a second inside her, fingering her cunt as her arousal increased and caught up with his own.

By now the tv had been forgotten, Suzy wanted his cock inside her and it was only a question of where they were going to fuck. Matty told her to sit up as he stretched out lengthways on the couch.

Snuggle up in front of me, but with your back to me,' he instructed his sister.

Once Suzy was comfy, he pushed her pyjamas down at the rear and then slid his cock between her thighs, his knob ruby

against her fanny lips as he teased her, his hand back beneath her top as he continued to play with her tits. She hadn't lasted long like that, desperate now to have his prick inside her.

Suzy adjusted herself, reaching between her legs and grabbing his cock, urging him to slide forwards and then it was inside her fanny as her brother seductively shagged her.

It was a good job she mostly had her pyjama's on because she lost plenty of fluid, enough that it would have stained the furniture. It hadn't taken Matty long to make her climax, the tv masking the sound of her cries as she orgasmed. He hadn't given her a chance to recover, his cock continuing to penetrate her cunt as his thrusting continued.

He'd built her steadily to a second orgasm as her insides erupted once more, but she wanted more than that, she had wanted to see him as she slipped from the couch, got naked and lay in front of the slowly dying fire with her legs open ready.

Matty ditched his pyjamas, joining her in the nude as he knelt between her thighs and inserted his cock into her cunt. As his hips and shaft fucked her, she pulled his face down, his lips pressing frantically against his as they kissed, her excitement mounting again.

When at last he ejaculated inside her, Suzy had convinced herself that she was in love with him, no one else had ever made her feel like this, her orgasm spinning her out of control, her body submitting to whatever he decided to do to her.

Boxing day, Suzy and their father had gone out for a walk, Matty had been going to join them, but for some reason, his mother had quietly asked him to stay behind because she needed to talk to him.

'Privately,' she had said.

He wondered what it was as he sat at the dining table, his mother appearing with two coffee cups.

'How did you find your Aunt Clodagh, everything alright?' she asked.

Matty nodded, but with a puzzled look on his face, not really sure what his mother was asking.

She took a sip of her coffee, cradling the cup in her hands.

'I know what my sister can be like. I presume she made a play for you or propositioned you. You don't need to deny it, I know you succumbed, she never could be quiet in the bedroom. Just so long as she didn't force you into anything you didn't want to do.'

Matty could only sit there at that moment, shocked that his mother should know about him and her sister.

'I'm not bothered Matthew, you're old enough to make your own mind up nowadays about who you sleep with. Knowing

my sister as I do, I presume she has invited you up to stay with her?'

Dumbly, he nodded his head. As the conversation continued, it became easier, never would he have believed that one day he would be sat here discussing his sex life with his mother.

'I don't think there was anything wrong with your father. I know that Clodagh has tried it on with him in the past, but he is adamant that he didn't take her up on her offer and I believe him. I'm pretty sure that he just didn't want to go through it again, your dad is not like that.'

They continued to talk, Matty openly telling his mum about the things that had happened but without the graphic detail.

'If you want to go up and visit her, that's fine. Go and stay for the week at half term, look at it as some kind of adventure,' She smiled as she said it, Matty knowing exactly what kind of adventure it would be.

'But be careful, Clodagh can be a bit of a maneater,' she laughed.

They had finished the brew's, Matty asking his mother questions.

'How can you both be so different?' Matty asked. 'Aunt Clodagh is sex-mad, I suspect it fills her every waking moment, while you appear to be so demure, so prim and proper.'

His mother stood and leant across the dining table and kissed the top of his head, for a moment, giving him a view down the front of her blouse and her milky smooth substantial hanging breasts and cleavage.

As she straightened, she smiled at him, secretive and seductive and as if she knew something he didn't.

'Who says we are different?' she laughed, 'You just need to find the right key to unlock the right door,' she smiled suggestively as she disappeared towards the kitchen.

Matty sat back in his chair. He had been right. He was sure his mother would be a "Real dirty bitch."

# Kitty's Legacy

Kitty was fifty-five when she first had sex with her son. She hadn't intentionally set out for it to happen, and neither, she suspected, had he. The circumstances were far from perfect, as was the location, her grandson asleep in the next room and her son's wife in the room next to that. Her day had started normal enough, a bit of shopping followed by a spot of lunch and then her afternoon chores before starting tea. Her husband Bill had arrived home early from work, explaining that he felt a tad off-colour, she'd enquired what was wrong with him, but he hadn't been able to tell her, just saying that he just didn't feel one hundred per cent.

They'd had their evening meal before relaxing in front of the television, an hour or so passing before Bill had told her he was going out for a breath of fresh air and to try and walk off his discomfort. He'd retrieved his jacket, put it on, and had just put a cigarette to his lips when he emitted a strange gurgling sound and collapsed, hitting the floor with a thud.

Kitty had panicked, calling his name at first and then placing her face close to his, trying to ascertain if he was breathing or not. Dashing to the telephone, she had called the emergency services before returning to his prone body and trying to do CPR exactly as the operator had described. The ambulance had been there in no time at all, closely followed by the police, but it had all been to no avail, Bill was dead they sadly told her.

The policeman had phoned her son and he had phoned his siblings, within twenty minutes the house was full of her children as she sat on the couch, lost in a world of her own. Time passed before his body was collected, Kitty not hearing what was being said to her.

'It's best if you don't stay here tonight, mum.' She looked up, unsure of what David had just said.

'Everybody's coming to mine. I'm going to take you there for the moment until you get over the shock.'

Kitty had put on her coat and followed blindly as he led her to his car, David's brother and sisters making sure the house was secure before following him home. At his house, she had continued to sit in a daze despite being offered tea, coffee, or something stronger, until eventually, her other children said that they were heading for their own homes and would see her the following day.

David's wife had finally gone to bed, they had a toddler asleep upstairs and after a day of keeping up with him, she needed her rest. Sitting in nearly complete silence for the next two hours, David kept trying to persuade his mum to use the bed in the spare room, Kitty knowing that she wouldn't sleep, which was why she kept resisting until eventually, he told her he would lie on the bed next to her and keep her company.

He'd left the main light off, taking a bedside lamp and plugging it in on the other side of the room so that it cast deep shadows. They didn't undress, they didn't even get into bed, simply lying on top of the covers as he placed an arm around her and held her close. Eventually, the tears came, Kitty was surprised that they had taken so long, her son who had placed

a box of tissues by the bed grabbed a handful and passed them to her.

Perhaps she did doze for an hour, David still awake and cuddling her when her eyes opened and for a moment, she tried to get her bearings.

He turned his head to check on his mum, their faces close together and that's when, much to his surprise, it happened. For some inexplicable reason, she had moved her face closer and suddenly kissed him, David recoiling for a second with surprise. She had looked at him with pleading in her eyes, even though he had no idea what she was pleading for as his face and head had returned to their former position, and he allowed it to happen again.

It was only a kiss, but Kitty found her hands cupping his face, her mouth moving against his as the kiss increased in tempo until her tongue was in his mouth. Before she realised it, she was grinding herself against him, horrified and excited in

equal measure when she felt his erection rubbing against her belly.

David had got caught up in the kiss, especially when his mum rubbed herself against him. He didn't understand what had come over her, his body reacting to the touch of her body and lips. Releasing him for a moment, she uttered words that sounded innocuous at first. 'Turn your back while I get undressed.'

David closed his eyes and turned his face away, his head a jumble of thoughts. His mother had just kissed him, and he'd found himself responding, worse than that, he'd found himself excited. She wasn't young, a lot older than he was, but the longer the kiss lasted, the more aroused he had found himself becoming, and then astonishingly, when she rubbed herself against him, that he had an erection.

He could hear the rustle of clothing as she undressed and then the bed moved as she returned and got under the covers. 'Don't look, just turn out the light and get undressed.'

He had done as asked, disposing of his clothes in the darkness and then fumbling his way back to the bed but not realising until he had got beneath the covers that his mum still had on her bra and knickers while he was completely naked. His cock had subsided and was presently flaccid as she pressed herself against him once more. It felt strange, stranger than it had done several minutes earlier, then at least he had been clothed, his shaft restrained, now as it started to grow again while she kissed him, there was nothing but her panties separating his flesh from hers.

When she stroked his chest and teased his nipples, it felt weird. When she wrapped her hand and fingers around his cock and began to stroke his flesh, the weirdness multiplied. He'd had girlfriends toss him off, his wife would toss him off, never in his wildest imaginings had he ever thought he would experience his mother stroking his manhood.

Despite the weirdness, she certainly knew what she was doing, his cock fully erect again and throbbing in her hand as he became aroused once more. 'Touch me,' she whispered.

David was hesitant as he moved one hand and cupped the small breast through her bra, squeezing softly. His cock was released for a moment as she sat up and promptly removed it, sliding back under the covers as she whispered again. 'There you are, touch me properly.'

This time when his hand went to her breast his excitement increased, the skin was soft and smooth and although flattened slightly, her nipples were huge, pressing into his hand as he fondled the malleable flesh and rolled her teats between finger and thumb. Her hand continued to slide the skin up and down his shaft as David moved his hand from her breast and explored her lower body.

His first touch was through the material of her large white panties, functional and old fashioned, his finger tracing a line, up and down her slit as he felt rather than heard the rumble in her throat. Moving to the waistband, he slid his hand inside, feeling the wrinkles of her belly and lower down, the covering of her mound. So far, other than the odd word, his mother had said nothing, the only way that he could tell if she was

enjoying his touch was the occasional groan that escaped and the quickening of her breathing.

When his hand curved between her legs and he touched the flesh of her cunt, she allowed a slighter louder groan to escape as she pushed her groin against his hand, David crooking a finger as he pried her flaps open and then slid it into her fanny, her passage, moist with juices.

He tried to fathom why he was doing this, his wife who he loved was two doors away and yet here he was, feeling guilty and excited as his mother aroused him. He had always been a dutiful son, doing whatever she had needed, perhaps he had become conditioned to that. He had no idea why she was doing this, but at the same time, he had no wish to refuse her, nor was he helped by the fact that her hand wrapped around his cock, and the touch of her body, was exciting him more than he had ever imagined such a scenario would.

Kitty released him for a moment as she wriggled out of her panties and then still without a word, tugged at him as she

indicated what she wanted next. David rolled atop her as she opened her legs and fumbled for his shaft, placing it against the lips of her pussy.

She still refused to speak; her eyes closed as though she could not bring herself to look at him. It was obvious what she was waiting for as he eased forward and felt his cock slide into her quim, his mother suppressing a groan as she pulled his face down and kissed him once more.

When she released his lips, she kept his head close, whispering to him, the tone of her words flat. 'Fuck me please!'

It was the strangest of sensations as he supported himself on outstretched arms and cautiously slid his cock out and then back into her cunt. In the darkness, it was difficult to see and other than her rapid breathing, had no idea if he was pleasuring her or not. Something had to be working because her fanny was wet and when he bent his head and nuzzled her breasts, he sensed the rattle in her throat. The speed of his hips increased, David suddenly finding that he was enjoying

fucking his mother, certain that it would have been more enjoyable if he had been able to see her properly.

As they fucked, his senses had little to go on, only the touch of his fingertips describing her body to him. Her breasts were smallish, soft, and smooth, but sagged slightly, while her erect nipples felt quite big, David sensing her shudder when he lowered his mouth to them, licking and sucking on each teat.

Kitty raised he legs higher, gripping her son's buttocks as she dictated his thrusts, pulling him into her pussy faster as her arousal mounted. She had no idea why she was doing this, her body suddenly making demands and her brain orchestrating her limbs as the cock pumping into her cunt sent waves of pleasure surging through her body.

Despite her disgust and revulsion, it was pleasurable, it was exciting, and it felt erotic. Her son's cock plundering her passage was lifting her to heights that overcame the sadness and loss she felt, the thrill of the illicit sex blanking out other thoughts from her mind. All that mattered at the moment was

her building arousal, her body letting her know that her climax was imminent.

'Faster!' It was a single word uttered in the darkness, David shafting his mother as fast and hard as he could, their groins slapping together each time he buried his dick up her flue. She was pulling at him tightly now, her hands constantly on the move as she stroked his hair and face, twisted at his nipples, and raised her hips to meet every thrust. Suddenly she began to convulse, shaking uncontrollably as her breathing came in short gasps and she went rigid, a suppressed moan escaping her lips as she orgasmed, David feeling the added wetness around his cock as he continued to smash her cunt until he groaned himself and emptied the contents of his testicles into her by now, sloppy twat.

Afterwards, she held him tightly against her, revelling in his naked body until thoughts of self-loathing and disgust flooded her mind, releasing and turning her back on him as she fell into a deep sleep.

David lay for a while longer, staring into space, his eyes now having adjusted to the darkness. His mother snorted and turned onto her back, the covers slipping away as he glanced at her tits. They were not large or exceptional, they were the tits of an ageing woman, but despite the overwhelming guilt he was now feeling, he found them arousing. He lifted the covers gently and peered down the bed, just about able to make out her slim figure, her rounded belly and the untidy bush that covered her mound. She was his mother and he had fucked her; his cock had been inside her cunt, and he had left her a present there. Despite his mind continually telling him they had done wrong, his cock would twitch, a sign that it was willing to fuck her again.

When Kitty awoke, she was alone in the bed, her thoughts now dominated by what she had enticed her son to do last night. What worried her just as much, was the fact that he had acquiesced so easily to her behaviour and had appeared to have enjoyed their copulation. She still couldn't understand what had come over her and why she had descended to such depths, embarrassed now at the thought of facing him.

In the early hours of the morning with his mum sleeping, David had slipped from the bed and in the darkness, collected his clothes. He opened the door carefully and then with the same caution, closed it behind him before heading for the bathroom and dressing. There was no way he dared enter his bedroom undressed in case he disturbed his wife, and she questioned his naked state. In the room he had undressed again and slipped into bed, his mind befuddled by what had taken place between him and his mum.

The next morning, he was already downstairs amusing his son when she appeared. She said nothing, finding it difficult to make eye contact with him when it was only the two of them in the room. It continued like that throughout the day and David just did not dare to bring up the subject and ask the questions that presently filled his mind.

Kitty stayed for four days, her other children constantly popping around as she allowed the toddler to distract her. By day five she had made her decision, 'David, I need you to drive me home. Alison's meeting me there and then we are going to the undertakers to sort out the funeral. Debbie is

coming later so that we can start to sort things out. There is some paperwork I need to find and then I need to sort through your dad's things.

He had dutifully driven her home, alone in the car he'd had the opportunity, but how did you start such a conversion? Instead, he said nothing and neither did his mother, arriving at her house at the same time as his older sister Alison.

For the next three months, they all took it, in turn, to spend time with her. Alison or Debbie, his younger sister, would pop around during the day, taking their mother out shopping or just spending time keeping her company. He or his youngest brother Alister would pop around evenings or weekends, all of them offering support until she got used to being alone.

The funeral had helped, it had finalised things and given them all closure as they realised, they would never see their father again.

All of them except Alister were married with families of their own, Alison the eldest at twenty-seven had two kids. He was the next and at twenty-five, his son was nearly two. Debbie was twenty-three and had a new-born, while Alister at twenty-one had moved out from home a few months before their father's passing and shared a flat with his fiancé.

Nearly six months had passed since that evening, his mother now nearly back to normal. Friends, neighbours, and relatives had rallied around, and their mother had visitors most days or she would be going out to this or that club. Their visits had reduced to once or twice a week although one of his sisters would pop in each day as they and their mother went shopping together.

Christmas felt strange for all of them, the first one where their father was missing, an occasion that he had always enjoyed. Nonetheless, they all gathered at Alison's and had as good a Christmas and New Year as they could.

Ten months later and in all that time, neither he nor his mother had made any mention about what had taken place on the night of his father's death. At least now there didn't appear to be any further embarrassment and his relationship with his mum had returned to what it had been previously.

Into a new year, time slowly rolled by until David's wife, Mandy cornered him in the kitchen one afternoon.

'You know it's the anniversary of your dad's death this weekend and that we are all visiting?' David nodded his head, he hadn't forgotten, it had just become easier to live with.

'Your mum asked if you would stay over Saturday night. I don't think she wants to be alone,' Mandy concluded.

'Do you mind?' he asked. His wife shook her head. 'Of course not, if your mum needs you, you must go.'

It had been a year and David thought nothing of his mother's request, expecting a quiet evening watching television and then sleeping in his old room. As they were all visiting during the day, he would pop home and have his evening meal with his wife and then return to his mums about seven or eight o'clock.

The morning and afternoon had passed without anything amiss or out of the ordinary, David having his meal at home and then seven-thirty he kissed his wife and left for his mother's.

The first few hours were exactly as he'd expected, they watched television and chatted, his mum producing a bottle of wine and some beers for him as the evening wore on. Even when she seemed to be drinking more than she normally did, he never thought to comment, it was the anniversary he was thinking. It wasn't until the news came on at ten o'clock and she rose from her chair that he noticed she was a little unsteady on her feet.

'Do you need a hand mum?' he asked, showing only the slightest of concerns as she wobbled across the room towards where he was sitting on the couch. He'd put his bottle down, ready to jump to his feet if she stumbled and so was taken completely aback when she suddenly straddled his hips.

She said nothing, staring at him intently with her slightly bleary eyes and her breathing sounding loud; minutes passed, David watching and waiting, wondering if he should say something or not. It felt as though she was struggling with her thoughts and still undecided as her eyes closed. When she opened them at last, her head suddenly jerked forward and before he could say anything, she had planted a kiss on his lips.

To begin with, it had been a few pecks, and then she nibbled his bottom lip before her tongue slid across both top and bottom. David had been so surprised at first that he hadn't responded, but as his mother continued to embrace him, her hands stroking his face and hair, he had found himself kissing her back.

Kitty's mouth was now pressed firmly against her son's, her tongue exploring as he responded to her embrace. It had taken the year since her husband's demise for her body to demand that she repeat what had happened on that night. She couldn't pluck up the courage to approach and say something to her son and so had decided to demolish as much liquid courage as she could without passing out, before making her attempt.

She had felt worried initially when he didn't respond, but now that he was kissing her, she felt more relaxed and surer that what she wanted would happen in due course. Her nipples were hard and ached, Kitty, needing them to be touched, she had butterflies in her stomach and her pussy was damp after finishing off her last glass of wine and imagining what she was about to do.

She allowed a small groan to escape when at last her son's hands had cupped her buttocks and pulled her lower half nearer and tighter against his groin, Kitty now feeling his erection pulsing against her quim. She gyrated her hips slightly, rubbing her vagina against it as her arousal started to

soar, a hand rested on her breast as he fondled the flesh still covered by her blouse and bra.

The kiss became enthusiastic and then wild, their mouths moving against each other rapidly as they began to explore. She felt his hands unbuttoning her blouse and then the cooler air against her skin as he opened it and massaged her breasts again, his fingers now touching flesh. She was glad now that she had bought some underwear that was a bit more modern, embarrassed by the mumsy stuff she had worn.

David slid her bra upwards, his mother's tits popping free as he began to stroke and tease her nipples, his mother grunting with pleasure as she broke the kiss and tilted her head back. He took the opportunity he had missed the first time around, gazing at her small breasts and elongated nipples, clearly visible under the lounge lights. Releasing one breast, his hand dropped to her skirt as he slowly eased it up her legs, excited as her milky white thighs appeared and then the sight of her panties pressed tightly against her genitals.

When David's fingers stroked her fanny, Kitty shivered, it had been twelve months since she had last had sex. In her mind, a

constant battle was playing out, she knew what she wanted, but couldn't bring herself to say the words, not even the least offensive of them. There was no way she could utter the coarser phrases that revolved inside her head and simply hoped that her son would come to his own conclusions.

David eased the gusset of her panties to one side and stared at her minge. Releasing her other breast, he used both hands to part her piss-flaps as his thumb gently rubbed at her clitoris, his mother starting to shake as he presumed, she had just experienced a minor orgasm. She slumped forward, her forehead resting against his, her eyes still tightly closed as she breathed heavily. In the process, she had slid backwards, David taking the opportunity as he fumbled with his trousers, unbuttoning the waist, and sliding the zip down, before with a bit of wriggling, he had managed to extract his cock.

As her breathing slowed, he again pulled the gusset aside with one hand, the other gripping her buttocks as he dragged her back into position, only this time her fanny met the throbbing flesh of his shaft.

With that simple touch, her brain cleared itself of any objections, Kitty raising her bottom and gripping his flesh as she positioned it beneath her and sank back into his lap. For the first time, she uttered a loud guttural cry, his cock expanding her cunt as if was forced deep inside her passage which made her eyes fly open. She could see the lust written all over his face, his hands abusing her tits now as she ground her fanny into his groin and whimpered. Leaning forward to kiss him once more, this time there was a frenzy about the way their lips mashed together.

Her body was alive, juices leaking into his lap, both he and his mother quickly reaching the point of no return as he grabbed her arse and lifted. She seemed light as a feather as his hips shot upwards, slamming his cock into her cunt insistently as she slobbered at his mouth.

Suddenly she sat upright and flung her head backwards again, the wail started low and grew in volume as he forced her over the edge and she climaxed, her body thrashing about above her son as her orgasm took her by the scruff of the neck and shook. Her tits wobbled and bounced, as did the cheeks of her

arse, her thighs quivering as he held her aloft and fucked her with an intensity long forgotten until she heard him shout and felt the multiple spurts of cum that hit the back of her pussy.

And still, he kept pounding her, Kitty now along for the ride as a second climax overtook the first, her body wracked by sensations she thought she may never experience again. She clawed at him and called out, screeching the disgusting words that had formed in her head.

'That's it, you fuck my cunt. Ram that cock up me, I love your cock. Fill me with your spunk!'

To Kitty it sounded disgusting, to David it was exciting and erotic, continuing to fuck her and empty his sack until exhaustion slowed and then finally stopped the movement of his hips. Kitty slumped against him, his cock softening inside her flue as they both panted and allowed the sensations to slowly diminish.

Lying against each other and with the act now completed, their minds dredged up familiar thoughts and feelings of remorse for what they had done. David was trying to explain his actions to himself, he loved his wife and yet here he was partially naked and with his flaccid cock still inside his mother's flue. He was cheating on Mandy, and yet it didn't feel like that, this wasn't another woman he was having an affair with, this was his mum who he's just had sex with for a second time and he wondered what it was that excited him intensely the moment their lips met.

Kitty was full of self-loathing again, pressed tightly against her son because she feared moving and exposing herself to him, allowing him to see her as she really was. Her blouse had been pulled open wide, her bra up under her chin and her tits hanging free. Her skirt was nearly around her waist and his cock was still inside her vagina which felt extremely wet, there was no way she could allow him to view her private parts. The feeling of revulsion had returned, why had she done it again, why had she asked him to stay with her, knowing full well that what she desired from him was sex.

Kitty had her eyes closed when she felt movement, somehow, he had managed to lift her and stand. She wanted to ask what he was doing, but as he headed for the lounge door and the stairs, she guessed. His hands grasped her buttocks firmly, her tits pressing against his chest as she wrapped her arms around his neck and peered over his shoulder as he carried her up the stairs and to her bedroom, kicking the door shut with his foot as together they collapsed on the bed.

She was going to tell him 'No,' that she didn't want to participate, but when his mouth went to her breasts and he licked and sucked at her teats, she felt her arousal starting all over again. The effects of the alcohol had worn off as in the darkness he undressed her before getting rid of his clothes, returning to the mattress as he pressed his body against hers and she felt the stirring of his manhood once more.

It had been so much slower this time, his hands caressing and his lips delivering minute kisses all over her body as her arousal mounted and she felt the need for his shaft again. They didn't have sex, David making love to her this time and

when she'd climaxed once more, she had felt relaxed and sated as she fell asleep in his arms.

The following morning brought its own dilemma, Kitty desperately needed to piss, and her son was just waking and still laid next to her. In the harsh morning light, she hadn't the courage to throw back the covers and allow him to see her nudity, crossing her legs and hoping the feeling would go away. When David sensed she was uncomfortable, he took a pillow and placed it over his head, telling her he would remove it once she was out of bed and in her robe.

When she returned, he had wanted to talk, to ask questions and get some kind of handle on what they were doing. But with the start of a new day, she had reverted to being his mother, not comfortable with discussing their encounter and happier to pretend that it hadn't happened.

That session had been a repeat of the previous one, as weeks and months passed, Kitty made no mention to her son about their two previous liaisons, to David, it was like it had never

happened, to an extent that he began to wonder if it had been a figment of his imagination.

He didn't mind his mother using him like this, but it would have been nicer if she would discuss it with him and better still if it happened more often.

Before another year ended Kitty had her fifty-seventh birthday, Alison and Debbie organising a party for their mum. It wasn't an extravagant affair, more or less family and friends. David drank more than was wise for him as the frustration she created built within him, he just couldn't understand this coming together for one night and then twelve months without a word said on the matter. He never went without at home, his sex life with his wife more than satisfactory, but as much as he enjoyed it, he now knew that there was a level which he would never attain with Mandy.

There was something about having sex with his mother, something that intensified the sensations, the thrill, and the

excitement of having sex with a person who was a member of his family, the woman who had given birth to him.

David managed to corner her alone in the kitchen, his words slurring as he spoke. 'You know I want you,' he managed as his mother tried to extricate herself.

'David, stop it. You must not say things like that. It's not right.'

'What's not right is that you allow me to fuck you, and afterwards, pretend that it never happened. At least speak to me about what we have done.'

Kitty found herself getting angry with him for no other reason than he was embarrassing her. She put her hands over her ears, refusing to listen to any more of his words as she barged past him.

David had left before the party ended, his simple explanation to his wife that he was drunk and that the fresh air would

sober him up sufficed so that no one commented on his sudden departure.

In the time between her party and the anniversary of her husband's death, Kitty had seen nothing of David. There were comments from her other children about his lack of visits, but she played dumb, telling them he would come around in his own good time.

When his wife asked if he were visiting his mother this anniversary, he told her he was busy and that one of the others could stay the evening with her.

Kitty hadn't asked, she had just hoped he would appear. All of her other children had visited including David's wife Mandy, but of her eldest son, there was no sign. She spent that night alone in her bed, tossing and turning as her body made demands and her mind tried to ignore them.

The next morning, she phoned, it was Mandy who answered.  
'Can you ask David to pop around, I need to speak to him.'  
Mandy promised she would as she rang off.

It was mid-afternoon before he appeared, a determined look on his face which told her he could disappear just as quickly as he arrived.

'What is it you want David? She asked.

'I want you to tell me what's going on. We make love and then you pretend it never happened. Why? What are you afraid of, why only once a year and on the anniversary of dad's death? Have you never thought that I might want to repeat it at other times?'

'David! I'm your mum, it should never have happened in the first place. Kitty found it difficult to discuss such things.

'Well, it happened,' David said with a hint of anger in his voice. 'So, what are we going to do about it? Continue pretending it didn't or are you going to tell me what you want. Do you want me to take you to bed and make love to you?'

Kitty still couldn't bring herself to say the words, of course, that was what she wanted. It was afterwards, when the thoughts of what she had done filled her head, that was the thing she couldn't get away from. She attempted to explain, but it came out as unfinished sentences and garbled rubbish and she could feel herself close to tears until finally, he took her hand and pulled her with him.

She was about to protest, that's what she should be doing, she knew where he was taking her, and it was wrong of her to follow. But somehow, she managed to remain quiet until they were ensconced in her bedroom. He didn't give her the chance to voice any disagreement or to put up any arguments, instantly beginning to undress in front of her until he stood naked, his cock jutting from his groin.

'Will you undress for me?' he asked as he stepped back and gazed at her.

Kitty couldn't make eyes contact as slowly she unfastened her blouse and pulled it from her skirt. She struggled with the cuffs, her fingers refusing to respond at first because of her nervousness. When she managed to remove it, she handed it to David who folded it and placed it on the chair. Next came her skirt, Kitty feeling foolish at the sight of her pantyhose, but he said nothing as he folded her skirt and then held her hand and arm as she got rid of her tights.

Her face coloured when she removed her bra and her breasts fell free, she remembered how they had once jutted from her chest, now they sagged southwards. The last to go were her panties as she stood naked in front of her son, her body giving a slight shiver of embarrassment.

David's hand went beneath her chin, lifting her face so that his lips could caress hers, the kiss and the feel of his body now pressing against her, igniting a fire in her belly. The embrace

took on a life of its own, Kitty delirious at the feel of his erection pushing against her mound. Her tongue explored his lips and then his mouth, muffled cries finding an escape as his hand moved to her breasts, cupping and massaging the flesh and arousing her instantly as he toyed with her nipples.

When he eased her across to the bed, she went pliantly, her body and senses now looking forward to what she knew they were going to do. Lying in the centre of the bed, he opened her legs, before shuffling between her thighs, Kitty feeling his breath on her fanny and astonished that he would do something like that.

When he blew lightly on her pussy lips, it tickled but at the same time made her feel carnal, impatient to feel his mouth and tongue make contact with her flesh. When he kissed her labia and then ran a finger between her lips, she jerked and shivered, her pussy alive and wanting something to fill it.

In those few seconds, her imagination ran riot and then she screamed as she felt her son's tongue slide between her lips

and into her quim. The bed moved and then the world moved, her hips going crazy as his mouth was jammed against her cunt and his tongue poked and licked her insides.

Kitty called out, solitary words that made no sense, gasps of breath interspersed each one as her arousal soared, her stomach quivering as her nipples stood proud. She had lost control of her body, the mouth attached to her cunt sending her spiralling to dizzying heights as she arched her back and submitted to the orgasm that suddenly spiked and burst inside her body.

'Fuck..... fuck..... fuck.' David was sucking and licking her clit, the tiny bud multiply the sensations coming from her fanny as she strained and bucked, trying to remember to breathe as her senses were overpowered.

Kitty felt overwhelmed, sex with her son brought her alive, wanting nothing more each time than to make it a regular occurrence. But after each occasion, the feelings of disgust always resurfaced, making her feel dirty and worthless.

She would try and overcome that later she thought as his cock entered her quim and she groaned loudly as it filled and expanded her passage.

David's constant thrusting had brought her to the brink, her arousal on a knife-edge as she felt her climax just beneath the surface. Kitty loved this moment, those few seconds before her body abandoned itself to the pleasures that her son provoked in her. And then her eyes rolled back, her muscles tightening as her body went rigid, the explosion of sensations coursing through her which set every nerve ending alight.

She writhed, gushing words of adoration pouring forth as he continued to fuck her cunt until she felt their ecstatic conclusion as his seed hit her cervix and she heard him call her name. She floated serenely, her body feeling satisfied and relaxed as her orgasm slowly subsided.

David had rolled her, his cock still clamped firmly in her cunt as they faced each other. With the conclusion of their

lovemaking, Kitty's fears were being realised as the feelings of depravity started to return. She wanted to close her eyes, to turn away, or better still, get out of the bed and run, but that would mean allowing her son to see her naked.

He could see the change in her face, the look of despair that suddenly appeared. Grabbing her face, he kissed his mum, her features relaxing for a moment as she began to respond.

'I love you, Catherine,' he whispered when their lips parted.

It was the shock to her system which suddenly cleared her mind of all other thoughts. How long ago was it since someone said that to her.

'You can't say that to me, David. That's not right. I'm your mum.'

'No, you're not,' he replied. 'When everyone is here. When we are doing the things, we have always done, then you are my

mum. When we are in bed together. When we make love, then you are a beautiful woman called Catherine. You arouse and excite me, and I want to make love to you more than once a year.'

Kitty turned her head away from him, staring at the ceiling, his words tumbling around in her mind. Could she play that part she wondered, a mother most of the time and then every so often, a woman who entertained a younger man in her bed while they made love. The thoughts eased the disquiet that was threatening to return, convinced that on those occasions, she could think of David, not as her son, but as her lover.

When she turned back to him, it felt easier, but what she hadn't been expecting was for him to lift the covers as he blatantly stared at her body. 'Beautiful and sexy,' he chuckled as she felt his shaft start to thicken and grow inside her once more.

Although they continued to speak, David distracted her, sliding his cock in and out of her fanny whenever she went to

say something. This time the pace was slow, more tantalising, and sexual than the previous bout, Kitty becoming accustomed to her son looking at parts of her body and commenting. When her climax became imminent, she was able to look him in the face and see the lust there, David whispering of the things he wanted to do to her and which Kitty found, excited her.

As her orgasm slowly subsided and her breathing became normal, David explained what he would like.

'I'm not expecting us to be at it every week. But once a month, I would like to visit and make love to you.'

She had cautiously agreed, little realising that six months down the line she would find once a month nowhere near enough, By the time another year had rolled by it was common for her and David to be having sex three or four times a month. She found herself looking forward to the occasions, on those days she was not his mother, she was this wanton woman who was enraptured by the sex they had.

All of this took place without the rest of the family having any idea of their adultery. David would find excuses to visit, Kitty would find times when she had a reason for her son to stay over.

When Kitty celebrated her sixty-fifth birthday, she got tipsy, a perfect reason for David to stay the night and keep an eye on her, the two of them fucking into the early hours of the morning. She had thought that by this age, sex would have been the last thing on her mind, but David seemed to keep her feeling young, even though her face had aged, and her body now had a few more blemishes and wrinkles.

He was no longer a youngster himself, at thirty-five, his son was now twelve and he also had a daughter aged eight. His brother Alister had married and had a youngster of their own while Debbie had added another to her brood.

As their mother continued to age, they would all comment on how sprightly she still was, Kitty telling them that her

grandchildren and the exercises that she did at home kept her young. There was always a twinkle in her eye when she told them, especially when David was around.

At seventy, she still appeared fit and healthy. It was evening and just after tea when David had popped around with the excuse that he just wanted to check on her. They all took their turns, calling in during the week to make sure she had everything she needed and to see if she required any assistance.

With the front door closed and the chain on the latch, he had turned off the main lights and switched on the sidelights.

'Come here sexy,' he laughed, advancing on his mother as her arms went around his neck. He had to stoop a little now to bring their faces to a similar level as they kissed. She still had it he thought as her tongue explored his mouth and the kiss became more arousing.

'I thought you may pop around this evening,' she chuckled as she extracted herself. The cardigan she wore was buttoned up to her neck, Kitty teasingly undoing each one. When the last one was undone, she opened it a little, David able to see that beneath it she was naked. His erection was nearly instantaneous as he closed the distance between them and sliding his hand inside, cupped her breast, feeling her nipple enlarge against his palm.

Her hand was already unbuckling his belt, followed by the button and zip as her hand slid inside and grasped his manhood. 'No undies?' she giggled, not expecting an answer.

His other hand was already inching her skirt up until he was able to slip it beneath the garment, delighted when he realised that his mother was also knickerless. It took minutes only before they were both naked, David throwing cushions on the floor as he helped her down. By the time he joined her, Kitty had her legs open and was awaiting the first feel of his cock pressing against her fanny.

When his knob parted her piss-flaps and forced its way into her cunt, she grabbed his buttocks, pulling as much of him inside her quim as was possible.

David had never got over the feeling he experienced on that first insertion, no matter what he did or how many times he tried, he could never replicate it with his wife. It was a feeling that belonged to him and his mum, a level of excitement that could not be found anywhere else.

Dipping his head, he sucked on her nipples, his cock continuing to pound her fanny as she groaned pleurably, her hands stroking and holding his head while he licked and enticed her protruding teats. When his hips got faster, she spoke words that she now knew excited him, able eventually to tell him how much his mummy enjoyed her son's cock fucking her cunt.

And then she was writhing beneath him, juices flowing from her fanny and a damp patch developing beneath her bottom as her son ploughed into her cunt, adding his cum to the

wetness already inside her passage. She called his name, her hips bucking and smashing into him as her orgasm sent her spiralling out of control.

At seventy-six, she was still taking her pleasures with him, even though her needs had started to diminish. Sometimes it was once a month, other times a couple of months would pass between their encounters. To David, she suddenly seemed frail even though she continued to put body and soul into their copulating.

Soon after Christmas that year she got a bad chest infection, each of her children taking it, in turn, to stay overnight with her. The others would use one of the spare bedrooms, David always sharing her bed. Nothing happened on those nights, he simply held her in his arms as she slept.

The sound of the telephone wrested him from his sleep, David peering at his bedside clock and suddenly experiencing a sickening feeling when he noticed it was four o'clock in the morning.

'Hi David, it's Alison. I'm sorry, mum has just passed away. I don't know if you want to come now or a little later.'

He was out of bed in a moment, his disturbed wife asking what was wrong as he told Alison he would be there in twenty minutes. 'Mum has just passed away,' he said, his voice catching. 'Go back to sleep and I'll call you in a few hours.'

They were all assembled, each of the services departing as they talked quietly and waited for the body to be collected. David went up to her room, sitting on the edge of her bed and holding her hand so that she would not be alone as tears rolled down his cheeks.

It felt like it did when his father passed, only this time there would be no surprise. No longer would he lay next to her in this bed, touch her body and make love to her.

In due course, the funeral followed, all her possessions were sorted, and the house cleared. They all had homes of their own, the house they had grown up in was being put on the market and a new family would share memories there.

The twelve months following her death felt strange to him, he missed his mother, more importantly, he missed the woman who he had loved and had sex with for the last twenty-one years.

They had gathered together for the anniversary of her passing, all of them visiting their parent's joint grave regularly and leaving flowers.

A couple of weeks later he had been stood at the graveside, lost in thought when he registered that he wasn't alone. David turned to find Alison standing nearby, another bunch of flowers in her hand which she reverently laid beneath the headstone.

'You might as well know before the gossipmongers get going. Tony has left me. It seems he has had another woman for quite a while, and he came home last night and packed his things.'

David was shocked, his sister and her husband had been together for nearly thirty years. He offered sympathy, wrapping his arm around her shoulder as he held her next to him. When he released her, it felt as though Alison wanted to say something, but she just shook her head and stayed silent.

'If you want anything, or if you need help, just pick up the phone. We are family and I will always be there for you.' Alison nodded as they left the graveyard and made their way to their respective cars.

He had told Mandy, his wife, when he returned home. 'Make sure you pop around there and make sure she is ok. Both her children are grown now and she's going to be rattling around that house if she's not careful.'

David left it a week before going to see his eldest sister, sure that the other would have put in appearances by now.

She seemed happy enough in herself, David asking if she was all right for cash. 'I'm fine thanks, David. I've still got the money from the sale of mum's house squirrelled away, so that will keep me going for the moment. Again, it felt like there was something she wanted to say to him, but again it was left unsaid as he kissed her cheek and said goodnight.

With the height of summer, Mandy decided that the weather was perfect for a BBQ as she instructed her husband to visit his family and invite them all around. Alison's was his last stop, David finding her in the garden as she weeded flower beds.

'BBQ next Saturday, our place and you are cordially invited. In other words, be there or answer to Mandy.'

Alison laughed as she stood and got rid of her gloves. 'Fancy a beer?' she asked, going indoors to the fridge when he nodded his head.

David got a couple of chairs and placed them in the shade as they clinked bottles, 'Cheers.'

She took a while, but finally plucked up the courage as she turned to him.

'Mum told me,' she managed.

'Told you what?' he asked, looking puzzled.

Alison tilted her head back and emptied the bottle. 'She told me about you and her, about what you both had been doing for years.'

David felt sick, why had his mother done that.

'I'm supposed to tell you that she loved you..... in a way that she shouldn't have, she said..... not just as her son. She told me you had made her incredibly happy and fulfilled and that she was going to miss you.'

David waited for his sister to explode, sadness smothering him at his mother's final words, but it never came. 'All those years David, you and mum were sleeping together, having sex with each other, how did you manage to keep it a secret?'

He opened another bottle before sitting and telling Alison everything that had happened, 'Do I regret it? Sorry to disappoint you sis, but not for one moment. I loved every second of what she and I had.'

There was silence for a while until Alison broke it. 'Can I ask you something, and feel free to say no.' The silence dragged on as she seemed to summon the courage to continue. 'Would you accept me as a replacement?'

He had a mouth full of beer which was suddenly expelled by the surprise and shock of her request, some of it shooting down his nose. He looked at her, wondering if he had heard right. 'Are you suggesting what I think you are?'

Alison nodded her head. 'I'm not mum, and I don't know if you find me attractive or not. But if you do, would you consider the same arrangement that you and she had?'

There was silence again, Alison refusing to make eye contact and taking his lack of an answer as a resounding 'No!'

'You know that you got mum's looks and that you are equally as pretty as she was. You look like a slightly younger version of her..... '

He paused before continuing, 'I'm going to say maybe, but not yet. Mum and I happened accidentally, maybe because of the grief she was experiencing. This is vastly different, and we both need to think about it. If we decide to go there, then it will be slow, and we can see what happens.'

As it was, nearly a month had passed before he found himself at her house one afternoon. It hadn't been the most successful encounter, both of them full of nerves, which was why they had decided to postpone it until another occasion.

Mandy was out with Debbie, and his kids would be off doing their own thing, which was why he phoned his sister. 'I'll bring a bottle of wine with me, see you in thirty minutes.'

Alison had dashed upstairs and changed, her stomach was full of butterflies, and she couldn't stop her hands shaking. When the doorbell rang, she nearly jumped out of her skin.

David poured them a glass each as they sat and talked, both feeling awkward. 'It is going to feel strange the first time we kiss, it did with mum. Hopefully, with a glass or two, the nerves won't get in the way.'

The distance on the couch between each of them got less, David sliding nearer to his sister until he took her glass and put it on the coffee table. For him, the kiss did not feel as strange as he had expected, perhaps as a result of his long affair with his mother. Alison on the other hand could not believe she was doing this, never in her wildest thoughts had she ever considered that she would kiss her brother, intimately.

It had started slowly, both of them more or less pecking each other's lips until at last their mouths had been pressed together. Alison felt that first hint of arousal, her brother's hand softly caressing her face as his tongue flicked lazily across her lips. There was a distinct feeling in her stomach, Alison aware that her nipples were erect and throbbing slightly.

Her body was slowly demanding attention, but so far, her brother had not touched any part of her intimately other than the kiss which was now pleasurable and arousing. When they stopped for a second, he spoke quietly as he asked if she wanted to move to another room.

David picked up the wine bottle and their glasses as he followed his sister's buttocks up the stairs, taking in her shapely legs and the visible panty line as her skirt pulled tight with each step.

In her bedroom, he topped up their glasses, sitting propped against the bedhead as he sipped at his drink and quietly asked. 'Are you ok so far? Still want to do this?'

Alison had looked a little sheepish as she nodded her head, David placing his glass on the bedside table as he turned towards his sister once more. The kiss had started slowly again, only this time he allowed his hands to wander, gently tracing a line up her spine which made her shiver and then as he slid it down the side of her body, he purposefully caught the edge of her breast.

She felt his hands move downwards and around as he cupped and squeezed her buttocks, pulling her mound tightly against his own as she felt his erection for the first time. That alone

increased her arousal, Alison unable to stop her hips from grinding against him. David's hands were on the move again, edging beneath her top as she shivered uncontrollably when his fingertips met bare flesh. They caressed her waist and tip-toed across her ribs, Alison impatient now for them to move higher.

Despite the frantic embrace, a loud cry of excitement managed to escape when at last he cupped her tit and ran his fingers over the quivering flesh. Her nerves had disappeared by the time she suggested they get rid of their tops, Alison noticing the look in her brother's eyes when she reached behind her back and unclipped her bra, allowing her breasts to fall free.

'Where have you been hiding those, Alison?' he joked, sliding a little further down the bed as his mouth found her teats, his hands lovingly fondling both of her tits.

Her arousal ramped up even higher, the butterflies in her stomach turning into a burning desire between her legs as he

played with her breasts, Alison feeling his hand inching up her leg and disappearing beneath the hem of her skirt as she lost all sense of impropriety, her fingers scrabbling in his groin as she tried to unfasten his pants and settled momentarily for rubbing at the hard bulge that she could feel.

When his fingers reached her vagina and stroked the lips through her panties, she convulsed, not expecting to have an orgasm so quickly.

Once recovered, her brother suggested that they completely undress and get into the bed, Alison, now eager to be naked and to get her first look at her brother's cock. Neither of them was disappointed, David admiring his sister's figure. There had more flesh on her than his mother, but she still retained a curvaceous shape, her mound neatly trimmed and her breasts definitely more than a handful.

Alison could not disguise her surprise or the smile that erupted as she wondered what her mother had thought on seeing her brother naked for the first time. David was

certainly a bit more than reasonably endowed, his shaft jutting upwards and bouncing as he got beneath the covers, waiting for her to join him.

When she pressed her tits into his chest, David wanted to fuck her, his cock throbbing and pulsating against her mound. It seemed they both had the same idea at the same time, Alison's hand grabbing his shaft as she began tossing him off while his fingers delved into her fanny.

Their kisses and touches were becoming frantic, Alison wanting nothing more now than her brother's shaft in her fanny as she pulled him on top, her legs opening ready as she raised her knees. 'Fuck me, David, I really need you to fuck me,' she pleaded.

She cried with delight when she felt his knob press against her labia and groaned loudly as her lips parted and she felt him slide inside her passage. 'Fucking hell!' Alison thought to herself, it felt so wonderful to have her brother inside her, no wonder her mother had enjoyed it so much.

And then he was shagging her, riding her body as his cock thrust into her cunt, slowly at first and then with building momentum. She watched as he slowed, kneeling upright as his gaze wandered over her body, taking in her breast first, and then looking down as he withdraw and then re-entered her quim.

When her mother had initially told her what she had been doing with her brother, Alison had felt uncomfortable with the knowledge, there was no way she could tell him her mum's final words. For a while, after her husband had left her, she had felt sorry for herself, her problem only surfacing months later.

She wasn't old! She still had needs, but the thought of dating once more at her age held no appeal. Where did she even start to try and find another man? It was then that the thoughts about what her mother had done with David surfaced. Slowly they filled her mind, Alison admitting to herself that he was reasonably good looking, he must have had enough about him to have attracted Mandy, she was far prettier than her or

Debbie. Her brother if he would consider it would be the perfect answer to her problem, all she needed to do was to find the right words to ask him.

His cock was hammering at her pussy, Alison teetering on the edge and trying to hold on so that she climaxed at the same time that he ejaculated inside her. Sex with him so far had been exceptional, a sudden picture of her mum being in the same position as David rammed his cock into her, entered her head and made her smile. And then she could hold out no longer, bellowing her release as she strained and twisted, her hand clawing at the covers and his body while her orgasm consumed her. She bucked beneath him, words of encouragement spilling forth as her hips rose to meet him and then his cream was filling her cunt as he exploded inside her.

David was astounded, the special something that he had always had with his mother had returned, only this time it was his sister who had made it happen. Just like with his mum, shagging Alison added a whole new level to the experience.

As he flopped down next to her, his chest heaving as he caught his breath, he asked the question. 'Are you going to do like mum did at first, and ignore me for the next twelve months?'

Alison laughed huskily, 'Not on your life buster. I expect a repeat performance as soon as possible.' There was no way she was letting David slip through her fingers, she had plans for him in the future.

David's visits to Alison had become so frequent that she'd had to tell him to stay away for a few weeks lest they started to arouse suspicions. It was exactly the same as his experiences with his mother, the sex with his sister taking it to a level that he could not replicate with his wife.

That wasn't to say that he didn't love Mandy, he did, she was everything he could ever want. It was just that sex with Alison was different. Again, it didn't feel like he was cheating on his wife, this wasn't some other woman he was having an affair with, this was him taking care of his sister.

At the moment Alison was out with his wife on a shopping spree, the start of summer the best excuse for buying new dresses and tops. He had taken the opportunity of an empty house to drag a sun lounger onto the patio, don some shorts, and get in a bit of sunbathing while he enjoyed a beer and listened to the cricket on the radio.

David's mind wandered, his eyes closed and on the cusp of sleep when a voice called out. 'Hi, anybody in?'

The gate opened and a face appeared, Alison's daughter Emmy who must be twenty-two or three now.

'Hiya uncle David, is mum about?'

He sat up as he explained, 'Your mum and aunt are on a shopping expedition, so I'm not expecting them back until five o'clock. Anything I can do?'

Emmy shook her head, 'No, I just thought I would pop in. Do you mind if I join you?'

David shook his head, thankful for his sunglasses as he watched her drag another lounge over. Emmy was a stunner, a kind of cross between his mother and his sister but with his wife's looks. The thin white leggings she wore left nothing to the imagination, the shape of her legs and buttocks plain to see. There was no panty line, so she was either wearing a thong or nothing at all. Emmy's crop top left her midriff bare, just about managing to contain her breasts which again he wondered if she was bra-less because of the two small peaks her top displayed.

'Christ!' David thought to himself, 'If he had been twenty years younger, he'd have been all over her like a bad rash.'

He sat up and finished his beer, asking Emmy if she wanted one or a glass of wine, as he headed for the kitchen. He'd had to move; his thoughts were having an impact down below and he needed his burgeoning erection to disappear.

David returned with two beers, condensation already forming on the bottles as he handed one to Emmy. 'When's Stella home?' she asked. Stella was David's daughter, currently at university. His son Simon had already left home and David knew it was going to be a shock to the system when his daughter returned.

'Couple of weeks I believe, and then she's back for good..... God help us!' Emmy laughed at his last comment.

'Do you mind if I sunbathe as well,' she asked seductively, David unable to say no.

He tried not to stare as she sat up and pulled her top over her head. She was wearing the smallest bikini top he had ever seen, and her tits nearly popped out of it as she pulled it off. When she stood and bent over to remove her leggings, David was convinced Emmy was doing it on purpose as he gazed at the naked cheeks of her arse and the tiny piece of material that disappeared between them.

Laying down she picked up the bottle of lotion and teasingly, rubbed it into her skin, taking far longer than needed as she applied it to her breasts. At this rate, David was going to have to retrieve another bottle of beer as the bulge in his shorts, got bigger.

Later in the afternoon, he'd had to steel himself when Emmy had asked him to do her back, he had managed up to the point where she insisted, he did her buttocks as well. Returning to his lounge, David had spent time lying on his front so that his throbbing erection was hidden.

Thankfully, she had dressed again by the time his wife and sister returned, both Alison and her daughter casting glances in his direction. David cast the thoughts from his mind, 'No more than a bit of infatuation,' her thought, she was still a kid.

Stella was home and Mandy had just announced that she and Alison were going to see a show in London. She had booked a package, hotel, meal, and show. 'We can also fit in some shopping while we are down there,' she laughed.

David was looking forward to a quiet weekend, which was until Stella announced that as she and Emmy were going clubbing on Saturday night, he wouldn't mind if his niece slept over.

He was still awake, reading a book as he listened to music when he heard the sound of their voices returning. There was an attempt to get the key into the front door and then two giggling and drunk girls invaded the lounge. They talked nonstop, David, having to tell them to keep their voices down due to the lateness of the hour before they criticised his musical tastes and thankfully, at last, headed for the bedrooms.

David sat for a while longer, restarted that side of the album and read another couple of chapters before retiring himself.

As he passed the two closed bedroom doors, all was quiet, David undressing and getting into bed and sleep beckoning the moment his head hit the pillow.

He was enjoying the dream, as weird as it felt. He had been kissing his mum, but as they pulled away from each other, he suddenly realised that it was his wife, Mandy. She was enticing him, David feeling aroused as he watched her remove her top, pulling it over her head. But when her face next appeared, it was his sister Alison smiling at him seductively. Although the dream wasn't making any sense, David didn't find it strange, happy to be with whichever woman his mind visualised next.

When Alison kissed him, the desire in his loins was intense, desperate, and looking forward to fucking her.

His eyes partially opened as he awoke, disappointed because his dream had just reached the stage where he was going to get some and he knew that no matter what, he wouldn't be able to return to it. His cock was erect and throbbing, his body aroused when he suddenly realised that a hand was gripping his shaft.

His first thought was Mandy, David getting ready to turn towards her for some fun when the thought struck him that she wasn't here. Lifting the covers, he peered downwards, but the room was too dark to see, and then his heart missed a beat as a face appeared at the side of the bed.

'Hi, Uncle David. I thought you might have been lonely,' Emmy's voice whispered seductively.

He was just about to ask her what she was playing at when her hand moved, sliding up and down his shaft as she slowly tossed him off.

The sensations that suddenly hit his brain were so intense that he could do nothing but groan loudly, Emmy giggling quietly as she continued to wank his cock. When at last she did release him, he heard the click of his bedside lamp, David squinting at the sudden light until his eyes became accustomed. She must have waited because it was only then that she removed her vest top and slid her shorts from her hips, allowing them to fall to the floor as she stood there naked.

The covers were pulled back, his cock springing from his belly. 'Oh my, Uncle David!' Emmy muttered and in the next moment, she had straddled his hips. There was no prelude as she grabbed his cock, raised her bottom, and pulled it up against her lips before lowering herself and groaning quite loudly as he filled her quim.

Emmy bent forward, her face was now close to his as she nibbled and pecked at his lips, speaking softly as she gave him minute kisses. 'You don't know how long I have been waiting for this Uncle David. My God, you feel so big. I saw you watching me the other week.'

By the time he had found his wits, it was too late, with his cock buried inside her fanny and her tits pressing against his chest, there was now no way he was going to turf her out of his bed. He also knew how his mother must have felt, she had been twice his age, here he was, a young woman sitting on his cock who was young enough to be his daughter.

'Stop calling me uncle. I'm sure this is intimate enough, that you should just call me David.'

'Well, David, I guess you have realised what I want you to do to me.' Emmy wriggled her bottom, partially sliding up and down his shaft.

And then her sweet succulent lips were kissing his as she ground her tits against his chest. He wasn't about to stop now as he managed to get a hand between them and grasped one of her beautiful orbs, massaging the flesh before tweaking her nipple and hearing her groan.

He knew he was well ahead of her, his other hand gripping her buttocks as he forced her down harder onto his cock as he continued to play with her nipples and the kiss became frantic. He ground himself against her, revelling in the youthfulness of her body, her full breasts, flat stomach, and rounded buttocks, teasing Emmy as her arousal increased. And then she was up on outstretched arms, bouncing up and down on his cock as it fucked her.

When her eyes glazed over and she became slack-jawed, he grabbed her arse and kept her raised, lifting his hips off the mattress as he slammed his cock into her cunt. Emmy was becoming vocal, David having to tell her a couple of times as he fucked her cunt, to 'Hush.' His continuous thrusting caused her to overtake him, Emmy suppressing a scream as she shook above him and climaxed.

They were both panting, his cock still plundering her cunt with Emmy trying to speak but finding that her breathing was far more important as adoration poured forth. When David finally slowed and allowed her to rest, her mouth was all over his face, her hands grabbing and touching as she told him how great he was.

When he rolled her so that he could now survey her body as his cock abused her pussy, Emmy just allowed him to do whatever he wanted. Every nerve in her fanny was sending signals throughout her body as she twisted one way and then the other, another climax was building, this one greater than

the last as her arousal peaked and she shuddered, going rigid as she threw her head back and howled.

David was too close to stop her, his hips driving his cock into her flue furiously as he felt his cock jerk and then that sublime release as his seed spurted up her passage and filled her cunt.

Afterwards, she curled in against him, her hand stroking his chest as she relished the feeling of being content and sated, her body adoring what her uncle had just done to it.

She was falling asleep and mumbling, more to herself than to him. 'Now I know why mum can't stop talking about you and likes you at our house so much. That was heavenly.'

David only caught the tail end of what she said, smiling that she had thought it was "heavenly." It seemed that all he had to do to realise that special feeling was to shag one of his family.

He'd had to make her go back to his daughter's room before the morning came and Stella awoke. David had been looking forward to a relaxing weekend but now felt knackered. The woman that he had fucked had always been of a similar age or older than he was, this was the first time he had ever fucked someone so young.

Emmy was gorgeous in every conceivable way and the thought of having sex with her again already had his cock thickening. He remembered her saying something, but was not sure what, something about her mother.

It was several weeks later, in bed with Alison, that he asked. 'Nobody knows what we are doing, do they? Mandy would divorce me if she ever found out.'

'Of course not, silly. I've said nothing to anyone. How would Mandy find out?' she laughed at his concern. 'Anyway, if she did, come and live with me.'

Her hand had reached his groin and grabbed his erect cock, sliding the skin up and down as she wanked him. 'Will you do something for me?' She had whispered her request.

David grinned as he slid down the bed, Alison opening her legs ready as he slipped between them, and she felt his breath on her fanny. His fingers parted her lips, his tongue flicking out as he licked her pussy and aroused her clit. As the juices ran from her, he spread them with his mouth, all around her fanny and then around her ring piece as he circled it with his tongue.

His sister moaned like crazy, dragging her legs higher and opening her buttocks wide as he licked her puckered entrance, juicing it up until he levered himself to his knees and shuffled forwards, watching as his engorged knob pressed against it. David paused, chuckling as he made her wait, and then he eased forward, watching his cock disappear up her arse as she screamed.

While her brother sodomised her, Alison's fingers flew to her cunt, rubbing at the slippery wet flesh as her excitement escalated. When she jammed several fingers into her pussy, she used her other to abuse her clit, David's cock continuing to slide up and down her rectum.

She was so close now as she screamed at him to cum in her, her hands pummelling her pussy as his balls slapped against her buttocks each time his cock was thrust up her shitter. Her complete body arched, Alison's face and chest going red as she strained, the flow of sensations blasting through her brought her to the edge of unconsciousness until she released the breath and convulsed, her body shaking and thrashing as David emptied his sack up her back passage.

Afterwards, they lay side by side, holding each other's hands as their chests heaved and they waited for their bodies to relax and recover before attempting it all again.

Words were unnecessary at the moment, both of them content with the presence of the other. Feeling relaxed, David

turned on his side, facing his sister as his hands idly toyed with her breasts. the covers were down by their knees, both unabashed by their nudity as she turned towards him, and their lips met.

As it began to take on a life of its own, they were rudely interrupted, the bedroom door swinging open as Alison's daughter Emmy entered.

'Bloody hell mum, you make enough noise to wake the dead.'

Two heads turned to face her, both of them in shock. She laughed when their faces coloured and there was a mad scramble to grab the sheet and cover themselves.

'Really?' Emmy continued to grin. 'Hello, again, Uncle David. I knew something was going on between you and mum, it was so obvious. Surprises me that no one else has realised yet.'

They were both so stunned that they continued to lay there mute, wondering how they were going to extricate themselves from this situation.

Alison expected the worst, her daughter would be disgusted in what she and her brother were doing. She knew instantly that there was nothing she could say that would mitigate the circumstances. David was more confident but feared that Emmy perhaps had a hidden agenda which was confirmed as she began to undress.

'Budge over. I'm sure there is enough room in there for a little one.'

The look on Alison's face when she turned towards her brother was one of astonishment, David shrugging his shoulders and squeezing her hand as she started to edge sideways.

'No, the other way mum.' Emmy said, now naked as she went to her mother's side of the bed and slipped beneath the covers.

'You take the bottom half, David, I intend to enjoy Mum's top half,' she laughed, Alison suddenly crying out as the covers were whipped away and her daughter's mouth latched onto a teat.

'Oh well, you do realise this is all your fault mum,' David thought as his fingers delved into Alison's cunt once more, his sister thankfully, deciding to submit herself to her already mounting arousal.

# Maggie and Her Sister

Maggie suppressed the cry of pleasure that was rising in her throat, raising her head as she looked the length of her body and watched as his cock withdrew slowly before stopping and then being thrust back into her vagina. It felt so fucking good, but she was still shocked at how she had allowed herself to end up in this position.

What had started as a bit of fun and a tease at her sisters fortieth birthday party had got out of hand the longer the evening went on. Her husband was upstairs, passed out in his drunken stupor and the reason for their argument on the way home. Presently, she lay on her lounge floor, her dress up around her waist and her legs akimbo as the handsome young man knelt between her thighs and shafted her.

The evening was never meant to end like this, at its onset, if she had been told that tonight she would cheat on her husband and have sex with someone more than half her age

she would have laughed and said that the notion was ridiculous.

As his thick cock filled her passage again, she grasped his buttocks and pulled his groin tighter against her cunt, rubbing her clitoris against his pubic bone. Right up until the point where he had penetrated her, she'd had every chance to stop what they were now doing. She could have told him 'No,' that she was older than he was, that she was married, that all of this was so wrong and a big mistake.

Instead, she had allowed a situation to develop. She had played a game for fun, without considering the consequences of her actions. She had danced with him on many occasions that evening, dragging him onto the dancefloor as her husband refused to leave the bar and she ended up as the consolation prize to his next pint.

The faster pop dances were fine, but the more she drank the less inclined she was to return to her seat when the slower "smoochy" records came on. At first, he had been reluctant to

dance with her, their bodies pressed tightly together. But just like her, the more he drank, the less inhibited he became.

As they moved slowly across the floor, she had become aware of something pushing against her belly. Something that felt solid and twitched occasionally as they involuntarily rubbed against each other and in time with the music. At first, she had been aghast as she realised what it was, there was no mistaking her dance partners erection. She put it from her mind until the music finished and she returned to her seat, the young man heading for the bar to replenish their drinks once more.

Maggie had called her sister Carole over, whispering in her ear as together they sniggered like two naughty schoolgirls. As he returned with their drinks, Carole had dragged him onto the dancefloor, giving him no chance to protest. She kept him there long enough for another slow piece of music, pushing her body against his as she danced provocatively, Maggie unable to hide the smirk as she watched her sisters face.

At every opportunity, the two women continued to drag the younger man up to dance. The more Maggie looked at her husband, propping up the bar with her sister's husband, the more sluttish she became. She and Carole whispered and laughed confidentially, as taking it in turns, they commandeered him for the rest of the evening, gyrating suggestively and using each occasion to press themselves against his nether regions.

Caroline had been quick to mention that she had felt the same thing down below, suggesting that the young man seemed to have a truncheon secreted down his pants as she smiled slyly and that he seemed less wary of pressing it against her, the more alcohol he consumed.

Through the smoky haze, Maggie watched her sister swivel her hips once more before taking the young man's hand as the music finished and disappearing through the door that led further into the club and towards the toilets.

They seemed to be a while, Maggie about to head in the same direction with a full bladder when at last, they finally returned. They both looked a little unsteady on their feet, but it was the flushed look of her sisters face that Maggie noted more than anything else as he headed for the bar and Carole made a beeline for her table.

'Fucking Hell,' Carole said, she seemed excited and a little out of breath. 'I kissed him as a joke.' She paused as though unsure whether she should finish her comment. 'He touched me up,' she blurted. 'I don't know what's in his pants, but I'd love to find out.'

'You let him?' Maggie sat opened mouthed as her sister nodded. 'Surely she was kidding,' she thought. He was young, half her sister's age and she had kissed him and let him touch her? But what astonished Maggie and what she couldn't get her head around, was the fact that the young man, Alex, was her sister's nephew and Maggie's son.

Their behaviour that evening had started as a bit of fun. Once they were both aware of his predicament, teasing him had just been a joke. Despite the obviousness that they both seemed to be arousing him, nothing was ever supposed to happen. Never, had she thought, that Carole would actually take things further and do something like that?

Their conversation ended abruptly as Alex returned with more drinks before heading off to the loo. Maggie knew her sisters look, having seen it many times in the past. If Carole's husband had not been stood at the bar, or if she had been single, she would have been inviting Alex back to her house tonight and she would have let him fuck her.

It came as a shock to her system to realise that her sister would be prepared to go to bed with her nephew. The realisation seemed to sober Maggie, especially when she had to acknowledge that she had enjoyed teasing him and that her body had responded each time she danced with him and had felt his erection push against her.

She knew her panties were damp, the result of feeling his shaft pushing against her belly and mound and making her feel randy. She glanced across at her husband again, knowing he was going to be of no use to her tonight.

Alex had returned with more drinks which were quickly consumed as she wrestled with her conscience and what her sister had told her. Despite her misgivings and well on the way to being pissed, she had dragged him up again at the end of the evening as the DJ played more "smoochy" records. With the amount of alcohol in her system, she had been unable to help herself as she enjoyed the feel of his erection once more. She ground her pelvis against it, ecstatic at the sensations coursing through her body. Tilting her head back, she looked into his eyes, the desire within them obvious.

It was her sister's fault, if she had not said anything, then Maggie would not be having her present thoughts. Her son was a handsome young man and if it hadn't been for the fact that he had come from her body, she could quite easily have fancied him. The drinks coupled with her arousal filled her mind with thoughts of a dangerous nature. She closed her

eyes as they moved around the floor and suddenly imagined his shaft sliding up inside her fanny as he fucked her, his hands massaging her breasts. The vision was so intense that her eyes shot open immediately, aware of the tiny shiver her body had just given and the fact that she had just partially climaxed.

Words in the taxi on their way home had been strained between Maggie and her husband and as they entered their home, she had watched him stagger up the stairs towards their bedroom. She was ready for bed, but it was not sleeping that presently occupied her thoughts.

What she should have done was follow her husband up the stairs and at the very least, slept in the spare room that night. Instead, and despite all she had drunk, she stayed downstairs with Alex and opened a bottle of wine before putting on some quiet music. After only half a glass, she had dragged him to his feet, pleading with him to dance with her once more.

Despite all the warning signs, she allowed herself to be held tightly, her nether regions registering the fact of her son's burgeoning erection as their lower halves pushed together. She had raised her head from his shoulder, knowing that she needed to say something, when he had kissed her.

Maggie should have pushed him away. She should have told him how wrong his actions were and then scolded him, telling him his behaviour was inappropriate. She should have told him she was his mother and that it wasn't allowed. Surprisingly, she did none of those things, instead, after his first exploratory kiss, she cupped his face and kissed him back, her body feeling instantly aroused.

When Alex's hand moved from her waist and cupped her left tit, she should have slapped it away and put a distance between them. She couldn't help herself as she groaned pleasurably and placed her hand on top of his as she helped him squeeze her breast.

The longer the kiss went on the more intense Maggie's arousal became. No longer were they moving around the floor, they were static now, her hips grinding her fanny against his erection as more gasps and sighs escaped her lips. Her morality had gone out the window, she wanted fucking and even though the person she was about to perform the act with was her son, she conveniently tried to forget as her hand went between them and rubbed sensually at his bulge.

She couldn't recollect how they had ended up on the floor and had only vague memories of removing her tights and panties as Alex pushed his pants and shorts to his ankles. The image that was stuck in her head presently was her first sight of his erect member. It had been many years since she had last seen his penis, she had to think back to when he was a child.

He was certainly a child no longer, at twenty, he was a young man, a young man who she could attest, was certainly well endowed. As he knelt between her thighs, she raised her bottom, pulling her dress up to her waist and exposing her genitals to him.

There was no need for foreplay, she was already hot and wet as she watched his cock approach her and then she let out quite a loud gasp as he sunk his flesh into hers.

With each measured thrust, her vaginal muscles contracted, trying to grip his shaft as it slid the length of her passage. She raised her head, looking the length of her body as he withdrew, paused, and then thrust it up her cunt once more as she resisted the urge to scream.

'Holy shit!' How had she allowed this to happen she wondered for a fleeting moment, before pushing the thought away as his impetus increased. She raised her hips with each penetration, luxuriating in the sensations of her son's cock pounding her wet cunt.

Pulling his head down, she clamped her mouth against his, it was the only way she could think of to stop her calling out as his shaft continued to fuck her fanny.

'Please God, forgive me,' she prayed 'But his cock feels so fucking huge and so fucking good,' she finished silently, aware that her climax was swiftly approaching.

Maggie's fingers went between her legs as she rubbed frantically at her clit, Alex watching her with a gleam in his eye as he began to fuck her faster and faster. She strained every muscle in her body as she stared at him with unseeing eyes and then her body exploded, her orgasm making her soar as she threw her head back and howled as his hot semen filled her cunt.

Afterwards, she was wracked with guilt. 'What had she done?' She instantly felt ashamed as she pulled her dress down and covered herself. Alex had pulled his pants up, making himself decent as they sat side by side on the couch.

The room was silent as they both waited for the other to speak, Maggie unsure as to what she should say. She started to apologise, 'I'm sorry Alex, we shouldn't have done that, I'm to.....'

His single word interruption stopped her in her tracks. 'Why?'

'Surely, it was obvious,' she thought to herself. 'I'm your mother!' She voiced.

Again, his one-word answer seemed to interrupt her thoughts. 'So?'

'Surely you can't think it's right that we have just had sex?' She asked, amazed at his reaction to what they had done. 'I'm not supposed to have sex with you, you're my son!' She exclaimed.

'Did you not enjoy it?' He asked as he turned his head in her direction. 'I thought I satisfied you and you seemed to enjoy it' he said dejectedly.

'Fuck! What did she say now?' Did she lie and say that she had not enjoyed their coupling, he would have to be brain-dead

to believe that? On the other hand, to admit that she had enjoyed every second of their lovemaking seemed wrong. Despite feeling horrified at her behaviour, something buried deep inside her wanted it to happen again.

'I don't know Alex. Yes, it was good, and you did satisfy me. It just feels so wrong. I don't think it should ever happen again,' Maggie said with her mind in a whirl. 'What do you think?' She asked.

He seemed to take several minutes as though he was trying to pluck up the courage to say what was on his mind. 'I think you should go upstairs and get undressed. I want you to put a robe on and then come back downstairs and I want to make love to you again,' he said defiantly.

Maggie was aghast at his suggestion. Here she was, trying to apologise and saying it should never happen again and there he was, suggesting that she should get naked so that they could have sex once more. Before she could come up with any kind

of argument against his proposal, he had closed the distance between them as he cupped her face and kissed her.

It felt different this time, initially, she had been drunk and randy, their previous act had sobered her up and her body had now been satisfied. Nevertheless, his soft kiss and especially as the tip of his tongue traced a line across her lower lip, instantly re-awakened a buzz between her thighs.

Pulling away, she said she was going upstairs, she had never actually promised that she would be returning. Alex followed her up, going into his bedroom to undress as she made her way to her room. Up until that point she had decided, in reality, she wasn't going to return downstairs, hoping a good night's sleep and daylight would put everything into perspective and make her son realise that it was wrong to continue.

It only took one look at her husband sprawled across the bed and snoring like a pig to change her mind. She undressed as

quietly as she could, but in his current state, she could have dropped a bomb and Mikey would still not have woken up.

Closing the bedroom door behind her, she made her way to the bathroom and cleaned her teeth, taking a moment as she stood in front of the full-length mirror and opened her gown. At forty-two, she wasn't bad, though not good enough she thought to warrant the attention of someone a lot younger than she was. Her breasts had never been large, as a teenager she had wished that they would grow more and was jealous of her sister who's boobs seemed enormous.

Now she was glad they hadn't, her breasts were still pert, with no discernible sign of any sagging. Turning sideways, she sucked her stomach in. It had been a long time since it had been flat, her slightly rounded baby belly seemed to get a little more pronounced every year now.

Closing her gown, she shivered, not because she was cold, but because she was petrified, her son was going to snigger when he saw her naked.

Making her way downstairs, she found Alex sitting patiently on the couch waiting for her. She wanted to put the lights out but knew that he intended to see her naked. As a compromise, she turned the main lights off and turned on the dim sidelights.

She stood in front of him feeling anxious, scared that he would suddenly realise that undressed, she wasn't quite as attractive as he had maybe imagined. Maggie soon found that she had no reason to worry as he pushed his pyjama bottoms to the floor and sat back waiting for her to sit astride his lap. Her eyes were fixated on his shaft which sprung upwards now that there was nothing to constrain it.

Straddling his hips caused her robe to fall open from her waist downwards, her legs, thighs and especially her fanny on full view. She watched as he glanced down for a second before licking his lips and raising his head to look at her.

Emboldened by his first response, she leaned forward as her lips met his. He was a perfect kisser she remembered thinking as their initial embrace became more torrid, their mouths twisting constantly as her arousal began to kick in and she started to breathe faster. As they broke for air, he opened her robe wide and gazed at her body, his eyes riveted to her breasts before he sat upright and took her right nipple into his mouth.

Maggie could have screamed as she held his head against her breast, a sudden recollection of him doing this as a baby was pushed aside as his hand came up to cup her other breast and twist and tease her nipple. Tilting her head back, she closed her eyes, wallowing in the waves of pleasure rippling through her body as her son's mouth went from one nipple to the other and then back again.

She loved her tits being played with, they were small enough to enable him to get her nipple, areola and part of her breast into his mouth at once as he sucked vigorously on them. Maggie had become so involved in his fondling and caressing of her tits that she hadn't realised that inch by inch she had

slid forward until her fanny came into contact with his throbbing shaft.

Pushing herself back, she glanced down as she grasped his cock, pushing the skin downwards as she teased its bulbous head with her other fingers, spreading his pre-cum over and around as his knob shone and became slick.

Impulsively, she slid from his lap, discarded her robe and sank to her knee's as she opened his legs and took hold of his cock once more. She was mesmerised by its size, feeling it throb in her hand as she stroked him. Shuffling towards him a little more, she bent forward and opening her mouth, slid her lips over the head of his swollen member.

Maggie heard him groan as he slumped back on the couch his hips rising every few seconds as she ran her tongue over and under his helmet, her hand sliding up and down his shaft as she tossed him off. She had taken his cock as far down her throat as she could without gagging, his precum and her saliva making the length of meat slippery.

Getting to her feet, she had been about to return to his lap and hopefully have his cock penetrate her. But her son had stood at the same time as he instructed her to change places with him. She sat down as he knelt and opened her legs wide before shuffling between her open thighs.

Maggie felt his hot breath on her fanny seconds before his tongue ran the length of her slit. Automatically, her hips bucked as that first contact sent pleasure signals to her brain. She felt his tongue and lips as he kissed and licked her genitals, thighs and groin and then his fingers were spreading her lips and gaping her cunt as his tongue penetrated her.

She'd had to clamp a hand over her mouth to stop the cries that were trying to escape as her son devoured her cunt. 'Oh, my fucking God,' she thought as she pressed her genitals against his mouth, the urge to climax rising swiftly. She had no idea where her son had learned his technique, she just knew that she couldn't last much longer with his constant attention.

And then suddenly she was swearing, 'Fuck, fuck, oh fuck.' She threw herself back against the couch, her body straining as his mouth and tongue alighted on her clitoris. Her orgasm wouldn't stop, she knew she was leaking juices everywhere and still the sensations continued as he sucked and nipped at her tiny bud.

Finally, she'd had to push his face away from her fanny, her body so sensitive that it would not stop convulsing. She needed to rest for a moment and let the sensations subside before they overcame her. With her eyes closed, she sensed that Alex had moved, feeling him return between her thighs seconds later as something softly rubbed against her cunt.

She had not been ready, unable to stifle the roar that resounded around the lounge as suddenly her expanding cunt was full of his shaft, the air whooshing from her lungs as he penetrated her passage.

Ever so slowly at first, he had fucked her gently, allowing her fanny the opportunity to get used to expanding and

contracting as his cock was pushed into her. Maggie pulled him forward, offering him her tits and nipples to be kissed and licked as his cock continued to shag her.

Her body was alive, everywhere he touched seemed to send more pleasure signals to her brain which was becoming overloaded as his shaft touched every nerve ending inside her vagina. She wanted to cry out and scream, conscious of her husband in the bedroom above and scared that they may wake him. The last thing she needed was for him to come investigating. Quickly, Alex's hips gained momentum, his cock now thudding into her cunt, squelching noises sounding with each thrust.

Maggie was unable to stop her climax when it came, her son's cock being thrust into her at what felt like a phenomenal rate as his hands abused her breasts. She completely forgot to try and stay quiet as she screamed her release, juices flooding from her cunt as she felt his shaft jerking inside her passage, and he filled her with his semen once more.

At that moment, her husband could have walked in, in fact, the whole bloody street could have walked in and Maggie would not have bothered, so focused was she as her orgasm controlled her body and his cock continued to fuck her.

Her eyes were closed, and she felt exhausted, her first inclination was to drift off to sleep. But slowly as her body and mind returned to reality, she opened her eyes, gazing at her son who despite breathing heavily, managed to smile at her.

There were words she wanted to say to him, but she stopped herself. They were not words or sentences that she could say to her son to describe how he had just made her feel. She couldn't tell him properly how much she had enjoyed it, how much better he had performed than his father or how she wanted him to fuck her again and again. She had to suffice with a lame 'Thank you, I really enjoyed that.' Hoping that her face told him exactly how he had made her feel and how much she wanted him.

Alex had gone up to his bed, Maggie staying downstairs a little longer as she opened the window and tidied around, the room having smelt of sex. The spare room beckoned as she was not inclined that night to share a bed with her husband.

Maggie and Carole had married within a couple of years of each other, both of them looking forward to what the future held. But after twenty-two years of marriage, she felt that something was missing. There was no romance anymore, no excitement or thrills as they did the same things week in and week out.

She had a good job which she enjoyed, but at home, she had become no more than a skivvy. Mikey and Bruce, Carole's husband, had been mates long before either of the sisters had met them. The first few years of their marriage had been perfect and especially when she got pregnant, but nowadays it was as though the two men still thought they were in their twenties.

Their only interests were football, fishing and the pub, with the pub taking up most of every evening and weekend. Maggie knew that Carole wasn't happy either and Maggie had begun to wonder if she still loved Mikey anymore. Tonight, had brought those feelings to the fore, her son had given her the things that she most wished for.

Their liaison had been exciting and thrilling and it had felt wonderful to be wanted to that extent by someone again. The fact that the sex had been fantastic wasn't helping matters. What she did know was that she wanted to recreate that feeling, the only problem was, it meant having sex with her son again.

Maggie had a couple of lieu days to take and so Monday morning with her husband at work and Alex at college, she had the house to herself. She had said nothing to Alex on Sunday and thankfully he had made no mention of what had taken place between them. She knew he was considering something because he would get the same look on his face that her sister did.

Presently, she didn't know how to approach him or whether he was even considering having sex with her again. Maggie was bursting to tell someone, perhaps by talking about it, she would come to her senses and the most obvious person to speak to would be her sister.

Over the years they told each other everything and if there was anyone who could tell her she was being stupid and that she shouldn't even be considering the notion, it was Carole.

A phone call later and Carole was pulling up outside just as the kettle finished boiling. Sat around the kitchen table, brews in hand, Carole instinctively knew that something was troubling her sister. She wondered if it was anything to do with Saturday evening, still not having forgotten her dalliance with young Alex. She would have liked to have had sex with him but was sure Maggie would have something to say about her sister having intercourse with her son.

Carole had a mouthful of tea when Maggie just came out with it, followed by a short break while the mess was mopped up and the table wiped down.

'You and Alex had sex on Saturday night!' Carole said incredulously, staring at her sister and suddenly wanting to ask a million questions. How had it happened? Why had it happened? But most importantly, what had it been like?

Maggie described everything that had taken place, Carole sitting enraptured as her sister recounted her escapade with Alex. 'Tell me it was wrong. Tell me it should never happen again,' she said to Carole, expecting her sister to be horrified.

'You lucky bitch!' Carole said with a grin.

Maggie was taken aback; her sister's attitude was not what she had expected. Carole and Bruce had never had children, they had tried but then found out that Carole was not able to conceive. 'Even if she had,' Maggie wondered, 'Surely she

would never have considered having sex with one of her children.'

'What would you have done Carole. What would you do now?'

Maggie asked.

She hadn't expected the answer she got, Carole was laughing and had that gleam in her eye. 'I would have had him undressed before he even got through the door that night. Son or not, he's cute and I would already be working out how I could bed him again if he's that good.'

Maggie sat open-mouthed as her sister continued, 'At the end of the day, it's sex. Does it really matter if it's your son, so long as it's good sex? It's not a relationship, you're not going to marry him, just enjoy it. You wouldn't mind if I have a go at him, would you?' She asked, looking slightly sheepish.

They spent the rest of that morning huddled together, Carole frequently wanting to hear what they had done, described once more. Maggie knew that her sister's marriage wasn't

ideal but had no inkling that Carole was even considering leaving her husband. 'Perhaps this is what I need,' she had said, 'A nice young man to fuck me regularly. It might just save my marriage.'

Maggie waited nervously for her son to get home from college. She would only have a short period before her husband arrived home from work and would expect his meal to be ready.

When Alex came in, she asked him to join her in the lounge, 'I need to speak to you.'

He sat close to her, which made her feel even more nervous. 'About the weekend,' she began, 'And what happened.....'

Alex interrupted her, 'Are you suddenly having second thoughts?' He asked seriously.

His face broke into a smile and then very nearly a grin as Maggie shook her head.

'I'm not going to lie to you, Alex. That was the best sex I have had in quite a while and I would love for us to do that again if you want to?' She couldn't help but laugh as his head nodded vigorously.

'You do realise that we are going to have to be very careful, your father must never get an inkling of something like that. I don't know what he would do. Probably have us both locked up.'

She was actually quite surprised with Alex's next comment. 'I'm sorry mum, but I don't know how you put up with him. I know he's my dad and I do love him but isn't it about time that he started acting like one and helping you more.'

Maggie felt sad that her son was feeling like that. The problem she realised, was that Alex wasn't a child anymore. He was a

young man who had begun to notice the strain in his parent's relationship.

'There is one other thing, and then I'd better get tea on. Your Aunt Carole asked when she will get her turn?' Maggie had gone red in the face as she said it, wondering if it sounded like she was procuring her son for other women.

Alex was laughing fit to burst. 'I take it she told you what happened on Saturday evening?' Maggie nodded her head embarrassingly. 'Has anyone told you that your sister is a wanton woman,' he said as he continued to laugh before finally getting himself under control.

'It's up to you, mum. If you say no, then that's the answer.'

Maggie thought for a moment. 'It's not my place to tell you who you can and can't see. Again, all I will say, is that you will have to be very careful.'

Alex gave her a sly smile, 'In that case, tell her she will need to seduce me.' He said bursting into laughter once more and then finally closing the gap between them as he kissed her.

After tea and after her husband had disappeared to the pub with Bruce, something that happened every evening, she spent an hour on the phone with her sister. She told Carole what Alex had said, her sister sounding excited at the prospect and immediately running ideas past her and telling Maggie what she wanted to do to her son which left her feeling flushed and a little aroused.

After the call she had gone up to Alex's bedroom, finding him doing some college work. 'Your Aunt Carole says beware, she is hunting you now.' They both laughed, knowing exactly how Carole could behave when she got that head on her.

Pushing his books to one side, he patted the mattress next to him, inviting Maggie to sit down. She hadn't expected anything to happen so quickly, so was a little taken aback as

he turned and kissed her before pulling her down onto the bed.

The kiss was all it had taken for Maggie to start feeling all unnecessary. The moment his hand had gone under her top, pushed her bra upwards and then started fondling her breasts, she knew she wanted sex.

Glancing at his bedside clock, she calculated that they had just enough time. 'Get undressed,' she told him as she began to strip off. She was just pushing her knickers down as he bounced onto the middle of the bed, his cock pointing skyward as he waited for her.

Straddling his hips, she rubbed her vagina back and forth along the length of his shaft as he played with her tits, fondling and squeezing her small boobs before twisting and teasing her nipples. Maggie wasn't remotely interested in foreplay, her body just wanting to be shagged.

Raising herself to a squatting position, she grabbed his erection, pulled it upright and lowered herself onto it as she gasped out loudly, his cock forcing her passage to expand. Leaning backwards on outstretched arms, she raised and lowered her bottom as her son's cock slid in and out of her cunt.

Despite the lack of time, Maggie had wanted to make it last, but Alex had propped himself up and leaning forward slightly, softly began rubbing at her clitoris. 'Oh fuck,' she thought as she started to move faster, there was no way she was going to last, her climax already swiftly approaching.

Hoping to prolong their intercourse, she sat upright, grinding her fanny against his pubic bone, his cock twitching rapidly inside her quim. Leaning forward, she dangled her breasts over his face, laughing as his head continually popped up, his mouth and tongue teasing her nipples.

Suddenly, as she raised herself, Alex had grabbed her buttocks, stopping her in mid-air and refusing to let her lower

herself. Raising his knees, he began slamming his cock into her cunt, his upward thrusts raising her each time his cock filled her passage.

Other than try and support herself, Maggie could do nothing but wail and cry as she peaked and began to orgasm, juices dripping from her cunt onto his groin. She was swearing at nothing and no-one particularly, her body buzzing with her climax, and then the sensations increased further as she felt him erupt and fill her, his shaft pummelling her passage.

Afterwards, wrapped in his arms, she felt contented enough to have stayed with him for the rest of the night. But finally, she had to move, she had to go and shower and rid herself of the smell and residue of sex before her husband returned home.

Maggie had loved every part of their intimacy. It was what she had been missing for a while now. It had been thrilling and daring, that risk of getting caught. It had been spontaneous, both of them allowing their base instincts full range. She knew

that it would be nigh on impossible for them to spend a complete night together, but that was all part of the excitement.

For the next four months, Alex had delighted her with his willingness to participate whenever a chance arose. In that time Maggie and her son had managed to fuck in most of the rooms in the house. It was his daring that excited her, even though she had on a couple of occasions had to remonstrate with him. He was becoming too bold and complacent, touching and fondling her while his father was in the house.

During that period, even though she was still sleeping with Mikey every night, they had only had intercourse on three occasions. She was getting more than enough sex nowadays and the thought of her husband touching her was becoming intolerable.

Sat alone one evening, her husband in his usual haunt and Alex out with friends, she was thinking back over that last four

months. She had to smile, remembering how it hadn't taken her sister long before making a play for her son.

She and Maggie had spoken about it so it should come as no surprise Carole thought as she studied herself in the mirror. She only worked part-time, Bruce her husband, having a well-paid job. It gave her plenty of free time during the week and as last weekend was Easter, Alex was still on his break.

With Bruce, Mikey and her sister Maggie all back at work, she had invited Alex around for some lunch and a few drinks. She had taken great pains that morning, showering, doing her hair and applying her makeup. She had been out and purchased new underwear, the bra forcing her tits upwards and emphasising her cleavage while the tiny panties just about managed to cover her pussy.

She had used her epilator to remove everything, her mound and genitals now as bare as a baby's bottom. She had picked a skirt from her wardrobe that was shorter and tighter than she would normally wear as she turned her back to the mirror and

admired the way it showed off her buttocks and thighs each time she moved. Beneath her skirt was those tiny panties and hold-up stockings.

Taking a blue satin shirt off its hanger, she fastened all the buttons except the top two, leaving them undone and giving anyone who cared to look, an ample view of her bosom. The shirt fit snugly, very snugly, every movement making it gape slightly between each lot of buttons and giving views of her bra and flesh.

'If he wants to be seduced, then seducing is what he is going to get,' she thought as she dabbed on her perfume. She had told him to arrive at about eleven o'clock, that way they could have a few drinks before lunch.

The sound of a vehicle pulling up outside caught her attention as looking through the window, she watched as her nephew paid for his cab. Living on the opposite side of town to her sister it was a considerable walk to her home and Alex was still

learning to drive. She opened the door as he approached, kissing his cheek as she invited him in.

He was dressed casually albeit smartly and she could feel his eyes appraising her bottom and legs as he followed her through to the lounge. Carole poured two glasses of wine, taking them out into the garden as the day was reasonably warm and knowing that Alex's eyes were glued to each movement she made.

She had arranged the table and chairs outdoors so that she could sit opposite him, keeping her legs together at first, she gradually gave him glimpses up her skirt. She knew from the bulge he was presently trying to hide, that he was interested, the views of stocking tops, thighs and panties kept his attention.

Carole had been speaking, aware that he wasn't paying attention as she watched his eyes roving over her body. 'Would you like a picture?' she asked him.

He seemed confident as he answered her, the slightest hint of a smile playing across his lips. If she was going to seduce him, he was going to make her work for it. 'Depends on how much or how little you are wearing,' he responded.

From their encounter at her birthday party, Alex had already decided that she was a very attractive woman and after that night had wondered if it would be possible to get her into bed.

When his mother had relayed Carole's message, he knew it would only be time before he got to fuck her. She and his mother had very similar looks being sisters and while his mother still had a good body, Carole's figure was alluring, especially with her bigger bust.

'How would you like me?' Carole asked, aware that her question could have an alternative meaning.

With his phone in hand, she had posed for him, turning this way and that as she pouted and looked coyly towards him, displaying her assets brazenly. He waited patiently as she

unfastened half of the buttons of her shirt, opening it more so that he could capture pictures of her bra and bosom.

At one stage around the garden, she lay on the lawn, hitching her skirt higher so that as he photographed her, he could see stockings, thighs and panties. As he helped her to her feet, she kept hold of him longer than appropriate, pushing her boobs into his chest as she stood close.

After finishing another glass of wine and letting him ogle her some more, she told him she was going to prepare lunch. Stood at the worktop, she hadn't realised that he had come indoors until she felt him stood directly behind her, something hard pushing against her bottom. Breathing faster, Carole pretended to ignore him, his hand coming around her front as he ran them up and down her inner and outer thighs.

Carole had intended to keep him waiting, but as his hand moved upwards over her body, cupping and fondling her breasts through her shirt and bra, she knew she wanted fucking. Even more so as his hand slid inside her partially

unfastened shirt and then inside her bra as he cupped her bare breast and tweaked her nipple.

She was finding it hard to control herself, her bosom rising and falling swiftly as he continued to tease her and push his erection against her bottom. She tried to get her own back as she moved her hips from side to side, rubbing her buttocks against the prominent bulge that she could feel.

And then she felt her skirt inching up her legs. She waited in anticipation as it moved higher and higher and then nearly wet herself as she felt his hand touch the bare flesh of her inner thigh, inches from her fanny.

When his hand slid inside her panties and his fingers swarmed over her vagina, she did wet herself, her legs shaking as she cried and moaned, her first minor climax making her pant.

For all of their best intentions, Carole found herself leaning against the worktop, her shirt flapped openly, and her tits

hung down having been extracted from their cups. Her skirt was up around her waist and her panties were around her ankles as Alex's cock slid between her thighs and up into her cunt from behind.

They must have looked a comical sight Carole suddenly thought, but she couldn't care less as her nephew shagged her. Her sister was correct, he did feel big as he moved back and forth, her passage expanding with each thrust and making her gasp and shiver each time. It wasn't exactly what she had planned, but that could come later. At the moment her approaching climax was all that mattered as his shaft continued to plough her.

Thankfully, there was no one else there to witness what was happening, Carole making no effort to be quiet as her orgasm shook her and Alex continued pounding his cock into her cunt until she felt him burst and add his cum to mingle with her juices in her now sloppy passage. In a way, she silently prayed her husband would walk in, it wouldn't be pretty, but would give her the excuse she was looking for.

With them both being satisfied for the moment, Carole made herself look decent as they sat down for a spot of lunch. She'd had to wipe her pussy several times with some tissue, having got so wet. Her panties had been slipped into a drawer, leaving her sat at the table knicker-less.

Their meal was interrupted as she heard the sound of a key in the door, beginning to instantly panic because her husband should not be home for another four hours. She heaved a huge sigh of relief as she heard the voice, 'Hi Carole, it's only me. I just popped home to pick some things up. I presume Alex is here.' Maggie came into the dining room and looked at the startled faces on both of them.

She had to laugh, both her sister and son looked as guilty as sin. 'You know, if you're going to do it here, then you have to take better precautions. Bruce would ask why you are dressed-up Carole. At the very least, stop looking guilty.' Maggie asked her son to pick up a few items when he had a chance, 'Better still, go home now,' she said looking serious, 'And take my sister with you,' she continued, breaking into a grin.

Maggie knew what they had been up to and the probability that they would end up in bed that afternoon. She was not concerned although she did feel a little jealous. But overall, she had nothing to complain about, presently getting fucked by Alex at any opportunity.

Carole and Alex sat silently for a few moments as their hearts slowed and they breathed a little easier. Their appetites had suddenly disappeared as they both realised how close they had come and how, if it had been Carole's husband, the consequences could have been very different.

'I'll tidy stuff away.' Alex told her, 'You go and get change and then we'll head for my house. Carole was halfway up the stairs when he called to her, 'Oh, and don't forget, no bra or knickers. You won't need them.' She couldn't help but giggle as she knew exactly what he had in mind.

Arriving at her sister's home, she parked her car around the corner, at least it would not be immediately obvious that she

was here. As Alex closed the front door behind him, he took her by surprise as he scooped her up and carried her towards his bedroom before setting her down.

She had changed into a light-weight cardigan and one of her normal skirts. The stockings had gone, along with her underwear and she felt quite whorish, knowing she was naked beneath her outer clothing.

Alex had kissed her and then slowly unbuttoned her cardigan as he exposed her breasts. He left her for a second as he went to his bedside drawers and took something out. Returning to her, he ordered her to hold out her hands. Quickly he bound her wrists together with the old school tie, not tightly, but enough to bind her as he pushed her onto the bed and secured the other end to his bedhead so that her arms were stretched above her head.

Carole watched keenly as he undressed, his cock already hard and springing forth as he thought of what he had in mind to do to her. She watched as he disappeared from his room for

a moment, wondering what he was up to. He returned swiftly, holding towels in one hand and something behind his back as he approached the bed. Placing whatever it was on the floor, he tucked the towels under her bottom before joining her on the bed, kissing and caressing her large knockers. The effect of having her arms bound above her head stretched and flattened them slightly but seemed to make her erect nipples seem larger.

'Oh yes, that's so good Alex,' she purred as he took each of her nipples between his lips, his tongue teasing and licking before nipping each one between his teeth.

Sliding down the bed he raised her skirt, staring at her fanny and her open lips which displayed her pink moist interior. Carole felt powerless and vulnerable, but at the same time, she was sexually excited and stimulated as she waited for him to touch her.

Reaching beneath her hips, he slid her skirt around, undid the button and zip and then pulled it down her legs and tossed it

to one side. Spreading her legs, he lay between her thighs, gently blowing on her fanny as she strained against her bonds, trying to get her vagina nearer his mouth.

Carole felt him reach over the side of the bed and then heard a buzzing noise, seconds before he placed the vibrator against her cunt.

Her hips involuntarily lifted from the bed as the buzzing head was placed against her genitals, the vibration flowing over her labia and into her pussy. She twisted her body this way and that, but Alex moved the toy with her and bound as she was, there was no escaping that constant arousal.

Carole couldn't get away from the persistent stimulation of her vagina, she was so aroused that she was leaking everywhere, her fanny awash with her juices as she tried to get away from the toy that was bringing her closer to her climax.

The vibrator moved away, Carole panting and thankful for the moment's respite. But before she could even take a proper breath, she felt his fingers spread her cunt and then extract her clit. Seconds later, the toy was back, this time applied to her sensitive bud as she screamed.

'Oh shit!' The muscles of her thighs and stomach would not stop convulsing as the vibrating head rubbed gently against her clitoris. She begged and pleaded with him, turning the air blue as she started to climax, her body shaking uncontrollably.

Such was the intensity of her orgasm that she lost control of her bladder as she pissed herself, juices and urine wetting the towels. She tried to get loose, but she was well bound, her body thrashing about the bed and her orgasm refusing to end as she cried and wailed. She was so overcome that at one point, she even used the dreaded "L" word, sure that she would wither and die if she could not have him whenever she wanted.

And then, at last, she was floating, and the vibrations had stopped. She laid still, too exhausted to even try and open her eyes. Carole felt Alex reach above her and suddenly her hands were free. She wanted him to hold her, to let her sleep and to be there when she awoke. But he hadn't finished with her yet.

Her eyes shot open as her cunt expanded to accommodate his shaft. She remembered screaming as he fucked her, his hands twisting her tits this way and that as his groin and shaft slammed into her cunt. As much as she thought that there was nothing left in her, her body responded once more as her arousal quickly escalated and then she was arching her back, forgetting to breathe as her face went red and she strained every muscle, orgasming once more as her nephew filled her well-abused cunt with his seed.

When she came too, he had removed the towels and there were covers over her. His arms cradled her as her head rested on his chest and heard his heartbeat finally slow.

What Carole wanted to say to him, she knew would open a can of worms. She wanted to stay with him, she wanted him to be hers. No one had made her feel like that, not even her husband, how did she go back to her marriage knowing that Bruce didn't begin to compare to how her sister's son had just fucked her.

Carole had no option later, other than to get dressed and head for home, even though she didn't want to.

As the months passed and summer approached, both Maggie and Carole could not complain of the amount and types of sex they were getting. The trouble was, rather than alleviating their disillusionment with their marriages, it seemed toacerbate the situation. Both Mikey and Bruce had voiced their accusations, convinced their wives were playing away, they must be getting sex somewhere because no one was getting any at home.

Row's and arguments ensued as insults were traded. Alex happily servicing both women whenever an opportunity

arose as both couples grew further apart, and he distanced himself from the advancing storm. Carole was the first one to bite the bullet as she told her husband one evening that she was leaving him. She had already spoken to Maggie who had said that she could use their spare room for the moment.

She moved in a week later, Mikey not happy with the situation and shouting the odds. Instead of staying quiet and keeping his head down, he decided that he was the man of the house and put his foot down, telling Maggie that her sister had to go back to Bruce. That was his biggest mistake as he was told that as he wasn't happy with the situation, he could move out and go and live with his mate.

And so, by July, one house saw Bruce and Mikey holed up together, convinced that their wives would eventually see sense and beg them to return. While at the other house, Maggie and Carole shared their beds on alternate nights with Alex as they got shagged more now than they had done when they had first got married.

That summer became a time of change for some of them because of the new arrangements. Maggie's life sort of carried on as it had done before, her job taking her out of the house each day. Alex had passed his driving test and was looking for a runabout with his limited finances, something just to get him back and forward to college and around town.

The biggest change was for Carole. For years she had just worked a couple of days a week, the main income being earned by her husband. She had a bit of a nest-egg tucked away and she had her own vehicle, but it was wrong for her to rely on her sister's earnings and so she had been exploring avenues of full-time employment.

Carole was excited one evening as she told Maggie how she had gone to put her notice in and the company she worked for had told her that is she could wait another month or so, full-time hours would become available.

'Let's book a holiday,' Carole suggested, 'Nothing too expensive, we can see if we can get one of those last-minute deals.'

Maggie was all for the idea, confirming that she would check with her employers to see if she could get time off. She came back the next day with an affirmative answer and that weekend, she and her sister went searching for a bargain. They all came together that evening with news, Alex was the proud owner of a second, third or maybe even fourth-hand car and the two sisters had found a holiday.

They would fly out the following Friday for a week abroad in a villa which they had managed to get at a substantial discount.

They were all delighted when they arrived, the villa was far better than some of the pictures had displayed. It sat on the edge of a small town which gave them a reasonable amount of privacy but close enough that they could pop down to the shops and as an added feature, had its own small pool.

It hadn't taken them long to settle in, a trip into town having got supplies for the next few days as they returned to the villa, both Maggie and Carole changing into bikinis.

They both noticed Alex's immediate interest, his eyes sparkling mischievously as they both appeared from the villa. Maggie's was a light blue while Carole had gone for a pale yellow one, both of the sisters presently looking pale with their white skin. A few days in the sun would change that as they settled down.

Maggie found that she was the first one that he propositioned as they splashed together in the pool. Cheekily, his hand had dipped beneath the water as he pinched and patted her buttocks. She had spun around to splash water at him only to find that his hand now rubbed gently at her vagina.

While Maggie was content with her sister knowing that she was having sex with her son, that was completely different than her sister watching her have sex with her son.

'Alex, behave. Carole's only just over there, she will be able to see you.' She had exclaimed in a low voice. But her son wasn't to be put off that easily, dipping below the waterline, he planted a kiss on her vagina which immediately started that tingling in her fanny as her nipples became erect.

'What are you two chunnering about?' Carole called over, watching her sister and nephew close together.

'Mum's wondering about going topless, but she's a little bit shy,' Alex called back to her. He had a look on devilment on his face as he turned back to his mother.

'Go on sis, get your tits out,' Carole called over laughing loudly as she promptly sat up, reached behind her back and unfastened her bikini top, depositing it down one side of the lounge.

Maggie had no choice now, screwing her face up at Alex as she reached behind her back and untied her top, throwing it up on the side. She did not mind in the slightest about going topless, but the removal of her top left her breasts and nipples defenceless as her son hovered closer.

Over the next twenty minutes, he had taken full advantage. As they continued to frolic in the pool, Maggie had lost count of the number of times that he had managed to caress her tits and how many kisses and tweaks her nipples had received. It was a good job they were in the pool she decided, otherwise there would be a discernible damp patch on her bikini bottoms, she was definitely hot to trot.

Maggie had unwittingly managed to get herself cornered as her son moved in, his hand slipping down the front of her bikini bottoms as he massaged her cunt. With his fingers having now found their target, she was in no position to stop him, as she opened her legs wider and felt his finger slip inside her cunt.

Although her lower half was still underwater, it was obvious what he was doing to her and made even more so as she started to groan. Maggie hung onto the sides of the pool as he raised her legs and moved between her thighs. She hadn't noticed, but at some point, he must have slipped his swim shorts down, because the next thing she noticed as he pulled her gusset to one side, was his cock pushing at her pussy lips.

'You mustn't,' she tried to say in a strangled voice as his cock slid inside her vagina.

Presently, she was past caring as his cock continued to assail her fanny. If anyone had asked her beforehand if she would ever think of having sex in front of another person, they would have met with a resounding 'No.' She glanced towards Carole who had taken off her sunglasses and was watching them intently, like it or not, it was quite erotic Maggie found to have her sister watch her getting fucked.

Getting fucked she most certainly was, all pretence had now gone as his shaft thudded into her cunt, his hands playing with

her tits and nipples. She had her legs wrapped around his waist, still supporting herself by resting her elbows on the edge of the pool. No longer was she trying to restrain her voice, having given up all attempts at trying to stay quiet, she now let out shrill cries and groans as her arousal increased and her peak drew nearer.

And then she was climaxing, her body causing waves in the pool as it shook. Alex had to help support her because her arms had suddenly become useless. As her orgasm subsided, he lowered her legs, keeping hold of her and assisting her from the pool because her legs still felt like jelly.

There were two things she noticed immediately, firstly, her sister, besides disposing of the top half of her costume had also disposed of the bottom half, now brazenly lying naked on the lounge and smirking at Maggie. The second thing she noticed was Carole's lack of pubic hair and her smooth naked mound, Maggie thinking that she liked the look and may try it herself.

Carole gave Alex time to recover but continued to openly display her nudity and genitals. Alex had got out of the pool naked, his swim shorts still lying somewhere on the bottom. Maggie had felt the odd one out as the other two lay on the loungers naked and had swiftly followed suit and disposed of her bottoms.

It was easy for Carole to ascertain when Alex was ready again. His eyes continually moved over the two naked women and so it was no surprise to any of them that within a short period, his cock was pointing skyward.

She had never had the same reservations as her sister, Carole couldn't give a "Flying Fuck" if someone wanted to watch her getting shagged, so long as she was the one that was getting the cock.

Unabashed, she arose from her lounge and headed over to Alex, straddling the lounge and his hips as she lowered herself, her fanny pushing his cock down against his belly as

she slid back and forth, exciting herself as much as she was arousing him.

Maggie found that she was getting excited again as she watched her sister arousing her son. When his hands went upwards and fondled Carole's breasts, her feeling of inadequacy returned for a moment, but Alex had never commented on hers being smaller and she could tell that Carole's were beginning to sag slightly with age.

She watched as Carole lifted herself and grasped Alex's erection and then with an audible grunt, sank onto his meaty shaft. Maggie found her hand slipping down between her legs as she watched them perform, Carole now bouncing up and down on her sons cock, her larger tits wobbling with her.

It had never been something that Maggie had ever considered and despite her initial feelings of embarrassment, her fingers were soon playing with her cunt as she watched the two of them fucking. Her sister was making plenty of noise now, and

then to Maggie's delight, she withdrew her son's shaft, turned around and lowered herself once more.

Maggie rammed fingers into her cunt, the two sisters watching each other. With the new position, Maggie could see her sons cock each time it penetrated Carole's twat, her arousal soaring as it felt as though she was watching a porn film in close-up.

Carole was not going to be able to last much longer, that much Maggie could tell. It surprised her that her sister reacted very much like she did when getting fucked. Maggie couldn't deny her climax any longer as she began to orgasm, her fingers and hand rubbing frantically at her pussy as her juices flowed.

And then she saw Carole go taut as she strained every bone in her body, crying out her release as Maggie presumed her son was shooting cum into her sister's vagina.

The weeks holiday was a great success, not that they did anything or went anywhere. All three of them content to

spend each day lazing in the sun, frolicking in the pool and fucking. Nudity was soon the accepted practice, why get dressed to quickly get undressed again. The two women while totally content to watch one or the other of them getting screwed, never had any inclination to join in, much to Alex's dismay. He often wondered what it may be like to watch his mother and Aunt pleasuring each other but accepted that neither of them was so far of that persuasion.

They had returned home after what Maggie had considered was their "Fuck Fest". She was sure that she'd had more sex in their weeks break than she'd had in a lifetime of being married. She was back at work, Carole still only working a couple of days but was due to start full time in three weeks. Alex would be returning to college next week and she was certain that he and her sister would find plenty to entertain themselves with, in her absence.

'It's strange,' she had thought to herself, over the time that she and Carole had been having sex with her son, the thought of what they were doing, never bothered her. Occasionally there was a twinge of jealousy because they were still able to spend

some time together, but the thought that they were fucking, never troubled her.

Perhaps it was because, whatever they go up to, Alex always made it up to her later. If he had spent the day with Carole, then he made a point of spending the night in her bed as they fucked several times. It was always nice to fall asleep afterwards, suitably satisfied and cradled in his arms.

Summer was coming to an end, the days becoming that little bit cooler. The weather was still pleasant enough and Alex had an idea. The reason he had suggested it to his Aunt Carole was that she was more daring than his mother. Both of them were great in bed, but of the two, Carole was the one with the daredevil attitude and more inclined to go along with his suggestions or come up with outrageous ones of her own.

He had called her "Aunt" when he was younger, but by the time of his late teens, he had normally just addressed her by her first name. Alex had been up early on Thursday morning,

his mother had already left for work and the reason why he was about at this time, having shared her bed last night.

Carole had come down thirty minutes later dressed in nothing but her robe as she moved around the kitchen making herself some breakfast. The robe clung to her, making it obvious that she was naked beneath it. As always when he looked at her closely, he began to feel an urge developing. She really was an attractive woman despite her age, even with her presently dishevelled look and without any make-up, she still turned him on.

Looking out of the kitchen window, the weather outside promised to be a nice day as he asked, 'Fancy a picnic, Carole? There is that country park, it's only about five or six miles away. We could take something to eat and drink and I'm sure it will be fairly quiet there today and I know of several secluded areas.'

Carole gave him a grin, she knew exactly what he was suggesting, the proposition of some "Alfresco" sex. How she

wished she were twenty years younger, related or not, she knew she would have made a play for him as her permanent partner. He was so much like her, willing to try anything and always coming up with new ways of trying to please her, which he did admirably.

It was only a short drive away and they soon found a spot which was deserted and off the beaten track. Laying out a rug she opened some soft drinks, she was doing the driving so a bottle of wine was off the menu. Although they both knew the reason why they had come here, they spent the first couple of hours just relaxing and chatting.

Their normal day to day activities was always centred around sex and so it was nice to sit and actually talk about other things. She asked him about girlfriends, from what he told her, there had been a few, one lasting just over a year but most only lasting a few months. He seemed in no hurry to obtain a new one, as he put it, 'I'm getting to have sex with two extremely attractive women, why do I need a girlfriend?'

It had made Carole laugh. She knew she wasn't bad for her age but would never have considered herself as attractive. He had asked about Bruce, 'Any chance you and he will ever get back together?' He wanted to know. Carole had screwed her face up.

She had no intention of ever returning to her husband. She tried to make a joke of it as she said she was quite content with a toy-boy. Carole couldn't tell him how she felt, there was a twenty-year age difference, and he was her nephew, the very idea of what she would like was ridiculous.

She did wonder if he had considered the same thing, 'I'm content as I am for the moment, I realise that it can't last forever, but until then, what do I need a girlfriend for?' He had told her. 'If things were different, well who knows. I'm just going to enjoy what we have for as long as it lasts.' Caroline could tell by the look on his face, that he had entertained other ideas.

They had eaten a little and spoke some more before she allowed herself to be eased down on top of him as their lips came together. The kiss was so soft, so tender and loving that she forgot that they were not exactly in a full-blown relationship. At least for the rest of the day, she could pretend that it was so much more than just sex.

The dress she wore, she had purposefully picked that morning. It was a summery affair, off the shoulder and with buttons down the front in pastel pink. She knew what the day would hold, which was why she had omitted to wear bra or knickers, though there was a pair of panties in her bag for afterwards in case she leaked a little.

It was obvious that he wanted to make love to her, his erection already pushing against her mound and belly. Sitting upright and straddling him, Carole undid the first few buttons of her dress, allowing him to catch a glimpse of the unfettered flesh beneath. She watched his eyes light up as he realised that she was naked under the flimsy material, allowing him to finish the unbuttoning.

For the first time in all their encounters, it felt a little disconcerting when he opened her dress wide and just looked at her. Something was going on behind the look of adoration on his face, something that scared her a little and made her shiver.

Pressing her vagina against his bulge, she tantalisingly moved back and forwards, arousing both herself and Alex. She glanced downwards and giggled, she was already so moist, that she had left a damp spot directly over his cock on his beige shorts.

'You had better get rid of those otherwise it's going to look like you have pissed yourself,' she said, unable to contain her laughter.

Carole cocked a leg over, allowing him to sit up as he pulled his t-shirt over his head and pushed his shorts from his hips. She laughed again, beneath those two items he was naked, it seemed that he'd had the same idea as her.

Resuming her position, she now felt his cock pressing directly against her cunt. It felt so hard and hot to the touch and she sensed the occasional twitch as she rubbed her fanny against it, lubricating its length with her juices.

Shrugging her arms out of the dress, she cast it to one side, sitting proudly naked as his hands caressed her thighs before working their way over her hips and waist on their journey up to her breasts. When he cupped her tits and squeezed, she allowed her head to tilt back as she closed her eyes and purred her appreciation.

She was ripe and ready, raising herself as she grasped his shaft, pulling it upright against her piss-flaps and then lowering her fanny onto it. No matter how many times she did this, it seemed to take her by surprise on each occasion, she could never stop that initial audible gasp as his cock filled her passage and she felt her vagina stretch to accommodate him.

She started with imperceptible movements, just enough for her to enjoy the feel of his flesh buried deep inside her quim. Carole gazed down at this young man laid beneath her, 'Why, oh why did he have to be related to her?' She thought as she stretched her arms out and leant forwards, dangling her tits over his face and yelping as he kissed and nipped her nipples.

His body was still young and toned, the muscles moving beneath his chest and stomach as he pushed his groin into hers and lifting her easily as he raised his hips. He pulled her down and kissed her, his hands sweeping over her body as they explored, their mouths twisting together.

Expertly, he rolled her, his cock still firmly embedded as he now towered over her. Carole raised her knees and opened her legs wider, grasping his buttocks and pulling him deep within her with each thrust of his hips.

She was so close, he had built her arousal, telling her of the things that he loved doing to her and describing crudely what she was experiencing. With his hips moving faster and his

cock ploughing into her cunt, he had leant forward for a second, whispering something into her ear as he forced her from her plateau, and she started to climax. She bucked and twisted, digging her nails into his back as he fucked her, and her juices flowed uncontrollably.

She felt him come inside her and heard him call her name as she floated, her body consumed by the many sensations she was experiencing. And then as he slowed and her climax began to subside, she gripped him tightly as she pulled him to her, holding him close as she uttered her words in reply.

They had dressed and simply laid together, each holding the other close. Words were unnecessary, each appreciating what the other person was feeling. Carole knew that there could never be a perfect outcome to their declaration, but she didn't care. For the moment, she was happy just to be here with him and content to just take each day as it came, his words had made today special beyond her dreams.

It was nearly five years since the two women had split from their husbands, Carole's divorce coming through towards the end of last year. Maggie still worked full time as did Carole nowadays, with Alex also working as an electrical engineer. Money-wise, they were better off now than they had ever been.

Maggie had watched over that time as a special relationship had developed between her son and her sister. They were content, despite the knowledge that it could never be anything other than what they kept secret between the three of them. It didn't bother Maggie, she accepted what hand she had been dealt and was happy with her lot.

She knew that both Bruce and Mikey had new partners in tow, but until her husband asked for a divorce, she was happy to stay as she was. Despite the bond between Carole and Alex, Maggie still got more than her fair share of sex as the sisters shared Alex between them.

Alex was the opposite of his father, always happy to help. He was loving and affectionate and his capacity for sex was still undiminished.

She was in her room getting ready for bed, undressed, she looked at herself in the mirror, her baby belly had grown a little more and even with her smaller breasts, she noticed the first tell-tale signs of sagging. She had thought at one point that as she approached middle-age, her son may lose interest, but if anything, the opposite had been true, Alex never able to keep his hands off her.

Engrossed in scrutinising herself and finding many faults she had forgotten that she had not closed her bedroom door fully and never heard her son until she caught his reflection in the mirror as he stood behind her.

'Do you know that you get more beautiful as each year passes,' he told her as his hands reach around her chest and cupped her small breasts.

Maggie had not been expecting him tonight, she'd had him all to herself last night which meant by rights, he would be spending the evening with her sister. 'Where is Carole?' She asked.

'She's engrossed in a film at the moment, and as your naked, it would be a shame not to abuse your beautiful body,' he laughed as his hands slid down from her breasts and caressed her belly, lingering there a while as he traced its shape over and over again. When finally, one hand slid further and stroked her now bare mound, Maggie felt her legs shake. It took very little to get her aroused, something her son always put to good use as a single finger traced the line of her slit and her pussy lips started to open.

As his digit slid inside her cunt and he began fingering her, she tilted her head backwards, resting it against his shoulder. 'This was where women went wrong,' she was thinking, 'Perhaps instead of marrying men the same age or older than themselves, they should marry men far younger.' There was a lot to be said for youth she decided, having discovered sex they were happy to participate at any opportunity.

With her husband, their sex life had deteriorated to a couple of times a week if she were lucky, foreplay something that she'd had to nag him about. With her son, she was getting fucked at least every other night and more often than that at times, tonight being a perfect example.

Alex was always tender and gentle with her beforehand, but happy to abuse her body once she was aroused. He was always considerate in what she wanted, happy to oblige whether she wanted a quicky or a marathon session.

She allowed herself to be moved across to the bed, watching as he took only seconds to divest himself of his clothes before joining her. She opened and raised her legs expectantly as he shuffled between them, his erection rubbing against her cunt as he leant forward and kissed her nipples.

As usual, she cried out loudly as his cock penetrated her pussy initially and he commenced fucking her. Raising her head, she looked the length of her body, watching as his shaft

withdrew, paused and was then rammed back into her cunt. She was more than happy and content nowadays, now knowing how she found herself in this position.

# Memories of a Baby Boomer

Sex and its many varied preferences are not something that we are born with a knowledge of, rather, it is a combination of several factors. Some are inbuilt and no matter what we do, we cannot change them, they are with us for life. Others we acquire due to our environment, our families, and the things that we see and hear during our formative and then teenage years.

Born at the end of the war, my family was no different to thousands of others. Son's, brothers, husbands, and fathers had gone off to fight with sadly, many of them never returning. When I did start school aged four and a half, more than a quarter of the pupils had fathers who had never returned or relatives killed in the bombing. We only knew what our mothers told us and so each of us was convinced and believed that our dad's had died fighting the enemy. It wasn't until later in life that I finally found out that in my case, that wasn't even remotely true.

I lived in London's east end with my mother and grandmother, a street full of terraced houses commonly known as "Two up and two downs". Downstairs there was a living room and a kitchen, and upstairs two bedrooms. The house was lit by gas and heated by the large fireplace in the front room. The toilet was situated in the yard, a tiny brick outhouse in which you used cut up squares of newspaper to wipe your bum until proper toilet paper stopped being in short supply.

In my early years and without a bathroom, the only recourse several times a week was to get out the old tin bath, place it in front of the fire and fill it with hot water. There was a hierarchy on bath nights, usually because mum and gran would be going out dancing up the Palais. I would be plonked in first and scrubbed to within an inch of my life before being taken next door to Lucy Kelly's.

With me out of the way, gran and mum would then take their leisurely ablutions before donning their finery and drawing

lines on the back of their legs to simulate nylons if they had not managed to obtain any from one of the local spivs.

Resplendent in their best dresses, they would come and say goodnight before setting off for an evening on the town. Aunt Lucy, actually no relation to us, was a spinster I had been told, whatever one of those was. The notion in my head of her dancing around in circles in her front room and getting dizzy puzzled me for years. Sometimes I would be collected later on that night, but if mum, gran, or both of them "pulled" I would spend the night at Miss Kelly's, sleeping in her spare bedroom. It mattered little to me whether I was in her house or my house, she was like a second mum, and I would happily drift off to sleep wherever I was.

London had taken a pasting during the war, but those first twelve years were the best times of my life. The streets were our playground as there was very little traffic about and later on, we discovered the bombsites and derelict buildings, exploring and rummaging through peoples belongings which had been abandoned. The girls were left to play skipping and

hopscotch while we lads took up our wooden guns and went in search of the enemy, never returning with prisoners.

At school, I slowly progressed through the first few classes. Our fifth-year teacher was a young woman who went by the name of Miss Cummings, a name that we lads never failed to appreciate and find funny. To be honest, I was smitten by her, she was young, she was pretty, and I suppose in my eyes she was perfect. I did exceptionally well in her class for no other reason than I wanted to please her. That's all it was, we lads never thought of females sexually, even though we would use words we had heard without realising their true meaning.

That winter was a cold one with plenty of snow. It did not stop my mother or grandmother from going out and on those cold chilly nights when I stayed next door, I would be invited into Aunt Lucy's bed for added warmth. Dressed in my cotton pyjamas, she would have on her long white nightdress and together we would snuggle under the covers as we watched the snowflakes fall from the night sky through the open curtains.

I looked forward to those nights, houses were cold in those days, the only room with any warmth being the front room with its fire and that extra body in a bed made all the difference on a freezing night. There was never any impropriety, in a way I suppose, she treated me as if I were her son and the next morning there would always be sweets, toffee or biscuits to take home with me.

It was just before I left school that I found out that my father had been a GI who had been repatriated before he realised that mum was pregnant. There had been no notification of my grandfather's demise, he had simply not returned home. I suppose lots of men did that, they had travelled the world and experienced many different things, why would they return to their dreary existence when they could simply disappear and start again. Gran had given birth to my mother aged eighteen and mum had given birth to me when she was nearly seventeen, which meant that as my eighteenth birthday approached, mum was only thirty-four and gran was fifty-two, both of them still strikingly attractive women.

Up until the age of ten I had shared my mother's room, her in the double bed and me in a single, but suddenly and for no reason that I could understand, things changed, mum and Aunt Lucy reaching an arrangement as I began to sleep in Miss Kelly's spare room each night.

At the age of eighteen, I discovered the delights of local girls, happy for a fumble down some back alley or in the park after dark. But it was exceedingly rare that you managed to get any more than that without some kind of commitment. The war years had made it easy for young women who found themselves in the family way, there was always the excuse that their menfolk were off fighting. But with hostilities finished, the stigma returned, and woe betides any young woman who found herself pregnant without a young man to walk her down the aisle.

Growing up, we lads never associated with the girls on the street if we could help it, the women of our childhood were always far older than us, parents, teachers, neighbours, these were the women who were part of our lives.

When at last, I reached that magical age where the world was finally unlocked, I had been down the local with a few friends to celebrate. With hindsight, I was grateful to Miss Cummings, she had spurred me on, and I had done well at school even after I moved from her class. I had got a job as a junior accounts clerk when I left school, being sharp and quick-witted meant I quickly progressed and by eighteen, I was earning good money compared to what my friends were paid.

Rocking up at Aunt Lucy's after the pub, I let myself in. As a consequence of my spending so much time there nowadays, I had been given my own key and it was with quite a bit of fumbling that I managed to get it into the lock and open the door. She was still up and about when I entered, I wasn't drunk, honest, but I will admit to being more than merry. There was something different about her tonight I concluded, but I just couldn't put my finger on it until I suddenly realised that never before had I seen her wearing make-up. Despite her age, my beer-fuelled eyes found her attractive, and I was inclined to dance with her as music played from the large radio over in the corner. It wasn't my type of music; it was the music of the older generation. New groups and music were

springing up, music that was faster, sexier, and aimed at us teenagers. This was the slower big band sounds coming out of the speaker as I took her hand and we shuffled around her front room until, for some unfathomable reason, I decided that it was a good idea to kiss her.

Believe me, it was as though I had unleashed an animal. As our lips met, her arms went around my neck, and she thrust her small breasts and her groin against mine. It was not as though she was a stranger to me, she was someone I had known all my life and felt relaxed with, which was probably why within a few seconds, my erection was pushing back against her.

'I couldn't think what to get you as a birthday present,' she whispered as we broke apart and she took my hand, leading me up to the bedroom we had shared on and off when I was younger and slept over.

Tonight, though was different, in the past I had never seen her dressing or undressing, when I was young, I would get

undressed in the spare room and she would already be in her nightdress by the time I entered and shared her bed.

The light had to be out, of course, I was eighteen, she was a woman in her forties and perhaps embarrassed that I might not appreciate her body the same. She need not have worried, I was under no illusions that Lucy's body would have changed and aged, just the same as my mum and gran.

She helped me to unbutton her dress and ease it from her shoulders, letting it fall to the floor while I slid the straps of her full-length slip down her arms, allowing it to follow the dress and leaving her stood in bra, panties, suspenders, and stockings which I could just about manage to make out in the darkened room. I feared she was going to rip my shirt off as she scrabbled at its buttons before fumbling with my trousers and pushing them to the floor along with my undies. I must have looked a bit of an idiot with my pants around my ankles, but it did not seem to bother her as once again she thrust herself against me, my naked erection now pressed against her belly.

Her lips tasted sweet, her mouth grinding against mine as she raised my hands and placed them on her breasts. I was eager now, pushing her bra up and out of my way as her small tits popped free, my fingers massaging the soft flesh and feeling her hard nipples pushing into the palms of my hands. Having discarded what was left of our clothing, I joined her on the bed, Lucy pushing me onto my back as she straddled my hips and rubbed her fanny against my throbbing shaft. I was still inexperienced and allowed her to take the lead as she raised herself, fumbled for my cock and I felt it's head rub against her pussy lips before she lowered her bottom, calling out with glee as its length filled her cunt.

Bouncing up and down on my shaft, she leant forward, her nails digging into my shoulders and raking my chest as I continued to caress and squeeze her tits until she pulled my head from the pillow and asked me to suck her nipples. With unerring patience, she showed me where and how to touch her to make the experience longer-lasting and more intense. Pounding her fanny rapidly, she screeched, the sound loud enough to wake the dead as she orgasmed, and then cried out

again seconds later as my cock filled her flue with my hot spunk, both of us spent.

Laying together later she instructed me to take a trip the next morning, 'You need to visit the barbers,' she said smugly.

Running my hand over my hair, I didn't think it felt too bad, lots of blokes were starting to wear their hair longer nowadays. She couldn't stop laughing as she tried to explain. 'I'm still young enough to have children, and you're not old enough to be a father yet.'

It struck me as to how lucky I had been, there had been a couple of girls and I suddenly thought of the implications if either of them had said they were pregnant.

Back then, the barber's was where you got your condoms. After a haircut and providing you were old enough, he would always ask, 'Anything for the weekend, Sir?'

You could get them from the chemist, but by going in there, you stood every chance of getting a female assistant and coming away with yet another new toothbrush. I made the trip the next morning, the first time feeling embarrassed. But after a while, I became a regular and it became a standing joke between him and me. I would pop my head around the door, and he would always say the same thing.

'You back for more? I'm sure you must be getting my share.'

I would pocket the condoms and hand the money over, other men sitting and waiting for their haircuts would wink or look envious. It was like a badge of honour which said loud and proud, 'I'm getting some.'

After that first time with Lucy, I never went anywhere in the future without a supply in my pocket. I wasn't a kid anymore, not even a teenager, I had shagged a woman older than my mother and had satisfied her, from now on, I was a man.

Although that night had been the first time with her, it certainly wasn't the last. She was insatiable and I often wondered why she had never managed to find a man of her own. If most blokes knew what she was like in bed, I'm sure there would have been a queue outside her door. She was reasonably looking with a slim figure but in bed, she was happy to do and try anything and over the next two years and although I would occasionally get my end away elsewhere, I always returned to Lucy's every night as she taught me how to arouse, satisfy and respect a woman.

I must have been twenty when gran got the letter, it said we were being moved from our home to a new house five or six miles away. The look on my face said it all as I declared vehemently that I was not moving.

'Where are you going to live?' Gran asked.

'Next door with Aunt Lucy,' I declared. There was no way that I was going to leave her or her sexual appetite yet. Gran laughed loudly and I wondered afterwards if she had an

inkling that something was going on between me and the spinster next door.

'Lucy's moving as well, you know. The all-bloody street's moving you sodding idiot, they are pulling all these old houses down.' I was dumbstruck, I had spent my childhood and my teenage years on these streets, and I knew every inch of them and all of our neighbours, but at least Lucy would not be left behind, for which I was eternally thankful.

Over the next few months, families began to move out, the new houses were posh, at least compared to what we were used to living in. The new road contained, two-, three- and four-bedroomed homes, each with a bathroom and an inside toilet. The fire in the living room heated water which was stored in a tank upstairs so there was more or less hot water on tap. There were electric lights in each room and to make everything a little bit more special, Lucy got a house just around the corner. Some on the street who had owned their homes previously were given one of the new houses whilst others who had rented, now paid money to the council rather than a landlord.

After the war, mum had begun training as a nurse and was now working in one of the big hospitals. Once a month she would be expected to do a nightshift over the weekend, and it was on one of those occasions that I ended up at home with gran. Whilst I now had a bedroom of my own in the new house, I still spent quite a lot of my time around at Lucy's, some evenings and especially nights would see me there. But this week she was away for a few days visiting her sister and that was why I was at home.

In the corner of our new living room was gran's pride and joy, a brand-new television set. I'd been out for an hour or two and came home just as her programme was finishing.

'Sit down. I want to talk to you,' she said. Dutifully, I took my seat in the big armchair by the fire, wondering what gran wanted.

'What's going on between you and Lucy Kelly?' she asked, leaving me dumbstruck and surprised for a moment. 'How do you mean?' I finally responded.

'You spend more time there than you do here nowadays, are you sleeping with her?' I think my expression made it obvious to gran that I was and so I made no attempt to deny it.

I've got to admit that gran did not seem surprised, 'She's a lot older than you, what's the attraction?' she asked. 'I hope you are taking precautions?' I knew exactly what she meant by "precautions," as I nodded my head.

Back then, people would have put it down to my upbringing or perhaps the lack of a father figure, but I could not see a problem with two people having sex. In my mind, it mattered little that a woman was older than a man or that a man was older than a woman. There was no reason I could see why any man and woman needed to be of a similar age. So long as they both wanted to be together and no one got hurt, I found that perfectly reasonable. Times were changing and no longer did

we accept our parent's views on society as the code we should follow. I was having sex with Lucy because I found her attractive and the sex was good, presuming that her reasoning was the same as mine. Was I in love with her, of course not, no more than she was in love with me, it was simply great sex!

I tried to explain this to gran, although I don't know if I made a good job of it. Some of what I said I remembered thinking later, came out sounding all wrong.

'You're an older woman gran, and yet you are still extremely attractive. So, what would be wrong with you and me sleeping together if we wanted to? It's only sex at the end of the day. If I fancy you and you fancy me, who's to tell us that it's wrong.' I had simply been using Gran as an example, I hadn't been insinuating that I wanted to sleep with her, but I did notice her eyebrows go up slightly when she heard that.

Interrogation over with, she left it at that as she returned to the television. It was only a little later, just before she went up to bed that she asked.

'What you said before. Would you fancy me?'

Now, I had been brought up to be respectful to my elders, polite, well-mannered, and always to tell the truth. And that is what I did, telling her the truth, but from my perspective. Now in her fifties, she still had a good body and as I've said, she was an attractive woman. I'd seen her with and without make-up, dressed and occasionally, in her underwear. Taking everything into consideration, if she had not been my grandmother, would I have fancied her, the answer I supposed, would be yes!

So that is what I told her, not all the stuff that had flashed through my mind, just plain and simple, 'Yes, why shouldn't I, your still good looking.'

Nothing more was said as she trundled off to her bed, leaving me to watch the tv a little longer although at that time of night there was nothing much on. Bored, I switched everything off and went upstairs, folding my clothes and hanging them up

in the wardrobe before climbing into bed naked and reaching for my book. I must admit to feeling strange, I had become used to frequently sharing a bed with another human being and despite having a room here, it was rarely used. Beginning to doze, my mind pondered the conversation with gran. For a while, I'd had this recurring dream in which I had sex with either my mother or grandmother, waking in the morning to find a flaky crust on my stomach. As I've said, both of them were still extremely attractive, far more so than Aunt Lucy, and I was sleeping with her!

With my eyes feeling tired I closed the book, put it on my bedside table and turned out the light. The room was dark and initially, I didn't know what had disturbed me until a whispered voice told me to move over a little bit. Mine was only a single bed and so it was a squeeze as gran joined me beneath the covers.

Pressed up tightly against me, I could feel the silkiness of her robe as she whispered, 'What you said earlier, about you and I having sex, is that something you have thought about?'

Now I might have been young, but I was certainly not stupid, especially when there was a woman in my bed who, unless I was mistaken, was about to offer me sex. Had I ever thought of doing things to gran? Of course, I had. Was I going to turn down the opportunity of fucking her even if we were related, not on your nelly!

Turning on my side to face her, I spoke quietly, 'I suppose I have gran, although I can't tell you why. When I look at you, the first thought that pops into my head is me and you having sex.'

Taking my hand, she placed it inside her robe as it made contact with her bare flesh, leaving me eager to explore. Yes, I had imagined her naked, but the act of touching her felt completely different as my hand firstly went to her breasts. Compared to Aunt Lucy, gran's tits were huge, wrapping my hand around one of them, I tested its weight, squeezing and fondling the ample mammary before my fingers found her nipple, twisting and tweaking it as it began to grow.

Guttural sounds emanated from her throat as I moved closer to her and planted my lips on hers, my erection now pressed

against her body as I opened the robe wide and felt my shaft rest against her pubic mound.

I may not be Casanova, but after two years of having sex with Aunt Lucy, I was no novice either. Our kiss and my hands on her tits started her initial arousal, I felt her shiver as my hand moved down her chest and over her belly. She wasn't as slim as Lucy, but at the same time her stomach wasn't huge, there was just a little more of it and it felt sexy as I explored her extra flesh. And then my fingers were running through her pubes as I listened to her breathing increase rapidly. When finally, I ran a single digit along the length of her slit and parted her pussy lips, I'm sure I felt the whole bed move. From grans mouth I moved to her neck and then to her chest, raining kisses on her tits before taking her nipples into my mouth as I sucked at each quite large bud and nipped each one between my lips.

'Oh God, That's so nice.....Oh fuck. Oh, my.....my-oh-my.....Oh my fucking God!'

Her words changed constantly as I worked my way down her body. I had no idea what she was expecting, certainly not I think, to find me finally laying between her open thighs, my face inches from her vagina. When I opened her fanny and my tongue made its first contact with her moist interior, I thought she was going to scream the house down. She was panting, crudities coming one after another as her thighs crushed my head and my tongue penetrated her passage, licking and sucking at her pink insides.

Her thighs were meatier than Lucy's, as was her bottom and I was now in my element, my mouth crushed against her pussy as her hips moved one way and then the other. With my hands beneath her thighs and up against her buttocks, I spread her arse, the thumb of my right hand sinking into her fanny as my tongue moved to her clit. The thumb of my left hand found the puckered entrance of her back passage and spread the juices leaking from her cunt over it before a small amount of pressure sent it up her arse. It took a lot of effort to keep her cunt up against my mouth as she climaxed, her body thrashing about in the small bed as she wailed and cried

her release, her juices splashing my face and entering my mouth.

Although she implored me, I refused to stop, sucking on her clit, and flicking it with my tongue as I reached along her body and grabbed both tits, abusing the ample flesh and twisting at her elongated nipples.

Her first orgasm flowed into a second, 'Oh fuck, oh fuck, yes, yes, just there, oh shit. Oh, my fucking Go.....d!'

And only after that, did I allow her to relax, for no other reason than I wanted to put my bedside light on, and to gaze at her naked body closeup.

By the time she eventually opened her eyes I had moved. Having opened her legs wider, I was knelt between her thighs, my knob pressing gently against the open lips of her pussy. She blinked several times, bringing a hand up momentarily to shade her eyes against the light as I rammed my cock up her cunt in one swift motion. Her eyes went wide, and her

mouth shot open as a loud gasp escaped, and then I was fucking her. As I had been taught by Lucy, my shaft penetrated gran's cunt at a steady rate, not too fast, not too slow, a constant rhythm that reawakened her desires and started to build her lust. My hands were never still as I ran them over her flesh, the lightest of touches as I explored her body.

There was no mistaking her maturity, her breasts wobbling back and forth with each thrust of my hips. Wrinkles were starting to appear, at her armpits and between her breasts, but none of that mattered. Her belly was well rounded, moving in time with her tits as I increased the speed that my cock thudded into her cunt. There was extra meat at her waist and hips, her thighs and arse had also gained a little over the years. Her face showed its age, but as I gazed down at her from my vantage point, what I saw was a beautiful mature sexy woman, all of which spurred me on as I began to shag her faster and faster.

From the look on grans face, I feared she was going to have a heart attack, she had stopped breathing, her face going

crimson and her eyes rolling up into her head. Her mouth hung open and spittle covered her lips as she shook convulsively, her hips rising to meet my every thrust as she had a massive orgasm.

'You fuck me.... you fuck me.....you fuck me,' she muttered over and over again until she went ridged and threw herself backwards, bouncing off the mattress as my cock exploded inside her cunt, filling her now sloppy hole with spurt after spurt of cum until I dropped from exhaustion.

I left gran in my bed snoring contentedly and went and jumped into hers. Surprisingly, I hadn't seen that coming, never imagining that one day I may shag my grandmother despite my ardent desires. My conclusion was that she was every bit as good in bed as Aunt Lucy, our coupling having more than adequately satisfied my urges.

There were consequences I later realised, but at the time I was more interested in whether that had been a one-off, or if she

was open to us repeating our copulation the next time mum was on nights.

Nothing much was said the next morning. I was up early before mum got in, and woke gran up, telling her to go back to her bedroom. She made no mention of our escapade other than during the day when we had a few moments alone, she sidled up to me.

'You randy young beggar. No wonder Lucy likes you around there so much.'

She never gave me any impression as to whether it may happen again, but I just got the feeling that last night would hopefully be repeated. As it was and over the next six months, I slept with her several times. On each occasion, we headed for her bedroom, while mine had sufficed that first time, hers gave us a lot more scope and room to fuck.

While my sex life had taken that unexpected turn, it did not mean that I suddenly abandoned Lucy. At her house, I could

spend the night with her after having sex, whilst with gran, we had to pick our moments. I don't think Lucy ever knew or realised there was now another woman and if she did, she never brought the subject up. She was somewhere in between my mother and grandmother's age, I didn't know exactly how old, as it was considered bad manners to ask questions like that.

We did occasionally discuss our quasi relationship, but one evening she set my mind at ease, 'I'm used to being unattached,' she told me, 'It's how I like it. That's not to say that I don't enjoy our sex life, it's great. We use each other, and that's perfectly ok. As for anything else, it's not something I'd want, even if you offered it.'

I suppose that the females who did suffer were the local girls, as my twenty-first approached and looking back over the last few years, I acknowledged that my sexual preferences were definitely centred around more mature women. While I appreciated the beauty of young girls, I started to find that they didn't do anything for me. Up west and out with friends there was a plethora of them to choose from, but each time, I

found it was the older, perhaps middle-aged ladies that caught my eye. I never approached them, always scared that I may be found wanting or be rejected.

I couldn't discuss it with Lucy, fearing that she may see it as though I was becoming bored with her. So, it was to my grandmother that I turned and tried to explain what I was experiencing. She was sympathetic and understanding, my desires were no reflection on what she and I did, it was just that I was growing up.

'They are no better than you, and I would bet that they are just as scared as you are, if not more so,' she told me. 'You're a good-looking young man and I think any woman would be happy with you in the bedroom department. What scares them is that someone of your age would be interested in someone of their age.'

I had never thought of it like that, with the local girls I had the gift of the gab, but around older women, I suddenly became tongue-tied.

Gran continued with her advice, 'Firstly, you're not going to find many older women in the pubs and clubs that you frequent. If that is what you want, you have to go to them, they won't come to you. Secondly, the way you dress marks you out as someone young and probably inexperienced. Try buying a nice suit, perhaps a shirt and tie, dress like they do and not like your friends do and see what happens then.'

It is surprising how much of life is common sense, it's just that sometimes we need someone else to point the way.

Somehow her words seemed to give me a new outlook on life, at a time when most single blokes of my age struggled to get their leg over once a week, here I was with seemingly an unlimited supply on tap as Lucy and gran satisfied my wants.

Now perhaps, you may conclude that I was being greedy, but the notion of having sex with my mother had suddenly sprung to mind. It had lain dormant for a while until one evening when I was surprised to find that the sight of her in

her nurses uniform, complete with black stockings had me trying to hide a bulge that persisted on expanding inside my trousers. My mother thankfully did not notice, but the amused look on my grandmother's face and the twinkle in her eyes told me she knew exactly what was in my thoughts.

The following weekend I took gran's advice, catching the bus into town and heading for the shops that sold exclusively to the middle classes rather than the emerging teenage market. My job paid well and although I shelled out for room and board at home as well as giving a little bit to Lucy, I had still managed to save a considerable amount. I knew what I wanted, the suit had to have the same styling and cut as the new fashions, but at the same time, it had to display a quality that said it was not from the same shops that most older men would use. I found a tailor who was prepared to make me the suit I envisaged, even though the price made my eyes water.

Most of my friends earned about ten or eleven pounds a week, whereas because of my hard work, I was earning nearly double that. A suit on the high street was roughly seventeen pounds, this one was costing me forty guineas. (Nearly forty-

two pounds.) and was in a style that was now becoming prevalent.

The suit would take about six weeks to make with me returning several times for fittings before it would be ready. The shirt and tie could wait until later, once I saw what it looked like. Afterwards, I wandered aimlessly for a while, window shopping and gazing at items that would have cost me six months or a year's wages to purchase, that was how the other half lived.

Bored and with a twenty-minute wait for my bus, I dodged into one of the many expresso bars that had opened. It was busy inside, groups of the new swinging people sat around tables, laughing, and talking. Taking my drink, I gazed around, most tables were full except for one by the window occupied by a rather attractive middle-aged lady who somehow seemed vaguely familiar.

'Pardon me. Do you mind if I sit here?' She shook her head, presently engrossed in a book she was reading.

Sitting, I gazed out of the window watching people pass, probably a mixture of a few Londoners and mostly tourists wandering the streets and doing exactly what I had done previously. Every so often, I would glance at the woman opposite, there was something about her niggling at my brain which just refused to materialise. It felt rude to interrupt her and anyway, as usual, I was feeling tongue-tied.

Perhaps she had noticed because eventually she lowered the book and looked over the top of her glasses. 'Have I got something on my face that you find interesting?' she asked.

Embarrassment coloured me as I apologised profusely. 'I'm so sorry,' I began, 'It's just that I have a feeling that I know you, but I can't think from where. I'm sure I've met you before.'

She stared at me for a moment, as though considering if it was some kind of chat-up line and then shook her head, 'I can't say that I have ever met you before,' she said before returning to her book.

I apologised once more and tried to keep my head down, continuing to stare out of the window. But you know what it's like when you get that itch in your head and I just had to keep sneaking glances as I became frustrated with myself for not being able to place her. She was smartly dressed in a twinset and pearls, about her mid-thirties I roughly guessed and with a still, extremely pretty face.

Finally, the book went down, and she removed her glasses, staring at me as she went 'Humph,' with a loud sigh. 'Look, young man, whatever you may think. I do not know you.' Perhaps it was her tone that loosened my tongue, I wasn't wrong, I knew her from somewhere, I just couldn't place where which was bloody annoying.

I wasn't going to let it go this time as I began cautiously. 'You don't work in the city, do you?' Watching as she shook her head. 'Are you from the Eastend?' I persisted.

'No..... but I work there. I'm headmistress at St Martin's school.' And then it hit me, plain as day, sitting back in my seat and beaming broadly. 'Miss Cummings, year five. I was in love with you!'

My face must have suddenly looked stricken as I realised what I had just said.

She smiled for the first time which then turned into a laugh, 'And you are?' She stopped and screwed her eyes up, her brain mentally going through the archive of children she must have taught.

'Robert,' she paused for a second, 'Robert Duncan. Well, Robert, you have changed a lot since the last time I saw you. And anyway, it's not Miss Cummings anymore, thank you very much, it is Mrs Hardman now.' I saw the twinkle in her eye as though she had known the mirth that her name had elicited from us lads.

My bus came and went as we chatted, and I bought fresh drinks. She asked about my life, and I told her how she had inspired me, how even after I had left her class, I continued to work hard and what I now did for a living. I told her all about myself, though judged that it was best to leave out the parts concerning women. I was confident now, the words coming easy and in full flow as I made her laugh with many of the stories I recounted.

'So, you were in love with me, were you?' she said, stifling a giggle.

I felt silly now, she saw it only as a childish crush, which it probably was, but even twelve years later, there was still a small part of her attached to my heart.

Sitting back, I tried to look indignant, 'Well I thought so I'll have you know. Why do you think I tried so hard? All I wanted to do was please you. And then when I moved up a class, I found that I had got used to working hard and so I just carried

on, but I never forgot you.' She looked incredulous, probably thinking that I was making it up.

And then it was time for her to go and I didn't want her to. 'I don't suppose you fancy going out for a.....' I stopped mid-sentence, realising what I was asking. 'Of course, you don't, you're married.' It felt like I was a little boy once more and had asked a foolish question.

As she stood, she opened her handbag, took out a pen and a slip of paper and wrote something on it. 'I'm actually separated. This is my telephone number. Ring me at that time and perhaps we could speak further.'

She left me sat alone, my heart beating rapidly. As stupid as it may sound, I knew. It was a tangible feeling, something that felt as if I could reach out and touch it. After all this time, I was still in love with her.

We didn't have a telephone at home and so the following night, I walked down to the phone box at the end of our road.

It was only just after seven o'clock and although it was a chilly evening, my palms felt clammy, and my stomach was tied in knots. Dropping coins into the slot I spun the dial, listening to the clicking wheezing noise that all public call boxes made. There was a pause and then the phone on the other end started ringing just as panic set in. I didn't have a clue what her first name was, and I'd forgotten what she said her married name was.

'Hello, St Martins School.'

I felt a complete numpty as I hesitated before pushing the button and asking for 'Miss Cummings.' I heard her snigger before she spoke again. 'Is that you Robert?'

'Yes, Miss. Sorry, Miss.' Suddenly I was back in school, and she was my teacher once more as I heard the gales of laughter.

When she eventually composed herself, she spoke kindly to me, 'I'm presently at school, its parents evening. Are you far

away? If not, why don't you come and meet me? I'll be here until nine o'clock.'

I readily agreed, thankful to replace the receiver. 'What a fucking plonker,' I said out loud to myself, that probably wasn't the best of first impressions.

The school was situated approximately halfway between where we used to live and where we lived now., close enough that I could walk it in fifteen minutes or less. Rushing home, I washed and shaved, before putting on a clean shirt and setting off to go back to school.

Standing outside the gates, I was full of trepidation, it was the same feeling I'd had nearly sixteen years earlier. Taking a deep breath, I advanced across the playground and reached the main entrance, pulling the door open and holding it as a couple exited.

Inside, it smelt the same and looked the same as I walked down the corridor. In my minds-eye, I could have been five

or six once more. Passing several classrooms, I looked in, noticing parents waiting to speak to the teacher, some of whom I recognised as having taught me, something that had never entered my head when Miss Cummings, sorry! Mrs Hardman invited me here.

She hadn't told me where to meet her and so I just naturally gravitated towards what would have been back then the headmaster's office. Popping my head around the door I noticed that she already had parents in with her. She must have caught sight of me out of the corner of her eye because she excused herself and pointed upwards, holding up four fingers. I knew immediately where she meant as I climbed the stairs and entered a classroom, this was where I had spent my fifth year with her as my teacher. It felt as though time had stood still, looking exactly as I remembered it, my desk still in the same position as the day I left.

From memory, the classroom had been huge, rows of desks neatly aligned and ample room to move around without interrupting anyone still working. Now, it looked minuscule, sitting at my desk, it felt like I was sitting on the floor with my

legs bent nearly double. Our minds deceive us, we forget that what looks large to us as a child, looks small to us as adults.

I heard her voice as she entered the room, 'Hello Robert.' Lost in thought, it was an automatic reaction as I stood, 'Good evening Miss.'

She was consumed by fits of laughter again, tears streaming down her face as she indicated that I should sit once more while she perched on the edge of the desk in front of me. Taking a handkerchief, she dabbed at her eyes as she struggled to get herself under control, 'Well if nothing else Robert, we certainly seemed to have taught you good manners.' And she was off again.

Finally, she was able to speak, 'Robert, you need to stop calling me Miss, I'm not your teacher anymore. My name is Sarah.'

I held my hand out as we shook, wanting to move from my seat, but at the same time, I wanted to stay sat exactly where I was. With Sarah perched on the desk in front and her feet up on the chair, she was giving me a perfect view of her legs and

what a fantastic set of pins they were. I had to work hard to make sure they did not distract me, looking her in the face all the time and only sneaking an occasional glance.

When we were able to eventually hold a sensible conversation, I had a question and at least this time I was able to ignore the temptation to put my hand up. 'Can I ask? Why did you agree to see me again?' I wanted to know.

'Curiosity I suppose. As a teacher, you get an inkling that some children see you differently than others. You try to treat everyone equally, but it's not uncommon for some kids to see their teacher as maybe a mother or father figure, especially when there isn't one at home.

'You have got to remember that often, children see more of their teacher than they do of their parents. But those feelings normally disappear when they move class or leave school.'

Listening to her speak, it was like being back in her class once more and I found myself nodding my head as I agreed with what she said.

'Sorry, but I never saw you as a mother figure, and you certainly were not a father figure,' I quipped. 'Why invite me here tonight?' Her legs were driving me crazy.

Sarah took a moment. 'You are not the first ex-pupil that I have spoken to, you are not the first to have told me that either I or another teacher inspired them. You are though, the first pupil to ever tell me that you were in love with me.' She cocked her head to one side as she seemed to study my face, trying not to laugh.

'In the coffee bar, I initially took it to mean that you had a crush on me, again, that is not uncommon, but from what you were telling me yesterday, you seemed to have felt a little more than that.

The tension in the classroom was palpable and she tried to lighten the conversation as she asked with a laugh, 'Anyway, at what point did it wear off, Robert?' She gave me the smile she always used to give me in class, and it tore into my heart.

I'm sure my lip wobbled as I tried to speak, I looked down because if I didn't, I knew she would immediately spot that my eyes had begun to water. She waited patiently for my answer, but it wouldn't come, there was no way I could speak and keep my voice normal and so I just shook my head, refusing to look at her until I had my emotions under control.

'Are you all right Robert?' she asked, her voice immediately sounding concerned. I sniffed and wiped both eyes quickly before looking at her again.

'It never did,' I managed, my voice cracking and making me feel embarrassed. 'Anyway, you're busy, so I'll get from under your feet. It's been lovely to see you again,' I said, standing and starting to turn.

Sarah was off the desk in a flash, she didn't grab my arm so much as lay her hand on it. 'I'm sorry, that was insensitive of me. Please don't go. Please, sit down again.'

Instead of returning to her desk seat, she pulled one of the chairs from another desk and sat down near me. 'Christ,' that was even worse, with her legs now bent double like my own, the slightest movement and I would be able to see up her skirt. It was obvious that she didn't understand and obvious that she wanted to ask more questions. But there was no way that I could avert my eyes from her legs for much longer, and that would send completely the wrong message.

'Listen, we are nearly finished for the evening. Do you mind waiting and we can go for a drink?' I nodded my head and with my emotions back under control, my cheeky demeanour returned. I couldn't resist as she left the room. 'By the way Miss. Nice legs.'

Sarah had a Mini Cooper, God, how I would love one of those when I learnt to drive. To be honest, for a headmistress, she

drove like a bloody maniac, certainly knowing how to handle the little car. She laughed when I mentioned it as we pulled up outside a pub. 'My ex is a test driver at Ford, he taught me to drive.'

I bought us drinks and we found a quiet table over in the corner. Taking a sip of hers she eyed me. 'Let me get this right. At the age of what? Nine, ten! You say you were in love with me. And now, nearly, what? Eleven years later, and after never having seen me in all that time, you're still in love with me?' She asked incredulously.

Put like that, it sounded ridiculous. As a nine-year-old, I could never have explained it in a month of Sundays, I wouldn't have had the vocabulary or the understanding.

For a moment, I just looked at her beautiful face. 'I love my mum, and I love my gran,' I began, 'That, is an unconditional kind of love, I know it without having to think about it. You though were different. I can't explain that part properly, not even now as an adult. It was a feeling, in here,' I said, tapping

my chest. 'It was a feeling that you brightened up the room when you entered it, and it hurt when you left it. I may have been a child, and people may scoff, but I loved you.'

'And then eventually, I had to leave your class and move to another until finally, it was time for me to leave that school. I was a child, and you were an adult, there was not a lot I could do about how I felt. Yes, over the years, bit by bit it diminished because I never saw you and I had my own life to lead. But it never went away, you were my first true love, recognising you in the coffee shop that day, simply reawakened what was still there even after all those years.'

We must have sat in silence for a good ten minutes. Our drinks were nearly finished, and she looked quite serious when she spoke once more. 'So, what are your expectations? What are you hoping is going to happen?'

Having got that lot off my chest, it felt like I could breathe again. 'I have no expectations and I'm not hoping for anything to happen. It was pure coincidence. I was in town to order a

suit and either of us could have decided on a different café. If it had not been for my childish slip of the tongue, you would be no wiser. We are going to finish our drinks and then you are going to drive home and I'm going to catch the bus, in all probability, it may be twenty years before we meet each other again.'

Her fingernails tapped at the table for a minute, as though she was wrestling with a decision. 'Do you want another drink?' she asked as she got up from her chair.

Seated once more, the silence continued as we both took sips from our glasses. 'I'll be honest Robert, everything you have said intrigues me. I have never faced a situation like this before and I don't know what to say. Please be patient, because I would like to speak with you again and perhaps sooner than twenty years.'

Sarah eventually gave me a lift home, surprisingly, she lived another few miles or so up the road from my house and at least she knew where I lived now. As she dropped me off, I

scribbled my works telephone number on a scrap of paper. 'If you want to get hold of me,' I proffered, 'If not, throw it away.' I watched as she drove off, wondering if I would ever see her again.

As it was, over two months would pass before I heard from her again. That's not to say that I sat and moped, life goes on and then there were other matters to distract me and most of them were not plain sailing.

People like nothing more than gossip, and it had not gone unnoticed, the amount of time that I spent around at Lucy Kelly's. Nowadays, people would not even comment, but in the sixty's the fact that she was an unmarried forty-something and that I was young, set the tongues wagging. It was only time before my mother heard the rumours and it led to a conversation after tea one evening. I say conversation, unfortunately, it quickly escalated from that. I didn't know if she had spoken to gran beforehand, but I knew she quickly disappeared when mum asked me to sit down. I supposed later that I couldn't blame gran, I think she knew that tempers

were going to fray and with what had gone on between me and her, she was not in a position to comment.

'You spend a lot of time at Lucy's, do you know what people are saying?'

I shrugged my shoulders, 'I don't care what people say. It's none of their business.'

The conversation started calmly, but it did not take long before it became more heated.

'They, say you and she are sleeping together. They say that you stay there some nights and that only one bedroom light ever goes on. Is that true?'

I was no longer a child. The country and the world were slowly changing and no longer would the young have rules from past generations imposed on them.

'Yes, Lucy and I sleep together, we have been having sex with each other for quite a while, is there a problem with that?' My brazen reply momentarily stunned her.

'My God, she's old enough to be your mother. Was this her idea? What the hell do you see in her, you could have your pick of young girl's.'

'I don't want a young girl, I'm happy as I am, thank you very much.' I could see that she was getting frustrated by my attitude.

'You're not going to tell me that you love her,' she sneered.

Now I am not and never have been a person who gets angry very easily. But my mother's attitude was beginning to irk me. 'No, I don't love her. She doesn't love me either, it's just pure and simple sex and yes, before you ask, we do take precautions.'

'It's got to stop. I forbid it. Do you understand?' Her voice had gone up several octaves as she shouted her words at me. I don't suppose it helped when I laughed in her face, that just got her angrier. 'I'm telling you. You will not see her anymore and that's final.'

Perhaps that was the worst thing she could have said as I sat forward in my chair and puffed my chest out. 'I'm twenty-one and I can do what I fucking-well like.'

That was the first time I had ever sworn in front of my mother. 'I will see and sleep with whoever I want and if you and other people don't like it, tough shit, it's my life. If I want to date and shag a fifty-year-old, I will, and there is nothing you can do about it, get used to it and butt out.'

By this stage, my voice had also risen, and we were both out of our chairs as we faced off.

'Then you can move out,' she spat at me.

I supposed I saved the best until last, she was not going to get the better of me and by now I was unconcerned about what I said.

'Fine, I'll go and live with Lucy. She was good enough to look after me when you wanted to go out every weekend and bring blokes back so you could get shagged. But now that she's getting plenty from me, it's all wrong. At least she keeps it just for me and doesn't go spreading it about.'

I saw the words land and the look on her face. They took the wind from her sails, and they were a killer punch as much as I regretted them. She had no comeback from that, she was never going to win and any control she had once had over me was now gone.

I passed gran as I left the room, heading upstairs to pack my clothes. Below I could hear mum sobbing and gran speaking as I filled an old suitcase.

I suppose Lucy was surprised when I landed up on her doorstep. She readily agreed that I could move in with her, let's face it, I spent half my time there anyway. I think she knew that it was only time before what had gone on between us for years became public knowledge. In bed that night I just held her tightly, our relationship hadn't changed, though secretly I think she was delighted that when it came to it, she had not simply been discarded, I had stood by her.

Weeks passed and I saw nothing of my mother or gran, that was the only downside I concluded, I used to look forward to the weekends when mum worked nights and gran and I would get together.

Other than that, my life continued as it always had done, that was until nearly two months after I had moved in with Lucy. She hadn't been feeling well lately and our sex lives had gradually tailed off which meant for the moment I wasn't getting any from anywhere. I'd arrived home from work one evening and she was sat in her chair next to the fire. She somehow looked older and frailer at that moment, and I was

concerned about her. She had always been slim, but lately, I was convinced that she had lost some weight.

Sitting on the arm of the chair, I put my arm around her shoulders and kissed the top of her head. She raised it, looking up at me and I could see the tears in her eyes. Now I was worried as I asked her what was wrong.

'I was at the hospital today. They have confirmed it. I've got cancer, Robert.'

It felt like I had been punched in the stomach. This woman had never harmed anyone. She had looked after and cared for me as well as any woman could do. She did not deserve this. In the future, there would be drugs and treatments to try and combat it, but back then it was virtually a death sentence. 'How long?' I asked, even though I didn't want to know.

'Two months, If I'm lucky,' she said as I felt the tears stream down my cheeks.

I made her a little something to eat even though she protested that she was not hungry. I didn't want to go to work the following morning and leave her alone, but I had no choice. As she started to doze, I told her I was popping out for a moment. Stood at my mother's front door, I knocked. There was a key in my pocket, and I could have let myself in, but as far as I was concerned, I didn't live here anymore.

The door was opened by gran, looking puzzled that I just hadn't walked straight in. She was going to invite me indoors, but I shook my head, telling her what I knew and asking if she could pop around tomorrow while I was at work and just check on Lucy.

'Wait a minute, please,' she said as she bobbed back into the lounge. She was gone a couple of minutes and returned with her coat, 'I'm coming with you.'

Lucy was still dozing when we got back, gran pulling up a chair and sitting by her. 'Have you had some tea?' she asked

me, offering to make me something, but I just shook my head. Lucy woke a little later and she and gran were chatting when I heard a knock at the door. I opened it to find my mum stood on the doorstep, concern written all over her face. Before I could say anything, her hand came up and cradled my face, 'I'm so sorry Robert.'

Inside, it was like old times, mum, gran, and Lucy sat in a group gossiping while I earwigged from the sidelines. Getting up, I asked who wanted brews and went into the kitchen to make them.

I turned as mum came in, 'Are you ok?' she asked. I nodded, suddenly finding it hard to keep it together. 'I'm sorry mum. I shouldn't have said all those things.'

We wrapped our arms around each other holding on tightly until we both stopped shaking. Later on, gran pulled me to one side, 'Will you be alright tonight?' I nodded my head. 'I'll bring some things over in the morning and stay with her all

day until you get home from work and then your mum's going to come over tomorrow evening, ok?'

Alone and in bed with Lucy that night, I just wanted to hold her forever. She was 'fine yet,' she kept telling me, and I had to stop worrying about her.

As promised, gran arrived early and stayed with her all day and then mum popped around that evening. That night after everyone was gone, was the last time, that I ever made love to Lucy. She had asked me to, and so I had been as soft and gentle as I could, holding her in my arms afterwards as I cried myself to sleep. It didn't take long before she started to go downhill fast, at one point I brought my old single bed downstairs and set it up in the front room to try and make it easier for her.

We got through several weeks like that, mum and gran visiting often and keeping me company. That weekend mum was off work and she and I sat by the fire on the Sunday

evening, the lights off so as not to disturb Lucy and the flames in the hearth, lighting the room.

'What happened Robert?' Mum asked, 'Why Lucy?' I knew what she was asking, I just didn't have the energy to fight anymore.

I decided to make it short and simple, 'Because mum, I prefer older women. They are who I am attracted to. I'm not interested in young girls. They do nothing for me. It's women of your age that I want to be with.'

It was easy to see that she still did not understand, and I couldn't make it much plainer, Lucy and I started as a bit of fun, it was all about the sex. But I've come to realise that there is something about a mature woman that I prefer,' I told her bluntly.

'Maybe Lucy was a substitute because the two women that have dominated my thoughts for years are you and gran.'

I have never seen my mother lost for words like she was at that moment. I don't think it ever entered her head that the way we lived when I was a child might influence my desires as an adult.

'You mean.....' I nodded my head at her, and then just to be glib and because of the way I was feeling, I added, 'Especially in a nurses uniform.'

It was amusing to see my mother go beetroot red, I don't know if she was intent on saying something because her mouth opened and closed but nothing came out.

'Have there been others?' she suddenly asked.

Maybe one day she would have found out, but I was past caring now. Lucy's imminent demise was taking its toll on me. As much as I had always said that I did not love her, there had been a bond between us.

'Only one.' Of course, she wanted to know, but I would not say, simply staring at her with a slight smile playing across my lips until the penny finally dropped and my mother looked aghast.

During that time, Lucy's sister visited often, but she had a family of her own and it was quite a distance for her to come. She thanked us profusely, but we didn't need thanks, that's what neighbours did for each other back then.

It was a Thursday morning the following week when I received a phone call at work, I answered, expecting the worst, only to hear Sarah's voice on the other end. 'Would you like to come to dinner this weekend? she asked.

'Jesus,' I would have loved to, but there was no way I was going to forsake Lucy. Politely, I declined, hearing the disappointment in her voice until I explained my situation and then she was full of compassion. 'I'll give you my home number, when you are ready, ring me.'

That night mum and I sat alone together once more. Lucy's breathing was shallow but at least she was not in pain, the morphine saw to that. Perhaps mum had come straight from work because, for some reason, she still had her nurses uniform on.

She was dozing in her chair as I laid next to Lucy, holding her hand so that she would know I was there. I must have dozed off because the next thing I remember was mum shaking my shoulder. 'Robert, Robert.' I opened my eyes and peered at her. 'You can let go now. Lucy's gone.' Mum covered her over and we continued to keep her company until morning.

Most of the house had been cleared, Lucy's sister coming over and sorting it all out. We had all gone to the funeral and yet a week later, it still felt raw. I phoned Sarah up one evening, more to talk to someone that had not been involved than for any other reason.

'Where are you?' she asked, 'at home?' I mumbled that I was in the phone box at the end of the road. 'Stay there, I'll pick you up in ten minutes.'

I was sat on the edge of the kerb, staring into space when she pulled up. She pushed the passenger door open and shouted, 'Get in.'

The next thing I knew was that we were pulling up outside what I presumed was her house as she got out and opened her front door, inviting me in.

With a stiff drink in my hand, she made me tell her all about Lucy. There was some I couldn't tell her, there were bits I would never tell her or anyone else. But other than that, I painted a picture of my life growing up, Aunt Lucy always nearby. I even admitted that there had been a thing between us for a while without divulging too much information or for how long.

'And how old was she?' Sarah asked.

I shrugged my shoulders, as I've said before, I wasn't really sure. 'Maybe mid-forties, maybe a little older.'

With my story finished, she sat for a while longer. 'I've been thinking about you,' she began 'and to be honest, I didn't think it was a good idea. I'm thirty-four and you're what? Twenty?'

I corrected her, 'Twenty-one now.'

'Ok, twenty-one. That's a huge difference and one that I could never see working. But then it appears that I had misjudged you once before. From what you have told me, it seems you were well prepared to make it work with someone who was twice your age.'

'I'm not promising anything Robert. But I am prepared to see how it goes if you are.'

It was the first time in ages that I felt like smiling, I spent another hour in her company before deciding that I had

better head for home. She offered to run me back, but I refused, it was only a short walk and wouldn't take me long at all. On the doorstep, she seemed to hesitate until I leaned forward and kissed her cheek.

'That's all I'm afraid for tonight,' I said with something close to my normal cheeky grin. 'Let's see how it goes and then you can decide if I deserve a different kiss.' With that, I turned and set off into the night, looking back and giving her a wave.

Coming in from work one evening, I nipped upstairs to my bedroom to change. With Lucy gone, I was now back at home. Coming downstairs, I felt in my pocket and suddenly realised I still had a key to her house, mentioning it to mum as we ate.

'I'll walk around after tea and pop it through the letterbox,' I told her.

No one had moved in yet since Lucy's passing, the house standing empty and slightly forlorn in my eyes. With everything cleared away and gran sat in front of the tv, I was

about to put my jacket on and go around there when mum stopped me.

'Give me two minutes and I'll walk with you,' she said as she went upstairs. Going back into the lounge, I waited and watched the television until mom popped her head around the door and said she was ready.

It only took us a couple of minutes to get there and all I was going to do was post the key. 'Let's go on in,' mum suggested, while I was full of hesitation, none of us had been inside the house since Lucy died. I could see my hand shaking slightly as I inserted the key in the lock and opened the door before stepping inside. It was empty and sounded hollow, now devoid of life. There were still a couple of bits in the lounge, but most of the furniture and carpets had gone. The same was true of the kitchen, and the stairs sounded noisy as I took them one at a time.

The first bedroom I looked in had also been cleared and then I reached the room that Lucy and I had often shared.

Surprisingly, still stood in the same place was the double bed, neatly made as if ready for that night. Memories flooded back as I stared at it, now in a world of my own. I remembered the things that Lucy and I got up to but more importantly, this was the bed where my initiation into the world of older mature women had begun.

'Robert!' Was that Lucy calling me? 'Robert, Robert!' I felt a hand on my shoulder and heard my mother say my name.

She had a mischievous look on her face as she said, 'I'm sure Lucy would not mind, she would probably find it hilarious.'

I turned to look at her, not understanding what she meant until she undid the buttons of her coat and I saw her nurse's uniform beneath. She certainly had not been wearing it when she popped upstairs, she must have changed while I waited. As she took her coat off and hung it over the door, it was obvious what she was proposing, giving me a shy smile as she unfasted the first three buttons and opened the top of it to display her cleavage and the edge of her bra.

For a moment, I have to admit to being torn and perhaps she sensed that, as she moved closer and cradled my face. I remembered a time when mum towered over me, but nowadays, she had to tilt her head back slightly to look into my face. It was her lips that my eyes alighted on, I remembered them from long ago, plump, and sensuous with her bright red lipstick. And then they were pecking gently at my lips, small kisses to start with until our mouths came together, twisting this way and that as the kiss became stimulating and arousing.

Pulling her hard against me, I closed my eyes, the smell of the hospital assailing my nostrils as we continued to kiss. I could feel her breasts pushing against my chest, now aware that she must be able to feel my erection pushing against her groin. Pulling me over to the bed, she allowed me to undress her as I opened the hidden buttons on the front of her dress and gazed at her body beneath it. She had dressed exactly as she did for work, white bra, white panties, suspender belt and those tantalising black stockings adorning her shapely legs.

She glanced down, giggling as she saw the bulge that had quickly developed in the front of my pants. 'If we don't get you out of those soon, you're going to have an accident.'

Now it was mum's turn as I allowed her to undress me, I could tell she was nervous, it must be over twelve years since she had last seen me completely naked. It was a delight to watch her face as first my shirt was removed and she ran her hands over my chest, feeling the muscles beneath the smooth skin. I helped her, kicking off my shoes and socks before allowing her to unfasten my trousers and slide them down. I'm sure I heard a gasp as my cock sprang free, mum now squatting as she helped me out of them, my shaft bobbing in front of her face.

I could tell what she was considering, but I pulled her to her feet, there was no way that I could last if mum decided to give me a blowjob at this juncture.

The more of her clothing that I removed, the more my cock throbbed. When I unclasped her bra and released her breasts,

I had to resist the urge to throw her onto the bed and fuck her. When I eased her panties down and ran my fingers through her pubes and got my first touch of her fanny, I could have exploded. Her fanny was moist as I slid a finger up inside her, mum shivering as I eased it in and out. I got the feeling that both of us were facing a similar dilemma as we tried to contain our rapidly escalating lust which was why I told her, 'I'm going to fuck you, fast and hard. And then afterwards, I want to make love to you.'

I didn't even receive an answer as she dragged me onto the bed, laid back and opened her stocking clad legs wide.

With my shaft now plunging into her cunt rapidly, she raised her knees and opened her legs wider, gripping my buttocks as she forced me deeper into her passage. Her words were soft at first, a mother praising her son as her arousal increased, right up until the point where she knew her climax was imminent, her words becoming crude as she implored me to fuck and abuse her and then she was thrashing beneath me as her orgasm made her body shake, her voice calling my name over and over again as I emptied my sack inside her pussy.

We lay side by side, both breathing heavily, our bodies relaxing now that we had expended those initial rampant desires. Turning to face each other, I raised myself as she slipped her lower leg beneath me before throwing her other leg over my hip. I could now look at her properly, comparing her figure to the image in my head. Her dark hair was a little bit shorter than it had been, now not quite shoulder length. Her breasts were still as magnificent as I imagined them to be, full and round, jutting proudly from her chest. While she had added a little to her waist and hips, her stomach was still flat, only the smallest signs of her baby belly.

'Will you do something for me?' she suddenly asked. Just to carry on lying next to her and gaze at her body meant I would have done anything for her. 'Call me by my name, not mum. It just sounds wrong.'

'Well Joan, may I say that you look gorgeous.'

That made her laugh for a moment before I leaned forward and kissed her sweet succulent lips again, my hand going to her right breast as I fondled the smooth soft flesh and felt her nipple grow hard and push against my palm. When we broke apart and I caught sight of them, a shiver ran down my spine, her nipples had grown and grown until they stuck from the centre of her areola by a good half-inch.

'You like these don't you?' she asked softly with a laugh as I continued to stroke and caress her magnificent bosom. Cupping her left breast with one hand, she teased me, that was until my cock, now fully distended once more, slid into her cunt. Our mouths continually came together as her arousal increased, at one point, I reached over her buttocks and tickled her anus which aroused her even more.

Her range of sexually descriptive words and phrases were amazing as she told me what she was feeling, what she wanted me to do there and then and more especially, what she wanted me to do to her in the future. As I used to do with Lucy and as I had done with gran, I kept the rhythm constant, my shaft continually sliding in and out of her cunt.

With our initial lust for each other sated, I could concentrate this time around on teasing and exciting her, running through my repertoire as her arousal soared and then slowly descended before raising her temperature once more. She teetered on the edge, our bodies pressed tightly together as I savoured the feel of her curves and body heat against my skin.

My hands roamed over her, stroking her back, cupping and exploring her buttocks and especially running up and down her nylon clad legs. As I eased my cock into her once more, I glanced into her eyes. They were alive with desire and excitement, the thrill of allowing her son to fuck her and the satisfaction she was experiencing, plain to see.

Lucy had been fun in bed, gran had been satisfying but there was something about making love to my mum that went beyond what I had experienced previously, it was like two parts of the same person coming together.

She pleaded with me to let her climax, shivering slightly with her body full of sexual energy so close to her pinnacle. Lucy had always told me that when a woman pleads with you like that, you have achieved two things, 'Firstly, you know you have made her reach her climax, and secondly that you have satisfied her to the extent that she wants that final ecstatic experience.'

My hips began to move faster, my cock pumping into her cunt as her expressions began to change. Mum's eyes closed as she tossed her head back and went rigid, the veins standing out on her neck as her face and upper body went red. Her body shook convulsively, and her hands flailed as she climaxed, her fingernails digging into my skin as my shaft erupted inside her cunt, spewing my seed deep into her love passage.

To say it had been satisfying was an understatement. If it were not for the fact that she was my mother and I was her son, I could happily have shared my life and my bed with this woman.

Later, as we slowly walked home, her arm linked through mine, she stopped and asked inquiringly, 'Did I meet your expectations?' Glancing around, I wrapped my arms around her and kissed her beautiful mouth, 'You more than exceeded my expectations, to the extent I would give up any other woman for you.' She blushed and buried her head into my shoulder before we continued our journey.

Sarah got in touch a few days later, 'Do you fancy going out this weekend. I know a restaurant in the city if you do?' I accepted her invitation, being told she would pick me up Saturday evening at about seven o'clock.

Stood in my room, I admired myself in the mirror. The suit fitted perfectly and was everything I had hoped it would be. The material was mohair, which gave it a shine that seemed to sparkle in the light. It was one of the new fashions called "Tonic" woven in such a way so that as I turned it seemed to change colour. It wasn't quite a dark blue, maybe a few shades less, but as I moved it suddenly took on a dark red hue. With its high three-button front and double vent back, it looked fashionable and yet proclaimed quality. In years to come, it

would be what was described as "Mod Fashion". Matched with a white cotton polo neck top and black tasselled loafers, I considered that I looked the 'bee's knee's.'

Joan stood in his bedroom doorway looking at her son. 'God, he was handsome,' looking just like his father she remembered. For a second, she felt jealous, sure he was going out to meet a female.

'Someone nice?' she asked.

I turned at the sound of her voice, I wasn't going to lie or keep secrets anymore. 'Someone genuinely nice and someone I knew a long time ago. Yes, she is older than me but a little younger than you. She used to be my teacher, now she is the headmistress at St Martin's School.'

Mum smiled, our encounter had changed something between us, and she was now perfectly willing to accept that I knew my own mind.

Sarah picked me up just after seven and we drove into the city. I could see her looking when we got out of the car and walked together towards the restaurant. Although she kept her comments to herself, it felt as though she approved of my attire. We had a fantastic evening, both of us laughing often as we recounted stories and I brought up memories from the past that she had forgotten. On the way back, she asked if I wanted to go back to her house for coffee, much to her surprise, I declined. 'As much as I'd like to,' I told her, 'I may struggle to keep my hands off you. So, I think it better that you drop me at home for the moment.'

We went on several dates after that, trips to the cinema and theatre. Walks in the parks and out for dinner, I even met a couple of her friends. But on each occasion, it was always the same, she would drop me at home and would receive a peck on the cheek.

Now to be fair, I was cheating. I don't know exactly what went on after the encounter with my mum. What I do know was that my sex life suddenly took an upward turn as I was invited

to one bedroom or the other several times each week. My mother in a way replaced Lucy, as I resumed my liaisons with gran and shared my mother's bed on other nights.

It must have been the middle of summer and Sarah and I had been out for the day when she invited me back for dinner. As the evening was coming to a close, she was snuggled up against me on the large couch as we sipped at glasses of wine.

Hesitantly, she asked, as though expecting me to decline. 'Would you like to stay over?' When I accepted, I thought she was going to rape me then and there.

I got pure delight from the look on her face, such a pretty face. Despite the fact of our actual age difference, to look at us, you may say Sarah was only a few years older. Her blond hair was cut in a "Mary Quant" style, her dress sense, a mixture of young and old as befitted her position of 'Headmistress' but was not a lot different to mine at the weekend.

She placed her glass on the coffee table and took mine off me, placing it next to hers before turning back and offering her lips to be kissed. Had it been worth waiting for? Yes. It was everything that I imagined it would be and well worth the wait of twelve years for it to happen. It wasn't that type of kiss that you knew would lead to sex, it was a kiss of two people getting to know each other and accepting that there could be something special there. When we finally did make a move, she took my hand as she led me upstairs to her bedroom.

As we slowly undressed each other, I remembered gran's words, Sarah was far more afraid than I may have been. Naked, I got my first chance to look at her properly before holding her tightly and whispering in her ear, 'You, are the most beautiful women I have ever met.'

It seemed to settle her nerves as we climbed into bed, Sarah lying atop me as she rested her head on my chest and I softly stroked her hair.

She was perfect, her breasts larger than Lucy's had been and slightly smaller than my mothers were. They were still perky and jutted proudly from her chest. Her skin was soft and smooth with not a blemish in sight. She was slim with a tiny waist that blossomed into perfectly curved hips and a rounded bottom, all perched on top of a set of legs to die for. I was in no rush, content to have lain in that position all night and hold her. But down below, something was on the move and indicated how I was really feeling as my erection thrust against her belly, twitching every so often in anticipation. Lifting her head, she looked at me and smiled shyly. 'I hope you're not disappointed and that I was worth waiting for.'

I wasn't going to answer her, I was going to show her.

When she finally slithered further up my body so that we could kiss, my bobbing shaft, at last, made contact with her mound, as our lips locked together and I stroked her back, running a single finger down her spine and making her shiver. Her buttocks felt soft and smooth, my hands caressing and squeezing them before moving further down as they followed the contours of her thighs and into her groin.

My fingers were inches from her vagina and despite our mouths moving together, I could hear the whimpering's rising from her throat. Just when she thought I was going to touch her there, my hands moved upwards again. Over her hips to her waist and then up the sides of her body, brushing the edges of her breast before reaching her armpits. She shivered and softly groaned constantly as my hands continued to move, committing her delicate shape to memory as I explored her body.

I wasn't the first to make the move, Sarah's desire and lust had built to a level where she wanted fucking as she pushed herself upright and straddled my hips. My shaft now pushed firmly against her pussy as she rubbed back and forwards, allowing me the chance to admire her body and breasts as she raised her arms and put her hands behind her head, displaying herself to me.

When I reached up and tweaked her nipples, she raised herself, grabbing at my cock as she fumbled it into position and then lowered herself, gasping loudly as it filled her

vagina. She stayed in that position for several long moments, as though savouring the feel of my shaft inside her passage, her vaginal muscles gripping my cock as she moaned to herself.

And then she was on the move, rocking back and forth as we began to fuck. Leaning forward, she dangled her tits over my face, my head shooting up constantly as I licked and kissed her nipples, bringing them erect.

When her motions became faster and her vocals louder, I gripped her buttocks, raising them as I began to slam my cock into her cunt, her eyes closed now as she purred and whispered sweet nothings. And then she was falling over the edge, her eyes now open and staring at me as she began to convulse, begging me to keep fucking her like that as she climaxed, her hips trying to buck as my cock slammed into her cunt and she cried my name over and over again until my dam burst, and I filled her hot moist tunnel with my semen.

Afterwards and holding her close, she stroked my chest dreamily, 'Thank you, Robert, thank you for making me wait. Thank you for making love to me like that.'

She had no reason to thank me, if I had known, age nine, that this would eventually happen, I would have waited another ten years for her.

We made love again that night before curling up together and falling asleep. When we awoke the next morning, she turned over and smiled, 'Still here.'

It wasn't a question. It was a statement of fact, as though she had been unsure as to whether I would be. Turning to face her, I kissed the tip of her nose and made her laugh, 'You do know that you won't get rid of me easily now.'

Did it work out between us I hear you ask?

Well, eventually Sarah obtained her divorce and we have been married nearly twenty years now and have two beautiful children. To me, she looks no different than the day she walked into my classroom and introduced herself as 'Miss Cummings.'

Sarah and mum get on like a house on fire and my mother dotes on her grandchildren.

And what of my family, well mum is in her early fifties and gran is now in her seventies, although you wouldn't realise it as she still likes a good seeing to periodically. As for mum, well you never stop loving your mother, and there are times when I just need to see her alone, normally when Sarah has taken the kids out somewhere. She says it keeps her young, though I think with the energy she puts into our lovemaking, she'll see me in an early grave.

# Mind-Games

Lucy sat at the computer reading, engrossed in the document she had come across. Under normal circumstances, she may not have given it a second glance, but the name of the file had caught her attention. "My Mother, My Lover" sounded intriguing, and curiosity had got the better of her. It was a pdf file, hidden in plain sight amongst the other shortcuts on the desktop, so many that it now took her ages to search through them all to find the one she wanted and would have been quicker just to go straight to the program index.

Her eyes had skipped past it and then returned as her brain processed its name, wondering what the document contained. Opened, it appeared to be a story and Lucy had started reading, momentarily forgetting what she had initially been about to do.

It had only taken her thirty minutes to complete the short story which covered about twenty-five pages and at the end of it, she had felt breathless and if she had dared to admit it,

slightly aroused. It had been about a mother and son, a daring story of love and incest, the sex scenes graphic in their descriptions. The story had been erotic, her body responding to the words and making her feel excited as she wondered how it had got there.

The terminal she was sitting at was a communal one, mainly used by herself, but also occasionally used by her husband, son, and daughter. They each had their own laptops, but sometimes the kids if they had large assignments to complete, would use this computer of an evening with its draft of applications and a bigger screen to complete their tasks. She wondered who had put the file there, going through each member of her family in order. The likelihood of it being her husband was remote, it was only very occasionally that he would use it and then normally just to print out documents for his job as a college lecturer the following day.

Why her daughter would be reading a story about a mother and son didn't feel right to her, which only left one other person, her son Nathan. Was he the culprit she wondered, on

an impulse, she checked her browsers history? It was clean, nothing at all untoward.

Closing the file, she forgot all about it as she completed her work, which was until a couple of weeks later when she found a new story had replaced the old one. She had spotted it immediately, this time the file was named, "My Mother Seduced Me."

The tale was very similar to the previous one she had read, this time though, it was the mother who had the hots for her son and who eventually enticed him into her bed. As she had on the first occasion, Lucy found herself hot under the collar by the time she had finished reading it. She would have liked to go and masturbate, but with everyone at home, she knew that she would not get the opportunity.

She had been married twenty years and at first, her life had been perfect, but as she got older and her children grew, life had become mundane. Max her husband seemed to have lost interest in her long ago and it was only occasionally that they

made love, Lucy sometimes wondering if he was having an affair. Nathan was nineteen, attending a different college than the one his father worked at. He'd made it plain from the beginning that he had no intention of going to a college where his father was a lecturer and all the indignity and ribbing that it would arouse. Katie was still at school in her final year and had just finished her exams, hoping that her results would be enough to join her brother at the same college.

Lucy was at a loss as to who was leaving these stories on the computer, the trouble was she was not diligent enough to notice the file before all of the rest of the family had used the machine. Over the next three weeks, she tried to note each time someone other than herself used the computer and tried to remember to check each day to see if the story had changed. The trouble was she was busy, working as a manager in a charity shop, and often forgot to check before at least two of her family had been on it

She wasn't overly bothered, it was the type of thing that adolescents would read, she just couldn't understand why

they were doing it on the big machine and not on their laptops.

Several weeks had passed when she noticed another new file, "My Affair With My Mother." At least that morning she had the house to herself, she wasn't due in work until after lunch. Making herself a coffee, she settled back and read the tale, beginning to feel the normal sorts of arousal as the story unfolded.

When the mother opened her legs and granted her son permission to fuck her, Lucy's hand had found its way between her legs as she rubbed sensuously at her vagina through the material of her panties. When the story ended, her body was demanding a release as she glanced at the clock, noting she just had time as she rushed up to her bedroom, undressed and lay on her bed.

Lucy stroked herself, her eyes screwed shut as she enjoyed the pleasures she was eliciting. Unfortunately, the three stories she had read had all been about relationships between

mothers and their sons and she quickly found it impossible to stop Nathan creeping into her thoughts.

She had no inclination to have sex with him, but with her body aroused as she slid several fingers in and out of her cunt, he kept slipping into her mind. Lucy pulled and twisted at her nipples, her hand massaging her breasts as her other hand moved to her clit, two fingers rubbing either side of it as she excited herself further. When she climaxed, he slipped into her thoughts again, her orgasm seemed so much more intense as sudden images of her son fucking her enveloped her brain.

Afterwards, of course, she felt disgusted in herself, the thought of having sex with Nathan, repugnant. It was those damned stories, she told herself, feeling annoyed at whoever was leaving them on the computer and not apportioning any blame to herself for reading them.

In a rush now, she cleaned up and dressed before going out to work. What she had never thought to do was delete them the moment she found them on the desktop.

Throughout the summer, she had no chance of checking who used the computer during the day, both her son and daughter having finished for their summer breaks. At regular intervals, a new story would appear, the old one, being deleted. Lucy tried checking the history and recent files, trying to work out who the culprit was, her problem agonisingly was that the other three knew far more about computers than she did, and so whoever was leaving them there, knew enough to hide their identity.

The newest story which had appeared a couple of days ago was titled "Mom's Fantasy" and she was still to read it, trying to ignore the file on the desktop despite the way it continually seemed to attract her attention. Lucy was going to leave it until the morning, again she was not due in the shop until after lunch and was sure that both her son and daughter would be out with friends.

It was typical of the ones she had previously read, graphic descriptions of sex between a mother and son which left her highly aroused and excited by the time she reached the last page. At the end of the page, there was a link, simply entitled Madeline and Damien, the two main characters of the story. Lucy clicked on it, sitting back in amazement with her mouth open when the picture appeared. It was a man and a woman, the female sat reverse cowgirl on the man's lap, his cock plainly buried in her cunt. What startled her was the appearance of the woman, while the body was similar to her own, it definitely wasn't her body, unfortunately, the face though was hers.

It was impossible to tell who the male was, all of his body except for his legs and penis, hidden by the female. Lucy continued to stare, if she didn't know better, she would have sworn it was a picture of her naked and having sex.

Immediately she deleted it, afraid that one of her family would decide to read the story and click on the link. It had to be Nathan she concluded, the trouble was that over the last few days she was sure he had been nowhere near the machine.

She switched off and went for her shower, ending up frigging herself in the cubicle as water sprayed from the showerhead and her legs turned to jelly.

Nothing more happened until the end of summer. Katie had turned eighteen and had started college, her husband was back after his summer break and Nathan had also returned to his lectures.

Lucy had taken a week off, determined to get some housework done now that they were all out of the way. She had logged on that morning with her brew and read the news headlines, no new file had appeared on the desktop yet. Her first job was to do the bedrooms where she changed the bedding before Hoovering and dusting. It took most of the morning, Lucy making herself some lunch as she sat at the computer once more and spotting it immediately, there was a new file on the desktop, "Mom's a Milf."

She was astounded and a little scared, the file had certainly not been there beforehand, and no one had been on the

computer, only her. During her lunch, she sat and read the story, surprised that certain elements of it could easily pertain to herself and as was becoming normal, feeling highly aroused by the time she was finished. Once more at the end, there was a link, this one titled "Charlotte," again, the character of the story. Tentatively, she clicked on it, in a way already expecting the picture that appeared.

It was her face, a different picture this time, but still her face, laughably, there was no way it was her body, not with breasts of that size. On a whim, she printed the picture out, wishing she had done the same with the previous one as she took it upstairs to her bedroom.

It just had to be Nathan who was doing this, she could see no reason for either of the others to be leaving these files on the computer. What troubled her was why he was doing it. She had an inkling that she currently refused to face, he was nineteen, a month away from his twentieth birthday and had an extremely attractive girlfriend who he had been dating for the last twelve months. Surely, he wasn't considering the

thoughts that ran through Lucy's mind, it was too ridiculous to contemplate.

Lucy liked Milly, Nathan's girlfriend, even though she considered she wasn't good enough for her son. This was her problem she knew, no matter which girl he brought home, she would never consider any of them good enough, maybe there was a touch of jealousy there, he had come from her body, and she never wanted to lose him to another woman.

The thought of her son seeing her sexually scared the life out of her, it was so wrong, but at the same time, there was an excitement and thrill about it, that someone half her age considered her attractive and arousing, was something she had never contemplated.

Did she confront him and say something? What if he denied any knowledge of it, what then? The subject matter would be out in the open, the fact that she had read and become aroused by stories of incest. Would he laugh at her and deny all knowledge, would he repeat her accusation to his father?

The more she thought about it, the less inclined she was to say anything.

'Christ, this is ridiculous.' She was talking to herself in the empty room as she gazed at the picture, her fanny sending a dull ache to her belly and her nipples protesting and feeling swollen as they pressed against the cups of her bra.

'Damn you!' she said aloud as she quickly undressed, opened a drawer and from beneath a pile of panties, took out her vibrator. Laid on the bed with her legs open, she applied it to her pussy, the buzzing toy soon having her lips open and her juices flowing.

When she plunged it into her cunt and started fucking herself with it, Nathan sprung into her mind. She had no idea what he looked like naked, nevertheless, her brain painted a picture of him towering over her as his cock violently abused her passage, the vibrator becoming his shaft as it plundered her quim until her climax burst and she screamed at her orgasm.

Afterwards, she felt dirty again, tears pricking the back of her eyes because she had descended to this animalistic level.

At college, Nathan sat in the library gazing out of the window, his mind elsewhere. He wondered if his mother had read the new story he had left on the computer's desktop. He knew she would immediately suspect him, he couldn't help that, but at least she had no proof and the way he had left the present one would confuse her. It had been easy to set up remote access to the computer at home from his laptop and could easily see when she was using it without her having any idea that he was watching.

She had been on earlier, reading news sites and then all movement stopped as he took the opportunity and placed the file. He would check later to see if she had opened it, she had with all of the others and the links to the pictures. They had been easy to create in photoshop, his cock protesting as he gazed at the image of his mother with his shaft inside her, an element which she would never suspect.

Like all adolescents, he had discovered online pornography and by now had progressed through young women to milfs and then onwards towards the discovery of more mature women and even grannies. There was something about mature women that captured his attention, and when he discovered clips where the two characters were supposed to be a mother and her son, he had become engrossed.

It hadn't taken long before his thoughts had turned to his own mother, wondering if she was still happy with the situation at home. Nathan wasn't a child anymore; he knew his parent's marriage wasn't perfect and that the noises that used to come from their bedroom had ceased long ago and now only happened infrequently. Once or twice, he had spotted his father with a much younger woman, someone no older than himself, and while they were not doing anything to raise his suspicions, he did wonder if she was one of his students and if he was having an affair with her.

Once the idea of his mother was planted in his brain, he began to see her differently, wondering what she would look like naked and what it may be like to make love to her. Despite

her age, she was still attractive, her figure slim with full breasts. He imagined her coming to his room each night, removing her negligee as she climbed into his bed and offered her body to him. His resulting ejaculation would be caught in a pair of panties that he had pilfered from her drawer.

He knew he couldn't approach her and divulge his true feelings, sure that she would be shocked and upset by any such declaration. Her generation and his thought about sex differently, and while it would probably not surprise someone of his age, to his mother it would be abhorrent. He had hit upon this idea in the hope that eventually she might say something when they were alone and give him an opportunity and an opening to tell her what his true feelings were.

It sounded so easy in the stories he had left on the computer, in real life it was nothing like that, you didn't suddenly declare your fantasies about your mother to her.

There was another tale and picture ready on his laptop, encrypted and hidden in case his sister decided to pry. He had downloaded it and then altered the story so that it more related to his mother, it would be hard for her not to realise that the woman in the writing could easily be herself. He had thought about altering the names, but that was a step too far and would bring about a confrontation that he could not control.

It wasn't easy for him, his frustration at his hidden desires caused distractions when he was home, his eyes continually following his mother as he wondered if she was wearing tights or stockings, his mind suddenly creating images in his head of his mum dressed in stockings and suspenders, the rising bulge in his pants causing consternation as he tried to hide it. Occasionally a button may come open on her blouse and he would catch a fleeting glimpse of her bra, his brain creating a scenario where he was removing it and fondling her breasts, her erect nipples pressing into the palms of his hands.

Nathan shuffled in his seat, edging his chair farther under the table to hide his grumbling erection and aware that he couldn't move yet until it subsided.

He was glad when his next lecture was due, at least it would distract him from his present thoughts and keep his cock under control until he got home and could have a wank. He was getting desperate as he thought up outlandish scenario's where his mother fell into his arms and begged him to take her to bed, she had read five stories so far and seen two pictures and much to his disappointment had said nothing.

He was becoming desperate, wondering what more he could do, surely, she must have realised that he had feelings for her, feelings that as her son, he shouldn't be having, but he was afraid of being the one to initiate the conversation and of losing the relationship they currently had.

His birthday was due soon and she had asked if he wanted a party or anything. It hadn't bothered Nathan, his next birthday after that would be the important one. He had told

her he would just be having a few drinks with Milly and his friends but if she fancied, they could go out as a family and have a meal.

His mum had come back to him and let him know she had booked a table at one of the local restaurants for the family. As it was, things didn't go to plan. He had told Milly and his friends he was out with the family that evening and that he would see them the following night. Then his sister Katie dropped out, 'a pressing engagement,' she explained. The next was his father, a conference had come up and he had been invited as a guest speaker and he would be away that weekend.

His mother had been angry, but he had told her not to get upset, he wasn't worried, and she and he could still go out and have dinner together if she wished.

When the occasion came around, Nathan even donned a suit, something he only ever wore for weddings and funerals. His mother appeared in a cocktail dress, instantly sparking a

desire in his loins, she stood very close as she straightened his tie, any closer and she would be in peril of feeling his erection pushing against her belly.

Turning out to be a very enjoyable evening, Nathan had flirted with her at every opportunity as the both of them had far too much to drink. With the table cleared and coffee and mints in front of them, he had suddenly appeared a little subdued.

Is everything all right Nathan,' Lucy asked, wondering if he had perhaps drunk too much.

When he raised his head, she was sure that he appeared to be on the edge of tears.

He had drunk sufficient to give him liquid courage, his brain fuzzy as he dared to try a new tact.

'I've got a problem mum, and I don't know what to do about it.' Immediately Lucy was full of concern, wondering what was wrong with her son.

'I'm sure it's nothing that we can't fix,' she laughed.

Nathan shook his head, his reply carrying a hint of sarcasm. 'I thought tonight might resolve it, but if anything, it has made it worse.'

Now Lucy was really concerned. 'Tell me..... two heads are better than one.'

Nathan let the silence stretch out before speaking again. 'I'm having difficulty seeing you as my mother. I've tried to stop it from happening. I've tried to stop my thoughts. But these feelings just won't go away, and I don't know how to stop them.' He could feel himself on the verge of tears now.

Lucy instantly knew where this conversation was going even though she was shocked by what he had said. 'Is this to do with the stories that I have been finding on my computer. Did you put them there?'

Ashamedly, Nathan nodded his head.

'So, if you are not seeing me as your mum..... how are you seeing me?' she asked, already knowing the answer without her son saying anything.

Nathan refused to answer, simply shaking his head. He appeared to be far too embarrassed to tell her how he was currently viewing her.

'It's not healthy Nathan, you shouldn't be thinking about me like that.' Lucy could not stop the rush of excitement that permeated her body. 'When did it start?' she asked.

Again, it took her son a while to answer. 'It's been going on for a while. I've been trying to fight it, but it's leaving me feeling

depressed and making me do stupid things. I just can't get you out of my head and the thoughts aren't you know..... decent.'

Lucy reached across the table, taking her son's hand. 'I'll help you as much as I can Nathan, but I'm sorry, nothing is ever going to happen, I couldn't countenance what I think you're imagining, it is just so wrong, I couldn't go there.'

He nodded his head, 'I understand mum, and I know you're right..... I just want it to stop.'

Rather than get a taxi, they walked home, Lucy reprimanding herself when she took his arm.

'Anyway, what about your girlfriend, what about Milly, are you not happy?'

Nathan shrugged his shoulders. 'Truthfully, I've been thinking of breaking up with her. It doesn't seem fair that

thoughts of her have been replaced by thoughts of you. The magic has gone out of it, and it doesn't feel the same anymore.

Most of the rest of the journey was completed in silence. 'How did you get that last file on the computer?' his mother asked.

'Easily,' Nathan replied. 'Remote access!'

'Were there others?' she asked him, watching as he nodded.

'One more, the last one. I'll send it to you and then I promise to stop.'

The next morning, he popped the file onto the computer and deleted the previous one. The evening had gone better than he had thought and at least the subject had been exposed, no more wondering if his mother realised what he was after even though in a way she had refused his advances.

As the evening had progressed, he had waited for the right opportunity, using just the right amount of hesitancy and embarrassment in his voice, his face a picture of misery even though inside, he'd wanted to laugh. She had fallen for it hook line and sinker and at last, she knew what his intentions towards her were. All he had to do now was bide his time, certain that eventually, she would succumb.

Nathan knew from experience the hold that the subject of incest began to exert on you. He had been fine until that first clip which involved a supposed mother and son, it was the same with the stories, one led to another until eventually, he couldn't get enough of them. Fantasies whirled around inside his brain, the better the story, the more the object of his desires took precedence.

For the next couple of months, he would do and say nothing, allowing his mother's own thoughts to do the work for him, convinced that eventually, she would weaken her resolve and ultimately, allow him to bed her.

It was hard, but between that evening and Christmas, he stuck to it. He continued to wank to the pictures of her that he had created, by now her panties, so full of dried semen, were becoming rough and coarse, perhaps time for him to get rid and help himself to another pair, maybe an old bra as well as he imagined squirting his cum all over her tits.

All he had to do was wait until everyone was out of the house and then go and raid her underwear drawer, smiling to himself as he remembered finding her secret toy hidden beneath her panties.

Lucy waited until the following week and her late start before reading the story Nathan had sent to her. Once everybody had left that morning she sat at her computer and read, glad that she had because her fingers were playing with her fanny by the time, she was halfway through it. The characters could easily be her and Nathan, so much so, that as she read it a second time, she hadn't realised that she had substituted their names.

She stopped for a moment to catch her breath as she dashed upstairs and returned with her toy. Starting at the beginning, she reread the tale, the vibrator constantly buzzing at her vagina as she was sucked into the plot. When the son fucked his mother, in her reality, Nathan was fucking her, she plunged the toy into her cunt, in her head it was his shaft that was bringing her climax ever closer. She slowed as the scene came to an end, teasing herself as it built to the couples next liaison.

She never made it to the last chapter, her orgasm had the chair rocking back and forwards as she climaxed, screwing her eyes shut and clamping her thighs together as the toy vibrated inside her cunt. Scrolling to the last page, she had waited to see what the picture was this time, instantly aroused as she viewed it. The woman was on a couch staring up at the camera, the man's face, body and especially his cock visible from a side view. As usual, it was her face staring back at her, only this time it was easy to see that the man was her son.

She printed it out after saving a copy of the story and then shut down the computer before racing for her bedroom,

discarding clothes as she went. On her bed, she opened her legs wide and plunged the toy back into her cunt, holding the picture aloft as she fantasised that it was Nathan who was now pummelling her fanny as he panted above her.

Her climax was stupendous, and she found herself calling his name as waves of pleasure surged through her body. Sadly, afterwards, her normal sensibilities returned, and she felt dirty and depraved, cursing for having allowed herself to imagine Nathan having sex with her and vowing that it would never happen again.

Lucy lasted nearly a month, each time at her computer she would look to see if a new file had appeared despite her instructions to her son that it had to stop. She had quickly become accustomed to the arousal they gave her and over the last three weeks had reread the last one numerous time's. She quietly asked her son one evening where he had got them from, Nathan promising to send her the link.

That was how it started for Lucy, soon she found that she couldn't do without them, buying herself a handheld tablet so that she could sit comfortably after their evening meal and read. Nathan had made no mention of their conversation since, but she knew his eyes followed her whenever she moved, Lucy silently berating herself when she found that intentionally she was giving him views up her skirt or that she had chosen a top which displayed cleavage or a glimpse of her breasts if she leant forward.

The thought of sex with her son still felt repellent to her, something that was abnormal, but she found herself masturbating constantly with Nathan being the main protagonist each time.

By the time Christmas arrived she knew she was struggling, it didn't help when she started to notice her son's frequent erections, especially if she had unconsciously teased him. The stories in a way had become her sex life, unconcerned anymore as to whether her husband made love to her or not. Although she tried different ones, she found herself returning

to the ones that featured a mother and son, she loved the ones that featured romance with explosive sex scenes.

On New Year's Eve, they all went out as a family, Nathan had invited Milly and Katie had invited her present beau. It was a pleasant evening, Nathan walked his girlfriend home when it finished while the others returned in a taxi, dropping Katie's partner on the way. Lucy had got tipsy but had enjoyed herself despite several irrational bouts of jealousy when she saw Nathan dancing with Milly, the young woman pressed tightly against him.

Her husband and daughter had already gone upstairs, Lucy just waiting for Nathan to return so that she could lock up. She tidied up bits and bobs until he got in and then told him she was going up to bed. As she passed, he stopped her, stooping slightly as he kissed her cheek.

'Happy New Year mum,' he whispered, a twinkle in his eye.

His hands rested on her waist longer than necessary, his eyes staring at her face. Lucy later blamed it on the drinks as her face suddenly bobbed forward and she kissed his lips. He hesitated for a second before kissing her back, Lucy having forgotten what it felt like to be kissed sensuously. She stopped him before she lost all sense of decorum, panting slightly as she broke away.

'I'm sorry Nathan, that was wrong of me. We mustn't do that.' She wished him goodnight as she made her way to her bedroom.

Her husband was still awake and waiting for her, Lucy having to endure fifteen minutes of unsatisfactory sex that left her feeling used and disillusioned.

Max was snoring, Lucy unable to settle as she replayed the kiss in her mind. She had found it arousing especially as she felt her sons erection pressing against her belly. It had ignited a fire down below which her husband's lovemaking had failed to extinguish. She wanted to touch herself but had no desire

to disturb him and have Max maul her once more. Her dreams that night were lurid, finding herself naked in her son's presence, his hands touching her body had elicited a flood of emotions as her orgasm woke her from her dreams.

With the return to work and college into the new year, Lucy was still telling herself, no, but her mind was now putting together arguments as to why she should. Despite her frequent masturbation, her body was demanding more, the pictures not sufficient anymore as she closed her eyes and imagined her son taking her.

As Easter approached, Nathan asked what she was doing for her birthday. Lucy knew that if previous years were anything to go by, her forty-first would be disappointing. 'Why don't we go out for dinner again?' he suggested.

Lucy found herself saying yes immediately. 'Why don't you wear that cocktail dress again?' Nathan suggested, 'You looked sexy.'

He said no more than that as he walked off, leaving her brimming with excitement.

When it came around, she found herself making a special effort as though she was going on a first date rather than having dinner with her son. He had booked the same restaurant again, Lucy delighted by the attention he paid to her all evening. This time both of them were sensible enough to watch how much they drank; she still hadn't forgotten what had happened the last time they were here.

When the waiter had served their coffee and mints, Nathan produced a small, wrapped package from his pocket, 'Happy birthday mum,' he said as he handed it to her.

Lucy opened it, surprised as she hadn't expected anything other than a pleasant evening. Inside the box was a necklace, two gold entwined hearts with their birthstones set into each one. She could feel her tears as she welled up, leaning across the table as she offered him her lips.

He came around the table as he fastened it around her neck before kissing the top of her head and returning to his seat. He had made no mention all evening of their previous conversation and as they left the restaurant, he helped her on with her coat. 'Do you want me to phone a taxi?' he asked.

Lucy shook her head, it was still mild outside and she had enjoyed their evening together, not yet wanting it to end. Taking her son's arm, they walked along the high street in silence until she suddenly asked. 'How have you been managing, has it got any easier?'

Nathan pulled a face and shrugged his shoulders, 'Yes and no, it's easier to live with but I still feel the same about you,' he said.

She had spent nearly a year fighting against the feelings that were growing within her, refusing to acknowledge that slowly as time passed, her attitudes were changing. She had become used to fantasising about Nathan, dreaming of scenario's where they made love. On an impulse and as the street was

empty, she dragged him into a shop doorway, pressing her body against him as she closed her eyes and raised her face towards him.

The wait seemed interminable, and then his lips touched hers, the kiss soft and slow to begin with and then growing in passion as she felt his erection pushing against her mound. As their mouths ground against each other, he continued to be the perfect gentleman, his hands never wandering from her waist or back, even though Lucy would have loved for him to touch her.

Her body was alight, her arousal quickly mounting as she unconsciously pushed her lower half tighter against him, moving her hips slightly as she rubbed against the bulge she could feel. She couldn't stop the grumblings of pleasure resounding in her throat, their mouths still fixed together. Her nipples were hard, her fanny quickly growing moist. In that instant, Lucy had made her choice, she wanted to make love with her son, she wanted sex with him, she wanted him to fuck her.

When they finally parted Lucy was panting, her breasts heaving up and down and her fanny protesting about its lack of sex. 'Ok?' Nathan asked.

Still gulping for air, Lucy nodded her head, eventually, she managed, 'What about you, was that wrong of me?' she asked.

Nathan smiled as he held her close, 'No if anything, that was worth waiting for. Do you realise how beautiful you look?'

Lucy preened, with her decision finally made, she wanted him, currently prepared to have sex wherever they could find a secluded spot.

Nathan put paid to her body's present demands. 'Not tonight. If you are going to allow me to make love to you..... then it has to be right, not some sordid leg over down a back alley. I want it to be slow and special, I want the time to touch you properly and so I'm prepared to wait.'

Her heart swelled as she pulled him in tight against her and proffered her lips once more. At least this time his hands moved as he cupped her buttocks, pulling her mound tightly against his erection. She could feel her desires building to an extent that when his hand cupped and fondled her breast, Lucy shivered and cried out as she had a minor climax, juices dampening her panties as she writhed against him.

'Perhaps we had better get home before someone comes across us and we are recognised,' Nathan said as he took her hand, and they resumed their journey towards home.

It wasn't the next day or even the following week, Lucy's anticipation building as she wondered when they would eventually do the deed. She continued to read the stories, in each of them she substituted the names of the characters for her own and Nathans, becoming nervous the more she thought about what she had decided to do.

Was Nathan going to be disappointed? She was no longer young like his girlfriend; her body had changed as the years

mounted. Would she see it in his face when he saw her naked, his desire diminishing when confronted with the fact that she was an old woman?

Nathan had said nothing, he knew his mother had a couple of days off and having checked his timetable he knew he only had one lecture that morning and then nothing for the rest of the day or tomorrow. Finished, he headed towards home, hoping to surprise her, if everything went according to plan, today would be the day.

It must have been going on for eleven o'clock, Lucy doing housework when she was sure she had heard the front door open and close. Wiping her hands on the tea towel, she headed for the lounge, surprised to find her son waiting patiently for her.

'Hello! What are you doing home Nathan?' He said nothing, giving her a secretive smile.

The breath caught in her throat as she realised what he had planned. 'Today?'

He nodded his head as he continued to smile, advancing on her before taking her in his arms as their lips came together. Lucy surrendered herself to the embrace, her body quickly responding as her nervousness took a back seat.

'That's if you're ready to,' he whispered when their mouths took a quick break.

Hesitantly, she nodded her head, her nerves resurfacing.

Taking her hand, he led her up the stairs, halting outside his bedroom, 'Your bedroom or mine?' he asked.

'Mine,' Lucy replied, continuing to follow her son until, in her bedroom, he closed the door behind them.

This was the moment of truth she thought, a shiver running down her spine as he pulled her in close, his hands failing to stay still this time as he slid them up and down her thighs, cupped her buttocks and fondled her breasts. When he created a space so that he could unbutton her shirt, Lucy allowed her hand to explore as she traced the length of his erection and gasped as she realised how big he felt.

When he pulled her shirt open to expose her bra and her milky white breasts, she felt a moment of panic but a glance at his face assured her as she saw the desire and lust there. Pulling his t-shirt over his head, Lucy got her first view of his muscular chest, his nipples, like her own, hard, and aroused. The last time she had seen him naked, he had been a child and here he was now, undressing her.

Having disposed of her shirt, he reached behind her back and expertly unfastened her bra, leaving it in place for a moment before sliding the straps down her arms and then withdrawing the cups and allowing her breasts to fall free. Lucy heard his sharp intake of breath before his hand came up and cupped her left tit, his finger arousing her erect nipple.

'Bloody hell mum, they are glorious.' His hand hefted the orb, testing its weight before gently squeezing it as he rolled the nipple between finger and thumb.

She couldn't stop the growl that started in her throat and worked its way up to her lips as he caressed both of her tits, pressing them together as his thumbs rolled over her nipples. All nervousness was forgotten now as she began to unfasten his pants, Nathan assisting until he stood naked in front of her, his shaft jutting out proudly from below his belly, Lucy's eyes were glued to it as she watched her hand and fingers encircle its girth before gripping him firmly as she eased the skin down, this time Nathan uttering a loud groan.

Her skirt and panties followed in quick succession, her son easing her backwards towards her bed. As her buttocks hit the mattress, he opened her legs, kneeling on the floor as she watched his head disappear between her thighs and felt his warm breath on her fanny. She felt him pull her lips apart, his breath hotter on the pink moist sensitive flesh, and then his tongue made contact, Lucy's hips bucking uncontrollably

until his strong hands took hold of her thighs and held her firmly.

Nathan licked every inch of her open flesh, poking his tongue into her passage as she lay back and groaned, her upper torso twisting and her hands playing with her tits and nipples, fondling herself as the sensations in her body escalated.

This was nothing like the sex she had become accustomed to, despite his tender years, her son seemed to know exactly where to touch her to elicit the greatest amount of pleasure. His lips found the tiny bud that was her clitoris, sucking gently at it and then flicking it with his tongue as she first pleaded with him to stop and then encouraged him to do it more. She had lost all sense of decorum, her body responding to his every touch. This was what sex should be like she thought for a second and then cried out as his tongue pierced her fanny once more, saliva and her juices mixing at it covered her groin and Nathans face.

He had brought her to the edge, Lucy teetering there and waiting for that final rush when Nathan moved, lying beside her as one hand and arm supported her neck and head while his other hand went between her thighs, and she felt his fingers slide into her pussy. When he finger-fucked her, he started slowly, teasing at first until his hand and fingers got faster, finally pounding her cunt.

Lucy had stopped breathing, her face, neck, and upper torso going red as she strained, her body taut as she realised, she was seconds away. And then her eyes rolled back into her head as she climaxed, her orgasm exploding inside her and sending waves of pleasure surging through her body, one crashing over the other until her brain demanded that she take a breath. Her body began jerking and wouldn't stop, juices flowing from her cunt as the sound of wet flesh slapping together echoed around the room. She saw stars in front of her eyes, her son's fingers still encouraging her climax to continue until Lucy surrendered to the blackness that beckoned.

He was watching her with a concerned look on his face when she eventually opened her eyes, taking a moment to orientate

herself. She could never remember having sex like that and he hadn't even made love to her yet. Her orgasm had been cataclysmic, her body still trying to recover from it as her heart pounded.

'Are you alright?' she heard him ask. Lucy dragged his face to her as she kissed this young man who had taken her to places long forgotten.

Before she had come around completely, he was kneeling between her thighs, and she groaned again as she felt the tip of his shaft press against her pussy. She just had time to take a breath, and then his cock was sliding inside her, her passage expanding to accommodate his throbbing length of meat. When their groins finally touched, she relaxed, this was the moment she had been waiting for, her son's cock now buried deep inside her cunt.

Nathan slowly and teasingly fucked her, deep thrusts with a pause before withdrawing and rubbing his cock over her clit. Lucy raised her hips, wanting his shaft back inside her pussy

and then wrapping her legs around his buttocks when he penetrated her quim once more. He lowered himself, raining minute kisses over her breasts, his tongue circling her nipples as she thrust them at him.

And then he fucked her rapidly, Lucy's arousal escalating as she began to reach her point of no return again. She pulled him deeper with each thrust, urging him onwards as he pounded her cunt, her tits wobbling each time his groin slammed into hers.

It became too much for her, so long since someone had made love to her like this that she just allowed her climax to engulf her senses, thrashing wildly beneath her son as another orgasm had her soaring once more and then she felt his cock judder and the spurts of cum which hit the back of her cunt.

When she surfaced, Nathan was laid next to her, his arms wrapped around her torso and his hand gently caressing her breast. She felt worn out but fully sated, how long had it been

since sex was that good and now wondering why she had denied him for so long.

Lucy turned on her side to face him as he gave her a satisfied smile. 'Do you know that you are fantastic,' Nathan uttered and made her laugh.

'Why? You did all the work.'

'Your turn next then,' he smirked, his fingers already teasing her nipples as he gazed at her tits.

'Oh, by the way, did I tell you I've also got tomorrow off as well,' he grinned as Lucy pushed him onto his back and rolled on top of her son.

It was just before three o'clock before they surfaced and only because Katie would be home from college shortly. Lucy could have slept for hours, her body felt weak and her legs like jelly. Nathan just sat up in the bed watching as she

dressed, eliciting excitement once more as he gazed at her body.

'Come along, get dressed and help me make the bed.'

He paraded naked in front of her, even in its flaccid state his cock looked large, and Lucy could not stop looking at his groin.

'We could always retire to my room and lock the door,' Nathan said as he slipped in behind her, his hands coming up as he cupped and fondled her breasts.

'Behave. We can do this all over again tomorrow,' she whispered, turning, and kissing her son.

As the week came to an end, Lucy was convinced that she would never be able to walk properly again, her body completely done in. She had spent the last two days doing nothing but having sex with her son and had never felt so

happy in her life. It was as though she had come alive again, her mind full of ideas of how they could get time alone and make love.

She knew it wasn't going to be as easy as she imagined but having now committed herself to an incestuous relationship with Nathan, she was going to enjoy it for as long as it lasted.

Over the following weeks, new stories appeared on her computer, Lucy reading them avidly and taking inspiration from the sex scenes and locations, eager to try new things if Nathan was up for it. Now free of feelings that had held her back, she teased him incessantly, some evenings going without her bra or panties as he sat opposite her in the lounge, and she allowed her legs to slide open and give him a perfect view of her naked fanny.

He appeared to be insatiable, always eager to touch and fondle her. When she cleared up after their evening meal, she suddenly acquired a helper, in the kitchen while the rest of her family watched television, Nathans hands would be inside

her blouse or up her skirt, he had even managed to make her cum by fingering her as she stood at the kitchen sink.

When she went shopping, Lucy began to look at clothes that she thought may excite him, new lingerie, slightly shorter skirts and tighter tops, items that emphasised her body.

At her son's suggestion, she had even bought herself a new dress, it was low cut and slinky and hugged her figure closely.

'Is there any reason, why we can't have evenings out together?' he had asked, 'Especially as summer is coming and the evenings will be getting warmer.'

It was obvious what he was proposing, a way that they could carry on having sex on a more regular basis rather than the haphazard opportunities they had to snatch at the moment.

Her husband never seemed to notice the change in her, he was always off out somewhere anyway. She was even more

convinced that he was having an affair, but Lucy now couldn't care less, the more he got elsewhere, the less he would make demands on her. She was thrilled that she was having her own affair, right under his nose, Max would never suspect that his son had taken over his duties in the bedroom.

They dined out together often over the next month or two, Lucy asking one evening about his girlfriend.

'I suppose bit by bit we are drifting apart; we want different things in life,' Nathan told her.

'So, what is it you want?' she asked her son.

'You,' It was a simple and straightforward answer as far as he was concerned.

'It can't go on forever Nathan,' she told him, 'I'm always going to be a lot older than you. The day will come when you don't find me desirable anymore, what happens then?'

'I think you're taking a too simplistic a view mum. You get older, I get older. It's not like I'm going to stay twenty forever while you get older. Is there any reason, why I shouldn't fancy you as much when I'm thirty..... or even forty? The age difference does not matter so long as we are both happy to continue.'

It seemed her son had already made his mind up and Lucy was happy to accommodate his desires, hoping that as he had said, it would carry on for years.

As it was a warmer evening they had walked back from the eatery. It had only been a pub meal on this occasion, both of them dressing casually, content just to spend time alone. Nathan's only intention from the outset had been to get his mother into bed and shag her, he had never considered what may happen afterwards if he succeeded.

He was finding that there was a lot more to her, hidden beneath that mature mumsy exterior. She was infinitely

better in bed than his girlfriend was, sex with her wasn't about love, it was about the sex, his mother open to any idea's he could think of and prepared to give everything a try which hopefully culminated in her climax. Although never intending to, Nathan had become besotted with her, she was funny and definitely sexy and knew how to use her body to entice him.

'We could always take a detour,' he suggested with a smirk.

Lucy was immediately a willing participant; it had been a week since they had last found an opportunity and she needed fucking. 'Lead on McDuff,' she giggled.

The children's playground and the small park was empty at this time of an evening, Nathan leading her away from the entrance. He chose the swings for the older children, whispering what he wanted her to do and holding her arm as she removed her panties.

Seated on the swing with her dress up around her waist, she watched as her son struggled to extract his erection. At last, it was free as he moved closer, grabbed the chains, and pulled her and the swing towards him. Lucy could not stop laughing at first as she fumbled between her legs and positioned his cock, the laughter replaced by a loud groan as he penetrated her quim and rammed his member home. Nathan fucked her steadily, occasionally releasing her as she swung away from him, his mother kicking her legs in the air and then catching her as she swung back towards him before sliding his cock back into her cunt again.

Releasing one hand, Lucy pulled her top up, exposing her unfettered breasts, her nipples erect and huge in the cooling evening air. Nathan was desperate to touch them as he withdrew and took her hand, dragging her off the swing and across to the grassed area. With the reduced lighting levels, unless someone entered the park and came in their direction, there was little chance of being seen as Lucy lay back in the grass and opened her legs, Nathan dropping his pants to his ankles before kneeling and shuffling between her thighs.

When his cock filled her fanny once more, Lucy pulled him down, their lips coming together as they kissed ferociously, theirs heads and mouths twisting one way and then another, Nathan managing to get a hand between them as he massaged his mother's tit.

Raising his hips higher, he slammed his cock into her twat, his mother's legs going around his waist as he fucked her. She was talking dirty to him, using words and a voice as though he was still a youngster as she urged him to shag her harder and faster. Lucy had found that it excited her son further when she reminded him, she was his mother and deliberately told him, what his "mummy" liked being done to her.

Nathans's hips became a blur as he fucked her, his cock pounding her cunt as she tried to stop the noise's leaving her lips but eventually giving up as she headed towards her climax, screaming at the sky as he made her orgasm and filled her cunt with his cum.

They lay together after they had made themselves decent, hand in hand as they stared up at the stars and spoke of how each of them felt. Lucy had never been so contented as she was now, it was as though she had suddenly got younger, sex was exciting and satisfying once more and she constantly looked forward to her son making love to her. Nathan was ecstatic, this had all been part of his original plan, never imagining that it would work to this extent. He had dreamt about having sex with his mum, never realising how fantastic it would be if his desires ever came true.

It did cause a dilemma in his mind at times though, there had been a second part to his plan but over the last few months, his emotional ties to his mother had become such, that he had put the second part on the back burner.

While Milly was still around in the background, his attraction and need for her had diminished significantly, when they did meet up, there were frequent arguments about the lack of attention she was receiving. He was reaching a stage where if he never had another girlfriend, he would be content to carry on making love to his mum.

When they finally reached home, they stopped outside for a few minutes as they kissed before unfortunately, they had to go indoors.

His mother had gone up to her bed, Nathan sat watching the tv before retiring when his sister appeared in the lounge.

'You and mum been out again?' she asked.

'Yeah,' Nathan nodded his head. 'We just went out for a pub meal, that's all.'

'You seem to spend a lot of time together nowadays; Milly says she sees nothing much of you.' Katie was prying, one of her favourite pastimes.

Nathan looked at his sister dressed in her pyjama's, she had turned into a stunning young woman and was never short of male company.

'I think dad has lost interest in her at times. I'm just trying to let her know we still appreciate her.' He kept his face straight, the less his sister knew, the better.

She seemed to accept his explanation as she went to the kitchen, got herself a drink and then returned to her room.

He was still up and watching the end of a film when he heard footsteps coming down the stairs, he was expecting his sister again and was mildly surprised when his mother appeared.

'Can you not sleep?' he asked her, immediately aroused because the nightdress she was wearing was nearly transparent and he could see her naked body through it.

His mum shook her head, I'm just going to make myself a drink, do you want anything?'

Nathan politely declined as she headed for the kitchen and he headed for the stairs, by the time she returned with her cup, he was back on the couch, only now he was wearing nothing but PJ bottoms. Putting a finger to his lips he indicated that she should stay quiet and then beckoned her towards him, Lucy straddling his knees as she sat facing him.

'I can think of something better than a drink to help you sleep,' he whispered as he pulled the cord at his waist and his erection popped free. Lucy stood for a second as he slumped further down before returning to her position, only this time she could feel his manhood pressing against her quim. She wriggled against it as she teased him, feeling the jerk of his shaft against her genitals. 'Would you like to fuck me?' she whispered in his ear.

She didn't need to wait for an answer, it was obvious what Nathan wanted to do as she raised her bottom and pulled his erection upright beneath her. He had to put his hand to her mouth as she lowered herself and his cock forced its way into her cunt, Lucy quickly disposing of the nightdress as she pulled it over her head. With her son's shaft now filling her

passage, she wasn't bothered if someone caught them or not, her mind focusing on nothing more than getting fucked.

Using the back of the couch for support, Lucy raised and lowered herself, enraptured by the sensations as her fanny expanded and contracted. Nathan added to her delight as his thumb found her clit, gently rubbing it as she gyrated in his lap and moaned softly, trying to keep her voice to a low level so as not to awaken anyone upstairs.

His other hand went to her tits, massaging and fondling the bouncing flesh, her nipples standing proud and demanding attention. Leaning forward, she found his mouth, her lips pressing firmly against her son's as they kissed, her groans muffled and unable to escape.

Lucy hardly dared to believe she was doing this, her husband and daughter were asleep upstairs and there she was, naked and getting fucked on the couch by Nathan.

He released her tits and grabbed her buttocks, holding her aloft as he raised his hips, slamming his cock into her passage as a louder groan managed to escape. 'Shhhh!' he managed to say with a short laugh and a beaming smile, 'you'll get us caught.'

At that moment Lucy didn't care, her climax was so close that it was tangible. Her body was highly aroused, no matter where Nathan touched her, it sent blasts of pleasure to her brain, Lucy hanging her head as she panted and closed her eyes.

And then she was floating, control of her voice gone and sounding loud in the quiet house as her orgasm exploded, Nathan's cock hammering her cunt as she felt him ejaculate inside her and his voice joined hers in crying out.

In her bedroom, Katie stirred, wondering what had disturbed her. She listened for a moment, but the house was silent as she turned over and went back to sleep.

Down below, Lucy rained minute kisses all over her son's face, 'I love you; I love you; I love you,' the words repeating with each touch of her lips. Her body pressed tightly against her son's was hot and sweaty as she realised her feelings towards him had changed.

At nineteen and having discovered the delights of online pornography, Nathan had set himself a challenge after the first dozen clips, he had watched. The first short film had been a mother and her supposed son fornicating, after that, he had actively sought them out. It must have been about the fourth one he watched, a brother and sister having sex were discovered by their mother who rather than discipline them had joined the two in the bed.

It had set his imagination alight, that first thought as he wondered what it might be like to be in bed with his mum and sister. It was an instantaneous turn on and it was at that point he started plotting. He had set himself the challenge, that by the time he was twenty-two, he wanted to have had sex with both of them. He had thought of different ideas and rejected

them all as impractical, accidentally coming across the website full of incest stories one evening.

Having read half a dozen, he found he kept going back to them, the stories igniting his desires. The more he read, the more desperate he felt, the idea to put them on his mother's computer, a symptom of that desperation. It had taken longer than he thought, his touch of brilliance was that evening in the restaurant and his plea for help. Leaving her long enough and after her initial refusal, his mother had near enough seduced herself.

Nathans mother had disappeared back to her bedroom, considerably more satisfied than when she had come down the stairs. He had turned off the television, sitting in the silence as his mind wandered, the sight previously of his sister in her pyjama's had reminded him of what he had set out to accomplish.

She really was attractive now, in a way, a young version of his mum he thought as he wondered if his ploy would work a

second time. He would love to bed Katie but was finding that his desires were being muted at the thought of cheating on his mother. If he did go through with it, would he gain another conquest but lose what he and his mum had, presently, she was controlling his emotions.

The following week an opportunity arose, Katie had been working on her laptop in her bedroom when Nathan heard her descend the stairs. Grabbing the memory stick, he rushed to her room, getting there just before her screen went blank and locked him out. It only took a few minutes to install the program and set it up, his eyes on the screen as his ear's listened for any sound of his sister's return.

He was finished and back in his room as he heard Katie coming up the stairs and then her bedroom door closing. Nathan logged into his own laptop and watched what she was doing, some type of assignment for college with the look of it. He had a story ready, waiting for his first opportunity to place it on her computer, but rather than the anticipation he had felt when his mother was the target, this time he felt guilt.

It hadn't stopped him, when they were both called down for their evening meal, he took his chance and dropped the file on her laptop, only seconds behind Katie as he followed her downstairs.

Katie didn't see it when she returned, she was going out for the evening, shutting the lid of her laptop as she started to get ready.

It was probably a couple of days later that she noticed the file, wondering what it was and where it had come from, the title, "Seducing her Brother" wasn't something that she would have downloaded. Curiosity got the better of her as she opened the document and started reading.

Nathan watched on his screen, seeing exactly what his sister saw, his emotions divided. On the one hand, there was a sense of excitement, but it was tempered by the thought that he had just taken the first step of cheating on his mother, something he considered his father was doing.

Engrossed in what he was watching, he raised his eyes to find his mother standing at his bedroom door.

'It's a nice evening, fancy going for a walk?'

Katie was in her room, his father downstairs completing some work for the next day and Nathan knew exactly what his mum was inferring. Eagerly, he snapped his laptop shut and bounced off his bed, grinning like a Cheshire cat as he nodded his head. He forgot all about his sister as his mother raised her skirt, allowing him a quick glance at her naked lower half, Nathan already noticing that her erect nipples were causing twin peaks in her top.

'I'm just going out for a walk,' she called to her husband and heard him grunt as she and Nathan slipped out the back door.

It was only a short stroll before part of the town opened out into fields and country lanes, a ten-minute bus ride to the next populated town. There were other couples and dog-walkers out and about as they strolled arm in arm, a mother out with her son. Leaving the well-worn path, they headed for a more

secluded area, Nathan knowing where he was going, a spot he and Milly had frequented.

Lucy talked as they strolled, still coming to terms with what they had been doing over the last few months.

'I'm happy for this to continue for as long as it is what we both want. But I want you to continue your relationship with Milly or any other girlfriend you have. I cannot..... we cannot have the type of relationship I have with your father, it's impossible. What we do must always be a secret.'

Nathan acknowledge the truth in what she said.

'I don't want you to be lonely, and if I am the only woman in your life, you will end up lonely. You must have a proper relationship, a family of your own. I will always be your mum and for as long as you want, I will also be your lover. I cannot deny your father, he is my husband no matter how much at times I wish he weren't. I will never leave or divorce him, and

you will have to accept that at times he will want sex with me. I know it's hard, but that is the best I can offer you.'

Despite what he had initially set out to accomplish, Nathan found that it hurt. How he wished his mother could be young again and perhaps not his mother, then he could have the type of life with her that he now dreamed about.

Reaching the spot, they sat on the warm grass, both silent for a moment as they mulled over what had been discussed. Lucy would have liked the same as her son, but her maturity told her it could never be like that. She didn't want to think about him with another woman, but if it meant that there was never any suspicion attached to them and they could carry on making love, then it was a price she was prepared to pay.

As she lay back in the grass she pulled him towards her, their mouths and lips coming together as they kissed. She remembered how she had fallen in and then ultimately out of love with her husband, knowing now that those feelings were being directed towards her son.

Nathans's hand was quickly beneath her top as he massaged her breasts, his fingers tweaking her nipples until Lucy asked him to sit up for a second as she glanced around and removed her t-shirt. Nathan followed suit, ditching his own as they resumed kissing, his hands wandering up and down his mother's body as he became excited by the feel of her breasts pressing against his naked chest.

When his hand disappeared beneath her skirt and traced a path up her legs, Lucy opened then wider to give Nathan better access. When his fingers reached her inner thigh and then her groin, she could feel the dampness down below and hear the rumblings in her throat as she became more aroused. There was no one around to hear when she cried out, her son's finger penetrating her vagina and immediately slick with her juices.

Nathan finger-fucked his mum, Lucy rubbing and scrabbling at his pants as she tried to extract his erection. He rolled away from her for a second and removed the rest of his clothing, his mother doing the same as she ditched her skirt, laying

back naked and opening her legs as Nathan inserted his fingers into her pussy once more.

He built her arousal, his mouth alternating between her mouth and then her breasts, the excitement of being undressed and having sex outdoors, ramping up Lucy's arousal. As he fingered her, his thumb rubbed at her clitoris, her fanny alive and desperately wanting a cock inside it, but he was determined that she would climax before he fucked her.

Although she pleaded that she wanted to wait for him, grabbing and wanking his cock furiously, she was too far ahead of her son as she suddenly felt her imminent orgasm, releasing his shaft as her body went rigid and she began to shake and curse. Her tits wobbled, her legs thrashing as she dug nails into his flesh, her other hand pulling up tufts of grass.

'God, she loved him,' she thought a split second before his cock was thrust into her cunt, Nathan easing back and

forwards as he began fucking her. Lucy watched him towering over her, his eyes continually on the move as he looked into her face, glanced down at her breasts and then lower as he watched his shaft sink into her pussy.

When he looked into her eyes once more, his lips moved, his words so quiet that she lip-read rather than heard them. 'I love you so much, Lucy.' Her heart swelled, it was the first time he had ever used her name and the first time he had disclosed his true feelings. She pulled him down and kissed his face as she whispered back, 'I love you too Nathan.'

His hips gained momentum as he fucked her faster, his cock ramming into her cunt as he tried to devour her body, Lucy relinquishing control as her arousal escalated once more. He held her finely balanced on the edge, the slightest movement would push her over as she felt him kiss her eyelids and then she was falling, his manhood pounding her pussy as he panted above her and she writhed beneath him, ecstasy filling her soul as her orgasm seemed to tear her apart and then slowly reassemble her as his jerking cock filled her passage with his cream.

Afterwards, Lucy was glad she had brought tissues, her pussy was soaking, a mixture of semen and juices seeping from her which took several of them to stem. She saved a few, knowing that the walk back without panties would have a slight leakage running down her thigh.

Nathan didn't want to go home, he didn't want to return, why couldn't he and his mother just run away and disappear.

He had said similar words to Milly in the past, but they did not carry the same intensity as when he had just uttered them to his mum during their lovemaking. It hadn't been just to please her, he now knew it for a fact, for better or worse, he was in love with his mother.

Together they strolled towards home, despite both their declarations, they must return to their normal lives.

Between that episode and his twenty-first birthday, he and Lucy had spent many thrilling evenings out in the fields, a bond developing between them. It hadn't stopped him dropping a couple more stories onto his sister's laptop but there had been no comments from her and to be honest he had become disillusioned with the idea, having now lost interest in the challenge he had set himself.

In fact, by the time his birthday approached, he had forgotten all about it, he had made an effort, devoting time each week to his girlfriend, their romance back on track but when his mother beckoned, Nathan came running.

Back in lectures each day, this was the final year of his course, and the coming weekend would be his birthday, his parents having organised a party for family and friends. Nathan would have to be careful that evening he thought as Milly would be in attendance and he knew what his mum could be like after a few drinks.

As it was, it wasn't his mother that caused the problem.

Despite his promise to himself, everyone had drunk far too much, he had danced with his girlfriend as well as his mother, he had even danced with his sister at one stage, Katie having arrived tonight without a partner in tow.

As guests slowly started to dwindle, he had found himself down the side of the building, getting a breath of fresh air after the heat of the room. Closing his eyes. He breathed deeply, waiting for the world to stop spinning slightly after having kissed Milly goodnight and watched the taxi pull away.

He heard footsteps, turning his head as his sister staggered down the side of the building and stood next to him. 'Hiya,' he managed, wishing the world would stop revolving. Katie was pissed as she put her back to the wall and breathed deeply.

'Do you want to sleep with me?' she suddenly asked.

It was a shock to his senses as Nathan jerked forward and stared at her. 'Pardon?'

'I know it's you that has been putting those stories on my laptop. They are extremely arousing, aren't they? I take it that you want to sleep with me.' She said it in a matter-of-fact manner, unlike his mum who had taken a year before acquiescing.

Nathan stammered, his mind still wrestling with Katie's announcement, all he had to do was say yes and he would accomplish his challenge with a year to spare.

'Are you sleeping with mum? I noticed similar stories on her computer, is that why you spend so much time together nowadays.'

His voice quivered as he answered Katie, not the words he thought he would ever utter.

'No, no, and no. It wasn't me that put stories on mums computer if you say there was some there, it wasn't me that has put anything on your laptop and no, I don't want to sleep with you.'

Katie leaned forward and kissed him, Nathan trying with difficulty not to respond and managing to keep his hands to himself.

'Well, if you change your mind, you know where I am,' Katie smirked as she turned to leave.

Around the corner, Lucy had heard what was said, her heart pounding in her chest as she listened to her daughter's offer to her son. When Katie turned to leave, Lucy had hurried back inside, unable to believe what her son had said.

Katie had everything going for her, she was young and far prettier than Lucy ever had been and yet Nathan had turned her down and denied that anything was going on between them, he had chosen her over her daughter.

When Katie passed, Lucy went back outside and around the corner, taking Nathans hand as she led him further into the shadows. 'Thank you,' was all she said as she kissed him, her son responding straight away as his arms came around her.

'Thanks for what?' he asked.

Lucy shook her head, 'It doesn't matter. Just, thank you,' their lips came together once more.

She had no idea what the future held, or if her marriage would survive it. But with her son next to her, she could face whatever happened. In time, Katie would leave home, if her husband decided to do the same, then she would make a life with her son and move far enough away so that no one recognised them.

'We had better go back in,' she suggested but not before lifting his hand to her breast as she placed her hand on his bulge.

'Hopefully, they will both be unconscious when we get back home,' she laughed naughtily.

## **Mom and Her Web-Cam**

Times were hard, no thanks to my father who had decided that my mother, now aged forty, was past her prime and needed to be traded in for a newer model. He had dropped the bombshell one evening, annoyingly, after he'd had his meal, which gave her no opportunity to tip it over him. Over time, we found out that he had acquired a new woman and crazily, she was only about four years older than I was. I could understand this person's reasoning, dad was a good catch, he had a great job bringing in plenty of money each month, we lived in a nice house, full of mod-cons and never really went short, that was until he packed his bags and moved out from home and in with her.

The next three months I remembered as a time of tears, mood swings and bitter recriminations, never sure what type of reception I would encounter when I arrived home from college each day. I had offered to drop out and get a full-time job because there was no way mum's meagre salary from her part-time job was going to cover all of the bill's, let alone buy us food as well. She would not hear of it, to her, my education was important, and my father was just going to have to stump up some money, whether he liked it or not.

She had made the decision that she was going to get a full-time job, but for a woman who had spent most of her life being a housewife and had no qualifications whatsoever, there was truly little out there for her and what there was came with a paltry pay packet.

I was home one evening, the weather outdoors miserable and to be honest I could not really afford to go out at the moment. There was nothing on tv and mum and I had been sat chatting about her options, the longer the conversation had gone on, the more despondent she had become, and I could sense one of her mood changes approaching, which was why I made my

silly remark, something to try and lighten the mood when I told her laughingly.

'Well, as a last resort, you could always become a webcam model. I believe some of them earn tons of money.' It wasn't a suggestion, simply one of those flippant remarks to try and make her laugh. She scowled in my direction, giving me the kind of look that she nowadays saved for my father. With a cheesy grin, I dropped the subject, thinking no more of it as I headed for my bedroom.

Lounging on the bed, I had all but forgotten my comment, it had been made in jest, there was no way my mother could ever be a model, not even a shop window mannequin. Not only was she not pretty enough, but her body was also completely the wrong shape, she was the type of woman who if you walked past her in the street, you would have forgotten what she looked like thirty seconds later. To say she was average was an understatement and while she may have been slim when she was young, the years had added extra to her body.

Having forgotten all about it I was surprised several weeks later when she decided to re-visit the subject of my comment. She had found a full-time job even though the pay wasn't great and was at least managing to make ends meet, even though it was a long way from what we had been accustomed to.

'What do these webcam malarky's do?' She asked.

I wished now that I hadn't said anything, how did I start to explain to her exactly what the models did without embarrassing myself. The easiest solution I decided was to give her my laptop so that she could view for herself what the models did to earn money. The last thing I wanted to do was sit next to her as she watched these women perform, so once it was set up, I disappeared towards my bedroom. I shouldn't have bothered because the next forty minutes consisted of me continually traipsing up and downstairs to answer her questions.

Somehow sensing that she had got the wrong impression, thinking that all she had to do was sit around partially dressed as people paid her money, I had to try and explain what she essentially had to do to earn it. Her face looked shocked when I moved away from the ones she had been watching and found some that were in the process of performing.

'I have to do that?' She stuttered.

Nodding my head, I tried to explain the concept to her, sure that my face was crimson and trying to avoid the use of words that I had never used in my mother's presence. I was delighted when at last, she seemed to lose interest and I was able to escape, finding it difficult discussing sex with her.

As time passed, I was convinced that she had forgotten until one evening when she asked me to produce my laptop again. I was forced to sit next to her as she clicked from one performer to another, asking me questions all the while.

'Could you set me something like this up, not connected I mean? Just so I could practice?'

I looked at her horrified, 'Was she contemplating giving it a go?' But she was persistent, it was only a bit of fun she assured me and that she just wanted to give it a try and see how she looked, certain that she could perform as well, if not better than the women she had watched.

I knew there was an old computer up in the loft and a spare webcam she could use. It took a couple of hours that weekend as I set the machine up, placing a small table at the end of her bed on which would sit the monitor and webcam. With everything good to go, I tested it out, the camera giving a crisp clear view of her bed and a little to each side, so long as she stayed within those boundaries, it would capture everything she did.

With it being a Saturday, once I was done, I showed her where to click to start recording and left her to it as I went to meet up with friends from college and grab a coffee. Late afternoon

I phoned mum, asking if she wanted a takeaway for tea before picking it up and heading home. She looked pleased with herself as I got in, asking if I were going out again that evening, I would have loved to, but our money would just not stretch to it.

'I'd like you to watch it with me,' she had said, 'Tell me what you think.'

What I thought, was that it was a really bad idea, but she was insistent and so I retrieved a few bottles of beer from the garage and settled down to watch what she had recorded.

'My God,' she was awful. At first, she looked petrified, like a rabbit caught in a car's headlights, when she got used to being in front of the camera, she looked wooden. Her facial expressions never changed, not one hint that she may be enjoying herself and thankfully, apart from a few seconds glimpse of part of her bra and panties, there was nothing to see. If I had been browsing for someone to watch, she would

have had less than ten seconds of my attention before I would have clicked away.

I had to be honest with her, if this were something that she was determined to do, presently she would be left disappointed and humiliated. Whilst not being as brutal as I could have been, I explained all the things I saw as being wrong. The beer helped, she had pinched one of the bottles and I was soon back in the garage, thankful that my father had a large supply in there as I carried an armful into the house.

Taking the time to impress upon her where she was going wrong, I tried explaining what would be required.

'At some point, you are going to have to get naked. You are supposed to be teasing the punters who are watching you, as though they were here in person. And, you are going to have to bring yourself off. Or at least make it look like that.'

At first, my words seemed to deflate her, but as she consumed more beers, she began to get silly.

'Watch me and say when I go wrong,' she suggested drunkenly. 'It's extremely hard when there is no one here. How are you supposed to act sexily to a bedroom wall?'

Stupidly I agreed, nipping down and fetching several more bottles of beer upstairs. Even with the bedroom light on, it was still a little too dark for the camera as I nipped to my bedroom and returned with a spot lamp, setting it up at a distance so that the light was not too harsh.

Sitting in the middle of her bed, she tried, bless her, but she just did not come across as sexy no matter what she did. We must have spent at least an hour, laughing more than anything else, but it just wasn't working for her. 'Here, change places with me,' I eventually told her.

She stood behind the camera and monitor as I stared into the lens, still able to see my mother by raising my eyes slightly. I blew kisses at the lens whilst running my hands up and down my chest, bit by bit raising my t-shirt to expose bare flesh and

then as they came into view, I flicked my nipples, twisting and playing with them as they became erect.

Closing my eyes, I began to enjoy myself. The beer helped of course as I ran hands over my stomach and down to my groin, massaging my crotch before unbuttoning my jeans and sliding my hand inside, my fingertips, meeting the head of my expanding shaft. It was then that I came to my senses, suddenly remembering that my mother was watching me as I blushed profusely and refastened my jeans.

She was drunk, but now very much wanted to have a try at what I had just demonstrated. Watching her I felt embarrassed, to me, she was my mum, not some sexy woman. Knelt on her bed, the first thing I noticed was that she wasn't looking at the camera, she was looking at me. I felt uncomfortable as she began to run her hands over her breasts, cupping them and seemingly, in the way she was staring in my direction, offering them to me. I imagined that beneath her tightish buttoned cardigan top, was only her bra, and again I felt a cold sweat as slowly she began to unfasten it,

slipping her hand inside at one point as she massaged her left tit.

As much as I did not consider her sexy, with my eyes focused on her body and what she was doing, something was stirring down below. As the last button came undone and the cardigan sprang open, I got my first view of my mother's creamy white breasts in her black bra. Coming to an upright kneeling position, she started to raise her skirt, inch by inch she exposed her thighs, never quite reaching her panties, as her hand slipped beneath the skirt, and she touched herself.

I knew I had to get out of there. Making my excuses and telling her that her performance was a lot better and to keep practising, I made my escape. Luckily, from her position on the bed, the monitor had hidden my lower half and she had not seen the suspicious bulge in my jeans. The throbbing was intense but as much as I needed to relieve it, the thought of doing so while the images of her were still fresh in my mind put me off and I left it to slowly diminish of its own accord.

Nothing was said the next morning or over the next few weeks, whilst I knew she was still practising, I didn't go to her room again and she made no mention of it to me. Several months had passed when she brought the subject up again.

'I think I'm ready and I want to give it a try.' She told me one evening.

I did not have a clue what becoming a web model entailed and had to research what we needed to do to get her online. In actual fact, it was a straightforward process, though there were things we would have to buy before we reached that final stage. We filled in the forms and submitted them along with photos and verification that she was old enough to be accepted by one of the sites. I suggested that instead of using her bedroom, we set everything up in the spare room, that way the computer and screen would not get in her way. Luckily, some of the items we needed we already had, even though I had never realised that my mother owned such toys. Setting the computer and camera up once more, I added a second screen, to me, there was nothing more annoying than

the women who you just knew were looking at a monitor rather than looking at the camera.

Once we got the go-ahead, it took me a couple of weeks to set up token menus and the additions that all the others seemed to offer, but finally, I was finished, and my mother was ready for her first performance whenever she wanted to start. I think at that stage, the nerves were affecting her, it was one thing to do it when no one would see you, it was another when the whole world was potentially watching and currently, she had the jitters. On the night when she had come close to appearing sexy, I was there and she was drunk, this time she would be sober and alone.

Mum had a day off from work and she had decided that this would be the day that she went live for the first time while I was at college. Arriving home that evening, I found her bitterly disappointed. It hadn't been all she had hoped for and while she'd had a few visitors watching her, her tip tally had been nearly non-existent.

'It's going to take time mum. You have to look at it like any other job and learn the ropes. Remember, make your teasing last. Keep your visitors wanting more. The longer you keep them watching you, the more chance you have of receiving tips. Also, never give them something for nothing. No tip, no play.'

I was surprised to find that the thought of my mother displaying herself online did not seem to bother me in the slightest, it seemed to be a common thing recently as websites sprang up, displaying women of all ages and attraction.

'Why don't you do it each evening, just like a job. Say, after tea, seven till nine. See how that goes for a couple of weeks before making any more decisions.

She took my advice, the next evening going upstairs and then online. I'm sure it had never entered her head that once signed in, she could be viewed by anyone, including myself. Despite my reservations, I had an unnatural desire to see how she was doing as I went up to my bedroom and switched on

my laptop, logging in and bringing up her name. "Mature-Angel" she had called herself, the "Angel" part being close to her true name of Angela.

She was already nearly an hour into her performance and had about twenty visitors and much to my astonishment, was by now nearly naked. At first, it was her breasts that held my attention, they sagged but were still full, with surprisingly large nipples. Each time she leant forward they hung downwards, and I suddenly found myself imagining what they would feel like in my hands which immediately caused my cock to thicken. When she sat crossed-legged her midriff and stomach creased, slight rolls of fat hanging out the side and the bottom of her belly overhung her mound slightly.

She turned her back to the camera and bent over, pulling her buttocks apart, leaving me gasping as I got a perfect view of her arse and gaping fanny. I'll be honest, while her teasing wasn't up to much, just the sight of her naked and displaying her body suddenly ignited in me a desire to touch her. For the first time in my life, I imagined what it may feel like to touch her breasts or even slide a finger up her cunt.

Throughout her performance, and I watched it to the bitter end, there was something about her that kind of grew on me, by the time she supposedly brought herself off, I actually considered that she may be able to make some money from it.

When eventually she left the spare bedroom, I was back downstairs. She was a little happier this time, she'd had several more viewers and had earned more tips. I hadn't meant to say anything, it was just that in one respect I could maybe understand my father and why he had left. My mother at the moment just did not seem to exude sex appeal. While the sight of her body had begun to arouse me, what was lacking was that feeling of her enjoying herself and that she was performing just for me the viewer.

Stupidly, I said something. It took a moment to register that I had watched her, her face changing as I expected her to hit the roof. Instead, we finished what was left of the evening in silence.

The next evening, she asked for a couple of drinks to accompany her meal, which I thought were just to settle her nerves until as seven o'clock drew near, she took me by surprise.

'I want you to come and watch me. In the room. Tell me when I'm going wrong.'

This really was a bad idea, if it were anything like the previous evening, there was no way I would be able to hide my erection forever. I tried putting her off but she was adamant and so I ended up in the bedroom as she switched on the computer and camera before logging in.

That night's act was different, I think both I and her viewers could sense that as the number of people watching quickly increased. But in the bedroom, it was as though she was performing only for me. When she finally lost her top and bra and proceeded to play with her tits, she stared at me

incessantly, as though she was offering me the chance to move forwards and touch them.

When her skirt disappeared and then her panties, she lay back and opened her legs allowing me to see her open vagina and the moisture within. Whilst in the past I could tell that she was simulating what she was doing, tonight she actually seemed to be aroused, her chest rising and falling rapidly, especially when she finally touched herself.

Her final display, the rubber cock sliding in and out of her fanny had us both panting. What I wanted to do was rip my pants off and wank to her, the throbbing down below becoming painful as I could tell that for once, my mother had really orgasmed, her eyes staring fixedly at me as she climaxed.

She was breathing heavily as she leant forward and clicked the button to take her offline, a quick look at the screen telling me that tonight alone, she had made around thirty pounds or more for just two hours of work. I needed an excuse to escape,

the sensations and pent-up arousal needed a release and I desperately needed to toss myself off. Maybe she knew why I wanted to get away, maybe she had built herself up to a point where she wanted more than just a rubber cock.

'Come here,' she said, indicating that I should come around the side of the bed.

'I think it's only right that as you have got to see me naked, I should get to see you undressed,' she said softly, keeping eye contact all the time, even when her finger traced the size of my bulge.

It seemed to have happened in a matter of seconds, one moment I was stood by the bed, the next, my cock was nestled deep inside her quim as my mother moaned and writhed beneath me. It seemed surreal, looking down at her body, mum's breasts flattening slightly and her stomach moving in time with my hips as I thrust my cock into her. Despite being highly aroused already, I managed to keep going as I ran my

hands over her tits, cupping and squeezing her soft flesh, her nipples when I twisted them, heightening her arousal.

It was never going to be a long fuck unfortunately, I was far too aroused and far too surprised for that, but at least I managed to hold out until she began to climax before emptying my load into her fanny and feeling knackered.

'Disgusted in me? She asked afterwards as we lay side by side.

By rights, I should have been. By rights, I should have been incensed. The strange thing was, that I didn't feel like that. If anything, as I slowly recovered and continued to look at her spread-eagled and naked, the more I got the feeling that I wanted to fuck her again, my shaft beginning to thicken as the notion came into my head. In reply to her question, I did something she had not been expecting and which I had never thought about, I leaned over and kissed her.

Turning on her side, she moved in closer, her arms going around my neck as her body pushed against mine and I felt

her breasts against my chest, my cock, rapidly coming awake once more, twitched against her belly. Rolling me, she straddled my hips, teasing my shaft with her fingers as she brought me fully erect.

I had no idea what it was, but there was something about her slightly mature overweight body, her sagging titties, and the little rolls of fat, which I found extremely arousing and erotic. In one evening, she had gone from a "Plain Jane" to a reasonably attractive woman, all the more so presently because my cock was once again buried inside her cunt.

As she rocked herself back and forth on my shaft, she leant forward on her outstretched arms, dangling her tits over my face. There was no way I was going to miss this opportunity as my hands hoisted each one and tested their weight. Despite the sag, they were surprisingly full, her nipples pushing into my palms as I caressed and fondled them before applying pressure to her teats, groans falling from her lips as she started to tell me how nice that felt. When my mouth latched onto each nipple, she became vocally louder, grinding her fanny against my groin as I felt her vaginal muscles gripping my cock and squeezing sporadically.

It was a much slower affair this time, a nice steady rhythm as my cock plundered her fanny, teasing each other all the while as she would bring me to the brink, and then I would return the favour, leaving her hanging just as her climax approached. When she did finally cry her release and I ejaculated inside her quim, I felt ecstatic, it was only the look on her face that told me it was my mum that I was fucking, take that away and it could have been any mature woman. But I found that there had been something satisfying about our coupling, despite it being wrong, in another sense it had felt perfectly natural.

There were no long conversations afterwards, no congratulations or recriminations, no declarations of love or anything silly like that. It was as though her "Mother" persona had kicked in and she quickly returned to being my mum as she announced she was going for her shower.

I slept in my room that night as usual and the next day she made no comment about what we had done, it was as though it had never happened as each evening, she went up to the spare bedroom to perform. As weeks turned into months, she

became more professional at what she did and in doing so, her followers and viewers increased. Six months in, she could easily earn up to fifty pounds for a three-hour slot, money not to be sneezed at for us and helped supplement her income.

At first, I had watched her on my laptop, but it was not the same as being in the room with her and eventually lost interest, allowing her to continue with her now new pastime.

Now I don't know if my mother had been doing some research of her own, I certainly hadn't, and while I had not forgotten how much I had enjoyed fucking her, it was not something that had been repeated since that night.

That was until towards the middle of my summer break. My mother was still following her normal routine, she would work during the day and then spend anything up to four hours each evening, performing online. By now she'd had me submit her details to other sites and the computer was set to broadcast her on three different websites simultaneously

which increased her punters and the number of tips she collected.

Her divorce was in the hands of solicitors and from what she divulged was going well.

'At least we still have a house to live in,' I'd remarked, surprised that my father hadn't asked her to sell it before now. She smiled and tapped the side of her nose as though she had a secret but refused to offer any more information. Our heads were above water earnings wise and at least I could afford to have a couple of evenings each week out with friends which was where I met Dotty. Her name was Dorothy, but to me, she was "Dotty", dotty by name and dotty by nature. She was vivacious, a complete nut-job, but fun to be with.

As summer turned to autumn and then winter, Dotty could be found at my house most evenings, I'm sure she thought my mother disappeared upstairs to give us some privacy and I hadn't known her long enough yet to even venture to tell her the truth.

I'd walked her home, as usual, returning to find my mother waiting for me when I got in. It was obvious that she wanted to ask something but stumbled over her words until she finally got them out.

'I have an idea and would like to try it out if you are up for it. It does involve you being naked though.'

At last, having given up the idea that I may ever fuck her again, it seemed to me that I was being offered another opportunity to which I hastily agreed. I had no idea that the monitor or camera had not been switched off as I undressed, simply taken offline for the moment. Taking the same position as last time, I watched as she began to run through her routine. She had improved considerably, smiling sexily in my direction, she slowly ran her tongue over her lips and blew me kisses.

Removing her top, she leant towards me, her breasts hanging down in their cups as she caressed and played with them,

proffering them to me as she slowly removed each tit from its cup and flicked at her nipples. Replacing them into her bra cups, she knelt upright, slowly raising her skirt until I got a full view of her panties as she slipped one hand inside them.

Her performance so far had already had the desired results, my shaft sticking upright from my groin and twitching regularly as my arousal became more intense. It was perhaps an insane thing to do, but my mother had me turned on which was why I moved from behind the screen so that she could see my cock as I started teasing its plump head, slowly working the skin up and down its length.

Her eyes widened as she noticed that I had removed my pubes, it had been Dotty's idea when she had told me she would if I would. Whilst it did not make my cock any longer, its perception made it seem that it was as my mother seemed to lick her lips at the prospect and gave me a smug smile.

Reaching behind her back, she removed her bra and tossed it to one side, her breasts once again increasing my arousal as

they swung freely, her nipples erect. Next, she removed her skirt before she lay back, opened her legs and taking her dildo, rubbed it against her cunt through the thin material of her panties and moaned softly to herself, her eyes never leaving my shaft. It was just like the first time that I had been allowed to witness her undressed, her arousal seemed to come from the fact that I was in the room, and she was performing for me alone. Her panties disappeared and the dildo slid into her fanny which much to my surprise resembled my groin, her mound now devoid of hair. Her eyes fluttered as she steadily built her arousal until she cried out as she started to climax, a squirt of juice from her cunt making the towel beneath her damp.

When her breathing had slowed, she beckoned me to the side of the bed again and I imagined that I would be joining her. Instead, she sat on the edge of the bed, one hand stroking my shaft as her other hand massaged my sack until with a mischievous grin, she leant forward opened her lips and took my plump knob into her warm mouth.

'Jesus,' it felt fantastic, her tongue running over and around my helmet as her hand slid up and down my shaft as she began to toss me off. My hips automatically pushed forward, trying to get as much of my cock into her mouth as I could while I watched her head bobbing back and forwards. Taking it from her mouth, she rubbed my knob across her tits, my hands fondling them while I had the chance and then I was back in her mouth once more. She seemed to know when I was close, gripping the base of my shaft and squeezing tightly as she allowed my imminent explosion to diminish while planting kisses on its tip.

Back in her mouth again, her hand seemed to speed up as she wanked me furiously. I was about to warn her, but it was too late, knowing that I was about to ejaculate as she withdrew me from her mouth and held my cock over her tits as spurt after spurt of cum showered her creamy white breasts and I moaned in ecstasy at my release.

When her hand finally stopped moving and my hips stopped jerking, she blew a kiss at the screen and leaning forwards, clicked a button. It was only then that I realised that she had

still been broadcasting, under the watchful eyes of her viewers she had just given her son a blowjob and showered her tits with his cum.

My heart was in my mouth, what if someone who knew my mother had been watching, how did we explain the fact that in front of the world, I'd just had sex with her. It felt like a living nightmare, the thought of any more sex with her at that moment, extinguished as my desires simply faded. I had never in my life sworn in front of her, but it was out of my mouth before I could stop myself.

'What the fuck have you just done. If anyone who knows us saw this, the police are going to be coming knocking.' My stomach lurched and I felt sick, it was one thing for my mother to perform, it was another to involve me.

She let me have my rant before she spoke. 'It's ok, look at the screen. Robby! Look... at... the... screen.'

Turning my head, I realised what she was alluding to, with the camera set as it was, all it captured was my bottom half, my face not even in the shot. I breathed a huge sigh of relief, suddenly wanting to laugh hysterically.

'Look at how much we have just earned in the last hour and a bit.'

I did a quick mental calculation, across the three sites, mums performance and the blowjob had earned us just over a hundred pounds, people had paid to watch her suck my dick!

My legs felt rubbery as the shock slowly faded and my faculties returned. Standing, mum took my hand.

'I presume you would like to have sex with me' she said as she led me towards her bedroom, my head still in a daze.

Of course, I wanted to have sex with her, but at the same time, I was annoyed that she had not explained beforehand what

she had been going to do. She had been about to turn towards me when I pushed her onto the bed and opened her legs wide before slipping between her thighs, my face inches from her cunt as my nostrils picked up the scent of her musk. Opening her piss-flaps, I ran my tongue up and down her slit savouring the flavour of her juices and hearing her groan loudly as its tip poked inside, adding to her moisture. Holding her hips firmly, I fucked her with my tongue, occasionally flicking it over her clit as her hips tried to twist.

When I exposed her clitoris completely and took it between my lips, sucking and licking it with my tongue, she begged me to fuck her, but I was going to have my revenge. I concentrated on her cunt; my mouth pressed firmly against it as she achieved her first climax, her hand wrapping around my hair as she tried to drag me up her body. Despite her protestations, I continued to suck and slurp at her fanny and refused to release her, giving her no respite until her third orgasm had her upper torso bouncing about on the bed.

She lay completely still, her chest still rising and falling rapidly, and her eyes squeezed shut as she recovered, and I

changed positions. As she stirred and her eyes began to open, I rammed my cock up her flue, bringing her immediately back to reality as her eyes shot open and she gasped as the air was forced from her lungs.

My first ejaculation allowed me the opportunity this time, to fuck my mother slowly, a nice steady constant motion as I slipped my cock in and out of her cunt. She cursed me and she praised me, blaspheming constantly as I built her arousal and then sat back, moving imperceptibly as it slowly dissipated only to bring her to the brink once more. Next, I concentrated on her tits, despite her age, they still seemed to fill my hands perfectly as I rained kisses all over both breasts, abusing them by squeezing tightly and making them bulge before sucking on her nipples like some demented vacuum cleaner.

When I finally pushed her over the edge her body went taut, thrashing beneath me as she orgasmed and wet the quilt cover with her juices, my cock twitching relentlessly inside her cunt as I filled her with my seed and then mixed it with her juices

as I continued to pound her until exhaustion had me laid by her side.

When at last I could string more than two words together, mum must have dozed off, her closed eyes and breathing steady, telling me she was asleep. Carefully I slipped from the bed, intending to go to my bedroom when she suddenly stirred.

'Don't leave me. Stay here with me tonight,' she mumbled.

Checking the quilt, some dampness had seeped through as I nipped to my bedroom and returned with the quilt off my bed, covering us both as mum cuddled up against me and rested her arm across my stomach.

I had college the next morning and mum had work to go to so that there was little conversation between us before both leaving the house. I kept getting the impression that something was different, she hadn't said anything, it was just the way that several times as we were getting ready, I caught

her glancing in my direction and there was something unfathomable about that look.

Having forgotten all about it by the time I returned, we sat down to tea, my mother asking if Dotty would be at our house that evening. I presumed she would be, Dotty spent most evening's here unless we were out in town which I told my mother as I asked 'Why?'

'I don't want to interfere with anything to do with Dorothy. It was just that I was wondering. I enjoyed the sex with you last night, perhaps, we could make it more of a permanent thing?'

I'm sure I sat there with my mouth hanging open, had I heard correctly, was mum offering me the opportunity to have sex with her on a more regular basis.

'As I have said, I don't want to spoil things, but last night was just heavenly and I'd forgotten what it was like to have someone make love to me as though they meant it. So, I

wondered if it were something we could repeat, perhaps a few times a week?'

Nodding my head, I couldn't help but grin, there was definitely something to be said for having sex with an older woman and this was just too good to miss. There were other things she wanted to discuss but told me they could wait until later when we were alone. Mum of course disappeared as usual once Dorothy arrived. She came downstairs just after nine o'clock, chatting with Dotty and me for an hour when suddenly my girlfriend apologised to mum.

'I'm sorry Mrs Mason. You don't have to disappear each time I come around. I feel like I'm pushing you out of your own home.'

Mum laughed and explained to Dotty that she actually went up to do some work, making up some story that sounded unrealistic. It was easy to see that Dorothy was unconvinced, her interest now piqued as to why my mother disappeared each evening. As I walked her home, I was interrogated,

having to promise to tell her the truth at a later date, just to pacify her. I could see this causing a problem if I weren't careful, I thought.

Back home, mum called me up to her room. There would be no more broadcasting tonight, but as I arrived in her bedroom, she was already naked and sat up in bed waiting for me. As you can imagine, it did not take me long to undress and join her, but she had things she wanted to discuss before anything else happened.

What she had in mind took the wind from my sails, her idea was that every so often I should join her in one of her routines.

'If you hadn't noticed, the tips went up quickly when I gave you a blowjob.'

I could feel the butterflies in my stomach, what she was proposing was going to end in trouble. I hadn't said no, simply coming up with arguments as to why what she had proposed was a bad idea. Whilst the blowjob had kept my identity

secret, anything else would quickly reveal to anyone watching that remotely knew her, that we were mother and son. She let me make my objections before putting her finger to my lips and silencing me.

'What about if you wore a mask, a full head and face one. That would keep your identity secret, and no one would have a clue who I was performing with, you would be anonymous.'

One of half of me wanted to carry on arguing against her proposal, the other half was now taken by her idea, wondering what it may feel like to have an audience watching me shagging my mother. Asking her for time to consider her request, there was denying that the idea was arousing me as her hand slid beneath the covers, gripping my cock as she began wanking me off.

Tonight, it seemed, she wanted something different as she reached into her bedside drawer, extracting a small bottle, and flipping its lid off. I had an inkling as to what it was, having seen her use the same kind of stuff online to lubricate

her fanny as she slowly rubbed it into my throbbing manhood. A faint aroma of strawberries permeated the air as she massaged it into my skin before giving me the bottle and asking that I rub it into her fanny and arse. The smell was making my mouth water with a sudden urge to see if it tasted as good as it smelt.

I was between her legs in a shot, my tongue licking at her slit and then at her pink interior as I opened her fanny lips, the taste even enticing me to swirl my tongue around her anus as she moaned her delight.

'I want your cock up my arse Robby. I want to feel it throbbing inside me.'

As far as I was concerned, her wish was my command as she got onto all fours, proffering her buttocks towards my bouncing shaft. Opening her cheeks wide I pushed the head of my cock against her opening, now slick with the lubricant and wet from my tongue. It took very little as I watched the plump head disappear up her arse, making her swear and

groan as I slid it out and inserted it once again. It was fun to tease her, inching my shaft into her anus and then withdrawing before finally, my groin pushed against her plump cheeks.

The position was perfect, enabling me to reach under her chest and hold and caress her swinging tits as my cock fucked her rectum. Seeing her reach forward, I wondered for a second what she was up to, amused as from beneath the pillows she produced one of her vibrators. One-handed, she twisted the end, the sound of buzzing mixing with her ecstatic groans as my cock continued to sodomise her. Reaching beneath her, she placed it against her vagina, the vibrations resonating through her fanny and then her clit as her groans grew louder.

Suddenly I could feel the vibrations in my cock as mum slid the toy into her cunt, matching my thrusts so that to her, my shaft and the vibrator penetrated both orifices at the same time, the constant pulsation increasing my arousal.

'I'm ready,' she shrieked, 'Fill my arse with your cum.'

It felt like an explosion in my head and bollocks as my cock emptied the contents of my sack up her back passage, my groin slapping against her buttocks furiously as she climaxed and cried out, coarse language interspersed with gasps for breath as we orgasmed together.

Nights in her bed became plentiful, never mind a couple of times a week, it was as though her new pastime had unlocked something in her which needed to be satisfied regularly.

It was nearly twelve months since she had started performing, having learnt plenty of tricks along the way she was now able to hold her audience's attention, chatting and egging them on as she teased and acted out many of their wishes and fantasies. In an average week, she could easily earn between five and eight hundred pounds, there were times when the amounts dropped, but overall, she was earning more than she did working full time. She had changed her job and was earning a

better wage, but she kept it going, working the web each evening and weekend.

We had bought me a mask and I had joined her on several occasions. It was surprising how fast the tips came in when she was getting fucked in a multitude of positions. Mum kept me for what she considered the favourable times.

'We don't want to kill the golden goose,' she laughed after one of our episodes.

Dorothy had not given up trying to get out of me what it was that my mother was doing and so eventually I had to relent and tell her, not all of it, but enough to satisfy her inquisitiveness. I'd been worried that it might have spelt the end of us, but true to form, rather than being perturbed, it seemed to excite her immensely. She seemed to revel in the knowledge that she was dating someone whose mother was a webcam model, asking questions continually.

We had been out together over Easter when Dotty let slip that she had found my mother's profile online, I had no idea that

she had been searching. Immediately I was worried, she hadn't said when she had found mum as I nervously asked her.

'Oh, I didn't know you were looking for her. How long ago was that?'

She looked smug and secretive, skipping backwards in front of me as she kept the suspense up and me dangling.

'Ah, about a month ago. I've watched her quite often since. She's incredibly good you know Robby, very professional..... and sexy. She laughed, as she gave me a look which said that she knew I had a secret.

Feeling completely flustered, I felt my stomach lurch. Over the last month, I had performed a couple of times with mum, and I was now praying that Dorothy had not been watching on those occasions. As she slowed and took my arm she stopped laughing for a moment.

'Don't worry, your secret is safe with me.' She whispered.

Trying hard, I gave her my best "I don't know what you're talking about" look, but she wasn't having any of that.

'You can wear a mask, but I would recognise you naked anywhere. It was such a thrill when I watched it one evening after you walked me home. God, it was fantastic. You're fucking your mum, aren't you?'

With my face hot and flushed, I'd expected disgust or revulsion, surprised when she started to giggle, 'Holy shit. It's just so brilliant. I've read about it, but I never imagined that I might actually find someone that was having sex with their mother. You can't imagine how it makes me feel.'

To emphasise her point, she stopped, grabbing me roughly as we kissed and she forced her body against mine, making it obvious what she would have liked at that moment.

Perhaps I should have been suspicious or at the very least, wary. At that point, I'm sure most girlfriends would have run a mile telling everyone who was prepared to listen, what they had discovered. But then that would not have been Dotty, with the truth out in the open there was no need to try and keep it secret anymore as I told her about all that we did in front of the camera. The more details I disclosed, the more excited she seemed to get, telling me right from the start that because it was my mother, it did not seem that I was in any way cheating on her.

Although she initially made no more mention of it after that evening, I still got the feeling that it was not forgotten, Dorothy probably had something in mind if the past was anything to go by. Thankfully, she and my mother got on well, but I still felt it prudent to let mum know that Dotty had discovered our secret. I didn't tell her the complete truth, rather telling her that my girlfriend had discovered her online personality by accident. Mum did ask if Dorothy knew what I was doing with her, but I just shook my head, denying any knowledge.

After a while, I began to notice occasions when Mum and Dotty seemed to be acting as thick as thieves, whispered conversations, and knowing looks passing between them. I wondered what they were plotting, that was until one evening when I was again walking her home.

'I've spoken with you mum. Would you mind too much if I had a go at being a webcam model? She has said that she will show me what to do and let me have a try if you say ok.'

Stopping dead in my tracks I was debating how to answer her. Did I say 'No,' only to find it caused a rift between us? It was not as though we were married or anything like that, she had a right to do as she wished, at the end of the day it was her body. On the other hand, did I say 'Yes,' I'd already just felt that first pang of jealousy, wondering how I would cope with the prospect of other men watching my girlfriend naked and performing sex acts for them?

Finally, I nodded my head even though I wasn't overly enthused by her idea. As I walked towards home I was becoming less and less enamoured by the idea, I suppose in a way I was just being selfish.

It was not as though it started the next night, several weeks passed as mum and Dorothy continued their whispered conversations. She was upstairs with mum one evening, leaving me all alone and twiddling my thumbs. An impulse had me retrieving my laptop from my bedroom, purely to see what was going on. As it was, there was nothing to see, my mother running through her now normal routine and Dotty nowhere in sight as I presumed that just like I did, she was standing behind the camera.

Having now become used to seeing my mother naked and fucking her regularly, I had no desire to sit and watch her perform, preferring to wait until later and hopefully share her bed.

As it was, we were in the middle of our summer break before I was finally introduced to what the two of them had been doing. I'd only watched my mother periodically and, on each occasion, had caught no sight of my girlfriend. Mum never spoke to her while she was performing as I began to wonder what Dotty could be learning, you had to be taking part I would have thought to be able to pick up the confidence my mother now had.

And so, it was with great surprise that I was informed one evening, just before they both disappeared upstairs, that it may be worth having a watch that night. Dorothy seemed excited, sidling up to me before she followed mum.

'No playing with yourself. You have to save it for later,' she had said, giving me one of her sexy looks as she left the room and I heard them ascend to the spare bedroom. Grabbing my laptop, I settled back, glancing through some of the other women online while waiting for my mother and girlfriend to log on.

Initially, I thought she was pulling my leg, there was my mother, performing as she normally did and speaking to the camera. In the past I had muted the volume, having no wish to hear what she was saying to the punters who were watching her. She continued to tease, raising her top and exposing her bra before raising her skirt and showing her knickers. She touched her breasts, rubbing and kneading them occasionally and then doing the same between her legs, but you never actually saw anything, not until suggestions and tips started to filter through.

Because there was no sound, I was surprised when Dorothy suddenly appeared on the bed, waving to all who were watching. I was even more surprised when she took my mother in an embrace and they kissed. 'Whoa' That wasn't a welcoming kiss or a kiss of friendship, it was a full-on, mouths and tongues locked together, arousal kiss. It must have been a sexual kiss, at least my cock was telling me it was as it quickly started to thicken, my eyes now glued to the screen.

I turned the volume on, listening as they chatted back and forth, it was hard work because I couldn't hear what any of the

other viewers may have been saying, my only clue being the short text messages popping up at the side of the screen.

As they kissed again, Dorothy's hand went under my mother's top as she made it obvious to everyone watching, that she was playing with mum's tits. My cock began to protest as I gave it a gentle rub to pacify it for the moment, but as Dorothy raised mum's top, scooped her right breast from its cup and lavished her nipple with kisses, I quickly realised that a bit of rubbing was not going to cut the mustard.

Dorothy was now perched in front of mum as she repaid the compliment, raising my girlfriends top and exposing her naked breasts, the nipples firm and prominent and making it plain that she was excited. I watched as her hands came around and cupped both tits, her fingers twisting and playing with Dotty's nipples as she began to moan softly.

Dorothy's t-shirt quickly disappeared, leaving her now topless as they swapped places and bit by bit, she removed my mother blouse and bra, massaging mum's much larger breasts

and again, paying particular attention to her nipples as my girlfriend made her moan also.

They ran through a repertoire of actions, each getting increasingly more arousing as time passed and more punters joined. Eventually, they both ended up naked, Dorothy fingering my mother until they swapped, and mum fingered my girlfriend. Toys appeared, dildo's and vibrators, each, in turn, getting stuffed into various orifices as it was obvious to me and anyone else watching that both women were thoroughly aroused.

Glancing at my watch, they had been at it for over two hours and by now my cock was protesting continuously and was actually painful because of the stiffness of my erection. I desperately wanted to fuck, either one or both of them, it mattered little to me, I just needed a cunt to ram my cock into.

They finished with closeups of their fannies held open, wet with juice and piss dripping from them after having orgasmed together, droplets of their juice having also

splashed the camera lens as they frantically frigged their minges.

As my screen clicked up 'Offline' I bounded out of my seat and shot up the stairs, discarding clothes as I went. I nearly fell through the bedroom door as I tried to get rid of my pants and briefs at the same time, finishing off and now fully naked as the two of them grinned at me from the bed.

It was a decision that I never thought I would have to make, who did I fuck first, my girlfriend or my mother? As it was, mum made the decision for me, 'I think Dorothy desperately needs your cock,' she grinned as my girlfriend lay back and opened her legs wide.

I was so full of pent-up arousal, that she wasn't going to get a long fuck, solely intent on getting my cock into her fanny and shagging her as fast and furiously as I could. Correct in my assumption, what did not help was my mother continuing to kiss my girlfriend and play with her tits as I fucked her, it was

like watching their performance all over again but with me taking part this time.

I don't think Dotty held it against me when within a short time, my cock jerked rapidly inside her fanny as I offloaded the contents of my sack into her. The feeling of relief and fulfilment was immense as I flopped down between the two of them, a short break and I should then be ready to fuck my mother.

I never got the chance to relax, noticing the evil grin on my mother's face as together, she and Dorothy slid down the bed and began to kiss, my cock jammed firmly between their mouths. I had never recovered so quickly before, their mouths and tongues bringing my limp flesh back to a magnificent erection.

'You still owe Dorothy a climax,' mum laughed as my girlfriend eagerly straddled my hips, grabbed my upright shaft, and lowered herself onto it.

This time it was she who beat me to it, Dorothy was bouncing on my cock as she leant over me, her small breasts dangling above my face. Presently my head was turned sideways, my mouth engaged in a tongue tango with my mother while my right hand played with my girlfriend's tits and my left hand played with my mother's tits.

My mother, when our mouths parted, teased me with words. 'Fuck her..... Faster..... Ram your cock up her cunt..... Look at her sweet little titties, look at them wobble when you fuck her..... Have I to play with her nipples for you?'

My hips were being thrust upwards as my shaft buried itself in Dorothy's cunt at an unsustainable rate, she was close to her climax whilst my own was still building. As I watched, her eyes rolled upwards and her mouth hung open, her head lolling as her orgasm took her and she filled my groin with her juices.

When finally, she slumped from me, mum pulled me on top of her, her wide-open legs wrapping around me as she fumbled my cock into her cunt.

'Just fuck me, fast and furious, I'm nearly ready.'

My shaft hammered her pussy, the sight of her belly and tits wobbling in time with my thrusts adding to my excitement and arousal as I fucked my mother for all I was worth.

She was right, she didn't need a lengthy fucking, both our climaxes occurring within seconds of each other as she writhed beneath me, my hands gripping her large titties as I rode her and filled her sloppy wet cunt with my hot cum.

The following morning, I had woken, wondering if I may ever walk again, Dorothy had stayed over and the three of us had continued to use the bed in the spare room all night, exhaustion finally taking us one by one in the early hours of the morning. I was knackered and even though I love sex and had my girlfriend and my mother ready to fulfil my wishes, shagging, was presently the last thing on my mind as all I wanted to do was rest and recuperate.

Around the breakfast table, Dorothy did a quick tot up of how much they had earned, both me and my mother staring at the figure with open mouths. Rightfully so, mum offered to split the amount with my girlfriend, going half and half, but Dorothy said that she was happy with a third at the moment, mum, and I after all were supplying the equipment.

'Anyway, I've loads of ideas for the future. Idea's that will hopefully make us a lot more money than that.' She said it as though she had a huge secret which she was presently not about to divulge. 'I need to speak to your mum first,' she told me, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

Whatever ideas Dorothy had, were not explained to me straight away, mum and she continued their evening performances and then came together every so often to perform as a team. To be honest, I had kind of lost interest in what they did online other than the rare occasions I still performed with my mother, always masked up of course. It was the sex that interested me, and over the following six months, I got more than my fair share of that, mum probably getting more than Dorothy did at times.

As Christmas approached, I was still being frugal until my mother showed me a bank statement, I was astounded at how much she had managed to earn even after my girlfriend had taken her cut.

Dorothy pulled me to one side several evenings later to explain the idea she had for between Christmas and New Year.

'Your mum and I have been advertising it for the last couple of weeks and we seem to be getting a lot of interest,' she began to explain, still not having told me what her idea was.

'It will be a private group viewing with a minimum token entrance fee.'

I waited with bated breath, wondering what she had thought up that would pull in the punters.

'Your mum, "Mature Angel" is going to get fucked by her son, that's you, in any positions that the viewers request.'

I looked at her puzzled, I was already performing occasionally with mum, what was different about this I asked Dorothy.

'I'll be there and will tell you when to change position. Oh, and there will be no mask, the punters will be able to see that you are mother and son.'

I'm not going to tell you all the expletives I used, there was no way I was going to shag my mother in front of God knows how many viewers without a mask, 'That's just asking for trouble,' I told Dotty.

'Look, it will be fine. I'll switch on regional blocking so that no one from around this area will be able to watch and I'll also be keeping a watch on IP addresses in case someone tries to sneak past. No one is going to recognise you, we are the only three that know you actually are her son, for everyone else, you could be anybody who just happens to fall into the right

age category. People are prepared to pay because we have said you are mother and son, they'll spend money to watch you fuck her. It's a win-win situation.'

As much as I trusted Dorothy I was still against her idea, asking if she had run it past my mother yet. She nodded her head, 'Your mums up for it. She thinks we could make some real money from this, and I would say that she is completely happy to have you fuck her while people watch, imagine how thrilling it will be.'

No matter what my girlfriend said, I was still against it, as far as I was concerned, the risks were not worth however much money she thought we would make. I was determined to speak to my mother before I would commit to her idea, sure that mum wasn't as all for it as Dorothy was enthusing.

As it was, it was a couple of weeks later before I got the chance, having to wait until one evening when my girlfriend had a previous engagement and a weekend night when mum decided to have some time off from performing. She had

decided on a short break until Christmas, 'Give them too much of a good thing and they will get bored,' she had told me, explaining that she had other plans for that evening as she glanced purposefully at my groin.

Sex at the moment was the last thing on my mind, this idea of me and my mother fucking while people watched us was distracting me. Doing it with a mask on was one thing, doing it without, was to my mind asking for trouble. As much as Dotty said she would regulate the punters, it would only take one who recognised the both of us and we would be for it.

I'm sure mum had got carried away with my girlfriend's enthusiasm, trying to pacify me and poo-pooing my concerns.

'Dorothy and I have discussed it. We thought if we dyed your hair, one of those, wash in, wash out one's. Maybe a few whiskers as well and perhaps a moustache, we could even do a drawn-on tattoo, it will look real enough to the camera and will make you look completely different.'

I could see that I wasn't going to get anywhere with her and especially when she began to rub slyly at my groin, my cock reacting to her touch as it thickened and stretched the material at the front of my pants.

Christmas day wasn't too bad, Boxing Day, not too good, the thought of what we were shortly about to do, causing me anxiety. Although I had continued to point out flaws in their idea, I think the excitement of it was getting the better of them. Yes, I could have simply refused, but what would be the consequence of that, no sex from either of them?

When the big day arrived, I was a bag of nerves, this wasn't going to happen I pointed out, at the moment, the very thought of it was the biggest turn off ever, my flaccid cock refusing to show the slightest interest in either of the two women.

Dorothy had arrived early, showing me the new camera, she had purchased.

'I can stream live with this, so I can move around the room and capture you both at different angles and get down to the "nitty-gritty", the punters will love it.'

She spent an hour upstairs checking everything before returning with a bag full of bits and pieces. Two hours later, my hair colour had changed, I had the start of a moustache and a few days growth of stubble as well as a tattoo on one arm. Looking in the mirror, I still saw me, in my eyes, I didn't look any different despite Dorothy and mum trying to convince me that I wouldn't be recognised.

As evening approached, she and mum had a couple of glasses of wine, just to get them in the mood they said, forcing a bottle of beer on me which I didn't want, presently feeling sick to my stomach.

'Here, pop this down,' Dorothy said, handing me a little blue pill. 'It will help settle your nerves.'

An hour later and upstairs ready to begin, nerves were the last thing on my mind, the boner in my pants insistent on being set free and pointed in the direction of the nearest vacant pussy, 'Jesus, I wanted to fuck!'

As they signed in and watched viewers start to leave comments, I couldn't keep my hands to myself. While they welcomed people and waved, my hand had snuck beneath my mother's top as I prised one of her tit's from its cup and began fondling it, her nipple growing instantly as I rolled it between finger and thumb. From there it went beneath her skirt as I began rubbing at her cunt, my mother already showing signs of arousal.

Dorothy didn't escape, the idea originally, being that she controlled the computer and the camera, but my other hand had already found her groin and then her panties, slipping beneath the gusset as I gently ran a finger along her slit.

Knelt on all fours on the bed and peering at the camera, she was trying to speak to those watching, her words continually interrupted as I fingered her.

She scrambled out of my reach, leaving my mother as the only target as I pulled her down onto the bed, my mouth clamping against hers as we kissed and I roughly pushed her top and bra out of the way, exposing both her tits. I felt rather than saw Dorothy circling us, too engrossed now as I abused my mum's breasts, squeezing them tightly and making the sagging flesh bulge, her erect nipples standing proud.

'They want you to undress,' Dorothy whispered at me.

The viewers were paying, and so I jumped from the bed, parading myself as I disrobed, proudly displaying my jutting cock as I got rid of my pants and it sprang free.

'In her mouth' Dorothy said, her voice starting to sound excited and husky.

Grabbing a handful of my mother's hair, I forced her mouth open, sliding my cock between her luscious lips and feeling

the warmth inside as her tongue ran over and under my bulbous knob. She gagged several times as it was forced to the back of her throat, my hips rocking back and forth as I face-fucked her, it felt good, but what I really wanted was fanny.

Mum wanted to undress slowly, but presently, my need was so great that I nearly ripped the clothes from her, pushing her down onto the bed once she was naked and opening her legs wide. Dorothy zoomed into her cunt, gaping and wet, my knob pressing against her pink interior as I pushed it inside her. And then I was off, with my arousal at fever pitch, I just shagged her fast and hard, mum bucking beneath me as I meted out a fucking like never before.

'In her arse, they want to see it up her arse!' Dorothy wasn't whispering anymore, having to speak up to attract my attention as my world was now consumed by what I was doing to my mother. Sliding it from her, I had her up on all fours, spreading her buttocks wide so that my girlfriend could get a good shot of her puckered entrance before I rammed my shining slippery cock up her back passage.

I heard her scream as its full length penetrated her arse, fucking it just as brutally as I had done her cunt, my groin slapping against her buttocks with each insertion. While I was still to attain my goal, mum had already reached hers, the hand between her legs rubbing frantically at her cunt as I sodomised her until she screamed again, this time with pleasure as she climaxed, juices flowing freely from her, and all captured in glorious HD.

When my mother slumped onto her front, my eyes alighted on Dorothy, even though I knew she wasn't supposed to be part of the show, nonetheless, I decided that I was going to fuck her, the punters deserved their money's worth.

Snatching the camera from her hands, I ordered her to undress, training the lens on her as she got out of her clothes. My mother turned over to watch as I pressed the camera into her hands and pulled my girlfriend onto the bed.

'Do the best you can,' I instructed, already jamming my cock-up Dorothy's cunt.

Similar to my mother, I rode her hard and fast, my pent-up arousal soon bringing about her climax as I whipped my cock out and continued to wank furiously until I exploded, huge spurts of cum landing on her tits and belly as I roared at my release.

Although I felt more relaxed now, as though a weight had been lifted off my shoulders, I didn't feel satisfied, my cock continuing to stand erect. Whilst normally it would be flaccid, it was showing no signs of diminishing, in fact, it was urging me to go again as I wondered what that tiny pill was that Dorothy had given me.

Returning the camera to my girlfriend, I lay back and allowed my mother to mount me, Dorothy getting in close again as the camera captured the moment it impaled her cunt and mum grunted loudly. I watched as she bounced up and down on my cock, marvelling at her tits and belly as they bounced and wobbled with her motion. She had been sat upright so that Dotty could capture her rising excitement, but now leant forward on outstretched arms as she began to tire.

Grabbing her buttocks, I raised her high enough so that I could smash my cock into her pussy, feeling like I had an endless supply of energy as my shaft plundered her cunt. My mother was past caring, her climax was imminent, and she called out as juices burst from her, drenching my cock and groin.

'In her mouth and face,' Dorothy muttered as I rolled mum off me, knelt beside her head, and tossed myself off, my mum's mouth open wide as she panted. It went with an explosion again, as though a cork had been inserted into the end of my cock and then suddenly removed, cum spurting from its tip which splashed across her face and into her open mouth until I could shoot no more, my bollocks now completely empty.

Later that night after Dorothy had showered and left for the evening, I lounged in the bath after having washed the colouring out of my hair and peeled the gunk off my face. As intense as the sex had been, I wasn't inclined to repeat it again. Yes, we had made lots of money, a considerable amount

actually, it was just that I did not consider the risk acceptable for whatever reward we achieved.

I thoroughly enjoyed fucking my mother and was not yet ready for it to come to an end, but I had a premonition that more performances like that were only going to invite trouble.

Later when I joined my mother in her bed, I explained my decision, surprised when she appeared to agree.

'It was fun when you were a mystery man, anonymous to the viewers. It feels like we have stepped over a line and the thing that kept them coming back has now been exposed. Anyway, with what we have found together, I'm not inclined to allow other people to be part of that, I want you to myself.'

It was a couple of days before I got around to telling Dorothy. She was disappointed of course, but as I explained, I was content for her to carry on performing either alone or with mum. I even consented to occasionally perform with her but

made it clear that I would no longer have sex with my mother, at least not in front of a camera.

For what was left of that year, my life returned to something resembling normality, the three of us went out on New Year's eve and had a great time.

Mum continued to perform, as did Dorothy, I think in mum's case, she had got a taste for it, it made her feel sexy and special, surprised that men of all ages would pay to watch her undress and then play with herself, in a way I suppose, it was like prostitution without the inherent risks.

Dorothy continued to be a regular visitor and I looked forward to the special times when after watching them perform together, I was invited to partake of their sexuality as a threesome. It was the only time I did watch them, stood in the room as they had sex for their customers. When they performed solo, I left them to it, having lost interest in watching on my laptop. 'Why bother?' I had thought, when

later that evening I could have one or the other of them all to myself.

I had returned to college; mum was back at work each day and the episode over Christmas was slowly receding from my mind. Despite my fear, there had been no repercussions and so as far as I was concerned, we had thankfully got away with it.

As weeks passed, so did the episode from my memory, January became February, mum and I feeling as though we were in a full-time relationship. I was now sleeping with her every night, my mother getting far more sex than my girlfriend did, although Dorothy never seemed to complain, still finding what we did, exciting.

I suppose it was around the middle of February, we had just finished our evening meal and mum was clearing the pots away when I heard the doorbell ring. Imagining that it would be Dorothy and wondering why she was early, I opened the door with a grin that swiftly faded.

Two policemen were standing on the doorstep, my heart suddenly beating faster.

'Are you Robert Mason?'

I nodded my head dumbly.

'Does Angela Mason live here?'

'Yes, she is my mother.' My thoughts had suddenly turned to my father, had something happened to him, was that why they were here.

'Is she here as well,' I nodded my head again, 'Yeah, she's just clearing the tea things away.'

'Can we come in sir? We need to speak to you both.'

Showing them through to the lounge, I went and got mum from the kitchen and told her in a whisper that there were two policemen in the front room.

With us both seated, the one doing all the speaking continued.

'Is it correct Mrs Mason that you currently perform as a "Web Model" called "Mature-Angel" on the following websites?'

The ones he quoted were the sites mum broadcasted on and I watched as she nodded her head.

'We have received a complaint that on Tuesday the 28th of December you took part in a broadcast where you performed a sexual act with your son, Robert Mason, contrary to the "Sexual Offences Act 1967", in that you and he took part in penetrative incestuous sex.'

I was ready to spill my guts straight away, but before I could say anything my mother got in first.

'Yes, I performed that evening, and with a man. There is no law against that is there? And it definitely wasn't my son.'

They looked at me as I tried to appear surprised.

As it turned out, they had no concrete proof as yet, the footage from that evening was being reviewed and after they had cautioned us, they left us alone.

I found we were both shaking, we still were when Dorothy arrived thirty minutes later, and we recounted what had just happened.

It was the sole topic of conversation that evening, part of it being my fault, Dorothy was supposed to man the camera and check the computer, ensuring that those trying to view were people who would not know us from Adam. But I had got carried away, dragging her in to perform which left no one checking who was watching us.

'They couldn't record us through the site,' Dorothy said, 'I turned that option off.'

There were other ways to capture video and screenshots I pointed out, all of us wondering who had reported us.

For good or bad, we came up with a story, but it would all depend on whether the footage that the police had was of a good enough quality to recognise clearly who we were and whether the changes to my appearance had been sufficient to disguise my features.

One of the policemen paid us a visit about a week later.

'We have reviewed the evidence and believe there are grounds to proceed. Everything will be sent to the prosecution service, and it will be their decision. If it's another fella as you say, I'd advise him to come forward and speak to us so that we can get this cleared up.'

It was a tense time for me and mum, not so much Dotty, whilst she had been involved, at the end of the day it was my mother and I that had broken the law by having sex with each other.

Over a month had passed when one of the policemen returned.

'They have decided that there isn't enough evidence to prosecute, the footage we were sent was not of good enough quality to definitely identify all participants, so there will be no further action. I suggest in future that you keep it to yourselves and don't be putting it online.'

There was a combined sigh of relief after he had left, we had got away with it.

After that close call, I never went in front of the camera again, it could have all turned out so horribly wrong. My mother had

been and seen a solicitor and although she had stuck to her story, he did warn her that if the police went ahead and we were found guilty, we could face up to two years in prison.

Dorothy continued for a short while, but even she finally gave it up, the fun had been taken out of her endeavour and we returned to being a normal boyfriend and girlfriend. Mum continues to this day, I'm sure she is addicted to it and while the extra money is welcome, that is not her main consideration.

Of course, I'm still sleeping with her, but now it is only in our house and behind locked doors, that close call has taught me a lesson.

I don't blame Dorothy and I don't blame my mum. As far as I'm concerned, it was my father's fault. If he hadn't had walked out on us, none of this would have happened.

# Mom's a Tease

Gloria leant forward purposefully, her breasts jiggling as she polished the mahogany dining table. She knew that Andy, her son, sitting at the breakfast bar opposite, would be taking a crafty peek down the front of her 'V' neck top.

Lately, she had caught him watching her surreptitiously as she did her housework, finding that she got a thrill from the knowledge that he was looking at her body. Because of his sudden interest in her, she had taken to wearing tight jeans and rather low-cut tops, knowing that his eyes would follow her as she bent over to dust and polish.

In her late thirties, she had taken care of herself over the years, going out jogging several times every week. Her high metabolism though meant that she was able to eat what she wanted without putting on any weight. As a single mother, she had grown tired of dating men who only wanted her for sex but shirked at the idea of committing to any type of relationship or responsibility.

Consequently, it had been quite a few months since she had got any and so when she started to notice her son taking an interest in her, she had welcomed his attention, reminding her that she was still a woman.

Andy watched the movement of his mother's breasts as she went about her chores. He was aware that his cock was beginning to react to the sight of her cleavage, magnified by the bra she wore as it pushed her tits together and upwards. She had never been small in that department, a 38C was the size printed on one of her old bra's which he had managed to purloin and secrete in his bedroom and reminding himself that he must really rinse it through at the first opportunity as it was now stiff and crusty with his semen.

Wanking had become his favourite pastime lately, especially as he had discovered the numerous websites that catered to 'MILFS'. Using his laptop, he had managed to "photoshop" a picture of his mother's face onto the body of one of the images he had downloaded. Each night, with his door locked,

he would donate another sample to her as he imagined stripping her naked and fucking her.

He'd had girlfriends in the past but was currently single as he looked forward to starting college shortly, it was not far from where they lived, simply a bus ride each day. While in the past, he had been content to disappear out of the house each evening to see his mates, lately he had been spending more time at home, especially as his mother had taken to wearing shorter skirts and hold-up stockings which gave him ample views of her legs and thighs each evening as she sprawled on the couch watching TV and even an occasional glimpse of her panties as she crossed and uncrossed her legs.

To Gloria, it had become a game of 'cat and mouse', she had deliberately taken to wearing skirts and stockings, enjoying the thrill of teasing her son each evening and purposefully allowing him a glance up her skirt as she ostensibly seemed to be entranced by what was on the tv screen and showed no sign that she knew he was looking at her.

He would sit and fidget all evening, until eventually he had to go to the loo, and it was on one such occasion that she noticed the ample bulge in his jeans that he was unable to disguise as he stood and disappeared from the room. She started to wonder what he may have done below, the last time she had seen him naked, was when he was a child, but since then he had grown into quite a handsome young man. She saw nothing wrong in what they were doing, it was quite normal for someone of his age to be interested in older women and to her, it was just a bit of fun. That was until one afternoon as Christmas approached and she returned home early.

She had finished work at eleven o'clock that morning, her boss giving the office the rest of the day off to do some Christmas shopping. Even though she had bought most of the stuff she needed, she was not going to refuse the chance of getting away early. She picked up a few final bits and pieces before heading for home, having forgotten that Andy was on a home study day.

Letting herself in by the back door, she had kicked off her heels and padded around the kitchen as she put items away,

dancing as she finished and dying for the loo. Taking the stairs two at a time, she was passing Andy's bedroom door which was slightly ajar, when she chanced to glance in. What she saw stopped her in her tracks, her urgent bladder forgotten for the moment.

Her son was stretched out naked on his bed, but it wasn't his lack of clothes that had attracted her attention, it was his erect cock which currently pointed skywards as he did something on the laptop which lay by his side. Her hand went to her mouth in shock. It wasn't that she failed to feel disgusted which surprised her, it was the fact that his manhood was really well developed, a strong looking hard shaft of flesh topped by a bulging shiny purple helmet and the sudden tingling she was feeling between her legs.

Gloria stood indecisively, her first instinct had been to carry on walking but her primal instinct was to push his door open and get her hands on his magnificent cock. What had started as a bit of fun had now gained a new dimension, accepting that she was, at that moment, as interested in him as he was in her.

She stood silently a while longer, watching as he took his shaft in hand, sliding the skin up and down as he teased its plump top with what appeared to be one of the bra's she had discarded some time back. She was enthralled watching him wank himself off, listening to him mutter to himself and occasionally, catching the sound of her own name.

She found she could not move as his arousal began to peak, her body quivering with excitement as suddenly a large gush of spunk flew from his shaft and was expertly caught in the cup of her bra. She backed away carefully, making her way back down the stairs where she opened and closed the front door loudly, calling out to let him know she was home. She remained downstairs, giving him time to get dressed and make himself presentable before going back up the stairs and putting her head around his bedroom door.

'Hi, Andy, studying hard? I got off early and I've done a bit of shopping, I'm going to have a laydown, call me in an hour will you?' She noted that there were still the remnants of a bulge in his pants and that he looked flushed as he nodded at her.

Nipping into the loo, she relieved herself, dabbing at her cunt with some tissue which came away soaked in her juices before she flushed it away and headed for her bedroom. Locking the door behind her, she threw off her blouse and unzipped her skirt, casting a glance at herself in the mirror as she unfastened her bra and slipped her panties over her hips before laying on her bed and opening her legs wide.

Gloria started with her breasts as she massaged the firm flesh, her fingers tracing circles around her nipples. As they became erect, she pinched and pulled at them, moaning gutturally as her right hand wandered down her body, applying pressure as it swept over her belly and across her mound before extending a single digit and sliding it the length of her slit. It came away covered in her secretions as she rubbed it against her thumb before slowly sliding it into her cunt, her eyes closing and her hips rising as she sunk it deep into her moist tunnel.

Alternating between fingering herself and rubbing her clitoris, she soon found herself highly aroused as she closed

her eyes and pictured her son's cock. What she would not give at that very moment to have it inside her cunt, imagining him knelt between her thighs and about to fuck her.

That evening there were four of them sitting at the dining table, Gloria's daughter Donna having invited one of her friends to stay for dinner with them. Donna at twenty-one was nearly three years older than Andy and as with older sister's, there were times when she either teased or looked down her nose at him. The older they both got, surprisingly, the better they seemed to get on and nowadays, the house was quieter and less of a battleground.

The two girls were going out to a club in town later with Anna sleeping over in Donna's room that night. They disappeared out about nine o'clock leaving Andy and his mother alone, only tonight she was dressed demurely and was giving her son no reason to get excited. She had still not got over the fact that several hours earlier, she had climaxed and quite intensely, thinking about Andy fucking her and it had shaken her that she could even think of such a thing happening.

Disappointed, Andy had stayed downstairs all evening, receiving a kiss on his head as his mother headed up to bed at midnight. He was engrossed in a program when Donna and Anna returned just before two o'clock, both girls a little worse for wear.

In their drunken state, they spent half an hour downstairs as they teased him about his lack of a girlfriend and what they could do for him, Donna in her sozzled state being just as bad as Anna. They eventually toddled off to her bedroom, but by now he had lost track of the program he was watching and so turned off the tv and the lights before going upstairs himself. It was the weekend tomorrow and he had no reason to be up early so picked up a book and started reading.

In her bedroom, Donna and Anna had got into their nightwear but were still giggling and laughing as they talked.

'What do you think of Andy?' Donna asked, 'Could you ever imagine having sex with him?'

To her, he was still her little brother and someone to poke fun at, not someone who any of her friends may find attractive.

'He's ok,' Anna said, non-committedly, she was not going to admit that she actually fancied him, women of her age did not go out with lads younger than she was.

Donna noticed the hesitation in her friend's voice, 'I dare you to go to his room and chat him up. I bet he gets embarrassed. He is not going to do anything. I bet he can't even get it up.'

If she had been sober, Anna would have point blank refused, but she had been dared, and to back out now would show a lack of class. Taking a long swig from the bottle of vodka they had brought back with them, she moved hesitantly to the bedroom door, opened it partially and peeped out onto the darkened landing. She asked which was his bedroom, even though she knew which it was as she went out closing the door behind her. Tiptoeing to his door, she was going to knock so quietly that he would not hear her and then go back and say he was asleep.

Anna tapped on his door, already turning to retrace her steps when he answered her,

'Come in.'

She froze, what the hell did she do now, if she went back, he would probably get up, open his door and Donna would hear but what did she say if she went in. Taking a deep breath, she turned the knob and opened the door, the bedroom lit only by a bedside light as she slipped around it and closed it behind her.

'Donna's passed out and I couldn't sleep. I just wanted someone to chat with,' she said shyly as he put his book down and smiled at her.

'It's ok, I can't sleep either, come in if you want,' he said as Anna sitting at the end of his bed, unsure what to say next, her gaze taking in Andy's naked chest as he sat up in bed,

She had never noticed before, probably because of the clothes she wore, but he looked quite fit, his chest and arms toned from time in the gym. He chatted to her confidently, asking about her night out and making her laugh with his quips until she felt quite relaxed in his company.

'You can move a bit closer if you want, you look uncomfortable there and I promise not to bite,' he said as he moved to one side of his bed and made room for her.

She was a little self-conscious at first, lying next to Donna's brother in a baggy t-shirt and a pair of shorts. But he made no attempt to embarrass her and continued to chat away until suddenly, and with a mischievous smile he asked, 'I don't suppose my sister put you up to this?'

Anna went red with her embarrassment which made him smirk.

'It's alright,' he laughed softly, 'You've been here nearly an hour. If she asks, I'll tell her you were fantastic.'

She felt stupid now and like some inexperienced schoolgirl as she suddenly leaned into him and kissed his lips. He jerked back in surprise and she felt even more stupid now.

'I'm sorry,' she stuttered, feeling an idiot.

'It's alright,' he said, 'You just took me by surprise, I wasn't expecting that to happen.'

Anna wanted to leap from the bed and run, here she was, a twenty-one year old, behaving as though she was an inexperienced kid, she started to move, but his hand gently restrained her, 'You can try it again, but only if you want to?'

She moved closer again, closing her eyes at the last second, just before their lips met and this time it was different, this time he kissed her back and it felt passionate. Her hand

brushed against his chest as she felt the smoothness and warmth of his skin and the firmness of his muscles. From the way he kissed her, she knew she wanted him, ecstatic as his hand went under her top and she felt it touch the flesh at her waist.

Donna expected Anna to be back in twenty minutes. When an hour had passed without her returning, she was puzzled. Thirty minutes after that, she could not stay awake any longer and dozed off, wondering what was keeping her friend. She was rudely awakened at just after six as Anna returned quietly to the bedroom and disturbed her. Still half asleep, she asked her friend what time it was and where she had been.

Anna beamed at her, 'Andy's room and it's just after six,' came her reply.

Donna turned over to look at her friend opposite, 'Doing what?'

Anna was not going to explain in detail what had happened, 'We had sex,' she said, lying on her back with her arms behind her head and a smile of pure contentment plastered across her face.

'You fucked my little brother!' Donna gasped with astonishment, not believing what Anna had just told her.

Anna turned back on her side for a second as she smirked at her friend, 'He certainly isn't little Donna, he's.....gorgeous,' she sighed dreamily, lying back down.

Donna was wide awake now, eager to hear what her friend had got up to with Andy, her mouth hanging open and eyes wide with astonishment when her friend told her.

Anna must have been talking about someone else, surely she couldn't be talking about her brother, her little brother, but the other girl's eyes sparkled as she spoke his name, she was excited and hyper, but then suddenly, her smile disappeared.

'What if he doesn't want to see me again?' She asked, immediately close to tears. Donna could not believe it, what the hell had Andy done to Anna to turn her into a gibbering wreck.

The only one who had probably got a full night's sleep was Gloria. But despite what had taken place, Andy was still up before either of the girls, going out for a jog that morning with his mother. It wasn't that he was a great fan of running miles, but the prospect of an hour with a beautiful woman, dressed in lycra running pants and top with her tits bouncing up and down, was too good an opportunity to miss.

In all honesty, Donna had never thought of Andy as anything other than her little brother and it wasn't until she and Anna were downstairs as he and their mother returned, that she suddenly noticed that he had changed over the years.

No longer was he little, nowadays he was taller than she was, never having noticed that she had to tilt her head back slightly

when she spoke to him. Dressed in trainers' shorts and singlet as they came in through the back door, she took her first opportunity to properly look at him and realizing why Anna had the hots for him and was still swooning after last night.

He must have been nearly six-foot-tall, but it was his physique that caught her attention. In the past she had never really taken any notice but now for the first time she suddenly appreciated that most women would consider him fit, his sweat-soaked vest, sticking to his torso and well-defined muscles. Anna was nudging her constantly, not wanting to say anything to him while Andy's mother was present. He finally noticed she was there and with his head, motioned her to meet him outside.

'Are you ok?' He asked. Anna, appreciating his concern. 'It's up to you.... but if you'd like to go out one evening?'

He did not manage to finish, her head nodding like a dog wags its tail and a smile on her face.

He kissed her cheek, 'I'd better go and grab a shower, text me,' he said with his charming smile before disappearing back indoors.

Donna was waiting for her when she re-entered the kitchen, 'Well?' Anna doing a little jig around the kitchen floor with delight.

Her friend had left until later and she heard her mother leave the bathroom and then her bedroom door shut. Shortly afterwards she heard the shower going again as she headed for her room to tidy and make her bed. The bathroom door was open a crack as she passed and she stopped, normally she would just have carried on, not even giving it a second thought, but for some reason, she hesitated, touching the door slightly so that the crack became bigger.

As she moved back slightly, she could see her brother naked in the shower. Even though water masked some of her views, she still found herself taking a sharp intake of breath as she looked at him. Especially as he started to turn while soaping

his hair and she caught her very first sight of his manhood. Her hand went to her mouth, 'Holy shit,' she thought, understanding why Anna was enamoured with him.

As he rinsed his hair and his head turned towards the door Donna darted forward so as not to be seen and went to her room but the image of her brother naked refused to leave her head.

As children, they had played 'Doctors and Nurses' and bathed together, but as she had grown, she had demanded her privacy, shouting at him often for entering her room unannounced. Flopping onto her bed she closed her eyes, the image in her head sharp and impossible to forget as she replayed it time and time again. Even at this point, there was nothing but curiosity about him but over the next few days and weeks, it caught her unawares as it crept into her brain.

She lay on her bed one night after having been out with her boyfriend, mulling over the fact that presently she was not seeing as much of Anna as she used to. The young woman had

a boyfriend on the night she had slept with her brother but that had soon ended as she and Andy started going out. Christmas had been fantastic, most of the day it had been just the three of them until the evening when her boyfriend Davy had popped around followed two minutes later by Anna as her relationship with Andy continued to develop.

They had all, including her mother gone out on New Year's Eve and during the evening Donna had watched Andy dancing with mum, and if she hadn't have known better she would have said her mum was flirting and being provocative with him. She dismissed it out of hand putting it down to too much alcohol and her sudden preoccupation with Andy. She returned to the present as thoughts of her brother popped into her mind once more.

'This is becoming ridiculous,' she thought, no matter what she did, once she was alone the image of her brother naked would re-emerge, only now, it was accompanied by other thoughts.

The new thoughts in her head disturbed her. She had been drowsy one evening last week when for whatever reason, she suddenly felt randy, her hand sliding inside the shorts she wore to bed as she started touching herself. All had gone well as she became aroused, her fingers slipping in and out of her cunt. And then suddenly the thought of Andy had popped into her head, his naked body and cock hanging down, vivid behind her closed eyes.

She was too far gone to stop, and the image refused to disappear as she found herself imagining it erect and sliding into her quim as he fucked her. Her orgasm was a mass of blinding flashes as her body tightened, her hips bucking and her hand pounding her cunt leaving her breathless as he came inside her. What disturbed her was that she did not find the thoughts disgusting, in fact, it was getting worse, his image popping into her head frequently as her desire to have sex with him increased.

It was no less a dilemma for Gloria, the longer she went without sex, the stronger her desires were becoming to initiate something between her and her son. Unbeknownst to her, she was having thoughts not dissimilar to her daughter,

images of Andy's erect manhood a constant theme each night as she tried to sleep and often having to masturbate to release the pent-up tensions she was experiencing.

The only person unaware of what was taking place was Andy, he had not lost his penchant for his mother, still imagining situations where they ended up in bed with each other, but presently he was pre-disposed towards his new girlfriend. She was a sweet person he decided, and they made a perfect couple, her fantastic lithe body topped with the prettiest face he had ever seen. She had stayed over with his sister a couple of times, invariably spending the night in his bed once everyone was asleep.

It was a month later that things started to come to a head, February was cold wet and miserable with very few of them venturing out. Most evenings they were either all sitting downstairs watching tv, which Gloria found disappointing as she had to behave herself. Or Donna and Davy were up in her bedroom while Andy and Anna were in his, the two girls flitting back and forth.

They had decided to go out one Saturday night as a foursome as they toured the pubs and ended the night in a club. The taxi home dropped Davy first followed by Anna before depositing Andy and a well inebriated Donna back home. It was late and their mother was already in bed when they entered and made their way to their rooms. Andy had only just managed to get undressed and into his pj's before getting into bed when a soft knock came at his door and Donna staggered into his room.

'I can't sleep, come and talk to me,' she insisted, taking his hand and dragging him towards her bedroom.

She flopped onto her bed, emitting a huge sigh, 'I'm pissed,' she slurred and sounding hugely embarrassed, 'Which is why I'm going to ask you something..... If I were not pissed, I would not have the courage..... So, say no if you want to.'

Andy had no clue what was coming, wondering what she was wittering on about in her drunken state. When it came, it left him gob-smacked, never in his wildest imagination had he seen this coming.

'I want you to fuck me!' Donna said and then hiccupped.

There was complete silence in the room for several minutes as Donna waited expectantly and he tried to get over the shock.

'Donna, your pissed, do you realise what you have just said?' She looked at him through blurry eyes as she nodded her head.

'Yeah, I want you to shag me,' she said it as a matter of fact, not in the least embarrassed now she had managed to get the words out.

'I've seen you naked and now I can't get you out of my head, so perhaps if we have sex, things can go back to normal..... So, will you?'

As she turned on her side to face him, Andy did not know whether he should take her seriously or laugh, 'Donna, you're my sister,' he started to say but she interrupted him.

'Am I not pretty enough,' she asked despondently.

He had to laugh now, not cruelly but astonished, 'Donna, you are absolutely gorgeous, Davy's lucky to have you,' he told her.

'I've got a nice body,' she told him at the same time as she drunkenly pulled her vest top up and exposed her tits.

It was the first time Andy had seen her bare breasts, she was taking after their mother he thought as his hand involuntarily moved towards them, stopping at the last second.

'We shouldn't be doing this Donna,' he said, even though he had often imagined doing exactly this with his mother.

She grabbed his hand as he hesitated, pulling it the last few inches and placing it on her breast, holding it there so that he could not escape until he had at least felt her. The feel of her firm warm flesh caused his hand to hold the surprisingly weighty orb as his fingers traced a circle around her areola, watching as the goosebumps grew before stroking her now erect nipple.

A low guttural moan crept from her throat as he cupped her breast and squeezed, 'Make love to me Andrew,' she pleaded, only it was not his sister's voice now, it was the voice of a woman, seconds before she leant forward and kissed him.

Her kiss was aggressive, demanding and full of lust, Andy returning it in kind as their tongues tangoed and they each tasted the alcohol on the other's breath. His hands were fondling her breasts while Donna's had slid from his chest across his flat hard stomach and to the intense bulge in his pyjama bottoms, her arousal ratcheting up as she cupped his sack and then slid her hand upward along its length.

'Oh my god,' she had instantly thought, 'Can I manage that?'  
Reassuring herself that Anna had managed happily.

He kissed her mouth and her cheeks, her nose and her chin as he worked his way down her body, next came her neck and shoulders, her upper chest and 'Holy shit,' the words were out of her mouth as he kissed her tits and then took each of her nipples into his mouth, biting softly at her firm teats.

Her eyes were closed now as she revelled in the sensations as he reached her stomach, taking a second to get rid of her top as he started to ease her shorts down, kissing her naked flesh as he went.

Andy could smell a mixture of perfume, talc and sex as he tossed her shorts aside, spread her legs and slid between them, kissing her inner thighs.

Spreading her pussy lips wide, he looked in wonder at her soft, moist pink interior, her clitoris escaping its hood and exposing itself to him. He licked her labia before working his

way to her centre, listening to her suppressed moans before his tongue darted inside her cunt and Donna had a minor climax, her legs shaking uncontrollably and experiencing butterflies in her stomach, especially when he compressed her clit between his lips and teased it with the tip of his tongue.

As he licked and sucked at her genitals, his thumb stroked the puckered entrance to her back passage, something she had never encountered before, and which she found was highly erotic. When his fingers slid into her as he licked, she climaxed fully, unable to stop all the sounds she made as sensations rippled through her body. When she finally opened her eyes, Andy was knelt upright and had discarded his pyjama bottoms and she got her first close-up view of his magnificent cock as it pointed skywards. The skin-tight over its swollen length, the veins standing proud and topped off with a plump purple helmet which glistened with his pre-cum all focused her attention as he gazed down at her exquisite form.

His eyes asked the question without any words being spoken as she nodded her head, pushing his shaft down, she felt the head of his cock rest against her open wet quim as she took a breath and he eased forward, Donna feeling it start to enter her.

She needn't have worried, she was so wet that he easily slid into her cunt, but even so, he was slow and gentle until he filled her, Donna amazed as she felt her twat stretch to accommodate him. And then she felt him slowly withdraw before entering her once more, a slow steady pace which bit by bit increased until he was fucking her.

'No wonder Anna couldn't get enough of him,' flitted through her mind, immediately followed by a flash of jealousy which was like a dagger to her heart before that too disappeared, replaced with the sensations that took her body and soul as he pounded her cunt. His hands roved over her torso as he touched and teased her until she could hold out no longer and she crashed over her peak, the orgasm so intense that for moments she was sure she had passed out.

She wanted to scream but knew she couldn't, there had been no let-up after her climax as Andy continued to fuck her, her arousal still so high that as she felt his cock shudder inside her and then his hot semen fill her cunt she orgasmed again.

When at last she could breathe and manage to open her eyes he was laid next to her, resting his head on his crooked elbow and smiling softly.

'Has that helped?' He asked, trying to contain a smirk.

Donna knew that it had not. If anything, it had only served to increase her longing, 'Christ if this was what Anna was getting every time, no wonder she was possessive of him,' she was thinking, suddenly hating her friend.

She looked at him shyly and shook her head which made him laugh, 'I thought not,' he said as he pulled her on top of him.

When Donna awoke the next morning, she was still naked and Andy was still in her bed, a sudden panic overcoming her as she jumped from the bed and quickly pulled on her shorts and vest top.

As she left her room, she stopped, a smile of adoration on her face as she looked at her brother curled up and fast asleep still. For the first time in her existence she looked at him and something inside her went ping, what they had done was wrong, but she didn't care, all she knew at that moment was that she wanted it to happen again and again, she was already longing for him to make love to her once more.

Gloria had woken several times during the night and had vague recollections that she had heard noises coming from Donna's room further along the landing. Pulling on a dressing gown she went to make herself a cup of coffee, noticing that her son's bed was empty as she passed and then stopping in surprise when she passed Donna's room and noticed him curled up in her daughter's bed.

She was trying to fathom what was going on as she entered the kitchen, Donna already sitting at the breakfast bar with some cereal.

'How come Andrew's in your bed,' she asked.

'We were both quite drunk last night,' Donna said, without looking up, 'He put me to bed but must have got the rooms mixed up because I woke this morning in his bed.' She kept her head down as she lied.

Gloria knew that something was not right, Donna's was the first bedroom you came to, how could they walk straight past it, and if her son put her daughter to bed, who undressed her?

She recollected the noises from last night and suddenly she knew as she got a knot in her stomach, they'd had sex, her son and daughter had slept together last night.

She could feel it in her bones, the problem was that she did not feel anger or revulsion, what she felt was jealousy, the feeling for a moment overwhelming her. 'Why couldn't it have been me!' A voice was bellowing in her head, as she just nodded, appearing to accept Donna's explanation.

For the next couple of weeks, Gloria tried to show no concern whilst her insides were like a simmering volcano. Andy was at college each day while she and Donna were at work and each evening either one or both of their current partners would come over. She had forgone her usual teasing of her son, dressing demurely and giving him nothing to get excited about while each evening she stayed up late, long after they had gone to bed and checking on them when she went up.

For Donna and Andy, it was frustrating, both eager to indulge in a second encounter but frustrated by their mother's change of routine. Spring was around the corner and it was not far off his easter break. Donna was staying over at Anna's tonight and so Adam sat in his normal armchair watching tv while his mother curled up on the couch but tonight something felt different, he decided.

Gloria's dressing gown was wrapped tightly around her as she wondered what Andy would think if he knew that she was naked beneath it, the simmering volcano inside her, ready to blow as she stared at the tv without really seeing it.

'How many times have you and Donna had sex, how long has it been going on?' She suddenly demanded.

To Andrew, it felt like he had just been shot, there had been no lead-up, no looks, nothing to prepare him for the question as it left a silence in the air. The guilt was written all over his face without him having uttered a word. Even before he could try and clear his features his mother continued.

'It's written all over your face Andrew so no point in trying to deny it.'

His face was burning, and he knew he must be red with embarrassment, he kept his head down, feeling like a ten-

year-old who had done wrong and must now face the consequences.

'As long as you have been fantasising about me?' She asked.

He felt the tears prick at his eyes, she knew, how did she know? He had long wondered if she knew perfectly well what she was doing. It was too much of a coincidence that she only dressed provocatively and gave him glimpses of her body when they were alone.

He had to say something, the silence seemed to be drawn out as his mother waited for an answer. And then, at last, he plucked up the courage to answer, he was in trouble, so he may as well go down fighting.

Raising his head, he looked at her defiantly, 'Just the once, the night we came home drunk, it just kind of happened.'

'As for you, how long have I wondered what it may be like to take you to bed and make love to you?

'A lot longer than you may think! Longer than you have been teasing me for.'

He heard her sharp intake of breath, waiting for the eruption that never came, it felt like he had suddenly wrested control from her. 'You knew what you were doing, you wanted me to look at you. You wanted me to lust after you!' He said accusatorily.

Now it was her turn to go red and feel embarrassed. He had guessed her secret, he knew what she had been up to, that she had prick-teased him without ever considering whether she would actually go through with the act of having sex with him if the occasion ever arose.

Summoning up what little courage she felt, she hesitantly asked. 'And if you got the chance?'

There was no hesitation in his answer, 'Then I would seize it with both hands.'

She looked away for a moment, biting her bottom lip before she stood and still clasping her dressing gown tightly around her, she held out her hand.

They were both nervous as they climbed the stairs, for Andy, even though he'd had girlfriends and had then slept with his sister, this was different, his mother wasn't some young girl, she was a mature woman whom he suspected, knew exactly what she wanted, could he live up to her expectations?

Gloria had butterflies, she knew he had fancied her, but what would his reaction be when he saw her naked. She was no longer young and whilst she kept herself in shape, she could no longer compete with her own daughter, let alone Anna, whom she considered a beautiful young woman.

In her bedroom, she wanted to leave the lights off but knew that Andy would want to see her so just switched on her bedside lamp before turning to face him. Slowly she opened her gown and slipped it from her shoulders, allowing him to look at her nakedness, her confidence bolstered by the immediate growing bulge in his shorts. Andy wasted no time as he pulled his t-shirt over his head and pushed his shorts to the floor after a short struggle getting them past his cock. He faced her naked, giving her the same opportunity to take her first look at him.

Gloria wanted to cry with delight as she beheld his erect shaft closeup and in the flesh for the first time, eager to wrap her hand around it or better still, feel it between her legs.

'Oh my god, oh my god,' she said repeatedly as she watched him advance on her and easily pick her up, placing her on the bed. She knew that if she did not take control then she would lose it completely as she dragged him down and straddled his hips, gazing at her son laid beneath her.

How the hell had she managed to produce such a perfect specimen of manhood she wondered, watching his eyes and face as he looked up at her. It was his eyes especially that caught her attention, no man and that included her former husband had ever looked at her with such longing and adoration. Andy had waited so long for this moment, he had often imagined what her breasts would be like, in the flesh, they were magnificent, despite her age there was no discernable sign of sag as they jutted proudly from her chest.

Her areolae were large, covering the front of each of her tits, her nipples perfectly centred, darker and plumper than their surrounding area and presently rock hard with arousal. His gaze wandered downwards across her rounded stomach to her pubic mound which was shaved clean and gave him a view of the start of her slit, his cock twitching rapidly as he imagined what it was going to be like when he entered her.

She was hot, and she was wet, and she could immediately feel his shaft twitching against her open cunt lips as she ever so slowly slid back and forth along his cock, her leaking juices lubricating his shaft. As their confidence grew and they

became accustomed to each other Andy reached out to the breasts he had fantasised about for so long. The skin was smooth beneath his hand as he cupped and caressed them, watching his mums face change as he took her nipples between his fingers and thumbs, applying pressure.

Gloria moaned pleurably as he touched her tits, forcing herself down harder against the throbbing length of meat pushing against her quim. Reaching up, Andy ran his fingers through her mousey locks, gripped the back of her head and pulled her down towards him as he rose, their lips meeting and locking together as they kissed. She tasted sweet, her tongue running along his lips before forcing its way into his mouth, his other hand slid up her thigh to her waist and then upwards to the side of her breast, now squashed against his chest.

Gloria had slid forward enough that his cock was now pushing at her entrance, as the kiss broke and she slid back, she inadvertently impaled herself on his shaft in one single fluid movement which made her cry out as the air rushed from her lungs. His cock filled her completely, its swift journey up her

quim hitting every nerve and sensitive spot as it caused her to climax, juices gushing from her cunt as she tried to support herself on arms which wouldn't stop shaking.

A wave started between her legs and surged through her body before crashing against her brain, she did not dare move as her body experienced sensations that she had forgotten. There were stars in front of her eyes before they rolled up into her head and she shook uncontrollably, 'Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,' the same single word repeated over and over until eventually, her brain said 'Breath.'

When she eventually had control of her body again and she opened her eyes she was confronted by her son with a beaming smile across his face.

'What are you smiling at?' She laughed, still uncertain if she would be able to move, his cock filling her so completely that she feared he would split her.

'I always wondered if I would be able to satisfy you,' was his bashful reply which made her laugh again as she bent forward and kissed him.

'Well, I'm certain your question has just been answered.'

Gloria started slowly, easing herself up and down the first few inches of his shaft until she became accustomed to it, finally taking his length easily as she increased her momentum, squealing with joy each time it impaled her. Andy could sense she was close again, watching how her face changed and her voice got coarser as she loudly told him what she wanted him to do to her, some of the things physically impossible.

Gripping her buttocks, he pulled them apart, thus opening her cunt even further as he held her above his hips and raised his knee's slightly. He started to fuck her with a ferocity that she had never experienced, his hips slamming his cock deeply into her cunt as her tits jiggled ponderously in front of his face, his tongue licking at her nipples as he squeezed them between his teeth. Gloria was being swept along, unable to do

anything except wait for the explosion she could feel building in her cunt as his shaft pummelled her love tunnel.

She had no control again as her climax washed over her, only this time it was far more intense as his cock continued to be rammed into her cunt. With her eyes clamped tightly shut she rode him, her orgasm carrying her along as he took her weight and supported her, her body incapable of doing it on its own anymore.

When at last she returned to earth she was laid on her back and she opened her eyes to look at Andy knelt upright between her thighs his throbbing shaft still buried deep in her cunt. Starting to shag her again and keep her arousal peaking, the thought came to him that he was fucking the very place that he had come from, it only lasted a second as he looked down at the beautiful woman lying splayed and open beneath him.

He could not keep his hands off her as he touched every part of her body, finding spots that aroused or excited her further until he knew that he had lasted as long as he could. She was

so close again as his hips became a blur, his cock sliding into her quim like a piston as she climaxed once more.

She was floating, the pleasure centre of her brain overloaded as she, at last, felt his cock judder and expand, and then she felt his hot semen hit the back of her cunt and heard him call her name.

Laying side by side, she noticed that he was not even breathing heavily now as he patiently waited for her to recover her composure. When at last she turned to face him, he had a slightly worried look on his face, she looked at him quizzically and he was suddenly like a little boy again as he asked, 'Did I do enough to warrant sharing your bed again?'

She had to laugh as she took his face in her hands, 'My God Andrew, I did nothing, you did it all. Never and I mean Never has any man satisfied me like that,'

She kissed him as strong protective arms pulled her in close, 'You know that I secretly love you,' he whispered.

'Don't say anything to your sister,' she had made him promise the next morning. They had spent the night together as she slept in his arms, she would have liked that every night but knew there was a problem, in fact, several problems, Donna and Anna.

The girls arrived back just before dinner with Anna immediately making a beeline for Andy's room, his mother had asked him to stay out of the way.

Donna was about to follow when Gloria called her back, 'Can you come into the kitchen please Donna, I want to speak to you.'

Donna wondered what it was, her mother looking and sounding serious as she took a chair at one side of the dining table.

'What's the matter, mum?' She asked.

'I know you have had sex with Andrew.'

Donna was waiting for a hole to open and swallow her, it had been said so matter-of-factly that she couldn't even summon the wherewithal to even try and deny it, anyway her guilt was written plainly across her face.

'It seems to me, that we have a problem,' her mum continued, Donna just staring dumbly at the table, 'I would presume, and from experience, I doubt I'm wrong, that you can't wait for it to happen again.'

It was he mothers' words that twigged something in her brain, 'From experience,' she looked up to see the barest of a fleeting smile cross her mother's lips as the realization hit her.

'You've slept with him?' She hissed, her words hardly audible and looking at her mother in astonishment.

'It seems you were not the only one who developed a sudden infatuation with Andrew,' her mother said very quietly, 'However, it does create several problems, number one being Anna, how serious are they?'

Now that her initial shock had passed, though she was still astonished to learn that her mother had shagged her brother, she thought seriously about the question.

Donna gave a soft chuckle, 'If he made love to you, the same as he did to me and the same as he is doing to Anna. If you were young and single or even married, would you give him up without a fight?'

Gloria knew that what her daughter had just said was true, she wanted him again and instinctively knew she would do whatever it took to make it happen. 'So, what do we do Donna?' She asked sadly.

Unfortunately, it was not something they could answer until a lot later that day when Anna finally left, Andy walking her

home. He returned home to find Donna and his mum perched on the couch awaiting his return.

'Please join us, Andrew,' his mother said, indicating his usual chair.

'We were wondering how serious your relationship with Anna is?' His mother asked, Donna, butting in, 'You know she is in love with you?'

Andy gave his normal disarming smile, 'I like her a lot, she is very special, I don't know about love yet,' his eyes fleetingly meeting his mothers and making her heart beat faster.

'I take it this is about what has taken place between us?' Watching as they both nodded.

He took a deep breath, 'I suppose Anna, as my girlfriend, should really, get preferential treatment, which will also keep any suspicions at bay.

'Other than that, I am yours to command, you two decide between you, you can share me on alternative nights or' he said with a mischievous grin, 'it depends on your predisposition.'

With that, he said he was exhausted tonight and would appreciate some sleep as he kissed both their cheeks and headed towards his bedroom.

'What's 'predisposition when it's at home?' Donna asked, her mother whispering in her ear as she explained and Donna looking dumbstruck for a second. 'What! Both of us. Together!'

He was laughing to himself as he mounted the stairs thinking how much things had changed and wondered how many at his age were fucking three gorgeous women. Would his mother and sister take him up on his suggestion? Who knew, whatever the outcome he was as happy as Larry, looking forward to what the future may hold.

# Mom's Nude Pictures

I'm not going to tell you that my mother is one of those statuesque gorgeous mature women that teenage boys are supposed to lust after, because she's not. I've more chance of building a rocket in the back garden and flying to the moon than she has of appearing on the cover or even back page of any men's magazine or being head-hunted by some modelling agency.

She is your typical, common or garden, housewife and mother. With her slightly rounded face and mousey coloured hair cut and bobbed, I suppose she is pretty enough, but she is never going to set the world alight. Her bosom is more than ample, definitely a good handful there, unfortunately, so too is her belly, thighs and arse.

At just over five and a half feet tall, I would call her small and dumpy or rotund rather than tall, slim or svelte. But at the end of the day, she is my mother and I love her to bits. Have I ever thought of her in a sexual context? You have got to be joking, why at eighteen would I be interested in a middle-aged, thirty-eight-year-old plump woman and especially one who happens to be my mum.

Honestly! I have never thought of her like that. I have always had girlfriends, slim, firm bodied young women eager to share my bed whenever I had the need and I suppose it would have carried on like that until such time that I found someone special and decided to get married. But then and much to my astonishment, a particular Sunday evening happened.

There was nothing on the television, so I had retired to my bedroom and my laptop as I clicked through various porn sites. 'My God,' I was thinking, there were some exceptionally attractive young women out there, all too eager to display their bodies on the various pages. Clicking on pictures brought up photo-sets and on some occasions, other websites,

and then suddenly I was on a webpage where each of the thumbnails was of a middle-aged woman.

Perhaps it was curiosity that made me click on that first picture. Dressed, I wouldn't have given her a second glance out in the street. But as she undressed in the sequence of pictures, there was actually something quite alluring about her body. She was mature and rounded, overweight and sagging in places, but that final shot of her laid on a bed with her legs open wide and pussy gaping suddenly caused a reaction beneath the covers.

Clicking on each thumbnail in turn, I started to admire those mature older woman as I worked my way through that first screen. Surprisingly, I found my hand had slid beneath the sheets as ever so slowly I teased my flesh. Page one finished, I moved to page two, totally engrossed now as each new non-descript elderly female increased my arousal.

Reaching the middle line of that second screen, a thumbnail on the bottom row suddenly caught my attention, strangely,

that tiny picture looked very much like my mother. Clicking on it, I waited for the new page to open and then let out a startled gasp. 'Holy Fuck!'

Either mum had a twin out there that she knew nothing about, or the pictures were unmistakably her. Over a selection of ten pictures, she was disrobing as she looked coyly at the camera. I couldn't believe it as picture after picture showed her undressing and exposing her womanly bits. "Curvaceous Claire", the title read, my eyes glued to that final picture of her laid across a couch, her legs open wide as she cupped and forced her large breasts upwards.

Astonished and with my mind in a daze, I hurriedly closed the page, only to return to it seconds later, finding that I couldn't stop looking at her naked. And then it struck me, these were not pictures perhaps taken years ago by my father before their divorce. The more I studied the pictures, the more I realised that they must have been taken recently because she looked all of her years. Despite my shock, what she got up to was none of my business and I tried to ignore them as I carried on, feeling that I should not be looking at pictures of

my mother in a state of undress, but I was continually drawn back to the sight of her nudity.

The thing that was really surprising me was that I was not finding the pictures of her distasteful or revolting. If anything, I was finding them arousing, my hand moving faster and faster up and down my shaft as I imagined myself sinking my cock into her cunt and fucking her. I came as a gush of semen spurted across my belly, my eyes focusing on her inviting vagina as I imagined my cock filling her with my cream.

Afterwards, I felt disgusted. Not at my mother for baring all, but at myself for having fantasied about shagging her. Slamming the laptop lid down I grabbed some tissues and cleaned the cum off my stomach, but no matter how hard I tried to forget what I had just done, my mind kept returning to it.

Opening the laptop once more, I returned to the webpage and for some unfathomable reason, downloaded each of her pictures.

"Curvaceous Claire naked" I typed into the search engine, hundreds of hits popping up on the screen. One by one I trawled through them, searching diligently for any more pictures of her. I was still searching when I heard her come up to her bedroom, for a moment imagining her undressing as I went back to scouring the webpages.

I wasn't having any luck and so changed tact, searching for amateur mature women. Honestly, it's surprising how many sites were out there as I went from one to another. Eventually, I gave up, I had college in the morning and a glance at my bedside clock told me it was late. It was a restless night, lurid dreams and images filling my head. The next day at college was no better, I couldn't concentrate and wanted the lectures over with so that I could return home and continue my search of the internet once more.

Once tea was out of the way, I immediately retired to my room, giving mum the excuse that I had some studying to do. Over the next hour and a half, I browsed one site after another, all to no avail. No matter what I typed in the enquiry

box, the pictures I had come across seemed to be the only ones. And then I got lucky.

"Lucious Lisa". It was definitely her but under a different name. Bit by bit over several more hours I discovered numerous photo-sets of her displaying her charms. All of them seemed to have been photographed in a similar vein as she undressed and touched herself using either her fingers or a dildo and I surmised that perhaps they had been taken over the last couple of years, judging by her age in each group of pictures. By the end of my search, I can tell you that I had a raging boner in my pants.

And then came the icing on the cake as I came across a video clip, my eyes going wide and my mouth hanging open as I watched my mother getting fucked.

I just couldn't help myself as I quickly undressed and replayed the clip, wanking furiously as I watched mum getting shagged. Whoever the man was, the camera purposefully never caught a clear view of his face, but he certainly seemed to be pleasing

her. She squealed continuously as his cock sank into her flesh while my hand ran up and down my throbbing shaft until the dam burst and a large spurt of cum covered my stomach and chest.

Cleaned up and in my pyjamas, there was no disgust this time, just a determination to find out where the pictures and clip were being hosted from and if there was more. I knew instantly that I couldn't say anything to her, how do you even start to approach something like that? 'Hi mum, I've come across pictures of you naked while I've been looking at porn sites and I've seen a clip of you getting fucked.' I think not.

Ashamedly, my thoughts had suddenly turned to the wish of having sex with her as I became infatuated with my mother's body. But how do you start that type of conversation? 'Oh, by the way, mum, would you mind if I fucked you?' As if that was ever going to happen.

Over the course of that week, I became obsessed with finding out which website the pictures had originally come from. I

browsed site after site looking for clues, "Curvaceous Claire" seemed to be the latest name she was using but found other instances with the same pictures but using another name, none of which was close to her true name of "Emily".

And then, at last, I found it, a member-only site that was going to cost me to join. Filling in fictitious details, I picked a username and password and after making a payment, I was in. Perusing the site, I found several surprises, the first was that I encountered more clips of my mother either getting fucked or enjoying a lesbian experience. Another surprise was that as I went from profile to profile, I encountered at least four women from our town that I knew and that were some of my mother's acquaintances.

The greatest surprise was saved till last, just as I was about to give up for the evening. "Tessa Tease" was the name beneath a profile and a set of pictures. I seemed to stare at the screen for ages, astonished at what I had found. I knew the woman's real name which was Molly Hardman, and she was living four doors down the road from my house.

She and my mother had always been thick as thieves, either she was around at our house or my mother was at her house each day. Every Friday or Saturday night they would go out together down to the social club or out with their other friends in town. It seemed that I had known Molly almost as long as I had known my mother, she had been one of those constants in my life so far.

I saw her nearly every day and she was always dressed the same, normally a t-shirt or blouse with an old cardigan on top and usually a pair of slacks. When occasionally she wore a dress, it was always below her knees and was what I would call a "mumsy" sort of affair.

Molly looks-wise, is plain, with her ruddy complexion and lived-in face topped with curly blond hair. I guessed she was in her early to mid-forties but from her looks and the way she dressed you got the impression that she was at least ten years older than she was. Which was why I was so astonished as I looked at her pictures. Despite her looks and hidden below all those frumpy clothes was a body that would not have looked out of place on a twenty-something. She had full ripe breasts

with no discernible sag, a stomach as flat as any of the girlfriends I'd had and legs that went on forever. Body-wise, she was gorgeous and a real stunner, just a shame about the face which looked a little like the backend of a cow in action. And yet, without hesitation, I knew that given the chance, I would bed her in an instant.

I couldn't help myself as before finishing for the night, I pushed my pyjama bottoms down and massaged the tight flesh of my already erect cock. I teased it while gazing at pictures of Molly naked and imagining that it was her hand wrapped around my shaft as I massaged her magnificent tits. This time I caught my cum in a tissue which saved me having to get up to clean myself off, wondering if there would ever be a chance of getting into her knickers.

I hadn't the confidence to confront either her or my mother, it was better for the moment that neither of them realised what I had found. Studying her profile page, besides the ability to leave a comment, most of which were crude, to say the least, there was also a way of leaving a private message.

Typing quickly and nervously, I just wrote, 'Have seen you on several occasions, Molly. Never realised what a fantastic body you have. Luv Randy Rick.'

"Randy Rick" was the username I had picked as a laugh and hopefully the message was just enough to perhaps pique her interest. Switching off, I turned out the light and settled down, wondering whether she would reply or if she got plenty of messages like that and just ignored them.

I checked each evening after that, usually, once I had wanked myself off to clips or pictures of my mother or especially Molly. Nearly five days had passed before I found a message in my inbox. It was short and to the point, 'Do I know you?' I didn't want to write back too quickly or show my hand too soon, so I left it a day or two before replying, 'You maybe know of me. I just wanted to say that your pictures are stunning, and you have a gorgeous figure. RR.' I hit the submit button and wondered if she would reply.

I didn't have long to wait this time, getting a return message within the hour, 'Where do you live?' It was becoming a game as I typed a brief answer, 'The same town as you!' The reply was almost immediate, 'What's your name, you seem to know mine.'

'That must remain a mystery for the moment,' I wrote, 'I don't wish to cause any embarrassment. I just wanted to say that I find your pictures highly erotic and arousing.'

There was a pause of perhaps thirty minutes which left me wondering if she was having second thoughts about our communication. 'You don't seem to have put any pictures online yet. Are you married?' The message popped through once more.

'Sorry, I'm still trying to organise some pictures as I've only just joined the site. And no, I'm not married, yet. I promise to send you one when I get some taken. It's been very nice to speak to you, perhaps we could do it again sometime. RR.'

I sent the message through and waited, but nothing more was forthcoming that evening. As I snuggled down that night, my mind was a hive of activity. I knew exactly what kind of pictures she was referring to and I was trying to work out how I could take some of myself without giving away who I was.

Quite a lot of the male photo's on the website were of middle-aged or older men and quite frequently just shots of the genital area. I wanted to get something that showed all of me but without disclosing my face. Now don't get me wrong, I'm nothing special, just a normal teenager with a normal cock. I'm not built like a donkey or anything, but I have never had any complaints in that department. Having never been a hairy person, I decided to shave my pubes off as all the male participants in the clips I watched had done the same, and it made their cocks look bigger.

When the weekend came, Saturday was a warm sunny day, so grabbing my digital camera I set off for a brief walk into the fields and countryside that surround the small town I lived in. Once there, I balanced the camera on a fence stoop, paced away from it and dropped a twig on the ground. Returning to

the camera, I put it on the timer and moved back to my marker and waited for it to click.

I had to do it several times until I worked out the correct distance that would give a full body shot but still show enough detail. The spot I had picked was secluded enough, but hopefully, the background would show some of the town and the church spires so that Molly would know that I lived in the same vicinity.

The very thought of what I was about to do was arousing, my cock springing up and standing to attention as I quickly undressed, set the timer and retreated. Over the next hour, I got about a dozen shots, frequently dressing and undressing lest anyone wandered in my direction. Satisfied with what I had, I headed back towards home.

With the pictures downloaded, I ran them through a program and created a swirl over my face on each photo before uploading them to the website under my profile. The best one I saved till last. My body looked good and if I say so myself,

my shaft looked bigger than I thought it would. This was the one that I sent to Molly. I knew she wouldn't reply yet because she and my mother were out in town shopping.

Saturday evening, she and my mother were out together, and I was in town with the girlfriend and some mates so did not expect a reply until maybe Sunday or at least the next week. It had been a great evening and I was home in bed, it was late but unable to sleep, I was browsing the website. Suddenly a message popped through, 'Thank you for the picture. You look youngish. How old are you?'

I typed a quick reply, 'Your welcome. And in response to your question, let's just say that I'm old enough to appreciate an attractive woman.'

Her reply came back just as quick, 'Pity I can't see your face, but the rest of you looks very interesting. By the way, I noticed the background.'

It felt that I had her hooked, enough to make a suggestion as I typed my reply, 'Thank you, glad I don't disappoint. Perhaps one day when we get to know each other better we could have a coffee?'

Her next message was short, 'Perhaps, goodnight for the moment.'

The next two weeks were quiet, I would leave brief comments against any pictures she put up, but other than that, there was no communication between us, and I was starting to think that I had shit out. I saw Molly most days, only now I found myself watching her closely each time she was around at our house. It was hard to reconcile my feelings. With both women sat in the kitchen gossiping, I felt no different about them than I had always done and there was nothing about either of them that sexually attracted me. But the minute I looked at their naked bodies, I wanted to fuck them both. I'd given up all hope of anything happening when a message popped through one evening.

'Perhaps we could get that coffee. Am I the only one that you recognised?' She had written.

Immediately I typed back, 'No. There were some others that I recognised who live locally. I have seen you and "Curvaceous Claire" out together in town. A coffee would be nice.'

Molly told me a date, a time and a place, to which I readily agreed. It was only once we had said goodnight that the implications kicked in and left me feeling scared. This wasn't someone of my own age, someone who I had plenty in common with and who I could easily impress. This was a mature woman, older than my mother, a woman who had been around the block a few times and who, from her video clips, had entertained more than a few men. Scared I suppose was the wrong word, it left me now feeling petrified.

The date and time were not a problem and the place she had suggested was easy enough, it was in the next larger town a few miles away and where I went to college. Our meet was a week away and, in that time, I lost track of the occasions that

I suddenly decided to "chicken out". What would I say to her? Would she take one look at me and laugh, let's face it, at the end of the day, compared to her, I was still a schoolkid.

On the night before our mid-week meeting, I was still in two minds as to whether I could actually go through with it. Logging onto the web site, the laptop pinged to signify I had a private message. Presuming it was from Molly and that she couldn't make the rendezvous, I felt relieved as I opened it and then found my stomach lurching.

It wasn't from Molly, it was from "Curvaceous Claire", my mother, and spelt out in crude coarse language exactly what she would like to do to me and what she wanted me to do to her.

'Holy shit' I was thinking, I had forgotten about the pictures that I had submitted under my profile for other members to browse, and now I'd had a reply, from my own mother!

Please, be honest, what would you do? You want to fuck your mother and she has just told you plainly what she wants to do with you. The only trouble is, she does not know your true identity. Do you just come out and say something, do you drop hints, do you write back and tell her that you are her son? To me, it was an impossible conundrum and one that I wasn't capable of processing at that moment.

Wednesday, I only had lectures in the morning which left me with plenty of time before I met with Molly at two o'clock. I hung around college for a while before making my way to the café she had related, getting there early so that I could mingle on the opposite side of the street and watch her arrive. It was a good job I was watching intently because the woman that arrived was the Molly from the pictures and not the one that regularly visited my house.

Dressed in a short bomber style tight jacket which emphasised her breasts and a skirt short enough to display her fantastic legs she had applied make-up and looked reasonably attractive. If I hadn't seen her pictures, I wouldn't at first have recognised her. Giving her time to get herself a coffee and get

seated, my heart was pounding in my chest as I sauntered across the road and entered the premises.

Trying not to notice her at first, I grabbed a coffee and turned around, looking for somewhere to sit. Spotting her over in the corner, I made a beeline for her table and plonked my cup down opposite her. 'Hi, Molly, what brings you into town?' She looked startled as she recognised me instantly.

Molly stared at me, embarrassed and nervous as I saw her glance at her watch. 'What are you doing here Simon?' she asked. I prattled on about finishing my lectures and always coming here for coffee as she continually glanced at her watch and out of the window. I could feel that she would really have liked me to disappear but what could she say that would not sound suspicious.

As the time of her liaison came and went, she fidgeted in her chair, her conversation sporadic as I knew she had other things on her mind. If anything, it made me feel more confident, knowing that she was feeling just as nervous as I

was. 'I had better get going,' she said at last when it became obvious to her that the person, she thought she was meeting was not turning up.

She was halfway out of her chair when I spoke, 'That's a pity, Tessa, just as I was getting to know the real you.'

Molly stopped abruptly, only half stood as her mouth dropped open and she gawped at me, the penny suddenly dropping. And then it was as though someone had kicked her legs from beneath her as she slumped back into the chair and uttered miserably, 'Oh God.'

I was trying to look serious and concerned as she sat there for several minutes, just staring in my direction until finally, she managed to find her voice. 'How did you find out? How long have you known?'

Over the next twenty minutes, I explained how I had first come across pictures of my mother, Molly looking embarrassed and her face going red as I described them. Then

how I had managed to track down the website and the submissions by other women in the town including her own. 'What are you going to do?' She asked nervously.

Looking at her quizzically, I shook my head, 'I'm not going to do anything. That's not why I am here. What I wrote in our messages was perfectly true, you have a fantastic body. I just don't understand why you hide it under those frumpy clothes. And lastly, I do find you highly arousing.'

It was strange, I'd imagined her to be confident while I would be a nervous wreck, in fact, it was just the opposite. It felt that I was in charge of the proceedings while she seemed to be at a loss as to what to say or do. Perhaps it was that confidence that allowed me to say what I did.

'I'm here because I find you sexually attractive and if you ever gave me the chance, I would love to take you to bed.' There, I'd said it, the words were out as Molly just continued to sit there looking stunned.

'But..... but..... b.'

I interrupted before she got another word out. 'But I'm Emily's son? But I'm so young, still a kid? But why would I? I've explained why, yes I'm young, but that does not stop me finding you attractive or masturbating over your pictures.'

That final bit brought her out of her trance-like state and to something like normality. The longer we chatted, the more she relaxed as she explained that the website was for swingers and pick-ups if members so desired and where they could sell film clips and photo's if they wanted to. Molly clips were always done by her husband, 'He's more of a watcher than a performer,' she told me in confidence. 'I'm the one that normally photographs or films your mother, I don't think she was confident enough to let my hubby do it. Has anyone contacted you?' She asked me.

I nodded my head. 'Locally?' She asked. I nodded my head again. 'Someone, you know?' I just kept nodding my head to

each question, a wry smile on my lips until she finally asked, 'Who?'

It was a one-word answer as I sat back and watched the astonishment on her face. 'Claire.'

She seemed to find it horrific and hilarious at the same time. 'Your mother has contacted you?' I nodded my head again before telling her the comments my mother had sent me as Molly tried to suppress her laughter.

'Oh my God, you wouldn't, would you?' she asked. I didn't answer straight away, more or less raising my eyebrows and letting my face tell her what I was thinking. 'Bloody hell, you have considered it, haven't you?' I nodded my head imperceptibly.

For whatever reason, Molly seemed to find that an irresistible turn on. 'Listen, Simon, I need to think about this, it has come as something of a shock. You do realise what you are asking?'

I nodded my head, waiting for her to laugh it off and refuse my request.

'Normally, I would discuss it with Bill.' Bill was her husband. 'He is the one who does the filming and likes to watch. But on this occasion, I think I will keep your request a secret while I think about it,' she told me with a sly smile which warmed the cockles of my heart. At least it hadn't been a 'No.'

We sat for a little longer before Molly offered me a lift back in her car which allowed us to carry on talking, eventually dropping me back in town. At home, I tried to treat it as a normal day, doing the odd jobs for mum before tea and then disappearing to my room. It wasn't that I did not want to be downstairs with her, it was that I was afraid that I may let something slip. Also, with the meeting with Molly now having taken place, I was back to feeling nervous and sick again as I waited for her decision.

In the café, I'd found myself in command of the situation. But at our next meeting, if she said 'yes,' we would be back on

equal footing and I began to wonder if I could satisfy her. To help distract my mind, I logged on and replied to my mother's message. Perhaps I should just have written 'Thanks, but no thanks.' Instead, I went into graphic detail as I told her what I would like to do to her, finding it thrilling and arousing to be able to use words and descriptions which I could never say to her face.

I posted the message and then allowed myself to become immersed in other sites, eventually hearing my mother come upstairs. I have never realised she had a laptop, but she must have one, because ten minutes after her door closed, my laptop pinged with a return message.

'I would love to let you do those things to me. I'm currently lying on my bed naked and thinking about you.' She had written.

Bounding from my bed, I locked the door and undressed, laying naked as I typed back, 'I am as well. I'm looking at pictures of you as I stroke my erect shaft.' My mind and body

were alive with images and sensations as I typed the words, knowing they were going to my mother laying in the next room

Within seconds, back came a reply, 'My clit is so sensitive tonight, I'm rubbing it now and imagining that it's your fingers.'

I had a picture of her in the top corner of the screen, a large black dildo firmly embedded in her cunt as I replied once more. 'I'm sure it would feel nicer if it were my cock rubbing against your clit, just before I slid it into your fanny.'

I glanced at the single wall separating our bedrooms, imagining my mother on the other side of it naked and playing with herself. My cock was ridged as I slid my hand up and down its length, rubbing the pre-cum into its bulbous head and arousing myself further.

'Oh God, I would love that. I'm having to make do with my fingers at the moment. My pussy's so wet for you. I wish you

were here fucking me.' It flashed up on my screen at the same time as I'm sure I heard moans of pleasure come from the room next door.

I'd forgotten all about my nervousness and Molly, as my hand flew faster up and down my shaft. If only I dared to make that short walk.

'Close your eyes and imagine it's my cock shagging you. My hands squeezing your beautiful tits as my mouth sucks on those large button nipples.' I hit the submit button to fire the message off. The house was so quiet now that I was sure I could hear moans and groans of pleasure coming from my mother's room.

'I'm nearly there,' she replied as I imagined the slopping noises as she pounded her cunt. 'You're making me cum.'

I couldn't last any longer, her picture and my imagination culminating in my cock jerking rapidly as spunk flew from its tip, spurt after spurt.

'You have made me cum all over my stomach,' I wrote. 'I wish it were your tits and fanny that it was covering and that I could rub it into you.'

There was a loud moan, suddenly cut off from my mother's room and I imagined her quivering on her bed as she climaxed, and her juices flowed.

'You made me orgasm and it felt so good. We must do this again soon. Goodnight. XX'

Why could I not pluck up the courage and go next door? It was obvious that we wanted each other. The truth was, that she did not know that it was her son that had just helped her achieve her climax and she would be horrified if she did.

Over the next two weeks, even though I saw Molly nearly every day, she treated me no differently than she had ever done. I'd had no messages from her and again I'd begun to

imagine that the risk of what I'd proposed was too great. In that time, I'd had three virtual sexual encounters with my mother as we lay in our separate rooms and teased and aroused each other until we both climaxed.

Having reached the point of giving up hope of anything ever happening, I was surprised one Wednesday afternoon when with my mother out of the house, Molly popped around. 'Your mum has been telling me about her online sexual encounters with Randy Rick,' she said with a laugh. 'You are a very naughty boy.'

She smiled shyly as she began to unbutton her cardigan which had been fastened tightly up to her throat. As each button was undone, I could see flesh beneath until at last she reached the final button and opened it wide. There wasn't time for me to be nervous as I gazed at those glorious orbs of flesh, her nipples already hard and erect as she advanced on me.

My hand came up to cup one, her nipple pushing into my palm as our lips came together. At that moment, I couldn't

have cared less what she looked like. The kiss was sweet, intense and exhilarating. Her breast was as full and firm as I'd imagined as I massaged the flesh and tweaked her nipple, my confidence boosted as a growl of unimaginable pleasure rose from her throat.

It had taken seconds for my shaft to expand and harden as I pushed it against her mound and belly, making it obvious what I wanted to do to her. That seemed to seal the deal as she pushed back, her hand going down as she frantically rubbed the front of my pants, scrabbling to undo the waist button and slide the zip down.

Today was the first time in years that I'd seen her wear a skirt in my house and as she pulled me towards the couch and hoisted it, I now understood why because beneath it she was knicker-less. Plonking herself down she opened her legs wide, her pussy already open and moist as I dropped my pants and shorts and knelt between her open thighs.

It took no effort at all to slide inside her fanny, Molly letting out a guttural cry as my shaft filled her passage. I was so intent on devouring her body that it mattered little to me if my mother decided to return at that moment, my focus was only on fucking and satisfying the sensual body that my cock was plunging into.

Taking it as slow as I could, I knew I had to make it last. Remembering the clips of her getting fucked, I would do myself no favours if I shot my load within seconds of being inside her.

Concentrating on pushing all thoughts and sensations from my mind, I built up a steady rhythm, my cock plunging in and out of her now wet cunt. My hands massaged her beautiful tits, my fingers twisting and rolling her nipples between them. Leaning forward, I took each one in turn into my mouth as I sucked and ran my tongue over and around her areola before nipping each teat between my teeth.

With my cock still pumping into her, her cries and groans got louder, especially as I knelt upright once more and ran my fingers over her clit. Pushing back its hood, I exposed her sensitive little bud, teasing it as I applied slight amounts of pressure and watching as her eyes went glassy and her face turned red.

Her body went taut, the veins on her neck standing proud as she stared at me with unseeing eyes and climaxed. 'Fuck..... fuck..... fuck me, oh yes, that's so good.'

Her body visibly shook as my cock continued to ram her pussy until at last, she asked me to pause for a minute while she recovered. If nothing else, I had accomplished the thing that I had dreaded, I had made her climax. I could relax and enjoy whatever came next, I had proved I was more than a kid.

'Take your t-shirt off, I want to see you,' Molly requested. I pulled it over my head, my shaft still buried deep inside her quim as I made it twitch several times. Nearly naked now, she

gazed at my torso, her hands stroking my chest and stomach as they wandered over my body.

'Will you kiss me?' She asked.

Leaning forward, I could feel her breast pushing against my chest as our lips came together. Running my fingers through her hair, I caressed her face as our mouths ground together. The kiss was intense and arousing, my hips beginning to move once more as I fucked her ever so slowly. Molly may never be a looker, but she was every inch a woman who knew how to use her body.

Finally, I asked her to move as she joined me on the floor, and I got rid of my pants and shorts. With her hands and arms resting on the couch, I took her from behind, doggy fashion, my hands reaching around and cupping her pendulous breasts. I was surprised at the weight of them as I squashed them together before pulling at her nipples, my shaft spearing her all the while as I built her arousal once more.

I had youth on my side, but she had experience on hers as she showed me where and how to touch her so that I could elicit the greatest amount of pleasure. With both of us careering headlong towards our ultimate goal, my hips were slamming into her firm perfect buttocks as my shaft penetrated her passage, squelching noises filling the room with each thrust.

And then she was calling out as she climaxed once more, her voice rising and falling, especially as she felt my cock jerk and I filled her cunt with my hot semen. Exhausted and with tired muscles, I supported myself on outstretched arms as Molly slumped forward on the couch. The room was silent except for the sound of both of us panting. When finally, my flaccid cock slipped from her vagina, I slumped to the floor and sat next to her as she recovered.

'Give me a chance to rest and then we can fuck again,' I was thinking as she moved and joined me on the floor, our backs propped against the couch. Her head turned as she looked at me, her eyes sparkling as she continued to breathe heavily. I'd never asked a girl, but on this occasion, I suddenly felt the

need to, 'I didn't disappoint did I. Did I do enough to get another chance?'

Her face went from a look of surprise and disbelief before changing to a huge grin. 'Well, well, well, you're a dark horse. You would really like to do that again?' I just nodded my head dumbly.

'Why wouldn't I?' I was thinking, she had been sensational, and I would give anything to see her undressed completely and, in a bed, where I could explore that perfect body of hers in minute detail.

Molly let out a soft laugh as she continued to look at my changing expressions, 'You really mean it, don't you?' Again, I just nodded dumbly until at last, I found my voice.

'What man wouldn't?' I asked seriously, which she seemed to find slightly comical. She never explained as we made ourselves decent and then it was time for her to leave before my mother returned.

'I promise next time that there will be a little more forethought and to get dressed up for you,' she said as our lips came together once more before she headed for her own house.

Little did either of us know, but that was the start of our affair. I don't think either of us had any intention at the beginning, it just seemed to happen. From things she told me over the next few weeks, she never said anything about our meetings to her husband and had no intention of doing so in the future. True to her word, we met frequently, and, on each occasion, Molly would dress in the same manner as she displayed in her pictures. Tight tops and short skirts, stockings and suspenders and half-cup bras and tiny panties.

She taught me much about making love to a woman, things that made my girlfriend suspicious at times as she enquired how I had become so much more adept in the bedroom. Two months in and Molly made a request one afternoon as we lay in bed together after having fucked each other brains out. 'I

want you to get rid of your profile on the website.' She told me.

I hadn't added any more pictures to it, but there had been comments left and more than a couple of correspondences. 'But what about....' I'd begun to say. She interrupted before I had said the word 'Mum.' Despite my girlfriend and the frequent sex that Molly and I were having, there was still the virtual sex that took place between my mother and me regularly.

For some strange reason, it was something that I desperately wanted to happen. As wrong as it may be, the thought of making love to my mum had taken on greater urgency and was something I needed to get out of my system.

'You still want that to happen?' Molly asked. I nodded my head and tried to explain but I suppose to anyone but myself, the words did not make sense. 'Do as I ask and then leave the rest to me,' she said as I promised to close my profile.

That evening as I laid on my bed browsing the website, I heard mum come upstairs and then moments later a message popped up from her once more. 'Will you be around about eleven o'clock tonight, would love you to talk dirty to me again?' Even though earlier I had been pre-occupied with Molly, the thought of telling my mother what I fantasised about doing to her had me aroused once more

Mum worked part-time as a cleaner, and I always wondered how she managed the house and bills. The comment of Molly's about selling film clips now made sense, she had said that they did quite well out of the films and photo-sets.

One last time would not hurt I decided as I typed back, 'Already thinking about your delicious body and it's turning me on,' which was perfectly true. 'Will be around whenever you are ready, also something I need to tell you.'

I spent time downstairs with her that evening before declaring I was tired and that I was going to bed. It must have been

nearly an hour later that she came upstairs as I listened to her door close and I slipped from my bed and locked my door.

My laptop pinged quietly as a message came through. Hi Rick, are you about yet?'

I typed back quickly, getting the bad news out of the way first, 'Good evening darling Claire. Unfortunately, this must be the last time for a short while as my partner is becoming suspicious and so I'm going to have to delete my profile. I completely understand if you don't want to continue tonight. Please rest assured that I am going to miss you terribly and regret that we have never managed to get together. I am deeply saddened that I have never had the chance to touch your tantalising body.'

There was a pause of several minutes as it felt like I could feel her disappointment seeping through our bedroom wall.

'I quite understand Rick, you must do what is best. I will miss our little liaisons; they brightened my day each time. Say nice things to me if this is going to be our last time.' She replied.

And that is what I did, she was my mum and I loved her and so interspersed among the crudity's and the descriptions of the things I dearly wanted to do to her, I poured out my feelings for her as a person. While I vaguely heard her achieve her climax next door, I wasn't as inclined tonight to touch myself. I was going to miss this episode of my life as I wished her a goodnight, signed off and deleted my profile.

I noticed a difference in her for the next couple of days and then life went back to normal as she and Molly went about whatever they got up to when I wasn't around, and I went back to my girlfriend and my mates. As summer approached and the college term finished, my liaisons with Molly continued unabated as our relationship grew stronger.

That dreaded word slipped out one time as we fucked each other, leaving me stunned and wondering why I had uttered it. It was how I was beginning to feel about her as there was something completely satisfying and comfortable about being in her company.

It was afterwards that she commented, 'That was a nice thing to say, and just so that you know, my feelings for you are similar. But I'm happily married, and nothing can ever come of it. In ten- or fifteen years, you will still be young, and I will be an old woman. You may find that you feel completely different then.

'I am more than happy with what we have got, and I will always be here for as long as you want me. But it will never be more than that, we will never be completely together,' she finished. I felt sad but knew that what she said was, in fact, correct, no one could see what the future held.

It was the middle of my summer break and my mother had let slip that Bill, Molly's husband, would be away for a couple of days. He drove goods-vehicles for a living and normally was home each evening. But a driver had called in sick and his firm had asked him to do the run, as it was an overnight trip, the money was good, and he had agreed to do it.

I was already expecting the call from Molly, such an opportunity was too good to miss and I was looking forward to the prospect of maybe even being able to spend the entire night with her.

'Thursday, just after dinner. Can you pop round to my house?' she had asked me.

Of course, I agreed. Chances like this would be few and far between.

As far as I was aware, my mother was at work as I showered and got myself ready. She had shouted up that she had a couple of jobs to go to and I was confident that she would be away for the rest of the afternoon.

Emily sat in Molly's front room as her friend fussed about getting everything ready upstairs. It was Molly that had photographed and filmed her on many occasions, all being done in her spare bedroom which was decked out as a studio. It was a couple of days ago that she had informed her that she

had arranged a meeting between "Curvaceous Claire" and "Randy Rick".

'You speak about him so much that I thought it was about time you met, and I filmed you together. I have a feeling it's going to be special.'

And so here she was feeling nervous and at the same time excited as she looked forward in anticipation at finally getting the chance to let him fuck her. She was dressed sexily, or as sexy as someone of her size could. Hold-up stockings, tiny-ish panties and a push-up bra completed her underclothes while she had chosen a skirt and a sheer white blouse to complete the outfit.

Molly was back downstairs, and they were just finishing a glass of wine when the doorbell rang, and Molly got up to answer it. She heard her friend say 'Hello' and invite the person in but could not see them until they entered the lounge.

Emily was stunned when her son entered, 'Are you looking for me Simon?' she asked immediately, feeling embarrassed even though she had done nothing wrong and hoping that the person she was expecting would be delayed. Her son was looking at her strangely and seemed to be as surprised and embarrassed as she was feeling.

They were both even more shocked and horrified as Molly spoke, 'Claire meet Rick..... Rick this is Claire, but you already know that.'

There was complete silence in the room as they stared at each other, not knowing what to say. 'I'm going to disappear upstairs for a little while so that you two can talk, give me a call when you are ready,' Molly said as she left the room and closed the door.

The silence continued until his mother finally found her voice. She sounded upset, embarrassed and close to tears as she asked, 'Did you know who I was when I first messaged you.'

I nodded my head, 'Yes, I knew well before that,' as I explained how I had come across pictures of her naked.

I knew she was going to ask the question even though it was a little bit hypocritical and nonsensical. 'Why would you be looking at pictures like that?'

'Perhaps for the same reason that you decided to appear nude on a website. Who knows? It just happened.' I replied.

'All those things you described and wanted to do to me. Why?' She asked.

'What about the things that you wanted me to do to you. Was that any different?' I responded.

I couldn't argue with her answer. 'Yes! I did not realise who you were. You knew who I was, and you told me in very plain

words what you wished you could do to me. Was it some kind of sick joke?'

Sitting next to her on the couch, she allowed me to hold her hand as I tried to explain everything that had taken place since all of this had begun. I explained how I found her attractive, how I found her sexually exciting. My thoughts each time as we messaged each other, knowing that she was in the next room and what she was doing.

'It was no joke mum. Ever since I came across those pictures of you, I have only ever wanted one thing and that was to make love to you. There isn't a day goes by where I do not imagine being in bed with you, touching you, having sex with you. I have dreamt about it so much recently.'

I was nearly in tears myself. I'd had no idea that Molly was going to drop a bombshell like this. I'd always hoped that it could happen, but that it would be accidentally, that mum would realise about my feelings bit by bit.

The comments and questions went back and forth, I think both of us had lost track of time and forgot that Molly was upstairs. There was still one comment or question that mum hadn't made, which surprised me because I would have thought it was the first thing she would have brought up.

Eventually, she did, as she asked, 'But why Simon, that's what I don't understand. Why do you want to go to bed with me, I'm your mum?'

I had never planned my answer because I never imagined a situation like this, the words just came on their own accord. 'No, you're not. My mother is called Emily and lives just down the road. You're called Claire, your pretty and sexy and you have a body that arouses me which is why I want to have sex with you.'

We had taken so long that Molly had got bored with waiting as she suddenly appeared in the lounge. 'What are you two waiting for?' She asked seriously as both mum and I just gazed at her.

I was ready for it to happen, though I had never planned on it being at Molly's house. I could tell that my mother was still undecided as she wrestled with her conscience.

'Look, you want him Emily and I know he wants you, what are you both waiting for. Just do it. I've got the camera set up ready.' Molly said.

Now it was my turn to feel reticent, I had never planned on it being here and I had definitely never considered being filmed. 'Can you give me a minute with your mum please Simon?' Molly asked. 'You know where the spare room is, go and wait up there for a minute.'

I did as I was told as I made my way upstairs. I'd never actually been in the spare room; Molly and I had always used one of the other rooms. The bedroom was bare except for a bed and couch at one end and a camera on a tripod and lights at the other end. I waited patiently until I heard footsteps coming up the stairs and then Molly entered the room.

'She had more questions and I've told her about us,' she said firmly. 'She will be up in a moment. Just try and act normally, the same way that you do with me and everything will be fine. Forget that I am here!'

'That's easier said than done,' I thought as I heard more footsteps coming up the stairs and then my mother entered the room. Molly placed us in front of the camera and near the bed before backing away. 'Just start whenever you are ready,' was all she said.

Mum and I stood looking at each other for what felt like an eternity until I decided that if one of us did not make a move, this was never going to happen.

Closing the distance between us, I cupped her face and ran my fingers through her hair. Moving closer still, I bent and allowed our lips to meet in that first exploratory kiss. It took her a moment to react before she began to kiss me back, the kiss growing in passion and arousal the longer it went on. She

tasted sweet and my nose picked up the fragrance of her perfume, our mouths now locked together as our hands began to move over each other's bodies.

The feeling of arousal and excitement was so intense that I forgot all about Molly stood in the background. My cock was throbbing in my pants as I immediately thrust it against my mother's belly, intent on letting her know what she was doing to me as I gripped her ample buttocks and pulled her tightly against it.

Taking my hand, she placed it on her breast as she ground her mound and genitals against my erection. When at last we came up for air, nothing was going to stop what we both now knew was going to happen.

One by one she allowed me to unfasten the buttons of her blouse, her hand rubbing at the bulge in my pants as I exposed more and more of her flesh and then staring at the size of her breasts, still supported by the black bra as her bosom heaved up and down.

'Fuck,' they looked so inviting that I wanted to lose myself in them as I removed her blouse and pulled my t-shirt over my head. I watched as she reached behind her and unclasped her bra, waiting momentarily before she let it fall away. A slight smile played across her lips as she looked into my face and saw the adoration in my eyes as I pulled her tightly to me once more and felt her large naked breasts push against my bare chest.

Never before in my life had I wanted to fuck with such urgency. I kissed her again as my hand came up and I tried to cup her left breast. Hefting it in my hand, I massaged the flesh, rolling her large nipples between my fingers and thumb and feeling, rather than hearing, the growl in her throat.

We broke apart for a moment as she turned so that I could unzip her skirt. As she stepped out of it, I took the chance and divested myself of the rest of my clothing. Standing completely naked, my cock hard and erect bobbed and twitched with anticipation as I gave her a chance to look at me.

She seemed to like what she saw because seconds later she was back in my arms and at long last my wish was complete as her fingers curled around my shaft, pulling my skin tight as she gripped it. I slid my hand over her belly and downwards, past the edge of her panties and over her shaven mound until at last, I encountered her vagina.

She was different than either Molly or my girlfriend who both had protruding piss-flaps. My mother's vagina was a beautiful smooth slit which I delighted in running my finger along, eliciting cries of pleasure and arousal as her juices lubricated my digit.

It took very little pressure for it to slide inside her as I began fingering her, stooping as my mouth went to her teats to nip and suck on her hard nipples. All else was forgotten now as both of us gave in to our base instincts and the urge to fuck. Easing her towards the bed, she sat on its edge and lay back as I removed her panties and knelt between her open legs.

The heady aroma of perfume, powder and sex assailed my nostrils as my face moved closer to her vagina and I spread her lips, exposing the glistening moist pink interior. I partially heard her scream as my mouth clamped onto her cunt, her ample thighs gripping my head like a vice as my tongue penetrated her passage.

I licked, sucked, flicked and poked, my mouth and tongue devouring her vagina. Her hips bucked constantly, her body trying to roll as her arousal increased. With my hands roaming over her considerable belly, I took her clit between my lips, my tongue flicking out at it as I teased her and heard her roar as her first minor climax made her belly and tits wobble.

As I continued to gorge myself on her now wet cunt, she alternated between try to push me away and then grabbing my hair as she pulled my face tighter against her quim. My mother was extremely vocal, the coarseness of her language leaving me in no doubt that she was enjoying all that I was doing to her.

At last, I heard the words shouted at me, the pleading evident in her voice, 'Fuck me, Simon. Please, I want you to fuck me.'

I arose from the floor as she squirmed farther up the bed, her legs opening wide as she offered me her fanny. My shaft was rock hard, but at least my attention to her vagina had given me a chance to get my arousal under control. With wanton abandon, I knelt between her thighs, gazing down at her exquisite body for seconds before I pushed my cock downwards and rammed it into her.

Her upper body left the bed, her eyes staring at me as my cock filled her passage with that initial contact and then as she flopped back down, I began to fuck her.

All the weeks that we had teased each other paled into insignificance as my shaft slid in and out of her cunt. She might be mature and have been around a bit, but her vagina was still tight, her muscles gripping me each time my balls banged against her ample arse.

Never let it be said that plump women are not sexy. My mother was just as arousing as any of my girlfriends or Molly. There was something highly erotic in watching her belly wobble and her large tits bounce with each thrust of my hips.

By now I had built up a head of steam, I could tell she was drawing closer to her climax as I pounded her fanny and my hands gripped her continually moving breasts. I managed to time it to perfection as she wrapped her stocking legs around me, pulled me in deeper and howled her release, my cock jerking rapidly as I emptied my sack inside her, filling her cunt with my seed.

Slumped side by side and breathing heavily, it was only then that we both remembered about Molly. During our copulation, I vaguely remembered her moving around us with the camera but as we took pleasure from each other, I had forgotten all about her being there, so strong were my desires to have sex with my mother.

There were two things that I immediately noticed about her, first was the look of excitement in her eyes and secondly was the fact that she was naked. My arousal had been so intense that my cock was still standing erect as Molly approached the bed and joined us as she straddled my hips and lowered herself onto my cock.

I've never felt sensations like it. To have a woman bouncing on your cock whilst your mother lays next to you and watches was so thrilling and exciting it's impossible to describe. I turned my head and watched as she opened her legs and began rubbing at her clit and vagina. One of my hands massaged Molly's tits whilst the other fondled my mother's breast.

As Molly began to move up and down faster and mum inserted several fingers into her cunt as she frigged herself, I knew there was no chance of me lasting long, my body already peaking as I watched both women enjoying themselves. It was a good job Molly was already highly aroused because I came quickly as she reached her climax

watching as my mother's face strained as she pushed herself over the edge and squirted her juices onto the covers.

I'll be honest, I was knackered, everything had been so extraordinary that it was going to be a while before I'd be able to perform again. At that moment all I wanted to do was sleep.

Eventually, Molly slid from me, sitting on the edge of the bed while my mother seemed to be dozing. Taking it in turns, we showered and dressed. The afternoon had passed in a flash and it was nearing tea-time as my mother and I made our way towards home. Whilst initially I had wondered about spending the night with Molly, at the moment I was content just to chill out and relax.

That evening we ate together and then settled down on the couch to watch tv, for once, I did not disappear up to my room early evening, content to spend the time with my mother. It wasn't until bedtime approached that she mentioned anything about that afternoon. It took me by

surprise when she asked if I would be spending the night in her bed.

Truly, I'd never thought about it until she brought it up. Despite feeling exhausted earlier, I suddenly realised that her request had reawakened my libido. Asking her a couple of questions, I explained my request before nipping up to her bedroom and adding a program to her laptop which she told me was under her bed.

She met me on the landing looking excited as I went to my bedroom and she continued to hers, both of us closing our doors. As I had done on so many occasions, I switched my laptop on and started the program, typing a message into the box once it appeared.

'The sex with you today was fantastic, can't wait to see you naked again. Already getting a hard-on thinking about you.' I typed.

A message came back almost immediately. 'Undressing as I type, my nipples are already hard and are crying out for you to suck them. I'm going to have to touch myself soon. Missing you already.'

The messages went back and forth as we both described the things we wanted to do. Descriptions of what we were doing to ourselves heightened our arousals until her final message, which invited me to go and fuck her. Tonight, was different, tonight I made that short walk to her bedroom and joined my mother in her bed.

Laid in the middle of the mattress as she straddled my hips, my shaft buried deep inside her cunt as she rocked back and forth was the best sensation ever. It gave me the chance to do what I had continually dreamt of, and that was to just look at her naked.

Her ample thighs were on either side of my hips and her belly had a little bit of an overhang, but not enough to hide her slit and my shaft which protruded from it. Gravity and weight

caused her large breasts to be dragged downwards and they swung in time with her movement.

She was never going to be a shining example of womanhood, but I didn't care. At that moment, as far as I was concerned, she was perfect. There were several things about her that I learnt that night. The first was that she loved her nipples to be touched and played with and I enjoyed it all the more as she hoisted each breast and sucked at her teats.

The next was that I never realised that my mother could be so crude. Never in my life had I heard mum use the kind of language that I would use with my mates or words that I would perhaps use with my girlfriend. I found it highly erotic as she continually spurred me onwards, her language turning the air blue.

'I love the feel of your cock inside my cunt.' I'd never heard any woman of her age use that "C" word before. 'If only I had known sooner that you wanted to shag me.' 'That's it, fuck my pussy. Does it feel good shagging your mummy's cunt?'

As I've said, it definitely increased my ardour, especially as she leant forward on outstretched arms and dangled her tits over my face, offering me her nipples to be sucked and licked.

The other thing I discovered over that long night was that mum would do and try anything. Where sex was concerned, there was nothing that was out of bounds, she loved everything, especially when we had changed positions and I had slid my cock up her arse as I sodomised her. With my girlfriend, I had always pulled out at the last second, ramming my shaft back into her fanny.

But my mother wasn't having any of that. With my cock pumping furiously into her back passage, she rammed her fingers into her fanny, pummelling her wet sloppy slit as she made herself orgasm and I shot my cum up her arse.

After that night, my bed would only get occasional use, normally when my girlfriend was around, or she stayed over. Most nights were spent in my mother's bed as we made love,

our little game of messaging each other beforehand a constant theme in our relationship.

And so here I am as my twenty-third birthday approaches. My affair with Molly continues even though I now work for a living and have less free time. I had been worried about that when I finished college, previously, it had been easy to find time during the week for both of us to meet up and fuck. Opportunities, when either my mum or her husband were at work were easily found, but once I was working full time myself, how was I going to manage to see her?

I needn't have worried, mum made it clear that any evening that Molly popped around she was happy for us to go upstairs and fuck, especially if we didn't mind her occasionally joining us. I tell you, there is something special about watching two mature women doing extraordinary things to each other, god knows how I haven't had a heart attack before now because those two, take plenty of pleasing.

I never tire of abusing my mother's body and even though I know she has aged, to me she is no different, God, she is a sexy bitch. I highly recommend our little game; we both find it easier to describe the things we would like to do to each other in the text as opposed to doing it face to face. It somehow seems to heighten the senses and anticipation as we send sexual messages back and forth to our separate rooms. The sex afterwards in that highly aroused state is phenomenal.

The previous girlfriend has departed, and I now have a new one in tow. There is something different about Marsha, she is so much like my mother. Not in looks or body, but in her liberal views and her approach to sex with the same anything-goes attitude. I'm beginning to wonder if one day she may like to try being filmed while we fuck.

Molly gave us the film she had made, asking if we minded if she kept a copy herself. It is something else that features heavily in both my relationship with her and my mother. It is surprising how many times it has been viewed over the years before we get down to fucking.

And so there for the moment, I will end my tale. What does the future hold, I've no idea? As far as I am concerned, it can carry on like this forever.

# My Kinky Mother

During my formative years and into my mid-teens, I was convinced that I knew everything about my mother that there was to know. I knew her likes and dislikes, what she liked to eat and what she liked to wear. I knew her friends and workmates, what she liked to watch on tv and all about our relatives. I knew what she found funny and what she found distasteful, in short, I could answer any question about my mother that anyone cared to ask and be confident of answering correctly. I even knew her bra size, which was a "34b", it was on the label of a bra which was on top of a pile of clean clothes that I carried upstairs for her one time. Her other measurements, I would have to make a reasonable guess at I suppose, but I bet I wouldn't be far off.

I could describe her to anyone, all I had to do was close my eyes and instantly an image of her would pop into my head, she was ordinary. Now I don't mean that nastily, what I mean is that she is no different from the millions of other mothers

in this country. From pictures in the photo albums, I would consider that she was reasonably pretty when she was young, nothing spectacular mind you, just a young woman with a prettyish face. Her figure back then didn't look too bad and from what I could see then and now, she has good legs. From her photos, she has had different hairstyles over the years, long, short and several different lengths in between. Some suited her and some didn't, nowadays her mousey coloured hair is slightly permed and is currently shoulder length and at least her glasses suit the shape of her face. Over the years she has worn some monstrosities which I would never have been seen dead in, even as a joke.

But despite everything that I thought I knew; my mother it later appeared, had a secret. It was a secret kept so close to her chest that I'm sure no one ever had an inkling. Well perhaps my father did, maybe it was the reason for their divorce four years earlier. If it was, I was never privy to it. I think more or less that I was the reason they stayed together, the older I got, the less they found they had in common and eventually when I was at an age where I saw more of my friends than I did of my family, they decided to amicably go their separate ways. I

still saw my father regularly and had great respect for him, but friends and especially girlfriends were more important now than family was.

Now I know what you are all thinking, 'Ah, we know what comes next.' Well, I'm glad you do, because, at that point, I didn't have a clue that anything at all would come next, she was my mother, end of story. My life carried on as it had done before their separation, most evenings after school and with my homework done, I would head into town and meet up with my mates. When I left school and got a job as an apprentice joiner, it made no difference to me, at least there was no homework anymore. I would still toddle off into town most evenings, meeting friends and my new girlfriend, Danielle, whom I had only just recently acquired.

As my nineteenth birthday and Christmas approached, I was at a loss for once that Saturday evening. Outdoors, the weather was cold, wet and my girlfriend was full of the flu. I thought of going around to one of my mates, but because of the dismal conditions, I had retreated to my bedroom, bored with watching the rubbish that was on tv. Browsing through

several porn sites, I suddenly needed to piss and left my laptop on the bed as I made my way to the bathroom. It was only as I returned that I remembered it and got the shock of my life. My mother was in my bedroom putting socks and undies into drawers and fortunately for me, her back was to my laptop which was currently displaying a woman, gagged and bound while she was getting shafted.

Mum turned around, just as I slammed the lid down, looking at me enquiringly as to what my haste was. 'Bored,' I told her as I quickly picked up my headphones and connected them to my music player, certain that my face must be flushed and crimson.

As she left my room, I breathed a sigh of relief, thanking whichever gods were watching over me, that she hadn't noticed what was on the screen. She must not have caught a glimpse because she had made no mention of it. I'm sure she would have done and so from then onwards, I always made sure the lid was closed whenever I left it unaccompanied.

Danielle had recovered, the weather had turned frosty and crisp and I had gone back to my frequent trips into town each evening. With Christmas over and both me and mum back at work, our life continued unabated throughout January. It was one evening in February that I once again found myself at a bit of a loss. There was nothing much on tv, Danielle was away, and it was too cold to walk down to my mates. What I was watching on the tv was at least halfway interesting, when Mum came in after finishing up in the kitchen and grabbed the remote. She proceeded to do that annoying thing of going through every one of the channels, trying to find something to watch despite the fact I had already told her there was nothing worth watching.

We sat for a while longer, up until the point that I intended to go up to my bedroom when she suddenly came out with a strange request. 'Can you bring your laptop downstairs? I want to look up something.'

Now, as far as I was concerned, my mother was computer illiterate, she worked in a large retail outlet and while I knew that she perhaps had to use one from time to time, at home

she could never get the hang of my machine on the few occasions she had asked to borrow it. Dutifully, I brought it down and switched it on for her as she asked how she should search the internet.

'What is it you are looking for mum?' I asked as I showed her how to bring up the browser and type in an enquiry. Her answer had me rocking back on my heels and going crimson as I stuttered and spluttered at her reply.

'I'm looking for the website that was on your computer before Christmas. Remember the night I came to your bedroom. You know, the one where the woman was tied up and having sex.'

If you had given me a shovel, I would happily have dug the hole myself. I was tongue-tied and embarrassed, how would I respond to a comment like that from a stranger, let alone my own mother. Nervously, and shaking like a leaf, I sat next to her and took the laptop back as I typed in a web address and pressed enter. Passing it back to her, I was intent on making

my escape when she started to ask questions. 'What do I click on. How do I make it play?'

I explained what she had to click on as the first clip started playing, the sound loud in the now quiet room. I turned the volume down and tried to escape again but was stopped as she said, 'Don't go yet. I need you to show me how to play more.' And so, I sat, feeling ill at ease with the laptop balanced on our knees as I watched porn clips with my mother. She sat silently at first, watching the action play out on the screen. By the third clip she was commenting, observations on the actors and actresses, comments about what was taking place as embarrassingly, I watched women of different ages, bound, flogged, abused and fucked.

We spent just over two hours that evening watching all kinds of fetish and kinky porn, my mother laughing, joking and sounding excited while I just sat in a subdued daze, unable to do and say anything. I couldn't reply to some of her remarks, there was no way I could bring myself to use words like those in my mother's presence. And there was no way I could move, despite my abject discomfort, what I was watching on the

screen was having the desired effect and I had a raging boner in my pants. When at last she'd had her fill, she wished me goodnight and headed upstairs to her bedroom.

I must have sat there for another thirty minutes, unable to believe what had just taken place. If I had told any of my friends, there was no way they would ever have believed me. I wouldn't have believed me. When at last I locked the doors and turned out the lights, heading for my room, I knew I had to do something to get rid of the throbbing urgency down below. With my door locked, I got naked, lying on my bed as I began teasing my raging flesh and tossed myself off.

My ears didn't pick up on the sound while I was distracted, it was only afterwards as I threw the discarded tissue full of my semen into the bin that I was convinced I could hear something.

You know what it's like when you are certain you can hear a motor running or humming somewhere in the background but cannot pinpoint exactly where it is coming from. It was so

soft and quiet that I wondered if I was imagining it. I would turn my head one way and it would disappear, turn it another and the sound was back. I walked around my bedroom, listening to pieces of equipment, try to work out if they were the source of the noise. I opened my bedroom door, sticking my head out onto the landing but still couldn't place the sound. Back in my room I even opened the window, a blast of icy cold air making my curtains flutter but still, the noise evaded me and then it suddenly stopped.

Nothing was said the next morning, or the next day or even over the next few weeks. It was as though the occurrence had never happened. It was March before it was repeated once again with similar consequences to the previous occasion and again with me searching around my bedroom for that damned irritating bloody sound.

By the third occasion after Easter, at least I was past sitting there like some kind of shop dummy, now feeling able to make comments even though I still found it embarrassing to use certain words. Whilst we had progressed to other types of porn clips, having watched women being sodomised, both

male and female solo masturbation, lesbian and double penetration, my mother always returned to what I would call, the kinky sex.

Now here's the thing and where you have all so far guessed wrong, nothing ever happened. There was no sudden throwing off of clothes or rampant sex in front of the fire, we would sit together, watch pornography and then retire alone.

'Sorry, that was a bit of a white lie.' Something did happen and it was as Christmas approached once more. We had spent nearly the entire year coming together every so often to perform our little secret, and despite being sat close to my mother on each occasion, that December was the first time that I retired to my bedroom and suddenly found myself wondering as I beat my meat, what it would be like to see her naked. The velocity that my spunk left the tip of my cock left me a quivering wreck and for the first time ever, I fantasised about having sex with her.

Christmas that year was pretty bad, there was plenty of snow and several days that while we could get out of the house, the roads and pavements were like skating rinks and were lethal. It was during these days that we amused ourselves with our now normal preoccupation. I have to admit that it was hard over that time, not because of anything that was said or done, but because of the type of porn clips that my mother wanted to watch.

Imagine how difficult it was, sat very close to her, literally our arms and shoulders touching as I surreptitiously watched her chest rise and fall rapidly, knowing that what we were watching was arousing her. Clip after clip of supposedly mother and son, father and daughter, mother and daughter and whole families together performed for us, hour after hour of incestuous sex as my cock throbbed constantly in my pants.

I found the whole episode awkward, not least because, besides the comments that were made, my mother insisted on starting to ask me questions. 'Had I tried such a position with my girlfriend? What kind of sex did I like? Did I like old

women, mature women? Had I ever slept with two girls at the same time?' I'm sure I spent the time blushing profusely, and especially when I learnt about her likes. My mother it seemed, had a penchant for sex, most kinds of sex, but especially the type that wasn't what you may describe as normal sex. The other reason that I found that Christmas awkward was the fact that I would have given my right arm for the chance to fuck her. 'Yes, that's right. I had now reached a point where I fantasised about fucking my mum.'

She had never given me any inclination, that my thoughts were anything that she might have considered acting upon. Each occasion was the same, when she had watched her fill, she would depart for her bedroom leaving me with a considerable erection. It was the morning after one of those episodes that I discovered the source of the noise that I would hear from time to time and drove me to distraction. I had taken more clothes up to her bedroom for her as she stood ironing in the kitchen and there it was down the side of her bed, this enormous, rubberised vibrator. Switching it on and off quickly, I was now sure that it was the reason for the

humming, my mother bringing herself off after watching pornography all evening.

I'm quite sure that we would have continued in the same vein forever if it had not been for one evening the following year when due to my girlfriends birthday, I returned home late and very much worse for wear. I'd imagined that my mother would be in bed by the time I managed to unlock the front door and stagger through it, so was surprised to find her still up, sat on the couch with my laptop balanced on her knees. I was cordially invited to join her as she continued to work her way through clips of hand-jobs and women getting fisted with a little bit of "BDSM" thrown in for good measure. It took a while for my eyes to focus on the screen as a woman was manacled and forced to swallow cock before getting fucked.

With the amount I'd had to drink that evening, my brain and mouth were refusing to work with each other, which was why at one particular juncture, as a large shaft was thrust into the woman on screen, I blurted out that I imagined doing that to her, my brain taking nearly a minute longer to process what I had said before I blushed and hit the mute button for my gob.

It was to her credit that she said nothing other than to give me a curious look. I would love to say that I stayed in the lounge, and we got it on, sadly, within a short period I felt sick, and just managed to make it to the bathroom before calling for "Hughey".

Surprisingly, the next morning I wasn't disturbed. Feeling as rough as a bears arse and with a throbbing head, I spent most of the day in bed. I could recollect saying something, but for the life of me, could not remember what it was. Finally surfacing mid-afternoon, I made my way downstairs just as my mother returned from visiting her sister. She made us both a brew, taking them through to the lounge and asking me to join her as she had something that she wanted to discuss. I wasn't worried, just unsure of myself, wishing I could remember exactly what I had said the previous night.

Mum watched me for a few moments as I rubbed my temples, uttering those famous words of 'Never again.' I got the impression that she wanted to ask something and was considering how to start the conversation and broach the subject.

'Do you remember what you said last night?' She asked. I nodded my head and then said 'No.'

'I remember saying something mum, I'm just not sure now what it was. Was it something I shouldn't have said?' I asked.

'Perhaps,' she replied, 'But I think we have a certain kind of understanding nowadays. What you said last night about wanting to fuck me, was that correct? Is that what you would like to do?'

Remember that hole I was digging, all I needed at that moment was the shovel and I could make it a few feet deeper. Awkwardly and feeling stupid, I nodded my head. She sat for a few moments longer as she considered my affirmation. It was as she started to speak that I learnt the one thing about my mother that I and probably everyone who knew her had never suspected.

I would always have considered her to be a strong character. She never felt embarrassed about complaining, she could be quite opinionated and was always the first to voice any concerns. I wouldn't say she was domineering, but she was never afraid of confrontation and if anything, I would say she was a confident person. Which was why I was shocked when she told me what she desired and liked and wanted me to do with her. It appeared my mother wanted to be my "Submissive", or as she put it, 'I want to be your slut, your bitch. I want you to abuse and use me.'

I must have looked a complete idiot as I sat opposite her, my eyes wide open in amazement and my mouth catching flies. My brain refused to compute what she had just told me. No words would come other than strange, strangled noises that issued every so often from my throat. It took a good ten minutes and my hot cup of coffee before I was able to coherently put sentences together. As my initial shock eventually started to evaporate, mum continued to explain what she would like to happen.

'When there are people we know about, everything must appear to be normal. But when we are alone, or sometimes when we are out and about, I want you to put me into compromising situations. I want you to make me do things that I normally would not do.

'I want to be tied up at times and abused, forced to have sex with you. I want you to rape me and humiliate me, in short, the more sordid it is, the more I'll enjoy it.'

Imagine if you will, that some woman has just told you that you have free licence to do with her what you will. That no matter how depraved, outlandish or perverted your imagination, she wants you to do those things to her and she will not complain. It would be like a dream come true and then immediately, you start to wonder what the catch is because there is always a catch. Now increase your astonishment and disbelief ten times, because the woman who has just told you how she wants you to treat her like a whore, is your mother.

She could see that I was struggling with her request which was why she had told me to take a few days and think about it.

What I was struggling with was not the request to have sex with her, I had already reached a point where I would have taken her to bed in a shot. It was the other stuff that I was struggling with. From being a child and like everyone, I had always done what my mother told me. Growing up, she had been my moral compass, praising me when I was good and reprimanding me when I did wrong. Even now when I am grown up, I still have that respect for my mother and mostly comply with her wishes and requests. To suddenly reverse those roles and command her to do things, things that a son would never think of telling his mother to do, was something that I didn't know if I could manage.

Over the next week, her words were never out of my mind. I would go to her occasionally, trying to clarify certain points that I was struggling to get my head around. I must say, she never rushed or tried to coerce me, allowing me the time to make my mind up. When at last one Sunday afternoon we sat together and I told her about my concerns, but that at the very

least, I consented to give it a try, she looked pleased. The rest of the day was spent listening to ideas of the things she wanted to do, how she wanted me to treat her and things that perhaps between us we should purchase.

As Easter was only a couple of weeks away, we would put together what we could, and our game would start during that weekend. I spent the next couple of weeks searching for and ordering items from the internet, things that I had never even realised were out there. It seemed sites were abundant, all perfectly happy to cater to customers who had a penchant for a different type of sex. I had managed to get what I required for our first try-out, my mother discussing it often as that fateful weekend approached and I could see her getting excited.

Friday, we were both off work. Sat downstairs having her breakfast, I perused her wardrobe looking for something for her to wear that would facilitate what I had in mind. Tucked in the back of one wardrobe were some of her older clothes, a skirt that was far too short to be called decent nowadays, and an old blouse which I guessed was too tight and could not be worn without revealing too much flesh. It was mild outside, the

sun shining, and a long cardigan was the only other item I allowed her as I laid the clothes out on her bed.

Back downstairs, I told her to go and get dressed, 'Make sure your make-up is appropriate and, on this occasion, you can wear whatever underwear you want, but don't get used to it.'

It seemed strange telling my mother to do something and I hadn't yet mastered the ability to make my voice commanding, still sounding as though it was a request rather than an order. I had already dressed and took the time to slip items into my jacket pockets. There was a large park within walking distance and as the day was nice, I thought it was an appropriate place to start with, I already had a couple of ideas in mind.

The park was far busier than I had anticipated, there was no chance of finding a secluded spot and so I just picked a bench over the far side which seemed to be clear of the main crowds of families and picnickers. We sat down together, occupying the small bench which deterred anyone else from trying to sit

next to us. Allowing her time to settle, it was obvious she was excited, wondering what I may have planned.

'You look a little warm,' I told her after a while, 'I want you to get rid of that blouse. It will help you feel cooler.' I'd managed to change the tone in my voice this time, making it sound more like an order than a request.

My mother looked around nervously, there was no way she could take the blouse off without first removing the cardigan. For a short time at least, it would leave her upper body clad only in her bra, which anyone looking close enough in our direction would be able to see.

'I didn't mean in your own time!' I suddenly snapped at her and noticed a fearful look in her eyes. Imagining doing something like this almost certainly turned her on, actually doing it in a park full of people was a different matter and I began to wonder if she was having second thoughts.

She eased the cardigan from her shoulders, keeping it bunched at her waist as she slowly undid the buttons of her blouse, stopping and starting continuously as people looked over in our direction. Still keeping the blouse tightly closed, she stared around for a minute as though plucking up courage and then swiftly slipped out of the blouse and put the cardigan back on, her chest heaving with excitement and arousal. To be honest, I don't know which of us was most aroused, my mother with what she had just done or me as I got my first ever view of her naked flesh clad only in a bra which displayed her fantastic breasts.

The throbbing in my pants was intense, presently, the only thing I could think of was to take her home, strip her naked and fuck the arse off her.

She had fastened the top three buttons of the cardigan so that to anyone passing, she appeared to be dressed normally. Without allowing her time to settle, I ordered her to take her knickers off. That was a lot easier for her to do and within seconds I was grasping her warm panties. Her blouse was neatly folded on my lap and not to be outdone by what she

was doing, I casually slid my pants zip down and as she watched, extracted my erection. Wrapping her panties around it, I briefly began to toss myself off whilst telling her she was not allowed to touch.

Honestly, I thought she was going to jump on me as she started to become agitated, her hands trembling and hesitant as she wanted to reach across and touch my cock.

Replacing my shaft in my pants was easier said than done as I struggled to get it stowed away once more. Standing, I moved to the other side of her and stretched her arm out along the back of the bench before taking a thin strap from my pocket and wrapping it around her wrist and the bench, cinching it with the Velcro strip. That only left her with the one good hand now as I stood, checked and then knelt in front of her and opened the lower part of the cardigan. The skirt was so short that she'd had to keep her legs together, but now, after a glance over my shoulder, I opened her thighs wide, getting my first look at her fanny and ran my finger up and down her juicy slit.

I swear that if it had not been for that strap holding her wrist, my mother would have leapt ten feet up into the air. As it was, she had difficulty controlling the wail that tried to escape her lips. And then she did moan, her legs shaking, when after another glance, I slid my finger inside her thoroughly wet cunt and pounded her flesh with it. She climaxed almost immediately, her eyes rolling up inside her head as the rest of her body shook and juices flowed from her.

Reaching into my pocket, I extracted the toy that I had bought for her. It wasn't what I had initially searched for, but once I saw it, I couldn't resist purchasing it. The website had advertised it as a "sex egg", and her passage was so wet that it slipped easily into place, deep inside her cunt. I returned to my seat next to her as she struggled to bring her breathing back under control. What she did not know and what I hadn't told her was that the egg was wireless and came with a remote, which was safely stored in my jacket pocket.

There were a couple of women walking along the path and in a moment, they would pass directly in front of us. As they drew level, I clicked the "On" button and then pushed the

intensity button several times, watching as my mother's eyes went wide, the egg vibrating inside her fanny. One of the women now past us, turned around and gave her a stern look as several expletives were uttered a little too loudly.

It was fun turning the little buzzing toy up and down. Buried deep inside her pussy it was inaudible, even sat next to her. But on full speed, it had my mother groaning continuously as her second climax approached. Turning it off for a moment, I moved closer to her, my hand going inside her cardigan as I extracted each breast from their cups before fondling them and twisting at her now hard erect nipples. She could hardly contain herself, her arousal now at fever pitch as people passed close by us.

Having lasted as long as I could, I whipped my cock out again, allowing her one good hand to wank me off as I turned the egg up to full speed. I'm sure the bench moved as she orgasmed, sliding about on the seat as her piss and juices dripped between the open slats and I easily managed to fill her panties with my cum.

With our initial desires fulfilled, the homeward journey was made a lot quicker than the outward one was. I think we both had the same thought in mind, and that was to reach home, get naked and fuck.

The journey back was interesting, my mother still had the "sex egg" buried deep in her quim and I still had the remote in my pocket. We passed plenty of people, some of whom gave her strange looks when I would suddenly switch it on and turn the vibration up high, my mother dancing and groaning as she tightly clamped her legs together and shook. At last, the house was in sight and we bundled ourselves through the front door, ripping clothes off as we went.

Inside, the first thing I did was kiss her. I'd wondered for a while what it may feel like to kiss my mother. Don't get me wrong, I've kissed her cheek, her forehead and the tip of her nose, but even while fantasising about having sex with her, not once had the idea of kissing her lips entered my consciousness. The kiss was subtle at first, sweet and exquisite, but as it progressed it became sensual and eventually erotic, especially as her tongue forced its way into my mouth.

I had nearly ripped the buttons off her cardigan, pulling it open and pushing her bra out of the way in my rush to touch her breasts once more. They filled my hand, feeling firm and weighty, her nipples erect even before I got my fingers to them. The urgency down below was increasing by the second as my mother rubbed frantically at my erection while trying to undo my pants at the same time.

At that moment, what I desired more than anything, possibly even more than the sex, was to see her completely naked and be able to explore her body. We stumbled up a few stairs at a time, continually kissing, touching and arousing each other until we finally made her bedroom and finished divesting ourselves of what few garments we still wore. And then I beheld the vision of my desires as my mother lay prone on the bed, her knees raised, and her legs open wide as she displayed and offered her vagina to me.

Having joined her on the bed, I knelt between her open thighs, taking several minutes while I did nothing but stare down at her gorgeous body. Despite being twice my age, her

figure was beautiful to look at, even good enough to eat. I just couldn't get over the fact that even with her few imperfections, in my eyes she looked fantastic and sexy. Reaching down, I took the thin cord attached to the toy still inside her and pulled gently, watching as it slid from her cunt. And then at last, as I shuffled forwards, I got my wish as my throbbing shaft replaced the toy inside her moist passage.

We had already got the foreplay out of the way, all that either of us now wanted to do was fuck. 'Something with more finesse could come later,' I briefly thought, ramming my shaft as far up her fanny as it would go. With my mother urging me on, I fucked her with no consideration for her feelings, her cunt by now, not so much moist, as sopping wet. At the rate she was leaking, there was going to be a damp patch on the covers of her bed.

Grabbing her tits, I squeezed hard, making the front of her breasts bulge and forcing her erect nipples to stand proud as I leaned forward and bit them a little more forcibly than I had planned on doing. My mother let out a scream before asking me to do it again, her hips bucking crazily as I continued

shafting her. And then I was shooting my load into her cunt, slapping her tits left and right with the flat of my hand as she orgasmed while I screamed abuse at her, my cock continuing to plough her twat until she begged me to stop.

Later and still lying next to her, I just could not stop myself from apologising profusely, I hadn't been considerate or gentle and my language at the end when I had called her a whore, left me feeling dismayed that I could act like that towards her.

Cradling my head against her breasts, she told me that I had nothing to apologise for. 'That was perfect, that's how I want you to treat me occasionally. It was exciting and a real turn on, I can't wait to see what you come up with next. I loved every second of it.'

I had been correct in my assumption. We'd had to change the bedsheets afterwards and put a towel on the mattress as mum had created quite a large damp area with her juices. 'You can

always sleep in my bed tonight,' I ventured, but she politely declined.

'One step at a time and let's see where that leads us,' she said when we eventually decided to get up and get dressed.

Our thoughts next turned to what we could do at home. The house wasn't anything special, it was old and spacious enough, but the thing that it did have going for it and what I had never thought about, was that it had a cellar. I only went down there occasionally because it was cold and dusty and, in the past, had only been used to store boxes of items that had infrequent usage or that none of us had the heart to throw away.

It was mums idea when she brought the subject up one evening. Over a month had passed since our first adventure and although we had tried little things, there had been nothing completely out of the ordinary or outrageous.

There were some evenings when I made her sit topless or bottomless with a dog collar around her neck which was attached to a long lead so that all I had to do was jerk it when I required something. (Like a blowjob or a fuck.) On another evening she had displeased me by turning the tv over and so I had put her across my knee, lifted her skirt and pulled her panties down before spanking her. She loved that, especially when, as she still lay over my lap, I rammed several fingers up her cunt and frigged her solidly for nearly an hour. (We had to clean that bit of the carpet later.)

Having now purchased her own laptop, she had shown me things that she wanted to try which was how we came to be discussing the cellar. 'We can't be screwing hooks and such into the bedroom walls and ceilings. Is this something we could do in the cellar if we tidied it?' She asked. Having now got my attention, I did a quick search, surprised to find that a lot of apparatus could be bought, but at a hell of a price I pointed out to her.

'Well, if we cleared it, you're a joiner. Is it something that you could build from wood?' Mum asked, looking at me hopefully.

And so that was the start of the next stage of our adventure. In my room after work, I sketched designs and worked out measurements, convinced that I could make a lot of the frames, seats and platforms at a fraction of the cost.

Mum ordered a skip and the next weekend, we set to, ruthless in what we decided to discard if a new home for it, could not be found. The only thing I made her keep hold of, were several boxes of old clothes. She wondered why I asked her to keep them, explaining that most of them would not fit her anymore. Her eyes sparkled with excitement as I told her, 'If they are old and useless, it won't matter if I cut them off you.'

Once the cellar was clear, it was surprising how much bigger it appeared, plenty of room for me to build something. There were already lights and sockets so all that was needed was an electric heater to warm it up in winter. By the following weekend, mum had swept it out completely and was in the process I found, of painting the walls a very dark grey. 'It has to look like a torture chamber,' she told me.

My boss at work was happy for me to order whatever timber I needed through the company and to use the machines at work to cut the joints. I had to lie about what I was making, no way could I tell him or my workmates the truth.

It was summer before I finished building my projects. I had managed to construct several items, still leaving adequate space in the cellar for us to move around easily. The first was an open-framed box attached to the ceiling joists and the floor and to which, I had added rope or manacle attachments and pulleys. Next was a reclining seat, if you could call it that, as there was very little to sit on. It had leg supports and once strapped into it, I would have free access to my mother's fanny and anus. Lastly, I had built a raised platform, more or less it looked like a large table only with more support. My mother could be strapped to this which brought her fanny up to the height of my shaft when I stood beside it.

All had been padded and upholstered by mum in a faux-leather material that was easy to wipe down in the event of any leakage. The only other thing we did buy was something

my mother had seen and pleaded with me to purchase, but more about that later. With the floor covered in cork tiles for added warmth when barefooted, and also to make it easier to mop up spillages, our dungeon was now kitted out and ready for my mum's eager use.

Before we made use of our new dungeon, there was something else that I wanted to try, something my mother had mentioned previously, and dependent on whether I could manage to go through with it.

Ostensibly, I was out with my mates and girlfriend when I called mum at home one evening, 'Hello Dorothy.' That was my mother's name, even though I had never called her by it before. 'I have been watching you and I want you to do something for me, Dorothy.' She must have known immediately that it was me, despite the fact I was trying to make my voice sound deeper.

'I have heard that you are a slut. Is that what you are Dorothy?' I waited as she confirmed my question. 'I want you to dress

like a prostitute for me. I want you to come and meet me. I have a use for sluts and whores.' I gave her the location and an hour to get ready, telling her that I knew where she lived and would come looking for her if she did not turn up.

It left me with an hour to kill as I wondered what made my mother like she was. It seemed strange to me that someone so confident and sure of herself would want to be treated in that way. Perhaps it was the thrill, the prospect of being treated like something she wasn't by someone who at the end of the day, would do her no harm. It's strange what we all fantasise about, maybe no different than when I started to imagine myself having sex with her.

The location I had picked was an old, abandoned scout hut on the edge of the school playing fields. It was just growing dim as the sky began to darken and the area round about was deserted at this time of late evening. Stood in amongst some tree's, I had a good view of the gate as I waited for my mother to arrive.

Hearing someone approach, I stepped back further into the deepening shadows as I watched her enter, looking nervous as her head continually turned this way and that. Despite however much confidence she had, this was somewhere she would not normally come alone at this time of evening. Standing by the corner of the hut, she looked around, hesitating and appearing to perhaps be getting ready to call out. It was so easy for me to move around behind her until I was close enough to nearly reach out and touch her and she still did not know I was there.

With hindsight, there were things I hadn't considered, like the fact that although she knew that it was me, she was meeting, she still screamed and nearly had a heart attack when my hand went over her mouth trying to stifle the scream and I waved a knife in front of her face. It was only plastic, but in the fading light, it looked quite formidable. Mum relaxed the instant she heard my voice. We had long ago come up with a word which she would use if she ever wanted the games to end, and I had frightened her so much that I expected to hear it uttered.

'Hello Dorothy, nice of you to meet me,' I said, trying to sound sinister. I could feel her still trembling as she asked what I wanted. 'I want you to perform for me, you are going to show me a good time and then I'm going to fuck you,' I told her.

Mum played her part perfectly as I bound her wrists, still waving the pretend knife about and pulled her towards the hut. The door lock had long ago been broken and the local kids nowadays used it as a den, the floor covered in old rugs. Everywhere was dusty and smelt of disuse as I threw her to her knee's. Holding the knife against her throat, I slowly slid the zip of my jeans down and pulled out my shaft, the excitement already starting to bring it erect.

'Suck it bitch,' I murmured, thrusting my cock towards her mouth as I grabbed a handful of hair and pulled her head backwards. Despite her protestations, her mouth quickly opened as her lips enveloped the head of my cock. 'Jesus,' she was like a vacuum cleaner as she sucked on my knob, my hips thrusting it into her mouth as I face-fucked her. Each time I withdrew, my shaft was covered in saliva as she dribbled from

the corners of her mouth, my shaft going so far towards the back of her throat that she started to gag.

With my cock now hard and throbbing, I pulled it away from her, squatting as I pulled her coat open and grabbed one of her tits. Through the flimsy jumper, I could tell she was braless as she pleaded. 'Please, please don't do this. Let me go, I promise not to tell anyone.'

'You won't tell anyone,' I growled. 'Remember, I know where you live.'

Pushing her over and onto her back, I held her arms above her head as my other hand went under her top and found her naked breasts. Pushing the jumper upwards, I exposed her bare flesh, my hand abusing her tits, slapping the wobbling flesh and then pulling at her nipples and making them elongated. She was still trying to play the part of a frightened woman, but it was easy to see that she was highly aroused and what she wanted more than anything was cock.

Roughly, my hand went between her legs, rubbing at her cunt as she tried to bring her thighs together. Taking a piece of rope, I threaded it around her bound wrists and then with them still above her head pulled the rope tight and fastened it to a large hook that I had previously screwed into the woodwork. With hands and arms now secured, it was easy for me to force her legs open as I ripped the panties from her, her fanny glistening and open with her juices.

Lying flat, I shuffled forwards, my head going between her thighs and catching that first whiff of her sex. Pushing her thighs open wider, I spread her piss flaps, my cock pushing urgently against the rough carpet as my tongue flicked out and penetrated her cunt.

She was supposed to be pretending to resist, and while her body tried to squirm this way and that, the words coming out of her mouth were nothing to do with resistance as she urged me to suck on her twat and clitoris. My exertions were quickly rewarded as her hips began trying to buck, her climax spreading juice and whatever else over my face as she

orgasmed and squirted, her cries echoing around the small hut.

Rising to my knees, I dropped my jeans, my shaft now free as I positioned myself and then thrust it forcefully into her cunt, a whoosh of air being expelled from her lungs as my shaft filled her wet passage. She had stopped squirming, her legs coming up around my buttocks as with each thrust, she tried to pull me deeper into her fanny. I fucked her hard and fast, slapping her face and tit's, my hand around her throat at one point as I commanded her to tell me how much of a slut she was.

Her eyes were alive with excitement and desire as my cock slammed into her cunt once more and her next climax drew closer. She was pleading with me to let her cum as I continued to fuck her roughly until I nodded my head, my ejaculation imminent. I heard her cry out, but my head was swimming as my balls and cock let go and I filled her wet sloppy cunt with my cream.

We were both shattered, lying on the dirty floor and breathing heavily after I had released her from her bonds. 'That was the best sex ever,' she was trying to tell me between breaths. 'I nearly shit myself when you first grabbed me. We have to do that again soon.' She finished by rolling onto her side as her mouth found mine, tasting her own fanny juices still on my lips as we kissed.

Of course, there were consequences to the things we had done. Over eighteen months had passed since our peculiar liaison had first started and now with summer over with and amid autumn, I thought about what had taken place.

You had been correct I suppose, things had happened once it was only the two of us, things that I would never have considered could happen between a mother and son. It had taken its time, but after the episode in the scout hut, that night she had invited me into her bed. As a consequence, we now slept together regularly, episodes of kinky sex interspersed with nights of quite normal lovemaking.

Another consequence, although not a great one, was that I was so infatuated by the relationship between me and my mother, that my mates and girlfriend suffered from my absence. Danielle had moved onto pastures new, fed up with never seeing me properly and being relegated in the sex stakes. I'd lost contact with a few of my mates and there were only a couple of them that I saw occasionally nowadays.

We had used our dungeon frequently, my mother loving being bound and fucked in different positions as everything was put to good use. We had purchased other items to add to it, soft leather flails, paddles, gags and masks filled a small cupboard off to one side.

It was during an evening spent down there and afterwards, when we had retired to her bedroom that she sheepishly came out with another request, one that I had no idea how we would fulfil. 'What I would like to try next is being abused by another woman,' she told me.

I'll be honest, I hadn't a clue how that was ever going to happen. Even if I had still been with Danielle, it was not something I could easily have brought up, not without disclosing to someone from outside that my mother and I were having sex and a particular type of sex. Let's face it, I couldn't exactly wander around town and stop women to ask, 'Excuse me, are you a lesbian and would you like to abuse my mother?'

As it was, the solution came to us, rather than the other way around.

My mother's sister Jenny had two children, Sandra and Bernadette. Sandra was exactly two weeks older than I was, she was born at the beginning of November and I was born at the end of that month. It was decided by both sets of parents that as we were both twenty-one this time, that they would organise a joint party and so split the costs.

I had met Sandra several times but without really knowing her. They lived across the opposite side of town and as

children and teenagers, we mixed in different circles. It was common practice that kids from our side of the town did not befriend or mix with kids from the other side. I would see her out and about occasionally, but supposed in the last five or six years, we had not exchanged more than a dozen words.

I always remembered her as a dour, slightly chubby child, which meant that when I was introduced to her at our party, I was pleasantly surprised.

Despite my previous declaration of "Never again", the drinks were happily sliding down my throat. At some point during the evening, I found myself chatting freely with my cousin Sandra, who with the sound of it, was sinking drinks almost as fast as I was.

'No girlfriend here tonight?' She asked. I shook my head. Danielle had already become a distant memory.

'Boyfriend?' I asked, both of us laughing as she added the words, 'Or a girlfriend.'

It's surprising how much alcohol loosens your tongue and befuddles your brain. In a very short time, I had learnt that she was currently single and that she was bisexual, having an equal liking for members of both sexes.

'Ah, perhaps you are just what my mother is looking for!' I stupidly announced before my brain managed to tell my mouth to 'shut up.' I saw Sandra glance over to where her mother and my mum were sat together and suddenly lick her lips. Her eyes sparkled as her face returned to mine.

'You never know,' she said mischievously.

I couldn't get over how much she had changed. She was very pretty, and the chubbiness had completely disappeared, her job as a personal trainer at the leisure centre in town had given her a fantastic body which was emphasised by the figure-hugging dress she wore. Throughout the party, we came together, laughing and joking all evening, even when she

dragged me up to dance and I made a fool of myself by falling over with my two left feet.

With my head spinning, I had decided to get some fresh air, hoping that the temperature outside would sober me up a little. When Sandra joined me a short while later, my eyes were immediately drawn to the two large protrusions, one on the front of each breast, the cold weather doing her nipples no favours.

I sensed that she had questions as together we huddled in an alcove which protected us from the wind. 'How do you know that your mother has lesbian tendencies?' She asked.

Knowing I had already said too much, it was difficult to answer her question without potentially giving the game away. 'I didn't say that my mother is a lesbian, only that it is something she has thought of trying.' What I never stopped to think about, was how I happened to have this information. As though most mothers and sons discuss their sexual

preferences with each other. 'But how do you know that?' Sandra asked, 'Do you and your mother discuss sex?'

'Among other things,' I replied. What I meant was that we also discussed other subjects, but it came out sounding like talking about sex was only one of the things we did together.

I could see the excitement in Sandra's eyes and then suddenly her face was too close to see anything as she kissed me. I'm sure there was no mistaking that I enjoyed it, Mr John Thomas suddenly putting in an appearance. She giggled as we broke apart, 'You're cute,' she said with a smile as she left me and returned indoors. As the party started to break up, I found her by my side again.

'Perhaps it's about time that we got to know each other better,' she said slyly, and I felt something being pushed into my hand as she kissed my cheek and said goodnight.

At home and after another visit with "Hughey", I fell into bed and passed out, awakening the next morning with a foul-

tasting mouth and thumping head and uttering those very same words once more. By evening, I felt better and up in my room, retrieved the slip of paper that Sandra had given me. Dialling her number, a voice answered that sounded exactly like I felt, 'Hi Sandra. It's Luke, your cousin.'

Her voice perked up a little as we chatted for the next forty minutes, laughing when I asked her why she had kissed me. 'Like I said,' she told me. 'You're cute and you looked kissable. Anyway, tell me more about your mother,' she persisted in asking. We spent the time with Sandra trying to prise fragments of information from me, but at least now I was sober. I had a couple of days off when it was my actual birthday and so invited her over if she was free at that time. I wasn't going to say anything yet to my mother, there would be far too many questions and perhaps the thought of her niece finding out too much would put a stop to everything.

At the end of November, when Sandra arrived, she denied she had dressed to kill. Whatever, she looked fantastic, the tight sweater and skinny jeans must have been sprayed onto her body.

I got us a few drinks, not enough to get drunk, just enough to enjoy ourselves as the conversation soon turned to my mother. I quickly found that Sandra was not backwards at coming forwards. Perhaps it was something in the genes that all females in my family inherited. She was confident, not afraid to voice whatever was in her head and had a way of asking questions that left no escape route.

'So, come on, how do you know that your mother is considering trying a female?'

I tried to convince her that it had come up in conversation one day but could see that she did not believe me.

'Hmm, I wonder what else you and your mum get up too. If something did happen between me and her, would you be jealous?' She asked. I shook my head.

'Why should I be jealous of whatever my mum does.'

I'm sure I saw a smirk for a second as she asked without any embarrassment, 'So if it did happen, and I'm not saying it will. If it did, would you be joining us?'

I felt speechless for a moment, long enough for Sandra to get up, straddling my legs and sit on my lap facing me. 'There is something you are not telling me,' she said, 'I'll have to think of a way to change your mind.' And without further ado, she took my hand and raised it to her breast as she leant forward and planted her lips on mine. When finally, she left me breathless and I had copped a good feel of her tits, she sat back and smiled mischievously.

'There are plenty more rewards if you tell me the truth,' she said, moving her bottom imperceptibly in my lap and knowing full well, that she was pressing her fanny against my erection.

In a way, it was a no brainer, this may be the only chance I would ever get to make my mother's fantasy happen, which

was why after a few moments thought, I asked her to stand up. Taking her hand, I led her through the dining room and into the kitchen, opening the door that led down the steps into the cellar. When I switched the lights on, Sandra's hand went to her mouth, 'Oh my God,' she said, doing an excited jig. 'There's no need to ask what you get up to down here.'

Back upstairs, she was full of questions, 'Are you having sex with Aunt Dorothy, your mum?' I told her all that had happened and then explained that my mother wanted another female, 'It's not just sex. It's the type of sex she likes. You would have free rein to do anything to her that you wanted.'

It was easy to see that Sandra was excited and aroused, 'Would it be just me and her, or would you be there as well?' She asked again. I couldn't give a definite answer, because, with the improbable request, I had never got around to asking my mother. It was something I would be up for, the thought of mum and Sandra doing things to each other had certainly piqued my interest.

As I said previously, Sandra was not shy about giving out. No sooner had I sat back on the couch than she was back in my lap, her fingers swiftly undoing the buttons of my pants and sliding the zip down. Maybe I'd had a premonition, because, for whatever reason, I had omitted to wear any briefs, my erection soon finding a way to escape its confinement.

The head of my shaft was slick and slippery, Sandra taking a moment to remove her top and bra so that I could easily get to her tits as I massaged her beautiful twin peaks. She was larger in that department than my mother, dark areola with large erect nipples. As she stroked me slowly, I undid the button of her jeans and slid the zip down, twisting my hand so that I could delve inside her knickers, aroused to find that her snatch was completely shaven.

My thumb found her clit and I rubbed gently, sending her into raptures as she threw her head back, eyes closed and wailed. It was not long before we both wanted more than just to touch, Sandra, leaping from my lap and sitting on the carpet as she extracted herself from her jeans and panties. I

followed suit, ridding myself of pants and top before joining her naked on the floor.

Lying back, she opened her legs, pulling me between her thighs as she fumbled for my shaft and positioned it against her now open moist vagina. There was no resistance as I shoved my cock into her, Sandra pulling me down and kissing me ferociously as my hips continued to force my shaft in and out of her vagina. Wrapping her legs around me, she pulled me forwards with each thrust, cries of pleasure muffled as we continued to kiss.

My hands went to her tits, squeezing roughly as my fingers sank into the soft flesh, my mouth going to her nipples when she finally released me. We writhed together on the floor, my shaft continuing to pummel her fanny as she urged me to fuck her faster. Kneeling upright and grasping her hips, I dragged her nearer and lifted her bottom off the floor as I rapidly rammed my cock up her flue. Her cries and screams were music to my ears, telling me she was close and making me increase momentum until as she cried her release, arching

her back and shaking uncontrollably, I emptied my sack into her wet cunt, spurt after spurt of cum filling her tunnel.

She left with the promise that we would do that again very soon. Whilst I knew what my mother and I were doing was illegal, I wondered if the same rules applied to someone who was your cousin. Sandra, I decided would make a perfect girlfriend and if she was as adventurous as I suspected she was, then my sex life with mum could happily continue.

I was in two minds as to whether I should tell mum about Sandra, perhaps it may be better to organise something and then eventually introduce my cousin into the proceedings as a sort of "fait accompli". In that way, if mum did not approve at first, then it would be too late to complain or refuse after the event. I could tell her I had found someone, but not necessarily who that person was, my mind immediately filling with ideas of what Sandra and I could do. Confident that mum would be pleased and excited as I waited for her to arrive home.

Deciding not to tell her until the moment was right, it came about a couple of nights later while we were down in the cellar. Due to the time of year, the heater did a great job, but it was not uncommon for us to switch it off partway through due to the exertion of our bodies.

Mum was strapped to the raised table, her legs bound around her shins and thighs so that it opened her up and stopped her moving about. On a smaller table sat the special machine that she had asked for. To look at it, it was simply a motor fastened to a frame with a flywheel. The accompanying remote lead and controller allowing you to vary the speed by turning a knob. Attached to one edge of the flywheel was a rod, which as the wheel spun, pushed the rod back and forward through bearing cups. The tip of the rod was the business end, currently attached to a rather large, flesh-coloured rubber cock which presently was slowly sliding in and out of my mother's cunt.

I loved that machine, it was in effect, like watching my mother getting fucked by someone else. I would always start it very slowly, watching her arousal build a little at a time while she

was securely strapped down and unable to do anything. I would insist that she held her climax for as long as possible, denying her that final pleasure until I gave her permission. She was at a perfect height so all I had to do was turn her head sideways and make her suck on my cock as I used the leather flail to flog her breasts and fanny.

Tonight, she had reached her pinnacle far too quickly. Bringing the machine to a stop, I flogged her cunt, reprimanding her verbally all the while. 'I did have a surprise for you. But you haven't earned the right to be told yet,' I informed her, in between sucking on both her erect nipples.

She went to speak but stopped as I slapped her breasts back and forth. 'I did not give you permission to speak,' I insisted, suddenly turning the speed of the "fucking machine" up high as the rubber shaft brutally shagged her fanny, my mother arching her back as she prepared to climax, only for me to cut the power at the last second. She was nearly sobbing with frustration as I turned her head and brushed the tip of my erection against her lips. Her mouth opened in anticipation, but I withdrew at the last second, keeping her waiting longer.

'You have been a very bad girl lately,' I told her. 'So, I have made the decision that you need punishing. In a few weeks, I am going to bring someone else in to fuck you. You will allow this person to do whatever they want to you, and you will thank them for doing it. Do you understand?'

Mum nodded her head, looking surprised, afraid and excited all at the same time. This was a break with our normal set of rules, it had only ever been the two of us and now I was introducing a third person into the equation. I could see she was going to speak as I twisted the dial as the machine gathered momentum and I allowed her to achieve her climax if she wished.

It took less than a minute as I watched and waited for her initial squirt, it always seemed to happen with the machine and when I denied her for any length of time. Suddenly she erupted, juice and piss flooding from her as the rubber shaft punished her twat, thudding into her at a constant speed and bringing first one and then a second orgasm as she screamed and strained.

We always kept a mop and bucket in the corner, it had become a necessity, my mother losing fluids constantly as she was punished and fucked. With her pleading for the machine to stop, I brought it to a halt and slid it back from her and moved it away before quickly cleaning up the floor. Releasing her bonds, I could see her start to relax slightly, but all of our play had brought me an intensity down below that now needed satisfying. Her legs were already akimbo as I pulled her roughly towards my groin and rammed my cock up her cunt. She screamed again and again as I fucked her, my shaft being slammed into the sloppy passage that was her vagina until she was forced by her body to orgasm once more as I added to the sloppiness inside her with my cum.

Later that night, she, of course, had lots of questions. All I would tell her was that I was confident that the person would say nothing to anyone about what they participated in. They were trustworthy and eager to join us, but that my mother must wait for that moment. I could see that she was undecided, it was a big step to take and so I was content to leave it until after Christmas, using the time to better get to know my cousin Sandra.

Surprisingly and despite the thrill that the games played with my mother brought, there was something to be said for normal sex. I suppose that you can get too much of a good thing. By Christmas and New Year, Sandra and I were fucking regularly, coupled with spending most nights in my mother's bed and the antics we got up to in our dungeon, you could say I had the best of all worlds. Unfortunately, I was starting to become a tad bored with the games, longing for a normal relationship and perhaps at the end of the day, love.

Having left it until the middle of January despite my mother's constant questioning, Friday evening found us down in the cellar once again with my mother constrained within the timber frame. If you imagine a box, seven feet high, five feet wide and approximately the same depth but without any enclosed sides, it will give you an idea of what I created. Currently, her ankles were secured to each side, thus forcing her legs open wide. Her wrists were secured to the front of the frame at just over waist height which meant she was bent forward, her stomach resting on the equivalent of a padded "sawhorse".

Nipple clamps were attached to each breast, lengths of line fastened to each one and then to lead weights, pulling her nipples and tits towards the floor. For the first time in a while, there was a ball gag forced into her mouth and she was blindfolded. As I paddled her buttocks to her frequent screeches, what she didn't know was that her niece was upstairs in my bedroom getting herself ready.

I had smuggled her in that afternoon and left some food for her until I knew my mother would be ready for our dungeon. I had brought my phone with me, texting Sandra now that my mother was constrained and ready for what my cousin had wanted to do to her.

When she did finally appear, creeping silently down the steps, I admired what little covered her. The bra supported the bottom of her breasts, leaving the bulk of the flesh and her nipples exposed. She had not bothered with panties, instead, she wore a harness, hanging from the front of it was a long black rubber cock. She said nothing, as using hand signals, I

offered her free rein to abuse my mother however she wanted.

Mum groaned as the lead weights swung, her tits and nipples following in a pendulum effect as Sandra crouched in front of her and softly stroked her breasts while they were in motion. Standing, she walked around behind my mother and bent again, spreading her buttocks to expose her anus and vagina before running her tongue over both. I could hear mum's breathing change as my cousin kissed and licked her orifices, and then a startled cry as Sandra spread her labia and inserted a finger into her cunt.

As she slowly finger-fucked my mother, it was intensely erotic to watch her at work, mum having no idea who was touching her body and presuming it was me. One she had her open and moist, Sandra stood and moved back towards me. I handed her the lubricant and watched as she coated the rubber cock. Still, without a word having been uttered, she returned to her position, rubbing the shaft against my mother's cunt and arse.

Sandra motioned to me to remove the gag, waiting patiently as I unstrapped it and took a step back. My mother's scream echoed in the cellar as Sandra suddenly pushed forward and slid the rubber shaft up my mother's arse, her body shaking and convulsing as my cousin sodomised her.

'Oh God, oh fuck, yes, yes, fuck your mummy's arse,' mum pleaded, her body slamming against the cushioning of her support as Sandra built up a head of steam and raped my mother's anal passage.

Reaching forward, she grasped my mother's breasts, pulling and twisting at them as though they were a cow's udder, and she was trying to milk her. Mum screamed again, this time because the cock had withdrawn from her arse and was now ploughing her cunt. She still had no idea that it wasn't me doing these things to her, but she must find out soon because my dick was throbbing madly and stuck up like a flagpole.

Stepping closer, I grasped her face, 'Hello you slag. What does it feel like to have someone else fucking you? It's all you are good for. You are nothing but a nymphomaniacal whore.'

Mum's head came up, suddenly realising that there was someone else in the cellar other than me and her. Before she could speak, her mouth was forced open and my cock slid between her lips and partially down her throat as she gagged, spittle and saliva dripping from her mouth as I withdrew and slid it back in again.

The only sounds were the grunts of exertion as I face-fucked my mother and Sandra alternated between fucking her cunt and her arse. Mum was trying to moan and wail, but it was nigh on impossible with a mouth full of cock. And then despite the meat in her mouth, she screeched and shook as her body began to climax. If it had not been for her stomach support, she would have collapsed, hanging only by her wrists as one orgasm after another racked her body.

When finally, Sandra and I decided that mum could take no more for the moment, we stepped back, watching as she slumped over. 'Help me get her upright,' Sandra whispered as we held my mother, unfasted the restraints from their present position and reconnected them so that she was stood and stretched out in a star position.

Sandra stood in front of mum and removed the blindfold, mum blinking as her eyes became accustomed to the light. 'Hello, Aunty Dot. Peter told me that you wanted to try another woman, so here I am.'

My mother was far too surprised at that moment to say anything. The surprise was replaced by concern as she glanced down at Sandra and realised who it was that had been shagging her. I don't think her worried look came from the knowledge that she had just been shafted by another woman, I think it was more due with the fact that her niece now knew what had been taking place between my mother and me.

Before she could say anything, Sandra put a finger to my mother's lips. 'It's ok aunty Dot, your secrets safe.' I watched as Sandra moved her finger away and replaced it with her lips as the two women kissed. I had to move to see exactly what she was doing, aroused as I saw one hand go to my mother's breast and her other hand between my mother's legs.

Despite what she had just experienced, as the flesh of her tit was kneaded and with a finger up her cunt, my mother was soon excited again.

Stepping back from her, Sandra turned to me and whispered in my ear. Going upstairs, I returned a couple of minutes later with the items my cousin had requested. She took the vibrator I had brought from my mother's room and jammed it against her cunt and clitoris. 'Use the tape Peter and fasten it to her thigh.'

I did as she told me, wrapping several twists of gaffer tape around my mother's thigh and the vibrator. When Sandra was satisfied, we stepped back, my mother watching us and

wondering what we were going to do. Mum's eyes sparkled as Sandra discarded her bra and the harness, standing in front of her completely naked.

'Come here Peter,' she said, crooking her finger at me. With my mother watching, she sank to her knee's opened her lips and took my cock into her mouth. As she brought me back to a full erection, I could see my mother straining at her bonds. Once I was hard again, Sandra stood as she moved behind me and wrapping her arm around my waist and hips, she began to wank me off in full view of mum.

'How would you like this cock up your cunt Auntie Dot? Think about how it could be fucking you.' As she finished speaking, Sandra left me for a moment as she walked over to my mother and switched the vibrator on, mum's legs starting to shake immediately. No matter how she moved, with the toy strapped to her thigh, there was no way she could get away from the vibrations that now flooded through her fanny and clit.

Pleased at watching my mother's arousal start to soar Sandra asked me to help her move the platform, positioning it so that my mother had a clear view. She sat on it, her legs dangling over the edge as she beckoned me over. 'Fuck me, Peter,' she instructed loudly as she lay back and opened her legs wide.

Mum was going mad, tugging frantically at her bonds as the vibrator did its job, bringing one climax after another, juices dripping from her cunt as she shivered and sobbed uncontrollably, frustrated as she had to watch her son and niece fuck each other.

When we finally released her, her fanny looked red-raw, but that did not stop her as she pushed me back onto the table and straddled my hips while she fumbled for my shaft and sank onto it as I filled her cunt. I don't remember a lot about it except for continually ramming my cock into my mother's pussy as Sandra urged her on, playing with her tits all the while until I blasted another spurt of spunk into my mother's wet pussy.

I slept alone in my bedroom that night, completely exhausted. Mum was in her bed as usual while Sandra took the bed in the spare room. I figured we were fully sated after the episode tonight and all any of us wanted was sleep. I dreamt of Sandra doing things to my mother, it was the one aspect that had made an indelible impression on me and was something that I hoped I would witness more of.

We came together the following morning, the look on my mother's face telling me I wasn't the flavour of the month at that moment. It wasn't that she had not enjoyed the previous evening, more the fact that I had involved her sister's daughter in our secret.

'How do you know that Sandra will not say anything?' She snapped, aiming the question at me even though Sandra was sat at the table. I was trying to explain my decision when my cousin interrupted. 'Go and take a walk Peter. I want to speak to your mum alone.'

To be honest, I was glad to escape. It felt like I was being blamed for my mother's fantasies, despite her being the one who wanted another woman, why had she not organised it herself?

By the time I returned, the atmosphere had thawed considerably, my mother taking me to one side and apologising. 'I was so scared that she may say something to my sister,' she told me. 'We have had a good discussion and I'm certain now that she won't disclose what has been happening,' she concluded.

I breathed a sigh of relief, 'If I thought that may happen, I wouldn't have said anything mum.' I told her. 'But from what she told me about herself, it seemed a perfect solution and too good an opportunity to miss. I'm sure she had an infatuation with you already.'

Mum laughed, 'I think the infatuation is more with you than it is with me.'

When at last Sandra said she had better go before her mother wondered where she was, she promised to return soon, dragging me to the door and kissing me seductively as she took her leave of us. My mother asked me later what I felt about Sandra, smiling as she noticed the look on my face. It seemed strange after she explained that what she and I did together was unlawful, but that I was free to date and fuck my cousin if I wanted and it would not break any rules.

Over Christmas, we saw plenty of her, my present between the big day and New Year, was to watch her and my mother having sex before being asked to join them. Afterwards, she became a frequent visitor, spending as many nights in my bed as she did in my mothers. On the nights she did not sleep at our house, I invariably shared the bed with mum, when Sandra did sleepover, she may start in my bed and my mother would join us or she would start in my mother's bed and I would join them. Whichever way I looked at it, there were very few nights that I slept alone, only usually when I was completely exhausted. Taking care of two women is no mean feat I can tell you.

Sat on the bed waiting, I idly played with myself, watching as mum and Sandra kissed. It was a Saturday evening, well into the new year and that evening we had forgone the cellar, electing instead to go to bed early as Sandra was not able to stay over that night.

My flesh throbbed as I watched their mouths locked together, their hands kneading and massaging each other's breasts. Mum was the first to lose her top as Sandra unbuttoned the blouse and slipped it from my mother's shoulders. Pulling both cups downwards at the same time, she lobbed mum's tits out, immediately dipping her head as her mouth sought her nipples.

By now I was well aware that mum had sensitive teats and loved them being sucked as her head lolled back and she purred with delight. Her bra was soon disposed of as Sandra massaged the flesh, squeezing both tits forcefully and making them bulge as the elongated nipples stood proudly from the centre of each breast.

And then it was my mothers turn as she sank to her knee's and lifted Sandra's skirt, exposing her bare thighs and white panties. Gently, she rubbed several fingers across my cousin's fanny before kissing her mound and vagina through the flimsy material. Now it was Sandra's turn to moan, especially as mum pulled the gusset to one side and inserted two fingers into her quim.

By the time they had finished arousing each other, they were both naked and I have to say that my mother's body was nearly every bit as gorgeous as Sandra's. Yes, there was a bit of sag to her breasts and she had a bit of a tummy and more meat on her waist and hips, but overall, she was well worth shagging regularly.

Joining me on the bed, mum was the first to straddle my hips as she grasped my shaft and lowered herself onto it, grunting all the while as her fanny stretched to accommodate its girth. It was my favourite position, able to watch mum slide up and down my cock whilst Sandra constantly kneaded mums tits and pulled and twisted at her nipples.

As mums up and down movement increased, I had to concentrate, with two women to satisfy, it was all so easy to get carried away and ejaculate too soon. With the attention her tits were receiving and my thumb rubbing frantically at her clit, it did not take mum long before she was shaking above me, her tits wobbling as she moaned loudly, and I felt her juices covering my cock and balls. With her orgasm now subsiding, she rolled off me, to quickly be replaced by Sandra as she started to bounce up and down on my shaft.

As Sandra climax approached, I was more obsessed with my own pending explosion when she whispered that I must hold on a little longer. It wasn't easy I'll tell you, especially as she shook and moaned atop me, her juices mixing with my mothers as she orgasmed and flooded my groin.

I had been so engrossed that I had not sensed my mother waiting patiently across the other side of the room. 'Rollover and get onto all fours,' Sandra instructed as she slid herself off my cock and moved me towards the end of the bed. I watched entranced as she slid beneath me head-first, grabbed my shaft

and pulling it down, started to lick and suck on my engorged knob.

It wasn't until I felt my buttocks being pulled open wide that I remembered about my mother and by then it was too late as suddenly I felt a length of rubber cock being thrust up my back passage. In the past, I had only ever been used to something coming down, this was the first time something had ever gone up my shitter. The feeling was exquisite as I howled, my cock jerking with each thrust as Sandra continued to suck on it as she teased my flesh back and forth.

And then suddenly I lost control, I didn't even have time to warn my cousin as my shaft jerked rapidly, spurt after spurt of spunk filling her mouth as the pleasure of my ejaculation flooded through my body, seemingly endless as mum continued to pump the cock up my arse. When at last I was released, the feeling had been so intense that I promised myself that it was something that I wanted repeating in the future. As I lay and recovered, I watched my mother shrug out of the harness and join me and Sandra on the bed, the two

women lying top to toe as they licked, sucked and fingered each other's vagina.

Recovered sufficiently, I knelt behind my mother, her bottom stuck up in the air as Sandra fingered her pussy. Her puckered entrance was covered in juice and saliva and made it very easy to return the compliment as I swiftly plunged my cock into mums arse and sodomised her, hearing her muffled screeching, her mouth still full of fanny.

I alternated between the two of them, fucking Sandra's anal passage once my mother had climaxed again and then finished off as Sandra lay supported on top of my mother, her hands squeezing her niece's tits as my cock moved between both of their twat's until we all climaxed once more, withdrawing at the last second and covering both their cunts with a dollop of semen.

Sandra had left for the night as I returned to my mother's bed, finding her already snoring gently and fast asleep. Curled around her with her bottom pushing against my flaccid cock,

I reached around and cupped her breast, softly stroking the flesh and starting to feel randy once more.

It was all so easy, her fanny still well lubricated and open as gently and slowly I eased my shaft up her flue. Having no desire to wake her, I fucked her slowly, her nipples responding to my fingers as they became erect, mum murmuring in her sleep as my cock continued to penetrate her cunt. It was only as my arousal increased and my motion got faster, driving my cock into her cunt rapidly, did she suddenly waken and emit a long-drawn-out moan.

She stayed awake long enough for me to abuse her tits, my groin now slamming against her buttocks as she started to orgasm and cry out and then I was spurting inside her once more, adding to what already must be a sloppy mess in her passage. My shaft was still firmly gripped inside her quim as she fell asleep once more and I was content to join her, the two of us firmly joined together.

By summer, Sandra and I had become an item and as our birthdays rolled around once more, we got engaged.

There is no rush to get married yet, although I have noticed that she has more or less become a permanent fixture at our house. She told me one night that when we do eventually tie the knot, she is content for us to carry on living at my mothers.

'I'm always going to fancy women as much as men, at least in this way, it does not feel like I would be cheating on you.' I had to agree with her, perhaps more so because it meant I would be able to carry on fucking and abusing mum, not yet ready to even consider giving her up.

There undoubtedly will be more to tell in the future, but for the moment my present story is finished. What the future holds I do not know, but I'm sure that this is not the end of my story.

# My Sister Gets Her Way

Having been requested by several readers, this story is a sequel to "Mind-Games" and follows the characters as their lives change and they get older. You can read the above first or read this one as a stand-alone story.

The last five years seemed to have been a whirlwind of ever-changing circumstances for Lucy her life nowadays bearing no resemblance to what it had once been. Today was the first time she had seen her ex-husband Max since their divorce, embarrassingly he had turned up for their daughter's wedding with a female on his arm, one who was perhaps older than their daughter and younger than their son.

She had known that he was going to be there, he was the father of the bride after all, but the special effort Lucy had taken with her appearance had not been for him. Over the last couple of years, she had lost weight and toned up, at forty-eight, she now looked quite a few years younger.

Her escort for the day was her son Nathan and her special effort had been for him. She thought back to when they had first slept together, several months after his twentieth birthday. He had wooed her, leaving erotic stories on her computer, and then finally disclosing his true feelings. Initially, she had been shocked, but over time she had lowered her defences and allowed him in, firstly to her life and then to her body.

Lucy hadn't wanted to upstage her daughter Katie, it was her big day, and so had chosen carefully. The powder blue suit had been expensive but emphasised her figure perfectly, looking classy with its close-fitting cut and managing to show her as the beautiful woman she was. Nathans reaction when she had first worn it for his approval, had been what was required. He had carefully helped her out of it before throwing her to the bed as they made love.

It was the thing she put down to her youthful appearance. Her first years of marriage had been happy and fulfilling, but slowly her life had become mundane, and her husband had lost interest. Nathan had reawakened her, sex with him was

exciting and his youthful exuberance had been the tonic she needed.

Lucy inspected her make-up in the mirror before heading back to the reception party, the meal was out of the way and speeches had been made, she could relax now and enjoy the evening.

Katie looked stunning in her wedding dress, her bump not yet showing. She and Benjy had dated for over two years and when she suddenly found herself pregnant, they had decided to name the day. She met her mother as she was about to re-enter the room.

'I notice dad keeps looking in your direction, you must be making him jealous,' she laughed. Katie had already had a touch too much to drink.

'Be careful how much more you drink. Remember, you are having a baby.' Lucy cautioned

Katie threw her arms around her mother's neck and hugged her. 'Are you happy mum, really happy?'

'Don't I look it, Katie? I promise you; I have never been happier.'

'And all down to our Nathan,' Katie whispered.

Lucy felt a sudden jolt as her stomach lurched. She stepped backwards and looked seriously at her daughter.

'C'mon mum, I'm not a child anymore. I know that you and Nathan have been having a relationship.'

Lucy was about to deny it, but her daughter continued speaking. 'I don't mind mum, it's nice to see you happy, and if Nathan makes you happy, who am I to say it's wrong..... though I was jealous for a while.'

Lucy was gobsmacked, she knew her daughter had once made advances towards her brother, but Nathan had turned her down. She had no idea that her daughter knew what the two of them got up to.

Katie grinned, 'Whatever he's doing to you, it certainly seems to be working because you look gorgeous mum, and it is probably the reason dad keeps looking your way.'

The two women were laughing together. For years Lucy thought she had managed to keep it a secret, now that the cat was out the bag with her daughter, it felt as if a weight had been lifted.

'I must go and pee,' Katie said. 'But if you ever get bored with Nathan..... I'll take him off your hands.'

With that parting shot, she was gone, heading towards the ladies. Lucy's heart was pounding, not because of the shock she had just experienced, but because someone as young and

pretty as her daughter had been passed over in preference to herself.

Back in the room, her hand was suddenly grabbed. 'Come and dance with me,' Nathan mouthed over the volume of the music.

Lucy joined him on the dancefloor, she would have liked to have got closer, but it was still early and the smoochy music wouldn't come on until later. A couple of dances and then they began circulating the room, chatting with guests, thanking people for coming. To the casual observer, she and Nathan could have been a couple, most of them commenting that he had turned into a handsome young man. Lucy glanced in his direction often, her heart beating that little bit faster as she recognised that she was in love with him.

Up until her divorce, he'd had a girlfriend, Milly. Lucy had always told him that he needed to keep the relationship going or at least find another girlfriend. She knew in a way what the future held, she was over twenty years older than her son, and

a time would come when she was an old woman, no longer desirable. She didn't want him to be lonely when that happened, she wanted him to have a family of his own by then.

When Max left her, there had been no sadness, why would there be, by then she had been sleeping with Nathan regularly. Their relationship had just kind of evolved after that, Milly one of the casualties who fell by the wayside.

Nowadays, Lucy saw Nathan more like her partner, her lover, rather than her son. After today, with her daughter's wedding and the house to themselves, he would now share her bed each night.

Katie had been up to her room in the hotel and changed, the taxi would be here shortly to whisk her and Benjy to the airport and off on their honeymoon. When she came back down, she managed to attract her brother's attention as she motioned him to join her outside. The cooler air was welcome

after the heat of the party, Katie moving into the shadows and waiting for her brother to appear.

When he did, his face was split with a huge grin as he joined her, and she pulled him around the side of the building. 'Look at you,' he laughed, 'all grown up and married..... and by the way, beautiful.'

Katie became serious for a moment; she had waited years and was determined to do this. 'You take care of mum Nathan, and I don't just mean in bed!' She'd had to giggle at his face, for a moment he had looked just like her mother, and just like her, he was about to try and deny it.

'I know Nathan. I have done, for quite a while. The two of you made it so obvious, the perfect couple,' she laughed.

'I only want one thing now, something I wanted many years ago when we stood around a similar corner. I'd like you to kiss me, please.'

Nathan was taken aback for a moment, remembering that previous encounter. Back then, it was one of the things he had set out to do, bed both his mother and sister. But when it had come down to it, he had chosen his mother and his sister had been refused.

Katie's arms went around his neck as she inched forwards, her face drawing nearer to his, and then his arms were around her waist and his mouth was touching hers. She melted into the embrace, feeling his tongue slide across her lips, her mouth opening so that he could explore. She was pressing herself against him, excitement and arousal controlling her body as she felt the bulge that was now pressing against her mound.

She had to stop it now she realised, all she had wanted was a kiss, a kiss from the brother she adored. If she let this go on much longer, then she would do more than kiss him, she would remove her knickers, open her legs, and invite him into her warm moist centre.

'Right, I'd better find my husband,' Katie said breathlessly, as together they went back inside.

By the time the evening drew to a close, both Lucy and Nathan were tipsy and threw caution to the wind as they met on the dancefloor. His sister had surprised him, her kiss arousing, and now that he had his mother in his arms, he did not attempt to disguise what was going on down below as he pressed his erection against her.

Lucy whispered in his ear, trying her best to act like his mother but wanting nothing more than to be thrown to the floor and fucked. 'When we get home..... I want you to shag me..... and then shag me again. Tonight, you don't have to disappear, from now on, we can sleep together every night.'

Nathan was having to make an effort, with the heat of the dancefloor and the proximity of his mother, it would have been all so easy to fondle her breasts or cup her buttocks and pull her harder against his throbbing member. They had talked previously about staying overnight at the hotel, but

that would have meant exercising caution. Their home was only a taxi ride away and behind closed doors, tonight they could fuck openly and with no repercussions.

They were the last to leave, Katie and Benjy had gone earlier, and Max had left without saying a word.

He closed their front door behind them as Lucy kicked her shoes off and made a dash for the stairs, Nathan pinching her bottom as she laughed at his antics. She'd had her legs crossed in the taxi, dying to pee, and the bathroom was going to be her first port of call. She didn't bother closing the door, her son standing in the opening as he watched her raise her skirt and display her stockings and suspenders before dropping her knickers and pissing.

Once upon a time, this scenario would have been embarrassing, now, she had no inhibitions about him watching her, his eyes alive with desire and the bulge in his pants jerking periodically.

'No point in pulling them back up,' Nathan laughed, 'they will be off again the minute we are in your room.'

'It's your room as well now,' Lucy said as she wiped her fanny, the touch alone sending shivers through her body.

In the bedroom, he had given her a chance to remove and hang up the expensive suit as he disposed of his clothing, Lucy watching his cock bounce as he advanced on her. She had already removed her panties, her bra disappearing quickly as Nathan hoisted her and laid her on the bed. Their mouths came together and immediately she felt her arousal mounting. He was a delight to kiss, his mouth seemed to promise so much, and his hands had started their customary exploration as they caressed her neck and worked their way down to her breasts.

His cock jerked against her, and Lucy moaned, his fingers teasing her nipples as he rolled them between finger and thumb. He had never been one just to jump her, unlike her husband, even when it had to be a quicky. Nathan always

wanted the time to arouse her properly before they fucked. His hand continued to move, over her ribcage and across her belly, resting for a moment on top of her pubic bone as his fingertips stroked the bare flesh there. It had been a moment of madness one night, Nathan suggesting that he shave her and Lucy saying that she would if he did. Since then, they had both continued to de-hair, Lucy enjoying the way it made his cock look even bigger.

There was a sharp intake of breath, Nathans's fingers had reached her pussy and she felt one slide between her labia. The anticipation was electrifying and then she broke away from his mouth as she cried with delight, the digit penetrating her cunt. Her hand grabbed his cock, she was desperate now, pumping her fist up and down as she tossed his off.

Sex with Nathan was like a fairground ride, you soared and plummeted, and it took your breath away. Sometimes it started slow and then finished at breakneck speed, other times it was a reversal. It filled Lucy with fear and delight, often screaming constantly as he took her to heights she had never achieved previously. But her son was always in control,

bringing her to that point where her body was filled with sheer ecstasy and afterwards, she was always eager to try it again. His fingers had brought her to the point of no return, his body casting a shadow as it reared over her, his cock expanding her passage with each thrust. Her tits bounced and wobbled, Nathan, watching them intently until his head descended and he took her teats into his warm mouth.

And then Lucy was floating, the sheer pleasure surging through her body and nerves taking her to a realm where exploding colours and contentment awaited.

It had all started with the erotic stories that Nathan had left on her computer. His assumption even though she did not know it still, was that once hooked, she would return to them repeatedly. He had used them to introduce the idea of incest to her and her brain had done the rest, even now, she still enjoyed reading them and the relationships between those fictitious mothers and sons.

She had become a regular on the site, seeking out stories herself and from there she had taken the step and started corresponding with other readers. She was committing incest with her son and as such, it gave her great insight. She was the lucky one, it was happening to her, and Lucy was enjoying every minute of it. It did create a problem though, there was no one she could ever tell about it, to friends, family and anyone who knew her, it must always remain a secret.

Online and behind a fictitious profile she could talk about her feelings. Yes, she had to change names, locations, and anything that could betray her anonymity, but it still left her free to describe and tell of the things she had done and was doing.

Amina was one such correspondence. Lucy never asked where she was located but guessed it was somewhere on the other side of the world. It had started as general chit chat, each of the women slowly disclosing bits about their lives.

She was perhaps five years older than Lucy, maybe in her early fifties and had a problem, depending on how you looked at it. She had been reading incest stories and just like Lucy, her mind was now full of thoughts about her son. Despite being married and with a hot wife, her son was leaving these stories lying around for her to read and Amina was reaching the stage where she was wondering what she did next. It felt wrong, but at the same time, exciting.

Her circumstances were similar to Lucy's, married for many years and a husband who never noticed her anymore. Suddenly there was a young man, making his intentions fairly obvious and despite it being her son, Amina was enjoying the sudden attention.

Lucy typed a reply, offering words of wisdom but always leaving it up to the other woman to make the decision. As she had said previously, 'Once you cross the line there is no turning back.'

She looked forward to Amina's replies. Getting the feeling that the woman wanted to go farther but currently lacked the courage. Ultimately, it was not Lucy's place to tell anyone to go ahead with such a relationship, she didn't want the feeling of responsibility if anything went wrong.

Clicking the send button, she closed her emails and shut off the computer before going upstairs and getting ready for work. She was still in her old job, her wages plus the settlement from her divorce coupled with what Nathan earned meant they were reasonably comfortable. Dressed and ready, she headed out, Katie suddenly springing to mind. Another week and they would return from their honeymoon, the house they had bought only a couple of miles away.

At the accountants he worked for, Nathan glanced out the window as he finished his afternoon coffee, his mind wandering for five minutes as he took his break. Just like his mother, his sister Katie popped into his head even if it was for different reasons. He had been happily settled with his mother for the last five years, even though it had not been possible to have the kind of relationship he desired. Milly no

longer disturbed his thoughts; he had felt mean at the time but had recognised that they were going nowhere.

What was troubling him was the kiss he had received from Katie. As much as he loved his mum, it had kick-started something as he remembered how different it had felt. It was simply a kiss, and he knew nothing of the conversation between her and his mum, but he'd had to admit to himself that if it had lasted much longer, he wouldn't have been able to restrain his hands and would have fucked her that evening, despite it being her wedding day.

Lucy and Nathan usually arrived home at the same time, working together as they got the evening meal ready and then chatted about their day. She had never mentioned the conversation with her daughter, and he had never mentioned the kiss to her, fearing that she would see him as doing the same as his father and cheating.

After tea, she spent an hour reading on her tablet, while Nathan watched the news after clearing the pots away.

The story hadn't been completely what she had expected, the synopsis had talked about incest between a mother and son, but currently, the son was involved with his sister. When the mother had caught them in bed together one day, there had been the usual dialogue of disbelief and shock before the story turned in a different direction as the three of them ended up in bed together.

Lucy couldn't understand why she found it arousing. Never in her life had she considered or thought about another woman and especially in a sexual way. When she was young, she'd had lots of female friends, the people she worked with were mainly women, not one of them had ever been thought of as a potential lover or partner.

Surprisingly, Lucy's first thoughts were about Nathans former girlfriend Milly. Closing her eyes for a moment, she tried to picture the young woman, it had been a while and the image was hazy. She tried to imagine her naked, laid on a bed as her son fucked her, but it left her cold. Seemingly, it was something about the story which intrigued her.

The following night, Lucy purposefully looked for a similar tale, reading another that involved a daughter seducing her mother and then her brother before it ended with a threesome. Again, she found herself aroused by it and yet the thought of having sex with another female did nothing to excite her.

In bed that night, she asked Nathan to read it, her son soon displaying his arousal as the sheets covering him tented.

'Why am I finding them arousing?' she asked him.

'I've no idea, Lucy. Have you ever had thoughts about another woman? Is there a female you can think of that turns you on?'

She shook her head. Thinking about any other woman left her lifeless, but the moment she read the story she could imagine herself as the mother doing things with the daughter.

Nathan saw it as a bit of fun, teasing her mercilessly. They were already naked, her son passing the tablet back to her and Lucy shutting it down and putting it on her bedside table. She retaliated in kind as they settled down, using the story to make suggestions to him.

'Would you find it exciting, watching me caress another woman's tits or going down and eating her pussy.' It was obvious to Lucy that he would because his erection was pushing against her thigh as his hand went to her breasts.

It was Nathan that brought up the name, for no other reason than it was someone who could have caught them. 'What would you do if Katie walked in now?' His fingers twisted and pulled at her nipples. 'Do you think she would be shocked and disgusted, the sight of her brother in bed with her mother?'

Lucy closed her eyes, imagining Katie standing in the doorway. She knew her daughter would not be shocked. She already knew what they were doing. She had also commented

that she would be interested in Nathan if Lucy ever decided to relinquish him.

His fingers had reached her fanny, Lucy's legs opening wider as she felt them sink into her flesh. Nathan was continuing to tease her, his words painting pictures in her mind.

'Imagine that she just undressed and joined us. Imagine it was her mouth sucking on your nipples.'

Lucy felt the warmth of his mouth as it encased her teat, his tongue licking and sucking at the erect bud, and did as he asked, imagining her daughter laid next to her and arousing her breasts.

The ache in her fanny intensified as Nathan continued. 'Would it make you jealous, watching me fucking Katie? Seeing my cock slide into her twat?'

Curiously, it didn't, if anything, it increased her excitement. With her eyes closed, Lucy was already imagining it, her hand

now full of her son's shaft as she jacked him off. She imagined touching her daughter's tits, playing with her nipples, Katie turning her head and pleading to be kissed.

Lucy needed cock. Pulling Nathans hand away, she dragged him on top of her as she fumbled for his dick and placed it against her piss-flaps.

'Holy fuck!' her body felt elated as his cock slammed into her, Lucy's thoughts turning lurid as her increasing arousal made the visions in her mind more erotic. She was fingering her daughter, licking her tits and then her pussy. They were kissing, their mouths grinding together as they rubbed their cunt's against each other.

Nathan began fucking her solidly, towering over her on outstretched arms as his shaft plundered her fanny, Lucy's climax approaching swiftly, her mind full of her daughter. And then they were all climaxing together, her body exploding as she felt Nathans cum fill her cunt and Katie crying out as her fingers brought about her orgasm.

Afterwards, she was shocked, Katie was the missing element. Thinking of other women did nothing for Lucy, but the thought of including her daughter in their incestuous sex life had given her an almighty buzz.

The following day Lucy daydreamed about the previous night. She knew that years ago, Nathan had turned his sister down. Was that because of his relationship with her or because he did not see his sister in that way? Lucy kind of knew that her daughter would have sex with Nathan, but how would she feel about her mother watching or even joining them?

For the next few weeks, she found more stories that incorporated a threesome, she even found ones that were more or less, mother and daughter lesbianism. She kept them away from her son, only sharing the ones where the brother always ended up in bed with both women. Slowly, she began to do to him what he had done to her, leaving fresh stories for him to read until she was convinced, he was looking for them himself.

Amina had written back; her son had declared his desire to bed her. So far all she had offered him was a kiss, it had been wrong, but she had found it electrifying and told Lucy that her panties had been damp after it.

Lucy wanted to write back and tell this woman how much more it would feel when her son undressed her, when he caressed and kissed her breasts and when his cock sank into her fanny. 'If a kiss made her wet, his shaft fucking her was going to cause a torrent of juices to flood from her,' she thought.

Instead, she continued to urge caution, telling the woman to enjoy what was happening but to also keep control.

'Let your body tell you when it is ready. If your son is serious, he will wait for you.' Lucy finished the email and clicked the send button.

She loved this chit-chat with her correspondents, it never failed to leave her aroused by the time she was finished.

Katie was back from her honeymoon and becoming accustomed to married life. Her bump was just beginning to show and several times a week she would nip around to her mums, or Lucy would visit their new home. On holiday, she hadn't been able to rid herself of thoughts of that kiss, even now, all she had to do was close her eyes and relive it to find that her panties were damp.

Her mother was coming this evening, Benjy using it as an excuse to nip down the pub and meet his mates. She had got a bottle of wine in, promising herself one glass only. As it was, she'd had two, feeling tipsy as her mother finished the rest of the bottle and got slightly drunk. It was ok, Nathan would be coming to pick her up later on and the two women sat and talked, laughing frequently.

It was Lucy who brought up the subject, sure she knew the answer but just needing to hear it for herself. 'On your

wedding day? When you said if I ever got bored of Nathan. What were you implying?'

Katie looked her fully in the face with no sense of embarrassment,' If you're asking if I would sleep with him? Dead right I would. Look at what he has done for you. Why, are you bored of him already?'

Lucy shook her head and laughed. 'No way. If anything, I know I am in love with him..... even though we can never have a proper relationship.' Katie knew exactly what her mother meant.

Her daughter was inquisitive, and Lucy knew that eventually, the question would arise. Katie gave her a coy look as she asked. 'What's he like in bed mum? He must be doing something right with the look on your face lately.'

She later put it down to the wine as she spilt her guts, telling her daughter how it had started and what Nathan did to her in bed. It was the same as her correspondence, only better,

with her daughter knowing that she was fucking her brother, Lucy could unburden herself.

The longer the conversation went on, the wetter Katie got, the image in her head of Nathan fucking mum was highly erotic. She could picture them as though she was standing in the room, and it was affecting her. Besides the dampness in her panties, her nipples were throbbing, and she was finding it hard to breathe, her bosom rising and falling swiftly. It was her mum's next question that took the wind from her sails.

'So, if I decided to lend him to you occasionally..... would you be up for it?'

Katie wondered if she had heard correctly, staring at her mother who seemed to be patiently waiting for an answer.

'You're saying about me and Nathan having sex?'

Lucy nodded her head. 'Yeah, if your brother were inclined, would you let him fuck you?'

Katie slumped back in her chair stunned. 'Where is this coming from mum, I thought he was making you happy?'

'He does Katie, and if I weren't his mother, I'd bloody marry him. But I'm so much older than he is, I tried suggesting that he kept a girlfriend, but it's gone by the bye. One day I'm going to be old and he's going to be alone, no matter what he thinks now. If he had somebody, someone like a sister who cared about him, then I would be happier.'

Katie was stupefied, her mother was suggesting that she and her brother started a relationship with each other. The trouble was, that the idea appealed but Katie felt it prudent to put up a token resistance.

'I'm a newly married woman, should we be discussing me cheating on Benjy already?'

'Don't think of it as cheating, it's not another man, it's Nathan, your brother. Would you have sex with him?' Lucy asked.

Slowly, Katie nodded her head, a grin beginning to spread across her face.

They discussed the subject thoroughly, laughing and joking all the while and surprisingly for Lucy, the thought of her son and daughter copulating seemed not to arouse any feelings of jealousy. Katie had said nothing of the kiss, Lucy had also said nothing about her current fantasy of being in bed with her daughter. She still wasn't sure, fantasy was one thing, the reality was another.

No plans had been made, no details discussed, it had just been a blast to be able to discuss such things. Lucy's parting shot, made partly in jest, had been for Katie to perhaps tease her brother.

'Tell Nathan it's about time he visited,' Katie called as her mum left, 'I've seen nothing of him since we got back.'

Lucy dutifully passed on the message, she was excited as she wondered if he would and if her daughter may try something.

Nathan had managed to rid his mind of the thoughts about his sister, his mother's comment reigniting them. He had stayed away for a reason, realising that if she pulled a stunt like that again, he may not have the willpower to resist her. He told Lucy that he would pop over one evening during the week, that way Benjy would be home, and nothing could happen.

Lucy was having doubts, messing with people's emotions may be a step too far. What if Katie tried something, would Nathan come clean and tell her, would she in his position?

Her husband had cheated on her, but by the time she knew for sure, Lucy hadn't been bothered anymore because she was doing the same to him with their son. Would she feel like

Nathan was cheating on her, a ridiculous notion when you considered they were having an incestuous relationship and that she was the one inciting her daughter to do the same with him?

When Nathan did get around to mentioning that he was going to visit his sister the following evening, his mother was quickly on the phone letting Katie know. That evening, Lucy felt nervous, was something about to happen, was her son was about to sleep with another woman. She tried to rationalise her feelings by telling herself that if he had still been dating Milly, this would have been happening regularly.

Nathan thought he had been clever by picking an evening, not realising that his mother and sister were conspiring against him.

He arrived to find that Benjy was out with friends, Katie having suggested he had an evening at the pub as her mum and brother were popping around. She hadn't gone over the top and changed but had applied just a touch of make-up.

There was no point in trying to get Nathan drunk she supposed, especially as he was driving, and she would be sozzled long before he was.

Katie had kissed his cheek when he first arrived, playing it cool and acting completely normally.

'Fancy a coffee?' He joined her in the kitchen as she waited for the kettle to boil.

'I see the bump is showing now,' Nathan said, gazing at his sister's belly.

'Yeah, bump's getting bigger, tits are getting bigger. Do you want to feel?'

Nathan was taken aback as he pondered which part of her anatomy she meant. Katie grinned as she moved closer, took his hand, and placed it on her belly, Nathan smothering his sigh of relief.

She held it there as she spoke softly. 'You know Nathan, I can't seem to get that kiss out of my head. It was so..... well, you know what I mean. If it had gone on any longer..... I may have done something stupid..... like this.'

Nathan was stunned as she suddenly moved his hand and placed it on her breast, holding it tightly against the ample flesh as she moved closer still, tilting her face upwards slightly and leaving him in no doubt what she was waiting for.

He should have declined but found his lips suddenly pressed against hers, Katie thrusting herself against him now as their mouths moved together. Nathan became lost in the kiss, the most obvious thing happening as he knew Katie must be able to feel his erection pushing against her mound. When they eventually came up for air, his cock was throbbing, her hand still firmly holding his own against her breast.

When she did finally let go of his hand, it was to unfasten several buttons on her blouse, enough so that she could take

it once more and slide it inside. 'I'll leave the rest to you,' she muttered seductively, Nathan suddenly feeling her hand on his erection as his sister fondled his shaft.

He couldn't help himself now, his hand pushing her bra out of the way as he cupped the full orb and teased its nipple, Katie's lips back on his as he felt and heard her groan.

'Jesus,' she felt fantastic. When his zip was slid down and she extracted his throbbing manhood, she felt even more fantastic.

'Would you like to shag a pregnant woman?' she asked teasingly.

It took her seconds to extricate herself, Nathan watching as she raised her skirt and dropped her knickers before perching on the edge of the kitchen table with her legs open and displaying her lightly covered mound.

His pants were around his ankles and Katie groaned loudly as his cock slid into her fanny. She had never really considered what it may be like to have Nathans cock inside her, but now that it was, she was delirious. She somehow managed to unfasten the rest of her buttons on the blouse, pulling it from her skirt and opening it wide so that he had free access to her tits.

Katie didn't lie back, instead, she kept herself upright on outstretched arms so that she could watch what he was doing to her, fascinated as she watched his shaft slide in and then out of her cunt. Her nipples were ablaze with desire, Nathan toying with them and aroused by their size.

He leant forward and kissed her again, continuing to fuck her extremely moist quim as Katie found her arousal spiralling upwards. She flung her arms around his neck, holding on for dear life as his hands gripped her buttocks and pulled her towards him each time he thrust.

'God! This is utterly fantastic,' she was thinking. She had lost all perception of time and wasn't bothered, all that mattered to her was Nathan, his cock, and what he was doing to her.

Their mouths were crushed together, one of his hands grasping her buttocks, the other playing with her tits, and then her climax surprised her, Katie breaking free so that she could breathe and scream as her orgasm made her shake uncontrollably. His stamina seemed to go on forever as he continued to pound her cunt, prolonging her climax until with a cry, he filled her passage with his cream and Katie allowed oblivion to take her.

When she opened her eyes, he was still holding her and smiling warmly. 'What time is Benjy going to be back?' he asked, presently that was his main concern. The last thing that either of them needed was for her new husband to return and find his wife up on the kitchen table with her legs open and her brothers dick buried inside her pussy.

Withdrawing slowly, much to her disappointment, they decided on discretion, Katie nipping to the downstairs loo and Nathan using some paper towel to clean his cock of his sister's juices. When she returned Katie was decent or she was when she retrieved her knickers and put them back on.

Nathan zipped his flies and smoothed his clothing. He had enjoyed fucking his sister but now didn't feel right, he had just cheated on his mum and felt disgusted by his actions. He noticed Katie watching him, perhaps sensing what was going through his head.

Sitting in the lounge, they had an hour before Benjy would be home. 'You're feeling that you have done something wrong,' Katie said.

Initially, she'd had no intention of telling him about the conversation with their mother, but the look on his face told Katie that he needed to know something.

Nathan nodded his head. 'I'm sorry sis. That was fantastic, but now I feel like I have done the same thing to mum that dad was doing.'

Katie joined him on the couch and took his hand. 'Listen Nathan, mum and I have been talking. This was her idea.' She went on to explain about their conversation and his lack of a girlfriend.

'Mum's looking to the future, to a time when things may have to change, all she wants is for you to be happy.'

Nathan was astonished, his mother had intended this to happen. Suddenly he was thinking about the stories she had been reading lately and the ones she had constantly passed to him. He thought back to how he had gone about seducing her, in effect, allowing her to seduce herself, was she repaying him now by doing the same.

'I think there may be more to this than she is telling either of us,' he suggested to Katie.

She was attentive now as he went on to explain what was happening at home.

'So, it was you leaving those stories on my laptop? Was this always your intention?' she asked.

Nathan nodded embarrassingly. 'Yeah, I wanted to bed you as well as mum..... but once the relationship took off with her, I couldn't treat her like dad had.'

Katie took that piece of information delightedly, 'So, he had wanted her,' she thought.

'Mum is up to more than she is saying,' he said, telling his sister about the stories his mother had been reading lately. 'I'm starting to get the feeling that she would like a threesome..... and that the other female..... would be you. It's a fantasy she has been playing out lately.'

It was now Katie's turn to be stunned. 'She's never mentioned anything like that, are you sure Nathan?'

'No, not really. Mum's got a thing for those incest stories and lately, all the ones she has been reading have involved a mother, her son..... and her daughter. She likes to play a fantasy at the moment where you walk in and catch us. I'll leave the rest to your imagination.'

Katie was shocked but she was also intrigued. Just like her mother, she had never considered sex with another woman, which was what she explained to her brother.

'Neither has mum,' he said. 'We have talked about it and the thought of another woman leaves her cold, but the idea of it being her daughter seems to excite her.' He shrugged his shoulders, trying to understand his mother's reasoning.

Before any more could be discussed, they heard the key in the door as Benjy returned, Nathan taking his leave shortly afterwards.

'If she calls, tell her nothing happened. If she's playing some kind of game, I want to work out what it is first.' Katie nodded as she waved her brother off.

Weeks passed as she mulled over their conversation. Her mother of course had called, and Katie had lied, telling her that they had just had a catchup evening. Lucy hadn't pressed, but her daughter got the feeling that her mother wanted something to happen.

Katie and her brother hadn't repeated their experience, even though she would have loved to, but she had been online, exploring the site where her mother had said she downloaded stories. Katie had phoned her and had been given four titles to try but hadn't been told that they included mother on daughter. They had been easy to find, Katie saving the stories for when her husband was out.

Lucy had purposefully picked ones that ended with the mother and daughter in bed together, the thought of it still

bewildered her but at the same time sent shivers down her spine.

Nathan had stayed clear of his sister's home despite hearing that his mother was consenting to a situation between them. He still felt bad that he'd had sex with Katie, especially as she was newly married and expecting. He had no idea that his mother was sending her stories to read or that the thought of a threesome was now preying on her mind. Years ago, it had been a challenge he set himself to have sex with both of them but hadn't thought of his mum and sister in the same bed at the same time. In a way it scared him, satisfying one was straightforward, satisfying two women was a different matter.

Her bump was a lot bigger now and Katie was on maternity leave as she took the opportunity to reread the stories her mother had recommended as well as others that had been sent. Katie had also downloaded some of her own, the bits where the mother and daughter ended up in bed together enthralled her as she wondered if she could go through with such a scenario. She was disappointed and annoyed that the

only time that Nathan visited was always with their mother or when he knew for certain the Benjy would be around.

Katie had responded by bombarding him with incest stories, doing to him, what he had planned to do to her, but he still hadn't responded and so she had another plan up her sleeve.

Nathan's phone pinged to say he had a message. It was from his sister with a file attached. Normally he would have ignored them at work but was curious as to what she had sent him. His mouth dropped open as he hurriedly glanced around, making sure no one could see. 'As you haven't visited, I thought you should see what you are missing!'

Katie was naked, propped up against her bedhead. Her tits were huge now, her areola covering the front of each. With her knee's bent and her legs open, he could see her ponderous belly as well as into her fanny as she pulled the lips apart. His cock went from flaccid to erect in seconds, Nathan readjusting it in case anyone in the office came near.

'Jesus, he wanted to fuck her,' was the first thought that shot through his mind. The thought stayed with him all day so that by the time he reached home that evening, his hormones were raging. Lucy had got in just before him and his first view of her was her skirt stretched tightly across her buttocks as she leant across the kitchen table putting out cutlery.

Whether she had heard him or not was debatable, the first she realised was when he came up behind her and pressed his erection against the crease of her butt cheeks. Her head turned to peer over her shoulder as she felt his hands raising her skirt. 'I've been thinking of you for hours,' he lied as the skirt reached her waist and his hand slid down the front of her panties.

'Oh, Nathan,' Lucy managed to moan as his fingers found her pussy lips and spread them before sliding into her cunt. Her son frigged her as she rubbed her buttocks against his cock, desperate now to have it inside her quim. Keeping her bent over, Nathan pushed her knickers down as he fumbled one-handed with his trousers, managing to drop them to his ankles as his cock sprang free. Lucy cried out as it was thrust

into her pussy, his hand still rubbing at her clit as he fucked her roughly, something she had never experienced from him before.

Normally he was gentle and tender, tonight he seemed full of lust, Lucy loving this new way of fucking as she became vocal. She was about to complain when his cock disappeared from her cunt, but all that came out was a screech as his shaft was rammed up her arse. Nathan fucked her like a man possessed, his length of meat shafting her arse while his fingers teased her clit and frigged her cunt.

Her buttocks were taking a pounding, her tits even with the support of her bra were swinging back and forth as he continued to shove his cock up her arse.

'In my fanny. I want you to cum in my fanny,' she cried, ecstatic as his cock stretched her cunt once more. And then she was cumming, juices hitting the kitchen floor as she orgasmed and screamed her release, Nathan's cock jerking inside her wet passage as he released spurts of spunk into her.

'Do you mind a late meal?' he asked as he whisked her off her feet and headed for the stairs. Lucy couldn't have cared less, this was what she had missed for years, spontaneous sex with a man who couldn't seem to get enough of her body.

They eventually came down in robes, grabbed a quick meal and then retired back to the bedroom to make love once more. Lucy couldn't believe her luck, women of her age probably struggled to get shagged by their husbands a couple of times a week, she was getting more than that most evenings.

The next morning, Nathan made his decision and knew that he was going to do it. At work, he sent his sister a text. 'When is Benjy going to be out? I want to fuck you!'

No point in beating about the bush he had thought.

'Saturday. He is going to the football. I'll be alone all afternoon, so long as you don't mind a fat woman,' Katie had replied.

Benjy kissed her and headed out; it should be at least a couple of hours before he was back. Katie had already bathed and dressed, clothes that she could get out of quickly. She had squashed her massive breasts and belly into bra and panties that were unsuitable but which she guessed would have her brother foaming at the gills. She was damp already just thinking about him, her fanny and nipples protesting about their need for attention.

The door hadn't closed properly before he kissed her, Katie, disappointed that with her belly she couldn't feel the erection that she knew would be there. When they surfaced for air, she took his hand and led him towards her bedroom, Nathan joshing her as he put his hands to her buttocks and pushed her up each step.

In the bedroom she allowed him to unbutton her maternity dress, his eyes alive with desire as he looked at the flesh bulging from her lingerie. Before he undressed her, Nathan stripped off, his sister constantly watching his bobbing cock as her panties got wetter. The dress went first, followed by her bra, Nathan edging her onto the bed as his hands hefted and squeezed her large udders. He couldn't get over the size of her areola, her nipples erect as they attracted his mouth, Nathan sucking on each teat as his sister moaned with pleasure.

Katie was already halfway to her climax when he slid down the bed and removed her panties, Nathan was amazed at how big and meaty her labia had become. Spreading the puffy lips, his tongue went to work on her vagina, licking, sucking, and kissing the pink wet flesh before poking her tongue into her flue and licking inside her passage. He took her to the edge, his hands constantly on the move as he caressed her body. At last, Katie got what she needed most as her fanny expanded to accept his throbbing shaft, Nathan fucking her slow and tender.

While her huge breasts wobbled back and forth as he thrust his cock up her cunt, her belly was solid, the skin taut, smooth, and shiny, Nathan running his hands over it as he fucked his sister.

'It was exciting and erotic shagging a pregnant woman,' he thought, the sensations elevated to dizzying heights when that woman happened to be his sister.

Nathan had ended up taking her from behind as they lay side by side, Katie finding this the most comfortable as it supported her belly. With one arm beneath her, he was able to reach her ponderous tits, hefting each one as he squeezed them and played with her nipples. His other hand reached over her hip, caressing her mound, now devoid of its downy covering. When his fingers found her clit, Nathan felt her start to shake, Katie's voice getting louder as his cock fucked her cunt while his fingers enticed her clitoris.

She couldn't explain it, not even to herself, years earlier she would have denied the possibility that sex with her brother could be so much more satisfying than with her husband.

The feelings were intense, her body on the edge and just waiting for those final few thrusts. As much as her brother tried to be gentle, Katie wanted a full fucking as she climaxed, urging him to shag her faster and harder.

The only disappointment afterwards was that they could not spend longer together. It was surprising how quickly the time had passed; another thirty minutes and the football would be over, and her husband would be heading home.

Life had changed a little, but not to any great extent. Katie had welcomed a daughter, her affair with Nathan still ongoing, but with both of them keeping it a secret from their mother. Lucy's fantasy seemed to have dissipated, it was quite a while since she had mentioned anything about Katie to her son. It hadn't disappeared, if anything it had got stronger and she now knew that if the chance ever arose, she would jump into

bed with her daughter in a heartbeat. Katie was still undecided, the more stories she read, the greater the feeling was that perhaps it was something she needed to try.

Nathan normally visited when Benjy was out at football and occasionally, he would go with his mates to an away match. These were the ones Katie looked forward to the most, he would be gone most of the day and she could spend that time in bed with her brother.

Lucy was sitting at her computer, reading an email from Amina

"I allowed Ismail to touch me, but only little bit. He put his hand beneath my top and touched my breasts. My nipples were so hard, and I was very wet in my panties. I'm afraid I got carried away and when he used his finger down below, he made me cum. Next day I went out to dinner with his wife, just her and me. Afterwards, we had few drinks and I got very silly. At one point she put her hand on my knee and then ran

it up my leg. Thought I was going to cum again. She is very pretty. Wondering now if maybe I would prefer her?"

Lucy read that part again, it sounded like her friend abroad was struggling with the same dilemma. She replied to it, saying that she was also considering sex with another woman but that nothing had happened as yet.

With her correspondence out of the way, Lucy thought about the coming weekend. As it was nearing her fiftieth birthday, Katie had invited her over. 'Benjy is away Friday, Saturday and Sunday on a stag do, why not come here. We can open a bottle of wine, watch a movie and chat, it will be nice to catch up on things. Better still, stay over, that way it doesn't matter if we get pissed.'

Lucy was looking forward to it and for once, Nathan would have to fend for himself. She had no idea he was disappointed; he'd been hoping that with Benjy away, he could even manage to spend a night with his sister, wondering what it may be like to wake up next to her. That wasn't to say

that he was becoming bored with his mother, he loved her dearly and as time passed found it harder to think of her as such. She was his partner, more like his wife and the sex with her was still as good as it ever was, helped by the fact that every couple of weeks during the autumn and winter, he got to shag his sister.

Benjy got picked up around ten o'clock, her mum arriving just after lunch. They spent the afternoon chatting and playing with Rosemary who was now nearly one and a half. Katie fed her at teatime and then after a bath, put her to bed. An hour later and she was sound asleep, Lucy, opening the first bottle of wine.

By ten, they were giddy, by eleven slightly pissed. There had been something about her daughter that evening, perhaps the small amount of makeup she was wearing or perhaps the fact that after regaining her figure she had joined an exercise class and her body now looked toned.

The bed was large and spacious with only her in it, Lucy stretching out. It was nice for once to have it all to herself, but she missed having someone laid next to her and especially when her fanny refused to stop tingling. The time spent with her daughter that evening had been fun and the tipsier she had got the more lurid her thoughts had become, Lucy wondering whether to masturbate or not.

The alcohol had done its job as she drifted off, her hand clasped against her fanny as she fell asleep. Lucy had brought a nightdress and robe with her but had ended up sleeping naked, the room was warm, and she only had the thin sheet covering her.

Something roused her, that world of half asleep and half awake. A moment longer and she would have been asleep again, but the hand which suddenly rested on her belly brought her wider awake. Momentarily, she thought Nathen, but then realised she wasn't at home. The hand stroked her stomach, quite a sensual feel Lucy decided before it began to inch upwards, over her ribcage until it reached the lower part of her breasts,

She lay in the darkness, doing and saying nothing as the hand caressed beneath both of her tits, Lucy having worked out that it had to be Katie who was in bed next to her. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly, Lucy trying to control her breathing as her excitement mounted. And then a single finger traced a path over her breast before flicking her nipple. The groan that snuck out sounded loud in the quiet of the room, Lucy feeling the mattress move as the body next to her turned. And then the warmth of a mouth enveloped her nipple and Lucy cried out joyously.

'God, this felt delicious,' she thought moments before the hand returned to her belly, this time travelling downwards. When it reached her mound, Lucy flinched, unable to stop her body from arching slightly and emitting another groan.

When the hand slid a little further and caressed her pussy, Lucy opened her legs giving it greater access, a finger slipping between her lips and tenderly stroking her.

She turned, now facing her daughter although with the darkness of the room it was hard to make out any features. 'I figured with the stories that you recommended, that you have maybe been considering this,' a voice said quietly.

The words came out breathlessly, Lucy sensing the face coming closer and then lips found hers. The kiss quickly became enthusiastic, their mouths pressed together along with their breasts and pussies as they ground their mounds against the other. Each had a leg bent and between the other person's, their twats rubbing against thighs.

Hands abused tits, fingers twisting at nipples as the kiss became frantic and sloppy. It was a natural progression when they turned top to toe, their mouths now putting as much passion into kissing cunts as they had done into kissing lips. Tongues pierced, licking, and sucking at moist flesh, arousal soaring as two climaxes drew closer. Fingers joined tongues, thrusting into each pussy as the two women orgasmed, squirming, and rubbing against each other, thighs clamping tight as they convulsed and cried out in pleasure.

When they rested for a moment, they took the chance to speak, 'So, what made you decide on trying some female flesh?' Katie laughed.

'Your brother!' Lucy replied. 'It was those damned stories. Once they are in your head, you can't get the thoughts out of your mind. At first, they were just mother and son, but then I came across some that included the daughter and the thoughts just escalated.'

Katie laughed again. 'You know he sent me some as well, but then once you and he hooked up, he became a good boy for a while.' Lucy noticed the last part of her daughter's comment, looking at her quizzical.

'Ok, Yes, we have, for a while now. Just occasionally mind you, but Nathan and I have slept together.'

Lucy wasn't surprised but she was relieved. 'Are you the same?' she asked. 'He put the idea in your head and then let it go to work?'

Katie giggled this time as she cosied up to her mother, 'Just like you did with the stories you recommended.'

Their lips met again as they kissed. When the moment was right, Katie had a surprise for her mother. As they became aroused, Katie broke away and left the room, returning moments later with a dildo but not one that Lucy had ever seen before. It must have been nearly two feet long, Katie also produced a bottle of lubricant and used it to smother both ends of the toy.

Lucy cried out as her daughter eased the large rubber cock into her fanny and then watched fascinated as she sat opposite, her legs open wide as she shoved the other end of the dildo into her own fanny.

'You pull one way and then I'll pull the other.'

Working together, the rubber cock slid out of one cunt and into the other, Katie and Lucy soon building up a steady rhythm. Their spare hands played with each other's tits, the cock sliding easily into each quim now as their juices poured forth.

Together they flopped backwards, their hands gripping the cock working faster as it pounded their fannies until with a blast, they managed to climax within seconds of each other, both women straining as they orgasmed.

Eventually, they moved from one room to another for no other reason than the bottom sheet was becoming damp and stank of sex. 'I'd better throw it in the washer tomorrow,' Katie commented. 'It will probably be joined by mine before we have finished.' They stopped on the landing and kissed before Katie popped her head around her toddler's door to check and then they headed back to her bed.

The following morning, they sat in robes, Rosemary playing on the floor as Lucy and Katie sipped at their coffee's and talked.

'Do we tell Nathan?' Lucy asked.

Katie gave her a devilish smile. 'Not just yet. We are both due some payback, so ignorance is bliss for the moment.'

The conversation turned to what they did next. 'I know it won't be easy and we must do everything to keep Benjy in the dark. But you and me. It's something I would like to repeat,' Lucy told her daughter.

Katie nodded; a smile plastered across her face. 'Me to mum, but not here. Benjy will rarely be away, and evenings would be a rushed affair. Your house would be better, but for the moment I'd rather keep it a secret from Nathan. I have plans there for the future.' Her mischievous laugh was one that Lucy had heard many times before when her daughter had decided to pay her brother back for something.

On Lucy's birthday, they had all gone out together as a family, Benjy forever asking Nathan if he was dating yet and were there any wedding plans on the horizon. Nathan was becoming bored with it, wondering what Benjy may say if he told him he was fucking his mother-in-law as well as his wife.

Both men drank a little too much, which was probably why they missed the occasional glances between mother and daughter and the whispered conversations when they went to powder their noses.

Katie had produced a plan though it wouldn't be for at least a month or more. Christmas was on the horizon and so both women decided that they would wait until after the festivities before putting the plan into action.

It was a comment her husband had made, something about a meeting he had to attend in the new year and that he would be away for several nights. Katie had no more details yet and so didn't want to make promises that could fall through. She

promised to keep her mother up to date when she learned anything on one of their frequent trips to the loos. 'Don't say anything to Nathan. This is going to be one surprise that he never forgets.' Katie laughed at the thoughts in her head, at the same time as she was feeling disappointed that it was her mother taking Nathan home tonight and not her.

It was actually April before Lucy mentioned anything to Nathan. 'Katie and Benjy are going to be away for a few days, something to do with work. I've said that I'll look after Rosemary while they are gone. You don't mind, do you?'

Of course, Nathan didn't mind, it was the least he could do for his sister, the thought of her and her delectable body causing a sudden swelling. Lucy had gone up for her bath, politely declining his offer to wash her back with a smirk. 'I want an hour relaxing and if I let you into the bathroom, there is no way I will relax.'

When she returned, she sat in the armchair opposite her son, purposefully allowing her robe to gape in places. It was

obvious to Nathan that she was naked beneath the garment, her nipples already making protrusions in the thin material. Her legs opened slightly, the robe sliding either side of her knees as he caught his first glimpse of her vagina.

Now that she had his attention, Lucy allowed a hand to slip to her groin as she closed her eyes and rested her head against the back of the chair. Her fingers rubbed softly at her mound, slowly making their way to her pussy as she slid them on either side of her piss-flaps, widening them as she opened her lips.

She could already see her son's erection, Nathan watching excitedly as she stroked herself. When she opened the top of her gown and began to play with her tits, fingers teasing and twisting at her nipples, he made to move. Lucy wagged her finger at him, 'No, no, no. You can watch but you can't touch.'

'You can however get naked and play with yourself if you wish,' she told him, her voice sounding husky and teasing.

It took him moments only before he was naked, leaning back on the couch as he began stroking his erection, Lucy watching and her arousal increasing as his hand slid up and down his shaft before rubbing at his engorged knob. Slumping down in her chair, Lucy's left leg was draped over the arm of it and then she did the same with the opposite leg. Her robe was completely open now, as were her legs and her fanny, her fingers delving inside her quim and coming away covered in her juices.

Nathans cock was throbbing as he watched his mother alternate, rubbing at her clit and moaning softly and then fingering herself rapidly as her cries got louder. Her pussy and all around it glistened, wet and shiny with her juices, as her hand pummelled her cunt, Nathans hand flying up and down his cocked as he wanked himself.

Lucy was close, slowing and stopping for a moment as she allowed her impending climax to subside and glanced across at her son. 'If you're feeling peckish Nathan? I can find you something to eat.'

He was off the couch like a shot, his head buried between her thighs as Lucy screamed, his tongue had just pierced her cunt. Nathan grabbed her legs and buttocks pulling her towards him as his mouth rained kisses all over her vagina. He gaped her labia, thrusting his tongue inside, licking at the moist pink flesh and then grabbed her buttocks and spread them, his flicking tongue now caressing her ring piece.

Juices flooded from Lucy's minge as she climaxed, soaking her robe, wetting her son's face, and running down the crack of her arse. Whilst she was oblivious to all else, he moved, his mother letting out a loud gasp as his throbbing veined cock slid up her back passage. 'Keep fingering yourself,' he urged, his shaft sodomising her arse.

Nathan's hands went to his mother's glorious melons, abusing the flesh as he squeezed and made them bulge, biting at her nipples as he fucked her shitter. When he judged she was close to another climax, he slid his cock from her arse and slammed it into her cunt, his hips propelling his erect cock into her sloppy passage at a phenomenal rate.

Lucy's pussy was alive to the slightest touch, the travel of her son's cock into her passage and back out again had he perched at her summit. When he tweaked her nipples at the same time, she was pushed over the edge, a dizzying descent as she arched her back and cried his name, an explosion in her cunt as he filled it with his semen sent shivers through her body as she twisted and writhed beneath him.

When her heart finally slowed and her eyes opened, Lucy realised her bath had been a waste of time, her body hot and sweaty.

'Perhaps you need a shower, mum,' Nathan grinned, 'and this time I'm definitely coming to scrub your back.' Lucy felt his flaccid cock slip from her fanny, his knee's red when he stood and offered his hand.

Katie was visiting her mum, Rosemary playing happily on the floor with Lucy as the two women chatted. 'Benjy's away next week, Wednesday, Thursday and then he should be back for

Friday evening. I'll bring the little'un around mid-afternoon before Nathan gets home, that way he won't realise.'

Arrangements had been made, Lucy taking the week off work. She was excited as she looked forward to what she and her daughter had planned. The thought of Nathan watching as they ate each other's pussies was already making her wet.

It came as a surprise when Nathan announced that he had also taken a few days off to assist his mum. 'It's been a while since Katie and I were that age, you may find you are glad of the help.'

Lucy and Katie had to make a few adjustments to timings, but nothing that would arouse her brother's suspicions

Lucy was up and about, Nathan, still in bed when Katie dropped her daughter off. They spoke in hushed voices just in case he was awake and may hear them. 'Benjy has already left, and I'll be at home most of the day if there are any

problems. Remember to phone my mobile, not the house phone, that way Nathan won't be suspicious.'

The two women kissed before Katie left, heading home, and looking forward to that evening.

Nathan had never realised how much effort went into looking after and amusing a toddler all day long. He could appreciate now how his mother and sister could be exhausted at the end of a day. After tea and a bath that evening, he was grateful when Rosemary was finally settled in Katie's old bedroom.

'Bedtime?' he asked eventually. His mother nodded, 'Yeah, I'll be up in a minute. I just what a quick tidy up.'

Nathan had gone upstairs, Lucy sending a quick text to her daughter. 'Going to bed now. Use the back door, I have left it unlocked.'

Upstairs, she had made excuses, asking her son to give her twenty minutes to get ready because she had a surprise for him. He was already naked and in bed, Lucy using his bedroom where she had secreted her new lingerie. Twenty minutes should give Katie time to get here she thought as she undressed and put on the basque. It was black and lacy with criss-cross ties at the front and did nothing to hide her body, Lucy sitting on Nathans bed as she pulled on black stockings and clipped them to the dangling straps before pulling on the black lacy panties which again were transparent.

Satisfied with her appearance, she softly padded back to her bedroom, opening the door, and slipping around before shutting it behind her, but not closing it properly. Nathan's eyes were out on stalks as he viewed his mother, 'God, she was so fucking sexy,' he was thinking, his cock immediately reacting to the vision in front of him.

Lucy allowed herself to be pulled down onto the bed, his mouth immediately seeking hers as she felt the inevitable throb of his manhood against her thigh. His mouth moved

from her lips to her nipples, sucking the growing buds through the lacy material.

She didn't want things to advance too quickly, wondering when her daughter would arrive.

Nathan was working his way down her body, Lucy's tits now hanging out the basque. When he hit the bottom of the bed, he grabbed his mother's ankles, pulling her further down the mattress as he slid to the floor on his knees. Her panties quickly disappeared, his fingers opening her pussy lips as his tongue went to work, sucking and licking the moist flesh as his mother stroked his hair and then grabbed a handful, pulling his mouth tighter against her quim.

Nathans heart nearly stopped, either his mother's arms had just grown immensely long, or there was someone in the room with them because a hand had just encircled his cock. He was on his feet in seconds, spinning around to confront his sister as his mum pushed herself up onto elbows and started laughing.

'Hello, Nathan. Why don't you concentrate on her tits while I concentrate on her fanny?'

Katie was already naked, Nathan for the first time in his life, lost for words as he watched his sister kneel in the spot he had just vacated and start licking their mother's fanny. He felt like he was in a daze, that time was moving slowly around him or that he was wading through thick treacle. Katie was away with her husband, she had left her daughter with them, what the hell was she doing here.

When at last he noticed his mother's grinning face which kept constantly changing as her daughter munched on her cunt, she beckoned him towards her. 'Straddle my chest,' she told him, Nathan doing her bidding as she grabbed his cock, raised her head, and opened her mouth, swallowing his knob as her tongue rolled around the sensitive tip.

Nathan's hands gripped her tits as her mouth bobbed back and forward on his shaft, her hand pumping him as his

arousal quickly escalated. He kept twisting and glancing, watching his sister eat his mums pussy while Lucy tried to moan with a mouthful of cock.

She could feel the jerk of her son's shaft, Nathan was getting close which was why she relinquished her grip on him. It was one of the first thoughts she'd had, and which had set her on this course, wanting to watch her son and daughter have sex. 'Fuck your sister Nathan. I want to watch you and Katie shag.'

Lucy moved sideways, making space as Katie and Nathan joined her. As she watched her son's cock sink into her daughter's flesh it felt as if she was part of a porn movie. She didn't need anyone to touch her, Lucy's own hand doing enough as she softly stroked herself while watching her children fuck. The thrill and excitement were sensational, her body quivering with arousal as Katie moaned loudly, Nathan's hips now thrusting forward rapidly as he fucked his sister.

Just like in Lucy's imagination on that very first occasion, Katie's head turned as she gave her mother a pleading look,

desperately wanting to be kissed. Her daughter's lips were soft and sensual, the kiss arousing, Lucy's hand leaving her fanny as she groped her daughter's tits. She needn't have worried because Katie's hand quickly found her vagina, several fingers slipping inside Lucy's cunt.

The explosion in her fanny as she climaxed, tore her lips from her daughters, Katie screaming as her orgasm engulfed her. The hand had disappeared from her cunt, Lucy jamming several fingers into her quim as she prolonged her release. The look on Nathan's face was one of relief and fulfilment as he emptied his sack into his sisters cunt, his hips pounding between her legs as his cock was thrust into her extremely wet centre.

Nathan had expected that he would need time to recover, but the sight of his mother and sister performing and satisfying each other worked wonders. He watched as they kissed and then toyed each other fannies with their tongues, fingers delving into sloppy snatches as they moaned at each other's antics. Tits were abused, cunts rubbed against each other until a screaming orgasm had them both floundering.

'Mum's turn,' Katie indicated Nathans cock, ramrod stiff.  
'Fuck her Nathan, I want to watch you fuck mum this time.'

Lucy groaned as her son's cock expanded her cunt and groaned, even more, when her daughter's mouth suckled her teats. She pulled her daughter mouth away, 'I want to lick your cunt, straddle my face.'

Katie knelt facing her brother, watching his shaft disappear into her mother's fanny. She groaned loudly, her mum's grip on her hips tight as her tongue slid inside her fanny, sucking, and licking before circling her puckered entrance. His hands massaged his sister breasts while Katie massaged her mother's, both women closing in on another climax.

Katie began to shudder, the tongue in her cunt had been joined by a finger up her arse, her mother now sucking for all she was worth at her daughters clit. The shudder became a convulsion, Katie's eyes closed as she roared her release, soaking her mum's face and mouth with her juices.

The sight of his sister climaxing spurred Nathan on, his cock pounding Lucy's cunt as fast as he could as he heard her muffled cries just before her body also tried the thrash. And then he was joining them, his cock jerking inside her cunt as his hot cream filled her wet sloppy passage.

Katie was thirty-nine when she and Benji split. At forty, he still thought of himself as one of the boys, football most weekends and the pub several nights every week. She'd had enough, she wanted a responsible adult, not someone who still hadn't grown up. That wasn't the only reason, over time, Katie had found that she preferred having sex with her brother rather than her husband.

Rosemary was a teenager about to start sixth form college when she and Katie moved back to her mother Lucy's home, caution was once again the order of the day. Lucy, Nathan, and Katie had to sneak around in order to continue having sex with each other. Life was difficult for a couple of years, up to the point where Rosemary went off to university.

By the time Lucy was approaching sixty-seven and although she still enjoyed the sex with her son, she had noticed that her desires on that front had started to wane. There were still the threesomes but increasingly, Katie and Nathan were becoming the new couple. At forty-two, Katie suddenly found herself pregnant, worryingly, the only person the father could be, was her brother.

After a family conflagration one evening the only decisions, they could produce, was either abortion, or they needed to move, to somewhere that nobody knew them. Katie wanted to keep the baby, increasingly she saw Nathan as her husband. Benjy had remarried and Rosemary was at university, moving away from this town was the best option they all decided.

As Katie's bump began to show, each inquiry was met with the same response, a stupid one-night stand that had gone wrong. 'No, the father was already married and yes she was keeping the baby.'

Rosemary had been given the same story on one of her returns from university and hadn't seemed to bat an eyelid that she was about to have a sibling.

It hadn't been immediate and had taken time. Lucy had retired but Nathan and Katie both had to find new jobs as well as a new home. The move took them a hundred and fifty miles from their old location, mum, brother, sister and now a new baby brother for Rosemary.

They were finally settled, Rosemary returning home because her twenty-first was due. The nice weather had arrived early this year, Nathan taking the chance to do a bit of sunbathing while his mother and sister had gone out for the day.

He opened his eyes as his niece appeared in the garden, the bikini she was wearing leaving extraordinarily little to the imagination. In one hand she carried two open bottles of beer, in the other, a folder that looked like it could contain university work.

'I've written a story, Uncle Nathan. Would you like to read it?' she asked

He watched as she lay on the blanket next to him and handed the folder over. Opening it, he found six sheets of A4 paper, starting to read after he had sat upright and shuffled around slightly so that the sun did not glare off the paper. His eyes constantly moved from the page to peer at his niece, the story was similar to the ones that for many years, he, his mum, and his sister had read.

The difference was that Rosemary had used their actual names. Some of what he read was made-up, but other parts were awfully close to the truth. Nathan tried to stop his mouth from hanging open, what was written on the paper was something akin to the life he had so far lived.

His head jerked up as he came to the last page, staring at his niece as she looked at him seductively.

'I can't finish it properly yet. I need to know what happens next,' she said, moving extremely close to him, her eyes glancing down at the obvious bulge in his shorts.

'Do I call you Uncle Nathan..... or would you prefer daddy!' she asked as she removed her bikini top.

# My Sister, My Daughter?

Howard opened his eyes gingerly, his throbbing head not helped by the sunlight streaming into the bedroom through the partially open curtains. His mouth was dry and tasted like a whore's armpit and his breath probably smelt worse than that he thought as through squinting eyes he tried to work out where he was.

He had been to a birthday party last night with Joanne, coerced to go as her 'plus one,' even though he knew none of the other guests. The birthday girl had been someone she worked with, and Joanne's initial invitation was for about a dozen of them to go out for a meal. Unfortunately, the number of drinks they had consumed soon made the suggestion, of then continuing to a nightclub, sound like a good idea.

By the time he and Joanne decided to walk home, both of them were wasted, Joanne hanging on to his arm for dear life as they staggered along. A taxi would have got them to the house in less than ten minutes, sober he could have walked it in fifteen, as it was it took them nearly forty minutes to make the journey.

Keeping his eyes closed against the light and gently rubbing his temples, he began to recall little bits of the previous evening. He should have stayed on the bottles of beer he thought, instead of changing to glasses of vodka and coke which slid down so easily until the balmy air of the summers evening hit him like a hammer when they left at the end of the night.

Their conversation as they walked consisted of the usual rubbish that drunks tended to sprout, half of it incoherent until they got onto the topic of relationships. Neither of them currently had a partner to speak of and Joanne had joked that they should perhaps pretend that they had just 'pulled' each other. Their banter went back and forward, each of them

trying to outdo the other with compliments or off the cuff remarks.

When Howard had pulled her into a shop doorway and threatened to kiss her, the both of them had shrieked with laughter, five minutes later when she had pulled him into a doorway and had actually gone through with it, he had been left stunned. The kiss had been different, it had been sensuous and arousing, feeling strange for him to be kissing someone older than he was.

Their nonsense hadn't stopped when they got home, he suddenly remembered, this time he had kissed her as she surprisingly started to unfasten the buttons of his shirt, her hands wriggling inside as she ran them over his chest and tweaked his nipples. He, of course, had retaliated, his hand cupping her breast as he marvelled at the feel and shape of it, gently squeezing and rubbing at where he expected her nipple to be.

There had been a long pause as they stared into each other's eyes, gauging if the other was thinking the same thing and then together, they had ascended the wooden hill to her bedroom. When she had undressed, he had marvelled at how good she looked, her figure still sexy and alluring, as he stripped off, her hands had been all over him until finally, they were both naked as he eased her across to the bed.

Her vagina had already been moist, his erection slipping into her with ease. To begin with, they had both been tender in their touching and kissing, but as their arousal escalated, the pure excitement of what they were doing took over as she urged him to shag her faster and harder. Howards cock pounded her fanny, his hands abusing her succulent breasts as their mouths ground together, tongues exploring each other as their lovemaking became more akin to rutting animals.

When Joanne had strained and writhed beneath him as she orgasmed, he had filled her pussy with his cream, pummelling her vagina with a pent-up lust which he was trying his best to expel.

'Oh, my fuck,' Howard thought to himself, as he came to realise what he had done. He opened his eyes and looked around, this wasn't his bedroom, this was Joanne's bedroom. He swivelled his head, staring at the naked back of the woman laid next to him and still sleeping.

'What the fucking hell have we done?' Howard was aghast as he continued to stare at Joanne, letting the realisation sink in that he'd had sex and slept with his mother.

Sneaking from her bed, he opened and closed her bedroom door as quietly as he could, trying his best not to wake her until he got his head around what had taken place last night. Never in a million years would he ever have thought of her as someone who would excite him sexually, in her normal attire, she was just his mother, but last night, what with the drink and the sleek sexy dress which she had worn, it had been easy to see her as a mature desirable woman.

When Joanne did appear, she was his mother once more, without makeup and with her tousled hair and an old robe, she looked nothing like the sexually attractive woman from the previous night. Sat next to him at the breakfast bar, her head was buried in her hands, she moaned to herself as a glass of bicarb fizzed away in front of her.

'Never again. My bloody head is thumping. How did we get home?' She asked him.

'We walked; do you not remember?' Howard breathed his first sigh of relief.

Joanne shook her head, 'Sorry. I was so pissed that I can't remember anything. Did you put me to bed?'

Howard breathed a bigger sigh of relief, perhaps it was for the best, his mother would be horrified if she had recalled the things that they had done to each other.

Later, and feeling slightly better, he would recall their union, never again would he be able to look at his mother without seeing her naked, her slim figure and small breasts wrapped around his own body as his cock was rammed into her cunt.

'Who undressed me?' She asked him, Howard going crimson as he admitted that he had helped her out of her clothes and into bed. 'Completely naked?' Joanne added, her head turning slightly as she stared at her son.

She dropped the question, the look on her son's face one of pure embarrassment as she decided that in her drunken state, she had probably disposed of her clothes without giving a thought as to whether he would see her naked.

Thankfully, she made no more mention of it for the rest of the weekend though it took most of that day before they felt sufficiently recovered to face having a meal and talking to each other. And then they were back at work at the confectionary factory, his mother on one of the production lines and Howard in the IT department up in the offices.

They had been on their way home mid-week, walking through town and past the rows of shops when Joanne had stopped abruptly, staring at one shop entrance in particular before shaking her head and continuing to walk homewards. She made them a meal, Howard laying the table while she cooked and then sitting together as they chatted about their day and ate.

He hadn't really taken any notice when she had stopped in town, nor had it triggered a memory of the previous weekend, one shop doorway looked pretty much like another. It was only after their tea and as they finished their deserts that she asked the question tentatively.

'Saturday night..... after the party. Did I..... did I kiss you?'

It had come so quickly out of the blue that it had taken Howard by surprise, the question giving him no chance to rearrange his features and leaving him no choice but to answer in the affirmative.

'How did that happen?' Joanne wanted to know.

Howard explained about the silly game they had been playing in their drunken state and how it had got a little bit out of hand.

'Did it happen again when we got home?' She enquired. Howard starting to worry about the prospect of his mother beginning to remember things from that night.

Can I ask..... what did it feel like, kissing your old mum?'

He wasn't sure what to say, did he lie and tell her that it was awful, he had no desire to hurt her and there wasn't a way of saying it wasn't enjoyable without making it sound like he was disgusted.

Or did he tell her the truth, that he had actually enjoyed kissing her, that her lips had tasted sweet and that the feel of

her slim body pressed against him had ignited a fire in his loins? Would the truth nudge her a little closer to remembering that they'd had sex and that he had shared her bed that night? Worse still, he had no desire to divulge, that despite trying to forget about their coupling, his most fervent wish at the moment was for it to happen again.

Thankfully, that seemed to be the end of her questioning for the moment as the next few weeks turned into a month that had passed without comment, Howard now having put his thoughts to the back of his mind. As much as he would have liked it to happen again, there was no way to bring up the subject without perhaps causing her distress.

All seemed well until one morning as summer was starting to come to an end, they had awoken when their alarms went off and were getting ready for work when he heard his mother in the bathroom and it sounded like she was being sick.

'Everything ok?' Howard asked her when she came out, Joanne looked pale, her skin clammy as she confessed that she didn't feel great that morning.

'Take the day off work,' he said, 'It's not like your ever off sick. I'm sure they can do without you for one day.'

Joanne agreed, she really didn't feel up to it that morning, perhaps she was coming down with something she thought.

'Yeah, it sounds like a good idea. I think I'll go back to bed for an hour.'

She toddled off back to her bedroom as he finished getting ready, popping his head around her bedroom door to say goodbye as he left the house and set off for work.

Joanne was fine that evening when he arrived home, 'Must have been a one-day bug,' she said as they sat down for their evening meal. The only trouble was that the next morning she

was back in the bathroom, vomiting once more. Howard was concerned, it wasn't like his mother to be ill.

'I'll tell them at work that you're not coming in again. Perhaps give the doctors a call and make an appointment.'

Again, she was back to her normal self when he arrived home but at least she was seeing the GP the following afternoon.

Much to Howard's consternation, his mother was at it again the next morning. He could hear her in the bathroom as she retched, and he was starting to become worried. It couldn't be something she had eaten, they had both had the same meals and he had felt fine, he thought, wondering what could be wrong with her, at least she was seeing the doctor today which partially put his mind at ease.

Joanne wasn't overly concerned, whatever it was, only seemed to last for an hour or so each morning and then after that, she was ok.

The house was quiet when Howard got home from work, the table wasn't laid and there were no sounds of bustle coming from the kitchen. He shouted for his mother but received no reply, wherever she was, she wasn't at home. It was nearly an hour after he got in before she arrived back, her eyes looked puffy as though she had been crying and she seemed to be in a daze, not even acknowledging his presence.

He sat her down, made her a strong brew and then sitting beside her, he held her hand as he asked what was wrong. Joanne continued to stare into space, her words, when they came, were quiet, as though she was speaking to herself and not him.

'It's impossible..... The doctor must be wrong. How can I be..... there hasn't been anyone? This can't be happening..... There is no way I can be pregnant..... I haven't had sex..... forever!'

The very word sent shivers through Howard, had he heard his mother correctly, it was hard to make out what she was saying, but he was convinced he had just heard the word 'Pregnant.'

He stumbled, trying to get his words out as his heart thudded loudly in his chest. He felt sweaty despite the chill that ran through him and surely his mother could feel his hand trembling.

'Did..... did you say you were..... Pregnant!'

At last, she seemed to sense that he was there. 'The doctor says I'm pregnant and it's just morning sickness. But it can't be, I haven't been near a man.'

Joanne looked exasperated, how could she be pregnant when she hadn't had a fella in ages, she looked to Howard for confirmation, astonished as she watched the colour drain from his face and he withdrew his hands from hers, grasping them together to stop the shaking that seemed to have come over him.

Suddenly her mind alighted on a single comment buried deep in her memory.

'The night of the party, you said I kissed you. Did we kiss again when we got home?'

The look on her son's face ignited fear in her, Joanne could feel herself welling up. Something else had happened, something that Howard hadn't told her, slowly she put two and two together and got four.

Her hand went to her mouth, and she bit down hard on her knuckles, 'Surely not. It was too outlandish, she knew she had been off her head, but she wouldn't have done something like that, would she?' Joanne was thinking.

She knew she had to ask the question, as much as she didn't want to hear the answer.

'Did I sleep with you that night, Howard? Did we make.....?  
Sex, did we have sex?'

Howard couldn't bring himself to say anything, his stomach churned, and he felt sick, the one and only time that he had drunkenly had sex with his mother, and she had fallen pregnant.

His silence confirmed her horrified suspicions, 'Oh God! I slept with my son. I had sex with Howard and now I'm pregnant?'

You could have heard a pin drop, neither of them saying a word as the implications of that one night sank in.

Howard couldn't bring himself to say anything, all of the things going through his mind would sound wrong if he tried to put them into words. 'What were they going to do? How would Joanne explain it? She couldn't tell people that he was the father. Would she keep the baby, or would she get rid of

it? He was twenty-two, far too young to be a father, his mother was in her mid-forties, too old to have a new child?'

For the moment, Joanne could not bear to be near him, it wasn't Howard's fault, she was the parent, she was his mother and she had slept with him, he had been inside her and as a consequence, he had left her a present.

'I'm not hungry. I'm going to bed.' With that she got up from the couch and headed for her bedroom, leaving her son alone, stunned and miserable.

They managed to get through what was left of the week, Joanne returning to work the next morning once she had been sick. The house seemed eerily silent at times, even though they were both indoors, it seemed that neither of them could find the right words to say to the other.

At least it was the weekend Howard thought, with so much on his mind it had been hard to concentrate at work, it wasn't something he could voice and ask people's opinions on.

At breakfast on Saturday morning, it was Joanne who had initiated the conversation.

'So, fill in the blanks, how did it happen? Did I force you or offer you an inducement?'

Howard shook his head, 'It started as a silly game, you said, "Let's pretend we have pulled each other" and it just kind of gathered momentum from there. I pulled you into a shop doorway and threatened to kiss you, which we both found hilarious, and then suddenly you had pulled me into another one and we were kissing.'

'Didn't it feel strange, weird, kissing me? Especially as I'm your mum and so much older than you?' Joanne was trying to understand how they had managed to get themselves into this mess.

'No!' Howard said emphatically. 'It actually felt good. It felt, kind of sexy, maybe a turn on to be kissing you like that.'

Joanne was taken aback, confused as to why her son would be "turned on" by her.

'What happened when we got home, I seem to remember that we kissed again. And then what?'

Howard pulled no punches; the truth was going to come out eventually. 'I didn't ask you and you didn't ask me. It just kind of happened. The next thing I knew was that we were up in your bedroom and undressing each other, your hands were inside my shirt and..... down below.'

'Did you undress me?' Joanne wanted to know. 'Did you..... touch me?' She had no memory of these events but from the sound of it, she had been a willing participant.

'And then what?'

It seemed a bit of a ridiculous question to Howard, Joanne was pregnant, what did she think happened next. 'And then we had sex,' he said embarrassingly.

'And you were happy with that? I haven't got the best figure anymore, most of it is heading south.' Now it was Joanne's turn to look embarrassed.

'In fact, it was pretty good. No, it was more than that. It was very good, maybe even excellent. Good enough to want to.....' He stopped himself from completing what was about to slip out, certain that his mother had no wish to hear him say that he would have liked to bed her again.

She was astonished but refused to allow her face to show it, she had made love with her son and from what he had said, they had both enjoyed it. The trouble was, she couldn't remember, suddenly beginning to feel like she had missed something.

'Good enough to what?' Joanne enquired, even though she already had an inkling of what he had been about to say and refusing to allow herself to smile at the unspoken compliment.

Howard shook his head, refusing to complete the sentence, there was no way that he was going to tell her that he had enjoyed the sex with her to the extent that he wanted to fuck her again. At least she hadn't asked him to describe in detail what they had done, the very thought of using words like those descriptively, sending shivers down his spine. It was one thing using them in front of mates, it was another to use them in front of his mum.

He was in two minds, he had arranged to go out that afternoon and evening with friends, but at the same time, he did not want to leave Joanne alone. Would it have felt like this he wondered, if it had been one of his previous girlfriends?

As though reading his mind, Joanne had told him it was ok, that she would sort something out and not to worry, but

Howard couldn't help but worry. He didn't want to state the obvious, that in a few months she would start to show, and people would notice, especially the ones at work. Money wasn't the problem, between them they earned enough for her to take the time off, it was the fact that this child if she kept it, would be his sibling as well as his offspring.

She shooed him out, telling him to go and enjoy himself. He was having his tea out with his mates and then a few pints to round off the evening. Despite his situation, he had managed to have a good time, he hadn't gone overboard with his drinks and was simply jovial as he made his way towards home, expecting his mother to be in bed by the time he arrived back.

He was surprised as he entered to find her up and about, there was a wine bottle on the coffee table and with the look of it, he could see it was nearly empty. That was unusual for Joanne, normally she did not drink at home, he had known occasions when she had opened a bottle of wine and it had gone off before she managed to drink even half of it.

He could hear her in the kitchen and then the sound of a cork popping as he presumed, she was opening another bottle. She wasn't drunk when she came into the lounge, but it was obvious that she was getting near her limit. There was something different about her Howard realised, before twigging that she had tidied her hair and applied some makeup, the robe she wore, different than the one that she normally knocked around the house in.

She brought a fresh bottle of wine with her and another glass. 'Maybe the last chance I will get for a while, depending on what I decide to do. Will you have a drink with me?'

Howard allowed Joanne to pour him a glass, holding it out for her as she tipped the bottle. From his position, sitting on the couch, he found it hard to avert his eyes as her robe gaped slightly and he caught sight of her cleavage and breasts, Joanne pulling it closed as she noticed where he was looking.

She clinked her glass against his, 'Cheers,' taking a sip and then swivelling the glass in her hand as she prepared herself to say something.

'You know when you said I was "Good enough". Do you still think that?' She seemed embarrassed that she had to ask, Howard thought. He immediately had a suspicion where he hoped this conversation was leading, her hair and makeup along with the robe and especially her being naked beneath it was already causing a reaction in his pants as he replied to her question.

'If you are offering what I hope you are, then the answer is yes. You were far more than good enough, you were sexy and exciting and despite you being my mother, if you are offering me the opportunity to make love to you again, then I would be honoured and thrilled.'

The wine was forgotten as she placed her glass on the table and stood, beckoning him to follow her as they made their way upstairs towards her bedroom, Howard watching her bottom sway as she took each step and resisting the urge to pinch it as he followed her. Inside the room, she closed the door behind him before going across to her bed and switching on a sidelight.

Howard's mind was in a whirl, he couldn't believe he was being offered this second opportunity to have sex with his mother and wondered how much influence the bottle of wine had on her decision. As much as he wanted to pull the robe from her and throw her onto the bed, he allowed Joanne to dictate the pace as she advanced towards him.

She had loosened the belt of her robe but still kept it pulled around her as she approached him, her hand rising as she cradled his cheek and looked into his eyes. They seemed to linger there for a long moment and then as she offered her lips to be kissed, her eyes closed.

With one arm around his neck, Joanne's other hand slid beneath his t-shirt as she got her first proper feel of his bare flesh, the hand resting on his stomach for a second before slowly moving upwards as she explored his chest, feeling the firm muscles beneath his still smooth skin and then running a fingertip over his nipples as she made them hard.

Howard allowed his mother to undress him, her facial expressions constantly changing as she bared him bit by bit, and then her gaze lingered on his swelling cock which jutted upright from his groin as she pushed his pants and briefs to his ankles. Naked, he gave her a chance just to look at him before he pulled her in close and they kissed once more, this time the temptation too strong as his hand slid inside her robe.

Joanne's tits were pretty much perfect he considered, the correct size to neatly fill one hand as he cupped her right breast and gently fondled the silky-smooth flesh, his excitement increasing as he felt her nipple harden and grow against his palm as the first low growls of pleasure rumbled in her throat.

It wasn't all one-way traffic; Joanne was desperate to get her hands on Howards cock. She could not remember it from that first occasion but was determined to make up for it tonight as her hand snaked downwards and it brushed against his swollen knob which was already leaking pre-cum. Teasingly

with a single finger, she rubbed the clear slippery excretion into his helmet, making it shine and throb with anticipation.

When her fingers wrapped around his shaft, Howard was in seventh heaven, the feel of her hand as she slowly tossed him off was exquisite and he could have happily stood there all night if she continued to do that until he filled her hand with his cum.

What was good for the goose was good for the gander he decided as he released her breast and slid his hand downwards, resting on her belly as he momentarily remembered the new life that was growing inside there. He lingered again as his fingers played across her mound and the close-cropped pubes which covered it and then his hand curved between her legs, Joanne adjusting to give him greater access as his finger penetrated her cunt.

They groaned in unison, their hands increasing each other's arousal until Joanne finally begged him to make love to her.

As he knelt between her open thighs and looked down at her he was amazed at how his opinions had changed in such a short time. Previously, and as his mother, he wouldn't have given her a second glance in the sexuality stakes, but now, as she lay naked beneath him, there was something quite tantalising about her. For a woman of her age, her figure was still pretty damned good, something he had never really taken note of before. Her breast while on the smallish side still stood partly to attention and her waist was still slim with the faintest trace of a belly, although that would shortly change.

Reaching out she grasped his erection, smoothly sliding the skin back and forth as she teased him and aware of the pulsating throb it gave off. Dragging him closer, she pressed his knob against her pussy lips, already open and moist as they waited impatiently for that initial insertion.

When it came, she lifted her head from the pillow, staring at her son as those first powerful sensations surged through her body, his cock expanding and filling her cunt as she let out a guttural cry.

They kissed constantly as his cock penetrated her, his hips creating a smooth steady momentum that opened and closed her fanny with each thrust. His actions felt powerful as her arousal built, his hands forever making a beeline for her tits and nipples, and then as he paused for a second, he shifted imperceptibly so that his lips now encircled each nipple in turn as his tongue flicked across them, and he nipped each teat between his teeth.

When Howard knelt upright and stared down at her once more, Joanne noticed something in his expression, something she had never seen before, it was obvious from the way he was looking at her that he adored her body, her chest swelling as she realised that she excited him. No longer did she feel like an old woman, she felt young and exciting, enthralled to discover that she still had what it took to ensnare someone who was more than half her age.

Her thoughts were dismissed as suddenly his shaft was slammed into her pussy, taking her completely by surprise as Howard upped the tempo. Within seconds she was panting, staring fixedly at her son as he now well and truly fucked her.

Joanne never imagined a time when she may use language like that towards her son, but as her climax swiftly approached, she grabbed her legs, pulling them up higher and opening them wider as his cock crashed into her cunt, the coarseness spewing from her lips as she urged him to fuck her even faster.

'That's it..... that's it..... yes, yes, just there. Now fuck me..... fuck me hard..... fuck your mummy's cunt!'

The words seemed obscene to her ears, but she continued to call out to him as his shaft plundered her fanny until she had no option but to make that leap and allow her orgasm to control her body, one moment writhing beneath him, the next holding herself taut as powerful pleasure signals overloaded her brain and she felt him explode inside her, his semen adding to her own juices as he continued to shaft her.

When at last he collapsed beside her, Joanne knew she had made the right decision in allowing him to have her body a

second time, the sex had been exquisite and fulfilling and although she was currently sated, she felt no shame in admitting to herself that she would want him again.

Howard spent the night in her bed as they made love once more, Joanne straddling his hips as she bounced up and down on his cock. It had been quite a while for her since she had last been fucked like this and so she savoured every second of their coupling, her second and then third orgasm nearly having her in floods of tears as her emotions got the better of her.

It was like being at the start of a new relationship when everything seemed perfect, and you wished it could be like that forever. Unfortunately, she was under no illusions, they couldn't have a relationship in the normal sense of the word, they could never let it be known that they had stepped over the line, but she was determined that whatever her decision in the future, for as long as her son wanted to have sex with her, she would let him.

Howard was still sleeping when Joanne awoke the next morning, slipping from the bed and putting on her robe as she went downstairs to make a cup of tea. A glance in the mirror at the bottom of the stairs showed her a true picture of the morning after, with her makeup gone and her hair needing a good brush, at that moment she looked her age.

Looking at her image, she felt despondent, she could slap on as much warpaint as she wanted to make herself look younger, but would Howard still be as enthused when he saw her looking like this each morning?

Joanne had just made her drink when she heard movement upstairs, putting the kettle back on to boil, she got out another cup as she heard Howard coming down the stairs. Other than a pair of shorts, he was naked as he came into the kitchen and surprised Joanne by spinning her around as he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her in tight. Her robe had loosened, and Howard glanced down at what he could see of her breasts, Joanne instantly feeling the growing bulge down below as he pressed the start of his erection hard against her mound.

'Oh my God,' she thought to herself, immediately feeling more content that it didn't seem to be bothering him that she didn't look at her best. His hand slipped inside her robe as he caressed her breast, her nipples instantly hardening as his cock continued to grow and she felt that imminent desire between her legs.

She started to giggle as he easily lifted her and carried her over to the dining table, laying her down on it as he opened her robe wide and looked at her nudity. Joanne raised herself momentarily as he pushed his shorts to the floor and stepped out of them, her eyes glued to his bobbing cock as he splayed her legs and moved in close. And then he was inside her, her fanny expanding as she accepted the large lump of meat that was now being pumped into her passage.

'Bloody hell,' she was thinking to herself, if she had not have been pregnant already, at this rate she would have soon been anyway.

Howard's hands were back on her tits as he squeezed and made them bulge, her nipples standing proud as he twisted them with his fingers and made her call out loud as his cock continued to fuck her cunt.

Pushing herself up onto her elbows, Joanne goaded him.

'Go on..... fuck it, fuck my cunt. Shit! You feel so fucking good inside me, so fucking big. Harder..... fuck me harder..... rub my clit while you fuck my pussy. Oh yes..... fuck me, yes..... Yesss!'

Her orgasm took her by surprise, her body going rigid as she lost control of her limbs and her voice, the centre of her attention being only Howards cock which she could see, and feel being slammed into her quim as he ejaculated inside her, and she felt her juices run down the crack of her arse.

'Oh, my giddy aunt,' Joanne thought after his flaccid cock had slipped from her pussy. 'Is this what it is going to be like with him?'

She suddenly hoped it was, she had turned into a middle-aged woman, but in the course of one night, Howard had changed her back into the young women she used to be, sex an integral part of her life.

'Why don't you go and get back in bed, and I'll bring the brews up,' Howard suggested as he eyed her lasciviously and then slapped Joanne's bottom as she dashed for the stairs roaring with laughter.

Joanne hadn't known a Sunday like it as they spent most of the day in bed having frequent sex, her son seemed to be insatiable and eventually, she had to call time, telling him that if he shagged her much more, he was going to make her sore and then he would have to go without for a while.

Howard was asleep next to her and despite having work in the morning, Joanne could not settle, although there was no rush, sooner or later she was going to have to make a decision as to

whether she kept the baby or if it made more sense at her age to have it aborted.

She knew by rights that Howard should have a say in the matter, at the end of the day, he was the baby's father, but he could never properly play that part. There was far too much risk going down that road she realised even though at the moment she felt the happiest that she had been in a long time. Her son, Joanne decided would make some woman a perfect partner, sadly, it could not be her she knew, he had his own life ahead of him.

In time Joanne began to show, at first it seemed as though she had just put on a small amount of weight but as Christmas drew steadily closer, there was no mistaking that she was pregnant. She had decided after their weekend of frequently making love that as much as she knew it was going to be disruptive and hard work, she wanted to keep the child.

She had always planned on having two children, ideally one of each, but her relationship with her husband had fizzled out before she got pregnant for a second time.

There had been the usual rounds of gossip, people wanting to know who the father was, but she had stuck to her story, it was a short-lived affair, and he was already married. The questions lasted for a few weeks and then people moved on to the next piece of interesting tittle-tattle.

It was something Howard had never considered, but as time passed, he suddenly found that having sex with a pregnant woman was certainly highly erotic. Joanne's stomach had grown and wonderfully, so had her tits, her due date sometime around easter the following year.

More and more they were sleeping together each night, but as she explained to him on one occasion after they'd had sex.

'The first year and a half we should be fine to be together, but after that, we will have to start being careful. As it begins to

grow and get older, it will wonder why you as its brother are sharing a room with me as its mother. Kids of that age have a habit of coming out with comments at the most inopportune moment.'

Joanne went on to explain what she wanted to happen, telling Howard that he must live his life as he so far had done.

'Go out with your mates. Date other girls. All of that will detract from what we do here when we are alone.'

As much as he understood her reasoning, he would find it difficult just to revert to how things had been before that night. He was going to be a father, to a child that he could never admit to being his, how could his life ever be the same again?

Christmas came and went and as they plodded their way through January and February, Joanne started shopping for the things they would need. She'd had her scans but declined the offer of knowing what sex her new child would be.

Another few weeks and she would start her maternity leave she thought to herself one morning as she got ready for work.

Howard came downstairs looking half asleep which made Joanne grin. Lately, her sexual appetite had been in overdrive, and she couldn't get enough of her son fucking her.

She had started feeling randy directly after their tea, having helped Howard to clear things away, when she came in from the kitchen, she had straddled his lap facing him and lowered herself down. His eyes sparkled because he knew what she was feeling and had in mind.

Resting his hands on her knee's he slowly slid them up and under her maternity smock, following her thighs until his thumbs rested in her groin, either side of her fanny. Edging them under the gusset of her large knickers, he pulled sideways, thereby opening her quim and then pressing in the opposite direction as he closed it.

Using a circular motion he massaged his mother's cunt, watching patiently as her eyes began to flutter and her breathing increased. Joanne was leaking juices; her knickers now damp as he carefully rubbed either side of her clit before gently sliding his finger across the highly sensitive bud.

'Get undressed,' she managed, trying to catch her breath as she eased herself off his lap. Within minutes they were naked as they returned to their former positions.

With one hand now massaging her large breasts, he stared fascinated at how much her areola had grown, now covering a large portion of her milky white flesh. His other hand eased between her thighs, a single finger slipping between her piss flaps and penetrating her cunt as he began to frig her.

With her body already overdosing on hormones, Joanne firmly gripped her sons cock, easing the skin down and exposing its plump shiny helmet. Slowly and deliberately, she began to toss him off, watching as it was now his turn to close his eyes as he savoured the sensation flooding his groin.

When she had him completely hard and erect, she pushed his hands away as she slid from his lap, grabbed a cushion and opened his legs.

Kneeling between his thighs, she took a firm grip of his cock again as she poked her tongue out and traced a pattern with it over his knob. Howard gasped out loud as his mother's lips encompassed his prick and she sucked, her tongue teasing beneath its sensitive rim as her hand continued to slide up and down its length.

She wanked him slowly, building his arousal as his hips and buttocks started to rise from the couch as he tried to fuck her face. He had expected her to have leapt back on his lap by now, instead, she was continuing to concentrate on his shaft as his ejaculation crept closer. Howard tried to warn her, Joanne raising her eyes and her lips trying to smile despite having his cock in her mouth.

Suddenly, her hand began to speed up as she wanked him furiously, his hips bouncing on the cushion as he knew his

climax was imminent. Howard called out, but she ignored him as she sealed her lips around his shaft and moved her hand faster still, his hips ramming his cock to the back of her throat as he exploded and spurted his cum into her mouth, Joanne sucking and licking until she had drained and swallowed every drop of semen.

'Holy shit! She was good at that Howard thought, it wasn't the first time that Joanne had given him a blowjob. He knew what came next as they swapped places and she got herself settled, opening her legs wide as he knelt between her thighs and looked at her fanny.

It was another aspect of her being pregnant that Howard enjoyed, her pussy was swollen and puffy, looking larger than it had. Using his fingers, he opened her wide, exposing the moist pink flesh inside as his nostrils picked up the scent of her musk.

Leaning forward, he ran his tongue over the moist flesh as he tasted her and then poked it into her passage, his mother

pressing her minge tightly against his mouth as his tongue delved deeper. She had shaved her mound, the smooth soft warm flesh pushing against his face as his tongue and lips kissed, sucked and licked her cunt.

He pushed her to the edge as she moaned and groaned, hoisting her breasts as she sucked at her own nipples, and when he decided she was ripe and ready, he pushed the hood back from her clitoris and sucked and licked the tiny bud.

Joanne flooded his face with her juices as they poured from her, Howard continuing to work on her cunt as she orgasmed and shook, her tits and belly wobbling as she screamed her release until she finally had to push his head and mouth away, her fanny far too sensitive.

By the time her breathing slowed, Howards cock was once again pointing skywards as he rubbed it against the wet slippery mess that was her fanny before easing it down into position and pushing it slowly into her. Joanne could taste

herself as they kissed, her son's hands firmly clamped onto her breasts as he massaged her pendulous flesh.

He fucked her slow and carefully, never having quite gotten used to the fact that despite her huge bump, there were times that she still needed a good furious fucking. That evening was one of those occasions as she urged him on, his shaft slamming into her cunt faster and harder until together, they climaxed, his hot cream spurting up her passage as she ground her fanny against him.

That hadn't been the end of it, once Joanne felt fully recovered, she had dragged him upstairs to their bedroom where they had continued to procreate until the early hours of the morning and the reason why Howard had looked exhausted when he had come downstairs that morning.

Rosy came bang on time, Howard hadn't been allowed in the delivery room, not that he was bothered, far easier to wait outside than to try and explain why a son would want to be in the same room as his mother when her child was being delivered. He heard the baby's first cry and then minutes later

a nurse popped her head around the door to inform him he had a sister.

It felt strange later when he was allowed in and he cradled the tiny infant in his arms for the first time, having to act the part of her big brother while inside he was amazed at what he and his mum had produced.

When Joanne was finally allowed home, life didn't exactly return to normal, Howard had never known what it was like to have a new-born in the house. As his mother had explained, they continued to sleep together despite there being a period when they'd had to abstain, eventually, their sex life resumed once more.

Three years down the line and Rosy was now a toddler, Howard back to sleeping in his own bed each night. That wasn't to say that he and his mother didn't find time, once the kiddy was in bed and fast asleep, they would come together for sex, always remembering to try and not make as much noise.

He'd kept his promise to his mum, going back to doing the things that most young men did each weekend and evening, but at home, he acted as a big brother and a kind of surrogate father.

And so, their life progressed, he remembered the day Rosy first spoke his name, 'Owie' and the day she started school. He'd been dating a girl he had met at a party one evening, 'Greta,' was petite and strikingly pretty with flaming red hair. They had got on like a house on fire and she fitted in well with his family.

When after several years he and Greta had decided to get married, Rosy had been one of her bridesmaids, wanting to wear makeup just like the grown-ups did.

For the first year, they had continued to live with his mother, but that had been difficult, knowing that the sounds of him making love to his new wife carried and that Joanne would be able to hear. But she never complained, she was happy for

him and when Greta was out or away with her job, Joanne would invite him into her bed, but they were always mindful of Rosy.

Eventually, he and Greta bought a house of their own and moved out, it seemed strange at first not seeing as much of his mum, but they were always there for each other. When she needed a break, he would have Rosy stay over at his house for the weekend and when opportunities arose, he and his mum would indulge themselves as they fucked each other brains out.

And then came his first child, although to Howard it was his second, though he never dared mention that fact. He was getting older as was his mum and Rosy. He progressed up the company ladder and now headed the IT department at work. It wouldn't be long now before his mum would be reaching retirement age, having worked all her life.

Rosy was becoming a beautiful young woman, turning heads in town and never short of admirers who constantly made the trip to his mother's door.

The funeral had gone like clockwork, Howard having read the eulogy for his mum. He was saddened that he would see her no more as the coffin was lowered into the ground, tears rolling down his cheeks as his wife stood one side of him and his sister the other. At forty-four, he was fast approaching middle age, married with two kids and doing well for himself, Joanne had been proud of him.

His mother had retired and then a year later she had complained one day of not feeling great. It had been a short illness before she passed away, not even getting the chance to see her only daughter married.

As she got older, Joanne's sexual demands slowly decreased to the point where they perhaps only slept together once a month. Howard was going to miss her, he never saw it as

cheating on his wife, she was his mother and as her son, it was up to him to fulfil her needs.

It wasn't a large gathering, a few friends, neighbours and former colleges from work. They had come back to the house after the funeral, all of them expressing their sympathies until by late afternoon, the last one had finally left. Rosy had asked Greta if she minded Howard staying there tonight, just until she got used to being alone. Of course, she hadn't refused, telling her husband she was leaving to go and collect the kids.

Howard was watching Rosy; she'd had several glasses of wine during the afternoon and was presently pouring them both a small whisky. Carrying them over, she handed him a glass before clinking them together and sitting next to him, putting her arm through his as she rested her head on his shoulder.

'Thank you, she said. Howard asking her what she was thanking him for.

'For being my big brother..... and for being like a father to me at times.'

He blushed slightly at the secret he had kept all those years.

'You know I love you,' Rosy whispered.

'I love you too,' he replied.

She downed the whisky in one and stood as she went and poured herself another, proffering the bottle and asking if he wanted his glass replenishing.

Howard declined as he noticed that very slight unsteadiness as she returned to the couch.

'Hold this a second, will you?' she asked, as she faced him, hitched her dress up slightly and straddled his lap.

Settling herself comfortably, Howard couldn't help but notice how the tightness of her black dress emphasised her legs and thighs.

Rosy took a sip of her drink before she continued. 'No, you numpty. I mean..... I love, love you.'

She leaned forward, resting her forehead against his as she lowered her voice and spoke conspiratorially, her words slurring ever so slightly.

'I knew about you and mum. I knew what you were doing. I know you were sleeping with each other and having sex.'

Howards face drained of colour as he began to deny her allegations, but Rosy just gave a quiet laugh.

'It's alright. I'm not going to throw a wobbly or anything like that, but I know you slept with her when I was out. I came

back a few times and heard you. I thought it more prudent to disappear again and let you get on with it.'

She sat upright and knocked back her second whisky before she resumed her position, Howard, able to smell the alcohol on her breath.

'I only have two questions,' Rosy uttered, still whispering as though there were people there to hear.

'Are you, my father?'

Howard began to trot out the age-old story but was silenced as his sister put her finger to his lips.

'Please Howard, I want the truth. I'll tell you what I think. I think you are my father as well as being my brother. It makes sense as to why mum got pregnant late in life.'

His face answered her question as much as he tried to keep his features non-committal.

'I've waited a long time to tell you. Not as a sister, or as a daughter, but as a woman..... I love you.'

Before he could say anything, she had kissed him, her lips melding to his as her mouth twisted against his own, her arms going around his neck as Rosy pulled his face in tight against hers.

When she eventually released him, she asked her second question, it came out slowly with her sounding shy and slightly embarrassed.

'Will you take me to bed and make love to me?'

# My Three Sisters

Graham concentrated on the road ahead as mile after mile of motorway crept past, already three hours into what would be a six-hour journey as he travelled towards home. Perhaps that was not strictly true he thought to himself, his home was where he had set off from that morning, in reality, he was heading towards his parent's home or more precisely now, his mother's home, his father's passing being the reason for his journey. He tried to keep his mind focused, indicating and changing lanes as he sped up. He had already had one close call, having allowed his mind to wander and suddenly realising he was only feet away from the vehicle in front of him. It had taken several minutes for his heart to beat normally again as he slowed substantially for a while. This was the first time in ten years that he had been back to where he was born, having left under a cloud when he was eighteen and until now, never having found a reason to return.

He had been a wilful child, the second of four his parents had brought into the world, the other three all girls. As a teenager,

he had never been out of trouble, always happy to settle any argument with his fists. The police had been frequent visitors to his parent's home, as frequent as his visits to the courts and at sixteen the school had finally breathed a sigh of relief when they could, at last, get rid of him.

His mother had seen a job advertised in the local paper for an apprentice joiner and had made him go for an interview, he would be forever grateful that she did because he found that he had a natural aptitude for the job. He loved working with his hands and by the time he was eighteen he was doing exceedingly well. That wasn't to say he stayed away from trouble, his last court appearance just after his eighteenth birthday had been the wakeup call, especially when the magistrate told him that if he were dragged before them once more, he would be looking at a custodial sentence.

He indicated to leave the motorway and took the slip road for the services, what he needed was coffee and a chance to stretch his legs. He parked the Porsche before going into the complex and grabbing himself a Starbucks, finding a solitary empty table over in the corner and keeping his back to the

throng of travellers as he sipped at his drink, allowing his mind to drift back once more.

The court appearance had culminated in a blazing row at home with his father, the finger jabbing into his chest resulting in his dad sitting on his backside and his mother screaming at him to 'Get out and never come back.'

That was precisely what he had done, packing a bag before slamming the front door behind him, and for the next few months, he doss'd at mates homes before his boss called him into the office one day. Andy, his boss, had heard on the grapevine about his predicament and made a suggestion.

'Now then lad, I have a friend, he's always on the lookout for good joiners. It's at the other end of the country though, but maybe that's what you need, a fresh start, away from here.'

They had talked for nearly an hour and he had finally agreed to give it a go, He would travel down the following week and his boss's friend, "Bob" would also help him find some

accommodation. He had got on well with Bob, realising that he was more of a father figure than his own dad had been and over the next three years, he gradually became part of a new family. Bob was already approaching his sixties when he went to work for him, and Graham had enjoyed the next six years until one morning when he'd been pulled to one side.

'I'm thinking of retiring lad and I'm going to be selling the business.' Graham looked despondent at the prospect until Bob continued,

'I'm sure you would be able to get a loan, what do you think about buying me out. You've got the gumption to run a firm like this, if you could find a partner, I'm sure you could do well lad.'

He'd given it a lot of thought and then as luck would have it, one of his workmates, Alan, also thought it was a great idea and offered to come in with him. Due in no small part to Bob's assistance, he had got the loan and at the age of twenty-four had become the joint owner of the company. At first, they

carried on doing what they knew best but then Graham came up with the idea of branching out into property development. Twelve months later, they had bought, renovated and sold two properties; they were not rolling in money, but their heads were above water, and they were reasonably successful. As he approached twenty-six, Alan had dropped a bombshell on him when he'd caught up with him one morning and told him that he wanted out. He liked the money, just wasn't fond of the hard work that it took, keeping the business afloat. Graham had managed to extend the loan and bought his partner out; the business would now succeed or fail on his shoulders alone. At first, he'd had to lay a couple of the lads off, but as he diversified once more into renovating already established properties, the firm took off and he was soon recruiting more staff.

His thoughts were interrupted as he was approached by a young woman, 'Sorry to disturb you, but all the tables are full at the moment. Do you mind if I sit here?'

At first, she had just sat, immersed in her phone, but had then started to chat to him asking where he was heading to. She

had been hitching lifts and heading home and he wondered if that was why all the tables had been conveniently occupied. As it turned out, her destination was only nine miles away from his mothers and it seemed ill-mannered not to offer her a lift. Ellie was, she told him, twenty-four and on her way home from a project she had been working on. She had taken one look at the handsome young man sat in the corner and had wondered if he was going her way which was why she had made a beeline for his table.

Back out on the motorway, she had chatted incessantly, at least now his thoughts would not interrupt his driving as the miles continued to pass. Occasionally he glanced across at her, noting her natural beauty and telling her a little bit about himself. And then finally he was leaving the slip road as he drove through the rural scenery, his destination getting ever closer.

'This is my village,' she told him as he slowed going through its centre, 'You can drop me anywhere around here.'

He had pulled the car over, allowing her to retrieve her rucksack from the backseat when she leaned back in, 'Thanks for the lift, Graham..... err, I don't normally do this, but if you fancied going out one night, I owe you some drinks for getting me home.'

She had slipped him a scrap of paper, 'My telephone numbers on there..... if you fancy calling.'

She waved as she walked off, quickly disappearing down a side-street. Pushing it into his pocket, he continued to sit for a moment, glancing up and down the main road as he re-familiarised himself with his surroundings. Setting off again, he should be at his mum's in twenty-minutes, still thinking about Ellie as he turned into his old road and pulled up outside his parent's home. Leaving his cases in the car, he looked around, it appeared nothing had changed since the day that he had left. He opened the gate and walked up the path before ringing the doorbell, in the past, he would just have gone around back, but it was no longer his home, in part, it felt like a strangers house.

His mother opened the door, a look of surprise on her face as she realised who he was. He'd had no contact with his parents in all that time, text messages and the occasional phone call from Alice, his oldest sister, had kept him updated on some of the family news and the subsequent death of his father.

'Hi, mum,' was all he managed to get out before she had thrown herself at him hugging him tightly, despite what had happened in the past, he was still her son.

'Come in, come in.' she said as she led him through to the lounge, nothing in the house had seemingly changed either, everything exactly as he remembered it. They spent the next few hours becoming re-acquainted, his mother continually asking question after question as he told her how he had managed to turn his life around.

'Zoey should be home soon,' she said, asking where he was staying.

Zoey was his youngest sister and at nearly twenty-four would now have finished college. He had planned on looking for a bed and breakfast or a cheap hotel, forgetting that his sisters had also grown and had perhaps flown the coop.

'There's a spare room here if you need it, or perhaps you could stay with Gracie. She has her own house now and I know she has a spare room. Let me make a phone call.'

With that she disappeared into the hallway, not for mum the walkabout phones, she still had one connected to the wall, 'You can't lose it that way,' she told him.

She was speaking to Gracie when he heard the sound of the back door opening and then a gorgeous young woman came into the lounge and stood staring at him. He just sat there and watched her changing expressions as it suddenly dawned on her who he was.

'Graham?' She cried, as he stood, and only just in time, Zoey flinging herself across the room and wrapping her arms

around him. The last time he had seen her she had been thirteen and precocious, the only one of his sisters that had time for him and would follow him around like a puppy dog. Now, she was a stunningly attractive young woman, and he was only too aware of her curves as she pressed herself against him.

Zoey stood back and looked at him, she remembered her brother young, with his mop of hair and always dressed in jeans and t-shirts. Now here he was in a suit and tie, looking every part the young businessman. He had filled out over the last ten years, his shoulders were wide, tapering to a slim waist, but it was his face that had changed the most with his now chiselled features.

'Are you staying here?' She asked.

'I was going to find a hotel, but mum's on the phone to Gracie, so I don't know yet,' he was telling his sister when his mum reappeared.

'Right, it's all sorted, you're staying at Gracie's, she is in and is expecting you,' he was told. He spent another hour with them as he asked about the funeral arrangements, surprised that everyone seemed to have got over that initial shock. When he got a moment alone with Zoey, he asked.

'It wasn't really a surprise,' she had told him, 'He'd had a couple of minor heart attacks and had been told to take it easy, but you knew dad, he just wouldn't stop.'

His father had been an accountant and nearly ten years older than his mother and must have been nearing retirement, but he had been a stubborn kind of a man as Graham remembered, never one to take advice and set in his ways. As his only son, he had wanted Graham to follow him into a nice comfy office job and had been deeply saddened to find that he had sired a delinquent.

'Right, I'd best make a move otherwise Gracie will think I've got lost.' He kissed them both before saying he would pop around again later. His mother had given him directions but

from memory, he knew exactly where her house was located. It was only a fifteen-minute drive before he pulled up outside. Grabbing his briefcase from the car, he left his cases inside and made his way to her door, pressing the bell and waiting patiently. When the door opened, it was not the welcome he had been expecting.

'Whatever you're selling, I'm not interested. I'm expecting someone and I am far too busy. Good day to you.'

And with that, the door started to close until he spoke. 'Hello Gracie, I was expecting a bit more of a welcome than that.'

The door opened again as she stood open-mouthed and stared at him.

'Graham?' Just like her younger sister she could not believe the transformation, if she'd passed him in the street, she would never have recognised him, or the posh car parked outside her house.

Twice that day he had sat and answered questions, the same ones that his mother had asked as he also got used to her new appearance. She had been fifteen when he left and still developing, not at all pleased when she started to get boobs as Gracie had been very much a tomboy. Now she was a woman and an extremely attractive one he decided.

'Not married then?' She asked, noticing that there was no ring on his finger. Graham shook his head, there had been no shortage of women in the past, it was just that as yet, he had not found the right one.

They chatted for a while as she brought him up to date with all that had happened over the years including the fact that up until a few weeks ago she'd had a fiancé but that had gone pear-shaped, 'Couldn't keep it in his trousers,' she ended with a sarcastic laugh.

She showed him to his room and then busied herself while he brought his cases in and unpacked before going back

downstairs. 'What do you fancy for tea,' she asked him, 'I haven't got a lot of food in.'

'Why don't we go out, my treat. And then I'll pop back to mum's later,' he replied, 'How's she been coping?' He asked.

She took a moment as she marshalled her thoughts, 'It was a shock at first, but you know mum, never one to let things get her down. We have all taken it in turns for the last couple of weeks to pop around frequently, and Zoey's there as well each evening.' Gracie kept staring at him and he even caught her frequent glances when she thought he was not looking.

As evening approached, he went upstairs to shower and change, deciding on casual clothes for once. He had got used to wearing suits over time, but it still felt nice to occasionally wear scruffs, not that his clothes were scruffy, he just referred to them as such because, over the last few years, his normal attire would be a business suit.

He waited in the lounge for Gracie to re-appear and emitted a low whistle when she did. Dressed in skin-tight black pants with a cream top, she looked dazzling and when she turned around, he found his eyes following her bottom as she bent and put her heels on. As she turned back, she caught him looking and blushed as she told him to 'Behave.'

It was only what he called "pub-grub", but it satisfied his hunger and there was plenty of it. He stuck to soft drinks as he was driving but watched as Gracie polished off her third glass of wine. He'd gone to the bar to get more drinks for them when inadvertently, he had bumped someone's arm as he had turned away. From where Gracie was sat, the man did not look very happy and she was already partially out of her chair thinking 'uh, ooh,' when she heard her brother speak to him.

'Sorry mate, all my fault, let me get you fresh drinks.' Gracie was shocked, in the past, Graham would have been hitting him by now and wouldn't have stopped until someone pulled him off.

'Everything ok?' She asked when he returned, looking for any sign that he had lulled the man into a false sense of security, only to return seconds later, but he seemed calm and collected,

'Yeah, no problem, my fault, I apologised,' he said as he set their glasses down.

She was stunned, she knew what Graham's track record had been like, perhaps he had finally grown up she thought. Chatting for a while longer, they finished their drinks, and he pulled her chair back as she stood and followed him across the pub towards the exit. They were partway across the car park when a voice called out to them.

'Oy, clumsy git, I reckon you still owe me another round of drinks.' Graham stopped and turned, glancing at the man he had bumped at the bar.

'Sorry sis, I was trying to avoid this.'

The heavy-set man kept advancing until he was near enough for his arm to come up and push Graham in the chest, 'Who's the tart?'

He never got a chance to say anything else and Gracie never saw her brother's arms move as he started to turn towards her. The next second the man was sat on his arse with blood pouring from his nose while her brother stood over him, fists clenched.

'I replaced your drinks, pal, but if you want to discuss it further. Get up.' Graham stepped back, giving the man room to stand if he wanted to, but ready to put him back on the floor once more.

The man waved his hand, intimating that the discussion was at an end.

'You ever call my sister a tart again, I'll put you in hospital,' he hissed at him before escorting Gracie over to his car and opening the door for her.

He apologised as he drove out of the car park, 'Sorry about that Gracie, I've tried to put things like that behind me, but no one is calling you a tart.' She wasn't bothered, the man had deserved it and her brother had defended her, she thought as she leaned over and planted a kiss on his cheek.

Graham had arrived on Monday and the funeral was this coming Thursday. Alice had popped over to their mothers to visit him and on another occasion dropped by Gracie's. She had been another one, the picture in her head of her brother, nowadays bearing no resemblance to what they had all found.

The funeral had gone as funerals do, with people afterwards making their way back to the social club their father frequented for the reception. Graham had travelled back in the funeral car with his mother and sisters to the club so that mum could greet all of the guests as they arrived and as he

wasn't driving today, he would allow himself a few drinks in remembrance of the "old man", at the same time watching all three of his sisters huddled in a group at the far side of the room. News of the confrontation the other evening had soon got around, but Gracie had stuck to her guns, defending him and saying that he had been provoked. They broke apart as the guests started to arrive, Zoey heading towards him, stood at the bar.

'What was the little conflagration about?' He asked, 'Your brother up to his normal behaviour and fighting,' he said with a grin.

Zoey smirked at him, 'Not at all, meet two members of your fan club,' she said, indicating his other two sisters, 'Oh and by the way, they both think you're hot! Gracie keeps telling anyone who will listen, how you defended her honour,' she laughed as she ordered herself a drink, which he, of course, paid for.

Graham was amused, glancing across at his other two sisters, he supposed that if they had not been related, the one he may

have chosen would have been Gracie. That was not to say that Alice wasn't attractive, she was every bit as much a looker as both her sister's, it was just because she was married with a couple of kids.

'Well, I suppose they are both pretty fit,' he teased Zoey, 'Perhaps Gracie is ahead by a nose at the moment,' he laughed, not prepared for her retort.

'That's only because you haven't looked at me properly yet,' Zoey cooed.

The service and the afternoon had gone well, folks saying their goodbyes and promising to keep in touch. Graham had done the rounds, speaking to people and thanking them for attending but pretty much getting the same reaction from everyone. It was the reaction that he had got from his own family, folks finding it difficult to reconcile the troubled teenager they had known to the smart-looking, well-spoken young man in front of them.

He was stood outside getting a breath of fresh air when Zoey sauntered out, lighting up a cigarette. He instinctively snatched it from her mouth as he snapped it in two before discarding it in the bin, 'Those things will kill you,' he told her as she looked at him venomously through hooded eyes.

'If you haven't noticed, I've grown up and can make my own decisions,' she snapped back at him. He suddenly felt embarrassed, it wasn't his place to tell her what to do, would he have listened or taken advice if the roles had been reversed.

'Sorry Zoey,' he apologised, 'Here, try this,' as he pulled a vaping pen from his pocket and handed it to her. 'And I know you have grown; I could feel it all when you hugged me!'

Zoey preened, so he had noticed her she was thinking, his previous comments immediately forgotten. Graham was trying to think of how he could make it up to her.

'What are you doing now that you have finished college?' he asked. She shrugged her shoulders and shook her head. 'I have

to head back on Sunday,' Graham explained, 'Do you fancy coming down for a couple of weeks, I've plenty of room, bring a friend if you like?'

Once again, he had his youngest sister pressing herself tightly against him as she grinned with delight and hugged him. To Graham, it felt very disconcerting as he held her, the feel of her breasts pushing against his chest, his nose picking up the subtle hints of her perfume and the warmth of her body. What was more disconcerting as well as embarrassing was that her pelvis was pushed tightly against his and for some unfathomable reason, was causing a reaction.

Zoey released him, 'Do you mean that?'

'Yeah, why not, come and stay for a couple of weeks and see the sights of the big city, I'll probably be quite busy at times, so by all means, bring a friend with you so you can go and explore,' he explained, taking a step back as it looked like she was going to thrust herself against him once more. Zoey was ecstatic, already making plans in her head, she did not say

anything to her brother, but she had not missed the fact that she could feel him start to become aroused as he had held her tightly.

On Saturday evening they had all gone out together as a family for a meal, Graham wasn't drinking as he would be leaving in the morning but the rest of them had over-indulged slightly, especially Gracie who was quite drunk by the time he eventually got her back to her house. She had put some music on before urging him to dance with her. He had tried to keep a space between them but bit by bit she had drawn closer until she had her head leant against his shoulder as they moved in time with the song. All had gone well with the first two songs but as the third one kicked in, she had lifted her head, staring at him through bleary eyes, her face and lips literally inches from his own and then suddenly she kissed him.

He had jerked back, holding her at arm's length, 'Gracie? What are you doing?'

She looked thoroughly embarrassed and close to tears, 'I'm sorry Graham, I'm so sorry, it's the drink..... and the fact you don't look like my brother, not the brother I remember anyway. You just look so..... appealing.' And then the tears came.

He pulled her against him once more as he comforted her, knowing exactly what she had meant by 'appealing.' She too had changed, she wasn't the sister he remembered, thinking back to his arrival and how he had stared at her bottom. This time when she lifted her head, he, kissed her.

They were both surprised at how sensual it felt, they were brother and sister, but the kiss was of a man and a woman, slow, passionate and building in tempo as their mouths locked together, her tongue tracing patterns across his lips, his tongue invading her mouth as she pushed her body forcefully against his, making it plain, what it was that she desired.

There was no hiding the obvious for Graham as she felt his erection pushing against her belly, her fanny tingled,

demanding to be touched. The kiss broke as they looked into each other's faces, searching for consent for what was about to happen. He hoisted Gracie easily, carrying her up the stairs and to her bedroom before lowering her back to her feet. They took it in turns as he allowed her to unbutton his shirt, her hands trembling at first and then her audible gasp as she opened it wide.

'Oh my God,' she thought as her hands went to his chest and she touched his bare flesh, it felt smooth, but she could feel the firmness of his muscles beneath as she moved her hands up and down, her fingers teasing his already erect nipples. And then it was his turn as she watched him unfasten the buttons of her blouse one by one, taking his time as his eyes watched her heaving bosom. As he reached her waist, he pulled the blouse from her skirt, undid the last couple of buttons and slid it from her shoulders. Gracie reached behind her back and unfastened her bra, holding it in place for several seconds as she looked into his eyes before allowing her breasts to escape the cups and then casting it to one side.

Graham returned the favour as his hands went to her breasts and cupped them, softly exploring the flesh and feeling their weight as he fondled them both, his fingers and thumbs finally, after what seemed an eternity, applying just the right amount of pressure to her nipples which had Gracie tilting her head back as she offered him her throat to be kissed.

As his mouth met her neck, her first sighs of pleasure slid from between her lips. With her mouth open, her head moved from side to side as he kissed her throat, his hands continuing to massage her breasts and tease her nipples. She held his head, her fingers running through his hair as her arousal slowly escalated. She had wanted him to rip her clothes off and devour her, but this was far more erotic and thrilling, the anticipation of what was to come making her hot and wet. When they managed to stop for a moment, she turned her back to him as he unzipped her skirt and allowed it to fall to the floor before she stepped out of it and turned back around, standing there now in nothing but a tiny pair of damp panties.

It was Gracie's turn again as she unfastened his belt and then the button of his pants, pressing the flat of her hand against his discernible bulge and moving from his sack and up the length of his shaft as she tried to mentally calculate what was hidden inside his pants. Kicking off his shoes and socks, Graham helped her as she removed his pants and briefs, her eyes going wide as his cock now unencumbered by any constraints sprang free. Gracie couldn't take her eyes off it, the fact that he had no pubic hair making it look even bigger than she had imagined as she pressed herself against him once more and felt his shaft push against her belly, sending a shiver through her.

She wanted to touch it, but he kept her hands at bay as he helped her onto the bed. Laying back, she opened her legs and raised her knee's, watching as her brother moved between them. But still, he did not touch her vagina, instead, his hands moved up and down her legs, her outer thighs and then her inner thighs. He would come so close as he caressed her flesh but never touched her most intimate part. His hands swept up her inner thighs, his thumbs going into her groin as he

applied pressure, stretching her cunt and opening it but without actually touching it.

And then he moved upwards, the flat of his hand pushing firmly down on her mound and then pushing upwards as he stretched her cunt in a different direction and exposed her clitoris. She kept raising her head, trying to watch what he was doing, but her eyes would not stay open as she tilted her head back and abandoned herself to the sensations. Graham's hands continued to move across her abdomen, over her ribcage and then to her breasts. He didn't squeeze or fondle, simply, sliding his hands over them, his palms exciting her hard and erect nipples.

They slid over her shoulders and caressed her neck as they began their journey back down her body. Gracie's mouth was open, and she continually licked her lips as she panted and groaned, her stomach muscles tensing and relaxing as he neared her genitals once more and massaged her hips.

As his hand moved across her mound again, it was as though his thumb had inadvertently caught her clit, an unimaginable shock shooting through her body which had her hips lifting from the bed and a loud groan escaping from her mouth. She was desperate, never before had the desire to fuck felt like this, his hands were in her groin again, applying pressure as he pushed her labia together and then pulling the other way, opening her up and displaying her pink moist interior. And then the flat of his hand was pressed against her cunt as his thumb gently stroked her clit and Gracie climaxed.

Her head flew back, the veins standing out prominently on her neck and her face red as she panted and moaned at the same time, 'Yes..... oh God yes, yes, yes, yes, Ohhh shit!'

Her whole body shook, her muscles constantly contracting and releasing as she tried to push her hips up and down as though she was being fucked, but her brother held her firm, his thumb continuing to caress her clit until, when her orgasm hit its peak, he inserted two fingers into her cunt and finger-fucked her. It was as though there had been an explosion inside her, she had no control over her body anymore, no

control of her vocal cords as wave after wave of pleasure signals overloaded her brain and she had convulsions, one orgasm flowing into another as her body thrashed about on the mattress and she lost sense of where she even was.

When at last she could reason what had happened to her, she opened her eyes, Graham still knelt between her thighs and his shaft still pointing skywards. Leaning forwards on outstretched arms, he kissed her eyelids and then the tip of her nose before his lips met hers and he kissed her passionately, all the while she could feel his cock gently rubbing against her twat. Sitting up slightly, he fondled her breasts, exciting her nipples once more and then the moment she had been waiting for happened as she felt the head of his shaft push against her open pussy.

Slowly and gently, he slid into her and even though she was expecting him, she still experienced a sharp intake of breath. He was inside her now as he paused, her fanny muscles gripping and squeezing his cock as he withdrew slightly before pushing forward once more. His momentum would increase and then slow as he fucked her, his hands never still

as they continuously explored her body, searching for any spot which would increase her arousal. By the time her climax approached, and she was screaming out to him, his hips had become a blur as he rammed his shaft into her cunt, his balls banging against her arse with each thrust. And then she was calling his name and crying as he pushed her over her plateau once more, she felt his cock twitch rapidly inside her fanny and then the sensation as his hot semen hit the back of her love passage.

When Gracie awoke, her brother's arms were still wrapped around her and she could feel the heat of his body pressed against her back. The light through the curtains told her it was morning, but she was comfortable and reluctant to move yet and break the spell. She wondered where he had learned to make love like that, she was under no illusions that her brother hadn't had other women, but she had expected sex, what she had got was something extraordinarily different. That wasn't sex, that was lovemaking, and she knew that he had now spoiled her for other men. She wasn't a prude, she had had her fair share of boyfriends and had even been engaged, but not one of them had ever made love to her like

that and she now felt sad that today, Graham would be leaving.

She felt him kiss the back of her head as he stirred and gave her a gentle squeeze, 'Sorry Gracie, as much as I hate to do this, its time I made a move.'

She turned over and sat up as he climbed from her bed and headed for the bathroom, she didn't want him to go, why couldn't he move back up here she wondered. When he finally returned with a towel wrapped around his waist, he sat on the edge of the bed, leaning over to kiss her, 'You can always come down for a visit whenever you feel like it, you know,'

'Was that an invitation?' She asked.

'Sure, it would be a shame not to be able to sample your delights again, but it's up to you,' he told her, watching her face brighten with a beaming smile.

Dressed and with his cases packed and, in the car, he took a moment as he pulled Gracie to him and kissed her before he left. Although in one sense it had been strange, in another sense it had felt like the most normal thing in the world. He had enjoyed his sister's body, a little sad that it would be a while before he saw her again.

'I meant what I said, come down whenever you want to.' And with that, he was out the door and in his car.

He called in to see his mum and say goodbye before he set off for the long journey, 'Look after yourself and don't be a stranger,' she told him as he hugged her, and she kissed his cheek. 'It been lovely to see you,' she said with a tear in her eye. He knew he wouldn't get away without being accosted by Zoey who clung to him, not wanting him to go either.

'Give me a week to get sorted and then come down,' he told her, 'Ring me when you are about half an hour from the station, and I'll come and pick you up.'

There were waves of goodbye as he drove off, heading for the motorway and home and it was only then that he remembered about a scrap of paper in his pocket and Ellie, unfortunately, there wasn't a lot he could do about it now as the open road beckoned. He made good time, the returning journey seeming to go a lot faster than the outward one. He didn't stop for a break this time, instead, he moved over to the fast lane and put his foot down further, in that way he had to concentrate on the driving, not presently allowing thoughts of Gracie to enter his head. Before he knew it, he was in the suburbs and only half an hour from his home, finally pulling up his driveway and parking the vehicle in the garage. Opening the front door, he took his luggage inside, what he needed at that moment was firstly a need to relieve his bladder followed by a strong cup of coffee.

His mobile phone was vibrating away in his pocket as he shook hands with his latest client, provided that this job was completed successfully, it would earn him a considerable amount of money and enhance his prestige, get it wrong, and he may never work in this business again. It wasn't that he did

not have the skilled staff, it was that clients were finicky, always changing their minds or altering designs that had already been agreed upon or even worse, completed. Leaving the private apartment block, he looked to see who was calling him, he didn't recognise the number and was going to ignore it when he suddenly had a suspicion as to who it may be.

'Hi, you're through to Graham McArthur, how may I help you?'

'Hi, Graham, it's me, Zoey, we should be arriving at the station in twenty minutes,' the voice told him.

'Shit!' He had completely forgotten; having been busy from the moment he returned as he put together the proposal for his new client. He had told Zoey to come down and it had completely skipped his memory.

'I'm on my way Zoey, if you get in before I arrive, just wait outside at the main pick-up point.' Looking at his watch, he judged that he should just make it so long as the roads were

not too bad, and he took a couple of shortcuts. He arrived with a few minutes to spare, found a parking spot and dashed into the station, the train just starting to pull in on platform seven. Standing near the barrier, he looked for his sister as the passengers began to disembark, finally spotting her but unable to make out who she was with. He had for some reason presumed she would be coming with a boyfriend, but at this distance, it looked like her companion was female. Zoey waved as she spotted him, doing her best to trot faster despite the weight of the rucksack on her back.

And then she was throwing her arms around him as she kissed his cheek and he hugged her. 'Hi Graham, this is.....

'Hello, again Ellie, I do apologise, but it was quite a hectic week.' He grinned at the blond-haired girl who smiled shyly back at him.

Zoey looked from one to the other, completely puzzled as to how they knew each other, Graham hadn't been back for ten years and Ellie was one of the friends that she had met at

college. Graham laughed as he explained about being accosted at a service station by a young lady requiring a lift.

Their bags were loaded, and he bundled the two girls into the cramped space as he set off for home, only managing a couple of miles when his phone vibrated. Glancing at the screen, he pulled over as he took the call.

'Sorry girls, I've just got to nip back to a client, I'll only be a few minutes,' he told them as he sped down several side-streets, heading back into the city centre. He had intended to leave them both in the vehicle but as they peered up at the luxury apartment block, they were both eager to get a look inside.

'Right, no interruptions, no speaking, laughing, giggling, no breathing if possible. This is especially important,' he said to them earnestly.

The concierge opened the door for them as they took the lift up to his client's apartment, waiting patiently for the door to open.

'Hello again Graham, sorry to drag you back darling, but I'm unsure about some of my idea's, you don't mind if I ask a few more questions.' The middle-aged woman smiled warmly at him and then suddenly noticed his two companions, 'And who is this we have here?' she enquired.

Graham apologised, explaining that he had just picked his sister and her friend up when she had called.

'Come in my dears, please do, welcome to my humble abode, my names Jemma,' she said, shaking hands with the two young women. The girls looked around them in disbelief at the palatial but slightly old-fashioned surroundings, Jemma leading Graham back into the massive lounge.

The girls stood shell-shocked, Ellie nudging Zoey, 'Isn't that her off the television,' she mouthed, Zoey nodding her head.

They both stood quietly as they listened to the discussion, 'I really can't make my mind up darling, does it stay, or does it go?' Her brother was going through different options and making suggestions when Zoey being Zoey, decided to interrupt, it sounded like Jemma wasn't really sure what she wanted and as Zoey peered around her, she was full of ideas.

'There are other options,' she said very quietly.

'What's that my dear,' Jemma enquired, Graham, giving Zoey a thinly disguised frown.

'Well, it seems a shame not to utilise all of this space if you want to modernise, you could.....'

Over the next thirty minutes, Zoey, with the use of words and her hands, tried her best to describe how she might change the apartment.

Jemma looked from Zoey to Graham, 'Is all of that possible darling?' Graham nodded dumbly, what his sister was suggesting wasn't cosmetic, it would entail near enough an internal rebuild.

The woman seemed deep in thought for a few minutes, 'Can you please do me some drawings as to how it will all look please Graham? I do like the sound of it, oh this is so exciting.'

Once back out on the street, Zoey waited for her brother to explode, she had done exactly what they had been told not to.

'Have you got any idea of what you were talking about?' He asked, his sister looking offended.

'Yes, I do!' Zoey said indignantly, 'It's not like I sat around doing nothing while you have been away, I qualified as an interior designer.'

Graham scratched his head as began working out what he was going to need and the people he would have to get in touch with. 'Ok, I need to find myself a builder, we can't just go knocking walls out without finding out what they support.'

Zoey and Ellie were both grinning at him as his sister waved her hands and with a flourish went, 'Ta-da, meet Ellie, she's a structural engineer and a project manager.'

Bundling them back into his car Graham felt like he had somehow been ambushed, wondering if that was why they had both taken an interest and wanted a look at the apartment. Arriving home, he escorted them both indoors, it was a decent size house, nothing special, just your average semi-detached property. 'There are two spare rooms upstairs,' he told them, 'Just choose whichever you both want.'

Neither of the two women saw much of him that evening, after their meal he stayed in the dining room as he worked on new proposals for Jemma. It was late when he popped his

head around the lounge door, 'These drawings Jemma is requesting, is it something you can do Zoey?' He asked.

She nodded, 'Yeah, but I haven't brought anything with me,' she told him.

'No problem, I'll take you out tomorrow and get what you need, if you don't mind?' Zoey gave him a warm smile and nodded again. 'Right, I'm off to bed, I'm exhausted,' he said, wishing them both a good night.

Graham slept like a log, the noises from downstairs and eventually from one of the bedrooms not disturbing him in the slightest. He was up early the next morning even though it was the weekend, normally he would be driving into the city by six 'clock. It was easier to get in early and have his breakfast there rather than having it at home, and then fighting with all the other commuters as they made their way into the centre.

During the day he would call into the office before going out to the different properties his firm were working at. Then there were new clients to meet, updates with other clients and

a myriad of other jobs. Once the day was over, he would return home putting contracts and proposals together as well as sourcing supplies or other things that the client may have requested and if he were lucky, he would climb into his bed at eleven 'clock before starting it all again.

That first week of the girls stay flew past in a flash, he had got Zoey what she needed and by the end of the week, she had produced several depictions of what Jemma's apartment could look like. Much to the disappointment of both girls, they saw very little of him, maybe an hour each evening while they had their meal before he disappeared to complete more work. On Friday evening, Zoey insisted that he joined them in the lounge, her brother looked done in.

'I have a proposal Graham, if you keep trying to do everything, you're going to burn yourself out. Ellie and I have spoken to each other, how about we stay here a little longer?

'You pay Ellie a retainer, I'm happy to work for free, I'll do your paperwork, proposals, contracts etcetera, Ellie with help

source what you need and will oversee the structural work and perhaps that way you might get some time off and we both get to see you.'

He looked from one to the other as they waited patiently for his decision.

'I can't pay you huge amounts yet,' he said to Ellie, 'And I'm not having you work for free,' he said pointedly to Zoey. 'But if you are both sure?'

There were instant smiles and voices as Ellie and his sister bombarded him with questions and ideas. 'Listen, I'm going to bed. I promise I'll take this weekend off and show you both around the city,' he said. What he had missed was the inflexion in Zoey's voice when she had told him that they 'both wanted to see him.' But was something he would discover a little later.

Graham did not have a clue what time it was but presumed it must be the early hours because the room was still dark. At

first, he did not know what had disturbed him until suddenly a hand was placed on his chest and he jumped a mile.

'You were taking your time visiting me, so I thought I would come to you,' Ellie's voice said from the darkness as she pressed her naked body against him.

His hand flew from beneath the covers as he sat up slightly and switched on the bedside lamp, turning back to find the young woman gazing at him.

'Have I made a mistake?' She asked, suddenly looking worried.

Graham took a minute as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes, it wasn't that he hadn't noticed her in the week that she had been there, it was just that he was so busy he hadn't found the time to do anything about it. The desire in her eyes was noticeable as he shook his head and slid back under the sheets, Ellie replacing her hand on his chest before starting to move it downwards, across his stomach until her fingers

encountered the head of his shaft as his erection started to grow. Turning on his side to face her, he lifted the covers as he got his first look at her naked form, her breasts small with delicate erect nipples, her waist tiny as it flared into her hips and her long legs. He could see the flatness of her stomach and the neatly manicured blonde hair on her mound, her arms and body were toned to perfection he thought, all in all, she was gorgeous.

That wasn't the only thing she was, Ellie was full of desires, she had taken a liking to him when he had given her a lift and despite not seeing a lot of him this past week, she liked what she saw, enough to know that she wanted him.

Grahams' eyes fluttered as she grasped his shaft and started stroking him, her fingers softly teasing the sensitive area under its head. He was trying to control his breathing but as she worked the skin up and down, he could not stop the sharp intakes of breath. Once she had him completely firm, she rolled on top of him, ecstatic as she felt his erection pushing against her mound and belly and feeling the occasional twitch and judder as she kissed his lips.

Normally he was the one to initiate and control any sexual encounter, but on this occasion was content to lay back and let Ellie lead as she sat upright, straddling his hips. Sliding her fanny back and forward along the length of his shaft she slowly increased both of their arousal's and tossed him off by using her cunt.

Graham slid his hands up her thighs and then placed the flat of his hand on her mound and pushed upwards, stretching her fanny and exposing her clitoris each time she moved until eventually rubbing it gently with his thumb and watching her breasts rise and fall faster as he increased her desire. Ellie had reached the stage where her cunt was demanding that something fill it as she raised herself and grasped his shaft, pulling it upright so that it pressed against her opening before lowering herself onto it.

Now it was her turn to issue short gasps as she sank onto his hot throbbing flesh until inch by inch, he had filled her. Leaning forward on outstretched arms, she closed her eyes as she ground her hips against his, savouring the feel of his shaft

inside her and using her vaginal muscles to grip him tightly. As Ellie slid up and down, he moved his hands and caressed her breasts, fascinated by them. Normally he was a boob man and enjoyed a good handful, but for some reason found her small breasts cute, his hands able to cover each one as he felt her nipples push into his palms. Running a finger over each, he flicked them up and down as she cried out in pleasure, her momentum increasing as she spoke as much to herself as she was to him.

'Oh God, I love that, squeeze them Graham, shit, yes, oh yes that's perfect.'

Her words and comments were constantly interrupted as she neared her climax, her breathing now coming in rasping gasps. As she raised herself once more, he put his hands under her buttocks, holding her aloft as he raised his legs and slammed his shaft into her fanny, wondering if her scream had woken his sister. The thought was instantly dismissed as he fucked her with gusto until she closed her eyes, her head lolling forward and her mouth hanging open as her climax made her body shake, stuttering words flowing from her as

her nerve endings came alive and she just went with her orgasm.

Graham ran his fingers through her hair and stroked her cheek as she rested her head on his chest and eventually her breathing slowed. His erection was still firmly gripped by her fanny and he would make it twitch as her arousal began to return. When she was ready, they rolled together so that she now lay on her back and he knelt between her thighs, throughout the manoeuvre he had managed to keep his cock inside her as he slowly commenced fucking her once again.

Leaning forward, he showered her mouth with kisses before applying his lips to her nipples, sucking and nipping them between his teeth as he kept them erect, Ellie wrapping her legs around his buttocks and hips, pulling him deeper into her passage with each thrust as she urged him onwards. With each insertion, her fanny expanded and contracted, his shaft rubbing against each sensitive nerve buried deep inside her pussy and raising her arousal to fever pitch until he began to pound her genitals once more, his hips moving faster and faster as he rammed his cock into her before simultaneously,

they climaxed together, her back arching and her head going back as she shouted at the ceiling while Graham groaned loudly at his ejaculation.

For once, it was late when he awoke the next morning, feeling refreshed after those few extra hours of sleep. Ellie was gone, he had been so soundly asleep that he had not noticed her leave his room. Getting up, he stretched and grabbed his dressing gown as he headed for the bathroom, only stopping as he went past the second guest bedroom and noticed the door partially open and the bed still pristine. Twisting his head, he looked puzzled, he could not hear the sound of voices coming from the other room or noises coming from downstairs, were Ellie and his sister sharing a bedroom? Up to that point he had never considered the possibility, they were still up and about when he normally went to bed and the room doors were normally shut when he got up and left each morning. After last night, it was inconceivable that Ellie was that way inclined and surely Zoey might have mentioned something like that.

He shouted up to them as he finished preparing breakfast and was sat at the breakfast bar when they both appeared downstairs. Ellie had at least put a robe on, but to his consternation, Zoey appeared in a tiny pair of briefs, and a vest top that was so loose and baggy, that it was impossible for him, not to catch sight of her full breasts as she moved around the kitchen. The two girls had decided they wanted to see a few of the sights and Ellie had just gone for her shower which meant that he had his sister alone. 'Are you and Ellie sharing the same room?' he asked her. Zoey seemed completely unfazed by the question as she confirmed his suspicion, 'Yeah, Ellie and I always sleep together.'

Graham was deeply puzzled, surely, he hadn't imagined what had taken place last night, Ellie had made no mention of it this morning, but that, he presumed was because his sister was present and knew nothing of their encounter. 'Are you..... you know?' he asked, his face plainly showing his bewilderment.

Zoey laughed loudly, 'What..... Lesbian? No!' Graham breathed a sigh of relief as he refocused on his cup of coffee.

'I'm bisexual, so is Ellie, we both like men and women,' she said, plainly delighted that she had shocked him as his head swivelled sharply to face her once more.

'But..... But she,' the words wouldn't seem to come as he tried to make sense of her statement.

'She slept with you last night. Yeah, I know all about that, I said it was ok,' Zoey giggled.

She swivelled on her stool so that she faced him as she grew serious for a moment, 'What went on between you and Gracie? I know something did, you were never that close and yet, she couldn't stop singing your praises and was nearly in tears after you left.' Graham was trying to deny anything untoward had taken place, Gracie was his sister, but Zoey wasn't buying it.

'I know she had the hots for you, said that you didn't look like our brother,' and then a sly smile crept across Zoey's face.

'You slept with her, didn't you? On that last night, you had sex with her?'

He supposed that his red face gave him away, but instead of the look of disapproval he had been expecting, she clapped her hands in glee.

'That's good, that's so good,' she said, clearly pleased to learn that he and Gracie had slept together. 'It means that if you consented to do it with one sister, you may consider doing it with another,' she said as she slid from the breakfast stool and moved closer, putting her arms around his neck.

'If you took the time to notice, I'm equally as pretty,' she finished, as she took her opportunity and kissed him. To his credit, Graham did not draw back this time as he enjoyed the feeling of her lips against his, but at the same time wondering what it was about his sisters, were they all enamoured with the prospect of trying to bed him.

Zoey was pushing herself against him, grasping his hand as she brought it up to her breast and he was just going to explore the quite large orb beneath her top when they were rudely interrupted, neither of them hearing Ellie's return.

'Put him down Zoey, you can play with him later, go and get your shower, I want to go out.' Ellie just stood with a smile on her face until Zoey disappeared before replacing her in Graham's arms.

'I take it you don't mind if we share you?' She asked coyly. Graham was gobsmacked, what the hell was he supposed to say. 'I also take it she has told you about us, has she told you she is desperate for you to take her to bed. If you make love to her, as you did to me last night, she is going to cream herself.'

Ellie gave him a quick kiss and a grope before releasing him and laughing at the look of astonishment on his face. 'Play your cards right, and who knows what might happen,' she said mischievously as she too disappeared back up the stairs.

The day out had been fun, Graham having forgotten the last time he had looked at the sights the city had to offer, he supposed it was different when you lived there, you just took it all for granted. They spent the day going from one tourist spot to another and standing in queue's, but all the while they laughed at each other and had a wonderful time. It felt nice he decided as he walked down the main shopping streets, a beautiful woman on each arm, acknowledging the stares he got from other men and the wishful looks that he got from other women.

As evening approached, they ended up at a restaurant that he frequented, the girls impressed with their surroundings and the attentiveness of the waiters. With the meal finished and a couple of bottles of wine demolished, Graham hailed a cab to run them back to his house. He had to warn them a couple of times about their boisterousness but all in all, he was glad that they were there. Indoors, he took his jacket off and slung it in the cupboard, not having given a thought as to whether Ellie would join him tonight or not and just presuming, she would be joining his sister.

'Thank you for a lovely day,' Ellie said, 'Right, I'll leave you two to it, I'll see you later Zoey, or not.' She laughed loudly as she headed up to the bedrooms.

'What did she mean by that?' Graham asked, watching as Zoey danced towards him.

'That my dear brother, means I get to all to myself for the next few hours,' she said as she pulled his arms around her waist and kissed him.

He allowed himself to get lost in her kiss. Thinking back, Gracie had been nice to kiss but this was on an all-new level. It was sexual and all-consuming, full of desire and passion and nearly as good as having sex itself. When their lips finally parted, he was the one panting, the throbbing in his groin overriding any qualms he may have had. He motioned upstairs with his head, but Zoey was far too aroused to wait any longer as she pulled her top over her head and reached behind to unfasten her bra.

Graham picked her up, his hands going under her short skirt as he cupped her buttocks and Zoey's legs wrapped around his waist as she rubbed her pussy against his erection. Her arms were wrapped around his neck, one hand pulling his head towards her face as she kissed him over and over again, their groins gyrating against each other. To help him take her weight, he got her back up against the wall, lifting her higher as his mouth sought her breasts and latched on to her nipples, his tongue tracing patterns around her areola before sucking on each bud, continually flicking it with his tongue as she cried out with pleasure.

From the wall they moved to the couch, as he placed her on the middle cushion and knelt in front of her, opening her legs as he kissed the inside of her thighs, slowly and tantalisingly, working his way towards her moist centre. She could feel his hot breath on her thighs and between her legs, her hips jerking as he kissed her mound and ran his tongue up and down each side of her groin before planting the softest of kisses on the part of her panties that covered her vagina.

'Oh God,' she thought, if he didn't touch her soon, she was going to jamb some figures up there, so desperate was she now to have his cock inside her.

But he continued to torment her as ever so slowly, he eased her panties down her legs, exposing her smooth hairless pussy. With her labia open and displaying her moist glistening pink interior, he caught the heady mixture of perfume and musk as he went back between her thighs, blowing gently on her fanny, Zoey's hips trying to push forward and make contact with his mouth. The anticipation had been so great that when finally, his tongue had slid across her fanny and then penetrated her, Zoey had been unable to stop herself from nearly climaxing as she ground her cunt against his face, her cries and screams echoing around the room.

Concentrating on her fanny and clitoris, his mouth increased her arousal, especially when his hands slid across her belly heading for her tits. Her flesh was smooth and firm to his touch as he gripped both of her breasts, applying pressure and making them both bulge as her hard nipples stood proudly

atop each glorious orb. Flicking them with his fingers had her squirming, her hips lifting constantly until nearly sobbing, she demanded that he fuck her.

Kneeling upright, he unfastened his pants, pushing them and his briefs down to his knees and releasing his shaft before inching forward, the tip of his cock resting against her fanny lips as Zoey tried to wriggle closer to him and get his meat inside her. As he rubbed it up and down, his pre-cum mixed with her juices making his plump knob shiny and glistening as he inched forward, the head alone inside her passage. The look in Zoey's eyes told him that if he did not fuck her soon, she was going to burst which was why with a sudden flourish, he rammed the full length of his cock up her cunt. His sister went rigid, her body taut as she tried to speak, but all she could manage were solitary words spaced out as she tried to breathe at the same time.

'Oh... Fuck, Shit, God, please, yes, please, please.....yeesss.'

He started slowly, but Zoey was now at a stage where she just wanted fucking, she stared at him with eyes that were partially un-seeing, her face red and her mouth hanging open as she blasphemed and told him coarsely to shag the arse off her. Happy to oblige, that was precisely what Graham did, his shaft now pumping into her twat at a phenomenal rate, their groins smashing together, slopping and squelching noises culminated at the end of each thrust until eventually, she was begging him to cum inside her. He didn't think he could fuck any faster, but her coarseness and sheer animal magnetism spurred him on until the explosion in his groin covered her insides with his hot cream and pushed Zoey over her precipice, her complete body thrashing about as her orgasm consumed her.

He was still in the same position. She had pulled him down and his head now nestled against her breasts as he listened to her heart pounding. He wanted to move; his knees feeling raw from rubbing against the carpet but was content just to stay as he was until his sister decided to release him.

At last, she spoke, 'Please take me to bed Graham.'

Zoey kept her thoughts to herself. No wonder Ellie had enthused so much about him if he had fucked her like that, no wonder her friend was already developing feelings for her brother. She loved Ellie with every bone in her body but at the same time, did not mind in the slightest that she had taken a shine to Graham, although she did admit to a few pangs of jealousy at having to share him with any other woman.

In his bed, they made love once more until she fell asleep in his arms, feeling warm and protected as she curled up against his body. It was just coming light as she slid from his bed, making her way to the bedroom that she and Ellie shared and carefully climbing beneath the covers and next to her lover. She had thought the beautiful young woman was still asleep until she whispered.

'I told you he was worth waiting for,' Ellie said, 'You don't mind if I love him for a while, do you, I promise to share him,' her hand going to Zoey's breasts as she kissed her.

Over the next week, Graham had taken Zoey around to see Jemma, his client, and discuss the drawings with her. She had been overjoyed with them and the ideas that Zoey continued to discuss with her.

'Well, that seemed to go down well,' he told her as they headed back to the office.

The apartment was due to be cleared the following week and then the week after that, the builders could move in and start the first phase of demolishing some of the internal walls under Ellie's supervision. Zoey had phoned their mother to let her know she would be staying with Graham for a little longer, his mother happy when she got him on the line.

'Thank you for doing this, she would never have got that experience up here.'

It was over a month and a half later that the inside of the apartment began to take shape, some walls had gone completely, some opened up whilst new ones had been built.

True to their word, Ellie and Zoey had been a great help, it was nice to come home each evening to find that a lot of the billing and contract work had been taken care of whilst Ellie had sourced materials ready for the next stage of construction. Before any of them realised it, three months had passed and the apartment was approaching its conclusion, next week the carpets would be going down and then Jemma would be back to decide what furniture would return and what would be replaced.

And then they were done as they stood in the apartment awaiting Jemma's return. Graham was nervous, this was the make-or-break moment, although Jemma had visited often, this would be the first time that she walked into her newly completed home and he had his fingers crossed. She had been delighted with it, singing their praises as they showed her around her refurbished home, so much so that she had opened several bottles of champagne. Graham had just the one glass, he was driving, but the girls enjoyed themselves, both of them tipsy by the time they took their leave.

'We can always get a taxi home if you want to stay Graham,' Zoey had whispered when they were in the lift, laughing as her brother gave her a puzzled look.

'If we had not been there, she would have had you in bed by now,' she giggled.

Both girls had agreed that the next weekend they would make the trip back home, Graham sitting them both down on the Friday evening as he passed a cheque to each of them and their eyes going wide when they saw the amount.

'I have a proposition,' he said, 'What would you think about moving down here, more permanently, I've already had a couple of enquiries and I'm sure I could find you both plenty of work. Think about it once you get back.'

He had dropped them off at the station at the beginning of the week before carrying on towards his office. The next two weeks were full-on with projects that were already on the go and new enquires that came in. Word already seemed to be

getting around and he'd had two new enquires from friends of Jemma who were in the same profession. He was back to his normal routine of early mornings and late nights as he tried to fit everything into his waking hours, remembering how it had been that little bit easier with Ellie and Zoey there to help. He was missing both of them and not necessarily the sex. When he was busy, it was something that did not enter his head, anyway, he was normally too exhausted when he got home. What he missed was their company, yes, they could be boisterous, but he had got used to sharing a little bit of his life with them.

Wednesday had been a particularly busy day and it was late when he got in. Surprisingly, a lot of his initial business was done during evenings in restaurants. It was where his clients liked to get to know him whilst deciding as to whether they were going to allow him into their homes.

His answerphone was blinking at him as he hung his jacket over a chair. Picking up the receiver he pressed the replay button. 'Hi, its Gracie here. You're a hard bugger to get hold of Graham. Anyway, ring me back on.....'

He dialled the number, listening to it ring at the other end and wondered if everything was ok. Now that his father was gone, he did worry about his mother. 'Hello?' The voice sounded posh at first.

'Hi Gracie, it's your big brother,' he said and immediately she started laughing.

'Well, that's one way of introducing yourself,' she giggled. The reason for her call quickly became apparent. 'Remember you said about coming down. Well, I've got a long weekend off next week, so I was thinking of driving down if that's ok?'

He told her the same that he had told Zoey initially. She was welcome to come down but that he could not guarantee how much time he would be able to spend with her.

'That's ok, I'm bringing company with me,' she told him but refused to disclose who it was and leaving Graham to presume

that she had a new fella. To be honest, he was so busy that just like he had done with his youngest sister, he had forgotten that Gracie was turning up that weekend until his doorbell rang just before ten o'clock. He opened the door to find her stood on his doorstep, and behind her, grinning at him mischievously, Ellie and Zoey. As everyone crowded into his home, he just hoped that the two girls were going to share a room again, otherwise he would be short of beds.

Gracie was reticent about giving him any more than a kiss on the cheek in company, unlike Ellie and Zoey who threw themselves at him one after the other as they gave him full kisses on his lips. Gracie could perhaps understand Ellie, she was very pretty, but Zoey? She was his sister and gave him the same type of kiss that Gracie had been saving for later.

It left her wondering if she had been the only sister he had slept with. With the girls ensconced in their room, Gracie joined him back in the lounge.

'Zoey seemed very familiar,' she said slyly.

'What is it you are asking Gracie?' Graham questioned. 'Are you asking if I have slept with her? Just like I have with you.'

'On the last occasion, she was here with Ellie, or perhaps I have been sleeping with both of them together. Have you stopped to wonder why Ellie and Zoey are sharing a room?'

Gracie suddenly twigged what her brother was implying, 'You mean Ellie and Zoey are.....'

Graham nodded his head, giving her the slightest of smiles. 'One major crisis avoided,' he thought to himself. He must speak to the two girls later, this weekend was not going to be the easiest with two sisters in the house, both of whom he'd had sex with.

Despite it being the weekend, he still had a client to visit that afternoon and decided to take Zoey along on the pretext of being able to impress the client with some of her idea's. As it

was, she had been worth her weight in gold and Graham was seriously considering asking her to become a full-time employee. The customers seemed to take an instant liking to her and the suggestions she made always went down well. On the way home, he stopped for a coffee, taking his chance to speak to his youngest sister.

'Gracie asked this morning if I had slept with you?' He began, 'The kiss you gave me didn't help. We need to be careful while she is here.

As usual, Zoey wasn't the one to be appeasing her sisters.

'What's the problem? Tell her the truth. It would be a little hypocritical for her to complain, she was the first one to get you into bed. Leave it to me, Graham, I'll have a word with her.'

That was what he feared, and he could see trouble looming if things did not go well. As it was, he had to dash straight back out again once he had dropped Zoey off. It was late evening

when he returned, once again exhausted, to find a meal ready and waiting for him. The three women joined him around the dinner table, giving him a chance to eat before Zoey spoke.

'It's fairly obvious to us that you are trying to do too much. We have had a chat and I am going to be staying down here permanently for the moment. 'Ellie has an upcoming interview, and if she gets the job, she is going to be based down this end of the country anyway.'

Gracie butted in before her sister could say anymore. 'What you need is someone to run your office and make appointments while you concentrate on the clients and overseeing the work instead of this racing back and forward the way you are at the moment. I intend to come down here for the next six months and do that for you if you will let me? I already do accounts and payroll at the company I work for. I can come and do it for you instead. If your company keeps growing at the rate it is, you need some help Graham, and that is what family are for.'

Graham tried to argue against them until eventually, he had to give in as they ganged up against him. What they said made sense and he knew he couldn't keep up his present pace indefinitely. Either the company would need to stagnate, or he was going to put himself into an early grave. It was Zoey's comment as the two girls retired that shocked him the most.

'Ellie and I are going to be occupied tonight. So, if you and Gracie want to share the same bed, we can see no problem.' Graham had just sat there with his mouth open, too tired to even begin to understand his youngest sister as he stared at Gracie.

'It's ok, Zoey has explained everything. I know about her and Ellie. Zoey has plans for you if you have not realised it already.' Gracie just smiled as he continued to stare at her, saying nothing. 'You do know that Ellie is in love with you? How do you feel about her? She asked him.

Graham really hadn't had a lot of time to think about the young woman. He knew he liked her being around and on the

only occasions that he'd had sex with her, he had enjoyed it. But it was far too early yet to decide whether love may be part of the deal, he needed more time alone with Ellie to see how things went. Gracie could see that she was not going to get much more out of him that evening as she stood and held out her hand.

'Let's go to bed,' she said.

Gracie tried to slow her breathing as she straddled his hips, his cock buried deep inside her fanny. As she rocked back and forward gently, trying to pace herself, Graham's hand came upwards as he cupped and fondled her breasts. Her nipples were hard and demanding to be abused, as he thankfully took them between his fingers and thumbs, applying pressure and twisting. She closed her eyes, thrusting her chest towards him as she moaned to herself. She felt his shaft twitch inside her as she continued to rock, her arousal growing by the second.

She was so close to her climax as she leant forward on outstretched arms and lifted her bottom higher each time. He

must have sensed she was nearly there because suddenly his cock was being thrust into her cunt, their groins slamming together with each frantic insertion. The feelings overwhelmed her; each thrust sending new sensations flooding through her. She was unable to stop herself crying out as she orgasmed and especially as she felt her brother ejaculate inside her. She was struggling to support herself, both her legs and arms shaking badly as her climax made her body soar before collapsing down on top of him.

Graham was snoring gently beside her, one arm still wrapped around her waist as she thought over Zoey's plan. All they had to do was get her brother to fall in love with the young woman. Ellie had already made it clear that she had no objections to sharing Graham with any of his sisters, so long as he had no objection to sharing his sisters with her. Gracie could not rid herself of the feeling that it was not just Zoey that Ellie was referring to.

Sunday, he managed to find some time as they all went out into the city, but both he and Gracie had an early start on

Monday morning. She was setting off back home and he had to get into the office.

'It will be a month while I give my notice in and then I'll be back down.' She told him as she kissed her brother goodbye. Never mind about Ellie falling in love with him, she had to steel herself, wondering if she was doing the same.

Ellie had got the position and Graham would drop her in the city each morning after they had breakfast together. He was surprised to think that six months had passed since his sisters had ganged up against him. The house felt rather crowded since Gracie had moved down but he had to admit that she had the office running like clockwork. As his reputation grew, he no longer had to run around the same, Gracie making his appointment with clients and doing a lot of the in-between chores.

It had all meant that he got to spend more time alone with Ellie and the more he got to know her, the more he knew that he definitely liked having her around. He arrived home the

next evening to find a female delegation waiting for him. As usual, Zoey had elected herself spokesperson.

'We have been talking and we have an idea and proposition,' she began. Graham waiting patiently to see what they had come up with next.

'We are considering, the three of us, about buying a house together, a biggish one. Something old that needs work doing on it. Would the company be prepared to renovate it for us? It needs to be big enough for me, Gracie and mum. Gracie is going to sell her house and if we sold mum's house and put it into this project, could you find us something suitable?'

Again, she was interrupted by Gracie, 'It's getting a bit crowded here and it would be nice to have some privacy at times.' Graham knowing exactly what she meant by that comment.

It was not ideal that he was shagging three different women and that everyone could hear what was taking place.

'Ostensibly, you would get your house back, unless of course?'  
Both Gracie and Zoey looking at him and Ellie.

'If the house is big enough, we could turn it into three apartments so that each of us could have our privacy and you could have your family close to you once again.'

The idea had merit he told them, but he also asked if anyone had actually discussed it with their mother, 'Maybe she doesn't want to move?' He said.

'That's going to be my job,' Gracie said. 'We wanted to speak to you first and see if the idea was viable. So long as you agree, I will drive up next weekend and speak to mum.'

Graham agreed it was a good idea, with two of his sisters now down this end of the country, he worried about his mother. She wasn't getting any younger, and although his sister Alice was still there, she had a family of her own to look after. 'If

you can find me some free time, I'll drive up Gracie, it's about time I saw mum again,' he said as the girl's plan was finalised.

As it was, it was nearly two weeks later that he made the trip. It was only going to be a long weekend and Gracie had given him the keys to her house so that he could stay there on his visit. The journey was uneventful, his mother happy to see him again and refusing to stop thanking him for what he had done for his sisters. He spent most of the afternoon with her before driving across to his sister Alice's home, perhaps it was better to get her opinion before asking his mother about moving.

Robby her husband was still out at work, the kids just home from school when he arrived, his big sister inviting him in and making him a brew as he explained the idea that their other sisters had come up with. Alice was in two minds, the idea that there would be plenty of them around to keep an eye on their mother sounded good. But the prospect of her being at the other end of the country, away from her daughter and her grandchildren was not too great.

'You can come down whenever you want, you never know, in time you might fancy moving down there as well.' Graham suggested.

She promised to discuss it later with her husband. 'Where are you staying tonight?' She asked.

'I'm dropping my stuff off at Gracie's and then I'll go back to mums for tea. I'll stay until about eight and then I'll go back to Gracie's if you want to pop around there, or I can come here?' Alice agreed to speak with Robby over tea and promised to see him later.

It was closer to nine when he returned to Gracie's house, phoning his sister on the way to let her know he would be there shortly.

Alice parked outside the house. Robby was going to keep an eye on the kids who had already gone up to their beds and he was watching a film on the tv which meant that he would probably not even miss her. She didn't know why she had

changed and put on a little make-up; it was only her brother she was going to meet. As she walked up the path, he opened the door ready for her, kissing her cheek as she entered the house. She still could not get over the extent of his change, at one time she had been taller than he was and now she had to tilt her head back a little to look up at him.

'You look nice.' He complimented her.

He looked handsome and good enough to eat Alice thought. She was under no illusions, at thirty-one, her youthfulness had gone and despite her exercise classes, giving birth to two children had altered her body. She didn't know for sure, but from little things that her sister Gracie's had occasionally let slip, she suspected that the two of them had slept together.

Alice wasn't unhappy, she loved her husband and kids, it was just that her life had become stagnant and predictable. As far as she could see, Graham and her sisters were living the dream, what she wouldn't give for a bit of that. Her husband had been all for the idea, but then he would be, it wasn't his

mother. She was still undecided, knowing it would not be the same with her mum miles away. She knew it made sense; her day was busy enough without having to pop around to make sure her mother was ok. It had been easy with both her sisters up this neck of the woods, but now that they had moved away, it would all fall to her. Graham wasn't trying to sell her on the idea; he was just pointing out the benefits of Gracie and Zoey's suggestion. It would still have to be put to their mother and she might just refuse to move.

Throughout their conversation, Alice noticed the way that her brother kept looking at her, a strange kind of look, as though thoughts were going through his head that had nothing to do with what they were discussing.

'What's with the looks, Graham?' She had finally asked. He had gone quiet and looked a little embarrassed, just shaking his head and telling her he had other things on his mind. It came out of the blue when she suddenly asked, 'Have you and Gracie slept with each other?'

'Why, what has Gracie said?' He asked, suddenly looking flustered.

He has, Alice thought, otherwise he would have just outright denied it. 'She hasn't said anything, but she has let little comments slip occasionally, comments that would suggest that whatever has gone on between you two is more than something a brother and sister should have indulged in. Is that why she has moved down with you?'

Graham did not know what to say, all evening he had found himself constantly looking at his older sister. There was something about her, something that Gracie and Zoey did not have, and he could not put his finger on it. Sat as close as they were and alone, it was his first chance after all these years to look at her properly. She really was an attractive woman he thought, not a young woman, but a proper woman and there was something about her that he was finding highly arousing.

'Gracie has her own room, as do I, Ellie and Zoey share the other room,' he told her, watching as she got a look in her eyes.

'I thought you and Ellie were dating?' Alice said, looking a little puzzled.

'We are, some nights she spends in my room, other nights she spends in Zoey's room,' Graham said, going on to explain the arrangement.

'And you are ok with that?' Alice asked, looking completely surprised. She'd had no idea about her youngest sister, always seeing her and Ellie as just good friends.

'Yeah, why not, I like Ellie and I love Zoey, she's my sister, no one is getting hurt and everyone is happy with the arrangement. It works for us.' He said with a shrug of his shoulders.

'You still haven't answered my question Graham, have you slept with Gracie?'

He had resigned himself to the fact that she was going to persist with her questioning so he might as well tell her the truth. That is what he did, watching her facial expressions changing as he told her all that had happened since his first trip back for their fathers funeral.

'So, what about you Alice, is that part of the reason you are here. I see you have changed and put some make-up on. Have you plans to try and get me into bed as well.' Graham asked suspiciously. What was it with his sisters, he thought, recognising that nothing surprised him anymore?

Her brother had touched a raw nerve, was that why she had made the effort, was that why she had changed. Unconsciously, had she come here tonight hoping that something would happen. She thought back to the funeral and the first time she had seen him after ten years. He did not look like the brother she remembered; he had looked like a

man she would be attracted too, just one who was far out of her league. She remembered the three of them discussing him and both Zoey and Gracie saying that he looked hot, she'd had to agree, but there was something more than that, something that had sent a shiver down her spine and caused a sensation between her thighs.

Hurriedly, she got up to leave. 'You do what you think is best Graham,' she said, but at the same time sounding upset.

He stood blocking her exit, 'I'm sorry. I should not have said that.' He apologised. He was stood too close to her, far too close. She couldn't bring herself to look at him, not because she was angry about his words, but because she knew that what he had said was true.

Perhaps she had hoped that something would happen. The more that her imagination had put together images of what he and Gracie may have done, the more she had herself been tempted to consider such a scenario. On a couple of occasions, vivid dreams of her and Graham making love had left her the

next morning with unfulfilled desires. Her two sisters were younger and prettier than she was, and she could understand how Graham may have succumbed to their charms.

His hand lifted her chin so that she had to look at him, and in his eyes was the same burning question that was in her own. It seemed that aeons passed as they stared at each other, not a word being said and then as though by some invisible magnetism, their faces drew closer together. When his lips touched hers, a fire erupted in her belly. His lips were soft and gentle, a kiss that smouldered, waiting to be ignited. The longer that their lips were together, the more passionate the kiss became, their mouths now twisting together, tongues exploring as arousal surged through both of them. When at last they parted and he stepped back, Alice could feel herself shaking.

It wasn't the fact that she had kissed her brother, it was that she knew at that moment she was ready to give herself to him. Glancing at her watch she told him, 'I have to go, Graham, Robby will be wondering where I am.'

He nodded his head, sorry to see her leave but knowing it was probably for the best. 'So, do I suggest the idea to mum?' he asked, receiving a nod in return.

Alice was in a quandary as she drove home, her husband had been an excuse. She had needed to get out of the house before she had done something there was no coming back from. While her mind tried to reject the idea, her body had wanted him, no, it was more than that, it was more than the sex she had wanted.

He was up at his normal time the next morning, despite it being the weekend, he still found it hard to stay in his bed. He washed and dressed and had breakfast, going around to his mother's at just after ten. Over coffee and cake, he put the idea to her, surprised when she nodded her head and said yes.

'I feel like I'm rattling around in this house now,' she told him. 'Your father wouldn't have moved, but it feels like an adventure and it will be nice to be near you all. Alice can come down, can't she?'

Graham explained what he had told Alice, that she could come down whenever she wanted. 'It's probably going to be nearly twelve months before it happens, mum. We have to find somewhere and then do it up, but we will all keep you up to date with what's happening.' He stayed at his mother's until one o'clock, his mobile ringing as he drove back to Gracie's house.

'Hi, Graham McArthur speaking.'

'Hi, Graham, its Alice. Are you still at mum's?' He told her he was on his way back to Gracie's. 'Can I meet you there just before three?' she asked.

He had agreed even though she had sounded a little mysterious. Alice arrived at three o'clock on the dot and as he let her in, he noticed the way she was dressed. She wasn't dressed smartly as if going out somewhere special, if anything, she was dressed casually, but sexily. The jeans she wore fit her snugly, they couldn't disguise the fact that she had

a bit of a tum nowadays, but the way they emphasised her bum and legs distracted the eyes. She had teamed it with a plain lemon cardigan and he immediately noticed that she must have been bra-less beneath it because both of her nipples stood out prominently from the sheer material. Once inside and with the door shut, she took his hand, her head down and refusing to look at him.

'Can we do this before I lose my nerve?' she asked. Graham knowing exactly what "this" was.

He led her upstairs to the room he was using, closing the door behind them once they were inside and keeping his back to it. 'Are you sure this is what you want? It's not too late to go back home.'

Alice nodded her head as she came closer, 'Do shut-up and kiss me,' she said, taking his arms and wrapping them around her waist, Graham able to feel her trembling.

She raised her face to be kissed and as his lips gently brushed against her own, she pulled his head tighter towards her, the kiss becoming more arousing the longer it lasted. It went on for several moments before his hand started to move from her waist, travelling upwards until it found her breast and then carefully caressed the weighty orb.

Graham could feel her nipple pushing into his palm and at last, Alice uttered her first groan of delight as he applied pressure to it. With their mouths still locked together, Graham unfastened the buttons of her cardigan, easing his hand inside as he got his first touch of her naked flesh. Alice visibly shivered as his hand touched her stomach, the muscles quivering expectantly as it moved higher. And then his hand was on her breast, skin against skin as he fondled it, his finger stroking and teasing her already erect nipple. She could feel the dampness in her panties and his erection pushing against her as his other hand cupped her buttocks and pulled her tighter against him. The fact that she was arousing him gave her confidence as she slid her hand between them and placed it on top of the discernible bulge in his pants. There was no

mistaking that he was turned on by her, the twitching of his cock inside his pants, evidence of that.

They broke apart for a moment as he pulled his polo shirt over his head and Alice removed her cardigan. She watched as her brother looked at her breasts, elated when she saw the look of adoration on his face as his hands went to both of them and their lips collided once more. His skin was smooth and firm, his muscles rippling beneath its surface as her hands explored his chest and stomach before once more returning to rub at the hardness of his shaft.

As it was the middle of the afternoon, they both thought it best that they left the curtains open, nosey neighbours were sure to wonder why they were closed. Robby was at the football match and Alice had dropped the kids at her mum's for a couple of hours. She had lain awake half the night, before finally coming to this decision. If nothing else in her life was to be exciting, at least this one day would remain forever in her memories.

Ideally, she would have liked it to be dark and with the light out when she undressed in front of him. She had only ever known one man; Robby had been her boyfriend and then her husband. There had been no one before and no one since and she felt embarrassed undressing in front of her brother. For Graham, who had already done this with two of his sisters, it felt perfectly natural. Guessing that for Alice it was different, he turned his back to her.

'Why don't you finish off and get into bed?' he suggested as he turned around.

Alice got rid of the rest of her clothing before climbing between the sheets, watching as her brother turned back and unabashed, got rid of his pants and shorts.

'Oh my god, look at him,' she thought.

He was the most gorgeous example of a man she had ever seen. His erection bobbed as he joined her beneath the covers, Alice feeling plain and old compared to his toned

body and handsome face. At first, he did nothing, simply lying on his side facing her as their lips continued to meet. Alice could not stop her body from shivering and shaking sporadically, part of it was the anticipation of what she was about to do and part of it was her abject fear.

Graham still hadn't seen her naked, was he going to laugh when he saw her, or would she suddenly see a look of revulsion on his face no matter how hard he tried to mask it. Giving her lips a rest, Graham moved to Alice's neck and from there to her collarbones, his kisses covering as much of her flesh as possible. Inch by inch he slid down the bed as he kissed her breastbone and then his hands cradled her tit's as his mouth and tongue kissed and teased both of her nipples. This time when she shivered it was because of the sensations that he elicited and the arousal that was starting to simmer between her legs.

She lost track of how long he spent showering her breasts and nipples with kisses as he fondled and squeezed her aroused flesh. She tilted her head back and pushed her chest towards him as constant whimpers and groans of excitement slipped

past her lips. And then he was moving again, sliding down the bed once more as he kissed her ribcage and then her stomach until he finally arrived at her belly.

With one hand under her hip, his other hand stroked her tummy as he kissed it softly. She felt his fingertips roving over her rounded belly as though he was memorising every inch of it. Lifting the covers a little, she watched as his finger traced the line of her caesarean scar, his lips kissing it reverently and then he reached her mound, his face nuzzling against it as he breathed in the scent of her musk.

As Graham rolled her on to her back, she opened her legs for him, feeling his breath on her inner thighs as he moved nearer and nearer her vagina. She was aching for him now, her confidence boosted by the way he was treating her body. His face must be inches from her sex because she could feel his hot breath as he seemed to pause and study her genitals. And then suddenly his fingers touched her as he spread her labia and planted a kiss directly on her cunt.

'Oh, Jesus!' Alice cried as her hips lifted from the bed and she thrust her vagina against his mouth, his tongue penetrating her quim as he licked and kissed her soft centre. She threw the covers off herself so that she could watch what he was doing to her, but her eyes refused to stay open as sensations spread throughout her body. She found herself panting as his hands went into her groin and he opened her cunt even wider, licking and kissing every portion of it before his mouth latched on to her clitoris and he sucked, his tongue flicking out at the sensitive bud.

Alice arched her back and balled her hands into fists as she cried out and climaxed. Her orgasm causing her upper body to bounce off the mattress, her lower half held firmly in her brothers grasp as his mouth continued to prolong the rush of exquisite feelings surging through her as she swore and blasphemed, tears rolling down her cheeks as she soared. When she finally got her breathing back under control and opened her eyes, she found him knelt between her still open thighs, his cock jutting skywards and looking predatory as it jerked every few seconds. But it was the look in his eyes that caught her attention, no one had looked at her like that since

her courtship days, even her husband did not look at her like that anymore. It was certainly not, how a brother should look at his sister as warning bells went off in her head. And then the thought was dismissed as he pushed his cock down and she felt his plump knob push against her pussy. Inch by inch he filled her quim until his groin came to rest firmly against hers, her muscles gripping him tightly and feeling the continual jerking of his cock inside her.

Leaning over her, he kissed the tip of her nose and then her mouth. Their lips coming together once more as his hips, ever so slowly at first, thrust his shaft into her cunt. Each thrust seemed to startle her and ratchet up her arousal. When he sat up a little and his hands gripped her breasts, his impetus increased, and Alice found herself urging him on as he fucked her. His eyes roving over her body as though committing it to memory and still there was that look that she could see.

As her desires increased and his hands sought other parts of her body to arouse, she knew her climax was approaching once more. Grahams momentum had increased again, his cock now pounding her twat as Alice tried to open her legs

even wider for him. She wanted as much of him inside her as possible and at the same time also recognising that she probably had the same look in her own eyes. It wasn't a look of brotherly love she was seeing; it was something deeper and more powerful than that. And then her world became an unseeing blur, her body going taut as she climaxed and felt the burst of her brothers cock as he filled her with his seed. The feeling of floating as every nerve in her body ignited seemed to last forever until she reminded herself that she needed to breathe, wishing that those sensations would never stop as his thrusting diminished and finally came to a stop, his cock still filling her cunt.

He had somehow managed to roll her so that they lay face to face, his shaft still inside her vagina as he held her tightly against him. He had more than enjoyed what they had just done but his mind was troubled. Sex with Ellie was exciting, with Gracie it was thrilling and with Zoey, at times it could be animalistic. Each one of them was different and aroused him in different ways. But Alice added something more than that, there was something about her as a person, about her body and her maturity which caused a pain in his chest. Alice

stroked his cheek as she looked at her brother, it was as if she knew what he was thinking.

'We must not allow that to happen Graham.' She said, speaking as much to herself as she was to him. 'You are my brother and I'm your sister, we are not allowed to have those type of feelings for each other. I'm married and I have a family and I cannot allow myself to feel like that about you, as much as I may want to, it would rip everyone apart.'

He was silent for a long time before acknowledging what she had said was true. He felt deeply saddened because after all that had happened and after all this time, he had finally found someone he was attracted to above all others.

Afterwards, they had gone their separate ways. Alice had gone to pick her children up from their mothers and Graham, after she had left, had gone out for a walk as he gathered his thoughts and tried to make sense of what he was feeling. What Alice had said was right, they could never have that type of relationship, no matter how either of them would have liked

it. In one way, he now regretted that he had made the journey up here, perhaps it would have been better to have let Gracie come instead. He felt sad that this had probably been the only time that he and Alice would make love before going back to their normal lives.

Alice had collected her children and drove home where she changed back into her normal attire. She had got tea ready just as Robby had arrived back from the football and had somehow managed to get through the meal. As usual, on a Saturday night, he was going down the pub and once she had the kids in bed, she ran herself a bath before luxuriating in the hot foaming water and allowing the tears to come. Drying her eyes, she scolded herself. She loved her husband, it was just at that moment, she loved her brother more and wished for something she knew she could never have.

Graham had spent the rest of the days at his mother's, but he was subdued, and she could tell that something was troubling him. He had planned to stay the complete weekend but told her he would probably leave on Sunday evening instead. Sunday morning, he packed his bag and put it into the car

ready, before checking the house to make sure all was secure and then drove around to his mum's again.

He was going to set off after their meal when his phone rang, Alice's name popping up on the display. He had been going to go around anyway to say goodbye, not wanting her to feel that yesterday had not meant anything to him.

'Hi, Graham, its Alice. Mum says you're travelling back early.' He confirmed the fact, telling her he was going to pop around anyway to say goodbye.

'Will you stay until tomorrow? Please, for me,' she asked.

He couldn't understand her request but promised he would. There was no point in telling mum, she would only question why. It was just as easy to stay at Gracie's one more night and then leave from there on Monday morning.

Alice arrived just after nine, immediately wrapping her arms around him once the door was closed.

'I'm sorry, I just couldn't let you go yet.' She said, holding on to him tightly. 'Will you take me to bed one last time,' she asked.

She knew that once most of her family were at the other end of the country, there was very little reason for him to return. She knew Graham had said she could come down whenever she wanted, but it wasn't that easy with two young kids and a husband who would be reluctant to drive that far. This would be her last chance and she wasn't yet prepared to release her hold on her brother.

She hadn't even got changed on this occasion, still dressed in her day-to-day mumsy clothes, but her brother didn't seem to mind as he took her hand and led her upstairs. There was no embarrassment on this occasion as she stripped naked in front of him, watching with satisfaction at his cock twitching as he stared at her nudity. Alice wanted to control the situation

as she pushed him towards the bed and straddled his hips, her pussy resting on his shaft as she rubbed herself back and forwards. With her labia open, she smeared her juices along the length of his cock as she aroused herself, leaning forward each time as her clit rubbed against his bulbous knob. His eyes never left her swinging breasts, his hand stroking her belly and mound as she wanked him with her cunt. He was giving her that look again and once again she had to ask.

'You're doing it again Graham. Why do you keep looking at me like that?'

He pulled her down towards him as he kissed the tip of her nose and whispered ever so quietly in her ear. 'To me, you look like perfection, prettier and by far, sexier than your sisters. And I know you don't want to hear this, but I'm beginning to develop feelings for you!'

'Oh, God.' Alice thought, she had guessed correctly.

Before she could say anything, he had kissed her, his hands stroking her hair, back and buttocks as she continued her movement atop his throbbing shaft. When he lifted her slightly, allowing his cock to stand upright, she felt it rub against her slit for a second before he lowered her, and she felt her insides stretch as his cock filled her cunt.

At that moment, she would have swapped him for her husband in the blink of an eye. As she rose up and down on his shaft and her arousal increased, she even considered for a moment, leaving her husband for her brother.

His hands massaged her breasts, cupping and squeezing both full fleshy orbs, his fingers flicking and teasing her nipples as she built both their arousals further. And then he was holding her, his cock pounding her cunt as he fucked her furiously, their groins slamming together as she felt her climax start and her body beginning to shake. With her orgasm now in control of her body, she felt and heard him cry her name as his cock exploded inside her, covering her internals with his hot cream as his continual thrusting prolonged her release.

She was exhausted, her head resting on his chest as she slumped on top of him. When at last she could breathe normally and speak again, she raised her head and look at her beautiful brother before giving him a quick kiss.

'For what it's worth and as wrong as it is, I feel just the same about you Graham. There is just nothing I can do about it. I'm so sorry.' Alice could feel her eyes pricking with tears.

Eventually, they had dressed, and he had kissed her goodbye as she left. Checking the house one last time, he went out to his car and set off for home.

It had been six months since he'd returned. It had taken several of those months to find a suitable property and Gracie's home was now up for sale. The house they had bought was already empty and needed major work on the inside, but Ellie had pronounced the structure fit for purpose. He had put together a team to work on it but as he had plenty of other work in, he couldn't commit the staff to it full time yet.

His company was funding the initial outlay until such time that Gracie's house sold, and his sisters got a mortgage on this new property. It was a slow enterprise at first, but bit by bit it began to take shape. In that time, things had changed slightly for him. Gracie had started dating one of his builders and although he and his sister still occasionally ended up in bed together, their relationship had slowly become platonic.

Ellie still shared herself between him and Zoey, but he got the feeling at times that while she was in love with him, her main attraction and feelings were directed towards his sister. And of course, Zoey was still Zoey, it could be several nights where he saw nothing much of her and then suddenly, she would come bounding into his bedroom and they would fuck with complete abandon. As much as he tried to put it to the back of his mind, the person he would have liked to have seen and been with was Alice, he reminded himself that he must phone her as they hadn't spoken since he'd returned.

The ten months mark had passed, and things seemed to be progressing much faster. Gracie's house had sold which

helped recoup some of the money he was spending. It was a large house they had bought, and the conversion into three apartments gobbled up cash. Gracie was taking the middle one and had been promised a mortgage on it once it was complete. Ellie and Zoey had come to him, it seemed they had applied for a joint mortgage and would be taking the top floor apartment which left the ground floor one for his mother. He had imagined initially that Ellie would be continuing to live with him and so was surprised when he was informed of their decision. Perhaps it was him, he was thinking one evening. He really liked Ellie a lot, it was just the fact that he still could not convince himself that he was in love with her.

'Yes,' he liked being with her, 'Yes,' he enjoyed the sex. But his forays with his older sister had made him begin to doubt if he had the same strength of feelings for the young woman.

Both Ellie and Zoey had work of their own coming in nowadays, though he could call on either of them for any projects he undertook. There were times when they were like ships passing in the night and perhaps all the relationships, he

was involved in, were more a matter of convenience rather than any type of commitment. He enjoyed his busy lifestyle, but it was not ideally suited to a wife and family.

Christmas had come and gone, and the house had looked like a bomb had hit it over those two weeks. Graham had to admit that at times he looked forward to the house project being finished and having his home all to himself for a while. Another two months should see everything completed and then they would make arrangements for his mother to move. It was March by the time everything was completed, and Grace moved into her apartment.

His sisters had arranged for their mother's furniture to be brought down and they were going up in a week to pick her up and move her down to her new home. Ellie and Zoey were moving to their apartment shortly which just left his mum's house to be sold and meant that Graham had actually come out of the deal showing a profit and still left his mum an ample amount to live on.

Summer was hectic, some of his clients would be away for several months and this was when they liked alterations to be done. His mother was ensconced in her new home and he saw her most days on his travels. What he did regret was that after all this time, he had still not contacted Alice. He always meant to, but the longer it went, the more reluctant he was to intrude on her life. At last, he had the house to himself again. That wasn't to say that one or the other of three attractive women wouldn't decide to turn up depending on what their desires were on any particular evening. He was recently getting the feeling that he and Zoey were not the only ones who had sampled Ellie's exquisite charms, Gracie had never been one to be able to fully keep a secret. Graham didn't mind in the slightest, he had his family near him once more and it was not as though he was going without.

The company was doing very well and lately, he was normally home between seven and eight unless he was meeting a client for dinner. He had just got in and was relaxing when his phone rang. Looking at his display he noted that it was his mother calling, immediately worried because she never called at this time of evening.

'Hi Graham, it's mum.' There was a pause of several seconds before she continued. 'Alice is here with the kid's, there has been some kind of trouble.'

He was already putting his jacket on as he finished the call and left the house. It was only a ten-minute drive to his mother's as he parked outside her apartment and dashed in. Gracie and Zoey were already there as well when he entered, Alice sitting on the couch and looking subdued and shaky. Her two children, Samantha and Anthony, were both scared and excited at the same time after the long journey and seeing their grandmother again.

'I'll tell you what, why don't you two sleep here tonight while the grown-ups talk,' he heard his mum say to the two children as she ushered them towards her spare bedroom.

Sitting next to his big sister on the couch, he asked her what was wrong. But she just kept her head down and refused to speak to him. He noticed the marks on her face and what

looked like, would probably be a shiner tomorrow as he turned to his other two sisters. Gracie motioned him over to her and spoke in nearly a whisper.

'Robby has been having an affair. There was some kind of argument and he hit her.' She told him quietly.

It was as though a switch had been thrown inside him as he grabbed his keys and headed for his car. All Graham could feel was the rage, a red mist had descended, a six-hour drive would put him there in the early hours but that didn't matter, no one was going to hit his sister.

Gracie managed to intercept him before he reached his vehicle. She knew what her brother was capable of, he would drive all night to deliver retribution.

'You're not going to help matters Graham and Alice won't thank you for it. The state you're in, you'll either hurt yourself or kill someone out on the motorway. Even if you do make it there in one piece, you will end up getting yourself arrested.'

Despite Gracie's words, she wasn't the one who stopped him. It was the sudden appearance of his mother, wondering where he had disappeared to that kept him there.

'Stay here. Please, don't do anything silly. I've only just got you back, I don't want to lose you again.' She had told him. He had returned indoors but could not shake off the feelings. His body with adrenaline flooding through it was ready to fight, his anger still bubbling beneath the surface. He would stay for the moment, but Robby had better start looking over his shoulder, Graham would not forget or forgive.

It was decided that Alice would sleep in one of Gracie's bedrooms and Zoey would stay there as well. Ellie would accompany Graham and stay with him that night, his mother and his sisters wanting to give him no opportunity of being alone and being able to suddenly set off towards Alice's home. Ellie had always enjoyed their lovemaking, but that night it was different. Graham still with his pent-up anger, was like an animal as he ripped the clothing from her and threw her onto

the bed. That wasn't to say she did not enjoy it, she did immensely.

Normally he was gentle and considerate, stroking and fondling her body as bit by bit he aroused her. Tonight, there was no foreplay or preamble, his kiss hard as he ravaged and abused her breasts, his cock sinking into her cunt as he fucked her as if his life depended on it. She lost sense of what was happening to her at one point, his cock thudding into her fanny causing her to climax. Before her body had a chance to relax, Graham was fucking her arse, his shaft forcing its way up her back passage as he rubbed wildly at her clit and brought on another orgasm. Again, there had been no respite as his cock went back to her cunt and he continued to fuck her.

They had changed positions several times, but his cock inside her fanny was relentless, as though his body was super-charged. He fucked her constantly at a high tempo as she climaxed again and again until finally and after what seemed an eternity, he filled her quim with his seed. Ellie had wrapped herself around him as he slept, at least that way he

would have to disturb her if he tried to move during what was left of the night.

He apologised the next morning for being so brutal with her and despite having a sore fanny, Ellie was not going to complain. No one had ever made her climax that many times, to the point where she was convinced, she had passed out for a while. What she did know more than anything, was that she was more in love with him then, than she had thought.

It took nearly a week before Graham could say that he felt normal again, in that time he had to control himself, knowing that he could easily fly off the handle at the slightest thing. What kept him sane was his sisters. Out and about in town, he was accompanied by Gracie or Zoey, the two of them taking it in turns to keep an eye on him. He managed to speak with Alice, but she was not yet ready to confide in him, content to leave the arrangements as they were for the moment. That night it was Zoey who was his minder and he wondered if Ellie had said something to her because the battle in the bedroom was like two waring animals rutting. She gave as

good as she got, both of them completely shagged out by the time they eventually fell asleep.

The pressure of work had not diminished no matter how angry Graham still felt. He had to put a brave face on it when he met clients, this was his livelihood, the last thing he needed was to blow up in front of them. Again, that evening he got very little time with Alice and it felt as though she was avoiding him. Tonight, was Gracie and for once they didn't automatically end up in bed.

'Did something happen between you and Alice when you went up to see mum?' She asked. As he had already slept with two of his sisters, he saw no sense in denying it and told her what had happened between himself and their older sister.

'I think I'm in love with her,' he told Gracie.

'Whether you are or not makes no difference Graham. She is your sister at the end of the day, you can't have a relationship

with her other than what you are currently having with me and Zoey. It's just not possible I'm afraid.'

He nodded his head sadly, what Gracie said was true. 'What about Ellie, I thought you two got along perfectly?'

Graham shrugged his shoulders, he was in fact in love with her, just not as strongly in love with her as he was with his oldest sister. They did of course end up in bed together, Gracie getting the same kind of full-on sex that both Ellie and Zoey had experienced. 'Christ!' She thought the next morning, she couldn't go through too many nights like that, Douglas, her present fella, would quickly become suspicious.

Friday evening when he arrived home, was the first occasion that week that he was alone, the house empty and quiet. 'He could eat later,' he thought, deciding to go around to his mothers and find out how Alice was fairing. He was interrupted as he went to change, the doorbell ringing insistently until he opened the door to find Alice stood outside. Her eye had not come up as badly as he had thought

although he could still see the slight bruising which started to ignite his anger once more.

'Are you going to leave me standing here all night?' She asked. Once inside and with the door closed, she did a most unexpected thing as she kissed him, leaving him no option other than to respond to it. When she released him, she told him she had two requests.

'The first, is you promise me that you won't go up there. It will only cause more problems and end up getting you in trouble.' Reluctantly, Graham promised. 'Secondly, I wondered if I could stay here with the kids until I get myself sorted. There isn't room at mum's, and I feel awkward at Gracie's with her fella there.'

Of course, he was going to say yes. He couldn't think of anything better than having Alice here with him. But that was before she made her final pronouncement.

'There is a condition of our stay.' Graham hesitated, waiting for whatever she was going to say. 'There will be no sex while I am here. There is no way I could explain to my children why their mother is sharing a bed with their uncle.'

It came as a hammer blow to Graham as he had already been imagining taking his sister to bed and making love to her. As much as he hated the idea, he said yes to her, someone needed to take care of Alice for the foreseeable future. He was never sure how they managed it but manage it they did. It caused some tension, not only because he had to go without his oldest sister, but also because with the children there, he also had to go without his other two sisters but at least it had given him time to concentrate on Ellie. Alice had been down for nearly two months. There had been frequent phone calls with her husband Robby but from what she told her brother, the marriage was now over.

Alice was going up in a few weeks to collect more of her things and of course, Graham said that he was going with her. She didn't want him to, fearful of him being in the same house as her husband. Several months may have elapsed, but she knew

Graham would be content to have waited for this opportunity. She and the rest of his family tried to dissuade him, but they should have known better and so it was decided that Zoey would also accompany them. Although the two women chatted in the car, Graham was mainly silent as they headed back to their old stomping ground.

Zoey had booked a couple of hotel rooms a few miles away, knowing that either she or Alice would have to keep their brother in sight at all times. Graham was downstairs with Zoey in the dining room when Alice made the phone call, telling her husband that she would be around tomorrow to collect all her stuff. Mainly it was the rest of her clothes and jewellery, other items could be sorted at a later date. She warned Robby that Graham had come up with her and that it was perhaps wiser not to be around when she arrived.

He may have been older and taller, but Robby knew all about his wife's brother and his reputation, feeling it wiser to heed Alice's words and keep a safe distance. Because of that, the house was empty when the three of them arrived the next morning. They collected the rest of her clothes, paperwork

and other bits and bobs that she wanted to retrieve, loading them all into the car whilst Graham prowled like a caged animal. Alice was glad that her husband had seen sense and stayed away. With everything packed that she wanted, they returned to the hotel. They went out for the rest of the day and then Zoey booked a restaurant for that evening. It was whilst Graham had gone to the loo that she had a quiet word with her sister.

'I won't feel safe until we are back on the road and heading home,' she told her. She had originally booked a single room for Graham and a double for her and Alice.

'Do you want to take the single tonight and I'll keep him occupied?' Zoey asked. She was surprised when Alice shook her head.

'If you don't mind, why don't we both keep him occupied. Hopefully that way, he'll be too knackered to go and do anything she said with a mischievous grin. Zoey was astounded, she wasn't going to admit that she'd had often

wondered about her sisters or divulged that she knew Ellie and Gracie occasionally got together.

Back in his room, Graham was waiting for the sound of voices to die down next door before sneaking out. This would be his last chance before they headed for home. That was why he was surprised when a knock came on his door.

'Have you got a minute Graham? We just want a word before bed.'

As he entered the room, they piled on him, nearly ripping his clothes from him. In reality, he could have fought them off easily if he had so wanted, but as they stripped him and then bound him to the bed using whatever was to hand, it felt more fun to go along with them, wondering what they intended.

Unknown to her sisters, Alice had tried this once before, having a short-lived affair with another woman.

From his prone and bound position, his cock immediately began to thicken as Alice grabbed hold of Zoey and kissed her, the two women's mouths pressed firmly together as the kiss became erotic. One of Zoey's hands went up to Alice's chest, firmly gripping the breast as she massaged it through her top while her other hand went to her sister's buttocks, pulling her groin firmly against her own.

When Alice's hand went beneath Zoey's top and began playing with her tits, Graham thought his boner was going to burst and as yet, they were still dressed. They removed each other tops and then their bra's, rubbing their tits together as he strained against his bonds. Finally, they got rid of their lower garments, Alice her skirt and Zoey her jeans, leaving them stood only in tiny panties as they rubbed at each other's snatches, their kiss resuming. When eventually they moved over to the bed, they squatted one on either side of him, their lips coming together once more, only this time his cock was between their two mouths. Thrusting his hips upwards, he strained again as they took it in turns to take his shaft into their mouths one sucking him off while receiving a handjob from the other. He wanted them to stop, his climax close, but

they simply ignored him as they continued to suck at his bulbous knob, their hands flying up and down his shaft until spunk flew from its top, splashing their faces and dribbling from their mouths.

With Graham spent for the moment, Alice whispered to her sister. As he watched, they donned robes and snuck from the room, returning moments later carrying the mattress from his single bed between them. Placing it on the floor where he could see, they got rid of their robes and panties, lying top to toe, as they licked and sucked at each other's cunt's. Fingers were rammed into pussy's as his sisters began fingering each other, Graham watching avidly as his libido quickly returned. As their legs scissored together and they rubbed their cunts and clits against each other, all Graham wanted to do was fuck either or both of them.

When they were finally satisfied, they returned to the bed, Zoey taking her position first as she straddled his hips and inserted his cock into her cunt. Before he even got so much as a look at her, bouncing on his shaft, Alice's fanny was plonked over his face, her piss flaps pushing roughly against his mouth. When one sister climaxed, she was replaced by the

other, the girls keeping it up constantly until Graham had to admit he could cum no more. It must have been the early hours of the morning when they finally unfastened him and all three of them curled up together and fell into a deep sleep.

The alarm went off, waking them. Hurriedly, they replaced the mattress in the room next door and threw the covers over it. Graham was knackered and could easily have slept for another few hours. They took it in turns to have their showers before going down for breakfast and then eventually checked out.

Zoey drove for the first hour giving her brother a chance to doze on the rear seat, both women breathing a sigh of relief once they were out on the motorway and heading for home.

By the time Graham was fifty, on paper at least, he was a millionaire. The business had gone from strength to strength after becoming more of a family concern.

Eventually, he and Ellie had married and had a son, looking back, he had done well for himself, not bad for someone who started with nothing and could have easily ended up in prison. His marriage was anything but conventional as Ellie continued to divide her time between him and her lover Zoey.

Gracie had also married and had two children, but that did not stop her from periodically having liaisons with Graham or his wife, or even her own sisters.

Zoey was still Zoey and Ellie did not mind in the least when every so often she got the desire to bed her brother. She had a daughter nowadays but had always refused to divulge who the father was despite the suspicions her sisters held.

As for Alice, well after a time, she had got divorced, her children were young adults now. In reality, Graham perhaps saw more of her than he did his wife, not that Ellie complained, she was married to a handsome adorable man

who saw nothing wrong with her bedding his three beautiful sisters.

Hopefully, his mother had never realised what her children got up to, she was in her seventies now and adored her grandchildren. It may not be everyone's idea of the perfect family, but it worked for them, so why change it when each of them in their own way was happy.

# Reunited with His Sister

Warning!

This story contains characters who are male, female and what is now classed as "Trans-gender". I know it can spoil the story for some readers, but please rest assured that no male-on-male sex takes place.

Mark indicated and changed lanes as he headed for the slip road and the services, looking forward to stretching his legs after four hours behind the wheel. Donna his stepmother was going to swap with him after a short respite, driving the final two hours of the six-hour journey down to his sister's home. The telephone call had come out of the blue, not having seen or spoken with her for at least the last eight years.

Their parents had got married in their twenties and two years later, Jill had been born. They had always hoped for more children but as the years passed without his mother falling pregnant, they had given up trying and gave their full attention to their only child. There had been celebrations when suddenly six years later, his mother found herself

pregnant again and to great excitement, he had been born on her thirtieth birthday.

The first few years of his childhood had been idyllic, his mother had doted on him and even Jill his sister had looked after him, at times treating him like one of her dolls. Things had changed on his tenth birthday when his mother had passed away, she had been diagnosed with cancer eight months earlier and the end had come quickly. He could remember feeling sad at first, but Jill, who was by now sixteen had taken care of him until he had got over his grief. He remembered arguments between his sister and his father when after what seemed a noticeably short period, his dad announced that he had met someone else and that she would be moving in with them. It could have been so different, but the fact that the woman was only four years older than Jill and was to become their stepmother led to friction between father and daughter.

Jill had nothing against Donna, her anger was focused solely on her father whom she considered was dishonouring the memory of their mother by wanting to move another woman

in so quickly and especially one who was less than half his age. It had culminated in a blazing row soon after his twelfth birthday, something he could still remember clearly, his sister Jill packing her bags and storming out of the house. Mark hoped she would be back, but from that day forward, he never saw or spoke to her again. Every year on his birthday he would receive a card from her containing some money, but other than that, there had been no contact between them.

Donna had cared for him as a mother would, he could not fault her dedication, but it felt as though something was missing from his life. At sixteen he had left school and joined his father's building firm as an apprentice and had recently qualified. Interspersed with learning the job, his father was also teaching him other aspects of the company, that was until four months ago when he suddenly died of a massive heart attack. Mark had been overwhelmed at first, what with the death of his father and suddenly being expected to run a company. Luckily, his uncle Ben was the general manager and protocols were already in place so that the firm would continue to plod along until he learnt the ropes.

At the reading of the will, he had been astonished to find that the house and the company had been left to him with a condition that Donna would be allowed to live in the home until "such time" as she married. She had also been left one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, the rest of the monies and estate going to Mark. He had always thought that she and his father had tied the knot, but apparently, they had never got around to it. His other greater surprise was that his father had disowned his daughter and had left absolutely nothing to Jill.

Mark had just arrived home from work when the phone rang one evening. 'Hi, Mark Thompson speaking.'

It took a moment for the person on the other end to reply and he did not at first, recognise the voice.

'How is my baby brother?' The woman asked cautiously, leaving Mark stunned for a minute as he realised who it was on the other end of the phone.

She had learnt about her father's death from a newspaper cutting and had decided after all this time to contact her brother. They'd spoken for the next hour, catching up with how each of them was getting on when she suddenly asked.

'Why don't you come and visit, come and stay with me for a week or two, I'd love to see you.'

He had agreed to drive down to her home the following week, what he had not told her at the time was that Donna would be accompanying him.

Sat in the passenger seat he relaxed and sipped at what remained of his coffee while gazing at the scenery flashing by as their journey continued, his eyes periodically flicking across Donna's tanned legs as she concentrated on her driving. At thirty-two, she was extremely attractive and had a great body he thought to himself. He had been fine until he reached eighteen when he suddenly found himself starting to notice her. Up until then, he had treated her like a mother but realised one day that he was thinking about her differently

and specifically what he would like to do to her. He had not said anything and nothing at all had ever happened, she was accompanying him because he liked her around and she was his mum in all but name.

They were off the motorway and on country lanes by now, but the sat-nav seemed to be leading them into the middle of nowhere. They did a right turn; the lane was only wide enough for one vehicle with passing places interspersed every twenty-five yards when the farmhouse suddenly came into view. From the outside, it looked old and weathered, Donna pulling up at the front of the building. Mark was barely out of the car before the front door was flung open and a young woman flew out and flung her arms around him. She hugged him tightly until she stepped back and looked up at him,

'You seem to have grown since I last saw you,' Jill said with a beaming smile, the smile faltering as Donna stepped from the car.

'You didn't say,' she said quietly, sounding slightly miffed.

'You didn't ask,' Mark replied, 'Anyway, none of this was ever her fault.'

Jill invited them both indoors as she turned and told them,

'I was not expecting two of you, you'll have to excuse me while I go and get another bedroom ready.'

Making them both a coffee, she then disappeared upstairs, and they could hear her moving about above them. Mark was taking the opportunity to look around, impressed with what he saw. While the outside looked a little forlorn, the interior had been modernised, and with the look of it, to a high standard.

'I get the feeling that she is not impressed with my presence,' Donna whispered from her position on the couch.

'I'm sure it will be fine, just give her time,' Mark responded, just as the front door opened and a gorgeous young woman entered.

'Hi, I'm Gloria, I'm Jill's other half,' she said as she advanced towards him with her hand outstretched.

She had a strong grip, Mark registered as she shook his hand and then gave him a peck on the cheek. It took him a moment to regain his composure, suddenly realising that perhaps his sister was a lesbian and that may be a lot of things had changed in those eight years. He was wondering what she did for a living because this cottage must have cost a fortune when Jill finally re-appeared.

'I see you have met Gloria,' she said, the two women embracing as Jill cast a glance in Donna's direction.

The first few hours were a little stilted as brother and sister became reacquainted, but slowly the atmosphere warmed, especially after Jill opened a couple of bottles of wine. They

all sat down together for their evening meal which was prepared by Gloria and was delicious before retiring to the lounge as Mark and Jill continued to catch up.

'Fancy a walk before bedtime?' Gloria asked Donna, making it quite obvious that she was trying to give them some space. Watching them leave, Mark turned back to Jill.

'So, when did you realise you were attracted to other women?' he asked, receiving a loud laugh in response.

'Who says I am?' Jill asked him with a look of merriment spread across her face.

'Well, I thought,' Mark was embarrassed now, he had made a presumption based on what Gloria had said and the way the two women had embraced.

Jill was still laughing and looked at him teasingly as she added, 'Actually, I'm bisexual, I like women as much as I like men.'

There was not a lot he could say to that and anyway, it was her life, and she could do with it what she wanted. Finally, the subject came around to their father,

'You know he left you nothing in his will,' Mark said. 'I'm happy to split my share if you need money.'

Jill just shrugged her shoulders, 'It doesn't matter Mark, I don't want his money. I'm doing alright as it is but thank you for asking.'

Which brought him to the subject as to what she did for a living if she could afford a house like this. Reticently, she told him that all of it was down to Gloria, she was a photographer and also did some video work, weddings, birthdays, and some commercial adverts. It must pay well he thought to himself, but before they could continue, the two other women returned.

Donna decided she was going straight up to her room while Gloria hung around for a while longer and chatted before she

too went up and left them alone again. They had continued to consume glasses of wine and he was beginning to feel a little light-headed when Jill asked.

'Why did you bring Donna?'

There was no way he could answer truthfully as he attempted to skirt around the question, but Jill was a lot cleverer than he remembered and soon guessed the reason why.

'Do you fancy her?' she asked, watching as her brother squirmed and turned red, laughing again at his poor attempt to deny it.

'Why don't you tell her?' she continued, 'She's attractive, very pleasing on the eye and the age difference is not a lot different than it was between mum and dad.'

'I can't Jill, for the last eight years she has been like a mother to me. If I come out and tell her something like that, she will

probably run a mile.' Jill noted that he looked kind of sad, as he explained it to her.

She stood, 'Well, I'm going to bed, are you staying up a little longer.'

Mark shook his head; it had been a long day and what he needed now was a good night's sleep.

In his room, he began to undress when a knock came on his door, he opened it, but there was no one there, the knock coming again from behind him now. It was only then, that he realised that there was a door separating his room from the one next door and which he had failed to notice, that was where the knocking came from. Opening the adjoining door, he found Donna stood on the other side, already dressed in a nightgown and robe as she looked shyly up at him.

'I just wanted to make sure you were ok,' she said as she stood there hesitantly, her eyes trying not to stare at his bare chest and also attempting to keep her breathing under control.

'I'm fine thanks,' Mark said, stepping in closer and kissing the top of her head, 'Goodnight.'

He'd had to retreat, stood close to her like that and feeling the heat of her body, the smell of her perfume, something down below had started to happen, and he needed to turn away before she noticed and screamed blue murder.

As relationships were rekindled and Mark and Jill got to know each other again, everyone began to relax. There was not a lot to do at what must once have been a farm and so contented themselves with going out for walks. Even Jill and Donna seemed to be getting along which made him happy and would sometimes disappear on their own, leaving him wondering what they chatted about.

It was on one such walk that Jill cornered the other woman. 'Why are you still living at the house now my father has gone?' she asked.

Donna was a strong character and was not going to be bullied by this young woman. 'Well, someone needed to look after Mark after you did a flit,' she replied, Jill, feeling the low blow.

'I'm sure he doesn't need someone looking after him now or are you just after the money?' Jill said, her expression stony-faced.

Donna stood her ground, 'I do not need the money, your father took care of that. I just think Mark still needs someone around.' She leant forward as if to give added traction to her words.

Jill smiled and relaxed, she knew now that the woman was still in her old home for other reasons.

'How long have you fancied him?' From the sudden change in expressions, Jill knew she had hit the nail on the head.

'You know he fancy's you, Donna, and I think you feel the same. So why don't you tell him?' It was the first time that Jill had used the other woman's name since she had arrived, she did not dislike her, in fact in the short time that she had got to know her she had taken a liking to the slightly older woman.

'I can't, I'm too old for him,' Donna replied sadly, she'd had feelings for their father and look at the trouble that had caused.

Over the week that they had been there, Gloria would disappear frequently, sometimes with his sister and from time to time with other people he noticed visiting the property, none of them ever coming into the house. Without exception, they always headed for the large brick barn and dilapidated out-buildings to the left of the main house and where originally the farmyard must have been.

He had been out for a walk alone and his return route brought him to the rear of the out-buildings, his natural curiosity sending him for a look around. There were certain things he just automatically noticed, like the fact, that for old buildings, the roofs were in remarkably good condition and that all the doors on the rear were strong, well fitted, and locked! Working his way around to the front, he finally found an open door giving him access to the large building.

The insides took him completely by surprise; while the outside seemed unloved, someone had spent money on the interior.

The large floor space was divided into units, the same as you may expect to see on a film set. Each unit had a door that connected it to the next one so that from the first, the kitchen, you passed into a lounge, then a bedroom and then a bathroom. The other thing that caught his attention was what appeared to be a small railway track that ran the length of the barn against the wall and opposite all the units.

The stillness was interrupted as a door opened at the other end of the building and Gloria entered. 'Hi Mark, having a look around?'

'Are you building a house in a barn?' he asked, puzzling over the setup.

She laughed. 'It's what we use when we sometimes film adverts or do photoshoots, we can choose any set and alter it as needs be, the camera runs on a dolly along the tracks so we can move about and change the views.'

It made sense to him now that she had explained it as he continued to wander around with her, 'What I don't get is how much money you have spent on the insides, yet outside looks derelict,' he said to her questioningly.

Gloria smiled again, 'Let me ask you this. From the outside, did it look like there was anything worth pinching?' She pointed out that there was lots of expensive equipment locked away and Mark could understand her logic.

As the end of the second week drew nearer, Mark was again out alone as he stretched his legs, looking up at the starry sky. It had been a hot day and the night was balmy, unable to settle he had put on shorts and a t-shirt before quietly letting himself out of the cottage and walking across several fields. The silence was broken only by the call of owls and other predators, the darkness hiding their searches for prey as he walked a couple of miles. As he retraced his steps and approached the completely darkened house and buildings, his eyes picked up on the faint light coming from under one of the doors. Wondering if someone had broken in, he eased the door open and slipped inside. He could hear sounds of life coming from another room as he made his way to the partly open door.

Looking through the slight crack he could see Gloria sitting at what he presumed must be some kind of editing desk, her back to him as she stared at the large screen on the wall in front of her, watching intently at whatever was taking place. Mark was exceptionally curious now because the sounds he could hear were not what you would expect for a tv advert,

they sounded more like the noises you would expect to hear when people were having sex.

He couldn't quite see the screen as cautiously he eased the door open a little more, using the sudden increase in volume to mask the movement of it and then standing still in shock as he watched what was taking place on the screen in front of his eyes.

His sister Jill was naked and was bound upright to a giant 'X' type cross, her wrists held by straps to the upper part and her ankles bound to the lower parts. He did not recognise the young blond woman who was also naked except for black leather boots and a strap-on dildo but watched fascinated as blondie took a riding crop and used it to flick and slap his sister's breasts, Jill becoming aroused as she was beaten.

The crop slapped between her legs, connecting with her cunt, and making her jump, Mark able to distinguish her groan of pleasure. By the time blondie slid the dildo up his sister's cunt his cock was unmistakably hard and throbbing.

Gloria was immersed in what she was doing and did not notice at first that she was being watched until something made her look over her shoulder. Mark was staring at her, and she suddenly had a sinking feeling in her stomach.

'Shit!' She was always supposed to lock the door when she was in here, but because it was the early hours of the morning, she had presumed everyone was in bed asleep and had forgotten.

'I can explain Mark, honestly, I can.'

Immediately, she had killed the screen as he hung his head for a second and Gloria heard him chuckling before he raised his head and looked at her, 'Go ahead,' he laughed, 'This is going to be the best story ever.'

'Please Mark, can we talk about this in the house, it's late and Jill will be wondering where I am?' Gloria begged him, relieved when he agreed.

What she didn't mention as they walked across to the house was that she had caught sight of his raging erection, noticing it when she turned. He had enjoyed what he had watched, even becoming aroused at the sight of his sister being fucked.

Indoors she quickly disappeared upstairs and returned minutes later with his sister who seemed to be visibly shaken. Jill sat on the couch as Mark took a chair opposite her, his sister telling Gloria she could go up to bed. He was not judgemental and there was no malice or disgust as he asked his sister with surprise both on his face and in his voice, 'You're a porn actress?'

Jill supposed there were a lot of worse terms he could have used as she explained,

'No, I'm a businesswoman, it's just that I make money having sex.'

Mark cocked his head and chuckled, 'Yeah, I saw that.'

'Does it pay well?' he asked, it was something he had never thought about, he knew it was a huge industry nowadays but always presumed that those on the periphery only made a living. Now it was Jill's turn to laugh,

'Gloria takes care of the filming side and I take care of the distribution side,' she started. 'We have a website, membership is five pounds every month, for that you get members-only photoshoots and reductions on the film clips.'

A fiver a month did not sound a great amount Mark was thinking, 'How many members?' he asked, slightly astonished when Jill told him that there were at least a couple of thousand members and growing. 'On top of this we sell film clips,' Jill continued, 'We try and release four every month. 'Each one lasts between ten and fifteen minutes and will cost you between ten and fifteen pounds. We easily sell about five hundred clips per month.'

He did the maths quickly in his head and gave a low whistle, 'Bloody hell Sis, that's not a bad turnover.'

Jill explained there was overheads and actors and actresses to pay when they used other people, but overall, she was happy at this point as the business grew. 'Do you appear in all of them?' he asked, wondering if she was at it night and day.

Jill shook her head, 'No, normally only once a month, you've got to keep your punters wanting more. 'I do some and so does Gloria and then we bring in other people, depending on what viewers are asking for. You can request a particular storyline, but that will cost you more.' She seemed proud of her occupation and the money she was making, 'There's not many people can boast they earn over two grand for a fifteen-minute fuck,' she said with a hearty laugh.

Mark sat back and looked at his sister, he was not so much shocked as astonished and if truth be told, proud of Jill, alright it perhaps was not a profession you went and bragged about, but nonetheless, she certainly seemed to have her head

screwed on. Jill stood and went and poured them both a scotch, returning and handing a glass to him.

'I take it you liked what you saw?' she asked with a twinkle in her eye, 'Gloria told me she was extremely impressed with your bulge.' And just to clarify what she meant, she nodded towards his groin. 'She said you were a little excited watching me perform.'

Mark became embarrassed straight away, there had been no denying that watching Jill naked and getting fucked, had aroused something in him, though he was not going to admit to it in front of her.

'Did you find it arousing?' Jill was teasing him, and he noticed the sly smile play across her lips, determined that she would not get the better of him.

'You have a genuinely nice body,' he told her, 'What's the term they use, very fuckable?' Two can play at this game he was thinking, a warm feeling growing inside as he realised this was

what it was like when they were both kid's, trying to get the better of each other.

Only this time, it was Jill who won when she asked, 'Perhaps you might consider performing in one of my clips then?'

He watched as she rolled around on the couch laughing her head off, 'Oh, the look on your face, I didn't mean with me! But how about with the delectable Donna? You both want each other. It only takes one of you to make the first move.' Jill finally finished, howling with laughter.

Back in his room, he was about to get naked when there came a quiet tapping at the adjoining door. He opened it and invited Donna into his room, noticing that there was no robe this time and that her short negligée was semi-transparent.

'Is everything....' She never managed to finish, suddenly finding his lips pressed against hers, his throbbing erection pushing against her belly as her mouth responded to his and he felt her tongue exploring his lips.

As Mark lifted her and carried her to the bed before finishing undressing, what neither of them could know was that they were being watched. Together in their bedroom across the other side of the house, Gloria's eyes lit up as Mark dropped his pants, 'Oh my god, I wouldn't be calling him your little brother,' she giggled, her eyes glued to his appendage.

The spare rooms had been wired with camera's, including audio, and together, as they lounged in their large bed, they watched as Mark and Donna got it on. Jill had been reticent about watching but Gloria's enthusiasm had won the day and now she was surprised at herself as she felt a familiar warm glow between her legs.

Mark had removed Donna's nightdress and as he knelt between her open thighs, he gazed at her naked body and marvelled at its beauty. The fact that his father had been there before him never entering his head as he rubbed his erection against her labia.

Gloria was nuzzling Jill's breasts, her mouth and tongue bringing her nipples alive and erect. Jill purred with pleasure, her eyes fluttering open and closed as her partner bit down on her nipples, not enough to cause real pain, but Jill like it rough. Despite the finger in her cunt which was increasing the flow of her juices, Jill could not stop herself from watching her brother, his cock now buried deeply in Donna's flue as he fucked her.

Donna moaned loudly as his shaft made her cunt expand each time he forced it into her, his mouth teasing her breasts and nipples as she cradled his head, pulling it against her chest. She had waited so long for this to happen, never thinking that it would. She had watched Mark turn from a child into a teenager and then a handsome young man, until one day as he returned from work in vest and shorts, she suddenly realised that what she wanted to do with him was not considered a mothers duty.

Jill's hand was between Gloria's legs as she stroked and played with her friend, knowing that she was getting aroused and that by the way Gloria was moaning and panting, she too was

excited. She pulled the young woman between her thighs and fumbling, grasped the rock-hard shaft, and pulled it against her sodden cunt. Gloria had been born 'Glen', but from an early age, knew she was in the wrong body. Hormone treatment and surgery had given her a woman's body except for one final feature, she still had a cock. She meant to have the operation one day, but presently it was put to good use earning money and anyway, Jill never complained, especially as like now, it was fucking her cunt.

Perhaps it was more luck than perfect timing that both couples orgasmed together, Jill's bedroom full of their vocal pleasures as well as those of her brother and stepmother. Afterwards, as they lay together, the screen now blank, Gloria was the first to raise the subject as she spoke quietly with Jill.

'You know we need to recruit Mark and Donna. Your brother especially would go down a storm. Do you think that he might be interested in someone like me?' She asked.

Jill could only shrug her shoulders; she did not have a clue what her brothers' preferences may be. The dominant thought in her head presently was that she had the same desire as Gloria, to get Mark into bed.

Unfortunately, the two weeks came to an end, the drive home seeming to take less time than the journey down as Mark and Donna covered miles of motorway, their relationship now changed after what had taken place previously.

'No regrets?' he asked as they sped along, her hand resting on his thigh and moving higher occasionally as she teased him.

'I'll give you my answer when we get home..... If you can wait that long?' she laughed mischievously.

The phone was ringing as they got in, Mark answering it as he dropped one of the cases at the bottom of the stairs, 'Hi, it's Mark.' The excited voice on the other end of the phone told him who it was straight away.

'Christmas, it's always quiet around Christmas, that's when dad always used to say not much happened. 'Please, come down for Christmas.'

Jill's excitement was contagious, and he found himself grinning as she pleaded with him.

'I'll see what I can do Jill, remember, I've got a company to run now,' he told her. Christmas was still five months away and he had an awful lot to learn quickly.

Donna was unpacking the cases when he went upstairs and told her about Jills invite.

'Does that include me?' she asked.

'What do you think?' he said as he came around the bed and cornered her, 'Now what did I ask on the way home,

something about regret,' he said, moving the suitcase from the bed and picking her up before depositing her in its centre.

Lying next to her, he kissed her sweetly. Donna's mouth soon greedy for more as their lips ground together and their tongues explored each other's lips and mouth. One by one he unfastened the buttons of her blouse, mildly surprised when he found her breasts unfettered,

'It's a good job you didn't tell me this on the way back. We would have had to make a pit stop,' he laughed as he cupped each orb and massaged them, his finger and thumb bringing each nipple erect as he twisted and applied pressure. Donna's temperature was rising, her hand greedily rubbing at his groin as he aroused her and then his hand was on her thigh as he moved upwards, under the hem of her skirt and onwards towards her belly and her shaven mound. Marks mouth breaking from her breasts as he reached her cunt and realised that she had no panties on,

'Have you been knicker-less all the way home?' he asked, receiving an evil looking smile in response.

'Perhaps if you had explored, you may have found out,'

Donna giggled, but it quickly turned into a groan of pleasure as Mark's finger ran along the lips of her cunt. She was hot and wet, his finger coming away covered in her juices as he opened her labia and teased her moist interior. Opening her legs wider to give him greater access, she asked him, her voice husky and dripping with desire,

'Slide your finger in me, Mark, feel how wet I am for you. Oh god yeesss, that feels so good,' she managed, as his finger penetrated her cunt right up to his knuckle and teased her moist passage.

Hurriedly they both undressed as Mark went back to kissing her breasts, slowly working his way down to her stomach and then across her mound. She had a gorgeous body even if she were over ten years older than he was, he had been out with

girls in the past whom she would put to shame. As he slid between her legs, he caught the scent of her sex mixed with talc, a heady mixture as his mouth and lips inched closer to her cunt and his tongue ran the length of her slit. Her hips rose as she pushed her pussy against his mouth, growling with pleasure as his tongue then slid inside her.

Donna knew she was close to her climax as she tried to wriggle away from his probing tongue, but he was stronger than her and held her hips firmly as he continued to send sensations rippling through her. When he turned his attention to her clitoris, licking and sucking at the tiny bud, she knew she had lost as she surrendered herself to the overwhelming orgasm that wracked her body. She could hear herself crying and pleading with him to do sordid things to her as she thrashed about until she could take no more and pleaded with him that she was too sensitive.

Mark was a very considerate lover Donna had decided, he gave her time to recover as he held her and slowly teased her breasts and ran his hands up and down her soft smooth skin. Refreshed, she pushed him onto his back as she straddled his

hips, rubbing her wet cunt along his erect throbbing shaft as it was now her turn to tease him. As she slid over the engorged head of his cock his eyes fluttered,

'So near and yet so far,' he thought, wanting to be inside her but left the decision to Donna, prepared to wait until she was ready. His hands went up to her breasts as he played with her nipples, smiling as her eyes closed each time he twisted and applied pressure to the elongated buds. Her arousal was mounting as she raised herself slightly and fumbling between her legs, grasped his shaft, raising it to the entrance of her love tunnel and then eased herself down on it, grunting with appreciation as he filled her cunt.

Rocking backwards and forwards, she could feel his cock twitching inside her as she slowly increased her impetus. Mark's hands ran up her thighs and over her hips to her waist as he stroked her belly and mound, occasionally a finger would disappear between the cleft and flick at her clit as he increased her arousal. Supporting herself on outstretched arms, Donna was panting as she rapidly raised and lowered herself onto his penetrating shaft. Her blonde hair hung down

over Mark's face as he pulled her head further down and kissed her before gripping her buttocks and holding her aloft, raising his hips as he started to fuck her. With his cock being rammed into her twat with such urgency, Donna lost all control as she demanded,

'Fuck me, Mark! Fuck my cunt..... go on, shag me hard, shove it up me..... fuck yeah, that's it, oh god, oh Mark. Shit yeesss!'

His hips became a blur as his cock was rammed into her hot, wet, ripe cunt, slopping noises sounding each time their groins slammed together and then with her eyes screwed shut and her head thrown back, Donna orgasmed.

Juices flooded from her cunt as she shook, the feelings intensifying as she heard him call her name and felt his semen burst inside her passage, 'I love you, Mark, I love you so much,' Donna silently said to herself.

The rest of the year disappeared in a flash, Mark's days busy as he worked and adjusted to running a company. Uncle Ben

had taught him lots and also told him much the same as his sister Jill, 'December and January are always noticeably quiet, and the weather is always against us. Why don't you take a month off and go and get to know that sister of yours again?'

Mark had phoned Jill, relieved that he was on the other end of a phone as he held the receiver away from his ear, still able to hear the screams and cries of excitement at his news.

They set off down on the twentieth of December, the car packed with suitcases and presents and the journey not seeming to be as daunting as it had on that first occasion. They took it in turns to drive, the atmosphere in the car distinctly romantic as their relationship had blossomed over the last five months. Mark had taken a bit of ribbing at work when the news broke that he was ostensibly in a relationship with his stepmother, but he took it all on the shoulder, the men all happy that his prospects were looking up after his parent's deaths.

Pulling up outside the property was nearly a replica of the first time as the door was flung open and Jill emerged at a dash as she hugged him and kissed his cheek before turning and doing the same to Donna, 'He seems to be incredibly happy,' she whispered in the woman's ear, 'Everything going well?' Donna nodded imperceptibly and gave Jill a wink, 'Perfect,' Donna mouthed.

That evening saw a few flakes of snow beginning to fall, by morning there was a thin white coating covering the fields all around. Mark was up early, he had never been one for lying in, even if his bed was presently occupied by a delectable creature. Jill was already up when he got downstairs,

'Fancy a walk after breakfast?' she asked, placing a plate of eggs and bacon in front of him before taking a tray upstairs for Donna.

Breakfast finished, they went out just as a new flurry of snow started to fall, both of them grateful for the hats, gloves, and winter coats. As they crossed the first field chatting, Jill

eventually got around to the question she wanted to ask, 'Have you given any thought to my proposal?'

Mark stopped in his tracks and turned towards his sister, 'You're pulling my leg again, aren't you?' he asked, her question taking him by surprise once more.

Jill stared at the ground; did she dare tell him what she had dreamt about for the last five months. She had tried to put it out of her head, but it kept returning and not only that; she was thinking of the money it would make, punters would love a brother, sister story.

'Honestly, Jill, I don't know what Donna would say. 'She's pretty open about sex and has very few qualms, but I don't know if she would want someone filming us.'

Jill nodded her head, still not having looked him in the face,

'If Donna does not want to do it, what.....well..... err..... what about me and you?' She had finally got the words out and could feel her face burning as she waited for her brother to explode.

Instead, Mark gently took her hand and with his other, raised her chin so that she was looking at him.

'Do you realise what you are suggesting Jill? As much as I found it exciting watching you, and by the way, you do have a great body. Do you really think that would be a good idea?'

What could Jill tell him, that she had seen him naked and performing? That was the quickest way to get a negative answer she imagined. Such was the sudden intensity of her feelings, that she just blurted it out.

'Look, Mark, forget the filming, I'm asking you if you would sleep with me. I can't tell you why I want to, perhaps it's because we have been apart for so long. I just know I want to be in your arms and feel you inside me.'

Mark was gob-smacked and could see that his sister was struggling as he wrapped his arm around her shoulders, 'Anyway, what about Gloria?' He said, trying to change the subject while puzzling over her request.

Jill chuckled cynically, 'Mark, we make porn films! Have you not worked it out, she films me getting fucked and I film her getting fucked?'

The last was said with a particular sardonic laugh. She could see that her brother was clueless as she continued, 'I'm bisexual, I like men and women. That is why Gloria and I hit it off so well.'

She could tell by his face that he still had not twigged, 'Gloria is transsexual, a shemale, the top half is female, the bottom half male,' she concluded, watching as his eyes went wide.

'Holy shit!' were the only words he could utter; such was his surprise. He'd had no idea, literally presuming that Gloria was female and an incredibly attractive one at that. He knew that if she had not been his sister's partner and if he and Donna had not begun a relationship, he may have made a play for her. He chuckled to himself, 'Well that would have come as a surprise!' Unaware that the words had been spoken out loud and getting a quizzical look from Jill who laughed heartily when he explained.

'I'm sorry Jill, but that's not my thing. While the top half may interest me, the bottom half definitely wouldn't,' he told her as she nodded her understanding and he went to kiss her cheek, only she turned her face at the last moment so that it was her lips that met his.

For those split seconds he looked into her open eyes before she closed them and kissed him. Mark found himself melting despite the freezing conditions as he could not help himself from kissing her back, their lips and mouths working together as they held each other tightly.

When finally, they broke apart there was silence except for the sound of the wind and the white flakes that were now coming down heavily, 'That was unexpected. Even though it was very enjoyable, I still need to think about it, Jill. It's a big decision.'

She nodded her agreement as they turned for home, large snowflakes now falling and making visibility poor. Despite the inclement weather, Jill had a warm glow inside her, he had not said 'no,' was what she kept telling herself, 'he hadn't said no.'

Despite them all being adults, it did not stop them from going out and having snowball fights, building a snowman and even Gloria rooting out an old sleigh. They would come indoors frozen, and all sit in front of the blazing log fire while they sipped at glasses of hot toddy. Jill had not mentioned the episode again, though from time to time he noticed her gazing at him.

The evening before Christmas eve, Mark decided that Donna had a right to know about his sister's occupation, though he was not about to mention that he had kissed her or that she wanted to go to bed with him. 'Do you know what Jill and Gloria do for a living?' he asked.

'Weddings, photo-shoots, tv work and..... and on the side, they make adult movies. Or perhaps it's the other way around,' she giggled before laughing out loud at the startled look on Mark's face.

He looked like a fish out of the water with his mouth opening and closing without anything coming out of it as Donna continued.

'I'm not averse to a little bit of porn, especially when I was not getting any,' she laughed. 'I came across a clip one time, I couldn't be sure, but it looked like Jill. You have to remember she's older now. She was performing with Gloria, so again, yes, I know what Gloria is. When we came down the first time, I recognised them both instantly.'

'Why didn't you say something?' Mark asked her, suddenly finding his voice.

'Because it wasn't my place,' Donna told him, 'if she wanted you to know, she would tell you in her own good time. She and Gloria seemed happy together, so I wasn't going to spoil that,'

She raised her hand, cupping his face. 'Anyway, I love you, Mark, and I wasn't going to do anything that may spoil that.'

He kissed her softly, loving the taste of her lips, 'I love you too, mum!' he said, receiving a playful slap in response and knowing it was their private joke.

Shyly he told her more, 'Jill asked if we would like to make a film for them?'

He wondered why Donna was smirking when she asked, 'Do you mean, me and you, or.' She paused with the question only half asked.

'Of course, she means me and you,' he replied, 'Who else would she mean, and what are you smirking at?'

'You men can be so thick at times, I'm a woman, I notice things in other women's faces. I see the way Jill looks at you. That is not sisterly affection I see, she is lusting after you, she wants you, have you not realised yet?' Donna asked.

Mark had a lot to think about and needed a distraction as the couple made love, still unaware that in another room they were being watched. Jill had not wanted to, she felt jealous of Donna receiving her brother's attention, but Gloria watched avidly becoming highly aroused as Mark's erect shaft came into view. If nothing else, Jill got a good fucking that night, Gloria's cock refusing to go flaccid again until she had shagged her several times.

Christmas eve saw Mark and Gloria both busy in the kitchen. Outside, the sun was out, reflecting brightly on the thick covering of pristine white snow.

Donna took her opportunity as she cornered Jill, 'Let's take a short walk,' she said, it was not a request, it was an instruction, both women getting rugged up before venturing outside. They walked a short distance before Donna got straight to the point, 'Mark told me you would like to film us having sex?'

Jill looked alarmed; she knew that her brother must eventually discuss it with Donna, but she had not expected the older woman to be the one to broach the subject.

'I think Mark may be reticent, but I can think of way's around that.' Donna said as they stopped. Jill was surprised, if anything, she expected Donna to be the one who would take some persuading, all ears now as she wondered what her stepmother was suggesting.

'I have a plan if you trust me, a way of getting him to fuck you.'

Jill's mouth dropped open, her face displaying a state of shock, had she heard correctly, had Mark told Donna about her request?

It was as though Donna could read her mind, 'He hasn't said anything about you, he didn't have to, it's been written all over your face since we arrived. 'You want to sleep with him, but he's dithering. All you have to do is trust me.'

'But.... but.... but' was all Jill could stammer.

'If you had got to know me, Jill, I may have surprised you, anyway, it's not as though he is cheating on me, you are his sister, and it also means I get to have a go at Gloria?'

Jill looked astounded, 'Did Mark tell you?' she asked.

Donna shook her head. 'I came across one of your films a while back, you and Gloria. It looked like so much fun! Call it another Christmas present,' she finished with a mischievous grin.

Jill could not help herself as she flung her arms around her stepmother, 'Thank you,' she said, close to tears as the two women hugged.

Christmas day was excellent, everyone was excited with the presents they received. Both Mark and Gloria were congratulated on the meal after which they played silly games and drank far too much. Late afternoon, Donna intimated that Jill should take Mark out for a short walk while she spoke with Gloria and made plans, 'Give me an hour or so,' she whispered.

Once the house was clear, Donna switched off the tv as she told Gloria of her proposal and how she wanted to put Mark in a position where he would not object to sleeping with his

sister. Gloria was all for it, already making plans in her head when Donna interrupted her thoughts,

'They won't be back for at least forty minutes yet,' she said as she slipped from the couch, kneeling in front of the younger woman as she opened her legs and displayed the tiny white panties beneath the short skirt.

Gloria looked flustered and about to say something, but Donna beat her to it. 'I know what's in here,' she said as her hand went to the discernible bulge and started to massage it slowly, feeling it start to expand beneath her palm until its plump purple head popped out above the top of the restraining panties.

She ran a finger over it, feeling the smooth polished surface before pulling at the front of Gloria's panties and releasing her shaft completely.

'Fucking hell Gloria!' Donna knew that she was well endowed from the film clip, but in the flesh, it was even more

impressive, there must be a good eight or nine-inch of cock in front of her face.

Grasping the shaft beneath its plump helmet, she slid her hand downwards, pulling the skin-tight as her head went forward, her mouth opening as her lips enveloped the solid throbbing meat.

With one hand wanking the shaft, her other hand went beneath the woman's top, thrilled to find that her breasts were unfettered as she massaged them, her fingers tweaking the nipples and bringing them erect.

Gloria was taken by surprise but was not going to argue as she face-fucked Donna, her hips rising from the couch as she plunged her shaft into the woman's mouth as her arousal escalated. Rising from the floor, Donna removed her panties before returning to the couch and pulling her skirt up to her waist as she opened her legs wide.

'Fuck me. I want you to fuck my arse,' she pleaded, watching as Gloria got to her knees and supporting Donna's legs began licking her cunt and ring piece. The sensation was exquisite, it was something that few people wanted to do, and Donna was enjoying every second of it as her hand went between her legs, rubbing at her cunt and clitoris. With bated breath she watched Gloria position herself, feeling her shaft pushing against her rectum and then gasping as the solid length of meat slid inside her arse.

Gloria fucked her hard and fast, one eye on the clock and wanting to be finished before the others returned as her shaft sodomised the older woman. She was fascinated as Donna fingered herself, growing ever closer to her climax, her features contorted as she begged Gloria,

'Come in my arse, shoot you spunk up my shitter.' And then she was shaking and thrashing about as she climaxed, her juices wetting Gloria's cock and balls as her shaft jerked and loosed several spurts of hot cream up Donna's anal passage.

Cleaned up and with their clothes back in place, they heard the door opening as the other's returned, 'Play your card's right, and there's more to come later tonight,' Donna whispered as the other's entered the lounge.

As the evening came to an end, Donna managed to get Jill alone, 'There's one last present for you, I left it in the room next to mine and Mark's,' she told the other woman. 'Go and have a look.'

Jill went upstairs to the spare room, looking around it, but she couldn't spot anything when the door clicked shut behind her and she heard a key turn in the lock.

'Who's there? 'What's going on?' she called out, trying the door handle. But no one replied, there was only silence. Several minutes passed as she wondered if this was some kind of joke, she tried the door to the adjoining room, but this was also locked, and she was about to shout when she heard a noise next door.

Knocking on the door between the two rooms, she heard the key turn in the lock, waiting as the door opened and finding her brother stood there. He looked at her quizzically, 'Gloria said there was a special present up here for me.'

They heard the key turn in the lock of the second room and then Donna's voice,

'You could sit and talk all night, or as there are two beds, you could go to sleep. Or you could do what you both want to happen; I'll leave it up to you two to decide.' The sound of Donna's and Gloria's laughter diminishing as they moved away.

Mark sat on the edge of the bed as his sister came and joined him, 'Ever get the feeling we have been set up?' she asked, 'It's up to you, I'm happy to take the other bed and.....'

She never got a chance to finish as Mark kissed her, pulling her down as their mouths locked together and his hand went

to her breasts, exploring their shape and feel through the material of her jumper.

'Oh god, yes!' She had waited for this moment she thought, as she took his hand and pushed it beneath her top, shivering as his hand touched her bare flesh.

He pushed her bra upwards, freeing her tit's as he fondled and caressed them, all the while teasing her nipples. Facing each other, she could feel his erection pushing against her belly as she forced her hand between them and ran it up and down his length.

Bit by bit they undressed, until naked, they slipped beneath the covers. He kissed her mouth, her eyes, her chin, working his way down her neck and to her chest before raining kisses over her breasts, Jill moaning with pleasure and delight as he took her nipples into his mouth, his tongue tracing circles around her areola and nipping her erect nipples between his teeth. She ran her hand over his chest, revelling at the smoothness of his skin and the firmness of his muscles

beneath. Her fingertips made contact with the engorged head of his cock as she encircled it with her fingers, running them around the smooth skin of his helmet as Mark murmured his pleasure.

Moving his shaft out of her range, his kisses passed over her ribcage and across her belly as he slid down the bed. Jill knew where he was heading, her legs and thighs open wide and ready for his arrival. She felt his hot breath on her cunt as he picked up the scent of her musk, his face inches from her meaty labia. Mark stretched them wide as he stared at her pink moist interior and then his tongue shot out as he licked the sensitive flesh and heard her aroused cry, especially when the tip of his tongue flicked across her clit.

Although Jill had spent months dreaming of this moment, now that it was happening, she kept having to pinch herself. Her hips gyrated as she pushed her twat against his mouth, his tongue like a small cock as it constantly penetrated her. She was reaching her point of no return as his hands slid up her body and cupped her breasts, apply pressure at their base he made them protrude upwards as he flicked at her nipples. She

was still coping, suppressing that final surge, that was until his hands went back to her fanny and she felt a finger being inserted into her cunt and a thumb into her rectum.

Jill lost it completely as waves of pleasure rolled through her body and overwhelmed her brain's pleasure centre. She arched her back, her hands clawing at the covers as her hips bucked and she screamed her release. She was still panting, her chest rising and falling rapidly when she felt something push against her quim, and then the air seemed to be expelled from her lungs as his throbbing shaft forced its way inside her, her cunt expanding to accept this length of meat ploughing her passage.

Her eyes flew open as she stared wide-eyed at her brother, 'Mark? 'Oh my god, Mark! Oh fuck, yes, yes, oh god fuck me,' Jill screeched as his shaft started to ease in and out of her. He had a wicked look on his face as he fucked her slowly, withdrawing occasionally as he rubbed his manhood against her pussy and her clit before when she least expected it, plunging back inside her once more. Her juices were in full

flow; she could feel them running down the crack of her arse and the dampness of the covers beneath her bottom.

Looking up at him, her eyes kept trying to close as her arousal mounted and yet he still did not seem to be breathing heavily as his cock began fucking her faster. She was finding it hard to control her speech, pleading with him, 'Please Mark, please..... oh fuck. Please..... I want you to..... Oh god, I'm cumming!' The waves of pleasure washed over her once more as his cock continued to pound her cunt, their groins slamming together and his sack slapping against her arse with each thrust as Jill began to float.

He was lying next to her and holding her protectively when she opened her eyes, 'Bloody hell, you're going to start making me feel jealous of Donna at this rate.'

'That will never do,' he said as he turned on his side to face her, his hand now fondling her breasts as he gazed up and down her erotically shaped figure. Turning her to face him, he raised his hips and slid her lower leg beneath his waist, Jill

slinging her other leg over his upper hip and feeling his cock brushing against her cunt as he moved slightly. Continuing to fondle and caress her breasts he kissed her softly, her passion increasing as she felt him move slightly and then his erection was filling her once more.

His slow lazy thrusts as he played with her nipples aroused her and she found it sensationally erotic as they fucked in this position, it was as though the intimacy added to their arousal.

Jill was determined that this time they would climax together as she whispered into his ear all the things, she wanted him to do to her, some sordid and crude, some probably impossible to accomplish, but nevertheless, it had the desired effect as he shagged her faster and faster. Her eyes were open wide as she stared at him, her mouth hanging open as his shaft continued to pound her cunt. She had aroused herself as much as she had aroused her brother and was reaching her plateau, her orgasm all-consuming, especially when she heard him call her name and felt his shaft fill her cunt with his hot cream, the initial spurt hitting the back of her quim like a sledgehammer. Jill hugged him tight as he continued to fuck

her, prolonging her climax until he was spent; 'I love you, Mark, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you!'

In the other room, Gloria hadn't disappointed, fucking Donna several times as she revelled in the excitement of playing with another woman's tits at the same time that a cock was filling her cunt, definitely something to experience again she was thinking as she drifted off. Gloria waited until she was sound asleep before slipping on a pair of headphones and switching on the screen opposite. She was excited as she watched Jill and Mark performing; the camera's having previously been set to record; her lust for Marks cock nearly reaching a fever pitch as she watched. She was already planning how she could edit the footage, all it needed was another performance with close up work.

She nearly missed it at the end, the words spoken so quietly that the microphones had only just caught them. She had butterflies in her stomach as she rewound and played them again and heard her partner expressing her love for her brother, 'I'm going to have to watch that,' Gloria thought, 'That could become a problem.'

When Mark and Jill awoke the next morning the bedroom doors had been unlocked, Jill kissing him before heading in the direction of her bedroom. Mark was just stretching in the bed when Donna entered and flopped onto the bed next to him. He felt awkward lying next to one woman who knew he had been fucking another woman last night. She saw the look on his face and smiled, 'It's ok you know. I don't mind. 'It doesn't feel like you cheated on me and anyway, it's not as though I wasn't getting fucked as well, Gloria is certainly different,' she laughed.

Mark was not convinced and still felt awkward. 'Listen, Mark, I honestly don't mind you fucking Jill, or even Gloria if you want to try that, as long as you don't mind me doing the same. I quite fancy your sister. But I do not want anyone else, and I would be hurt if I had to watch you doing that with another woman. I love you desperately, and so long as it's just the four of us, then it's just sex and fun,' Donna concluded.

Mark turned serious for a moment, 'You all seem to be plotting, trying to make things happen. But I'm sorry to tell

you that nothing is ever going to happen between me and Gloria. I've tried telling Jill, but I think she assumes that I may come around to it. I won't. It's not for me, as much as her top half may interest me, her bottom half certainly doesn't. I'm sorry if that puts a mocker on everyone's plans, but no way will I be jumping into bed with Gloria.'

Boxing day was a re-run of Christmas day with everyone enjoying themselves and after dinner, Mark and Jill went for a short walk. More snow had fallen, and the temperature had plummeted, each footstep making a crisp crunching sound.

'Thank you for last night,' Jill said as she linked his arm. 'Have you had any further thoughts on letting Gloria film us, I'm convinced it would be a big earner as well as being fun?'

Mark still was not sure, his main concern being Donna, despite what she had said this morning, he still remembered Jill's words from last night and did not want the complications of two women being in love with him.

'Listen, Mark, Donna is up for it, I've spoken to her. Her idea is that we do a threesome, you, me, and her, I know it sounds scary, it did for me at first. But surprisingly, once it is happening, you find that your arousal overcomes everything else, please say you'll give it a try?' Jill asked, trying not to sound like she was pleading. Mark continued to mull it over and promised to give her his answer tomorrow. They spent that night in the correct bedrooms with their respective partners and slept peacefully curled in each other's arms.

The next day Jill could not help but feel a little impatient as she waited hopefully for her brother's decision. He surprised her when mid-afternoon he asked to speak to Gloria alone without either of the two other women trying to influence him.

'I take it that you know exactly what Jill is proposing?' he began, 'I want you to run me through exactly what happens.' Gloria was delighted at his request, 'Grab a coat and come with me,' she said as they went out and headed for the large barn.

Once inside, Mark found it a lot warmer than he expected and soon dispensed with his coat as Gloria explained how everything worked.

'We start with a brief storyline. With the setup as it is, we can start in the kitchen and move to the lounge or start in the lounge and move to the bedroom, it all looks flawless when edited together.

'If you wanted something different, we have our..... ahem, special room.' Gloria led Mark to one end of the barn and taking a key from her pocket, unlocked and opened another door and switched the lights on.

Mark was astounded, the room was kitted out like a dungeon, chains and stocks and other apparatus filling the space. It must have been filmed in here he thought, remembering the clip he had seen of his sister. Gloria walked over to a riding crop and handed it to Mark, 'Slap your leg with it, hard!'

Mark did as she asked, but not too hard, surprised that he felt no sting at all. Gloria laughed, 'It's just a prop Mark, I could beat you around the head with it and you wouldn't feel anything, the red marks afterwards are just make-up.'

Gloria showed him how all the restraints could be got out of quickly and easily if you needed to, 'The punters believe it because they want to,' she said leading him back into the main barn and the lounge unit. Normally we will set up three cameras, left, right and the one on the track. 'I can control them all remotely to capture the action. Once everything gets a little steamy, then I will normally come in with a hand-held camera, this allows me to get the close-up shots.

'It's surprising how once you're engrossed in fucking someone, you won't even notice I'm here,' she concluded with a laugh.

Gloria was rightly proud of the setup, but Mark had dragged her out here for a reason, there was something that he needed to get off his chest.

'Look, Gloria, there is no easy way of saying this, and I have no intention of trying to hurt your feelings. As much as I may find your top half attractive, your bottom half does nothing for me. I'm sorry, I can't help who I am, nor more than you can help who you are. I'm sure Jill loves you, and I'm happy about that, but if you are waiting for something to happen between me and you, then I'm afraid you will be waiting a long time.'

Gloria wiped away a tear, thanking him for at least being honest with her.

They returned to the house where Jill and Donna sat waiting expectantly,

'Ok, I'll give it a go,' Mark told them, both women excited at his decision.

As it was now a Thursday, they planned it for the coming weekend with Mark getting more and more nervous as Saturday approached. At one point he saw Gloria and his

sister having a conflagration and wondered what they were discussing.

Jill pulled him to one side later as she told him, 'We won't do it until evening and we'll have a few drinks beforehand, just to settle the nerves. All you have to do is fuck me like you did the other night and everything will be perfect.' It was just that presently, Mark did not feel that.

On Saturday he was nervous all morning, hardly able to eat anything at lunchtime. Mid-afternoon they opened a couple of bottles of wine, and he found himself getting a little light-headed. As the time got closer and just before they moved across to the barn, Gloria pulled him to one side,

'Here take this just before we start,' she said giving him a little blue pill, 'It will put lead in your pencil until your nerves go, don't worry, even the pros have to use them sometimes.'

In the barn, Jill disappeared, leaving Gloria to explain what would happen next, 'This is the storyline,' she said as she

explained the scenario. 'There's no script, just make it up as you go along, imagine this is happening for real and just use your imagination, oh and don't forget, try and find positions where you can turn your hips slightly, punters want to see cocks and cunts,' she added with a chuckle.

Mark was sat on the couch in the lounge when Gloria gave them a final countdown, 'Couple of minutes, and then start whenever you want, make it real people,' she said before disappearing.

The first part went as planned, a simple storyline of a drunken mother returning home and teasing her son who starts to respond in ways that she had not anticipated. He felt stilted at first but after a couple of re-starts got the hang of it and began to enjoy himself. His hands wandered to inappropriate places as she objected and refused his advances before slapping his face and Mark slinging her over his shoulder as he moved towards the door separating the lounge from the bedroom.

As he left the lounge and entered the bedroom unit, Jill was waiting for them,

'That was great, everything ok? 'Still feeling nervous?'

Mark realised that once he and Donna were reacting to each other his nerves had disappeared but at the prospect of getting naked the butterflies in his stomach had returned. He had taken the pill just before they started and expected an immediate reaction, but he was still waiting and hoped he could get it up when called on.

Gloria appeared with some bindings as Donna was tied to the bed still presently dressed although some of her clothing was in disarray. Jill took Mark to one side,

'Make it look like you have just finished tying her up and then stand on the far side of the bed, that's when I'll come through the door a moment later. Just do the same as before, ok?'

The nerves had returned, and it took a couple of attempts before he started to feel a little bit more confident. As he had been told, he made it look as though he had finished tying his mother to the bed when Jill entered, a look of shock on her face,

'What's going on?' She asked.

'Mum's up to her normal tricks. Comes home pissed and starts making advances towards me. It's about time someone taught her a lesson.' Mark told his sister, starting to get into the part as Donna struggled on the bed and swore at him.

Jill gave him a mischievous look, 'Go on, I dare you. I dare you to touch her, feel her tits!'

Now he had something to do, he relaxed as he sat on the bed and started unbuttoning her blouse, pulling it from her skirt and opening it wide before pushing her bra up and out of the way. Donna's breast now free of their restraints stood proud from her chest, her nipples already erect and excited as he ran

his fingers over them. She was trying to protest but he could see that she was excited.

'Go on, suck her nipples,' Jill said to him. Mark lowered his head as he took her nipple into his mouth, his tongue circling her areola before he sucked ferociously at the hardened bud. His peripheral vision caught Jill's face as she joined them on the bed and started sucking at Donna's other nipple, their mother's protests starting to diminish. They passed comments between themselves as they played with Donna's tits before Jill sat upright.

'I dare you to fuck her,' she said, 'once we get her naked,' this time finishing with a wicked sounding laugh as from the bedside drawer she produced a large pair of scissors.

Mark found it erotic and arousing as they cut the blouse to shreds and then chopped through Donna's bra, leaving her top-half naked. He could see his stepmother's chest rising and falling rapidly knowing that she was now well and truly aroused and that there was a large bulge in his pants that was

throbbing continuously. As they cut through her skirt, leaving her lying there in a tiny pair of white panties, Mark wanted nothing more than to strip off and fuck her.

It was as if Jill could read his thoughts, 'Go on, ditch your clothes,' the scissors poised to cut through Donna's panties. It took him no time at all to get rid of his clothing as he watched the gleam in Jill's eye's as she snipped through Donna's last item of clothing. Mark's cock was stuck up like a flagpole, bobbing every so often with anticipation as his sister prompted him, 'Go on, fuck her, fuck her good!'

He needed no further encouragement as he leapt onto the bed and knelt between Donna's legs, the fact that she was tied and spread-eagled, adding to his excitement. Glancing down he could see her cunt was open and wet as he positioned his shaft and rammed it into her cunt.

'No, no, please, you mustn't. 'You're my son, I'm your mummm!' The last word was drawn out and then the air forced from her lungs as his cock abruptly filled her quim.

Mark felt rampant as he fucked Donna's quim, she was still trying to protest but in between each protest, she groaned with pleasure and urged him on. As he withdrew and rubbed his shaft up and down her slit, applying pressure as he slid it back and forth over her clit, he noticed Jill undressing. Plunging his cock back into Donna's thoroughly sopping wet cunt he watched as his sister got naked and then climbed onto the bed and straddled his stepmother's face.

'I think she protests too much,' Jill giggled. 'Let's give her something to chew on,' she said as she lowered her fanny to Donna's mouth.

It all felt surreal as he fucked his stepmother while watching her licking and slurping at his sister's cunt, Jill moaning all the while with pleasure and especially when Donna must have jabbed her tongue into her moist flesh. Jill reached down, abusing Donna's breasts while Mark concentrated on mauling Jill's tits.

Donna had reached her climax, Marks constant thrusting, without let-up, had finally pushed her over the edge. She had already been aroused at being tied to the bed and having her clothes cut from her; when two mouths attacked her nipples, it had pushed her higher still, the last straw being the wet cunt presently hovering over her face. As she orgasmed, she clamped her mouth to Jill's twat and licked and sucked for all she was worth. Jill had not expected the sudden suction and the tongue thrust inside her as her eyes went wide and she experienced a minor orgasm which shook her body and had her panting.

Mark watched Donna's body shake and writhe, and then suddenly Jill was doing the same, her eyes staring at him as she went red in the face and groaned loudly.

The sensations in his groin were now dominating his thinking, he wanted to fuck and unfortunately, Donna sounded like she needed a breather. Jill was slumped forward over their stepmother, her outstretched arms shaking and her head hanging down as she breathed heavily when Mark withdrew his shaft and got from the bed. He hoisted his sister

from her position and carried her to the bottom of the bed where he bent her over its end.

'Lick mommy's cunt,' he ordered, excited as he watched his sister drag herself forward until her mouth met their stepmother's cunt. As the wails from Donna began, he spread Jill's buttocks, pushed his cock against her cunt and slammed his hips forward. If it had not been for the fact that her head was buried between Donna's thighs and her mouth full of pussy, her scream would have filled the large barn.

Mark shagged her furiously, his pent-up arousal and the throbbing of his shaft meant that Jill got the fucking of her life as he constantly rammed his cock into her now very wet cunt. He could hear both the women crying and groaning, short outbursts as Donna urged him and Jill to do things to her.

'Shove it up her. 'Fuck her harder. 'Suck my cunt, bitch. 'Oh god, yes, that's it!'

Donna's orgasm took her by surprise as a finger penetrated her arse, the mouth and tongue still ravaging her genitals while other fingers applied pressure to her clit. It started as a ripple, quickly building to a crescendo as her juices splashed against Jill's face, Donna's body thrashing about but still constrained by the bindings as she screamed her release. Mark's constant penetration of her cunt had also brought Jill close and as her hand went between her legs and feverously rubbed at her clitoris, she also started to climax.

Mark's hips were like a piston as he fucked his sister hard until he knew his ejaculation was imminent and then suddenly remembering something Gloria had told him, he whipped his shaft out of Jill's twat and wanked furiously, the first spurt of cum travelling the length of her back before several more spurts puddled on her buttocks as he continued to manhandle his flesh, his eyes closed and a mighty roar of release resounding around the barn.

When Mark finally came to his senses, Donna was free, and the two-woman sat in the centre of the large bed grinning like Cheshire cats. His breathing was slowing, and he felt sated

even though his cock still had not got the message and stuck up like a tent pole. It was then that he noticed Gloria as she eased the camera from her shoulder and put it on the floor and off to one side. She smiled at him shyly, trying to stop her eyes from continually straying to his shaft and Mark found himself feeling sorry for her. Everyone else was feeling well fucked while Gloria had spent her time filming everything, he had not noticed her around and yet she must have been witness to what took place.

Mark was exhausted, all he wanted to do was shower and then sleep. Both he and Donna threw on robes and dashed across to the main house while Jill and Gloria put cameras away and saved all the footage to the computers.

The following day, Sunday, Mark, and Gloria disappeared several times across to the barn facility. When Donna questioned Jill, she just shrugged her shoulders, 'Gloria said that Mark wants to see how the film is edited and put together.' This was exactly the response Mark had given when Donna had raised the subject with him.

New Year's Eve day was a bit of an anti-climax, they were too far away from the nearest towns to go out and enjoy themselves, and anyway, Jill was convinced that Gloria and her brother were up to something. They'd had lunch and had settled back with a few drinks when Gloria asked if they would like to view the first film that she had finished. Switching on the tv, she placed a disc in the machine and pressed play.

Even though everyone could remember what had taken place, watching the finished and polished product felt completely different. It was only thirty minutes long but at the end of it, which seemed to be far longer, they were all feeling particularly aroused, Donna's hand already perilously close to Marks bulge as she watched the screen and noting the similar effect it was having on Jill and Gloria.

She was just going to suggest that they went up to their rooms when Mark piped up. 'It seemed unfair the other day that we all got to fuck while Gloria missed out.'

'She has been showing me what to do and how to use the camera..... so how about we all retire to the barn, and I'll film while Gloria fucks the two of you?'

Gloria's eyes sparkled as she looked to Jill and Donna, both women immediately up for the idea. She nodded at Mark, thanking him for being prepared to allow her similar pleasures.

In one sense, Mark found it highly erotic as he filmed Gloria performing with his stepmother and sister, feeling inadequate at first when he saw the size of Gloria's cock.

Looking through the viewfinder seemed to detach him from what was taking place, as though in a sense he had become invisible. He got the inevitable erection as Jill and Donna kissed and then played with each other's tits and fannies before Gloria entered the scene. He wasn't listening to what was being said, solely concentrating on capturing what was taking place, remembering to zoom in and out as Gloria's

massive member impaled first his sister and then Donna, both women screaming at it filled their cunts.

Such was his concentration that it was all done and dusted before he realised, Gloria releasing several large spurts of cum which showered the two women's bodies.

All too soon, their month's stay was over, and Mark and Donna were back at home, work has resumed, and the year progressed as he became less of a builder and more of a manager. Donna had come to work for him which was in itself was a source of amusement to others in the company, as this was how she had met his father, being his PA.

As summer approached, they had planned to visit once more, but unfortunately, Mark was far too busy to be able to get away this time.

'There is nothing to stop you visiting,' he told Donna, 'You're due time off, why don't you drive down and visit.'

She only went for a week, returning with a sparkle in her eye. 'Jill sends her love. Gloria is away at the moment, and I suggested that this year they come up to us for Christmas. If that's ok?'

'Of course, it is, it will have quietened down by then, at the moment I'm rushed off my feet. I never realised that it's harder work running a company than just working for it.'

The next six months were full-on, Mark looking forward to the end of the year and being able to take his first break. Despite working together, it was surprising how little he saw of Donna some weeks, even though they shared the same bed each night.

Their relationship had really blossomed and although he was still young, he was already thinking about the next step as he used December to go out in search of a special Christmas present for her.

Mark had asked his uncle to come in as a partner, there was so much work to do and so much he still didn't know that it made sense to have someone with an experienced head on their shoulders. The company was doing well with plenty of work on their books, his bank account looking spectacularly healthy.

His sister had phoned to say that they would arrive the week before Christmas, Mark telling them that he would still be working but he would try to see as much of them as possible before he finished for his break. Donna was going to take the time off and would be there to meet them when they arrived, finding things to do each day until he was free to spend time with what was left of his family.

Donna especially was looking forward to it. The more she got to know Jill, the more she liked her, it was just a pity that it couldn't have been like this at the start.

The two women travelled up the weekend before Christmas, now nearly a year since Jill had seen her brother although

they did speak regularly. Donna was looking forward to seeing both of them and especially Jill, wondering if she could get the younger women into bed and all to herself. Despite the fact Gloria had been away, nothing had happened between them.

Saturday night they ate out, quite an experience for Jill and Gloria who presently, were used to being around their home and only occasionally making the long trip to their nearest town. Back home they all retired to their respective rooms as Donna spoke with Mark about her wish to have a one on one with his sister. 'Would you mind?' she asked, 'Do you think Jill would be open to such a suggestion? At the same time, I don't want to cause problems between her and Gloria.'

Mark was aware that he also wished to sample his sister's delights again, 'I can't say for certain, but I suspect Jill will be up for it,' he said.

Sunday, Jill, and Donna had gone out together, it had been many years since Jill had been home and she wanted to visit

places she remembered. It left Mark and Gloria alone as they made lunch, setting up the table in the immense dining room for the others return. His father had built the house many years ago, it was large and sat in its own grounds but without being ostentatious. The gardens, surrounded by trees and shrubbery made it secluded and private, and facing south, in summer it caught the sun for most of the day.

Mark was still finding it hard to come to terms with Gloria's appearance, it just felt wrong that someone who was unmistakeable all-woman above the waist, had far more impressive tackle than he did below the waist.

There was no mixing of partners in the run-up to Christmas day, as they had done the previous year, Mark and Gloria did the cooking. After lunch they sat down and opened presents, again, everyone was overjoyed with what they had received. As they settled down with drinks, Mark had one more surprise as from his pocket he produced a small square box and got down on one knee.

Despite knowing what was coming next, Donna was lost for words as he asked her to marry him, nodding her head as she squealed with delight.

And then they were all on their feet, hugging and kissing as Mark and Donna were congratulated.

As the evening drew to a close, Mark and Gloria had just gone upstairs, Donna taking the opportunity to have a quiet word with Jill. 'Tell me if I'm being imprudent, or just simply say no. I was wondering while you're up here..... if you and I could find some time.'

Jill grinned; it was obvious what Donna was asking. 'I'm sure we can,' she replied, 'So long as you don't mind me borrowing my brother?' Drawing closer, she whispered into Donna's ear, 'So you see, I'm gagging for it.'

Boxing Day morning was still frosty, Mark and Donna rugged up as they took a brisk walk in the crisp outdoors.

'Jill told me that they are thinking of moving up this way.'

Mark stopped in his tracks, 'Seriously?'

'Yeah. They'll get a good price for the farm and the land, and she says she wants to be nearer her little brother.'

'But what about their business?' Mark enquired.

'They are going to look for a similar kind of place up here, nearer to us. Something perhaps that they can convert. It was Gloria's idea.'

Mark was mulling the information over, surprised that Gloria had suggested it when Donna spoke up again.

'Would you mind if I spent tomorrow night with Jill?'

Mark wasn't about to refuse her, even though it would mean he was in an empty bed.

'You could always entertain Gloria,' Donna suggested with a sly smile.

Mark was starting to become indignant, fed up with Donna and Jill trying to push him and Gloria together. 'How many times do I..... '

Donna interrupted him. 'Do you know why Gloria stayed as she was, besides the money she made performing in films? It was because, at the end of the day, she knew Jill could never go forever without cock. But now Jill has you,' Donna beamed.

Mark was stumped, not understanding where she was going with this conversation.

'She's had it done!'

'She's had what done?' Mark asked, still puzzled.

Donna reached a gloved hand into her pocket and produced a photograph, handing it to Mark. He stared at it in amazement as he looked at Donna and then back at the picture.

It was a picture of Gloria, completely naked and draped across a bed. She proudly displayed her large breasts, the nipples hard and erect, her legs splayed slightly, giving a tantalising view of her groin.

It hit him like a hammer, no longer did she sport a large cock, in its place was a cute and perfectly formed fanny.

Donna grinned, 'She says that when Jill gets the urge, there is always you. And maybe now..... you may just get the urge yourself.'

As they walked back towards home, his head was full of all sorts of thoughts, Gloria now definitely looked all woman.

# Seducing Mom

Eleanor sat upright abruptly, she was flabbergasted and at a loss for words, instinctively reaching for her wine glass while her brain attempted to process what she had just been told. A lifetime of liberal thinking and open-mindedness had not prepared her for what her son Ryan had just divulged.

Over the years she had been completely open and approachable with her children, both of them able to come to her and discuss any problems or questions they had without her making any kind of personal judgement. As they got older and asked questions, she would answer truthfully, never dodging the subject, no matter how potentially embarrassing their query may be.

Taking a large gulp from her glass, she pondered as to how she should respond to his statement, should she remonstrate with him or try to laugh it off, did she take it seriously or was

he in fact, pulling her leg and winding her up and his words were some kind of perverse joke.

It was her own fault that she now faced this dilemma, with the day being as hot as it was, they had started drinking far too early. Ryan at nineteen and Jemma at twenty-two were both old enough she had told them, to take responsibility for their own alcohol consumption.

It was the first full day of their holidays; they had not managed one last year due to work commitments and so this year she had splashed out on a villa in Spain. Unfortunately, she had not listened to her own advice and had drunk more than she should have done. It was too hot to eat a proper meal and so they had had a light lunch and dinner but because of the heat, the drinks kept flowing.

As the evening drew to a close, they were all tipsy with Jemma finally calling it a day and retiring to her bedroom. Eleanor and Ryan continued out on the patio as the evening cooled, discussing a variety of subjects, often going off at tangents and

laughing and joking all the while. He would return to university this autumn, continuing to study law, something he had set his heart on at an early age. And then at some point, the topic turned to his love-life or lack of it.

'Don't you think it's about time you found yourself a girlfriend who lasts more than a few weeks.' His mother had teased.

What she had said was correct, Ryan had been in quite a few relationships, none of which lasted longer than a month, most only lasting a couple of weeks. The problem he had found, was their lack of maturity, more concerned with their friends and being seen in the right places and less interested in the relationship.

'I can't see the situation changing for the foreseeable future,' he responded, 'The type of woman I would like just isn't out there. Tell a lie, they are I suppose, but are just not available.'

Eleanor laughed at the way Ryan responded to her question, he never had been one to give you an easy answer, in short, he would make a perfect lawyer.

'Rubbish,' she shot back at him, 'We live in a town with hundreds of young women, you're trying to tell me that not one of them takes your fancy?' But Ryan just shook his head.

'So, tell me, what is it you are looking for, surely it can't be that hard to find someone?' Perhaps, she thought later, she should not have asked, she was not prying, she was just interested and wanted to see her son happy.

He took a moment, his finger resting against his lips as he gave it some thought, a glint of mischief in his eyes as he spoke. Well, she needs to be in her mid to late thirties or even early forties, slim, but with a nice figure, it shows she has taken care of herself over the years.

'She is incredibly attractive with auburn hair and a great sense of humour. But she has a maturity about her, she is caring and approachable, and as sexy as hell'.

It suddenly struck Eleanor that apart from the 'sexy as hell', he could have been describing her, but she shrugged it off as her vain imagination.

'Surely you've seen someone that you find attractive, though I can see your problem with the age group you're aiming at,' Eleanor said, suddenly getting a fit of giggles at the thought of her son fancying older women.

Ryan sat calmly watching his mother laughing, the slightest of smiles playing across his lips, 'There have been a few that I've considered and wondered what my chances would be, Carol for one.'

It took Eleanor a moment or two as she tried to put a name and a face together with his description of his perfect woman, and then it hit her, a look of shock on her face, 'Do you mean,

my Carol?' By that, she meant one of her friends who was married with two children.

'Then there is Alice, Donna, Amanda, oh and Joanne, we had better not forget Joanne, she is definitely, one hot lady,' Ryan had continued with a chuckle.

Eleanor was stunned, every one of the women he had named was either friends or associated with her. She could understand him having the hots for Joanne, she was thirty-seven but looked like she was thirty and was a fitness instructor at the local gym. Her body was toned to perfection and her chest really was a lot more than a handful, and she supposed most of the men in town lusted after her. The other women though, she just classed them like herself, as middle-aged and whilst they had all been pretty when they were young, the years had caught up with them.

Once she had got over her surprise she was intrigued and sure now that he was intentionally pulling her leg. What else had he never told her, she wondered, all of this being something

that her son had kept secret from her and so she decided to humour him as they continued their conversation. They had carried on drinking, Ryan getting from his chair as he topped up their glasses and Eleanor noting that he was slightly unsteady on his feet, she was about to tell him to slow down when she realised she was in no better a state.

'Right,' she laughed, 'If you could have just one of them, which one would it be?' She was sure he was going to pick Joanne, in his position, she would. 'Just wait till we get back and I tell the girls,' she was thinking when he delivered his answer.

Ryan kept his face emotionless, even though he wanted to smirk, he was not as drunk as he appeared and had slowly but surely, brought the conversation around to this point. 'Well, if I could pick only one.....it would have to be my favourite,' he paused for a few seconds watching her lean forward slowly as she anticipated his answer, 'It's the person I think about the most when I imagine the perfect woman.....it has to be.....YOU,' he said, embarrassing her.

And that was why Eleanor was flabbergasted. When finally, she found her voice, it came out sounding slightly high pitched and strangled, 'You fancy me.....you have actually thought of sleeping with me?'

Ryan looked a little flushed 'Who said anything about sleeping, you said if I could 'have' any woman..... then my choice would be you.'

He had got her, she had asked the question, and as she had brought him up to do, he had answered her truthfully. Her mind was in turmoil, how should she act, what should she say? Ryan had more or less said that he wanted to have sex with her. She fumbled for words, stammering and stuttering until the most obvious obstacle sprung from her lips, 'But.....But.....I'm your mother!'

Ryan had waited, fairly sure he knew what she was going to say before she said it. 'But you are also a woman, are you not? Are you a mother first or a woman first?' he asked her.

Eleanor knew he had got her again, those were her own words spoken long ago when she was explaining something to her children, 'I am a woman and a mother' she had said, 'But I will always be a woman first, with dreams and desires, and a mother second.'

It was something Ryan was able to do, he watched, and he listened and then he filed it all away until such time as he needed it to win a debatable point. As her children grew up, Eleanor would impose rules, telling them that if they could put forward a reasonable argument as to why her rules were wrong, then she would acquiesce and change her mind. Jemma had never got the hang of it, preferring to argue the toss and then storm off when she did not get her own way. But Ryan was different, he would go away and think about it, perhaps an hour later, or even the next day, he would come back to her and put his case, remembering words that she had spoken in the past and forgotten to help him win his argument, and he was good, winning far more than he lost.

'It's wrong' she stammered 'And it's against the law'.

He watched her face closely, 'Have you ever smoked weed mum? Have you ever broken the speed limit?'

He already knew she had, both, 'Are not each of those things against the law, but you still chose to do them.' 'Dad was wrong for you, but you still made that choice, even though gran advised against it.' It had been over ten years since his mother and father had split, a marriage definitely not made in heaven as Ryan still remembered.

Eleanor was flummoxed, no matter what she said, she knew she would never win this argument with him but for the life of her, she could not see an easy escape route.

Ryan was in his element now, his words silky smooth as they twisted and embraced his mother.

'Let us imagine a hypothetical situation' He began.

'You are in a room alone and bound to a bed, naked except for stockings and suspenders. A hood covers your face and you may not utter a word upon pain of death.

'You lay there listening, all your senses alive when you hear the door open. Someone enters, a man, a woman. You have no idea. The mattress moves as the person joins you on the bed and then a finger softly caresses your nipples as they become hard and erect, the tiny goosebumps around your areole getting harder as that first sense of arousal begins.'

He paused for effect.

'A mouth kisses your neck, your shoulders and then your breasts, the warm lips suckling your teats.

'The mouth works its way down your body, over your ribs, across your belly, your mound, and then you can feel the hot breath on your vagina as your legs are spread and the person slides between them.'

Ryan stopped for a moment as he watched his mother, his words were arousing, her thighs clamping together and her nipples two prominent protrusions in her one-piece swimsuit.

'Who is this person you wonder, male, female, young, old, black, white?

'What you do know is that your arousal has increased, and then fingers spread your labia and a tongue penetrates your vagina, licking and lapping, teasing your clitoris until eventually, you climax.

He paused again, letting his words sink in.

And then finally you realise that it must be a man as his penis penetrates your vagina. He fucks you slowly and tenderly, all the while making sure your needs and desires are fulfilled,

you can feel his cock inside your fanny, your hips rising to meet his as your second climax approaches.

'Your orgasm is astonishing as you writhe beneath him, only he doesn't stop, he keeps on fucking you until you climax a third time and then a fourth as finally, you feel his shaft explode inside you and his hot sperm coats your love passage.'

Eleanor's breathing was ragged, her nipples prominent and her chest rising and falling rapidly, Ryan able to notice the damp patch that had appeared between her legs. He let her digest his words before he continued.

'It is the best sex you have ever had; never before have you been so totally satisfied, or a man considered your needs to such an extent.

'You feel him untying your bonds, waiting to see who he is, desperate to experience making love with him once more. Slowly he removes your hood and you find yourself staring into the face of..... your Son!'

Ryan waited patiently for fully a minute before he spoke again, 'So, what would you do mum?'

Eleanor did not know what to say or do, over the years when she had spoken to her children about sex, these were the words and descriptions she had used, this was how she had explained things to them, creating images and using phrases they would encounter as they got older.

Ryan put his glass down and stood, walking over to his mother and kissing the top of her head, 'It's probably time that I turned in before I get too drunk,' he said as he walked slowly towards the kitchen entrance.

Eleanor was hot and horny, and she wanted to fuck, If Ryan had asked her to join him, at that very moment she would have said 'yes'. Her nipples ached for attention, her quim was wet and open, ready to accept a cock being thrust into it. She stood unsteadily, not because of the drink, but because her body was demanding sex, the idea already in her head that

once in her room and naked, the rubber dildo secreted in her suitcase would be put to good use.

Ryan knew that in all probability his mother would be feeling aroused from his words, which was why, once he was in his room, he changed into shorts and t-shirt and shimmied out of his ground-floor bedroom window and secreted himself amongst the shrubs and bushes. He was fairly confident that he knew what his mother was going to do and so waited patiently.

Her room was next to his on this side of the building and so all he had to do was to watch and wait, hoping that his words would have had the desired effect and that his mum was going to put a show on for him.

It was not a long wait as suddenly his mother's bedroom light came on as she entered, Ryan moved into the shadows so that he could better see into the room, hoping that she would not close the blinds. Thankfully, as the villa did not have any nearby neighbours and also coupled with the fact that Eleanor

was in a rush, she left them wide open as she removed her swimsuit.

He got an instant hard-on as he gazed at his mother moving around the room naked, she went to her suitcase and extracted a long pink object. Ryan's pulse increasing as he instantly recognised what it was, one of her toys that she had brought with her. As she lay down on the bed, which was square on to the window, he got a perfect view as she took it in her mouth, moistening its length before then rubbing it against her vagina.

Pushing down the front of his shorts he removed his erection, pulling the skin-tight and teasing its plump head as he watched her slowly ease the pink dildo into her fanny.

Eleanor was trying to think of men she knew, even males on the tv whom she found attractive as she slid the pink cock into her quim, but each time, the vision behind her closed eyes evaporated, to be replaced by an image of her son as he knelt above her, his hard cock pointing skywards as he masturbated

and kept her waiting. She cupped and rubbed her small breasts, twisting and pulling at her nipples as she aroused herself, the dildo sliding faster and faster into her cunt, her juices making it slick as she pummelled her genitals.

Outside, Ryan was ready anytime she was, bringing himself to a peak and then letting it subside before increasing his arousal once more. He had been nervous out on the patio around the pool, wondering what his mother's reaction would be when bit by bit he had told her he wanted to have sex with her, but it had gone far better than he could have imagined.

Eleanor was arching her body, her face screwed up in anticipation as her climax approached, she had given up trying not to focus on Ryan, instead, she now embraced the idea as she imagined it was her son sinking his flesh into her as she orgasmed, a blinding light exploding in her head and her body shaking as she gasped and panted, the dildo being rammed into her cunt as hard and fast as she could.

Outside Ryan had ejaculated, his cock twitching and becoming hyper-sensitive as he wanked furiously, several spurts of semen flying from its tip. He'd tried to keep still for several seconds as he pointed his phone at the view through the window, snapping off a couple of photos and horrified when he realised he had forgotten to turn the flash off and it lit up the room. Thankfully, his mother was too engrossed to notice as he pulled his shorts up and moved back into the shadows.

He waited until he saw her settle and draw a thin sheet over her naked body before turning out the light. Another ten minutes should be ample he thought as he kicked his heels and then made his way quietly around the villa to the side that overlooked the pool and patio. A window on one of the rooms was open as he poked his head inside and whispered 'Pssst.'

Jemma sat up in bed as she watched him climb through her window, totally unconcerned that she was naked. In the dim light of the moon, she asked him how it had gone as he ditched his clothes, Ryan holding up a circled finger and

thumb to signify that everything was OK before slipping beneath the thin sheet and joining her.

His hands cupped her tit's and squeezed, pushing her nipples nearer to his mouth as his head dipped and he sucked on her teats.

Ryan remembered back to how it had started just over eight months ago, both of them regularly dated other people but none of their relationships ever seemed to last. There had been a few times when something nearly happened between them, but they never quite got it together, that was until one night when she returned home upset, another relationship having bit the dust.

He held her tight until the tears stopped and then got them both a drink from an already opened bottle of wine. Their mum was in bed, hopefully asleep, as they sat and talked quietly to each other, Jemma berating her ex and Ryan commiserating and telling her the bloke must be a jerk for letting someone as gorgeous as her, slip through his fingers.

Drinks finished he continued to cuddle her until suddenly he released her and made to get up.

'What is wrong?' she asked, not wanting him to move, she was enjoying his arms around her.

'I'm sorry Jemma,' he said, looking embarrassed and apologetic, 'But I can't carry on holding you, it's affecting me,' his head and eyes indicating his lap.

Joanne could not believe it; her brother was getting aroused just by holding her? She was shocked, but at the same time, she recognised that the germ of a thought, suddenly tangible in her brain was slowly beginning to blossom. In any other place and at any other time, she would have dismissed the thought out of hand as outlandish and disgusting. But the argument with her ex and the few drinks suddenly had her dithering. There was no denying that Ryan was good looking, even if she had never thought of him in those terms before and it was sex, not a relationship, not a commitment, just pure and simple sex.

The more she thought about it, the more the thought began to appeal, what had she got to lose, it wasn't as though he was going to go around bragging about it afterwards she was thinking just before she threw herself at him, their mouths locking together as he felt her hand go between his legs and stroke the length of his cock.

Ryan could not believe what was happening, whilst he had occasionally imagined his sister naked, that was all it had been. Never in his wildest thoughts had he ever considered that she may actually harbour a similar desire. One of his hands slid under her top and pushed her bra out of the way as he fondled her breasts before slipping under her skirt as it headed for her fanny.

It had not taken them long before they were both naked and lying on the rug in front of the fireplace as Ryan's cock slid into her fanny, making her gasp as he began fucking her. He had kept her entertained for the best part of the next two hours as he fucked her, constantly changing positions and making her climax more times than she had ever done before.

Back in her bedroom in Spain, she watched him slide beneath the sheet, knowing exactly where he was heading as she lay back and opened her legs wider, finally feeling his hot breath on her pussy. She closed her eyes as he went to work on her cunt, pulling her labia wide as his tongue sunk into her soft pink sensitive flesh.

She remembered back to that first occasion and the satisfaction she had achieved that night as Ryan fucked her, he had been so tender and passionate with her, making her orgasm more times than any of her former boyfriends had done. Afterwards, as she lay exhausted in his arms, she had made the decision that any relationships she entered into from now on would have to play second-fiddle to having sex with Ryan, she knew instinctively that it was her brother who she presently wanted to fuck her.

His tongue pierced her fanny again and again as his index finger stroked the puckered entrance to her arse, something she particularly liked and which he seemed happy to do to her. His lips compressed her clit as he licked and sucked at it, causing her first climax, she tried to be as quiet as possible but

was unable to stifle all her cries and gasps as her body shuddered under his attention.

As she began to recover, she felt him shift his position and then the head of his shaft pushed against her wet open cunt. That excitement of anticipation got her every time, the sensation as his cock initially slid into her, her fanny expanding to accept and welcome him and then the thrill as he filled her. Fucking her slowly as she ran her hands over his chest and stomach, Ryan remembered how after that first time, their sexual coupling became a regular occurrence, fucking each other far more than any sex they had with potential partners.

There were of course difficulties, they could not exactly sleep with each other each night or just jump into bed and have sex whenever they wanted, it had to be discreet and taken whenever an opportunity presented itself. It was Jemma who came up with the idea and challenge one evening after they had fucked.

'You know, if you fucked mum, she couldn't really complain if then afterwards you fucked me, it would be a bit hypocritical telling us we couldn't do it if she was getting shagged by you.'

What Jemma said made sense, it was just that up to that point, he had never thought of his mother in that way. Yes, he had often fantasised about fucking many of her friends but had never included her in any of his fantasies.

'Anyway, as good as the idea is, I'd bet that you'd never get our mother into bed,' Jemma had laughed. Ryan had accepted the challenge, telling her he would need time to work out a plan and then to both their good fortunes, their mother had surprised them with the holiday.

Ryan's cock was pounding her fanny as he rammed it into her, her hips rising to meet him on each stroke as she urged him to cum inside her. With a final effort, his hips became a blur, his shaft rubbing at the sensitive upper surface of her cunt as his pubic bone crushed her clit each stroke and causing

Jemma to climax, only a hand over her mouth stopping her cries from potentially waking their mother.

It was late when he left her bed, retracing his steps and climbing through his own window and finally getting into his bed, wondering what the morning would bring and hoping that Jemma would play her part if called upon to do so.

He lay for a while thinking back to how, over the few weeks before their holiday, he had developed a strategy and how it had also given him a chance to look at his mum in a different light. She was just as attractive as the women he masturbated about, slim with excellent legs and small breasts which he imagined would still look pert. He had caught sight of her one-afternoon trying on a bikini as he passed her bedroom and had complimented her, that night, instead of her friends, he had imagined fucking her, his climax intense as he ejaculated.

The next morning Jemma was already in the pool and his mother sat having a coffee when he went out onto the patio.

Today she wore that bikini and looked stunning and sexy as he sat and poured himself a cup, his cock reacting to the vision sat opposite. It was several minutes as she glanced around before she leaned forward slightly and whispered to him.

What you said last night, you were pulling my leg?'

Ryan gave her his most sincere look, 'I'm sorry mum, I had no intention of embarrassing you, some of it was the drink talking, but what I told you is true.

'I have fantasised about you for quite a while', he lied, 'girlfriends do not last because I have not found one yet that compares to you.

'I find you very sexy and constantly imagine making love to you. I apologise if that upsets you, but I've carried this desire around for the last six months and now it feels good to have it out in the open.'

Eleanor nodded but said nothing, her mind a mass of jumbled thoughts, her dreams last night had been lurid and up until yesterday evening, she would never have considered such a thought possible. But he had planted a seed in her brain and despite whatever she did or said, it was growing and the more she was around her son the greater her desire was becoming.

'Have you never been attracted to someone more your own age?' She asked, trying to deflect the conversation and her thoughts in a different direction.

It was the point that Ryan had hoped and prayed would eventually be reached. He had never wanted to put his mother in a position where perhaps she suddenly walked in one day and discovered them, 'Only once,' he said, watching as her look brightened.

'Who was it?' she asked eagerly.

'Jemma.'

For a moment, his mother looked stricken, she had coped with learning that her son wanted to sleep with her, but to now find out that he had considered sleeping with his sister left her at a loss. 'Why, why would you ever consider sleeping with your sister?'

He'd had his answer ready forever, he had stood in front of his mirror one evening and practised different ways of saying it, trying to find out which intonation produce the best effect.

'Because she reminds me of a younger version of you,' he said, a hint of sadness in his voice.

Eleanor could not sit there any longer, she wasn't mad at Ryan, she wasn't disgusted with what he had told her, she had to move because if she didn't, she might agree to his request and take him into her bed. She knew her nipples were excited; she knew she was secreting juices which were causing a damp patch in her bikini bottoms and if she did not get into the pool

quickly those signs of her arousal and desire would become obvious.

He watched as his mum and sister frolicked in the water before going back indoors and getting a cold drink, which he took to where the loungers were situated on the other side of the pool. He laid down and closed his eyes, he had done all he could for the moment, hopefully, the next stage was up to his sister.

When Eleanor finally left the pool, Jemma followed her, 'How about a glass of wine, but not as much as yesterday, I felt quite hungover this morning,' she lied, as her mother nodded her head.

Jemma returned with two glasses, placing one in front of her mother who immediately emptied half of its contents. 'What's wrong mum, you look quite perturbed?'

Eleanor was not going to tell her all that had unfolded last night but thought that perhaps by saying something, her daughter's reaction would bring her to her senses.

'Ryan was a little drunk last night and divulged some things that perhaps he shouldn't, did you know he had a crush on you at one point and that he fantasied about you?'

It took all of Jemma's self-control not to smile or laugh, trying to make her face look a little shocked, she knew all about her brother's fantasies, he had told and shown her exactly what he had dreamt about doing to her and she was loving every second of it.

'I had no idea,' Jemma said, 'What did he want to do with me?' she asked innocently.

'He wanted to go to bed with you and have sex' Eleanor whispered, waiting for her daughter to explode, 'Don't say anything, you'll embarrass him, it was only a fleeting thing.'

Jemma was struggling, 'Like hell, he had grown out of it,' she thought, not if the fucking he had given her last night was anything to go by. She wanted to laugh out loud, and it was hard keeping her face straight as she turned to glance in Ryan's direction while she controlled herself. 'Hmm, in the past I might have screamed blue murder, but Ryan has turned into a very handsome young man.

'I know most of my friends would like to get to know him better if you know what I mean. And I would bet if truth be told, quite a few of your friends would not kick him out of bed.

'Thinking about it nowadays, I might just have taken him up on his offer,' Jemma confessed.

Eleanor was shocked, she had expected her daughter to have been totally opposed to the idea, it had shaken her to realise that Jemma would entertain the notion of having sex with her brother.

They had lunch together but kept the drinks today, to a single glass of wine and then Eleanor exchanged places on the lounge whilst Ryan and Jemma enjoyed themselves in the pool. She watched as they raced end to end before diving and swimming between each other's open legs, her daughter seemingly inciting her brother, as he swam face up and went between Jemma's legs, his face and mouth literally inches from her daughter's genitals and leaving Eleanor suddenly feeling jealous.

Finally, she had joined them in the water as the day got hotter, Ryan taking his chance as Jemma went to the loo. Eleanor watched as her son dived beneath the surface and like a shark, circled her before darting between her open legs and surfacing behind her.

She turned to face him, finding him only inches away as they just stood there looking at each other. Eleanor felt self-conscious being so close to him and leant backwards, intending to back-stroke away but he caught her legs as they came up and opening her thighs he stepped between them

supporting her weight in the water with his hands on her bottom.

'You must let me go, Ryan, this is wrong,' she was trying to say when her genitals came into contact with his and her body screamed with desire. Releasing her he swam to the other end of the pool where the water was slightly deeper. Eleanor swam towards him, she needed to explain but found that while Ryan could put his feet on the bottom and keep his head above water, she was having to tread water and keep her hand on the side.

He put his hands on her hips to help her and instinctively her legs went around his waist and her arms around his neck.

She was trying to explain why it was wrong but their close proximity, their bodies pressed tightly together was distracting her. Again, she could feel his penis as he started to get an erection.

'We.....shouldn't.....do.....thissss' she tried to say but was interrupted as his lips touched hers and she capitulated, their mouths locked together as she thrust her pelvis against the hardness she could feel down below.

If it were not for the fact that her daughter could return shortly, she would have let Ryan fuck her there and then. His tongue was exploring her mouth while she pressed her breasts against his chest when a comment brought her to her senses, 'MUM!... Put him down, you don't know where he has been.'

Eleanor immediately disentangled herself, her face red with embarrassment as she climbed from the pool, went over to the table and poured herself another large glass of wine. Ryan nodded to Jemma to go over and speak to their mother while he got out and gave them some space by flopping onto one of the loungers.

Jemma went and joined her mother, pouring herself a glass of wine, 'Sorry, seems I picked the wrong moment to return' she

said apologetically, 'I would suggest that I'm not the only one that Ryan has his sights set on,' she giggled.

Eleanor seemed close to tears as she drank more, 'What have I done Jemma? He kissed me and I kissed him back, Jesus Christ, I wanted him, how perverted is that?'

Jemma didn't have the words that Ryan had, he could charm the birds from the tree's while she tended to be abrupt and clash with people head-on when things were not going as she wanted, and her frustrations quickly took control. 'Bloody hell mum, if you want him, tell him, the world isn't going to stop just because you let your son shag you.

'If I were in your position, I'd have him in bed by now,'

Eleanor looked up horrified at her daughter's comment. 'What would people say?' She began, but Jemma's frustrations were getting the better of her now, 'For God's sake mother, people aren't going to say anything if you don't bloody tell them.....I've been fucking Ryan for the last few months

without anyone including you knowing, it's not something we go and broadcast.'

Jemma stopped abruptly, 'Shit!' Her rampant mouth had got the better of her she realised as she clammed up, her mother staring at her in horror. 'Jemma, how could you, he's your brother.'

Never one to give up without a fight, Jemma just ploughed on, 'Because he is bloody good in bed, something you'd find out if you stopped pussy-footing around for one moment. You know you want him, so stop trying to deny it and just go ahead and shag him,' this was flung at her mother as she stormed off leaving Eleanor in tears.

Seeing the argument develop, Ryan came around to the patio just as Jemma rose and flounced off towards the villa, 'Oh-oh' he was thinking, what he had just seen was usually a sign that things were not going well, Jemma never ever got the hang of when to keep her mouth shut.

'How could you Ryan, Jemma's just told me you and she have been sleeping with each other, do you know how wrong that is?' She flung at him as she also stormed off inside leaving Ryan rubbing his temples, 'Bloody women, can't live with them, can't live without them,' he thought as he poured himself a drink.

There was no meal that evening, Ryan the only one who sufficed by making himself a sandwich. Both Eleanor and Jemma had taken to their rooms and he saw nothing of them for the rest of the evening until at a little after midnight when he crept out and tapped at his sister's bedroom window.

Eleanor had not been able to settle, she had tried to sleep but woke constantly as she dreamed of Ryan fucking her or worse still, she dreamed of Ryan fucking Jemma. It must have been going on for two o'clock that she got from her bed and very quietly opened her bedroom door before going to the kitchen and getting a glass of ice-cold water from the fridge. It was a balmy night as she unlocked and opened the villa door, going out onto the patio, which was in complete darkness, the

ornamental lights having switched off at this early hour of the morning.

Like a moth to a flame, she was drawn to the very dim illumination and the open window that was her daughter's bedroom. She moved slowly towards it, becoming conscious of the sound of voices as she got closer. Staying out of the tiny pool of light, she moved around so that she could see into the room, her hand going to her mouth and her other hand nearly letting go of the glass as she saw her son and daughter, both naked and engrossed in a sexual act.

She wanted to turn and run but her legs refused to move, unsteadily she moved away and put the glass carefully on a table but was instantly drawn back to the window.

Jemma lay on her back, her legs open wide and her knee's slightly drawn up as Ryan knelt between her thighs, supporting himself on his outstretched arms as his hips slowly moved back and forwards and he fucked his sister. Eleanor could hear her daughter moaning with pleasure as her hands

gripped her brother's buttocks, pulling him deeper into her quim with each stroke.

He stopped and knelt upright for a moment, his cock still buried deep within Jemma as he reached out and fondled her tit's, squeezing them until her erect nipples stood upright. Eleanor was conscious that her daughter's breasts were far larger than her own as Ryan leant forward and took each nipple in turn into his mouth, Jemma purring as he sucked and licked them.

Eleanor had come outside in just a light-weight cotton dressing gown which had come open as she stood there watching her children. Unconsciously, her hand went to her breasts as she teased her nipples, making the sensations emanating from her fanny, increase in ferocity as her other hand slipped between her legs and slowly rubbed at her clitoris.

Inside, Ryan had withdrawn as Jemma changed position and Eleanor got her first sight of his cock as it jutted skywards

from his groin looking shiny and enormous as it twitched up and down. Jemma was now on all fours as she watched Ryan push his cock down and position it before he eased forward and Eleanor distinctly heard her daughter say 'That's it, Ryan, oh my god yes! Oh god, fuck my arse.'

She had not realised her own fingers had moved until she heard the squelching noises coming from her fanny, looking down to see drops of juice dripping from her cunt. She tried to control her breathing as she watched her son reach under Jemma's body and cup both her udders, squashing them as her daughter cried out delightedly, 'That's it, play with my tit's, I love you doing that while you fuck my shitter.'

It was like watching a porn film Eleanor realised, only the actors were her son and daughter and for a moment she wished she had brought her dildo with her as she swapped hands, giving the other hand a rest.

She could tell her daughter was getting close as she demanded Ryan fuck her cunt again, and she wasn't the only one,

Eleanor's legs felt weak and shaky as she continued to pummel her fanny, her mouth hanging open as she gasped and panted and then her eyes bulged and she orgasmed just as she heard Jemma screech, Ryan ramming his cock into her as his head went backwards and he shot his cum inside her, Eleanor presumed.

It was as though her legs refused to support her as she slumped to the ground, conscious that a pool of her juices had formed where her fanny pressed against the cement tiles. Her body would not stop shaking as she made a decision, she was going to have her son, she was going to let him fuck her and Jemma was just going to have to go without until her desires had been sated.

The next morning both Jemma and Ryan saw a change in their mother, something neither of them had ever seen before. Their first realisation coming as she appeared by the pool, gone was her normal one-piece swimsuit and even her mumsy bikini, instead what she wore concentrated Ryan's attention immediately, the two tiny triangles of her top, just about managed to cover her nipples. Her bottoms cut

extremely high up the hip and being nothing but a thong at the rear, making it look from the back that she was completely naked below.

Ryan had no control as his cock immediately got an erection, his mother sideling over and standing very close to him as she ran her hand gently up and down his length, 'Nice to see that you appreciate my outfit,' she purred as she then walked down the steps and into the water.

Jemma glared at her mother, she knew exactly what she was doing, Ryan was bug-eyed, especially as after a few moments their mother got from the pool, the minuscule white bikini she was wearing, now nearly transparent. Her nipples and pubic mound were quite plainly on show, as she made a beeline back towards her son and whispered something to him.

Jemma tried to attract Ryan's attention but so far, he had eyes only for his mother as he made his way across to one of the loungers. He lay back sunning himself until a few minutes

later, Eleanor moved in his direction, the bulge in the front of his swim shorts was evident as she opened her legs and shuffled down either side of the lounge before sitting on his groin, his cock pressing firmly against her fanny.

Jemma was disgusted, if she did not know better, she would have suspected that Ryan and their mother were actually having sex out here in the open the way she was moving her hips. What Jemma did not know was that her mother was actually considering it. She felt that she had been played for a fool and that while Ryan perhaps did fantasise about her, she was betting that it was Jemma that had put him up to it.

When she finally had her son where she wanted him, excitable and ready for sex, she climbed to her feet and left him lying there with a large bulge in his shorts, sashaying her bottom as she walked around the pool and sat at one of the tables before helping herself to a glass of wine from the bottle she had brought out with her.

Jemma was sat near enough to hear her mother mutter in her direction, 'I hope you enjoyed the fucking you got last night

because it's going to be the last you get for a good while. I'm going to show you what a proper woman can do.'

Unfortunately, Eleanor was still thinking of Jemma as her daughter and not as a grown woman who knew exactly how to get her way with men, 'So mum want's a battle, does she? Well, let us see who Ryan chooses,' she was thinking as she gave her mother a supercilious smile.

The rest of that day saw battle commence, Jemma in one respect having an advantage as she was younger, her body tight and firm and she had entertained her brother for the last six months but Eleanor had become Ryan's fantasy and he had worked hard to get this far, yes he had seen her naked, but as yet he hadn't fucked her and his mother knew that was a strong point in her favour.

Her children had only ever known her as a mother and housewife even though she held down a full-time job. They had never known her as a young woman, a woman of Jemma's age, who enjoyed sex and was never particular when and

where she got it. She knew how to entice men and satisfy them, men's brains, she quickly learnt, were controlled by their dicks, and presently, she had control of her son's dick, assured that he was desperate to fuck her.

The two women circled each other all day looking for an advantage, but Jemma knew she was going to lose that first battle, that much was evident as after their evening meal, Eleanor with a few drinks inside her, openly invited Ryan to her room, pointedly looking at Jemma as if to say, 'You know what's going to happen.'

She had changed out of her bikini and instead, she now wore a dress, despite the heat she had put on stockings and a thin suspender belt but other than that, she was naked beneath her dress anticipating that at first, it would be enough to drive Ryan wild, while she had the other items ready as they entered her bedroom.

'You may need these,' she said, handing him several cotton belts from other dresses and a thin silk scarf, 'Will you unzip me?' she asked, turning her back to him.

Ryan could see immediately as he pulled the zip down that his mother was bra-less, he could not help himself as she ran a finger down her spine, making her shiver in anticipation. As the zip reached the bottom of its travel, he realised that either her panties were minute or that she was not wearing any. He was gobsmacked as the dress fell to the floor and she turned around, his cock painfully erect as she stepped closer, pushed her breasts against his chest and kissed him.

When she stepped back, she took the silk scarf from him and wrapped it around her eyes, 'You'll have to help me onto the bed,' she told him, 'I wondered if this was perhaps one of your fantasies?'

Just the sight of his mother naked and blindfolded had Ryan's hands itching to touch her but he restrained himself as he helped her onto the bed and bound both of her wrists to the

bed head, leaving her now defenceless and at his mercy. His cocked ached and throbbed incessantly and he knew he would have to relax and take things slowly otherwise he was just going to cum all over her.

There was a chair in the corner and he went and brought it over, putting it next to the bed so that he could sit but still reach out and touch his mother, before undressing and sitting in the chair and looking around the room to see what implements he could use to excite her.

To Eleanor, it seemed like several minutes had passed and he still hadn't touched her, even though she knew it was her son, the anticipation was making her ache, the thoughts of what he was going to do to her already making her fanny wet and open, ready to accept his cock.

And then something touched her right nipple, it wasn't his finger or hand, it was both soft and sharp at the same time and rolled across her nipple several times as her tiny bud sprang to life, increasing in size nearly three-fold as it rose from the

centre of her breast, nearly a half-inch in length. She tried to arch her back as the sensations exploded in her chest and she wanted her other nipple to be touched the same, but his story had said: 'She could not speak on pain of death.'

While she didn't say a word, she could not stop the loud guttural moan that escaped her lips, loud enough that she knew Jemma would hear it in her bedroom, Eleanor's thoughts interrupted as the same treatment was metered out to her other nipple, and she let forth an even louder cry of pleasure.

Ryan was fascinated, whilst his mother's breasts were not as large as his sisters, they were what he called a cute size, just enough to fill each of his hands, but her nipples were impressive, never before had he seen nipples grow so long and with the way she moved her upper torso about as he ran the hairbrush over them, they must be extremely sensitive.

Leaning forward and still careful not to touch her with his hands, he took each of her nipples between his lips, his tongue

flicking at each bud as he then licked ever decreasing circles before nipping each teat between his teeth. He had just learnt something about his mother as she arched her back and squeezed her thighs tightly together, her body shaking against her bonds as she climaxed 'Fuck, oh fuck, oh my god' she gasped as juices managed to leak from her and she saw stars in front of her eyes, her nipples as he had guessed were fantastically sensitive.

Slowly she breathed again, her body relaxing as her orgasm subsided, still waiting desperately for Ryan to fuck her. She heard movement and then silence once more until she felt something snake around her ankle as her leg was pulled sideways, presumably as he tied it to the bottom of the bed. Her other ankle followed in quick succession so that now she was bound spread-eagled, her thighs affording her fanny no protection.

Something touched her swollen labia and she thought for a moment that Ryan had joined her on the bed, but this was not his cock, there was no heat and it was smooth to the touch.

As it slid up and down along her moist open slit, she knew what it was, it was her dildo, but how had Ryan known where to find it, the sudden thrilling and exciting realisation that he must have watched her using it on herself bringing her second climax ever closer.

She was so wet that it was extremely easy for Ryan to lubricate the rubber cock with his mother's fluids before he placed its tip against her expectant cunt and slowly eased it into her. 'Fucking hell, yes, give me more Ryan, push it right in.' Eleanor had forgotten she was not allowed to speak as she struggled against her binding, trying to get more of the pink shaft inside her.

He fucked her hard and fast with it as Eleanor heard someone screaming, only later realising that it was her as her eyes rolled back into her head, her body went taut and she had the most earth-shattering orgasm she had ever had, her only thought, was that Jemma had been right, her son certainly knew how to satisfy a woman.

When she finally came to her senses, her head seemed lower but there was now something under her hips, arching her back and raising her off the mattress. At last, she felt him climb onto the bed, kneeling between her thighs as his hands pulled her buttocks apart and then felt the plump head of his cock push against her puckered anal opening.

'Holy fuck, what was he doing to her?' She wondered for a split second but knew immediately as she felt her rectum expanding as his cock penetrated it and he began sodomising her. It had been many years since someone had done this to her and she had forgotten how erotic it felt especially as he now used his fingers to rub either side of her exposed clit before teasing it with his thumb.

His constant attention of her twat soon had her ripe again as another climax had her body twisting beneath him, her language something that a son should never hear from his mother as she told him graphically what she thought and wanted him to do to her.

As she surfaced once more, his cock was still up to her arse, only now she could feel something pushing against her cunt and then the dildo slid inside her once more. 'Oh god, please, please god, oh my fuck!' The words ran through her brain and out of her mouth as she felt like she was suddenly being fucked by two cocks, one slid in the other slid out, a constant rubbing against her nerve ends sending her pleasure centre into overload as she climaxed again and pissed herself, juices and fluid uncontrollably flowing from her before she passed out.

When she came to, she was sat in the chair, the sheets of the bed had been wet through and Ryan had stripped them and flipped the mattress. The straps and the blindfold had been removed, and only a bedside lamp illuminated the room. He lifted her easily from the chair, placing her on one side of the bed before joining her as they lay facing each other. He raised his hips, dragging her bottom leg beneath him before wrapping her other over his hip.

She could feel his hot hard shaft now, gasping, as at last, it slid into her fanny, making her internal flesh expand. Ryan gazed

at her as his hand gently fondled her breasts, 'Do you know you have the cutest tit's I have ever seen?' He whispered as he tweaked her nipples once more, his manhood constantly easing in and out of her twat as he aroused her slowly and carefully.

Eleanor could see something in his eyes, something more than desire or satisfaction, something that was whispered so quietly, that she strained to hear his words, seconds before he kissed her, 'I love you, Eleanor.'

When at last their climax came, it was different, no less intense as she dug her fingers into his arms and shoulders, every muscle taut as she felt his semen fill her vagina, but it was a different sort of orgasm, the type you have with someone you love. Their bodies were pressed tightly together, and Eleanor never wanted to let him go, she wanted to stay like this forever, his flesh melded to hers, his cock inside her body permanently as they became one.

Ryan was gone when she awoke the next morning, Eleanor presuming he had returned to his own room and so thought no more about it other than she wished he had stayed, that would have been the perfect end to a perfect night.

For Jemma on the other hand, the night had been far from perfect. From her room, she could hear her mother clearly enjoying herself which made her jealous and she had tried burying her head under her pillow but that had not helped, 'It's not bloody fair, I had him first and now she wants him,' she thought, forgetting that all of this had been her idea.

She had sneaked from her room umpteen times during the night, going to peer through Ryan's window, but on each occasion, his bed was empty, which only incensed Jemma all the more, 'Not only has she pinched him off me, but she gets to sleep with him all night,' the very thing that she desired and which had prompted the current situation.

When she saw her mother already out on the terrace, she took her chance as she went and knocked at her brother's door,

receiving no answer, she opened it and peered in, surprised to find that his bed had not been slept in. Quickly she went to her mother's room and opened the door, but again there was no sign of her brother.

Taking some breakfast out with her, she sulkily asked her mother where he was, 'He's in his room,' Eleanor replied.

'No, he's not, and he's not in your room either,' Jemma shot back. It was not that Eleanor disbelieved her as she got up and went for a look, she just wanted to confirm it herself.

Eleanor was not unduly worried, presuming he had just gone for an early morning walk and would be back shortly. After last night's performance, she was convinced that he would be as eager as she was to repeat once more.

As lunchtime arrived and then passed and Ryan had still not returned, both women felt slightly anxious, but he was eighteen and considered an adult and so there was no point in raising any alarm yet. By dinner that evening, both of them

were becoming frantic, Jemma having been out and walked the local lanes and paths to see if she could catch sight of him but to no avail.

It was actually evening when he finally returned, both women nearly throwing themselves at him, only for him to distance himself from them.

'Something happened last night,' he began 'that made me realise that what we have all done has to stop.

'I've thought about it all day and cannot see a way where people do not get hurt, so I have decided to end it all. We must go back to how we should be, just a normal family.'

Without any further explanation, he stood and went indoors leaving Jemma glaring at her mother, 'What did you say or do last night?' She demanded, 'Why couldn't you just stay out of it, everything was alright as it was.'

Eleanor was already blaming herself and did not need her daughter's vitriol.

'Perhaps none of this would have happened if you had managed to keep your knickers on and your legs closed,' she spat back at her.

'I'm under no illusions that most of this was probably you're doing, was it your idea that he seduce me, that way you could fuck him without me being able to protest, you really have turned into a slut,' she roared at her daughter, tears spilling down her cheeks as she rushed indoors.

Both of them made attempts that night to speak to Ryan but each attempt found his blinds closed and his bedroom door locked. As dawn broke on what should be the fifth day of their break it found both women exhausted from a lack of sleep and wishing they could immediately return home.

Because they were tired, Eleanor and Jemma slept late the next morning, Ryan already outside and having breakfast

when Jemma surfaced and went out to the terrace, making a beeline for her brother the moment she saw him.

'What's going on Ryan, what did mum do?' she asked, so determined was she to have her brother's affections return, that she had even considered coming off the pill and getting pregnant by him, all she needed were a couple of occasions.

He pushed his chair away from the table, creating a space where she could not easily reach him as he told her, ' I suddenly realised something the other night, the fact is, I'm in love with you and that can only ever lead to problems.'

Jemma was ecstatic, she'd had suspicions over the last six months that her feelings for Ryan were intensifying but had put it down to the fact that he satisfied her with their lovemaking. She was assuming that he was picking her over her mother and so was astonished when he was adamant that they could not continue.

Eleanor had come outside whilst they were talking but had kept her distance, unsure whether Jemma was receiving good or bad news. She was still blaming herself, convinced that something had gone terribly wrong, but for the life of her, she could not think what it could be.

She watched as her son arose from his seat and headed in her direction, pulling up a chair, he again kept his distance and told her something remarkably similar to what he had just told his sister. Eleanor was confused, he just told her he was falling in love with her but that they could never sleep together again, the mixed messages making no sense to her.

Ryan stood and brought another chair nearer to the table as he beckoned Jemma to join them, waiting for her to sit down before he spoke. 'I've told you both something and now I will try and explain my decision.

'Jemma, I am falling in love with you', he stopped momentarily as he saw the look on his mother's face but continued before she could say anything.

'The trouble is, I am also in love with you, mum', now it was Jemma's turn to look confused and about to say something.

He held a hand up to stop either of them speaking, 'Jemma, you are a younger version of mum, I imagine that when she was young, she was exactly like you, brash, confident, sure of herself and unable to take peoples advice, always sure that she was correct, I suspect that's why her marriage to dad was doomed'.

He could see that Jemma was about to object but 'hushed' her.

'Eleanor', he purposefully used her name, 'You are a slightly older version of Jemma and I suspect in a few years and with perhaps a family of her own, she will become you.

'You see, to me, you are both the same person, the person I am in love with, unfortunately, you inhabit two different bodies. My problem is, how do I love one of you and hurt the

other or even both of you, and so that is why I have decided to let you both find someone who can love you properly'.

Their voices rose to a crescendo once he had finished as they both tried talking at once, but no matter what they said, Ryan would not change his mind, getting up from the table, he told them he was going out, 'It's probably best if, for the next few days, I stay out of the way until we all become accustomed to my decision,' and with that, he left them sat out by the pool.

True to his word, over the next two days, he arose early and disappeared, not returning until late and leaving the two women alone. It was Jemma who was the first to offer the 'olive branch' to what had been a dismal and antagonistic few days, she was close to tears as she spoke, 'I can't be without him mum, I need him, what we are doing is wrong, but he makes me feel normal when I am with him, I need to feel his arms around me, he makes me feel safe.'

Eleanor knew exactly how her daughter was feeling, even though she had only experienced her son on a single occasion, nevertheless, he was like a drug and already she was addicted.

It was the seventh day of their fourteen-night stay when she approached Jemma with an idea, one which her daughter was reticent about at first, but determined that if it would return Ryan to them then she was prepared to give it a try, at least once.

As usual, it was late when Ryan returned to find the two women still sat around the pool having a glass of wine and chatting amicably with each other, 'Please, come and join us' his mother insisted, pouring him a glass of wine. He never noticed that it tasted slightly different or that his glass was continually topped up from a different bottle as he suddenly realised that he was drunk.

He couldn't remember going to bed, but when his eyes opened the next morning and he tried to move, he found he was naked and that his arms and legs were bound to the bed,

exactly the same as his mother had been. He called out in protest, trying to get himself free as Eleanor and Jemma entered the room and sat, one on either side of the bed.

'It seems that if you are refusing to service us, then we are going to have to take matters into our own hands and perhaps use a little bit of gentle persuasion,' his mother told him as he tried to get his befuddled brain working.

He tried to rationalise his predicament, 'You're hardly going to succeed if I refuse to co-operate,' he muttered, making another attempt to get free.

Jemma propped his head up with pillows before both women moved to the bottom of his bed where they stood and gazed at him for a moment, during which time his mother seemed excited and Jemma looked nervous.

He only realised that both women were dressed in a similar manner of blouses and short skirts as Eleanor moved behind her daughter. As he watched, his mother's hands came around

Jemma's front and ever so slowly, began unfastening the buttons of her blouse. He could see Jemma shaking but she stoically remained still as Eleanor's hands worked their way down, pulling the blouse from Jemma's skirt and unfastening the last button.

One hand slipped inside the blouse and it was plain to see that it cupped Jemma's left breast and manipulated the flesh, his sister's nervousness beginning to diminish as the hand slipped inside her bra and brought her nipple erect, a gasp of surprise and pleasure slipping from her lips.

Eleanor had only ever done this a couple of times before but still remembered how erotic and thrilling the sensations had been when she touched another woman's flesh. Withdrawing her hand, she slipped the blouse from her daughter's shoulders and cast it to one side before cupping both her daughter's breasts and squeezing firmly.

Despite his bold statement, there was nothing Ryan could do as his cock slowly started to stiffen while he watched them. He had thought of closing his eyes to deny them what they were trying to achieve, but once his hormones kicked in, he was

loath to miss one minute of their show. The hands disappeared for a second and then his sister's bra fell to the floor, exposing her naked tits jutting proudly from her chest.

The hands returned, this time fondling the smooth unblemished flesh, twisting and arousing the nipples as Jemma closed her eyes and moaned softly, before they moved over her ribcage to her slim waist, Ryan watching as they slid down over her hips and her outer thighs until they reached the hem of her skirt. Slowly, they commenced their return journey, only this time they brought the bottom of his sister's skirt with them inching it up her lower body until finally, he could see her tiny panties and the bottom of her belly.

Eleanor paused for a second, stroking the silky-smooth skin before her right hand slid inside the flimsy material. Ryan could see Jemma's legs quivering as it inched downwards, over her mound and between her partially opened legs, her groans of pleasure constant now and his cock rigidly pointing skywards as he waited expectantly.

Jemma felt the finger slide along the length of her slit, her juices already leaking and lubricating the finger as her fanny lips opened, 'Oh fuck!' She gasped involuntarily as it flicked at her clitoris before sinking deeply into her flesh. Jemma's arms went out as she supported herself, gripping the bottom of the bed as her legs turned to jelly and the finger explored her internals, slowly massaging each sensitive spot until she was on the cusp of her orgasm.

Her eyes were fixated on her brothers distended cock which twitched and bobbed constantly as he watched what his mother was doing to his sister, 'Go and fuck him Jemma' her mother said softly from behind her as she shot forward like a greyhound from its trap. Straddling Ryan's hips she grasped his swollen member, cocked a leg as she positioned it against her wet open fanny, and plunged downwards, a shrill cry resounding around the room as his cock filled her cunt.

Oblivious to what was going on around her, Jemma bounced up and down on her brother's shaft as it increased her arousal. She felt her mother's hands cup her tit's once more as the fingers twisted and pulled at her nipples, 'That's right baby,

fuck him, but don't make him cum yet, keep him waiting.' Jemma was close now, the constant feeling of his cock rubbing against the insides of her pussy was pushing her towards her climax which took her by surprise as suddenly a finger was shoved up her arse.

She was gasping for breath and unable to stop herself from shaking, every nerve in her body was on fire and she saw stars in front of her eyes as she flooded Ryan's groin with her juices and orgasmed, her mother whispering crudity's in her ear. At last, she sat slumped on his cock as her body started to regain some sense of normality and her heartbeat slowed.

Eleanor stood by the side of the bed, both her children watching as she slowly unbuttoned the front of her blouse and cast it aside, quickly followed by her bra. Jemma was amazed at the size of her mother's nipples which were by now erect with arousal and anticipation, she had been afraid and to be honest, slightly repulsed when her mum had suggested it, but now, sat on her brother's hips with his cock buried deep in her fanny, the sight of her mother's nipples and breasts had her hand instinctively reaching out to touch her.

As her daughter's hand began its exploratory journey over and around her small tit's she unfastened and unzipped her skirt, letting it fall to the floor as her hand went inside her panties and she touched herself. Jemma finding it highly erotic as her mother fingered herself and groaned with pleasure as she rubbed at the erect and sensitive nipples, her eyes closing as she tilted her head to one side and enjoyed the exquisite pleasure.

Finally, she discarded her panties and climbed onto the bed, joining her son and daughter as she straddled Ryan's face and then lowering herself until she felt her fanny touch his mouth, his tongue immediately licking at her slit. Ryan could smell her perfume and her sex, her juices already flowing as she had watched her daughter fuck her son. He heard her cry out as his tongue pierced her cunt and he raised his head to get it deeper inside her.

The sight of Ryan licking her mother's cunt soon had Jemma becoming aroused again, especially as her mum reached out and fondled her tit's once more, 'Slowly Jemma, keep him

nice and hard,' she prompted as Jemma once more started sliding up and down his shaft.

Never, before her mother's suggestion, had Jemma considered what it may be like to touch or be touched by another woman, she knew she was not gay, she adored a man's cock inside her and so the thought had never entered her head. Together with Ryan, they had watched porn films, sometimes one man pleasuring two women who would touch each other, but even that had never given her an inkling that she may enjoy the prospect of another woman's body.

Leaning forward and supporting herself on one outstretched arm, she tentatively reached out and slid the index finger of her other hand along her mother's slit as she continued to slide up and down Ryan's cock, watching as her mother's eyes sprang open in surprise and then filled with desire. Eleanor raised herself from her son's mouth momentarily as her daughter's fingers explored her by now plump labia and then slipped inside her.

The look on her mother's face spurred Jemma onwards, never before had she seen that look of desire and arousal on a woman's face as she began to ram her fingers into her mother's cunt, Eleanor looking slack-jawed, her eyes unseeing as she suddenly climaxed and a flood of juices soaked her sons face. Jemma kept up the pressure as her mother twitched and shook, swearing out loudly as she lowered herself to her son's face once more and experienced both his tongue and her daughter's fingers inside her twat.

It was too much for Jemma and definitely too much for Ryan, despite his bonds, he rammed his cock into his sister while his tongue licked at anything that came within range as it moved between her arse, fanny and clit. And then his cock exploded as large globules of cum spurted from its head causing Jemma to climax once more.

Jemma and Eleanor lay one on either side of him as they rested before his mother turned on her side, resting her head on her crooked elbow, 'Jemma and I have decided to share you' she began 'So you can either comply, or you may find

yourself waking up each day, tied to the bed' she finished with a smirk.

Now it was Jemma who turned to face him, 'I get to have you one night and then the next night its mum's turn, and if you're a very good boy, we might let you join us on the third night.'

The look she gave her mother speaking volumes, having now been touched by another woman, she was determined that it would happen again, with or without her brother.

With a mischievous look at each other and giggling like two schoolgirls, they slid down the bed and then Ryan felt two sets of lips and two tongues as they began at the base of his shaft, working their way upwards as he became hard again until they met at its tip and then a warm mouth enveloped it's by now, plump head. He raised his head to peer along his body, watching as Jemma's head bobbed up and down as she sucked at his cock, his mother's hand pulling the skin-tight as she tossed him off and cradled his sack.

They kept his aroused, Eleanor swapping places with Jemma as she took her turn at sucking his manhood while his sister aroused her mother's nipples once more before sinking several fingers into her gaping gash and frigging her. Eleanor was hot and ripe as Jemma urged her, 'Your turn mum, fuck him, tell me what it feels like to have your sons' cock inside her cunt.'

His mother straddled his hips, lowering herself onto his hard-throbbing flesh as she cried out, Jemma kneeling behind her as she twisted her mother's nipples and helped her move up and down on Ryan's shaft. It did not take either of them long before he had jetted hot cream into his mother's pussy or before she had screamed blue murder as she climaxed, the finger up her arse courtesy of her daughter.

It was late afternoon when all three, thoroughly sated collapsed in a heap and Ryan was released, he was knackered, wondering if his cock would ever work again while both women felt slightly tender and raw. They couldn't be bothered getting dressed, simply bringing some food and wine into the wreckage that was a bedroom and then slightly

later, all three fell asleep, their bodies entwined and with Jemma getting her wish at last, as she curled up and slept next to her brother.

When he awoke the next morning, he carefully disentangled himself from the two women sprawled across the bed, gazing lovingly at their naked bodies as he pulled on a pair of shorts and quietly left the bedroom. Making himself a brew, he wandered out onto the terrace and pulled up a chair as he sat and contemplated what had taken place the previous day. Was he going to stick to the former dictum he wondered, a satisfied smile quickly cracking his face, 'Was he hell as like'?

What could any young man of his age wish for, two beautiful women, one young and one mature, happy to satisfy his needs either singularly or together, though, satisfying two women at once was a bloody sight harder than he had expected, you didn't get much time to recover before one of them was on you again!

The rest of their holiday was the best he could ever remember as they explored each other's bodies, now it was out in the open, there was no need for sneaking about or even limiting their activities to evenings and nights. They spent most of the time naked, copulating whenever the urge took them and his mother and Jemma happy to share him, though the threesomes seemed to take place more often than he had anticipated.

The times he managed to get a rest where he found, still draining, it appeared that Jemma had suddenly discovered an appetite for female flesh and she and Eleanor would try to give him a break as they performed with each other, the trouble was it was so arousing that invariably, he ended up joining in.

As they flew home at the end of their break Ryan wondered what the future would hold, another couple of months and he would be going off to University, it was near enough that he could come home some weekends or his mum and sister could drive over.

With his newfound confidence, he also wondered if some of the mature women around town, in particular, some of his mother's friends may be open to some extracurricular sex. He reclined his seat and closed his eyes as he planned for the future, suddenly feeling a hand on his thigh as his mother whispered to him, 'What's this 'mile high club' I've heard people talk about?' A mischievous smile on her face.

# Sibling Reunion

As Mike Oldfield's 'Tubular Bells' filled the room with sound from the strategically placed speakers, Adam reclined his chair further and extended the leg-rest. This wasn't all about pleasure, this was work he thought, smiling to himself. On certain days he would repeat this scenario, a different piece of music each time. He had hundreds of albums, an eclectic mix of rock through to classical and everything in between. He would sit and listen and relax, his eyes closed as he allowed the music to wash over him, waiting for that moment when hopefully a chord or riff, maybe even a beat, triggered something in his head. Sometimes initially, it was hard to focus, the picture not clear. A hazy mist would partially hide it from view until certain notes unlocked his thoughts and then his mind would fly with the music as it painted pictures and scenes inside his head

Adam was a games developer and the music told him a story in stills and moving clips which he dictated into his

Dictaphone as they appeared, so fast and furious that his hand could never have kept up if he'd tried to write it down. He had worked like this for the last five years earning him a substantial amount of money and several games titles in the top ten charts each of those years. He was just approaching the part of the album he loved the most, waiting for the voice to start its monologue when the purity of it was shattered as his phone rang. He killed the music, knowing there was now no point in returning to it again today, once that reverie was shattered, he could not just jump back in.

He answered the phone, surprised to find his mother on the other end. Mentally, he tried to calculate how long it had been since he had last spoken to her. He always meant to call, but then forgot as he became engrossed in his next new idea. As a child, he had been focused and driven, knowing exactly what he wanted to do, to the point that he excluded all around him. He was happiest being alone, lost in his thoughts, conjuring worlds and peoples from nothing. At twenty-eight he was single and unattached and that was the way he liked it. Thanks to his single-mindedness, he owned the luxury apartment he was currently sat in and full of all the latest tech. In the garage

area underneath the apartments was his Aston Martin, he had promised himself one of those when as a child he had watched his first "James Bond" film, and like the apartment, it was also paid for.

'Hi mum, it must be a while since we have spoken, is everything alright?' He asked her, still trying to fathom when they had last had a conversation.

'Hello Adam, yes, it is a while. It is over twelve months since you last decided to call me, anyway, I need you to do me a favour.' She immediately had him on the back-foot, how could he refuse her request when it was apparent that for a long time, he had made no effort to see or contact his family.

'Sure mum, what can I do for you? Anything at all, it's no trouble.' Little did he know that those words would be the start of something that would change his life.

'Did you know that Moira and her husband have split up?' She asked him, Adam, not having a clue what was happening with the rest of his family.

Moira was his elder sister and at thirty-one, was three years older than he was. Growing up, they had never got on, he thought her snobby, pushy, self-centred and arrogant while she thought he was a nerd and a geek. It must be a least seven years since he had seen her, probably at her marriage which against his better judgement, he had been forced to attend.

'Anyway, she's left Davy and has come home. The only trouble is Adam, I've nowhere to put her. So, I wondered, can she come and stay with you for a couple of weeks until I get things sorted?' She asked.

He could feel himself break out into a cold sweat, the thought of Moira here for an hour sending shivers down his spine, let alone for a couple of weeks. It wasn't that he did not have the room. Besides his bedroom, there were two guests' rooms, which in the time he had lived here, had never been used. It

was just the thought of her and the way they had acted towards each other in the past, invading his private space which made him fearful.

'Of course, mum, it's no trouble,' he lied. 'When does she want to come over?' He listened as she told him of the arrangements and when he could expect his sister, and any other family news while she had him on the line.

'Don't be a stranger Adam, at least call me. Better still, come and see me.' He felt guilty, he never meant to neglect her. She was his mum and he loved her, he just sometimes found it hard to live in the real world, happy to escape it at every opportunity.

Moira sat in her mother's lounge awaiting the outcome of the call with trepidation. She had arrived home the previous day to find Davy in bed with Sonia, her supposedly best friend. After blacking her husband's eye and ripping lumps of hair from her ex-friends head, she had packed a case and headed for her mothers, spending last night on the couch.

There just wasn't enough room in the house for her to stay longer than maybe a couple of nights, which was why her mother had rung her brother. The thought of staying with him was Moira's worst nightmare, thinking back to when they were both teenagers and how they had fought like cat and dog.

He'd had spikey unmanageable hair, wore prescription glasses and was skinny as a rake. Getting him to utter more than two words was a chore and he would go out of his way to annoy her, especially in the presence of her friends.

Her mother returned and gave her a slip of paper, 'This is Adam's address, he said it's ok for a few weeks and is expecting you. Please, for my sake, try and get on.'

Moira packed up her few belongings from last night, stuffing them into her bag and taking it out to the car. She hadn't a clue where her brother lived so put his address into the sat-

nav, surprised when it told her that it was an eighty-mile journey to the city.

Moira lived in the next town to her mother, and while over the years she had visited the city a few times, it was not somewhere she frequented. The afternoon was warm and bright as she put the roof down on the coupe, tying a headscarf in place to protect her hair and donned her sunglasses.

The journey took her just over an hour and a half, the roads busy as she came into the city outskirts. Following the directions, she skirted the suburbs, advancing nearer and nearer to the centre. She had imagined that her brother lived in a high-rise block or perhaps one of the old townhouses that had been sub-divided into flatlets.

Imagine her surprise as the sat-nav declared that she had arrived at her destination, looking up at the modern glass and steel building. Outside was a "drop off only zone" and she was

unsure where to park as a smartly dressed doorman approached her.

'Can I help you, Madam?' He politely asked, directing her to do a left and left again which would bring her to the visitor parking bays.

Putting the roof back up, she locked her car and made her way back around to the front, the concierge holding the door open for her and giving directions.

'Apartment 8 Madam. The lift is just around the corner and you need the fourth floor.'

As the lift rose, Moira took stock of her surroundings. Surely her mother had got it wrong, there was no way Adam was living in something like this. A 'squat' she decided, was more his style.

Leaving the lift, she could have turned left or right, the sign on the wall opposite, pointing left for apartment seven and right for apartment number eight.

She walked slowly down the short corridor, pushing the doorbell button and hearing the soft melodic chimes from within. It took a moment before the door was opened by a young man, Moira staring at him in surprise, 'Adam?'

'Hello, Moira!' She picked up on the hint of surprise in his voice as he stood back and invited her in, leading her down the hall and into the lounge.

Is it really you?' She had to ask because there was no way that the young man stood in front of her, resembled the brother that she remembered.

Dressed in a white polo shirt that fitted him like a glove and teamed with beige trousers, he looked every bit like one of those well to do, upper-class people, that you would see on the TV.

Gone was the spiky straggly hair, in its place, a sensible gentleman's cut. No longer was he wearing those prescription glasses, she suspected that he now wore contact lenses. But it wasn't just the clothes. He had filled out since she had last seen him at her wedding, his body looked toned and with a slight tan, as much as she hated to admit it to herself, he was bloody handsome.

'Still catching flies, I see,' Adam said with a laugh,

Moira was suddenly aware that she was stood there staring at him with her mouth open, 'I'm sorry, you just look.....so different, I wouldn't have recognised you.'

Adam took it as a compliment, but he wasn't the only one that had changed. At her wedding, Moira could at best, have been described as chubby. And her supposedly, page boy hairstyle looked like someone had plonked a basin on her head and had just cut around the rim.

While the woman in front of him was definitely his sister, she was now slim, 'No,' he thought to himself, 'She was more than slim, she was fit.'

The jeans she wore looked like they had been sprayed on and her waist was tiny, which only emphasised her bust, making it look huge. She had changed her hair colour as well. Before she had been a mousey brown, now her shoulder-length hair had been permed and was a striking auburn colour with flashing hints of red in it, overall, he thought, she looked stunning.

'Can I offer you a drink?' He asked.

Moira settled for a gin and tonic as she wandered around the lounge inspecting all the furnishings and gadgets. At the far end, next to the plate glass window giving amazing views across the city was a single reclining chair, the one that Adam had earlier been sat in.

In the corner behind that was a top-end hi-fi system that easily must have cost him five grand or more. The centre of the large room held three cream couches, grouped in a half-circle in front of the largest TV screen she had ever seen. At the other end of the lounge was the dining area which led off to the kitchen at one side of it and a small bar area next to that.

'How much is it costing you to rent this?' She casually asked, even more, surprised when he told her he owned it.

With their drinks in hand, he directed her to the couches, she sat on one, while he sat on another opposite.

'What happened then?' he enquired.

Moirra giving him a quick rundown of what she had found when she had returned home the other day.

The conversation between them was stilted, it had been seven years since they had spoken and even then, it was not as though they were close.

'Girlfriend?' She asked, getting a shake of his head in return.

'Ever?' She asked again, immediately regretting the inflexion in her voice.

With hooded eyes, Adam launched into the longest speech that Moira had ever heard.

'Yes! I've had some girl's,' he omitted the word "friends".

'I'm not gay and I do like women, but I have no need for a relationship, it gets in the way. I've found that most women I've met tend to be high maintenance once you're in a relationship with them and I don't need that in my line of work, I need the quiet.'

'I like the fact that I can do what I want when I want, and no one complains about it. So, I tend to spend most of my time alone.

'Yes, I go out, I like the cinema and theatre. I go out to restaurants and when I want, I escape the city and drive out into the country. I love my work and it pays me well and for the moment, that is the most important thing in my life.'

Moira was astounded, she had never heard him say so much at one go, in the past it would be a single sentence and usually derogatory.

'What is it you do?' she inquired, trying to stifle a laugh when he told her he designed computer games.

'I wouldn't have thought that paid well,' she'd replied, her mouth dropping open again when he told her how much he had earned in the last five years.

It had suddenly dawned on her that Adam earned as much in a year as her husband Davy would probably have earned in ten years, and he had, as far as she was concerned a well-paid job.

'I bought this with the royalties from my first title release,' he told her, his hand indicating the apartment.

'If you give me your car keys, I'll get the porter to move it into the underground garage and bring your luggage up,' he said, holding out his hand.

Moira retrieved her keys and handed them over, watching as Adam disappeared from the room. She could hear him on the intercom and then a short while later the doorbell played its little tune.

Returning to the lounge, he beckoned to her, Moira getting to her feet and following.

'I've two guest bedrooms, you can pick whichever one you like,' he said as he showed her the two rooms and allowed her to make her own choice.

The doorbell chimed again, and her cases were rolled into the hallway.

I'm going to go down for a swim while you settle in, if you feel like coming down, you'll find towels and dressing gowns in the closet there.' He waved his hand towards a door.

'Take the lift and press the button B1 for the basement first level. You'll come out directly onto the poolside.' And with that, he disappeared toward his own room.

Moira unpacked her cases, putting clothes into drawers and wardrobes before walking to her bedroom window and gazing out.

'Who would have thought it?' Her brother had done well for himself she thought, but presently she could not get over how much he had changed.

Rummaging through her clothes she found a bikini that she had worn the last time she and Davy went on holiday and changed into it before going to the closet Adam had indicated and got herself a couple of towels and a white towelling robe.

She closed the door to the apartment, making her way to the lift and pressing the button he had said, her stomach suddenly lurching as the lift dropped and within seconds, the doors opened and she stepped out into the most luxurious swimming pool she had ever seen.

Going over to one of the seats that lined either side, she watched as Adam powered his way through the water. Completing length after length, his turns each time were like an Olympic swimmer, taking him under the water. It felt so strange watching him, as a kid, he could not be persuaded to go into water that was deeper than his knees, let alone swim.

Putting her robe to one side, she stood at the edge of the pool awaiting his return and then diving in as he did his roll. He had already done several lengths, but still, she had to put everything she had into it to match him stroke for stroke, exhausted when she reached the far end and watching him turn once more and head down the pool. Finally, he had stopped, waiting at the far end as she lazily swam the length back to him.

'When did you learn to swim?' She asked him, 'You used to be so afraid of the water.'

'I used to be afraid of a lot of things,' he responded, 'But I think most of all, about embarrassing myself. Once I found there was a pool here, I took lessons, and now I swim twice a day.'

Moira watched as he climbed from the water, his swim shorts sticking to his body. His shoulders were wide she noted, tapering down to his slim waist and perfect bottom, the

thought instantly dismissed as she scolded herself for even thinking it.

She had been ready to laugh it off until he turned with his towel to dry his back, Moira's eyes were instantly drawn to the bulge in the front of his shorts. As many times as she diverted her gaze, her eyes were drawn back to it and to make matters worse, she was experiencing a familiar feeling below the waterline.

She waited until he had tied a towel around his waist and moved towards one of the loungers before exiting the pool. Now it was Adams turn to watch her as she got out, her bikini clinging to her and hiding very little. She turned her back to him as she retrieved her towel, most of her buttocks exposed by the tiny slip of hi-cut material.

As she dried her hair and shoulders, her breasts bounced and wobbled, threatening to spill from the tiny cups attempting to support them and despite Adams best efforts, it was only the towel that hid his modesty as his cock began to thicken.

Finally, they made their way back to the apartment, going to their respective rooms to shower and change before eventually meeting back in the lounge. As evening approached, Adam asked if she wanted to go out for their evening meal.

'Is it a get dressed up, type of place?' She asked.

Adam shook his head, 'Not tonight, I thought we could just grab a pub meal if that's ok.'

Moira was happy with that, she had just emptied drawers rapidly, not taking notice of what she packed, more or less, just essentials, but nothing suitable for somewhere posh. The venue he picked was busy but not overly so, meaning they didn't have to wait long to be served. He got them drinks and Moira initiated the conversation, getting the feeling that if she didn't, he would sit in silence all evening.

She found it became easier after he'd had a couple of drinks, getting comments out of him as they ate their food and purposely ordering more drinks as their plates were cleared away. Adam was not really used to drinking much, he would normally have a glass of wine with his meal, or occasionally if he went out with friends, a couple of pints of beer.

Usually, he would consume soft drinks and couldn't even remember the last time he had been slightly drunk. He had already drunk three glasses of wine when Moira ordered another, her brother chatting away quite amicably now.

'How come we never got on Adam?' She asked him seriously.

He considered before answering, 'I suppose the age difference didn't help us, plus I was always getting bullied at school. Then I came home, and you bullied me.'

Moira was shocked to realise that what he said was probably true, she knew she could be a bitch back then. He continued with his answer, oblivious to the shocked look on her face.

'And then as you got older, you were so much up your own arse, it was unbelievable. I'm sure you honestly thought you deserved the best of everything without doing anything to earn it. I, on the other hand, knew what I wanted, and I knew I would have to work hard to achieve it. Well, here I am, was it worth it, sometimes I wonder.'

Adam had finished his drink and ordered them another. He was pissed and now in full flow, unburdening himself of the things he had kept bottled up for years.

'And then you went and married Davy, the man who must be a complete and utter braindead numpty. Let's face it, you were not the most prized catch, you were overweight, and that page boy cut did nothing for you, and yet he still married you. Look at you now you're absolutely gorgeous with a stunning figure, sex on legs,' he hiccupped, 'and now he decides to cheat on you, the man must be an idiot!'

Moira was gobsmacked, not knowing what to say, she couldn't remember Adam ever saying anything nice about her, and yet despite slagging her off, he had just paid her a huge compliment.

As the evening drew to a close Moira ordered them a taxi. Adam was too far gone to attempt to walk home and she wasn't sure on how to get back to the apartment. The cab dropped them outside and she helped him inside and into the lift, finally taking the key off him and opening the apartment door as there was no way he was going to get the key into that tiny hole in a month of Sundays.

Getting him into his bedroom was no mean feat as his legs seemed to have gone completely now.

'Thanks, Sis,' he slurred and went to kiss her cheek but missed by a mile as he kissed her lips before flopping onto his bed and passed out.

Moira stood hesitantly for several minutes, should she let him sleep it off as he was, or at least try to make him more

comfortable. Impulsively, she began to undress him, unbuttoning his shirt and easing him out of it. She took off his shoes and socks, placing them to one side before unfastening his trousers and pulling them down his legs. Manners should have made her stop at that point, she should have thrown a cover over him and gone to her room. But the bulge in the front of his shorts had her momentarily mesmerised, debating whether to stay or go.

She made her decision and acted swiftly before she lost her nerve. Hooking her fingers into the waistband, she pulled his shorts down to his ankles and removed them, her hand flying to her mouth as she got her first sight of his cock.

'Holy Shit,' she had not expected what her eyes encountered, even flaccid, it was easily as big as her husband when erect.

She felt glued to the spot, knowing she should go but unable to take that first step, she wanted to touch it but feared the consequences of such an action. When at last she came to her

senses, she dragged the covers over him, switched his light out and closed his bedroom door.

Her legs felt shaky, her body aroused at the sight of her brother naked. Making her way to her bedroom, she sat in the darkness and cursed herself for undressing him. What the hell had come over her she wondered; she should have left him exactly as he was.

Undressing and getting into bed she closed her eyes, but try as she might, she could not dispel the image of his shaft, wondering what it would look like when erect.

'Fucking hell,' she thought, it had been months since she had last got any which wasn't helping as that familiar feeling between her thighs began to increase rapidly.

She imagined herself touching her brothers cock as her hand slid across her belly and over her pubic mound before curving between her legs, her fingers releasing her clitoris as she touched it gently.

Slipping a finger between her labia she rubbed slowly at first as she aroused herself further, her eyes screwed tight as she played out an imaginary scenario in her head. She was fingering herself feverishly, alternating with rubbing at her clit as she imagined her brother towering over her as he rammed his cock into her cunt. She twisted at her teats, picturing him taking them between his lips and licking their tight erectness.

And then she exploded with a rush of juices, her hips arching upwards as she imagined him coming inside her, her muscles taut and face red as she orgasmed, her clit and cunt sensitive to the slightest touch.

At last, she relaxed, suddenly feeling disgusted with herself. She had brought herself off by fantasising about her brother fucking her, how wrong was that? The trouble was she decided as she tried to sleep, that now the idea was in her head, it was becoming something that she desired. She knew there was no possibility, nevertheless, it did not stop her imagination. Finally, she had drifted into a restless sleep, her dreams lurid

as she and Adam rutted as though they were possessed, his cock filling all of her orifices with his cream.

She awoke early but stayed in her bed, staring up at the ceiling and fearful of facing him now that morning had come. Would he ask if she had undressed him, would he be angry that she had not left him a modicum of decency. Perhaps he might even ask her to leave, it had taken lesser things in the past to have them fighting like cat and dog.

When she heard him start to move about, she rose and went and showered, dragging her heels, and not looking forward to facing him. The problem, she suddenly realised, was not that he may be angry or disgusted with her or that he may rant, they had gone through that many times previously. What concerned her was that after the years of having no contact with him, she did not want that to happen again. Her brother was a different person now, a person that she would like to get to know better, even if secretly she would like to do other things with him.

Eventually, she could put it off no longer, now dressed, she left her room, heading for the lounge and maybe a confrontation.

Adam awoke slowly, convinced that his throbbing head was about to explode. 'If this is the result of drinking, you can keep it,' he said aloud to himself as he idly scratched his bollocks, suddenly becoming aware of something. He was naked, stark bollock naked, and had no recollection of getting undressed last night. In fact, he could remember truly little, how had he got home? How did he get to bed? It was only then that he remembered that Moira was staying at the apartment.

He showered and dressed. With the way that he was feeling, work was not an option. He would phone later and make his excuses, let's face it, he was the boss. Sat at the dining table with a glass of bicarb he was a sorry looking sight as Moira entered the room.

'Morning Adam, how are you feeling today?'

He shook his head and groaned with the effort. 'I can't remember much of last night. I didn't say anything I shouldn't have? How did we get home? How did I get to bed? Did you help Moira?'

Moira could not help but smile, feeling relieved that he had no recollection.

'We had a good time last night. I've never heard you say so much, and I really enjoyed myself.' She told him as purposefully, she hung her head, looking at him with raised eyes and an embarrassing smile.

'As for what you said, that is probably best forgotten. We got a taxi home, that was easy, getting you into bed was a lot harder.' She had phrased her answer in such a way as to have a double meaning if he thought about it.

'Did..... Did you.... you know, undress me?' He stammered, going bright red as she nodded her head.

'Oh my God, what must you think.'

Moira laughed out loud now, 'I think you do not need to be embarrassed and it surprises me that women aren't beating a path to your door, I know I would be.'

He did not react to her last comment, but from the look on his face, she could tell that he hated not knowing what he may have said or done. She was content for the moment to keep it like that, perhaps it was for the best if he did not realise how she was starting to feel about him.

'Are you not at work today?' She asked.

It was only mid-week and she had expected him to be out.

'Normally I would be, but presently I feel a little delicate. I'll phone them in a minute to let them know,' he replied, holding his head.

It was dinner time before Adam felt a little better. Moira was bored hanging around the apartment and as it appeared to be a nice day outside, suggested that they take a walk.

'Come on Adam, it's too nice to be cooped up indoors, let's go out and you can show me around.'

Reluctantly he agreed, only later admitting that he felt better with some fresh air. As they walked, they chatted, with Moira noting that her brother would keep bringing the subject back to the previous evening.

'What did I say last night?' He asked again.

This must have been the third time in the last half hour that he's asked, each time receiving the same answer as Moira told him, 'You'll make me blush again if I tell you and it will make you embarrassed.'

She would deliver this answer each time with a mischievous smile on her face, as though she knew a great secret which she was not at liberty to divulge. At the end of the street, was a kiosk selling coffee with a public park opposite.

'Let's grab a coffee and sit in the park,' she suggested, ordering for both of them. It was quite a warm day, so they selected a spot on the grass, partially shaded by a huge tree.

'Did I insult you last night, is that why you won't tell me?' Adam pleaded once more.

Moira had been waiting for just this moment.

'Yes, and No,' she said, 'You didn't so much insult me as perhaps tell me a few home truths which I probably deserved. It was some of your other comments, what was it you said about me, that I was .....Gorgeous.....Stunning.....Sex on legs!'

She watched as he squirmed, knowing he had another question which he was very reluctant to ask and took him ages to get around to. 'I'm sorry for insulting you, those things were a long time ago. I didn't suggest anything when we got home, I didn't..... you know?'

She moved nearer to him, glancing around before she spoke.

'No, you didn't,' she said, 'You were a perfect gentleman, unfortunately!'

It was the word "Unfortunately" that Adam was puzzling over. It was hard to tell how she had meant it, was she intimating that she would have liked something to happen. He instinctively knew that if Moira had not been his sister then he would have been interested in her. The old Moira, No, but this new Moira was something else, she seemed to excite his senses and after seeing her in a bikini, he had more than once wondered what she may look like naked.

It was hard to read his face, but Moira was getting the impression that just like herself, he had perhaps had the same kind of thoughts about her. Throughout the rest of the afternoon, she caught him looking at her several times and not the kind of looks that a brother should be giving his sister.

On the walk back he said very little and once back in the apartment retired to his room leaving her to amuse herself for the rest of the evening. She was getting hungry and knocked on his door, but he told her he wasn't hungry and that she should eat alone tonight.

Finding his keys in the lounge, she took herself off in search of food, wandering the streets and looking for a takeaway. She had thought there would have been one on every street corner, just like there was back home. But it seemed in the more affluent areas they were few and far between. Coming across a bar advertising food, she ventured in, finding it reasonably busy with people already occupying tables and the bar area.

Finding herself a table over in the corner, she ordered steak and salad with a G&T from the waitress who had come across to her table. She gazed around the room, noting that most seemed to be here as couples although there were small groups of single males and females.

Her food and drink had just been delivered when a very pretty young Asian girl approached her table.

'Sorry to bother you, but everywhere is busy, would you mind if I joined you or are you waiting for someone?' The young woman asked.

Moira didn't mind at all; it may be nice to have someone to chat to while she had her meal rather than sit in silence with her thoughts.

'My names Mai,' the young woman said as she introduced herself.

'Moira, how do you do.' She replied.

She liked the look of Moira's meal and ordered the same, the two women chatting as she waited.

'I've never seen you here before, are you new to the area?' Mai asked.

'I'm staying with my brother for a couple of weeks. He lives around here if I can remember how to get back there.' Moira told her.

'Ah,' the young woman said, 'That explains a lot.'

Mai's meal appeared and they continued to chat as they ate together.

'Do you live around here?' Moira asked.

'Yeh, I have an apartment about ten minutes away and often come here. The foods good and the prices are reasonable. I work in the city and some evenings, I just don't feel like cooking, so I've become a bit of a regular.

Married?' Mai asked, indicating the ring on Moira's finger.

'Sort of,' Moira replied, and for some inexplicable reason, explained her circumstances to the young woman.

'What about you?' Moira asked, 'Boyfriend?' She could not see a ring on the young woman's finger.

'Not at the moment,' was her reply, 'Young free and single.'

With her meal finished, Moira was loath to leave, enjoying Mai's company. She really was a pretty young thing and with her colouring, she looked quite exotic.

'Fancy a drink?' she asked, pleased when the young woman nodded.

At closing time, Moira was about to say her goodbyes when the young woman asked, 'Do you know how to get back?'

Moira shook her head, I'm sure I'll find it.'

Mai asked where the apartment was, but Moira could only give vague directions, secretly worried that she may not be able to find her way back.

'I'm sure it is called the Ambrose,' she said, watching a look of astonishment light up Mai's face.

'He lives in the Ambrose, Wow! He must be doing well if he can afford to live there, you must be proud of him?' She said with a whistle.

'I know where it is, I'll walk you part of the way back, it's not much out of my way.' Moira was thankful for the company, as it suddenly struck her, perhaps she should be proud of Adam. For someone so young, he seemed to have achieved a lot, and all on his own.

As they parted company, Mai asked, 'Will I see you in there again tomorrow night?'

Impulsively, Moira agreed, she'd enjoyed herself and the young woman seemed genuinely nice.

'Why not, I'd love too, perhaps I can persuade Adam to come along as well, you'd like him.' And with that, she said goodnight.

Adam was sat in the recliner with headphones on when she returned, shouting descriptions and ideas into his recorder. She couldn't understand a word of what he was saying so left him to it and retired to her room. The apartment was empty

when she got up the next morning but sat on the dining table was a note and a set of keys.

'Sorry, I've had an idea and need to work it out with the programmers. I've left you a set of keys so you can come and go as you want, go and explore, see you tonight..... Adam.'

It was a nice day outside so Moira did just that, firstly walking the streets nearby and then moving further afield as she got her bearings, finally coming across the pub that she had visited last night.

'The Jolly Tar,' she read, but it was still early, and the pub was closed.

Making her way back to the apartment, she accosted the concierge and asked where the nearest shopping area was. He jotted down directions as she went upstairs and retrieved her car keys and bag.

'A little bit of therapeutic shopping would go down perfectly,' she had decided as she drove further into the centre.

She didn't spend a fortune, she was going to have to eke her money out for the moment but still treated herself to a new skirt and a couple of tops, at some point she was going to have to return home and collect most of her clothes.

She arrived back at about the same time as Adam, going up to the apartment together.

'What have you got up to today?' he asked, spying a couple of shopping bags.

'Just a bit of shopping,' she replied, 'I didn't bring that many clothes with me. Don't worry, I'll soon be out of your hair.'

Inside the apartment, he made them both a drink as she told him of the place, she had found last night.

'What's it called?' He asked, nearly spitting his drink out as she told him, 'The Jolly Tar.'

'What are you laughing at?' She asked, his face had erupted, and he was laughing fit to burst.

'Nothing.....Nothing,' he said, as Moira proceeded to tell him about the venue and the young woman she had met there.

'In fact, I'm going back there tonight. I promised Mai I'd meet her there and that I'd bring you along. You'll like her, say you'll go.....please.' She pleaded.

Adam wouldn't stop grinning, but at least he said that he would go with her, even if it was for her own safety, to which she pulled one of her faces at him.

As hard as it was to admit the fact and even though it had only been a few days, he was getting used to Moira being around and would miss her when she went.

'Who'd have thought that Moira and I could ever get on,' he mused to himself.

They were not going out until later so Adam announced he was going downstairs for a swim, asking if Moira would like to join him.

Dressed in the same bikini as last time, Moira had soon given up trying to match him stroke for stroke as he powered up and down the pool. Instead, she contented herself with swimming across its width until her brother had finished.

Coming to rest beside her, she had splashed him with water, darting away as he went to retaliate. For the next fifteen minutes, they had chased and splashed each other, Adam far better at it as he would suddenly disappear beneath the surface and circle her before pushing himself off the bottom and causing a wave to shower her.

He was circling again, Moira trying to twist and keep her eyes on him when her foot slipped and she shot below the surface, suddenly swallowing a mouthful. Before she even had time to panic Adam had lifted her clear, holding her in his arms as she coughed and spluttered until she got her breath back.

Moira clung to him until she had her feet planted firmly on the bottom of the pool, suddenly conscious that below the waterline she could feel something pressing against her belly as it twitched impatiently.

Adam held her tightly until she recovered, her breasts pushing firmly against his chest and his hands touching her soft bare skin was causing him self-consciously to become aroused. He felt embarrassed, surely Moira must be able to feel the start of his erection. As much as he was trying to control it, she made no move to distance herself from him.

With her head tilted back slightly, she looked into his eyes, wishing he would do something, say something. Finally, he

did as he released her, 'We had better get changed if we are going out.'

They had returned to the apartment and changed for the evening, catching a cab for the short journey. Mai was already inside and had reserved a table for them.

'Mai, meet Adam, Adam, Mai.'

They had a bite to eat and then a few drinks, but tonight, Adam quickly changed to "Lime and Soda", Moira watching as he and Mai got on like a house on fire. Adam chatted away with the young women like he had known her for years, leaving Moira feeling slightly jealous.

Mai was a stock market trader, and she was telling them stories of the type of things that went on during a busy day.

As the evening came to an end she sidled up to Moira. 'Listen, I'm having a dinner party next weekend, why don't you and

Adam come along.' She scribbled a telephone number on a piece of paper and thrust it into Moira's hand.

Both she and Adam arrived home in a jovial mood. 'You got on well with Mai, do you like her?' She asked, puzzled when he got a fit of the giggles.

'She's probably interested in you as much as me,' he said, continuing to laugh loudly.

Moira didn't have a clue what was amusing him. 'She's very pretty don't you think, and that outfit she wore tonight didn't hide very much. I always imagined Asians with dark hair, but blonde suits her very well.' She was trying to stop her voice from sounding jealous and his continual laughing was starting to annoy her.

Adam tried hard to be serious for a moment. 'Did you notice the couple on the table behind me?' He asked.

Moira nodded. 'The chap was exceptionally good looking, but there was something I couldn't put my finger on. And that woman he was with was stunning, but did you see the size of her chest, my God!'

Adam was laughing again, 'Dear Sis, He.....was she, and She.....Was probably, he, or I suppose she could have been a female, but I doubt it.'

Moira looked astounded, surely, he was pulling her leg.

'The Jolly Tar is a gay and transsexual pub, its where they all go. Now I'm not saying I'm right, but you may find that your friend Mai is a lady on top but has meat and two vegs down below.' He howled with laughter at the look on her face.

Moira didn't believe him one bit, sure, that as in the past, he was trying to spoil her fun and was lying to her to spoil her friendship with this new young woman, she was determined that she would prove him wrong one way or another.

She saw little of Adam the following week, most of the days he was out, not getting home until extremely late. She managed to catch him on Thursday evening just before he retired.

'Mai's invited us to a dinner party on Saturday evening, will you come.... please?'

Adam didn't hesitate as he promised that he would be happy to go with her.

'What kind of dress is it?' he asked her, grinning at her puzzled look and icy comment that he was alluding to her friend.

'Moira, you're in the city now, not some little town. Is it a casual dress or formal? If it's formal, then it's a dinner suit for me and you need a dress. Why don't you call Mai and ask her and then give me a call tomorrow,' and with that, he disappeared to his room.

She called her new friend the next day and felt a little silly having to ask.

'It's ok,' Mai told her, 'This is all new to you, it's a formal dinner because we all like to dress up. But there will only be about eight of us and it normally gets pretty rowdy. Is Adam coming as well?'

Moira confirmed that her brother would be there and rang off, immediately phoning Adam.

'It's a dress-up affair,' she said dismally, 'I haven't a clue where those type of shops are and I don't know if I can run to the expense of a new dress, at least not until I sort things out with Davy.'

Adam told her not to worry and that he would see her just after lunch, leaving her to mooch about for several hours. Her two weeks were nearly up, and she must make the effort to find a flat. There was no way she could afford anything in the

city and knew she would have to move back nearer her mother.

As she was pondering her options, the phone rang.

'Hi, I'm downstairs in the garage. If you take the lift and press B2, it will bring you down to where I'm waiting.'

Moira grabbed her keys, bag and a jacket and took the lift down, surprised once again when the door's opened and she saw her brother sat in his car.

'Oh my God, is this....?' He grinned and nodded his head. 'It's a newer model than they used in the films, but yes, just call me Bond, James Bond.' Adam coming out with the worst Sean Connery accent she had ever heard.

He was in his element. This was his city, and he knew the short-cuts and side streets that brought them into the centre. Finding a parking space, he took her hand as he led her

around the streets of shops until he spotted what he was looking for.

Moira paused, glancing in the shop window and instinctively knowing that she was not going to be able to afford anything inside, but Adam grabbed her hand, pulling her through the door.

She had a quick browse at some of the rails, dismayed as she looked at the price tags.

'Adam,' she tried to whisper discreetly, 'Let's go somewhere else, I can't afford these prices. I don't have that kind of money.' A couple of the dresses she had glanced at, had price tags at over two hundred pounds each.

He picked a couple of dresses off the rails, judging that they were about her size.

'Go and try these on and see how they look.' Moira did as he asked, going to the changing rooms and trying each one, coming out so that he could comment.

'No, the colour doesn't suit you.....No, makes you look mumsy.' As she went back to change out of the last dress, Adam browsed another rail, picking out a black cocktail dress.

'Here, try this on' he said as she re-emerged.

In the large cubicle, she wriggled into the dress, looking at herself in the mirror.

'Oh my God, surely I can't wear this?' She thought.

For a start, it was fairly low cut, showing an ample amount of her breasts and cleavage, the back of the dress plunged nearly down to her bottom and at the moment looked silly with her bra and top of her panties showing. She did not know what

made her do it, as she removed the dress for a moment and got rid of her underwear before wriggling back into it.

She twirled around, admiring herself in the mirror, she looked sleek and sexual, the dress provocative and emphasizing her curves. She shyly went back out, standing in front of Adam as he walked around her.

'Do you like it?' He asked as she nodded her head.

'Definitely sex on legs,' she heard him mutter as her face reddened a little when she noticed that the front of his pants looked larger.

'We'll take it,' he said to the assistant, 'We also need shoes and handbag to go with it as well,' he continued as Moira went to change again. She peeped at the price tag, her heart almost stopping when she saw what it was priced at.

As she came out of the changing room, he beckoned her over. 'You need shoes as well.' Moira tried on several pairs, finally selecting a pair of high-heels and then a clutch-bag to match.

The assistant packed them all into bags and handed them to her as Adam paid, Moira doing a quick calculation, he must have spent nearly eight-hundred pounds.

'I'll pay you back when I get a chance,' she said once they were outside.

He just smiled shyly, 'No you won't, they are a present, you looked beautiful in that dress.' He blushed as he said it.

'Oh, and by the way, you don't have to move out if you don't want to. I've kind of got used to you being around.'

She linked his arm as they walked back to where he had parked the car, her emotions all over the place. She wanted to cry, her heart bursting. At the same time, she wanted to take

him home and rip his clothes off and then let him make love to her.

Moira couldn't believe it. 'What had come over him,' she wondered. A few years ago, he wouldn't have given her the time of day, and yet here he was having just spent a fortune on her and his words were still ringing in her ears, he thought she was beautiful.

Nothing had happened in the time she had been staying with him, even though Moira was sure that her brother was as interested in her as she was in him. If only he would say or do something which would give her a clue to his true feelings.

The sensations down below were becoming persistent 'God! She wanted him,' the very thought arousing her.

The journey home was in silence as she concentrated on subduing her feelings and Adam concentrated on his driving. It was only when they were in the apartment that he asked her what was wrong. She tried to fob him off but he wasn't having

it, 'I know there is something wrong, and I want you to tell me what it is,' he said as he took her hands, standing back and looking at her.

Moira couldn't look at him, convinced that he would know instantly what was going through her head. And then he moved in closer, so very close, she could feel the heat from his body and his breath on her face, so close that they were only inches apart.

'Please kiss me,' she thought, feeling his eyes burning into her soul. 'Please Adam, please kiss me,' she thought again, feeling his hand touch her cheek, his fingers under her chin as he lifted her face.

'Will you fucking kiss me,' she wanted to scream, aware that she had stopped breathing, the sound of her beating heart loud in her ears.

'You can tell me things,' he said as he kissed the top of her head and released her.

She wanted to wail and shriek and cry out to him. She wanted to tell him how she felt, to have him take her in his arms and kiss her, touch her, make love to her. She knew she couldn't stay here, once tomorrow night was over, she had to leave before it drove her insane.

They arrived at Mai's early. There was nothing worse, Adam had told her, than arriving last when you didn't know any of the other guests. As the others arrived and she mingled, Moira felt Adams eyes following her around the room.

He had let out a low whistle when she had appeared from her room in the dress, having been out that morning and bought some sheer tiny panties that would at least cover her modesty without showing. There was no way she could wear a bra, so had settled on some adhesive cups to help support her bust and some 'tit-tape' so that she wasn't overexposed.

She felt sexy and glamorous, noting the looks she got from the other couples and especially Mai. Due to Adams previous

comments, Moira tonight, scrutinized the other people who had been invited to her friend's informal gathering. Two of the men were definitely "males" she decided, the other male she was not sure about. He looked like a man, but she decided that some of his features were definitely female. The two other women were stunning, 'Definitely women,' she thought, though suspecting that both had probably had breast surgery.

Their busts were quite large, bigger than her own and from the prominent bumps visible on each breast, both were braless without any discernable sag.

Mai looked gorgeous, wearing an oriental style dress with a high collar but cut away at her chest to display her pert tits and cleavage. It came to just below her knee's but was split on either side, nearly to her waist. She made a beeline for Adam, chatting gaily to him. Moira was beginning to wonder why her brother was shy, because as far as she could see, once he felt settled in the company, he was witty and charming.

The meal was excellent, and Moira had drunk maybe a little more than she should have done, she wasn't drunk, but had loosened up dramatically and felt disappointed as the evening started to come to an end. She was stood out on the balcony, looking at the lights of the city when she sensed someone had joined her, turning to find Mai with another couple of drinks.

'I hope you enjoyed yourself?' The young woman said, proffering one of the glasses to Moira.

'It was great fun,' Moira replied, 'Just a pity it has to come to an end.'

'Why don't you stay over?' Mai suggested.

'I've plenty of room and that way we can have a few more drinks.'

Moira suspected that the reason she wanted them to stay was so that she could hopefully see more of her brother,

something which immediately sent pangs of jealousy through her but she agreed, aware that she had no right to control Adams life.

Perhaps if she had not drunk as much, she maybe would not have raised the subject. 'Can I ask you something, Mai?' She was embarrassed but felt that she needed to ask.

The young women smiled and nodded. Moira started hesitantly, 'I just come from a small town and I'm not used to the ways of the city. Adam said that the..... The Jolly Tar..... is a..... you know..... a gay pub.' Mai was grinning. 'Are you.... you know, lesbian?'

The smile turned into a mischievous grin, 'Not really,' the young woman replied.

'It's just that Adam said he would enjoy the top half and I would enjoy the bottom half?'

Moira was looking puzzled. She had not really understood what her brother had meant by that comment and now felt completely stupid that she had come out with such a ludicrous remark.

'Perhaps you would,' said Mai laughing as she moved closer to Moira.

'I think that you are aware that I fancy Adam, do you realise that I also fancy you.' She asked as her eyes bore into Moira, their faces now only inches apart.

Moira did not know what to do, did she step back and risk offending her new friend, or allow to happen what she knew was coming.

The kiss was soft at first as the young woman's hand rested on her waist before slowly moving to the skin of her bare back, sending a shiver down her spine. She had expected to maybe feel some disgust or revulsion but instead, it felt quite erotic

as she started to kiss her back, conscious now that her friend's hands were caressing her buttocks.

The kiss had become passionate as their mouths pushed together, Mai's tongue exploring her mouth and her groin pushing urgently against Moira as she suddenly realised that she could feel a familiar bulge down below.

Adam stood in the shadows, watching as the two women kissed each other. Despite it being his sister, he was finding the spectacle highly arousing, his cock beginning to respond. He was sober but was experiencing a feeling, not quite understanding why he was wishing that it were himself stood there kissing Moira.

He coughed discreetly so that they knew he was there before going out onto the balcony, Moira putting her arm through his, feeling as though she had just cheated and betrayed him.

'Mai would like us to stay over,' she said, unaware that he had observed them and waiting with bated breath while he made his decision.

'That's fine,' he said, 'I've had a few drinks and it's probably going to be difficult getting a taxi now.'

Mai seemed excited as they went back inside, and she replenished their drinks. The other guests had left and for the next hour, the three of them sat and chatted. Adam was cautious with his drinks, making them last and making sure he was reasonably sober. He was intent on making sure he did not end up in a compromising situation.

At the point they came in from the balcony, Moira had been slightly tipsy. But as she watched Mai flirt with her brother, the jealousy kicked in and bit by bit she had drunk a little bit more than she should have done. She wasn't drunk as they finished off, but she was well on her way, the drink perhaps suppressing her natural inhibitions.

Mai showed them to their rooms before leaving them alone, Moira surprised to see that her room had an adjoining door linking it to her brother's room. She knocked softly on the door, trying the handle and opening it a little. Adam had just removed his jacket and tie and opened the top few buttons of his shirt as he sat on the edge of his bed, giving her a warm smile as she entered.

He had not been going to mention it, but it had intrigued him, simply because he had never thought of his sister as perhaps fancying other women.

'I saw you on the balcony, I didn't realise you were that way inclined,' he said softly. To Moira, he sounded a little sad. 'Is that what was bothering you earlier?'

'I'm not, it just happened, and took me completely by surprise. I did not know what to do. It was nice, but she's not the person I really want.' There, she had said it now, the drink having loosened her tongue, leaving Adam looking a little puzzled.

'Are you going back to Davy?' He asked as she advanced on him and pushed him back before straddling his legs and sitting on his lap facing him.

'God! For someone so clever, you can be really thick at times.....it's you..... You, you bloody idiot, I want you.'

Adam looked amazed, even though he had felt an attraction for his sister, he had not realised that she was feeling the same. He pushed himself upright, his arms going around her waist as they paused, and then she kissed him, and he responded.

'Oh God, it's happening at last,' she thought, feeling his hands move up the skin of her back, an electric shock shooting through her. She had been imagining this for so long and now that it was happening, her body was alive with arousal and sensations.

She waited as his hands caressed her, their lips still glued together and then a single digit slid down her cleavage, gently touching each of her breasts on its journey before his hand slipped beneath the material, breaking the grip of the tape and cupping her right breast.

Moira was still trying to kiss him, when his touch caused her first minor climax, her body shivering and twitching as she felt the sensation in her cunt and her juices flow. Beneath her bottom, she could feel Adams cock expanding as he became hard.

'Let me get out of this dress,' she said as she stood, unzipped the dress and wriggled out of it, standing in front of him naked except for her tiny panties. As she watched, he unbuttoned his shirt, pulled it from his trousers and discarded it before removing his trousers, shorts and socks in one smooth motion.

His cock stood erect and bounced as he moved to the centre of the bed, now naked and watching as she slid the panties

down her legs and stepped out of them. She joined him on the bed, once more straddling his hips but this time feeling his hot throbbing cock pushing against her cunt as she slid along its length her juices lubricating him. Both of them were highly aroused and foreplay was forgotten as Moira rose slightly, grabbed his cock and fumbled it into place before sinking onto it, her eyes closed, and her head thrown back as he filled her.

Sliding up and down his shaft, his hands fondled her tits, his fingers teasing her nipples as he twisted them between finger and thumb. Moira knew she would not be able last long now that her wish had finally been granted, and she was correct as Adam's hand went between her legs, rubbing at her cunt and flicking at her exposed clit. She cried out as she climaxed once more, drenching his groin and balls with her juices and reminding Adam of the morning he had woken to a dry and flaky covering.

As she recovered, he rolled her, his shaft still buried deep inside her cunt. At last, Moira was where she wanted to be as he towered over her driving his cock home deep inside her

vagina. His pace was steady and consistent as he shagged her, his head dipping every so often as he kissed her mouth, neck and breasts, nipping at her teats with his teeth. She told him she was ready as his momentum increased and she called out loudly, moaning and crying as together they orgasmed, and she felt him shoot his hot cream deep inside her pussy.

Moirra brushed at her face, something had disturbed her, she was warm and comfortable, and she could feel the heat from Adams body, still laid next to her. The sensation came again as she rubbed at her face a second time. When it happened a third time, she slowly opened her eyes. The room was dark, but a faint light still coming from the next room silhouetted someone knelt by her side of the bed.

Mai put her finger to Moira's lips, 'Hush, come with me.' Moira was hesitant, beneath the covers she was naked.

'I need a robe,' she said as she started to sit up slightly.

'You won't need one,' replied Mai as she peeled the covers back, excited as she gazed at Moira's naked body and took her hand, silently leading her back to the other room and closing the door silently.

Mai kept her voice low as she whispered, 'I didn't want to come to you too soon, but it appears someone has already beaten me to it,' her face breaking into a grin.

Moira was embarrassed, firstly because she was naked, and she could see Mai's lascivious eyes devouring her. But mostly because the young woman had just caught her in bed with her brother, their first time and they had been found out.

The young woman's robe had fallen open and Moira could immediately see that she was naked beneath it except for a tiny pair of panties. Her breasts were smaller than Moira's but appeared to be firm, her skin glowing as though covered by a thin film of oil.

Mai moved in close and despite Moira having only just woken, the sensation of the other woman's breast's being pressed against her own quickly started to arouse her. Slipping her arms around her, Mai cupped her buttocks, pulling Moira in tight and kissed her. This time it wasn't soft, it was passionate and desperate right from the beginning as she ground her groin against Moira.

There was no disguising the fact now, Moira could feel the expanding cock down below.

'Holy shit' she thought, Adam had been correct, Mai was not all she seemed. Perhaps in different circumstances and had Moira been given time to think and come to a decision, she may have rejected the advances now that she knew the truth. But as their mouths explored each other and Mai's hands rose and fondled her breasts, Moira's body capitulated and she responded, her hand going down to Mai's groin and rubbing at the erection she could now feel.

Slipping her hand inside the panties, she immediately encountered Mai's erect cock, the woman letting out an audible groan as Moira's fingers encircled it, pushed the skin down and teased its plump knob. Moira could tell that Mai was not as big as her brother, but still, her cock was rigid and hot, throbbing and twitching as she slowly masturbated her friend. Mai leaned forward and one by one took each of Moira's nipples into her mouth, her tongue swirling and licking at each teat as she brought them erect once more and then twisted them between her fingers.

Now it was Moira's turn to moan as the young woman's hand went between her legs, forcing open her labia and jamming several fingers up inside her cunt and turning her legs to jelly. Mai shrugged off her robe before wriggling out of her panties and dragging Moira over to the still pristine bed. She pushed Moira down, opening her thighs wide before kneeling in front of her.

Moira could feel her hot breath on her cunt seconds before a tongue forced its way inside her, causing her to sob with pleasure. Mai alternated between tonguing her cunt and sucking at her clitoris as Moira's hips bucked with the

sensations until she involuntarily climaxed, her body shaking as her orgasm rippled through her.

They swapped places as Moira grasped Mai's erect shaft, pulled the skintight and lowered her head, her lips encircling its tip as her tongue teased the sensitive area under its purple head. Slowly she lowered her head further, feeling the cock rub at the back of her throat as Mai moaned. She raised and lowered her head slowly a few times before suddenly increasing her tempo, wanking the young women's cock furiously as Mai tried to squirm away, but Moira gripped her firmly until she begged her stop lest she ejaculated.

Laid in the centre of the bed, Moira opened her legs wide, watching as Mai slid between them and then feeling her cock pushing against her opening before it slid inside her cunt. Now it was Mai's turn to tease her, fucking her slowly and then furiously as she built Moira arousal. The thought entered her mind that she had never touched another woman's breasts as she reached upwards and caressed Mai's tits, twisting her nipples and watching them rise.

They felt firm and she was surprised at how weighty they felt, the skin smooth and soft, her areola dark with her now erect buds standing prominent. Moira now understood why men were fascinated by them. Cupping them both, she squeezed firmly twisting the teats at the same time and hearing Mai sob pleasurably. Moira was so close as Mai's face changed, displaying the fact that she was also reaching her pinnacle and then both women screamed their release as Moira felt hot cum spurt inside her cunt, her juices covering the young woman's cock and balls.

Sat together and naked in the bed, it was Mai that broached the subject, 'You and Adam, do you just sleep together or are you having sex with him?'

Moira looked a little embarrassed, but there was no point in trying to deny it now. 'Tonight, was the first time, but it is something that I had been hoping would happen ever since I moved into his apartment.'

Mai was pensive as she asked, 'Do you think he would be interested in me Moira. I know he would appreciate my top half, but it's lower down that bothers me.'

'I can't speak for Adam,' Moira said, 'Up until last week, I've had no contact with him for seven years and before that, we fought like 'cat and dog.'

'He's changed so much in that time that I wouldn't have recognized him. So, I haven't a clue about his preferences.'

Mai was silent for a while as she mulled over her thoughts, 'Would you be upset if I tried?' She asked, 'Would you help me?'

What could Moira say? 'It's up to you Mai, remember, this has been an extraordinary night for me. I've had sex with my brother and..... I'm not being rude.....but also with a half-woman, half-man..... I'm not promising anything, let's just see what happens.'

The last bit was said as her hand drifted beneath the covers, making its way to Mai's groin where she gently toyed with her flaccid cock, pleased as she felt it start to stiffen again. There was something to be said for her friend. Moira had never considered herself to have any lesbian tendencies, but it was quite an exhilarating experience playing with another woman's tits, especially when they were attached to a cock.

Mai was back between Moira's legs, rubbing her shaft against her cunt when the question popped into Moira's head. 'Pardon me for being thick, it's obvious what you do to me, but how can you do that with Adam?' she asked.

Mai laughed. 'Let me show you,' she said, moving down the bed. She grasped Moira's ankles, dragging her further down before hoisting her legs until they were nearly above her head. She kissed Moira's inner thighs, constantly moving towards her expectant cunt, only she never touched her there. Instead, Moira felt the young woman's tongue suddenly tickle her anus as she licked the opening of her rear passage.

'Oh my God,' was Moira's first thought, unexpectedly find it quite sensual as Mai first licked her arse and then her cunt, alternating between the two until, as Moira's arousal increased, Mai knelt against her now open buttocks and pressed her cock against the small puckered opening.

Moira gasped as she felt it being forced into her arse until Mai's bollocks pushed against her back. She had never experienced anything like this before, not even with her husband. It was the strangest of feelings as Mai sodomised her, made even more arousing as the young woman stuck several fingers into her cunt and frigged her.

She could feel the shaft constantly ramming her rectum, the fingers pushing into her cunt at the same time and stretching her internals. Mai was moaning continually as she ramped up her momentum, so many fingers now inside Moira's cunt that she was close to fisting her. Suddenly, she let out a wail and Moira felt the heat of her semen as her cock exploded inside her arse triggering her orgasm, as she thrust herself against the pounding cock.

Moira, exhausted, had fallen into a deep sleep which was rudely interrupted as Adam shook her shoulder. 'Come on sleepyhead, it's time to get up.'

She glanced at the bedside clock. 'Jesus wept, I've only had three hours sleep,' she thought, noting that the other side of the bed was empty. Mai, at some point, having departed to her own bedroom. 'Ok, ok,' she mumbled, Five more minutes.'

Sunday was quiet, Moira too tired to want to do anything. Laying on one of the couches she rested her head in Adam's lap as he watched TV.

'Listen, Adam, I'm going back to mum's tomorrow. I need to speak to Davy about what's going to happen, plus I need to collect some more clothes.'

He nodded his understanding, 'Will you be returning,' he asked, trying not to sound disappointed if she said 'No.'

'If you'll have me,' she replied, 'I for one, have plenty of unfinished business with you yet,' she raised her hand and gently stroked his face.

It was getting late when she finally conceded, 'I'm going to bed, I'm knackered,' she said, starting to rise from the couch.

'Ok, I'll just watch the end of this program, it's only ten minutes,' Adam replied.

He switched off the TV and checked everything else was safe before knocking off the lights and heading for his room, surprised when he opened its door to find Moira, completely naked and sat up in bed waiting for him.

'I hope I'm not being presumptuous?' She said, jiggling her top half, making her breast bounce and wobble.

'You, sis, are a wanton woman,' he replied as he ripped his clothes off and flung himself at her, making her giggle.

They were laid side by side facing each other. Unlike last night, tonight there was no urgency as Adam softly kissed her lips, his tongue running around their outer edge. His hand touched the skin of her arm, sliding downwards until he touched her hand and then her waist, following the curve of her hips and then across her thigh, before starting its upwards journey.

Cupping her breast, he squeezed the flesh, listening as her breathing increased and she moaned softly, the sound increasing as he played with her nipple squashing it between finger and thumb.

The tip of his erect cock was pushing against her belly as he moved in closer to her, she could not resist wanting to touch him as she ran her fingers up and down its length, watching

contentedly as his eyes closed involuntarily each time she squeezed its plump knob.

With one hand still on her breast, his other slid across her stomach and between her legs, Moira bending her knee to afford him greater access. He slid his finger over her labia, teasing them until her lips opened and he felt her slippery juices coating his digit, before sliding it deep inside her cunt, making his sister groan pleasurably.

'I want you to fuck me, Adam,' Moira said, never imagining that the day may come when she would utter those words to her brother. She gasped as his cock sank into her pussy, her muscles contracting around it, trying to hold him there. She wondered where he had learnt how to be such a considerate lover. For years, she had cried out for someone to make love to her like this, never for one moment considering that it would be Adam that finally satisfied her completely.

'Oh God, yes, yes, yes,' she sobbed as he leaned over her, kissing her nose, lips, chin and neck, his hands constantly

touching her tits and playing with her nipples. He would sit upright, his shaft buried deep inside her as he softly rubbed at her clit, making her squirm and push against him. He seemed to instinctively know when she was near, increasing his momentum as his hips rammed his cock up her and calling her name as he spurted his seed deep into her cunt. His ejaculation triggered her climax as she bucked beneath him, her body taut as she curled her hands into the sheet, her head thrown back as she wailed her release.

She stayed in his room and his bed that night as he held her close to him, her head resting on his shoulder as she fell asleep. They were both up early the next morning, Adam had work and she had the journey in front of her.

'I'll only be a couple of days, try and miss me,' she joked as she kissed him goodbye.

His day had been busy, and he had grabbed a bite to eat on the way home, he could not be bothered cooking just for himself. The apartment suddenly seeming empty without

Moira there, he found it surprising the difference those seven years had made. He loved having sex with her, it was exhilarating, and nowadays she had a body to die for and he was missing it already. He was just about to relax when his intercom chimed.

'Hello?' There was a few seconds pause before a voice replied. 'Hi Adam, it's Mai, I just popped around to see Moira.' He invited her up, holding the door open and waiting for her to arrive.

He watched her walk down the corridor realising that he was experiencing a strange sensation. Outwardly, she was all-female. With her pert breasts, slim figure, great legs and oriental looks, under normal circumstances, he would have been attracted to her. But there was that part of his brain that questioned what she had down below, was he making assumptions based on nothing more than where she frequented.

In the lounge, he poured her a drink, scotch with a touch of water, as she sat on one of the couches. He handed her the drink, before sitting opposite, his eyes trying to avoid looking at her legs. The skirt she wore was short before she sat down, it had ridden up so high now, that even with her legs together, it was impossible not to see right up the skirt and the tiny white panties she wore.

Mai was speaking, but Adam was not taking a lot of notice of what she was saying, still fixated on her legs and thighs and that tiny patch of white material covering her groin.

'Pardon,' he said, aware that she had asked him a question.

'I said, would you like me to undress so you can have a better look,' Mai giggled as he suddenly blushed profusely.

'I'm so sorry, you keep distracting me,' he replied with a laugh.

'I hope you like what you see,' she said coyly, making it obvious that she was there for the taking if he wanted.

'Tell you what let us go out, my treat,' Mai said.

Adam was hesitant, 'The Jolly Tar?' He asked, having felt safe in there when Moira was with him, would he be safe without her.

Mai put her drink down and turned serious. 'Look, Adam, I'll be straight with you. It must be obvious that I fancy you. I did explain to Moira, but obviously, she did not know whether she should say something.

'She told me what you had said, and your assumption is correct. I still have a bit extra down below. When I can afford, I'm going to have it all done, but until then, I'm still a woman. If that puts you off, then I'm sorry and I'll go.'

As she finished, her voice was close to cracking and there were tears in her eyes, he could not help himself as he went and sat next to her, wrapping his arm around her shoulders.

'Listen, Mai, I'm not kicking you out, when I look at you, I want you, but then I suddenly wonder, what's down below.

'At least I now know, but it doesn't make it easier. At this moment, I not sure of my feelings one way or the other and it wouldn't be fair to lead you on, and then say 'No.'

'So, if the offer of going out still stands, I'd love to. Only not 'The Jolly Tar.'

Mai cheered up immediately as Adam went to change, giving her a chance to look around his apartment as she browsed his record collection. She could tell that everything was expensive, admiring his good taste and wishing she could afford some of these things. He returned wearing a pair of chinos and a thin V neck sweater which she noted fit him

snuggly, emphasizing his broad chest and slim waist. She felt herself getting hard, readjusting her skirt as they left.

He took her to a couple of places that he frequented with his friends occasionally, one played live music which she loved and then as the evening drew to a close to a bistro where they grabbed some supper. He wasn't drunk, far from it, he was just merry and enjoying her company, as they made their way back to his apartment.

He put music on, grabbing her hand and twirling her around as they danced, the two of them laughing and giddy. Pouring some drinks, he changed the album for something softer and slower as he placed the glasses on a table and took her by the hand once more.

Weeks later, he still couldn't have told you why he did it. Perhaps it was the heat of her body held against him, her breasts pushing into his chest. Perhaps it was the smell of her perfume, wafting into his nostrils or the way that she looked up at him with that beautiful face. Whether it was one factor

or all three, he couldn't have told you, only that he bent and kissed her.

Mai was excited, not only because he had kissed her, but because she could feel what was starting to push against her belly as she wrapped her arms around his neck and returned the kiss. To Adam it felt no different than kissing Moira, the lips were soft and as his hand cupped her breast, she felt the same as every other woman. Lifting her in his arms, he carried her towards his room, not sure what was about to happen.

Adam unzipped her top, beneath it she was naked, her breasts rising and falling rapidly as he cupped them both, his thumbs rubbing at her nipples and making her moan with delight. She pulled his jumper over his head, marvelling at the muscles of his chest as she ran her hand over his skin, pinching at his nipples. Reaching behind her, she unfasted her skirt, letting it fall to the floor and stepping out of it as she watched him unfasten his pants, pushing them to his ankles and kicking them to one side.

'Fucking hell, oh my God,' she was amazed and terrified at the size of his cock as he stood in front of her, naked, his manhood jutting proudly from his groin. For a moment she felt inadequate compared to him, but then forgot about it as she sank to her knees and grasped his shaft, opening her lips and taking him into her mouth.

'Jesus,' he thought, it felt so good as she sucked at his shaft, her tongue teasing and licking at his plump blood infused knob.

Lifting her to her feet, he moved her towards the bed, the front of her tiny panties now bulging as her own cock tried to escape. Laying her down, he pulled them from her, looking at her cock which had now sprung up in front of his face. Never in his wildest dreams would he have placed himself here, as he took hold of it, feeling its rigidity, its heat and the smoothness of the skin as it throbbed expectantly beneath his fingers. Without taking his eyes from her manhood and as if he were hypnotized, he opened his mouth and enveloped its top with his lips.

He had often wondered what it had felt like to a woman when she took a cock into her mouth, and now he knew as his tongue traced patterns over her length, his hand sliding up and down as he tossed her off. She was ready, that much he knew, and yet he was not sure of the next step until she coaxed him, turning over and proffering her bottom.

'Be gentle,' she begged as she felt the tip of his cock push against her anus and then nearly screamed as he slid his length inside her.

He sodomised her, his hand reaching around as he grasped her shaft, stretching the skin back and forth as he wanked her while fucking her arse. It felt the same but different as his arousal grew, Mai calling out as he plundered her rectum, and then he wanted to know, no, he needed to know what it felt like, as he withdrew and they swapped places.

Laid on his back, Mai hoisted his legs, he raised his head so that he could watch what she was doing as he felt her cock push against his puckered hole and then it felt so sensual as

she pushed harder and he felt her cock up his rear passage. She fucked him slowly, Adam watching as she took his cock and started masturbating him, his hands reaching for her tits and squeezing those firm-ripe orbs.

Her face was like a moving picture as her expressions changed, one look after another as she fucked him, and her arousal soared. His own arousal soared with her as her hand moved faster and faster up and down his cock, his impending ejaculation coming closer second by second as she asked, 'Do you want me to?'

He nodded his head, so close to his peak that he could almost touch it. He was waiting for her, hips and cock now slamming into his arse as her face contorted and he felt a hot gush spread inside him, timed perfectly as his cock jerked in her hand and spat globules and then a steady stream of cum over her hand and his stomach as they cried out together.

Mai lay curled next to him feeling contented, her arm draped across his chest. 'Your worst nightmare, or something that you may try again?' She asked warily.

He slid down and turned to face her, 'Only with you,' he said as his hand cupped her breast once more and he felt himself getting hard again and pushed his groin against her's. The only thought in Mai's head as his hand teased her cock and reawakened her arousal was that she hoped that she could satisfy this man.

They made love several times that night as they taught each other new things, Adam knowing, that despite what she currently was, he had found his soul mate.

It was just after mid-day when Moira returned, she unpacked her cases, putting her clothes away before popping her head around Adams bedroom door on her way to the lounge.

His bed looked like a war zone and she had a sudden queasy feeling in the pit of her stomach, wondering who had shared

his bed last night. She was on tenterhooks all day, desperately awaiting his return as she cursed herself, she had no right to expect anything else, no right to dictate whom he saw or went to bed with. It was just that presently she felt jealous that he had shared his body with another woman.

When Adam finally got home, she found him exuberant. Entering the apartment, he lifted her off her feet, twirling her around before planting a kiss on her lips. 'I've missed you, Moira, welcome back'.

Now she felt guilty, moments earlier she had felt horrid, but his greeting lifted her spirits. But the state of his bedroom festered at the back of her brain until finally, she had to ask him, trying not to be accusatory.

'Was there another woman here last night?' She asked, feeling sick to her stomach when he told her 'Yes.'

In the past, at this point, a full-scale battle would have erupted with both of them screaming at each other. Today was

different as she felt the first tear roll down her cheek, Adam instantly concerned that something was wrong.

Getting them both a drink he sat next to her on the couch his arm around her.

'Tell me what's wrong Moira,' he said to her as she dried her tears and tried to put on a brave face.

'I'm being unreasonable and silly, just like the old Moira,' she said, 'I know I can't have exclusivity of you. I just thought it was maybe a little longer before I had to share you.'

Adam picked up the two drinks and disappeared from the room returning seconds later and taking her hand, 'Come with me please.'

Moira got up and went with him as he led her to her bedroom and started to undress. 'Get undressed please Moira.'

She did as he asked before climbing into bed next to him, both of them naked. Adam did not attempt to touch her other than to hold her hand and leaving her puzzled. 'I spoke with Mai while you were away,' he said, 'She's told me what happened between you two.'

Moira looked startled, had he slept with another woman just to get back at her and teach her a lesson. 'I'm sorry,' she said lowering her eyes.

Adam was smiling now, 'You don't have to be sorry, if you want to sleep with Mai, you have every right to. I'm not going to say you can't and anyway I'd be interested to know how it felt.'

'Why?' Moira stammered, 'Why would you want to know what it felt like for me to have sex with Mai?'

Her voice was cracking, and she was close to tears again, 'Are you punishing me for sleeping with her?'

Adam turned towards her and took her face in his hands as he kissed her passionately, Moira unable to stop herself from responding. 'Do you like Mai?' he asked, Moira completely at a loss now as to what point he was trying to make as she nodded her head.

'Well, I do as well,' Adam said, 'That's who was here last night.'

Moira was dumbstruck, eventually finding her voice, 'You had sex with her?' Adam grinned manically, nodding his head.

'But she has a dick,' she continued.

'She has tits,' he responded.

Adam was right and suddenly she could see where he was going with his questions, 'You want to have sex with her again?' Moira said, completely surprised.

'And I'm guessing that you do as well,' he replied. 'So, if that's the case, then why can't we share her between us. You one night, me another, or better still, why can't we share her.....together. Whatever we decide, now that I have found you, I'm not letting you escape again.'

Moira sat back mulling over the idea, the more she thought about it, the more it appealed to her, she would still get to sleep with Adam and she could have some kind of quasi relationship with Mai, the prospect of the three of them sharing a bed sending a thrill to her cunt. Happy now, she could not stop herself from laughing. 'Have you told Mai yet?'

Adam shook his head, 'Not yet, perhaps we could tell her together,' he said mischievously as his hand went to Moira's tits and tweaked her nipples.

Mai arrived at the apartment, Adams phone call sounding so serious when he had asked her to come over that she found herself shaking. Pushing the doorbell, she waited, the door

finally opened by Moira who invited her in, giving her a grin and a wink.

There was some soft music playing and over on a side table she saw a bottle of champagne in a bucket of ice as she entered the lounge, Adam rising from the couch and coming towards her.

Taking her in his arms he kissed her, which threw Mai completely, especially when he moved aside, and she received the same kind of passionate kiss from Moira.

She was totally at a loss now. 'Please sit-down Mai, there are some questions that Moira and I would like to ask you.'

She did as he asked, still unable to shake off her uneasy feelings, on the phone, he had sounded serious and here they both were grinning insanely.

'Question one,' Adam started, 'What are your feelings for Moira.'

Mai gathered her thoughts, sensing that it would be best to speak the truth, 'I like Moira a lot, I enjoy spending time with her and..... I enjoy having sex with her.' She had paused because she was admitting to the person, she was slowly falling in love with that she enjoyed sex with someone else.

'Question two, what's your reaction, now that you know that Moira and I, even though we are brother and sister, are sleeping with each other.'

That was easy for Mai, as she was not all she seemed. The fact that her two friends were having sex was irrelevant when taken in context and so that was what she explained to them.

'So, you would be happy to carry on sleeping with us both, singularly and all together?' He asked as she nodded her head, 'Yeah.'

His next question took both Mai and Moira by surprise, it was not something he had discussed with his sister, being used to making instant decisions alone.

'I care deeply for my sister and now that I have re-found her, I will do anything to keep her by me.' Moira's head jerked sideways as she stared at her brother, wondering where that had come from, 'So would that change things if perhaps you and I became an item and then in future, maybe a bit more, Mai?'

There was a deafening silence in the room as both Mai and Moira stared at Adam before looking at each other, a grin starting to break out on Moira's face.

Adam had made it perfectly clear that he wanted her in his life which made her extremely happy, but the fact that he wanted a relationship with Mai had taken her as much by surprise as it had done the young woman sat across from her.

Mai seemed to have lost her voice, she was still trying to get her head around his last question, had he just asked what she thought she had heard? She kept staring at Moira and then back to Adam.

'He's still waiting for an answer Mai,' Moira said, jumping to her feet and clapping her hands with glee. Mai watched as Adam stood and walked towards her, he took her hand and helped her to her feet, her legs not wanting to support her and her brain still refusing to process what was happening.

I'm in love with you Mai and I hope you feel the same?'

She could not stop the tears that now flowed but managed to nod her head as he lifted her off her feet and twirled her around. There were so many questions going through her head and Adam sensed that something was bothering her.

'Would you like to open the champagne sis?' He asked, taking Mai to one side.

'What is wrong?' he asked, wondering if perhaps the young woman was having second thoughts.

She didn't have the words at first, 'You know what I am.... and you still want to do this?'

Moira brought the glasses over, handing one to each of them as Adam suddenly turned serious for a moment.

'I know what you are, I know what you have. When I look at you, all I see is a beautiful woman whom I have fallen in love with. I know you have told me that one day you would like to have the operation,' he cast his eyes down, indicating her nether regions.

'That will always be your decision, but just so that you know, it doesn't matter to me what's down there, I will still love you. If you want to have it done, then I will pay for it, although I

think my sister will try and change your mind,' he finished with a chuckle.

And so a month later, Mai moved into his apartment, for a few weeks as everyone got used to the new arrangements she had her own room, but it was seldom used as most nights she slept with Adam or Moira until one evening he suggested that it may be time to look for a larger bed that could far easier accommodate all three of them.

# Substitute Family

## Part One

My 'Google' search hadn't been very helpful, I was looking for a cottage to rent and my search had unearthed thousands of entries. Perhaps I was going about it the wrong way I thought, dragging a large map of the country from a drawer in the study and spreading it across the desk, I automatically discounted cities and large towns as already living in the suburbs of one city, I refused to substitute it for another. What I was searching for was a small village or hamlet, somewhere out of the way and quieter, somewhere I could think and get my head together. Staying away from what were considered all major populated area's, I found myself looking at the small village names on the map, my finger tracing from one name to another.

'Lower Yockleton', the name caught my attention and I returned to Google, searching for properties to rent in the Shropshire countryside. There were three cottages all within a reasonable distance of the village whose name had so intrigued me. Reading 'Wikipedia', it seemed 'Lower Yockleton' was more a hamlet rather than a village, the type that had one main street, a few shops, post office, pub and cottages sparsely spread around that central hub. Noting the telephone number I called the letting agent and made an appointment to view all three. It would be a three-hour drive from my present location, but I didn't care, it would get me out of the house and I needed to escape.

Having sat my final exams and finished college, I had come out with a masters degree in engineering as the summer had finally beckoned, intending to travel around Europe with a few friends before meeting up with mum and dad who were going over to their villa in Spain for the summer. I still remember it was a Wednesday evening and was packing any bits I'd forgotten when the front doorbell rang, thinking it was probably one of my friends calling round.

I opened the door with a huge grin on my face only to be greeted by two police officers stood on the doorstep.

'Adam Judd?' One of them asked.

I nodded my head, looking puzzled.

'May we come inside Sir? 'We need to speak to you,' he continued, his voice taking on a kinder tone.

Showing them through to the lounge, I was unaware that my life and the world around me was about to change. Mum and dad had set off that morning in the taxi taking them to the airport, excited to be on their way at last and I looking forward to eventually hooking up with them.

'Are your parents Thomas and Marjory Judd?' It was all sounding very official.

I felt uneasy, as again I nodded my head.

'I'm very sorry to tell you that they were involved in a vehicle accident today and that sadly, they have both been killed,' he concluded, and for a moment I thought he was going to put his hand on my shoulder.

It was the shock, they gave me more details but I was not really listening anymore even when they asked if there were any relatives locally who could come over. I was an only child as were both my parents, there were no relatives that I had ever met, no grandparents, aunts or uncles, mum and dad's parents had already passed away by the time I was born. Eventually, the police arranged for my friend Adrian's mother to come and stay for the night just to make sure I was ok.

The next eight weeks were hard as I attended the inquest and arranged their funerals, mum and dad being buried next to each other, and then I had to sort all their things out and see the solicitors. Everything they owned had been left to me, the house which was quite large, the bank accounts and a small engineering company that dad owned, one reason why I had

taken my degree at college, it was going to become 'Judd & Son'.

Cynthia, Adrian's mum came over and helped me sort out their clothes and belongings, some going to charity, others packed away as I couldn't bring myself to part with some items. It was a strange time, Cynthia was attractive and quite fit for an older woman and I got the feeling that there could have been something between us if I'd wanted, but I was still numb and confused and that was the last thing on my mind.

Putting the last of their things in the loft, was when a small box off to one side caught my eye; retrieving it from the dark corner, I was surprised to find my first name written on it in felt tip pen. Carefully carrying it down the ladder, I blew off the coating of dust and took it downstairs to the kitchen, intrigued as to what it could be. I opened it slowly as my world began to crumble and collapse completely.

The box contained letters and papers and two photographs, my real name was 'Daniel Evans and my parents, who weren't

my biological parents, had adopted me. There was nothing in there with my real parent's name on it, only the two pictures, one had 'Daniel aged 6 months' written on the back and the other simply said 'Anne' and showed a young girl who was maybe fifteen or sixteen.

Stunned and shaking, I pondered, who were my real parents, did I have a sister and where was she, why had I been adopted, why had my real mother given me away. A myriad of questions bombarded my brain and now there was no one to ask, it was enough to drive someone mad and that was when I went off the rails. I started drinking and lying in my bed all day long, never washing or shaving, only going out to buy more alcohol once I had exhausted the supply at home. I shut myself away refusing to meet anyone or let people into the house; which slowly became a hovel as plates, bottles and empty food cartons piled up in the kitchen and other rooms, a thick layer of dust covering everything. It lasted eight months before Cynthia managed to gain access one morning.

'Oh my God, Adam, what have you been doing?' She asked as she looked at the state of the house and my dishevelled appearance.

'My names, not Adam, its Daniel,' I said, recounting what I had found, 'My life has been a lie.'

Cynthia shook her head, 'Marjory was your mum, she might not have given birth to you, but she brought you up and she loved you.'

'And just like any mother, she would be mortified with your behaviour and the state of the place.'

I hadn't been in the mood to listen but she had bullied me until I finally went into the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror, not recognising the person who stared back with bleary eyes.

Stood in the doorway she told me in no uncertain terms, 'Take a bath Adam, you stink.....and get rid of the beard, you look like a tramp.'

She was right, I didn't recognise myself, was it possible to sink any lower?

Running the bath full of water, I went and grabbed some scissors, cutting away most of the straggly beard before having a proper shave and climbing into the bath of deliciously hot water. Laying back and luxuriating in the tub, Cynthia returned with clean towels, her eyes taking in my naked form beneath the water as she dumped them to one side, but presently I was too far gone to be concerned.

'Sit up while I wash your hair and soap your back,' she instructed, grabbing the showerhead and spraying water over my head.

With clean hair and a soaped back, she sat off to one side on the loo seat and I got the impression that if I had asked her to

join me, perhaps she may have done. But the water was manky after all those months and I felt embarrassed at the scum floating on its surface, st least it helped cover my nudity.

Finished and ready to get out, she appeared to be in no hurry to move, 'Hand me a towel will you?' I asked as I stood, she had already seen me in the bath naked, now wasn't the time to appear prudish.

Her eyes instantly went to my groin as I took the towel from her and wrapped it around my waist, much to her disappointment, before climbing from the water.

'You need a haircut,' she laughed, while I looked at myself again in the mirror.

I'd lost weight and my body's tone was starting to disappear but at least I looked partially normal now, that was except for the hair, before, I had kept it short, now it was down past my shoulders.

'You're a hairdresser Cynthia, fancy cutting it for me, it doesn't have to be perfect,' I asked.

She nodded and picked up the scissors, 'Come down to the kitchen, have you got a comb?'

Sat on a chair in the kitchen, I watched as large chunks of hair landed at my feet, the 'snip, snip' of the scissors causing more strands to follow until finally, she handed me a mirror.

'What do you think, will it do?' She asked as she brushed loose hairs from my shoulders, the touch of her hands on my bare skin sending shivers down my spine and awakening something after all this time between my legs.

Standing up, I turned to face her, she was so close I could smell her perfume as she spotted the bulge starting to faintly show in the front of the towel wrapped around my waist. We remained like that for several moments before I closed the

gap and kissed her, her arms going around my neck as she returned the kiss, pushing herself against my growing erection.

She broke away, her chest rising and falling rapidly as she stared intently at me, 'When the house is clean, you can have me, but not before.

'I'll come each day until we have it done, think of me as your reward.' She said with a wicked smile.

Alone for the rest of the day, I tried to make plans for the future, I needed to get away for the moment and get used to my new circumstances, I had questions and somehow had to find answers. I made a promise to myself, from tomorrow I would make a fresh start and get back to the fitness regime I used to have, the rest of the day I spent getting rid of all the bottles that now occupied nearly every room.

The next morning I was up early, donning shorts and vest, I put on my trainers and set off to do a few miles, managing

only two before I doubled over and was sick. I was definitely out of shape and it was going to take more than a week to get my fitness back. Returning home, I found Cynthia ringing the doorbell, the jeans and t-shirt she wore, fitting her snugly and giving me a perfect view of her figure.

It took nearly two weeks to get the house back into what my mother would have considered decent, every day whenever I thought of her or dad, tears would prick at my eyes and I would turn away from Cynthia, embarrassed. By the end of those two weeks, I could easily manage five or six miles as my fitness began to return. It was a Monday morning, I'd just finished my run and was about to take a shower when the doorbell rang.

I wasn't expecting Cynthia today, the house was now neat and tidy, back to its respectable splendour and so was surprised when I opened the door to find her stood there, only today she was not dressed to do any work. As she stepped inside she looked gorgeous, the shirt she wore was tight, gapping occasionally and giving me glimpses of her bra, her skirt

hugged her hips and legs with a split that ran up the back and defined the shape of her legs.

'I promised you a reward, and I always keep my promises,' she said huskily as I looked her up and down.

'I've been out for a run, I'm all sweaty. I was just going to take a shower,' I told her, pleased when she suggested that she join me.

Once in the bathroom I threw off my shorts and top, thrilled as she allowed me to undress her, first her shirt followed by her bra, her breasts still firm and youthful-looking as they jutted from her chest. Next was her skirt and panties, she wriggled her hips sexily as she eased them down her legs and stepped out of both, leaving her stood there like me, completely naked. Her mound was also naked and allowed me to see where the opening to her fanny started, she stepped closer, her arms going around my neck as we kissed and my erection pushed against her belly.

We touched as we showered and soaped each other's bodies, our arousal growing as we came together and broke apart, I teased her nipples and ran my finger along her slit, Cynthia gripped my cock, forcing the skin downwards as she teased my knob. By the time I carried her to the bedroom we were both ready to fuck.

Laying her down on the bed, I joined her as she raised and opened her legs wide, urging me between her open thighs, her quim opening like a flower, her insides moist and on display. Without any preamble, I pushed my cock down into position and slowly and carefully slid its length into her, causing her to squeal with delight as her cunt expanded to accommodate its length. We fucked hard and fast, her legs wrapped around my waist as she dragged me deeper inside her tunnel, my hands fondling and squeezing her beautiful orbs as they bounced back and forth with each thrust of my hips.

And then we were both cumming, her juices flooding out as I emptied my balls inside her cunt, filling her with thick white cream. Afterwards, laying side by side, our bodies covered in

sweat and our chests heaving. I told her about the decision I had made.

'Will I get to see you again when I return,' I had to ask.

Making love to her had been different, she was at least twenty years older than I was but that hadn't mattered as we fucked, and I was eager to hopefully sample her delights once again in the future.

'Don't stay away too long and keep in touch with me, I'm not quite ready to relinquish you just yet,' she laughed.

We made love again as she straddled my hips and I watched her tit's bouncing when she slid up and down on my cock while my hand went between her legs and teased her clit until once more we both exploded. We showered again, together, until mid-afternoon she said that she really must go.

And so several days later, there I was searching Google and pouring over a map, although, now that I'd met Cynthia I did consider staying. The problem was that she was married and her son was one of my friends and presently there were too many painful memories around here, I needed to get away and clear my head to come to terms with whatever my future held.

Yesterday I had phoned and spoken to Maurice, he was my dad's work's manager and explained what I intended to do.

'You do what you need to Adam, I'll look after the firm and we'll still be here when you're ready to return,' Maurice had told me.

Tomorrow I would drive to Shropshire and look over the three cottages, it would be hard as I would be taking dad's car, the silver Mercedes Cabriolet sat in the garage had been his pride and joy.

The next morning I left around nine o'clock for the three-hour journey and was due to meet the letting agent about one-thirty. It felt strange at first taking dad's car out and I had to keep wiping the tears from my eyes, but after a while I began to enjoy the drive, marvelling at the power of the sleek machine and arrived with plenty of time to spare before meeting the agent and following him to the first property. It was nothing special and left me feeling disappointed as I followed him to the second, which if anything was worse than the first.

Standing outside in the lane I asked what the third one was going to be like to save us both wasting our time.

'What is it you're looking for Sir. 'If I had an idea it may help,' he asked.

I tried to explain but the only thing I could come up with was the kind of picture you used to find on the front of tins of biscuits, your typical country cottage.

He pondered for a moment as if deciding whether I could afford what he was going to suggest. 'Ah, I think I know what you're looking for, I have a residence that has only come onto the books this morning. 'It's a minimum of a six months lease sir and it is a lot dearer than the properties you have looked at. 'Would you like to view it, sir?'

I nodded and followed him again for another couple of miles until I saw a boundary marker which said 'Lower Yockleton', round the bend, down the hill and at the bottom, the agent pulled up in front of a property that was your quintessential British country cottage. It had a thatched roof with rambling roses and ivy growing up the outside and around the windows, the front garden was a mixture of cultivated and wildflowers, all coming into bloom as summer approached.

I didn't haggle or try to get the price down, I just said that I would take it and asked when I could move in.

'If you'd like to meet me back at the office about four, we can sort the paperwork out.

'And then I just need a deposit from you sir and you can move in whenever you're ready,' he finished as we shook hands.

He left me to explore after giving me directions to his office and I watched him turn around and drive off. Jumping back into the car, I drove about a mile down the road, coming into the centre of the hamlet and again I wasn't disappointed, it was exactly as I had hoped for. In the centre was a small green and off to one side the village pub, 'The White Swan'.

There was a newsagent come post office and general stores, a baker's and a butcher's, the rest of the hamlet filled with thatched cottages, each of them with a colourful front garden. This was perfect, exactly what I was looking for, I could be anonymous here while I sorted out my life.

I spent an hour or so driving around and getting my bearings before turning around and heading in the direction of the agent's office. The paperwork was just a formality and soon completed as Brian, the letting agent, looked on in surprise as

I offered to pay the full six months rent in advance. The rent was higher than it had been on the other cottages I'd viewed but some of that was because the cottage came with a cleaner and a gardener who would come in periodically.

With everything sorted he handed over a set of keys, 'I hope you enjoy your stay with us, if there is anything you need, just give me a call'.

I returned to the car and headed for home, determined that I could pack everything I needed that evening and move into the cottage tomorrow.

Cynthia and Adrian came over to give me a hand packing all the things I thought I may need into various cases as I attached a bike rack to the rear of the car, my intention when the weather was nice was to cycle the country lanes. She managed to get me alone for two minutes as Adrian put the last stuff in the car.

'Don't be a stranger and keep in touch, remember, its only three hours away, I can be there in no time at all,' she said with a mischievous grin, giving me a quick kiss.

The sun was up and the day was already warm as I set out the next morning, the journey flew past in my excited state and before I knew it, I was pulling up outside the cottage. While the outside looked quaint and had that old-worldly charm, the inside had been modernised over the years.

Downstairs there was a kitchen, dining room, lounge and a snug with a log fire, upstairs there were two large bedrooms, a boxroom and a shower and bathroom. It took a while to move my belongings indoors and then I parked the car down the side of the cottage, as I returned I stopped for a moment and listened, it was quiet, only the sounds of insects buzzing among the flowers and birds could be heard, no voices or cars spoilt the tranquillity, no planes flew overhead, 'It's perfect,' I thought.

Over the next couple of days with the fine weather, I managed to get out on the bike as I explored all the lanes that ran around the hamlet, it was relaxing as I pedalled along, the slight breeze on my face and my mind clear. I'd made a plan and intended to contact my parent's solicitor at some point and see if he had any information, surely he would have discussed it with them when they decided to adopt. I was returning from one such expedition, having gone around in a wide loop and was free-wheeling downhill when I noticed someone stood outside the cottage.

Dismounting, I leant the bike against the wall as I greeted the young woman waiting patiently.

'Hi, can I help you,' I asked.

She grinned as she introduced herself, 'Hi, I'm Kerry and I'm your cleaner. 'I normally come twice a week, if today's not convenient I can come another day. 'I thought you'd be older,' it all came out without her taking a breath and she blushed as she realised she'd spoken the last bit out loud which made me laugh.

'It's ok, today is good, I haven't got any plans. I'll try not to get under your feet,' I chuckled.

Kerry scolded herself as she followed him indoors, 'Oh my god, he's gorgeous,' she was thinking as she stared at his bottom, presently encased in tight cycling shorts when he turned suddenly and caught her looking which made her blush again and made him laugh once more.

'My names Adam,' I told her once we were indoors, 'Would you like a brew? 'Then I must take a shower, I must stink of sweat.'

Kerry nodded her head, she hadn't noticed whether he smelt or not, she was too involved in mentally undressing him.

She suddenly noticed he was grinning at her, 'Sorry?' She said, which made him laugh again.

'I asked if you wanted milk and sugar, he said with a disarming smile.

She blushed again, 'One sugar and a touch of milk please,' as she scolded herself once more, she was behaving like some starry-eyed schoolgirl who had never met a man before, which she hadn't, at least not one as handsome as Adam was.

Finishing my brew, I left Kerry to make a start and went and had my shower, I wondered if she had a boyfriend, surely someone as pretty as she was must already be taken. It had only been a few days since I had arrived, but already the slow pace coupled with the peace and quietness was re-awakening my interests.

I stayed out of her way as much as possible while she tidied around the cottage, making us both another brew and taking mine out into the rear garden and sitting in one of the wicker chairs. She came out later to tell me she had finished and that she would call again towards the end of the week, sitting in

another one of the chairs opposite it was though she was loth to leave,

'Pardon me if I'm being a bit forward,' I said, 'But as I'm new around here I wondered....if you would like to go out for a drink this evening. 'I quite understand if you are busy.' Now it was my turn to blush slightly.

I thought Kerry's head was going to part company with her shoulders as she nodded vigorously.

We agreed to meet in the 'White Swan' that evening at about eight o'clock, waving as she peddled off towards the hamlet. I felt pleased with myself, thankful for the first chance of a bit of normality. Kerry was definitely a looker and I thought that she was perhaps a year or two younger than I, there was something vaguely familiar about her but I was buggered if I knew what it was. After making myself a light meal that evening, I caught up with the news on tv before going to change and then walking down the lane towards the pub.

With such a small community, I'd expected the pub to be quiet, but instead, it was busy as it seemed to be the social centre for all those who lived in the area. There was that moment as I walked through the door and all the voices seemed to stop as heads turned in my direction. Glancing around nervously, I spotted Kerry sat at the bar waving and made my way towards her as the voices resumed.

Getting us both a drink. I pulled up a stool as we went through the normal small talk and she told me about herself. She lived on the other side of the hamlet with her parents and when she was younger, the school was a ten-mile bus journey away, that being the nearest proper town. She couldn't bear the thought of working in a shop or an office so had started cleaning folk's cottages and had built a little business doing that.

I beckoned the landlord to order more drinks and he spoke to Kerry as he poured them, it seemed that around here, everyone knew everyone else.

'So what brings thee to our parts young fella?' he asked genially, placing the drinks in front of us.

I knew the question was going to arise sometime, I just hadn't expected it so soon as I explained about my parent's sudden death's and how I had gone to pieces, 'I needed to get away and sort myself out and the name of the village intrigued me,' I finished, proffering payment for the drinks and trying to discreetly wipe away the tears that I could feel.

He shook his head, 'Nay, these are on t'house young fellow' he said as he went off to serve another customer.

Kerry was gripping my hand so tightly that my fingers were going numb, her face full of concern for me.

'I'm so sorry Adam, I didn't know,' she said, looking distraught.

I managed a smile, 'It's ok Kerry. 'There is no reason you would know, it just still feels a little raw.'

I found myself talking, telling her about my family and college, what my plans for the future had been and then that dreadful day went it all went wrong. By the time I finally finished, we both had tears in our eyes. The evening had gone and at the end of the night, I offered to walk her home. Arm in arm we walked slowly down her lane until we came to her cottage, I just went to give her a peck on the cheek but instead, she turned my face as our lips came together, and we kissed, her warm slim body pressed against mine.

It was now into my third week in the hamlet, I saw Kerry most days, when she finished her work she would pop around, in her time off we would walk or cycle the lanes or wander across the open fields and countryside. After that first week, it started to feel like I was becoming part of this small community, I met Kerry again in the pub the next evening and for the next few days found it impossible to buy a drink as my story was passed around and other folks would pay for them. I phoned Cynthia that morning to let her know I was

ok and just for a general chat picturing her naked body as we talked.

Kerry was busy today but I would see her that evening at our now usual haunt and mid-afternoon had gone out for a walk before preparing my evening meal. As I returned to the cottage I spotted someone in the front garden, coming to it quietly, the person in there was bent over at the waist and from the pert bottom clad in tight blue jeans and stuck up in the air, it looked just like Cynthia. I had convinced myself that she had driven over and was advancing on that delectable posterior with my arm drawn back when the head turned and looked over her shoulder.

I must have been crimson, it wasn't Cynthia, this woman must have been about the same age and just like Cynthia had a remarkable figure, but while Cynthia was blond, this lady had russet coloured hair.

She straightened and smiled slyly, 'Was you just about to smack my bottom?' She asked, starting to laugh as I stuttered and fumbled over my words.

'I'm so sorry, I thought you were someone else that I know,'

She laughed again and gave me a mischievous look, 'Do you know many middle-aged women whose bottoms you smack?' she said, going off into gales of laughter as I went bright red again.

Taking the gloves off her hands, she held one out, 'I'm Mary, I'm the village gardener and I've been looking after this one for the last ten years'.

I shook hands with her and started to introduce myself.

'It's ok, I know who you are, news travels fast around here,' she said, the grin still plastered across her face.

I was just about to prepare my meal and asked if she'd like to stay.

'No thank's my lovely. 'I just popped over to see what needs doing; I've been busy and I've neglected this one lately, so I'll come over for the next few days and sort it. 'Anyway I need to get back, family ol'need feeding,' and with that, she said goodbye and got into her van.

I met up with Kerry later that evening and again walked her home at the end of the night, I was surprised at myself, after three weeks I was still content to kiss her goodnight and had not tried it on with her yet. As I walked back home, I thought of Mary, she reminded me so much of Cynthia that I was conscious of the developing bulge in my pants.

Mary was there bright and early the next morning, even before I had got out of bed properly, I never thought, as I opened the front door in just my pyjama bottoms and asked if she wanted a brew, noticing her eyeing me up as she nodded her head and I retreated back inside.

Taking the drinks into the back garden I called her through, noticing her appraising me again as we sat out in the garden.

'So', she started, 'Tell me about this middle-aged woman whose bottom you smack.'

Talk about getting straight to the point, 'Are you always this inquisitive?' I asked.

'Well if you don't ask, you don't know,' she replied brazenly.

I told her about Cynthia and what had happened, 'Is it serious?' She asked.

I shook my head, 'She's married with children, in fact, her son is my best friend. 'She was the one that stopped my downwards spiral and helped me when I had no one to turn to, it was one of those things that just happened.'

Mary nodded her head sagely, 'Aye, those things have a habit of happening' she said stoically, 'What's she like?' she asked.

I closed my eyes and pictured Cynthia, feeling the urge suddenly down below, 'She's in her forties I suppose, but sexy as hell and looks a lot like you,' I replied opening my eyes to see Mary grinning lasciviously in my direction when I realised what I had just said.

She laughed out loud, 'I'll take that as a compliment then should I?' Watching as I coloured again. She worked until just after one o'clock before she told me she had another job to go to and would be back tomorrow.

She had only been gone an hour when Kerry arrived, letting herself in by the back door as had become the norm.

'Do you want to go out tonight?' I asked, but she shook her head.

'I thought we could perhaps have a night in' she said, 'In.....' and her eyes went upwards, emphasising what she was suggesting.

We took a bottle of wine out into the garden and later I made us a light meal before eventually she stood and held out her hand. I took it and followed her indoors and up the stairs to my bedroom.

I turned and kissed her, our lips locking together as our tongues explored each other's mouth's and when we broke apart, she turned so that I could undo the buttons of her dress, letting it slip to the floor as she stood there in her white bra and panties. I pulled my t-shirt over my head as she fumbled with the waistband of my trousers and unzipped the fly letting them slide to the floor as I stepped out of them. She looked down, her breathing excited as she looked at the bulge in the front of my shorts.

She turned so that I could undo her bra before turning back around as she pushed her panties down; I joined her, pushing

my briefs down my legs, my erect cock jiggling as I got rid of them and advanced on her, my erection pressing against her belly and mound as we kissed once more.

She felt divine, I couldn't have told you what it was, but there was something special about this young woman, her pert breasts digging into my chest as she pushed her lower half against my twitching shaft. She was easy to pick up and carry across to the bed where I joined her. Slipping her lower leg under my waist, she canted the other over my hip, giving me access to her fanny but so that we still faced each other.

Our lovemaking was slow and sensual, I wanted to look at her as we fucked, her facial expressions changing as my cock entered her quim and filled her passage. We kissed continually; she really was beautiful, her skin soft, smooth and tight as I watched her body move in unison, her eyelids fluttering as I fondled and caressed her breasts. She arched her back giving my lips access to her nipples which were hard pink buds jutting from her breasts. Kerry moaned softly as her arousal increased, increasing in volume as she neared her

climax and then crying out frantically as she orgasmed and my seed filled her moist warm tunnel.

Afterwards, we just lay together.

'You were soft and gentle with me, why was that?' Kerry asked as she snuggled up against me.

'I don't know, I just feel there is something special about you and I wanted to watch you as we made love.' I didn't know where that had come from but she seemed to love my comment as she held me tighter.

When it finally came time to take her home, I watched her dress, to me her body looked perfect, her skin like porcelain, her dark hair falling over her shoulders. Her waist was slim and her bottom rounded, all supported on a perfect set of pins. Walking down from the cottage through the hamlet and to her home, I kissed her goodnight, the walk back leaving me feeling elated and unable to get thoughts of Kerry out of my head.

I wanted to do something special for her, so the next morning decided to drive into the nearest largest town which I believe existed about nine miles on the other side of the hamlet. Over the time that I'd been here, I'd covered all the roads and lanes around the area but had never really ventured out far on the other side of the community. Today I left the bike at home, an eighteen mile round trip was a bit too much like work rather than enjoyment. The day was already warm as I backed the car from the side of the cottage and put the roof down before driving through the hamlet and out the other side. The Mercedes gobbled up the miles as I left the country lanes and hit one of the proper roads.

The radio was blasting out some tune and I was singing along, touching the brake slightly as a bend up ahead approached. It was then that I got the strangest sense, I just knew instinctively, that around the bend, there was a school on the left and six houses on the right. The picture in my head was so vivid that I could have reached out and touched it, making me freeze up as I exited the bend and there it was, the school

and the houses. It's a good job nothing was behind me as my foot stomped on the brakes and the car stopped on a sixpence.

Shaking, I climbed from the driver's seat, looking left and then right at the scene before my eyes, it wasn't picture-perfect, some things were different, the school was larger than the one in my head, but it was still the same school, 'Dawlish Junior School', I hadn't known the name, but I was sure it was the same school. Of the houses, some now had driveways or the fronts had been painted different colours, but I was convinced they were the same properties. 'How could that be?' I thought, I had never been here in my life, not even on holiday, as far back as I could remember, we had always gone abroad, normally to somewhere in Spain.

It must have been ten minutes before I felt safe to get behind the wheel again, 'Where had that come from and how come I had never remembered it before,' the questions tumbled around inside my head.

I knew I had never been in this part of the world, I'd never even heard of the name of the hamlet before coming across it on the map. At the same time it felt scary, How could I picture something I had never seen and know exactly where it was, I must be getting things mixed up, there must be hundreds of schools with houses opposite, perhaps that was the explanation, it was just similar enough to somewhere I had seen in the past.

Rolling into the town, I parked up and spent several hours walking around and picking up ingredients to cook Kerry a special meal, my mum had taught me how to cook paella, a dish we all used to love on holiday and she had got a recipe from one of the old ladies we got to know. On the homeward run, I had to stop again, walking back and forth, I compared what I could see with the picture in my head and the more time I spent there, the more convinced I became that I had seen it once before and determined to ask Kerry if any tv series had ever been filmed around this location, that would be a perfect explanation for my 'déjà vu' moment.

Finally home I put the food from my expedition away in the cupboards and fridge, surprised that it was already mid-afternoon. Kerry popped around at four o'clock but unfortunately, she had plans for that evening, she and her mother going into Dawlish to the cinema to see a film they both wanted to watch.

'Never mind,' I'd told her, 'Perhaps tomorrow evening.' She grinned and nodded her head vigorously. I just made myself a bit of something for tea and then watched tv, considering whether to go down to the pub but instead, had an early night.

The sun pouring through the bedroom window brought me awake, I quickly brushed my teeth and put on singlet and shorts before going out for a run. My stamina had returned and I was comfortably now covering nearly ten miles each time. Returning to the cottage, I got there just as Mary pulled up in her van and gave her a wave before going indoors for my shower. Shaved, showered and feeling refreshed I put on a clean singlet and another pair of shorts, it looked like it was going to be a scorcher and decided to spend some time out back and do a bit of sunbathing.

I shouted, asking if she wanted a brew which she normally did the first thing, and made two strong cups of tea, taking them into the garden with me, my jaw-dropping as I spotted Mary wheeling the lawnmower around the corner. She was dressed in shorts, and I mean, 'shorts', they were so small that they barely managed to cover her bottom, the cheeks of her arse clearly on show, coupled with a vest that hung loosely from her torso, it was evident immediately that she was braless beneath it, as her hardened nipples showed clearly through the thin material.

I just stood and looked, my mouth hanging open as I took in her bronzed toned body, there seemed to be not once ounce of fat on her, the many hours of working outdoors in the villager's gardens had left her with a body that many a young girl half her age would have died for.

'Would you like a picture?' Her words brought me back to the present as I continued to stare.

I've found with Mary that if she wants to know something then she asks you directly, there is no beating around the bush, her comments and statements are always to the point and so without thinking, the words were out of my mouth before my brain had processed them, 'Only if you ditch the clothes.'

I must have blushed profusely as she gave me a most wicked smile, 'Cheeky beggar! 'It can be arranged young fella,' came the reply as she started the lawnmower and commenced her journey back and forward across the lawn.

I'd meant to sunbathe, and in a way I was, but my eyes followed her as she moved across my vision, my mind mentally undressing her and the bulge in my shorts causing me to fidget constantly. She'd mostly finished the lawn when she stopped and came over to have her brew, pulling up a chair next to me.

'Even with sunglasses on, I could feel her eyes boring into me as she suddenly asked, 'Do you want to go to bed with me?'

As usual with Mary it was straight to the point leaving me fumbling for words in my shock, it was easier after a time just to nod my head. Several minutes passed as she finished her cup and bent, unlacing her boots, before standing and looking directly at me.

'Well, there's no time like the present,' I heard her say.

Following her indoors, I watched her bottom sway from side to side as she walked, and then she was on me and we were tearing the clothes off each other.

We raced for the stairs and the bedroom but never made it, halfway up I had grabbed her buttocks, squeezing each cheek firmly, she had turned and stumbled, sitting down on one of the steps, her legs wide open and showing me her moist fanny open and ready. I didn't want to wait as I knelt in front of her, my throbbing cock rubbing against her labia and exposed clitoris.

Grabbing me firmly she positioned my shaft as I pushed against her and felt it slide inside her pussy, Mary grunting as she accepted its length. It wasn't frenzied, but then it wasn't slow and passionate, we both wanted to fuck as my cock slammed into her time and time again, her full breasts bouncing as I filled her quim with each thrust. With our mouths glued together, we were both trying to breathe and groan at the same time, our lips parting only so that we could utter crude comments.

Our faces parted as she stared at me, her eyes bulging as I twisted her nipples, her body drawing close to its release as with a final effort, I rammed my cock into her faster and harder and was rewarded as she started to wail, her body quivering and jerking as she orgasmed which sent me into raptures as my cream spurted inside her cunt.

My knee's on the stairs felt raw as I straightened my back, Mary leaning back on her elbows with her mouth open as she gulped in much-needed air, her ample breasts rising and falling rapidly.

'Fuck. 'Holy shit, I needed that,' she was saying as we both tried to compose ourselves.

Sliding from her, I stood and took her hand, she looked at me in surprise, 'Again?'

I nodded my head, 'Only this time I want to make love to you.' Perhaps they were not the right words but they conveyed what I further wanted from her as I led her into my bedroom.

With my head between her legs, there was a myriad of smells, talc from when she dressed, sweat from our coupling and the smell of her sex and a salty taste on my tongue from the deposit I had left inside her. I lapped at her fanny lips, my tongue every so often darting inside her cunt before my lips compressed her clit and the tip of my tongue teased it.

If anyone was passing outside they must have been able to hear Mary because she was vocal, her moans and wails loud as she urged me on as I increased her arousal, allowing it to subside before raising it once more. I thought I was going to

lose a handful of hair as she suddenly gripped it and dragged my head and mouth firmly against her cunt letting out a scream and arching her back, her hips and buttocks shaking as she climaxed again and her juices splashed my face and mouth.

Giving her no respite, I raised myself and knelt between her open thighs, my shaft, hard once more, slid easily into her wet sloppy fanny and I fucked her again. Keeping the rhythm steady, I was able to look down at her laid beneath me. I would have guessed she was in her late thirties maybe even early forties, but her body was that of a woman my age, the only clue that she was maybe older was the cesarian scar from one of her children's births.

Her body was bronzed all over and I wondered if she sunbathed naked at home and whether her husband enjoyed her as much as I was doing. Her breasts were still firm and I bent my head so that I could lick and kiss her dark hard buds, eliciting screams as I gently bit them.

She was pleading with me to cum because she was close again as my hips became a blur and my cock thudded into her cunt, she let out a long lingering wail and bucked beneath me, her body quivering as she climaxed and my sperm shooting deep inside her once more as I grunted my own release.

Laying side by side, we recovered slowly, 'Jesus Adam, I'm fucked. 'How am I supposed to finish the garden?' She said as I laughed and pointed out that she may have to come again tomorrow, the pun not being lost on her.

We had showered together and finally dressed, went back downstairs, the day already half over with.

'Were you joking about me returning tomorrow?' she asked, leaving me feeling that something had just changed.

'Of course not, but I can't promise how much work you will get done.' I replied.

Kissing me passionately, she went and retrieved her boots before giving me a peck on the cheek and saying goodbye.

'Bloody hell,' I thought to myself, she reminded me so much of Cynthia, I'd come here to get my head straight and had wound up with two very attractive women which reminded me that Kerry was coming for tea.

Over the next few weeks I certainly indulged myself, I would see Kerry most days, we had never started off to have a relationship but we had just bit by bit fallen into one and I found myself developing feelings for her, and then just to spice everything thing up, Mary and I would get it on at least a couple of times a week.

I'd phoned Murry, my parent's solicitor and discussed with him about my adoption, he could tell me very little other than it had been dealt with by one of the former partners, but promised to look through some of the old files. I had also kept in touch with Cynthia who was asking when I may return,

telling me that she had been going without lately and needed a 'good seeing too'.

Kerry and I were in 'The Swan' one evening when she suddenly turned to me, Oh, by the way, I was talking to mum because she used to live in one of those houses opposite the school if she remembered your family living there. 'Anyway, you're invited to tea tomorrow night and you can ask her yourself.'

Even after all this time, I had still not met or seen Kerry's parents, they never seemed to go to the pub and I had got to know quite a few of the regulars, even seeing Mary in there from time to time with friends. I told her I looked forward to meeting them and seeing if there was anything they could tell me.

The next evening I walked down to her cottage, my mind must have been on other things because I never picked up on any of the visible clues, especially the van parked nearby. I knocked at the door and waited.

Kerry opened it with a smile and a kiss as she invited me in, 'Adam, you know my mum.....Mary.'

You could have knocked me down with a feather, I must have looked a complete idiot as I stood there, my eyes going from one to the other and then back again, Kerry looking at me in surprise and waiting for me to say something, while Mary just smiled and looked at me wickedly.

'I'm sorry' I sputtered, 'I never ever realised you were mother and daughter,' I said, trying to get over the shock of suddenly realising that I was shagging the both of them.

It was a while before I managed to get Mary on her own, Kerry had nipped to the loo as I took my chance, 'Bloody hell Mary, you might have told me, surely you knew I've been seeing Kerry for a while now?'

In typical fashion, she replied, straight to the point, 'Would you have bedded me if you had known, probably not, and am I not allowed to fancy you as much as my daughter.

'She has no idea and I want it to stay that way, you do know she is falling in love with you. 'I enjoy our liaisons so why don't we let sleeping dogs lie and we all get what we want.

'I'll make no demands on you, just be sure you treat her right and we will all end up happy.' With that, she gave me a quick kiss and groped my bottom before carrying the coffees into the lounge.

Despite the shock, it turned out to be a wonderful evening, what Mary had said was correct, I was getting the best of all worlds at the moment and decided just to let things carry on as they were. It appeared that Kerry's dad had gone off when she was about twelve and she and her mother had just carried on living in the hamlet. Mary had always loved gardening and had slowly built a business from it to be able to look after her daughter.

'A strange thing happened to Adam the other day,' Kerry was saying to her mother, 'Tell mum what happened,' she said, and I repeated my tale.

'Could Adams parents have lived in one of those houses?' Kerry inquired of her mother.

'What's your surname?' Mary asked, staring into space as I told her, 'I'm sure they never lived there.

'The end house was Taylors, then my family, the Wilsons. 'Next door to us was owd Mrs Bradshaw, then the Johnson's, Murry's and the last house was an Italian name.

'He had been a prisoner of war and married an English woman but I could never pronounce his name, Gugli..something.'

I knew Kerry's name was McGuire so Wilson must have been Mary's maiden name.

'I was there until I got married, maybe they moved there after that' Mary finished.

I was sure that if my parents had lived there with me, I would have remembered and I could only recollect having lived in one house. It was only later and on my way home that I suddenly twigged that perhaps I should have asked about the name Evan's not my adoptive parent's name of Judd.

## Part Two

I could hardly believe that four months had passed; I had become so ensconced in the life of the hamlet and my time with Mary and Kerry that I had forgotten that I had another life far from here.

On impulse one evening I spoke to Kerry while we were in the 'Swan', 'Can you get a couple of days off?' I asked her, she was inquisitive as to why.

'I need to make a trip back home and see some people, would you like to come with me?' I asked her, noting that she looked excited and sad at the same time.

My other life was not something I had discussed with her really and suddenly it was a reminder to her that a time would come when I left the hamlet.

She quickly cheered up, 'I'd love to go, when are you thinking of?'

It would have to be mid-week as I needed to see the solicitor and also wanted to have a word with Maurice at the company, I would like to see Cynthia as well, wondering how she would take it when I turned up with Kerry, but my feelings for the young woman had gone beyond friendship and so it was something that everyone was going to have to get used to.

'Can you get Thursday and Friday off, we'll drive across and perhaps stay overnight if you want.' Kerry was all for it, she had never been in a city, her life so far having been the hamlet and the larger town of Dawlish.

The next morning I drove into Dawlish and filled the car up ready for the journey. Setting off on Thursday morning, it was another nice day and Kerry loved the trip with the roof down, her hair blowing in the slight slipstream as I opened the engine up and we sped along. A lot of it was all new to her and she chattered excitedly throughout the journey.

Reaching the suburbs, I finally turned into my road and then into the driveway, clicking the remote so that the garage door was open and ready as I parked the car.

Kerry jumped out, going to the front of the house and staring about her, 'Oh my god, wow, this is where you live? 'It's massive.'

To her, I suppose it was when you compared it to the cottages, but to me, and especially in this part of the city, it was just a normal large house. I carried the bags in and showed her around, finding it was exactly as I left it, but could probably do with a dusting after all these weeks.

She must have noticed me running my fingers over surfaces because she suddenly offered, 'Let me do it, get me a duster and some polish and I'll soon have it clean again.'

I'd tried to say 'no' but she wouldn't have it and sure enough, an hour later everything looked better. While she was cleaning I'd made a couple of phone calls, one to Maurice to say I was popping in and the other to Murry at the solicitors, asking if I could have a word. Driving into the city, we went and grabbed some lunch before going to dad's company.

Maurice was pleased to see me, asking how I was and if things were getting back on track. The firm was ticking along nicely and there was plenty of work in.

I asked Kerry to nip out while I had a private conversation with Maurice, 'I've thought about this Maurice and I'm sure my dad would have agreed. 'I'm not ready to run this company yet, I don't know enough and if it wasn't for you, it would probably be in trouble at this moment in time.

'You've been here right from the beginning and you know how everything runs. 'What I'm asking.....is, would you be my partner?'

He sat back in his chair looking stunned, 'Look, Adam, its very good of you, but I haven't the money to put into a company like this.'

I stopped him before he could go any further, 'I don't want any money Maurice, I want you to teach me all I need to know to keep us being successful and for that, I'd like you to be my partner.'

I could see him welling up at my offer as he came from behind his desk and shook my hand, 'It would be a pleasure,' he said, looking a little overcome.

I left the office telling him I was seeing the solicitors today and would get the ball rolling, his parting shot as he put his hand on my shoulder brought tears to my eyes, 'Your dad would be proud of you Adam.'

My next stop was the solicitors in the city, Kerry being happy to wait in the car while I popped in. Murry wasn't able to add any more information other than the adoption had been certified by Shropshire social services.

My head was spinning as I left, I'd come from Shropshire, it just seemed too much of a coincidence that I had a picture of that part of the country in my head. Remembering the box of papers and pictures, I determined to take them back with me.

Presently, I had told Kerry and her mother nothing of my true past wondering if they would be able to help, the locals not

yet ready to tell me the gossip and Mary had lived there all her life and knew everyone. Finished, I returned to Kerry, still sitting patiently.

'It's a lovely day, how do you fancy doing some shopping in the city' I asked her, her eyes lighting up when I mentioned clothes shops.

I drove into the centre and found a parking spot, Kerry, awestruck at the number of people on the streets.

'Is it always like this?' she asked.

I laughed, 'This is reasonably quiet, you should see it each weekend.'

I knew exactly where I was going, taking her hand as we zig-zagged through the crowds until we hit the main shopping precinct.

Kerry was like a child, suddenly confronted with more things than she had ever dreamt of, we went from window to window as she gazed at the clothes on display, dragging me into each one as she perused the rails and looking a little disappointed as she started to realise that prices here were a lot more expensive. In the third shop, she spotted some tops and a dress, holding it up against her as she gave me a twirl and then replacing it as she saw the price tag.

'Go and try it on, Kerry,' I told her.

She shook her head, 'I can't afford it.'

I smiled at her, 'Please, for me, I want to see what you look like'.

She took the dress to the changing rooms and reappeared several minutes later, looking at herself in the mirror and turning towards me. The pale lemon contrasted with her golden skin and I knew I was falling in love with her.

'I'd better go and take it off, it's very expensive,' she said, looking a little deflated.

While she was gone I picked out the three tops she had been looking at, holding them behind my back when she returned, taking the dress from her before she could replace it on the rail.

I took them to the cashier and paid while Kerry protested, 'Adam, you can't, it is too much money.'

I handed the bag to her, 'Am I not allowed to treat my girlfriend,' I asked

The look on her face was like watching the sun coming up in the morning as she realised what I'd just said, her arms going around my neck as she flung herself at me. 'You mean it?'

I nodded, 'If it's alright with you?'

As they left the shop, Kerry was walking on air, nothing had ever been said, they had simply drifted into a friendship and then a little bit more, his words had made it official, she was his 'girlfriend'.

Throughout the rest of the day he treated her again and again, some trousers she liked, a pair of trainers and shoes to go with the dress, it had been the best day of her life, but behind the excitement and joy, there was a little twinge, what happens when its time for him to leave she wondered.

They had a meal in a restaurant that evening before driving back to Adam's house.

'It's up to you Kerry, I can take you home if you wish, we can be back before midnight, or we can stay over,' Adam asked her.

Kerry knew what she wanted, and that wasn't a three-hour journey, 'I want to stay over, and I want you to make love to me,' she whispered to him.

She lay beneath him, her hair fanning out across the pillow as his cock sank into her flesh and she moaned her delight, 'She was so beautiful,' he kept thinking as he gazed down at her, his mouth going to each of her nipples in turn as he nuzzled them, applying pressure with his lips and teeth, his tongue shooting out and licking each one, keeping them hard and erect while she cried out in pleasure.

All the while his shaft slid in and out of her fanny as both their arousals increased, sliding out of her, he rubbed his cock against her labia and clitoris, teasing her while she implored him to 'Ram it back in and shag me.'

He marvelled at her and recalled something his mother had once said before going red and giggling, 'A good wife is a lady in the living room and a whore in the bedroom, it what makes the best marriages.'

The phrase fitted Kerry perfectly, normally you wouldn't have thought butter would melt in her mouth, but in the bedroom, she knew what she wanted and nothing was out of bounds, even her course language at times. His cock sank back into her quim as she dragged his head down and kissed him before whispering in his ear, 'Fuck my arse.'

Sliding from her once more, he placed his hands beneath her raised knee's and lifted her legs higher, exposing her cute pucked entrance. Her juices had run down the crack of her arse and covered his cock which with very little effort glided inside her anus.

Adam sodomised her, his fingers in her fanny and his thumb rubbing frantically at her clit until they both reached a point where their climax was imminent.

'In my cunt, please, fuck my cunt, I want you to cum in me,' Kerry screeched as his throbbing shaft pummelled her pussy and they both climaxed, her back arching and her fingers

digging into the bedsheets as his twitching cock shot spurt after spurt of cum inside her wet passage.

They slept, their bodies intertwined until the bright sun of morning awakened them, I had one more person to visit before I took Kerry back to her home, it felt unfair to leave her twiddling her thumbs in the house but was unsure what reception she may get when introduced to Cynthia. I decided that it may be best if Cynthia came to me but also decided that Kerry deserved an explanation in case things were a little bit frosty.

'I'm inviting someone over,' I told her, 'And it's only fair that you know the truth.'

I went on to explain what had happened thus leading to the reason I had turned up in 'Lower Yockleton', 'Cynthia brought me to my senses and helped me when I was at my lowest.

'One thing led to another and we ended up sleeping with each other. 'I can't promise how she's going to take the fact that you are now on the scene.'

Kerry looked a little anxious, it wasn't the fact that he had slept with another woman, that was a given, he'd had a life long before she knew him. It was the fact that this woman had been there at his lowest, coupled with the fact that she was mature, Kerry wondered if she would be able to compete.

It sounded like this woman knew how to look after a man and how to pleasure him and keep him interested, now he was back here, would Adam suddenly realise that this Cynthia had so much more to offer. She fretted, not looking forward to this woman's arrival and turning her into some sort of 'Amazon' who could have any man she wanted.

He'd phoned Cynthia to let her know that he was back for a visit and to also tell her that he had a guest, he hadn't wanted her coming over, dressed and ready for sex. Kerry had

worked herself up into a state by the time the doorbell finally rang.

When Cynthia entered, she was nothing like Kerry had imagined, in fact, she looked very similar to her own mother, she watched as Adam hugged the older woman who kissed his cheek, but Kerry could tell by her looks and mannerisms that if they had been alone, Cynthia would have had Adam undressed by now.

She turned, giving Kerry a once over before advancing on her with her hand held out, 'Are you not going to introduce me, Adam?'

'Cynthia, this is Kerry, Kerry, Cynthia, she is one of my neighbours where I have been staying.'

Kerry baulked, he hadn't introduced her as his girlfriend, did he still secretly harbour feelings for this woman.

'Why don't we go and sit out, it's too nice a day to be stuck indoors. 'Adam, are you going to get us some drinks?' The older woman asked.

Cynthia ushered Kerry towards the conservatory and out into the gardens, 'Try and relax, I don't bite,' she whispered to the young woman as they went out.

'I take it from the look of panic on your face that you are aware of what has taken place between me and Adam?' She asked.

Kerry nodded, close to tears.

'Don't worry my dear, I'm not here to pinch him from you, though I must say I will miss him,' Cynthia said, placing an arm around Kerry's shoulders, 'Just you make sure you look after him, he's been hurt enough lately.'

Adam appeared with drinks and they sat around for an hour chatting, Cynthia continually putting Kerry at her ease and the young woman beginning to warm to her. Cynthia was getting ready to leave when Kerry decided to excuse herself, saying she was going to the toilet and allowing them to have a few moments alone.

Once she was gone, Cynthia turned to Adam, 'I take it I am redundant now,' she looked sad.

'I'm not going to lie to you Cynthia, there is something special about Kerry, but at some point, I will return and we still have plenty of unfinished business, hopefully, we always will,' Adam said as he took her in his arms and they kissed.

Kerry returned downstairs as Cynthia was leaving, the older woman kissing her on the cheek as she whispered in her ear, 'Look after him, his kind don't come along very often,' and then she was gone.

Adam took one look at her and wrapped his arms around her, holding her tight against him, 'A bit scary?'

Kerry nodded against his chest, 'Very scary,' she thought, but he was still here with her and that was the most important thing.

He packed some bits into the car and then they set off for the return journey, Kerry looking forward to getting home where she felt more secure and confident. The journey flew by as they eventually drove back into the hamlet, he still had another two months on the lease and found himself having missed the quiet little community. It took a couple of days to get back into their routine but by the following week, things had returned to normal.

Tuesday was always Kerry's busiest day and was also the day that Mary came over to see to the garden, there had been a change in the weather the last few days and today it was pouring down outside when Mary arrived in her van, she dashed around the rear, entering by the back door, a coat over

her head, sheltering her from the rain, 'Doesn't look like the garden is going to get much attention today' she said to Adam.

His mischievous grin and words implying what he had in mind, 'I know someone who perhaps needs some attention,' he said, advancing on her.

Ensconced together in bed, Mary was musing as she said to him, 'Kerry seemed a little subdued when you returned.'

Adam explained that she had met Cynthia, "the mature woman," he had told her about, 'I felt it only fair to tell her the truth, did I do right?' he asked.

Mary nodded, 'And is she still competition for my daughter.'

Adam laughed as he slid down the bed to kiss her naked breasts, 'I think Kerry has competition a bit nearer to home, don't you,' he said as he slipped first one and then two fingers inside her moist cunt, making her moan loudly.

Mary rolled him over so that she could straddle his hips, grabbed his erect cock, and impaled herself on it, releasing a groan of pleasure as she slid down its length. 'There was something to be said for youth,' she thought, 'So full of energy,' rocking back and forwards on his erection as he filled her and she savoured the sensations each time their groins came together.

How she wished she was twenty years younger, she would certainly have given her daughter a run for her money for Adams affections.

His hands cupped her full breasts squeezing the smooth flesh and twisting her nipples between his finger and thumb, something she especially liked as she increased her movement, the sensations devouring her body increasingly as her orgasm approached. Leaning forward on her outstretched arms she dangled her tits over his face as she bounced up and down on his cock until he caught her buttocks and commenced ramming his shaft into her rapidly and culminating in both of them climaxing.

After they'd had time to recover they made love again before it was time for Mary to depart, the last thing either of them wanted, was for Kerry to ever catch them together. He'd showered and dressed before making himself a drink, going to one of the cupboards, he extracted the box he had brought with him and leafing through the papers once more. He heard the sound of Kerry arriving and hastily putting everything back into the box and tucking it back into the cupboard, he hadn't yet decided how he was going to broach the subject with Mary and ask for her help.

'Hi, Adam,' she called as she came in by the back door, 'I've just phoned mum, she says to come over for tea.'

Coming into the lounge she gave me a hug and a kiss as she asked about my day. We were getting ready to go across to Kerry's house when she suddenly spotted something beneath the coffee table and bent to pick it up.

'Who's this?' She asked, studying the photograph and turning it over to look at the back, 'Anne' 'Is this your mum?' She asked me as I stood there, rooted to the spot. What did I tell her? I wasn't ready yet to go into too much detail so just said 'yes'.

She turned the photo back over, continuing to study it, 'It's strange,' she said, more to herself than to me, 'It's like I've seen something similar once before, I must be having one of your funny moments,' she grinned as she handed the picture back to me.

I had lost count of how many times I had now been to Kerry's cottage, like everyone, I had looked around but at the same time, I had never really taken much notice, my time divided between the two women. Tonight was different, it was Kerry's comment about the picture that had increased my awareness.

We'd had tea and they were clearing things away as I looked around the lounge, pictures were hanging on the walls, on top of cupboards and sideboards all around the lounge. Idly, I

gazed at them, waiting for the two women to return when one, in particular, caught my attention and my blood froze.

'I've got to go,' I shouted, bolting from the cottage and running up the lane as fast as I could, I sped across the centre of the hamlet with no let up until I reached the cottage, bent double as I gasped for breath, so quickly had I covered the distance. I rushed inside and took the box from the cupboard, extracting the two pictures and looking at them, the telephone was ringing shrilly but I ignored it as my insides shook and I felt sick.

The phone had stopped ringing but I continued to stare at the two photographs, trying to make sense of the turmoil in my head. I never even heard the sound of a vehicle screech to a halt outside, the first I realised of anything was as Kerry and Mary rushed into the house.

I'd moved the pictures by the time they'd entered, Kerry in a panic and rushing to me demanding to know what the hell was going on. I loved her, but I couldn't touch her as I

shrugged her away, going into the kitchen and sitting at the dining table.

They came and joined me, Kerry, close to tears and trying to grasp my hand.

Staring at Mary, I tried to compose myself as the question came out slowly, 'Have you got a sister Mary?'

She looked at me like I had gone mad, 'No, I'm an only child.'

I was confused, it didn't make sense, 'Then who is this?' I asked, putting the picture of 'Anne' face up on the table.

Mary went as white as a sheet, a sheer look of horror on her face, silence reigned for several minutes, 'Where did you get this from?' she asked, 'Have you been in my room?'

I shook my head, 'No, this is my picture!'

Kerry's eyes were going between me, the picture and her mum and then back again, once more she had the strangest feeling that the photo was familiar, she turned it over, reading the name on the back again and then it was if someone had connected her into a socket as the hairs on the back of her neck stood on end.

'Adam, you said this was a picture of your mum, it isn't, it's a picture of my mum,' Kerry said haltingly.

'Anne? M.a.r.i.a.n.n.e, Marianne, everybody just calls her Mari for short, it sounds exactly the same as Mary'. Mary was just staring at me, unable to say anything as I watched the tears stream down her face, 'Mum? 'Why has Adam got a picture of you?' Kerry asked.

That was what I had spotted, I must have passed that picture in their cottage dozens of time and had never taken any notice, a young girl posing with her parents, it wasn't the face,

the photo in their cottage was of a younger girl, it was the dress, it was the same dress.

Kerry was frantic now, she looked at me and the tears running down her mothers face, the picture was definitely her mum, but Adam had said it was his mum, the name on the back was her mum's, and then it hit her.

'No! 'It can't be, tell me it isn't,' she cried, the tears rolling down her face, 'Mum please, tell me, I love him.'

It was then that I put the second picture next to the first, 'Are you, my mum, Marianne?' I asked, watching as she nodded her head imperceptibly, staring all the while at the picture of the young child I had produced.

Time seemed to pass slowly, as both of them continued to weep, I didn't know whether to feel elated or angry, it was the shock of finding out that I'd had sex with my mother and was in love with my sister.

'His name was Andrew Evans, he was sixteen and I was fifteen when I had you, we wanted to run away together and get married, but we were both only kids and both our parents were against it.

'I gave you his surname because I loved him dearly and then one day, he didn't turn up anymore, I went around to his house but the neighbours told me that they had moved.

'I was fifteen and still at school with a baby, you can imagine the stigma that attracted, and my life was a mess, everyone pointing their fingers and talking.'

I kept you as long as I could but my parents kept talking about me having you adopted, you were one year old when I finally gave in, I couldn't look after you and they didn't want to know so eventually I had to sign the papers.

'I cried for weeks afterwards, I hadn't a clue where you had gone, they wouldn't tell me, I searched all the villages around here, but eventually, I had to give up and face facts that I would never see you again. The only things I could give you when they took you away was those two photographs.'

'I spiralled out of control, and as soon as I could, I got out of there, at seventeen I met your father, Kerry, by eighteen I was pregnant again and we got married and I moved away from home and never went back.

'It lasted longer than I thought, I never truly loved him, it was more to hurt my parents and so I wasn't surprised when the marriage broke up, the only good thing that came out of it was you, Kerry.'

Each one of us was silent until I spoke up, 'I think its best if you both went for the moment. 'You do realise that Kerry is my sister and I have been sleeping with her.'

The last thing I remember of that evening was Kerry screaming her anger at her mother as she dragged her from the cottage and then the sound of the van as it drove away into the distance.

When I opened my eyes I was parked up outside my home, I'd jumped in the car and driven, not really aware of where I was going until my road came into sight. It was just coming light as I let myself in, going directly to my bedroom and falling asleep once more. I never heard the constant ringing of the telephone, what disturbed me was the doorbell and the hammering on the front door. I roused myself and went down to open and found Cynthia on the doorstep.

'What's going on Adam. 'Someone called Mary phoned me and said you had disappeared, what's going on?' She demanded.

My head still felt fuzzy from sleep as I ushered her indoors and went and made us both a drink, returning to the lounge and handing her the cup of tea. 'Mary doesn't know you and

certainly hasn't got your phone number, how has she managed to phone you?' I asked, totally confused.

'You left your phone there, she realised when she tried to call you, you must have mentioned my name because she found it on your phone and called me, isn't she Kerry's mother, have you and Kerry had a fallout?' Cynthia asked.

I couldn't eradicate the sarcasm from my voice as I told her, 'Marianne, or Mary as she is commonly known, IS MY MOTHER,' I shouted, 'and Kerry is my half-sister, don't you understand Cynthia. 'I've slept with my mother and sister.'

She looked puzzled for a moment, digesting my words and suddenly understanding what I was saying. I found myself pacing and shouting as I told her everything that had happened since the day I left, finally throwing open cupboard doors, ' I need a drink,' I exclaimed, forgetting that I had disposed of it all.

I was out of control again and the only thing that saved me was the hand that slapped my face so hard that I thought Cynthia had broken my jaw. Coming back to reality I felt overwhelmed and despite my age, I broke down and cried, blubbering like a baby.

She held me tight, rocking me like a young child until my sobbing finally ceased, I felt so alone and lost, abandoned in the middle of a vast ocean without a life-ring. I'll be honest, at that moment I could understand why people contemplated taking their own lives if it hadn't been for Cynthia.....well who knows!

The flip side of the coin I suppose and perhaps the bodies way of compensating for those morbid thoughts was that I felt as horny as hell, what I needed was the touch and feel of another human being, a coupling to distract the mind.

'Let's go to bed' I suddenly said, my desire for her body tangible.

Cynthia looked stunned, 'Adam, perhaps now isn't the right time.'

I interrupted her before she could continue, 'When is the right time, I don't care about the time, I want to make love to you'.

She took some convincing but finally, her desires overruled her head as she allowed me to lead her upstairs to my bedroom and undress her.

I'm sure Cynthia had not anticipated the strength of my desires as I threw her onto the bed and devoured her, I ate her pussy, I fucked her arse, I fucked her mouth and then I fucked her fanny, and when I had finished, I fucked her all over again until she begged me to stop, her body unable to withstand any more orgasms, her arse and fanny raw with my insatiable appetite. As we lay together and she dozed, I wondered if I should forget about Mary and Kerry, perhaps all I needed was laid next to me.

Now she was awake again, her hand rested on my chest as she asked me what I was going to do. 'I liked Kerry when I met her, so up until yesterday, before you found out the truth, how did you feel about her?'

It was an easy question for me to answer, up until yesterday, I knew I was falling in love with her.

Cynthia sat up, openly displaying her nudity and causing an immediate reaction down below, my hand, reaching out towards her tit's, was promptly smacked away as she spoke.

'As I see it, you have two choices, from what you have told me, I don't think you can blame Mary, she was nothing but a child at the time, and remember, attitudes were different back then, Kerry is a total innocent in all of this, all she has ever done was to fall in love with you.

'So! You return and get to know your mum and sister, but I guarantee that Mary will never feel like the mother that Marjory was and you hurt Kerry.

'Or! You say nothing, you have different names, no one is ever going to know unless you tell them, you can still work out some sort of relationship with your real mother and you can have a relationship with your girlfriend.

'It wouldn't be lawful and if anyone ever found out, you would both be in trouble, but it wouldn't be the end of the world, you would just plead ignorance.'

I wasn't ready to make a decision yet, I needed time to think about it, 'Will you do something for me, Cynthia, call Mary back and tell her I will get in touch in a couple of days, once I've decided what I want to do, ask her not to call me, or Kerry either.'

I watched as Cynthia got dressed, thankful I was still sane, all of it due to her. She kissed me goodbye, leaving me still in bed as she departed.

Several days had passed when the phone started to ring one morning, at first, I just ignored it, but its constant urgent shrilling eventually made me pick it up. Mary was on the other end, but not the woman I had come to know,

I could hear the panic in her voice, it was palpable as she told me, 'Kerry's gone, we argued again last night. 'I went up to wake her and she wasn't there, her bed hasn't been slept in, she's gone.'

I was sure it wasn't anything serious, just because her bed hadn't been slept in, didn't mean there was a crisis. 'Could she have gone to my cottage?' I asked, 'I don't remember locking it, so she may well be there, have you been and checked?'

I could hear the sudden hope in her voice, 'I'll go and check, I'll ring you back,' she said as the line went dead.

She was back on the phone ten minutes later, 'She's not there,' the panic back in her voice.

'Are there any friends she might have slept at?' I asked, her panic was becoming contagious as I wondered where Kerry had got too.

'There are none in the hamlet, there are not many young ones around here, she has a couple of friends in Dawlish. 'I'll go and check there, why isn't she answering her phone, Adam?' Mary cried.

I was trying to reassure her when the doorbell rang, 'Hold on a minute Mary, someones at the door, I've just got to answer it'.

I wondered if it was Cynthia, asking Mary if she had phoned her as well, but she said no, I opened the door to find Kerry stood there, she looked timid and scared with her tear-stained face.

I was so relieved that I just wrapped my arms around her, 'How did you get here?.....' It's OK Mary, she's just turned up at my house.....'Come in Kerry, are you alright?..... 'Yes, she's OK Mary.'

It was difficult trying to have two conversations at once. 'Mary! 'It's ok, just relax, she's safe and she's here with me.'

Mary was demanding to speak to Kerry, but the look on her face said that wasn't going to presently happen.

'Listen, Mary, let me speak to her and I promise I'll ring you back. 'Just give me thirty minutes and I promise I'll call, I'll even bring her back myself.' Mary took a lot of convincing before she finally allowed me to hang up.

Sitting Kerry down I got her a stiff drink, the poor girl looked like she needed one.

Her bottom lip was quivering as she spoke, 'You left without telling me, how could you do that, you know how I feel about you, and yet you still left without saying a word,' the tears came once more as I hesitated, sister or girlfriend, at that moment it mattered little, all I wanted to do was comfort her.

I waited for the sobbing to subside before I spoke, 'I'm sorry for leaving, but it was a shock and I needed to get away. 'Whether we like it or not, you are my sister, or at least, half-sister, and we have been sleeping with each other.

'In the eyes of everyone, what we have done is wrong. 'It's no one's fault, not even your mums.....sorry, our mums, not one of us could have been expected to know, but now that we do, then we need to decide what happens next.'

I presumed Kerry had given it a lot of thought on her journey to my home because when she spoke she had come to the same conclusion that Cynthia had. 'Look, Adam, no one knows us, I have no brother, you have no sister, even our

names are different, you even have a different name than my mum, no one ever needs to know.

'If necessary, I'll move here, we can live here together, no one's ever going to find out, even if mum says something, we just deny it, I bet after all this time, there isn't even any paperwork. 'Me and you, we can make it work.'

What she said had its merits and was maybe feasible, what was causing the problem at the moment was the fact that I couldn't get past the fact that she was my sister and that I'd had sex with her.

'You need to speak to your mum, tell her you are alright and that we are just going to have something to eat and then I'm driving you back,' I told her.

Kerry came straight to the point, the look of determination on her face reminding me of Mary, 'I'm not going back, If you don't want me, then I'll go somewhere else, but I'm not going back.'

I promised that if things could not be worked out, then I would bring her back with me, it was the only way that I could get her into the car to make the journey. The drive back was completed in near silence, only half my mind concentrating on the driving as I tried to sort out my jumbled thoughts.

We had reached the halfway point when I pulled over, 'Can I borrow your phone Kerry, it's important?' She handed it over without any questions as I climbed from the car and wandered some distance from it.

I phoned Cynthia, there were things in my head that I needed to make sense of, truths that were suddenly becoming clearer. We chatted for ten minutes before I said goodbye to her and returned to the car, passing the phone back to Kerry, she didn't even look at it, nor would she look at me as she spoke, her voice sullen, 'You phoned Cynthia didn't you. 'I think that's who you really want, you always seem to go back to her. 'Have you slept with her again?' the last part of her remark sounding accusatory.

'Yes I phoned Cynthia, I needed to ask her something, and no, I haven't slept with her.'

The last part was a lie, but I decided that now wasn't the right time for telling the truth. It was early evening when we finally got back to Lower Yockleton and I parked outside Kerry's cottage. 'I need to speak to Mary on my own, promise me you will stay here in the car and you won't do a disappearing act.'

Kerry dutifully promised but I still wondered if she would be there when I returned, Mary was stood at the door as I walked up the small path, staring at her daughter and wondering why she was still in the car.

'I think we need to talk first,' I said as I followed her inside, I'd never seen her like this, she seemed to be at a loss as to what she should say or do. Sitting at the kitchen table seemed the best idea, it kept some space between us while we made decisions that would affect our lives, perhaps forever.

'What do you want Mary?' Even now it was difficult to call her mum, I was starting to realise that something Cynthia had said was perfectly true.

Her eyes filled with tears, 'I want my son back,' she whispered.

'Even at the expense of losing your daughter?' I asked.

There was no easy way out, whichever way she turned, there would be problems and consequences.

'Would it be easier if I was to just disappear again. 'Kerry will be heartbroken at first, but I'm sure she will eventually get over me,' I asked.

Mary was shaking her head vehemently, 'I've only just found you, I'm not losing you again.'

I never presumed it was going to be easy, but it was going to be nigh on impossible to keep everyone happy, 'There is a

way to make things work' I said, her ears pricking up at the promise of any type of a compromise.

'There is no easy way I can call you mum, not after the things we have done, and if you ever forgot and introduced me as your son, people would ask questions.

'So I can only think of one solution if you would accept that'. I told her what I was prepared to do and she nodded her head enthusiastically, 'Does she know?' Does she know she asked?

I shook my head, 'Not yet.'

Going to the car, I asked Kerry to come indoors with me, she looked sad and feared for the worst. With all three of us seated around the table, I explained, 'Mum and I have discussed it, but everything depends on you.

'If I start to call Mary, 'mum', people are going to wonder why and ask questions, especially around here, but folk wouldn't think twice if she said it was because I was her son-in-law'.

It took a Kerry a moment or two for the penny to drop as her face suddenly brightened, her eyes going misty, 'Are you asking what I think?'

I nodded and smiled mischievously, 'I'll even go down on one knee it makes you say yes.'

I thought she was going to topple me out of the chair as she threw herself across the table, her eyes bright as she asked, 'You really mean it?'

I couldn't help but beam, 'Will you marry me, Kerry?'

'Yes, yes, yes' she managed before her lips became permanently attached to mine.

And so, here we are, two years later, Kerry is now 'Mrs Judd', during the week we spend the time in my parent's house, our house really now, and each weekend we drive across to our cottage in the hamlet. It wasn't a big wedding, let's face it, neither of us had a lot of relatives and so we just invited friends. I couldn't see the villa in Spain getting a lot of use, so sold it and we ended up buying the cottage that I had initially rented.

My first idea was that I would drive back and forth each week once I started work, but I think the prospect of me being far away and alone, in close proximity to the delectable Cynthia, was too much for Kerry to allow and so it was decided that we would go back and forth together. It was as though Kerry didn't implicitly trust me, and she had every right to feel like that at the time, I don't know how I manage it, but I'm happy to say that I still manage to keep Cynthia content. She had been there when I needed her the most and I would never ever forget that and anyway, she still has a body to die for.

We see Mary every weekend when we go across and she'll never change, I'm getting to know her more and more and we

are now very close. Am I sleeping with my mum? No! my 'mum', tragically died in a car accident several years ago. Am I sleeping with my mother-in-law? Well, I couldn't possibly say, you'd have to ask her, and good luck with that.

After a time, when I seemed to have lost everything, I can honestly say that I am now very happy, it seems funny in a way, but my family, has become my family.

# The Chimes of Big Ben

## Chapter One

'Ten.... Nine.... Eight.... Seven.... Six.... Five.... Four.... Three....  
Two.... One.... Happy New Year'

The sounds of "Big Ben" echoed through the large auditorium as everyone cheered and threw streamers into the air. Simon pulled Gina in close, their lips meeting as they kissed, 'Happy New Year,' he mouthed at her, the noise in the hall, far too loud for normal conversation as students broke into a chorus of "Auld Lang Syne". Gina was tipsy, plenty of alcohol had been smuggled into the proceedings, and she had liberally partaken of the falling down juice as he pointed her towards the patio doors, reasoning that a little bit of fresh air was probably what she needed right now and at the same time, motioning to his sister Samantha to head in the same

direction. Simon and Sam were twins and Gina, besides being his girlfriend was also Sam's best friend.

It felt good to escape the noise and the heat of the bodies crushed together inside, the cold air refreshing all three of them. He went to kiss Gina again, but she stopped him, 'What about Sam? She hasn't had her New Year kiss yet,' she giggled drunkenly.

Simon turned and gave his sister a peck on the cheek, 'Happy New Year Sam,' he started to say but was interrupted by his girlfriend.

'That is not a kiss, I meant a proper one, look! Like this.' She grabbed his sister, pulling her close as Simon watched in amazement, their lips coming together as they kissed passionately, their hands caressing each other's bodies as their mouths twisted and turned. Gina's hands finally coming to rest on his sister's buttocks, squeezing her cheeks firmly.

At last, they broke apart, turning towards him and laughing, 'That's what I meant' said Gina, 'Now it's your turn.'

Gina pushed Sam at him and then took his hands and arms, wrapping them around Sam's waist. 'Go on, kiss her.' Simon felt embarrassed as he closed his eyes and moved his face towards his sister's, trying to pretend it was Gina. He felt his lips touch hers, and then her tongue was exploring his mouth, her hand on the back of his head pulling him towards her as she kissed him sexily. Gina, standing behind Sam, grabbed his hands and started to move them up and down his sister's body, finally placing them on her buttocks. Simon, now immersed in the kiss, forgot who he was holding as his hands squeezed the cheeks of her arse. He moved them upwards to her waist and then across her ribs, heading towards her breasts, his cock hard, as he found himself pushing it against her pubic bone.

Suddenly, he was pulled backwards, 'Down boy, that's the wrong girl you are about to touch up,' Gina cried out, laughing loudly and not at all perturbed that he had been on the cusp of actually touching Sam.

He felt his face grow hot, knowing that he must be blushing while Samantha looked at him coyly, her eyes every so often glancing down at his groin. Simon was more embarrassed by the fact that he had begun to enjoy the kiss and that the feel of his sister's body held tight against his own had caused a stirring down below.

The party had started to wind down as Simon went back indoors and retrieved the girl's coats, knowing that it was his responsibility to ensure that they all got home safely. The walk to Gina's home only took a couple of minutes and Sam waited patiently while he said goodnight to her. As they headed towards home, she took his arm, cuddling in close. Simon's head was full of jumbled thoughts, suddenly wondering if his sister was gay.

'Have you and Gina kissed before?' he asked. Sam started laughing, 'We have done it a couple of times, just messing about, it shocks people.' Simon nodded, thinking to himself that although his sister was strikingly pretty, he had never seen her with a boyfriend.

'I apologise for Gina,' he said, 'she can be a bit full-on at times.'

Sam laughed again, 'It was only a bit of fun,' she did not add that it had begun to arouse her.

'And I'm sorry about the kiss,' he continued, 'it must have been awful.'

Samantha stopped, now it was her turn to look embarrassed, 'That was my fault I'm afraid. Gina is always telling me what a good kisser you are, and I asked her what it felt like?' She hesitated before continuing. 'She said that she was going to arrange something, but I thought she was just teasing me. Anyway, dear brother, she is correct, you are nice to kiss..... and you seemed to be enjoying it,' she said hurriedly, her gaze flicking down to his groin for a second as she started giggling.

Simon went red again and stuttered, making his sister laugh out loud before she suddenly became serious, 'You could try

it again.... only if you wanted to.' He looked at her with consternation, wondering if she was pulling his leg, but she looked as though she had meant what she said.

'You're serious, aren't you? He asked, Sam, refusing to look him in the face as she cast her eyes downwards.

With trepidation, he took her in his arms, their lips coming together, this time though, it was his tongue, exploring her mouth. He could smell the shampoo on her hair and the perfume she wore, he tasted the alcohol on her breath and felt the warmth of her body pressing against his. Within seconds, Simon had forgotten that it was his sister as his hands explored her body, the curve of her buttocks, the slimness of her hips and waist, and as they moved upwards, he caught the swell of her breasts. Samantha was more direct; she could feel the expanding bulge in his trousers and her hand made a beeline straight to it, Simon taking a sudden intake of breath as her hand moved up and down his expanding length. As they separated, he knew that what he was feeling was wrong, but the desire to make love to his sister was overpowering. Their house was nearly within sight, and despite his sudden

urge, reason told him that outside at this time of year was certainly not the place for any kind of dalliance, he just hoped their mother was in bed and fast asleep.

They were both disappointed when they got home to find their mother still up and waiting for them. She asked all of the usual questions, did they have a good night? Who was there? Was Gina well? Did he make sure she got home alright? Eventually, ushering them both up to their beds. Simon undressed and settled down before switching off his bedside light, his mind replayed the evening's events, he had kissed his sister twice, the second time of his own volition and had even thought of having sex with her. It took him a while to settle, but eventually, he managed to fall asleep, his dreams lurid, and what Samantha was doing to him had his cock hard and erect. The room was dark, and something had woken him, as he surfaced from sleep, he felt a hand resting on his stomach, which then slowly moved downwards towards his groin as a voice whispered in his ear, 'Hush, .... You didn't think you were getting away that easily, did you?'

His cock was hard as Sam's fingers encircled it, gripping it firmly and sliding the skin up and down as she slowly masturbated him. He sensed the heat of her naked body against his own as he turned on his side to face her, now feeling her breath on his face as their mouths met and his hand found her breast, cupping it gently before giving it a firm squeeze, his fingers twisting her nipple, causing it to harden and his sister to sigh loudly. Moving his hand downwards across her tummy, his fingers encountered the soft downy hair between her legs and then finally the lips of her vagina, already open and moist as he slid a finger inside her, loving the way she moaned as he inserted it. Unhurriedly he fingered her fanny, her excitement growing as his thumb rubbed her clitoris and she buried her head into his shoulder, biting at his flesh as she suddenly climaxed, her legs and hips shaking vigorously as his fingers continued to penetrate her.

'Fuck me, Simon. Please, I want you to fuck me, I want your cock inside me' she whispered breathlessly to him.

He moved her over into the centre of his bed before kneeling between her thighs, Sam grasping at his cock as she positioned

it against her open fanny. Gently he sank into her, having to tell her several times to 'Hush,' as her moans grew louder. Fucking her slowly, he was aware that he must be cautious, his bed tended to creak when he had sex in it and so he must be careful with his mother in the next room. The last thing they needed at that moment was for her to wake up and come to investigate what the noises were. Samantha gripped his buttocks, pulling him into her with each thrust of his hips. She could feel how hot his cock felt inside her fanny, her muscles gripping him tightly and trying to hold him inside her forever. He was big, and she had been unsure as to whether she could take all of him, but he had been slow and gentle, and she was overjoyed when she had managed to fit his shaft inside her vagina. She wanted to cry out loud as his cock sank into her flesh once more, she could feel that her climax was imminent and wanted him to fuck her harder but she too realised, that they must be quiet.

Simon was also reaching the point of no return, he increased his momentum as much as he dared and was rewarded as Sam arched her back, trying her best to muffle her cries as she came again. The feel of her climaxing was too much for him

and with a groan of his own, he felt his cock twitch and ejaculate, his hot spunk filling her fanny. He fucked her as long as he dared, before, exhausted, he flopped down beside her, his chest heaving as he drew in much-needed oxygen.

Simon opened his eyes and glanced at his bedside clock, horrified to suddenly realise that it was nearly five in the morning, 'Sam, Sam,' he whispered urgently, 'You had better get back to your room and try and get some sleep before mum decides to get us up.'

Reluctantly, and still half a sleep, she got out of his bed and blowing him a kiss, tiptoed back to her room. He closed his eyes for a minute and the next thing he realised, was that the clock said ten. Getting out of bed, he slipped on his dressing-gown before making his way to the bathroom, looking in on his sister as he went. 'Come on sleepyhead, it's time to get up.'

Sam stretched and yawned, giving him a glance of her breasts as he went out and carried on to the bathroom, having a quick shower before changing places with his sister so that she could

have hers. By the time they arrived downstairs, their mother told them it was too late for breakfast and that they must wait until lunch.

Lunch on New Year's Day was always the same, consisting of salad and cold cuts, it was easy, and they could pick at whatever they felt like. Once finished, they cleared everything away, giving their mother the chance to put her feet up and watch the television. They had no sooner settled than Gina came bounding in, 'Happy New Year.... Hi, Mrs James,'

Gina was never noticeably quiet at the best of times, but today seemed more exuberant than usual. Their mother turned around, indicating that they should go upstairs so that she could have some peace as Gina raced up to Simon's room before taking a flying leap and landing on his bed.

'Excuse us for a minute, I just need to ask Sam a question,' she said, the two girls disappearing next door to his sisters' room,

five minutes passed before they returned and leaving Simon twiddling his thumbs.

Gina sat crossed legged at the head of the bed, while Simon and Sam sat, one at either corner. She started slowly with a lot of pauses as though struggling to find the right words. 'You know I adore you Simon, but I have a secret which I have never told you for fear that it may make you see me differently.'

Simon looked both puzzled and concerned at the same time, he had never understood what Gina saw in him, and it constantly surprised him that they had stayed together for so long. She was vivacious and outgoing, living every day as if it were her last. Whereas he could be quieter and more cautious, nevertheless, they had been a couple for nearly two years now. She was speaking so softly that he had to strain to hear her words. 'I love the sex we have together, but every so often there is something more that I need.'

Simon immediately started to feel worried. 'There are times when I get the desire..... to have sex with another female,' Gina said hesitantly. 'I have never acted on those desires whilst we have been together because that would feel like I was cheating on you. But there is someone I know that I would really like to have sex with.' Simon sat stunned as his brain tried to process what Gina had just told him, looking at his sister, but finding her head was down, and she seemed to have found something extremely interesting about his quilt.

'Who is it?' He asked, his voice faltering and a feeling of hurt rising inside him. 'Me,' the answer came, his head swivelling as he stared at his sister.

Samantha raised her head, 'When I kissed her last night, I realised how much I enjoyed it and I want to see how it feels to go all the way.' Gina butted in before Sam could say anymore, 'I've never been sure in the past, we have always done it more or less to shock people. 'When I kissed her last night, I was surprised by the way she responded and that's when I wondered if perhaps, she may be interested.'

Simon looked rather perplexed, 'But last.....' he stopped immediately, realising what he had been about to say. Gina picked up on it instantly, clapping her hands with glee as she stared at them both, a large smirk spreading across her face.

'You did, didn't you, I suspected you would when I watched you kiss, you fucked each other last night!'

Samantha and Simon now looked embarrassed as Gina continued to grin. 'I have long suspected that Sam had the hots for you, this just makes it all perfect. As long as you do not mind Simon, Sam and I can get to know each other better, as can you and her.' Gina could not contain herself as she finished, 'It also means that, if you both fancy it, the three of us could fuck together.'

Simon and Samantha looked at each other, their faces flushed now that their secret was out in the open. Sam was the first to give a shy smile as she nodded her head, before he consented as well, Gina launching herself at him and kissing him furiously until she finally released him, and grabbed Sam,

kissing her likewise. It took the twins a while to get used to the notion, Simon never having realised that Gina perhaps liked the same sex. He was surprised that Sam also had similar feelings, his sister admitting later that she had never been sure but kissing both of them the previous evening had turned her on and made her realise that she wanted to have sex with each of them. They spent the rest of the day messing around in his room laughing and talking with Simon slowly growing accustomed to the idea. With his bedroom door closed and locked, he would kiss Gina, and then his sister, he would touch Gina and then Sam and found it very arousing when they touched each other.

The two girls had made plans to go into town for the New Year sales, something Simon had no interest in being part of. Now that Christmas and New Year were over with, his mother was back at work and the two girls had gone shopping. Simon dressed in tracksuit bottoms and vest, lay on his bed reading, another week before they all went back to college, he thought to himself. The proposal that Gina had ventured was starting to become more appealing as he gave it greater thought. What he needed to do was to work out how he was going to manage

to get his sister into bed regularly. His mother knew that he and Gina were having sex, Simon appreciating that for her age, his mother had quite a progressive outlook and allowed him to use his bedroom when he needed.

'You are going to do it whatever I say, so it's better that you do it here, where you are safe rather than down some back alley,' she had told him early on, his thoughts suddenly interrupted as the two girls returned, and he heard them noisily ascending the stairs.

Gina stuck her head around the door and gave him a mischievous smile, 'Fancy a fashion show?' she asked, he laughed and nodded to her.

One after another the girls came into his room, modelling the tops and skirts, dresses and pants they had bought, Simon having to admit that they both looked gorgeous in their new outfits. Gina's head reappeared, 'One last surprise, but the best one.'

The door opened fully, and Samantha walked into his room, Simons jaw dropping open as he saw how she was dressed. Her lingerie was black and red, the bra cut to expose as much of her breasts as possible and the panties so small that they barely covered her mound. He could feel his cock react to the vision in front of him, his tracksuit bottoms immediately displaying the hump his cock created. Sam moved slightly to one side and spread her legs, standing with hands-on-hips. And then there was two of them as Gina entered and stood next to his sister. Her lingerie was the same, only it was black and lime he noticed as she struck the same pose.

The two girls turned slowly, showing off their beautiful bodies before finally facing each other and moving closer together. Eventually, their lips met, the kiss sensual as their mouths moved against each other. When they did part, Simon could see their tongues intertwined. Gina kissed Sam's neck, working her way around until she stood behind her, Sam's head tilting to one side as Gina continued. Simon sat fascinated as his girlfriend's hands came around his sister's waist and then slowly moved upwards until they cupped Sam's breasts. She squeezed them firmly as Sam moaned with

pleasure, Gina's hand disappearing for a second before his sister's bra fell to the floor. With his sister now topless Gina returned to fondling Sam's tits and then she took both of her nipples between her fingers and thumbs and twisted them. Samantha groaned loudly, her chest heaving as her breathing rapidly increased, her buttocks pushing at her friend behind her. She was hot, and she was wet, and she wanted sex desperately.

With one hand still caressing her left breast, Gina ran her other hand over Sam's tummy until she encountered the top of the tiny panties, it hovered there for a second, and as Simon watched, it slid beneath the material and then curved between his sister's legs, Sam crying out pleasurable as Gina's fingers finally reached her fanny. His cock was throbbing with anticipation as surreptitiously he rubbed at it, watching Gina's hand beneath the thin material as she inserted a finger into his sisters' cunt and fingered her slowly. Sam pushed the panties down from her hips, jiggling her legs so that they fell to the floor and stepped out of them, she opened her legs wider so that Gina could get more fingers inside her wet

passage before reaching behind her and putting her hand inside Gina's panties, eager to touch her friend's fanny.

Sam's legs were turning to jelly as Gina's fingers were rammed up her cunt and she played with her own tits, squeezing and kneading her flesh while her arousal escalated until finally, she exploded with a scream as she began to climax.

'Simon, ditch the clothes,' Gina instructed him, her hand going around Sam's throat as she was forced to watch him undress.

He stretched out on his bed as he watched his sister, still shaking from her orgasm, Gina's fingers still stuffed inside her twat.

'Look at that cock Sam, would you like your brother to fuck you?' Sam nodded, 'I can't hear you, Sam, you need to speak louder'.

Samantha raised her voice, 'Please, I want my brother to fuck my cunt.'

Gina pushed her across to the bed, before making her mount Simon's shaft, his sister crying out as she sank onto his large throbbing manhood. He fucked her fast and hard whilst Gina removed her bra and dangled her tits over his face. Sam was already too far gone, and within minutes of his cock filling her cunt, she was climaxing again, her juices running down his penis and over his balls as she shook and screamed with delight, her cries intensified as he reached his orgasm and shot spurt after spurt of hot cum into her fanny.

Samantha was never one to be outdone. As soon her legs had recovered enough to support her, she climbed off her brother's shaft. Even though he had just fucked her, his penis was still erect with excitement as Sam grabbed Gina, pulling her onto the bed.

'Hold her down', she told him as she pulled off Gina's panties and forced her legs open wide, before dipping her head between them. His girlfriend swore loudly as his sister's tongue pierced her fanny, lapping away at her moist passage

before sucking on the clit she had exposed. Gina tried to squirm but was held tightly by both of them, Simons cock dangling over her face as she eagerly opened her mouth and closed it over the head of his swollen gland.

Sam jammed her fingers up Gina's fanny, working them around until eventually the young woman could hold out no longer and with a wail, sprayed her juice all over Sam's face.

'Simon, lay down,' his sister ordered him. Once in position, she forced Gina to sit astride his cock with her back to him, 'Go on Simon, make her titties ache.' Whilst he dutifully squeezed Gina's breasts, Sam positioned his cock, 'Sit on its Gina' she commanded, watching as her friend impaled her anus on her brother's shaft.

Sam jammed her fingers once more into Gina's cunt, forcing it to open until she could fit her hand inside and then proceeded to fist her friend whilst her brother fucked her arse. Gina was screaming, not in pain, but with sheer pleasure, her body convulsing with multiple orgasms. Simon took

Gina's weight, her arms and legs incapable of supporting her anymore. As he lowered his hips for one final stroke, Sam's hand whipped his cock out of Gina's arse. Gripping him firmly, she tossed him off until with a loud groan, he emptied his sack a second time, his spunk splashing his sister and girlfriend.

The bed looked like a war zone, three naked entwined bodies lay amongst the debris of quilt and sheets. They were all exhausted, their desires gratified, Sam rested her head on her brothers' shoulder, her hand stroking Gina's hair. Tears pricked Gina's eyes; at that moment she was as happy as she had ever been. Simon was fucked, but the prospect of repeating this with two beautiful girls in the future excited him.

## Chapter Two

Simon had never really spent a great deal of time at Gina's home. He got on well enough with her parents who thought of him as a well-mannered young man, but in the time he and

Gina had been together, he had only seen her bedroom on a couple of occasions. Unlike his mother, her parents were rather funny in that respect, and although they realised that he and their daughter were probably sleeping together, it was not something they condoned in their own home. Gina's father worked in haulage spending two weeks out on the road and then one week back at home. As they became accustomed to a new year, everyone was back at work and college. It was a Friday night and Simon had gone around to pick Gina up, only to find that she was still in town finishing up some shopping. Her mother Heather had opened the door to him, wine glass in hand. Gina had once told him in confidence that she suspected her father had another woman when he was away, and because her mother was alone so much, she tended to have a glass of wine too many each night.

Heather invited him indoors, the wine sloshing in the glass as she steadied herself. Simon could see where Gina got her looks from, unfortunately, her mother whilst still attractive had put more than a little bit of weight on over the years. If she had dressed appropriately, she could have disguised the fact, but she insisted on dressing as though she was still in her

twenties. The sweater she wore was far too tight for her, making her already large breasts look even bigger and drawing attention to her large round spreading belly. The 'V' neck of the sweater barely contained her tits, displaying more flesh than it covered. As she plonked herself back down on the couch, her skirt which was again, far too short, displayed her ample thighs and a view of her panties. She patted the cushion next to her, indicating where Simon should sit. Throughout their conversation she would find any excuse to touch his arm or leg, constantly pushing her breasts in his direction and moving and opening her legs, giving him a better view beneath her skirt.

As they both heard the key in the front door, she quickly leaned towards him and drunkenly whispered in his ear. 'If there is anything, I can do to you, just let me know,' she said, sitting back as Gina entered the room.

They were walking towards his home when Simon blurted it out. 'Do you realise that your mum has just made a pass at me, well, more of a proposition?'

He was stunned when Gina gripped his arm tighter and began laughing. 'Would you?' She asked him. 'Would I what?' he retorted. 'Would you fuck her?' Gina asked.

He couldn't believe what she was asking. It was something he had never considered, not even crossing his mind. Whilst Simon had long ago realised that Gina viewed sex no differently than sleeping or eating or even breathing, the subject of her mother had never come up. Sex for Gina was wholly natural, the more exciting it was, the better she liked it, in her world, nothing was out of bounds where sex was concerned. As they continued to walk, Simon mulled over her enquiry. It made him feel nervous, he and Gina had discovered sex together, learning with each encounter. Sex with his sister had been easy, he had known her all his life. But sex with Gina's mum was a different proposition, she was mature and had probably had more sex than he'd had hot dinners, what would he do if he could not satisfy her. There was no pressure from his girlfriend, it was just her comment as they neared his home.

'You know it would be so exciting to think of you fucking my mother.'

He voiced his concerns to her as she stopped and spun him to face her. 'Listen, Simon, if you just fucked her the same as you fuck me, I guarantee that she would adore you.'

This was one of Simons failings Gina realised, he did not realise how good he was, not just in bed, but at everything that he attempted. Unfortunately, he often worried that he may let people down or that perhaps he was not good enough. When they arrived at his house, Gina immediately took Samantha to one side and Simon watched as they darted up the stairs. He still felt troubled with Gina's attitude and presently just wanted to be alone.

'Just tell Gina I'm nipping out,' he said to his mother as he closed the front door behind him. He spent the next hour walking around the village, but no matter how he tried, his mind would not make sense of his quandary. 'Bloody hell,' he

thought to himself, 'Life had been so much simpler when it had just been, he and Gina!'

Simon returned home and joined the two girls. Much to his relief Gina made no mention of what they had discussed earlier, the three of them spending the rest of the evening as they normally did with his mother downstairs. Even when he walked her home, she did not raise the subject again, she was back to being, his normal Gina, kissing and teasing him at the end of the evening, knowing full well that he would retrace his steps with a bulge in the front of his pants. When he got back and went to his room, Samantha was waiting for him.

'Gina told me about her mother and how she propositioned you,' she said with a grin. 'Do you think you might?' He repeated to her what he had told his girlfriend. 'Listen, Simon, if you do and it doesn't work out, what have you lost. Nothing! You never know, it might be fun.'

The months had passed, and the twins had had their birthday, Gina had already had hers and as the days grew longer and

warmer, they all began looking forward to the summer. With their summer break approaching, the weather perked up and several weeks of sunshine were predicted. The first week of the break had been hot with both girls taking the opportunity to lay out in the garden, tanning themselves. Samantha's mother was due a couple of days off and joined the girls on the sun loungers, sporting a very fetching bikini which immediately gained Gina's attention. This summer would be the last one before they all started to go their separate ways, Gina had been accepted at teacher training college in September, and the next time they would see her would be during the Christmas break, though she did promise to try and get back for some of the weekends.

Simon's mother was a hairdresser and had a salon in the nearby town, Sam was not really academically inclined and had decided that she would like to join her mother in the business, and so it was decided that she would do several days in college and then training days in the salon. Simon would still carry on at college dependant on his grades that summer, he was fairly confident he had done well and had already been offered a job in a large engineering works on the other side of

the town. Hopefully, he would gain his qualifications over time whilst also receiving hands-on training on the shop floor.

That evening Gina took Simon to one side, 'I think tomorrow would be perfect, dad's away at the moment and if the weather is the same as today, then mum will be out in the garden sunning herself. I have told her that I am sleeping over here tomorrow night and that you will pick my bag up for me when you are passing. It will give you the perfect opportunity to fuck her.' Simon felt nervous all over again, but Gina reassured him that he would be fine, 'Leave it until mid-afternoon, she will have had several glasses of wine by then,' she told him excitedly.

Gina arrived promptly at ten the next morning, the sun was already high in the sky and the temperature outside was rising steadily. The two girls retired to the garden in their bikini's joined shortly afterwards by his mother. Simon joined them for a while but soon got bored of just lying in the sun, even if he was surrounded by three beautiful women. Going back indoors, he grabbed himself a cool beer and headed up to his

room, his nervousness put him on edge, and he suddenly realised the bottle was empty. He was about to go and get a second when his door opened, and Sam appeared carrying another bottle for him. Sitting next to him on his bed, she knew what Gina wanted him to do and could sense his nervousness, realising that she needed to distract him.

He was about to take the bottle from her when she pulled it back before sliding further onto his bed. Grabbing a pillow and placing it behind her head, she held the bottle out to him. 'Drink it,' she instructed, 'all of it.' He tilted his head back, gulping slowly as he emptied its contents. As soon as he had finished, Sam snatched the bottle from his hand, it was still icy cold, condensation covering the glass. As he watched, Sam lay back and pushed her bikini bottoms to one side, exposing her fanny. She ran the neck of the bottle against the lips of her vagina, shivering and whimpering as her labia opened. Grasping the bottom of the bottle firmly, she gently pushed the top against her open fanny, the wetness of the bottle and her rapidly flowing juices helping it slide inside her cunt. She motioned to him to come nearer and as he did, she tugged down the front of his shorts, grasping his growing cock. Her

hand moved rapidly up and down its length as she fucked herself with the bottle. She was not aiming for an intense session, just a fast and furious climax. It took her only minutes before she felt her orgasm start, and within seconds, Simon's cock unloaded his cream all over her hand and his belly. Sam was breathing heavily as she released him and grabbed some tissues from his bedside table, wiping first her fanny and then her hand.

'Feel better now? Get cleaned up, and then for god's sake, go and fuck Gina's mum.' She got up and disappeared from his room leaving him with semen spread across his stomach and shorts.

He went and showered before dressing in clean shorts and a t-shirt deciding that he did not need socks or underwear. The two beers and Sam's assistance had relaxed him and given him the courage he needed, once downstairs, he grabbed his phone and keys before shouting his farewells as he left the house.

Simon walked down towards Gina's home, but at the last moment detoured so that he approached her house from the rear. He had been in the summerhouse many times and knew that he could get into the garden from the back. Stood in the shadows by the building he was able to see the expansive garden. A large picnic blanket was spread out on the lawn and lying in the middle of it was Gina's mother, wearing a dark bikini. From a distance, she looked a little bit like a beached whale and every few minutes she would sit up and take a drink from her large wine glass. In the fifteen minutes he watched her, she finished one glass and started a second.

Simon disappeared from the back of the summerhouse, making his way to the front door. He rang the doorbell knowing full well that he would not be heard, before using the side-gate and going around the house into the garden.

'Hello, Mrs Duncan,' he called as he headed for the lawn. Heather sat up startled and spun around but then smiled as she recognised Simon.

'Come in darling, come and join me. Would you like a glass of wine or there are some beers in the fridge?'

Simon went into the kitchen and returned with a beer before standing by the blanket and putting the ice-cold bottle to his forehead.

'Take your top off if your hot,' Heather said, ecstatic as she watched him pull the t-shirt over his head, displaying his young muscular body, before patting the blanket next to her. Simon sat down and grabbed the bottle of lotion, applying some to his shoulders and arms. Heather had turned onto her front, all the better to watch him as he lay next to her and especially the bulge she could see in his shorts.

He proffered the bottle to her as she glanced up at him. 'Could you do it for me?' she asked, 'I can feel my back beginning to burn'. Simon had noticed that up close, Heather was not as large as he imagined, yes, she was plump, but everything was in proportion despite there being slightly more of it. He straddled her legs, pushing his slowly expanding cock against

the cheeks of her arse as he put the lotion on his hands and started to massage it into her skin.

With each upward stroke, he intentionally caught the back of her bikini top. 'Do you mind if I unfasten it?' He asked.

Heather's quick answer told him that she was eager for him to continue. He oiled her back and shoulders before slipping his hands along her side. As he reached her armpits, his fingers lingered on the swell of her breasts, gently rubbing the lotion in as Heather squirmed beneath him.

Finally finished, he gave her a moment before saying, 'I can do your front as well if you would like that?' Heather needed no second bidding and nearly flattened Simon in her haste to turn over. Her tits were large, and Simon found his eyes glued to them as they bounced and separated when she moved. Heather's gaze was riveted to his groin, propping herself up and refusing to move her eyes from his rapidly throbbing member as Simon spread her legs slightly.

Kneeling between them, he applied the lotion to his hands and starting with her feet, very slowly working his way over her ankles and up her shins and the sides of her lower legs. By the time he reached her knee's, he could feel Heather trembling beneath his hands while her eyes, still glued to his groin, fluttered constantly.

Simon opened her legs wider so that he could reach further and added more lotion to his hands as he began working his way up her thighs. Spending several minutes massaging the oil into her skin, he finally reached the top of her legs. The trembling had stopped, having been replaced with a visible shaking which caused her tits and belly to wobble, Heather was panting, the anticipation of his hands moving the next couple of inches overwhelming her. With his fingers splayed, his thumbs finally sank into the crease of her groin as he ran them up and down, inches from her fanny. Hooking one thumb beneath the gusset of her bikini bottoms, he removed his other hand and knelt upright. Heather watched entranced as slowly he undid the button on his shorts and lazily slid his zip down. Shaking his hips, his shorts fell away exposing his throbbing cock, just as he rammed his thumb into her cunt.

Surely the scream and cry that escaped her mouth must have been heard on the road at the front of the house. Beneath his hands, Heather shook, wobbled and blasphemed, losing all her self- control as she climaxed, her juices leaving her bikini bottoms sodden.

Simon pulled her briefs from her and threw the wet material to one side before rolling back and removing his shorts. Pushing Heather's legs up and out, he positioned himself between her thighs, before gripping his cock and rubbing it up and down her labia. Her fanny was slick with her juices and it took no effort at all to slide his prick deep into her orifice. With each insertion she grunted, urging him on as he pounded her perfectly shaven pussy. Kneeling upright he watched as her tits and belly wobbled with each thrust of his hips, his hands going to those beautiful mammaries and crushing them in his hands. His cock throbbed inside her, but he would stop for a moment, allowing the intense pleasure to subside, before once more fucking her.

He guessed that she had not been getting any lately because it took him less than ten minutes before she was once more shrieking and shuddering beneath him. Simon withdrew his cock giving Heather time to recover and allowing himself a chance to prolong the eruption that was drawing ever closer. As her heavy breathing diminished, he told her to roll on her side before lying behind her as she raised one leg, bending it at the knee. Heather was expecting his cock to return to her fanny, but instead, he opened the cheeks of her arse until he could see her puckered anus.

The cleft of her arse was wet with her juices, as was his prick as he pushed it against that small entrance and was rewarded as the first couple of inches slid into her. It only took a few strokes before his cock easily slid in and out and he proceeded to fuck her anally, his hand reaching over her hip and finding her cunt. With each thrust she screamed, followed by a deep groan as he pushed two fingers into her fanny. It was a good job Heather was swiftly approaching another climax as Simon could not hold out much longer, he was relieved as she cried out again and shuddered, releasing his hot cum into her arse, filling her anus with his sperm.

Simon stayed over that night, waking Heather frequently until he had filled every one of her orifices at least once if not twice.

The last month for Simon had been rosy, Gina was always there to fuck whenever he desired, and his mother normally went out with her friends on a Wednesday and Saturday thus giving him time to spend fucking Sam or even both of the young girls. Add to that his occasional liaison with Gina's mother, life at the moment was beyond what he could ever expect.

He was in the village pub one evening with a few mates when he noticed Caroline, his mother's friend, enter with a group of other women. Normally he might receive a nod or a mouthed 'hello,' in recognition, but that evening was different as she openly smiled and waved in his direction. For the rest of the night, he continually noticed her eyes watching him. It was, as he was leaving, that she grabbed his arm, pulling him to one side.

'Simon, I hope you don't mind, I have some heavy items at home that need moving, would you be a darling and pop round one afternoon and give me a hand?' Simon said that he would find the time as he followed his mates through the door, outside they all slapped his back and congratulated him.

'Looks like you have pulled mate,' was amongst many of the comments he received. He thought nothing of it as he returned home that evening, Sam was already in bed when he got in and his mother was in her dressing gown, sat watching the television. Sitting next to her on the couch, he spoke of Caroline's request, his mother raised her eyebrows, but all she would say, was that he needed to be careful with the woman, she was a very nice person, but there was something different about her.

It was Friday evening and Simon had telephoned Caroline to tell her he would pop around the following afternoon. He would walk over to her house the next day, knowing it was situated at the other end of the village. He still referred to it as the village, and in his mind, it was, in reality, it was only a

quarter of a mile walk between the village and the ever-expanding town where his mother had her salon.

The village was comprised of a pub, several shops and around eighty houses which were spread amongst the fields and lanes, but the town had grown over the years and with the constant building, it was only time before the village became a suburb of it. Simon set off just after lunch, the walk only taking him around fifteen minutes. Caroline's house was large, having at one time, belonged to the squire of the village. It stood alone on the outskirts, set in its own manicured gardens. Walking up the driveway, Simon approached the imposing front door and pulled the large handle that operated the doorbell, hearing a jangle come from somewhere within.

The door was opened by Caroline dressed in a multicoloured leotard, she was covered in perspiration and a towel hung around her neck.

'Come in Simon, do you mind waiting? I'm just finishing off.'

He followed her through the house, the hallway alone, was as large as the lounge at home and to either side, he could see two large drawing rooms followed by an equally large dining room. A long winding staircase led up to the first floor and at the end of a corridor was a large expansive kitchen. Although the outside of the house was old, the inside had been thoroughly modernised. From the kitchen, Caroline led him down another passageway and through the door at the end, He found himself in another smaller lounge with another dining room and kitchen attached.

'I live in this back part of the house,' she told him, 'The front part is only really used when I have parties and entertain.'

Simon did not know what Caroline did for a living but presumed that it must pay very well to be able to afford a house like this. As they reached the back of the property, she led him down another passage with several doors leading off it, opening the first door that she came to. Inside the room was big, one wall was taken up with bi-fold doors which opened onto the rear lawns and gardens. Several exercise

machines and a weights area were situated around its walls and the end wall was completely mirrored.

'Would you mind waiting while I finish up? I've nearly done.'  
Simon told her to go ahead, sitting on one of the machines at the end of the room.

She stood in front of the mirrored wall, lifting small weights and flexing her arms, the leotard looked like it had been sprayed onto her, so tight was the fit. From his vantage point he could see her back and the reflection of her front in the mirror, it was obvious from the two large protrusions caused by her nipples, that she was naked beneath the ultra-thin material.

Caroline was strikingly attractive, her tanned skin, even covered in perspiration and without makeup, looked flawless, her legs were long and perfectly shaped while her bottom was nicely rounded. She had slim hips and a small waist while her breast seemed to be just the right size, not too big or too small. They did not sag, but gently jiggled and bounced as she

twisted, turned and bent, Simon suddenly realised what it was that he found strange, it was as though she had been put together by someone who had an eye for perfection. As he watched her finish off, he admitted to himself that he liked what he saw and his loins readily agreed, he was only too aware of the bulge developing in the front of his jeans. As he rose from his seat, Caroline, who was now towelling off also noticed his swelling, giving him a coy look. 'I've some new equipment to come in here,' she explained to him, 'It's in large crates just around the corner, but is too heavy to move on my own.'

She led him out into the garden and around the corner where several large crates sat atop each other. Caroline produced a hammer and several crowbars and over the next couple of hours, they dismantled the crates and bit by bit started to bring the equipment indoors.

### Chapter Three

Simon was impressed with her strength, her body was well-toned without any bulging muscles, but she seemed capable of matching him for the amount of weight she could move. By the time they had moved all the bits inside, the day had turned warm, and he could feel the sweat running down his back. Pulling his t-shirt over his head, he noticed her watching him as he stood there bare-chested. Slowly they assembled the machines before inching them into position, at times their bodies rubbing together as they worked. As much as he tried to suppress his desires, he found himself desperately wanting to fuck her. Finally finished, they stood, their bodies inches apart, he was breathing heavily as he stared into her eyes, their mouths moving closer together until at the last second their lips met.

Simon kissed her excitedly, his hands moving from her waist, up and down her sides before squeezing the cheeks of her arse as he pulled her tight against his aching cock. Caroline pulled away breathlessly, she looked flushed and a little embarrassed by what had just taken place and he suddenly wondered if he had been impetuous. She was older than him, he guessed in her mid to late thirties and became friendly with his mum

when she began having her hair done regularly at his mother's salon.

'Hmm, Heather was right, there is something about you that rather excites a woman,' she muttered, more to herself than to him.

Simon stood shocked, Heather had told other people what he had been doing with her, 'Shit!' If her husband found out, he was going to be in so much trouble. He watched Caroline's breasts rise and fall with each breath that she took, wanting to remove her leotard and throw her to the ground before ramming his cock into her, but she took a couple of steps backwards, realising what was going through his mind.

'No! She said, 'You do not know me. You don't know anything about me. Slow down and we may see what happens in the future. If you want to, why not visit again, bring your sister or your girlfriend, you can both use the gym, and we can get to know each other better.'

She went and got them some drinks and they sat for a while chatting before he eventually decided that he had better leave her to get on with her day. She kissed him on the cheek as she showed him out and he felt her tremble as she moved close to him. Walking back home he fantasised about the things he would like to do to her, from what she had said, she was definitely up for it at some point. He also made a mental note to speak to Gina about her mother, if she were going to blab about their liaisons to all and sundry then he would be giving her a miss in future, the last thing he needed was some irate husband deciding to punch his lights out.

His mother, sister and girlfriend were there by the time he returned home and once indoors, he took Gina to one side and told her what he had found out. She was going home that evening and promised to speak to her mother, telling him not to worry, as she would sort it. They all had tea together, and then Simon walked Gina home, and as usual, she left him with a large bulge in his pants for his return trip. His mother was just leaving to meet up with her friends as he got back, giving him and Sam the evening alone. Curled up together on the

couch, Simon told Sam of his encounter that afternoon with Caroline.

'She was positively interested' he said to Sam 'but something seemed to be holding her back.'

'Oh, and by the way, she has invited us both to go and use her gym whenever we want,' Simon concluded.

Sam was excited by the prospect, she had desperately wanted to join a club to keep fit, it was just that the fees were presently more than she could afford.

'Look .... Gina leaves next weekend for the teacher training college. She says her father is driving her there on Saturday morning. Why don't you give Caroline a call and see if we can go over on Saturday afternoon, that way you can spend the morning with Gina before she leaves.' Sam suggested.

Simon promised he would, as he eased his hand beneath Sam's t-shirt, happy to find that her breasts were untethered and that by the way her nipples were already two small hard buds, she was expecting him. Slowly they undressed, their hands exploring and exciting each other's body. As Sam's breathing became faster and heavier, Simon picked her up and leaned her against the wall, his hands gripping her buttocks as he took her weight.

Samantha's hand went between her legs, fumbling for the tip of his erect cock as she positioned it against the wet lips of her cunt, and then groaned loudly as Simon lowered her onto it, and she felt his shaft fill her fanny. With her legs wrapped around his waist, her back slid against the wall with each thrust of his hips. It took no time at all, both of them simply satisfying their basic animalistic needs. As they both climaxed his legs gave out and they collapsed in a heap on the floor, suddenly bursting into fits of laughter as they realised how comical they must have looked.

When Gina arrived home, she was seething, how dare her mother do something that could potentially fuck everything

up. She was relieved to find her father out when she entered and immediately cornered her mum.

'Who the fuck have you been talking to?' She demanded; her mother taken aback, not understanding what had suddenly got into her daughter. 'Who have you told that Simon is fucking you?' Heather went as white as a sheet, how the hell did Gina know that she and Simon had been having sex regularly.

'Who told you?' Heather stuttered.

Gina stood in front of her, legs spread and hands-on-hips, Heather could tell her daughter was mad, her face screwed up with anger.

'Nobody told me! I arranged it, you bloody idiot. Did you think Simon suddenly just popped in and wanted to bed you?' By now Heather was in tears, shocked that her daughter had set her up with her boyfriend.

'Look at yourself,' Gina cried, 'Since he's been fucking you, you've stopped drinking and have lost some weight.'

'Do you want to lose all that you have because you can't keep your mouth shut?

'What happens when dad finds out, I lose a boyfriend and you lose a husband'. 'Now who else have you told?'

Between sobs, Heather told her that she had been talking to Caroline one day, she'd had a bit too much to drink and bragged to the younger woman how she had got herself a toy boy. She thought Caroline always looked down her nose at her and so wanted to put one over on the other woman. Heather swore that was the only person she had told as Gina slowly calmed down, she did not like seeing her mother cry, but she had to impress on her the seriousness of the situation.

'In future, say nothing to no one, and look on the bright side, while I am away, who's Simon going to fuck?' She cuddled her mother until the tears stopped and then got her a tissue to dry her eyes, part of her had been angry because she suddenly realised that for the next couple of months, she was going to miss the twins desperately.

On Saturday morning both Simon and Sam made their way to Gina's house, for many years it had been the three of them, and it now felt strange and sad that their friendship was being broken, even if it was only for a few months. Finally, it came time for her to leave and all three hugged each other while their eyes moistened. The twins stood together and waved as Gina and her father drove into the distance and then arm in arm they set off towards Caroline's home. Simon carried a shoulder bag containing their sports clothes and they chatted about Gina, he felt sorry for Sam, at least he had Gina's mother that he could go to as well as his sister, whereas Sam had now lost her friend and lover.

Arriving at the big house, they were met at the door by Caroline, this time dressed in a two-piece outfit, the lycra

pants again looked like they had been sprayed on and Simon was convinced she was knicker-less, as he could not discern any visible panty line. The top was a lycra sports bra and again it was easy to see the impressions her nipples made in the flimsy material.

Caroline took them through to the gym and pointed to a door where they could go and change into their shorts and tops. Both of them dispensed with underwear, following Caroline's example. Simon had used those types of machines before and soon had a couple of them set up for himself while Caroline took Sam to one side, and over the next hour showed her how to use the equipment and how to properly exercise her muscles. From his vantage point, it looked like Caroline was maybe smitten with Sam and the younger girl responded to the attention. Finally, Sam was exhausted, covered in sweat, she had pushed her body as far as it would go today.

Caroline opened a cupboard and got a towel out, 'If you go through the door at the other side of the changing room, you will find a sauna and hot tub, go and relax for twenty minutes and you will find your muscles will feel a lot better.'

Caroline came and sat on the machine next to Simon, watching him closely as he finished his final lot of repetitions. She waited patiently until Sam had disappeared and then suddenly knelt in front of him, pushing his legs open and gripping the top of his shorts as she tugged them down to his ankles, exposing his cock which immediately began to stiffen as she wrapped her hand around it. Sliding his foreskin back, she brought him to full erection, her eyes sparkling as he continued to grow. Glancing up at him, she dipped her head, and Simon gasped as her lips slid over his bulbous head and he felt the warmth of her mouth envelope him.

Her tongue ran up and down his length and then her head went down again as this time she took his complete length down her throat. Caroline knelt back and released him for a second as she took hold of her top and raised it to expose two perfectly rounded orbs with large areole and even larger nipples. Simon could not keep his hands off them, fondling and squeezing her breasts as she wanked his penis, his stomach muscles fluttering as she expertly brought him to the brink. With perfect timing, she took him back into her mouth,

and as her hand flew up and down his cock, he watched her cheeks suddenly puff outwards as he shot his spunk into her. She continued to suck and toss him off until she had completely drained him, and then released her grip, running her tongue over her lips as she swallowed every speck of his cum.

'I think you had better go and join your sister' she said, 'It looks like you could do with a muscle reviving.' She laughed as she went and got him a towel as well.

Sam watched him enter and strip off, noting that his penis still looked partially swollen. 'Is there something you would like to tell me,' she asked with a smirk. He spoke quietly about what had just taken place, watching Sam get excited as he graphically painted a picture for her.

Through her spy hole, Caroline watched as Simon joined his Sister in the hot tub, both of them seemingly at ease with each other's nakedness. She could not hear what Simon was saying, but she got the impression that whatever it was seemed to be

turning Sam on. Caroline admired the young girl's body, she had managed to touch it many times that afternoon, and thoughts of what she would like to do to it swam around inside her brain, causing a longing between her legs.

But her main focus of interest was Simon, she pictured his cock as she had pulled his shorts down, so hard and big, and when he filled her mouth, she had been ecstatic. As she watched, she saw him move nearer to his sister and then his hand dipped below the water and Sam threw her head back. She could see his arm moving backwards and forwards while Sam had her eyes shut and was playing with her breasts.

Caroline was astonished, Simon was fingering his sister and Sam was loving every second of the attention he was giving her. Caroline desperately wanted both of them, they were perfect for what she needed, but the time was not yet right, and she had to be content with bringing herself to a shuddering climax at the same time that Sam began to shudder and orgasm beneath her brother's fingers.

On Monday evening their mother informed them that she would be away for a couple of days as she was attending a hairdressing conference. It was still a week before Simon returned to college and before Sam was due to start as a trainee. They could both look after themselves and their mother had no qualms about spending a couple of days away. The next morning, their mother Alison had left early, and Simon had gone into the village to meet up with a few of his friends, Sam mooched around the house bored.

She went from room to room looking for something to do but eventually returned to the lounge, still bored, suddenly realising that she was missing Gina already. The idea popped into her head, Caroline had said to visit whenever they felt like, and so Sam pushed her top and shorts into a bag and set off for the big house. The weather was still warmish, and she had developed a sweat by the time she reached her destination, suddenly feeling nervous and wondering if she should have phoned before just appearing. She was in two minds and very nearly turned around to go back home but told herself off for being foolish as she decided that she would go around the rear and see if Caroline was already in the gym.

Walking down the side of the house, she realised how large it was, she turned a corner and the bright blue light coming through the blinds at one of the windows attracted her attention. Cautiously she approached, peering through a slight gap between the blinds and noting that the light was coming from an enormous sunbed and lying there totally naked in its centre, was Caroline. Sam's eyes admired her large breasts and flat stomach and then as her view reached her groin she was overcome by the tingling sensation between her legs.

Sam went back down the side of the house, now unsure as to what to do, she stood, her back against the wall as she got her breath back.

'What did she do now? What would Gina do?' She asked herself, unsure of the sudden attraction she had just experienced with this woman she knew little about.

'Yes, she was one of her mother's friends,' she thought, but other than that Caroline was a stranger. In that instant she knew exactly what Gina would do, she would not have hesitated, she would have been pounding on the window by now and looking for any excuse to get inside and sample Caroline's delights. She took a deep breath and went back around to the front door, pulling on the large doorbell handle. It took a few moments for the door to be opened, Caroline standing there in a satin robe.

'I'm sorry, I didn't mean to disturb you,' Sam said but was quickly ushered in by the older woman.

'Come through,' Caroline said, leading the way. 'I've just finished on my sunbed, would you like a drink before you get started?'

Sam accepted as she was led into the rear of the house, Caroline went to a large upright fridge in the kitchen and produced a bottle of champagne.

'I do think it's so much nicer to drink than wine,' she said as she popped the cork. Sam had never before tried champagne, the bubbles immediately going up her nose and causing her to hic-cup. Caroline laughed, 'You'll soon get used to it.' It did not take Sam long to empty the glass and Caroline refilled it for her, by the time she had finished the second glass she could feel her head spinning slightly.

'Wow! That is sure powerful, I'm feeling tipsy already.' Caroline decided that it was better if Sam did not use the gym at the moment and promptly poured her another glass of champagne.

'Why don't we take these and go and sit in the hot tub,' she suggested, picking up the glasses and the bottle as Sam followed her. By now her head was swimming and without a care, she gleefully stripped naked and climbed into the tub. Caroline dropped her robe; she too was naked except for a tiny pair of tight briefs and climbed in beside Sam.

'Are you not taking them off?' Sam asked, alluding to the tiny black panties.

'Maybe later' Caroline replied, handing Sam her glass. By the time she had finished her third glass, Sam was pissed, and her inhibitions had gone out the window as she inched closer and closer to Caroline until their bodies touched. Turning sideways, she rested her hand on the other woman's thigh and as she started to move it towards the older woman's inner thigh, Caroline stopped her.

'Do you think that wise,' she started to say before Sam cut her off as she planted her lips on Caroline's, her hand coming swiftly upwards and cupping the woman's breast as she squeezed the firm flesh, her fingers enticing the nipple to harden and grow. Sam could sense the growl in Caroline's throat as she fondled both breasts and nipples, awaiting her opportunity to delve lower.

Caroline had slid further down in the tub, her head back and resting on the rim as Sam took her nipples in her mouth, her

tongue continuing to keep them erect and stimulated. Caroline's defences were down, and she was too late as Sam's hand shot down and cupped her vagina, the hand refusing to move as Sam gently rubbed at the lips she could feel beneath the flimsy material. Wriggling her hand down the front of them, Caroline ceased her struggle and now surrendered to the intense pleasure as Sam slowly inserted a finger and started to pleasure her.

'Take them off,' Sam whispered in her ear, Caroline pushing the panties from her hips and down her legs, flicking them away with her foot. Sam, still fingering her, slid more fingers inside Caroline's cunt.

The champagne, coupled with the attention her vagina was currently receiving, soon had Caroline squirming as Sam made her climax, water from the hot tub spilling over the sides as the older woman writhed beneath the surface. When she had reciprocated in kind, they eventually climbed out, both their legs shaky from the brief encounter.

Once dry and dressed in robes, Caroline led Sam back through to the lounge and made them a coffee. Seated together on the expansive couch, Caroline asked why Sam had made a pass at her, she presumed that after having seen her and Simon together on their last visit, that she was straight but did not say so directly. Sam explained that she liked both sexes, asking why Caroline would think differently, the older woman blushed as she admitted that she had watched Sam and her brother in the hot tub the last time they were there.

'Ah, I take it you are also interested in my brother as well then?'

Caroline nodded, 'Can you keep a secret? Let me show you something,' she said, rising from the couch. 'It may just give you some ideas of how I earn my living.'

Caroline led her back towards the gym, only this time they passed the door into the gymnasium, carrying on to the door at the end of the passage. Caroline took a key from her robe and unlocked it, inside, it was totally black, only the light

through the doorway illuminating the room. They both stepped inside, and Caroline felt along the wall and located the bank of switches, one at a time she clicked them on.

Each switch brought on an overhead spotlight that illuminated the apparatus beneath it. Sam stared around her in amazement, there were stock's and posts, chairs and benches, all had straps and restraints attached, and as for some of the machines, Sam could only guess.

'Welcome to my special room,' said Caroline, 'I'm an actress and this is how I manage to afford such a beautiful house.' Sam was stunned but could not stop grinning, Caroline was a real live actress, she knew immediately what kind of films the woman made, no wonder she worked out every day and had such a stunning body. Back in the lounge, Samantha had a thousand questions, never before had she met a real live porn star.

'You and your brother would be ideal if you are interested. I'll be honest, young girls are easy to find, but young men of your

brother's age are more difficult. There are certain types of films that he would be perfect for.

## Chapter Four

Simon was already home when Sam returned, sitting at the dining table finishing his meal. 'I got some fish and chips on the way home, yours are in the oven.' Sam got a plate and put her food out before sitting opposite her brother.

'What have you been up to today?' He asked her as he sat back, his meal finished.

Sam told him how she had been to visit Caroline and that they had spent the afternoon drinking champagne naked in the hot tub. She now definitely had his attention, his eyes sparkled as he asked the inevitable question.

'Did you?' Sam said nothing, but the smirk on her face and the coy look told Simon that she had. He felt disappointed that he

had missed out on watching Caroline and his sister perform, the thought of the two women pleasuring each other was causing movement in his pants. That was until Sam explained what Caroline did for a living, Simon sitting with his mouth open in disbelief.

'She wants to know if we would be interested in performing,' Sam said.

Simon, of course, was reticent, what he and his sister were doing could land them in hot water, the last thing they needed was someone filming them having sex.

'I don't get the impression that she wants us to perform with each other, although she does know about us. Apparently, there is a spy hole in the hot tub area, and she saw us. I think she wants us to perform individually.' Simon could see that Gina's attitude to sex was beginning to rub off on his sister. 'She has invited us around tomorrow to discuss it.'

He agreed to join her the next day, not entirely sure if he was enamoured by the proposal.

After pulling the doorbell and waiting, the door was opened slowly to reveal Caroline standing there, only this was not the woman they had met previously and had seen many times around the village. Her make-up made her look different; her cheekbones were highlighted, and her eyes darkened. It was plain to see that it had been professionally done. Her hair was piled high on her head in a bun, giving her quite a severe, authoritative look.

The shirt she wore was very tight and had the collar turned up at the back of her neck, several buttons were unfastened at the front, and her large breasts pushed the material tight across her chest. Simon could distinguish a bra beneath the semi-transparent material but noted that her nipples were still prominent. The skirt she wore was tight around her hips and legs and reached just below her knee's, as she turned when they entered, he could see that the back of the skirt was split nearly to her arse. With legs clad in black stockings and high-heel shoes, she stood a couple of inches taller than he

was. Her hands were gloved and in the right one, she carried a riding crop which she gently tapped against her leg as she walked. His interest in her was immediately piqued, dressed as she was, she was probably every man's masturbatory fantasy.

Offering them both champagnes, she relaxed, her face breaking into a warm smile, 'This is one of the characters I play if either of you would be interested.'

She went on to explain her proposal. 'You Samantha, I would give a choice for your first time. Either you play a sister fucking her brother or perhaps you would prefer a lesbian mother.' Sam's eyes glowed with excitement at the idea, Simon as yet had to be convinced.

'You Simon, for your first time, I think I would keep you all to myself, I'm sure you would make a perfect son.'

Caroline scribbled on a piece of paper, 'This is how much I would pay you for your first films, each. Both of you will be finished within a day.'

Both of them starred in amazement, the amount she had written was what either of them would eventually earn in a week, and all for essentially half a day of having sex.

'We need to think about it,' Simon said, even though he could see that his sister was already eager to give it a go. 'I'll give you a call tomorrow once we have talked it over.' He excused himself, while he went to the loo, the champagne making his bladder complain. Caroline had a word with Sam while he was gone, telling her something that she hoped would make Simon more acceptable to the idea.

Back at home, Sam confronted her brother, 'If we do this, I will go first. Caroline has a room that she uses, and it has a two-way mirror. That way you can watch me and then afterwards, I can watch you. Caroline does the filming, so it will be just me, her and whoever I choose. I know you have

the hots for her, so in a way, it's no different to me being in the room when you fuck Gina.'

Simon was still unsure but agreed to take part, mainly because he was lusting after Caroline. It was Sam that phoned her, making arrangements for three weeks and telling Caroline of the preference that she wished to try.

By the time the day arrived, Both Simon and Sam had started working, although not full time, it was still a shock to the system after having spent their lives so far at school and college. Together they walked over to Caroline's house, Simon feeling nervous. It was alright for Sam, all she had to do was lay back and enjoy it while he had to at least hopefully, get it up. That was mainly his problem he realised, having to perform when someone told him to, as opposed to the normal arousal that took place when he had sex. They were the only one's there when they arrived, Caroline explaining briefly what would take place. Whilst Sam seemed relaxed about it, the older woman could see that Simon was on edge, pouring each of them a glass of champagne.

Without even realising, Simon had polished off several glasses before he began to relax, feeling a little lightheaded. He heard the doorbell go and Caroline speaking to someone but never saw who it was. She returned several minutes later and collected Sam, asking Simon to stay where he was for the moment until she came to fetch him. It seemed to take forever as he waited until eventually, Caroline returned, leading him upstairs to a small room.

'Make yourself comfortable. We will be starting shortly.' It was very dim in the small enclosure, but he could see a fridge off to one side and glasses on top of it. Opening the door, he extracted a bottle of beer and took a mouthful before sitting and waiting as he looked through the two-way mirror.

Samantha entered the room, Simon instantly interested as she was dressed as a schoolgirl, but like Caroline previously, her makeup had been professionally done. She was followed by Caroline who had brought a reasonably large camera with her, leaving it on the floor for a moment. He couldn't hear properly what was going on, but Caroline hoisted the camera and moments later a male entered. Simon was surprised, he

had imagined someone of his own age or perhaps an older woman. Seemingly, his sister had selected an older man, the chap looking to be the same age as Caroline and was perhaps supposed to be her father.

Sound's suddenly came from speakers as he heard his sister start to flirt with the man, calling him daddy repeatedly. Slowly, as they kissed and he began touching her, Simon went through jealousy to arousal. It was highly erotic as Sam was undressed, the man licking and jamming fingers up her cunt. As he undressed, Sam sank to her knee's, gripping his erection and taking it between her lips, sucking on his shaft as she tossed him off. Pulling her to her feet, he sat on the large couch as Sam straddled his groin, facing outwards so that the camera could capture what was taking place. His cock looked big as he placed it against his sister's fanny and she lowered herself, the cock filling her cunt.

The throbbing of Simon's shaft was intense as he watched his sister getting fucked. Doggy fashion, side-on, Sam on top and the man on top. They went through a sequence of positions as Caroline continually moved around them until he watched

Sam start to climax, the bloke whipping out his cock as he sprayed cum over her body.

At that moment, Simon was eager to get started. He watched as the man shook hands with his sister, picked up his clothes and disappeared. Sam lingered for a little longer taking to Caroline before she also disappeared. Simon glanced at his watch, overall, he reckoned that no more than an hour or so had passed. The door opened, Caroline leading him back downstairs and into the back part where she lived, and they had visited. Sitting in her lounge, Caroline was preparing them all some lunch when Sam appeared after having taken a shower. She was dressed now in her normal clothes and was towelling her hair.

'Everything ok?' Simon asked her. She nodded her head, 'It was easy. Shag Caroline like you fuck me and Gina and she will cream herself,' she said mischievously.

After lunch, Caroline asked him to join her as they went through to the gym. 'I've decided to film in here because this

is where we first encountered each other. I'm your mother and we are working out. Come on to me exactly as you did that day, I may object a little and then we will get down to it.'

Simon was starting to feel nervous again, it wasn't the sex, it was the speaking bits that he didn't feel comfortable with. Caroline moved closer to him, 'Are you sure you want to have sex with me, even though I am your mother?' She asked, her breasts now pushing against his chest. 'Why not,' Simon began to say when she smiled and stepped back. 'See, Simon. It's as easy as that.'

'Five minutes while I go and change. There are some shorts and a t-shirt in the changing room for you if you change as well.'

It only took him minutes to change and to take his mind off things, he was using some of the machines when Caroline returned with a young woman who was maybe a couple of years older than he was. The thought had never occurred to him previously. If Caroline was taking part? Who was filming?

She introduced the young woman as Kate, she had worked with Caroline before, both in front of and behind the camera.

They started in front of the large mirror as Caroline, now clad in a body-hugging two-piece outfit, pretended to lift small weights as Simon stood close behind her, showing her what to do. Within a few minutes, he had forgotten Kate was there as Caroline pressed her bottom into his groin. Exactly like his instructor had shown him at the leisure centre, he held her arms, pressing his body against hers as he showed her what to do properly. He had her bending forward, her tight bottom now pressing against his erection, until she stood and objected, telling him she was his mother. The conversation went back and forwards, Simon now perfectly at ease in the role as at last, he took her in his arms, and they kissed. As her magnificent breasts pushed into his chest, he ground his hips against her, now wanting desperately to fuck Caroline.

He was so caught up in his lust, he had not even noticed his sister enter as she stood off to one side. They were both naked now, Simon between Caroline's thighs as he sucked and licked at her fanny, his tongue and his fingers increasing her arousal,

On the press bench, she lay back as he sank his cock into her vagina, fucking her steadily until he was sure that her climax was close. His shaft was being rammed into her cunt as he upped the tempo, Caroline now moving beneath him as his hands massaged her tits until he saw her straining, her face going red as she began her orgasm. After she had relaxed slightly, he moved her to another piece of apparatus, Caroline hanging from the bar above her head, her legs around his waist as his cock fucked her once more, her fanny still moist from her first orgasm, and as he continued to ram his flesh into her, knowing that another one was imminent.

Her next climax made her shake uncontrollably and she let go of the bar, Simon catching her and supporting her by her buttocks as he continued to ram his cock into her sodden cunt. And then she was bent at the waist over another bar as he took her from behind, this time his shaft alternating between her fanny and her arse as she screamed her delight. No longer was she making a film, she was having the best sex she'd had in a long time. They finished on one of the exercise mats, Simon knelt between her thighs as he fucked her fast and furiously, his cock ploughing her cunt as she climaxed

once more and he remembered to extract himself in time as several spurts of cum shot the length of her body, one globule hitting her under the chin.

He had gone off to take his shower, leaving Caroline, Kate and Sam alone in the room. Samantha saw Kate whispering something to the older woman before they kissed each other's cheeks and Kate disappeared. Retrieving a towel from the cupboard, Caroline wrapped it around herself before sitting on one of the machines. Her legs were wobbly, and she looked knackered.

'Bloody hell Sam. Is that what he is like when you two fuck each other?'

Sam laughed and nodded her head, 'Yeah, and the same with his girlfriend. My brother tends to put his heart and soul into it.'

Caroline shook her head, 'Some of the blokes do make me cum sometimes, but never like that. Kate, who was doing the camera work asked me to set her up with him.'

All of them had showered and were now dressed as they sat in the lounge sipping at drinks. Caroline passed an envelope to them both, 'As promised,' she said. 'I hope both of you will consider doing some more work for me, there is good money to be made.'

As they walked home later it was surprising that it was only late afternoon, it felt as though they had been there all day. Even though both of them had enjoyed the experience, little did they know that there would be consequences later? Sam was the first, it had been thrilling and different, but had confirmed something she had begun to suspect. She enjoyed and looked forward to the sex with her brother, perhaps because, for quite a while, she had been in love with him. But today had convinced her that she was not interested in other men. The person she was missing dearly was Gina, she was the one that Sam wanted to be with, finally acknowledging that she was a lesbian. Despite enjoying the day at Caroline's,

being filmed was not something that she was currently in a hurry to repeat.

Simon on the other hand felt differently, firstly, he couldn't wait to fuck the older woman again, there was something about her that he found highly arousing. Also, today had seemed to bring him out of his shell, the thought of doing it again and with different women had his cock already thickening.

Between then and the end of the year, he contacted Caroline frequently and made several films for her. One of his favourites was with a woman called Emma. She was slightly older than his mother and had a body that showed its maturity. Simon performed twice with her, the sight of her naked was always a major turn-on for him. Maybe it was because of her, that suddenly he began to take more notice of his mum, noting that she had a pretty good figure for a woman her age and wondering what she looked like naked.

Christmas was nearly upon them and Gina would be back soon. Finishing his drink, he went to the bar and got another round for his mother and himself, putting them on the table

as she returned from powdering her nose. Sam was at home that evening, having caught a cold and his mother's friends had all been busy, so she had invited him out for a drink. He had always been able to talk to her about anything, feeling relaxed in her company. They laughed and joked as the evening wore on until, as closing time approached, he realised that he was a little worse for wear. They clung to each other on the walk home, his mother having also over-indulged, both of them slightly unsteady on their feet.

Once indoors, she made them strong cups of coffee, but it was not long before she had discarded hers in favour of another glass of wine, pouring him one as well. Simon could not remember how they had got onto the subject, but suddenly they were discussing his sister, 'Has Samantha got a boyfriend? She never brings anyone home and she has never mentioned anyone.... You have been going out with Gina for nearly two years now, surely there is someone Samantha likes?' His mother had been curious.

'It's not my place to tell you, Sam should tell you herself when she is ready, but.... She is not gay, but she does like girls as well

as boys and she is seeing someone at the moment.' He was surprised to see that his mother did not appear to be overly concerned as she raised her eyebrows.

'I was about the same age when I discovered that I liked girls as much as I liked boys, it's difficult you know, what do you do? Who do you tell?' His mother suddenly disclosed. He was dumbfounded, all these years and he had never had an inkling that Sam and their mother were alike. 'I hope it is someone nice that she has found' she continued, 'someone who makes her happy.'

Simon smiled, 'As a matter of fact, it's Gina.'

Now it was his mother's turn to look dumbfounded, 'Your Gina?' She asked him, Simon nodded.

'But what about you? Have you split up?' Simon explained the situation, he and Gina were still an item, but she was also in the same boat as his sister in that she also liked girls, the three of them had decided between themselves, that they would

share partners and that so far, it had worked perfectly for the last twelve months.

His mother sat astonished, 'And you are OK with that?' He nodded again, 'Nothing has changed for me,' that was not true, but it was something he was certainly not going to divulge to his mother, 'I'm happy, Gina's happy and now Sam's happy, I don't see a problem.'

His mother looked at him in admiration, 'That's very mature of you Simon, I just wish your father had been as mature when he found out, it was the reason we eventually divorced.' She poured herself another glass of wine, offering to top his up, but he'd had sufficient and had not touched his glass. His head at least, had stopped spinning, and he was slowly beginning to sober up, but the alcohol was still affecting him. 'Anyway, enough about my sister's sex life, what about yours, are you getting any?'

She laughed loudly at his impertinence, 'Let us not beat about the bush,' she roared, 'Let us get straight to the point, and for

your information, No! I'm not getting any, thank you very much.' Her laughter was infectious, and soon they were both laughing and giggling.

'Well, if you need a toy boy, I've plenty of friends who would be only too willing,' he told her misguidedly.

She looked at him in disbelief, 'I'm sure someone of your age would not be interested in someone my age.' She told him.

'You would be surprised,' he replied, 'Young men of my age are more interested in women of your age than you may think.' She poured herself another glass of wine as she poo-pooed his comment, 'And how many older women have you had?' She asked with a laugh.

His answer which was fuelled by the drink he had consumed, took her by surprise. 'Two or three,' Simon said confidently. He should probably have said nothing, but with the conversation now having turned to older women, it was too good an opportunity to miss.

'Who then?' She asked, sure that her son was lying.

'Caroline for one,' he told her, watching as her mouth opened in surprise. 'And Gina's mum Heather.'

He had said enough he suddenly decided, desperate to say nothing of what he took part in during his trips to his mother's friend.

'What, my Caroline?' she asked, gobsmacked. Simon nodded his head. 'But why Simon, why would you want to go to bed with an older woman?' The words were out before he had thought about them properly, 'When was the last time you looked in a mirror mum. Your extremely attractive, you have a good body, even sexy if I may say. Why would someone not want to go to bed with you.'

Alison suddenly realised that Simon, in a curious fashion, had disclosed that he thought of her sexually despite her being his

mother. She should tell him off and explain that while she would accept it as a compliment, nothing like that could ever happen between them. Instead, she finished her glass of wine and poured another, gulping half of it down, her brain currently in shock. She was astounded, surely, she was not imagining what she could see in his face. The thought that her son desired her had taken the wind from her sails but had also, and something she wasn't ready to admit to yet, ignited a sensation between her legs, a feeling that had lain dormant for a long time. Simon looked up at the wall clock, suddenly noticing that it was approaching three in the morning, 'I think we had better go to bed,' he said to her, immediately she panicked as she tried to fathom which way, he had meant it?

## Chapter Five

She staggered as she attempted to stand, having consumed far more wine than she had meant to and suddenly realising that she was drunk. Simon came to her rescue, putting his arm around her waist, and then assisting her up the stairs. As they reached his bedroom, he released her and turned to go inside. Alison did not know why she did it as she stopped him and

took his hand, leading him towards her room. She closed the door behind them but refused to switch on the light, she was not yet ready for her son to see her naked. The room was cool as they quickly undressed and got beneath the covers, facing each other in the darkness as they moved closer together.

Simon could feel her breasts pushing against his chest, her body warm against him as she lay perfectly still, as though afraid to move.

'Close your eyes,' he told her. She did as he asked and felt his lips touch hers, the kiss was tender, not all mouth and tongues, it was a kiss of affection and respect as his mouth explored her own. Gradually she relaxed, his fingers touching her cheek before he ran them through her hair, he caressed the nape of her neck and her earlobe before gently holding her face. As his hand moved down her neck towards her chest, he felt her tense slightly but did not attempt to touch her, instead, his fingers ran down her cleavage and on to her tummy, his hand stroking her skin and following her contours as though committing her shape to memory. Simon kissed her neck and then her shoulders and by the time his hand moved up her

rib cage she was desperate for him to touch her breasts. Finally, she got her wish as his hand closed over her left breast and he fondled it, amazed at the size and weight, both Gina and Sam were small by comparison. As he squeezed her flesh, his fingers constantly touched her nipple until it stood to attention, hard and erect.

Switching to her other breast, his mouth found her nipple, Alison's moans increasing in volume. She was no longer tense, the feeling in the pit of her stomach had moved to her fanny and she knew she was hot and wet. As his mouth devoured her tits, she moved her hand downwards, eager to get a firm grip on the cock she could feel pressing into her side. Simon's hand also moved downwards, across her tummy which was rising and falling rapidly and through her pubic hair, before curving between her legs. She had been expecting him, her labia open and moist, his fingers sliding easily between them as he pushed the hood back from her clit, teasing and stroking it gently and listening to his mother purr as her arousal increased. 'Oh God, yes..., Yes..., Yes, oh Jesus.... Yes....'

At long last his fingers slid into her, causing Alison to climax almost immediately, she dug her nails into the sheet as her legs and hips shook convulsively, waves of pleasure coursing through her body which had been denied for far too long. With her daughter asleep nearby she had to muffle the shrieks and wails as her orgasm took control of her body and vocals. As she finally descended back towards normality, she pulled him between her open thighs, desperate to have his hot throbbing flesh inside her.

Alison waited expectantly as he positioned himself, feeling the head of his shaft pushing against her eager fanny, he eased forward, and she felt his knob stretch her opening, and then her fanny surrendered and allowed passage to his manhood. She felt her insides expand as slowly he penetrated her until eventually his groin was pressed firmly against her own. Her senses were overpowered with desire, she wanted to touch, stroke, kiss and caress him all at once, every nerve in her body alive to the sensation of his cock slowly penetrating her, again and again.

Knelt between her legs, Simon looked down at his mother spread-eagled beneath him in the dim light seeping through the curtains. She was a mature woman, still slim, but he could tell she carried a little bit of weight. Her hips had widened over the years and she had a rounded tummy where he could see the faint stretch marks from their births. Her breasts were full and rounded, their weight pulling them to either side of her chest and causing them to jiggle and bounce each time he thrust his cock into her. Alison excited him, the more he touched her, the greater his arousal became, she constantly urged him on, her groans and cries as she writhed beneath him, pushing him towards the point of no return. With his constant penetration of her fanny, he brought her to the brink and then slowly let her down, before repeating the process all over again. Alison wanted him to come in her, she needed it desperately, her orgasm was imminent, and she tried to suppress it as she waited for Simon to reach his summit.

Unable to last longer, and as Alison called his name, he felt that familiar sensation as his cock shuddered and emptied its load of spunk inside her cunt, there to mix with her hot juices as he pounded her fanny, intent on prolonging both their

orgasms as long as possible, until finally, he sank next to her, hot, sweaty and exhausted. Turning onto his side, Simon gazed at his mother's body, watching her breasts and stomach rise and fall as she recovered. Her breasts jiggled with each breath; her legs still wide apart as though expecting him to return. Despite his exhaustion, his cock started to twitch as slowly he felt himself becoming aroused again, his hand reaching out and sliding across her left breast, his fingers heading for her still erect nipple, when she stopped him.

'As much as I would love to, Samantha may hear us,' she said, sounding concerned, 'Maybe another night?' Simon was not going to push his luck, he had achieved his fantasy of fucking her and she hadn't said, 'never again.'

Christmas was upon them and Gina was back, although this year wasn't going to be the best of yuletide festivities. He had been looking forward to seeing her again, but something niggled at him as he realised that he was perhaps starting to feel differently about her. They saw her for a few hours on Christmas day and then Sam went over to her house on Boxing day, but other than that, he saw nothing of her over

the next few days. By the end of the week, he was seething, angry that she appeared to be ignoring him and when she was at his home, she seemed to prefer spending her time with Sam and he would hear them at night in Sam's room. By the following week, he'd had enough, calling Caroline and asking if it was ok to pop over. Of course, she said yes, she was always pleased to see him, secretly she would have liked him there all the time, having taken a shine to this young man who managed to thrill her with his lovemaking. He spent the day in her company, staying over that night and having sex with her.

It was breakfast time when he returned home, the three females already sat around the breakfast table, eating. Simon poured himself a cup of coffee and joined them.

'Are your friends alright?' His mother asked, idly making conversation and presuming that is where he had been.

Before he could answer, Gina suddenly butted in. 'Where have you been?' She asked him.

'Just out' came his sullen reply, the sarcasm evident in his voice. Her question persisted, Simon suddenly deciding that he did not like the tone she was taking.

'Where?' She asked again, her tone demanding that he answer her. He tried telling her he had just stayed over at a friend but still she continued in the same vein,

'Who was it?' Sam glanced at him, noting a look on his face that she had never seen before, she knew exactly where he had been, but could not understand what had got into Gina.

Simon's face had darkened, and he could feel his temper rising. When he spoke, it was through clenched teeth and so quietly that all three women had to strain to hear.

'You are supposed to be my girlfriend and you have now been home for over a week. 'You've come here and fucked my sister but have barely managed to speak more than a dozen

words to me.' Alison and Sam could see him visibly trembling as he tried to control himself, 'Where I have been, with whom and what I have done, is none of your fucking business.'

'Simon!' his mother exclaimed, unaccustomed to ever hearing her son speak like that.

He glanced at her before turning back to Gina, 'And if you don't like it.... you can go fuck yourself.'

With that, he got up from the table, drained his cup and slammed it back down before going up to his room. In his bedroom he paced, willing himself to calm down. Down below, bedlam ruled, Gina, never having been spoken to like that, and especially by Simon, had burst into tears. Alison was at a loss, she could not understand Gina's attitude, but she could also not condone the way that her son had spoken to his girlfriend. Sam appeared to be the calmest of them all at that moment; she knew something had changed within her brother ever since he had started spending time at Caroline's. Recently, she sensed that Simon was not the push-over that

he had once been. She could tell he had gained confidence in himself, and whilst he treated her the same as he always had, there was a steeliness about him, that had not been there previously.

Alison knocked on Simon's bedroom door before entering, she could tell that although he appeared less tense, it would take very little for him to erupt again.

'What's going on Simon? This is not like you, I've never heard you speak to anyone like that before, and especially Gina. 'You should apologise to her.'

Simon laughed sarcastically, shaking his head at the same time. 'I have nothing to apologise for, I have done nothing wrong. 'I will be buggered if I am going to put up with her interrogating me when she has mostly ignored me since she came home. 'As I said, if she does not like it, she knows what she can do!' Alison sympathised with him, what he said was perfectly true, she did not know what had got into Gina to make her act like that. Alison came to a decision, returning

downstairs she spoke to her daughter, 'Sam, get your coat on, we are going into town.'

Gina had dried her eyes and rose as well from the table. 'Not you, young lady, you need to speak to Simon and the two of you need to sort this out, whatever it is, I'm not putting up with this in my house.'

Simon lay on his bed, his emotions in turmoil, even he did not understand where his outburst had come from, but he knew he was not going to be treated like that by anyone. It was not as though there was a lack of women in his life, and he treated them all with respect, if they could not do the same for him, he finally had realised, there were plenty more of them out there.

His bedroom door opened slowly, and Gina entered, Simon immediately feeling tense and ready to do battle once more. Her face was still flushed from her tears, but she could tell from his demeanour, that he was lacking any compassion. In

the past, he would have come to her, held her and comforted her, but now he just sat there and glared in her direction.

'I'm sorry Simon' she started, but still, he made no move towards her. 'I was wrong to speak to you like that.'

'Yes, you were,' came his stark reply, 'What the hell is going on?' She sat on his bed but wisely did not attempt to move nearer to him. It seemed to take a while for her to get started. 'While I have been away, I realised that the person I have missed the most is Sam, that's not to say I haven't missed you, it's just that she is the one continually in my thoughts.'

She paused for a moment, as though trying to choose her words. 'Do you know that Sam asked me if I loved you?'

Simon shook his head, sensing where she might be going with this.

'I suddenly realised, I don't have those type of feelings for you, I'm sorry, but I don't love you! I wanted to explain, but I was too much of a coward, I thought that if I spent all my time with Sam, you would probably guess. I got that badly wrong and then when you didn't come home last night, I got irrationally jealous.'

When Simon spoke, his voice had softened. 'Sam asked me the same question, I think she had this picture in her head that we two would happily marry and that the three of us could carry on like this forever.'

Gina inquired what he had said to Sam when asked the same question. 'I enjoyed what we have.....had, but like you, I have started to realise that what I felt for you was no different from the way I think of Sam or mum.'

'So, what do we do now?' She asked him, visibly trembling as though she knew the answer before he spoke the word's she dreaded hearing.

'We do the sensible thing I suppose,' he told her, 'We go our separate ways.'

The tears returned as she sobbed, 'I'm going to miss you' she told him. 'I'll miss you too, but I won't wait around for you Gina, I have my own life to live. I'll always be here if you are in trouble, but you can have no further demands on me, other people in my life will take precedence.'

He heard his mother and Sam return and told Gina to go and join them, she dried her eyes a second time before leaving his room. A short while passed before his mum came up to see him. 'Gina tells me you have split up.'

He nodded his head, 'She has decided that she wants Sam to be her main priority, and I'm not prepared to hang around playing gooseberry, so that's it.'

Alison noted that he showed no emotion as he told her, 'Anyway mum, I'm going to stay out of the way for the rest of the week, that way no one will get hurt.' She looked on

saddened as he began to pack some clothes into a travel bag. 'Where will you go?' She asked him, but he told her not to worry, he had plenty of friends.

From his room he called Caroline, asking if he could return and promising to explain when he got there. He crept out quietly so that they did not realise he had gone, knowing he would not be back home until Gina had left the village once more. Simon spent the rest of that week at Caroline's, needless to say, she was ecstatic at the prospect of having him stay with her. He gave her a brief rundown of what had taken place, but refused to go into any intimate details, Caroline at least had the sense not to push him too much.

He returned home on the Sunday evening, sure that Gina would have left and was immediately intercepted by Sam. 'She says that you have split up, is that true?' Before he could answer, his mother appeared, concerned that he was ok.

'I'm just going to have a shower and then I'll be back down,' he said, disappearing up the stairs and wanting the time to relax and not think about what had happened. He had so

looked forward to this Christmas, saddened that it had all gone pear-shaped.

He towelled off after his shower and returned downstairs, Alison and Samantha eager to know what was happening. Gina had not told Sam much, only that she and Simon were not together anymore, Sam felt sad, the last eighteen months had been perfect, and now for whatever reason, it all seemed to be falling apart. 'Look, this does not affect you or Gina, Sam, nothing has changed there.'

'All that has changed is she is not my girlfriend anymore, it does not mean she cannot come here, I will still be friends with her, but I am free to start other relationships if I wish.' Simon concluded.

Finally, after many reassurances, he went up to his bed, within ten minutes Sam was in his room, still not convinced that the world had not ended. He cuddled her until she fell asleep before leaving her in his room and going to sleep in hers. At

the moment sex was the last thing on his mind as digested the week's events.

After Christmas and over the next few months, he found that he spent more and more time at Caroline's, he suspected that she was beginning to feel more than friendship for him but as far as he was concerned, he had no desire yet for a relationship. What he found himself looking forward to, was filming, he had made another with Emma, Caroline telling him that the two of them seemed to be in high demand. He had also made a film with Kate, the young woman who had filmed him on that first occasion. He had thoroughly enjoyed her, but seemingly, not half as much as she had enjoyed him, Kate begging Caroline to cast them together again.

One evening after dinner Caroline told him that she had cast him with an even younger actress, 'You really will look like brother and sister,' she said, all too aware that Simon was already playing that part in real life. Arriving at Caroline's the next evening, she invited him in and introduced him to a young girl already sat in the lounge. 'Simon, this is Philippa, Pippa, Simon'. Simon kissed her on the cheek as she stood,

surprised as she appeared to be about fourteen years old. Pippa was incredibly attractive with her long dark hair and pretty face, she was very slim and had great legs, but at first glance, she appeared to have no tits at all. To be honest, she looked like she was still at school and needed her parent's permission to be here. Simon followed Caroline into the kitchen, 'Is she not underage?' He asked her urgently when they were out of earshot.

She started laughing, calling out to the young girl, 'Pippa, how many films have you made?'

'Oh, probably between eight or nine,' he heard her shout back.'

'And how old are you Pippa?' Simon spun around as he heard a chuckle behind him.

'Twenty-one.' He blushed, 'Sorry, you just looked so young,' he stuttered.

Pippa smiled at him, a hint of devilment in her eyes, 'Well at least you had the decency to ask, it's surprising how many don't,' She took his arm, pulling him back towards the lounge. 'Caroline tells me that you are going to fuck me,' she said blithely.

'If you don't mind' Simon said, feeling stupid at his reply.

Once the ice was broken it turned into a very enjoyable evening, it was surprising how much he and Pippa had in common, they were a similar age, liked similar music and enjoyed the same type of films. She told him she was studying medicine and did the films to help pay her university costs. Simon told her about himself but omitted details of any relationships, this was the first time he had met her, and those kinds of details were still very private to him.

Occasionally he glanced across at Caroline, feeling a little sorry for her, although she tried to join in the conversation, on some topics she did not have a clue what they were talking

about. Strange, he thought to himself, seventeen years was not a great deal of time, and yet you looked at life so differently, your tastes always in contrast to what had gone before.

Before he realised, the evening was over, Caroline called Pippa a cab and he kissed her on the cheek again as she departed. Sat back in the lounge they finished their drinks as Caroline explained what she had in mind. 'I think Pippa would make a perfect sister and she looks young enough, 'I know it's a while off yet, but I thought we would do the shoot around Easter if that's ok. I've quite a bit on at the moment and hopefully, by then the weather will be better and we can shoot some outdoors.'

## Chapter Six

Simon sat in the coffee shop staring out of the window watching the bustle of the city as it rushed by. Three years had passed, at twenty-four, he was qualified and now worked full time. He was doing well in the company, which was why he was in the city, having been invited to a promotional

interviewing process. The meeting had gone well, and he had been told to take the rest of the day off. Sitting with his drink, he allowed his thoughts to drift back over the years. Mum was still mum, just a little bit older, they still slept together regularly, even more so, after he had first split with Gina. It was not uncommon that they made love several times each weekend, Sam often away. He adored his mother's body and was determined that it was something he would never go without.

Samantha had also qualified, working full time in the salon now. She had matured and filled out a bit, to him she now looked like a younger version of his mother. She was still slim, but her hips had widened, and her breasts had grown, now nearly on a par with Alison's. She and Gina were still an item, but Sam had told him that there had been a bit of a wobble last year. He and Sam had still been fucking when the desire took them, and Gina had not been happy about that. She wanted Sam exclusively to herself and an argument had ensued. Sam had quickly put her straight, telling her that she refused to give up her brother and that Gina could take it or leave it.

He had never slept with Gina since the split, whilst they were still friends, they had lost something. Like Sam she had qualified and now worked at the junior school in the town, he would see her most days as she and his sister were inseparable. She also looked like a younger version of her mother; her tits had at least more than doubled in size.

Gina's mother Heather, if anything, looked younger. She had not gone back to drinking and had lost a considerable amount of weight, the last time Simon visited he noted that it would not be long before Gina and Heather could easily be mistaken for sisters. Her husband did not work away as much now and so Simon had to take extra precautions as to when he visited. As for himself, he spent most of the week at Caroline's, only really returning home when he needed to sleep with his mother or sister. They were often seen around the village together and folks now readily accepted them as a couple. His mother would frequently ask how he felt about Caroline, when he could, he evaded the question, he knew he did not love her in that sense, but it felt as good as. He had not told her Caroline's secret, reasoning that it was nobody else's

business other than hers. He was proud of Sam; over the years she had never mentioned the films he made to anyone including Gina.

'So long as you are happy, what does it matter?' She had once told him.

Over the three years, he had lost count of how many films he had made with her, her initial idea of a kind of trilogy with a sister, mother and gran had taken off and he had done quite a few films of that ilk. She used mostly the same actresses in the films, and he had got used to them and counted some of them as his friends. Every so often he and Caroline would make one together, there was still a great demand for these, but they kept their audience hungry for more. His success had been reflected in his bank account, which with what he earned from the company now ran into three figures, a lot of money for someone so young.

His mind drifted back to the first film he had done with Pippa just after his split, it was a shame he thought, that he had only

seen her once. As Caroline had hoped for, the weather around Easter had turned quite nice and she had set it up for the weekend. He had been laid out on the lawn on a rug waiting for Pippa to appear from off-camera. Caroline was filming her as she made her way across the garden towards him. Dressed in a school uniform she sat on the rug opposite him, kicking her shoes off and running her feet, covered in white socks, up and down his legs and thighs.

'Molly, will you behave, someone's going to see you and we will get into trouble.' He had said to her. "Molly" was the name she used in her films whilst Caroline had chosen the name "Ben" for him.

The plot was simple, and in the scene, she was supposed to try and persuade him to show her what he had. She was discovering her sexuality and had yet to see a cock, she would touch and tease him, before running off, leaving him frustrated. Pippa sat with her legs open, the short grey pleated skirt hiding nothing. Try as he might, his gaze constantly returned to the tiny white panties stretched tightly across her mound. He could feel his penis getting hard and tried to move

to hide his discomfort. Without warning she flung herself at him, pushing him back and straddling his hips, rubbing herself against the bulge she could feel between her legs.

'You can't tell me you're not enjoying it' she said, pushing herself firmly against his cock and giggling, 'will you let me see it, just a quick look?'

He pretended to argue with her, twisting his body to escape her attention but eventually under her constant nagging he gave in,

'Go on then, but only a quick look.'

He lay back, propped on his elbows, and opened his legs slightly so that she could get to his groin, watching as she knelt between his legs and with a mischievous grin, began to slide his zipper down slowly, her fingers pressing down as they slid over his shaft. He presumed later that Pippa had not been expecting what happened next. As she finished unzipping him, his pants pulled open with the strain from beneath and

his cock shot out, standing proudly to attention. Pippa lost her composure for a moment as she was transfixed by the throbbing flesh in front of her face. In his peripheral vision, he could see Caroline circling, trying to capture the look of astonishment that Pippa displayed.

Pippa's eyes constantly moved between his face and his cock, for seconds she seemed at a loss for words. She stammered as she asked if she could touch it, reaching out tentatively to touch his shaft.

Quickly regaining her composure as she touched him, he could feel the trembling in her hand and fingers as she wrapped it around the hot flesh, sliding the skin up and down and watching as his eyes locked onto her. She was mesmerised, having reached the point where she was supposed to rise and run away but seemed reluctant to release him.

Caroline was motioning her to move, Pippa finally coming to her senses; as she got to her feet and spun around, ready to

run. Simon did not know why he did it, but at the last moment, as she swivelled, he caught her foot, bringing her back to the ground. Before she could recover, he had pounced on top of her, straddling her hips and pinning her hands and arms down. At first, she was laughing and pretending to struggle, but as he simply looked into her eyes, she lay still, waiting for something to happen. Caroline wondered why he had deviated from the script, but on impulse, decided to continue filming.

Pippa's eyes constantly moved between his face and the hard cock that she could see and feel, pushing against her belly. She felt strange, normally she was in control of the situation, but for some reason she felt excited at the way he just leaned over her, his eyes taking in her face and body. Slowly, Simon leant forward, his lips softly brushing her forehead as he planted the most delicate of kisses there. He moved over her eyelids and cheeks, the bridge and tip of her nose and then her chin before finally his lips brushed against hers. She knew that her breathing had increased, the effect of the kiss., From her lips he moved to her neck and ears before moving down her body, kissing her breasts through her shirt and bra. She was finding

what he was doing quite sensual and as he moved over her rib cage and tummy, she knew where he was heading.

He had slid down her body, his head and face now between her thighs, again he just watched her as he raised her short skirt, exposing her panties, before raining kisses on her fanny through the thin cotton material, 'Christ,' she thought to herself, he was making her hot and that never usually happened. Normally she could go through an entire scene without feeling any excitement or emotion, it was just simply acting.

Pippa felt his hands touch her bare flesh for the first time and it was as though an electric shock had gone through her, his face was nuzzled against her sex, his eyes boring into hers. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly, and she wanted him to touch her intimate parts.

His fingers pushed her panties to one side, and she felt the cooler air waft over her cunt as he gave her one last glance before his mouth and tongue speared her fanny. Her hips

trembled as a warm glow spread through her lower half. She had been expecting him, her labia open and moist, and his tongue sent shivers through her, as it pierced her love passage. No matter how she tried, Pippa could not detach her mind from the attention he was giving her lower parts. She watched her chest going up and down rapidly as she drew oxygen into her lungs. Every pleasure receptor in her body was sending signals to her brain as every few seconds she saw Simon glance at her before resuming his treatment of her fanny.

Simon watched surreptitiously as she gasped deeply, holding each breath until his administrations forced her to exhale, usually accompanied by the word 'Fuck.' Pippa tried to stop it from happening, but her body refused to listen to her brain, and within seconds she started to shake and thrash as he made her cum, her orgasm taking her by surprise and rendering her incapable of resisting the pleasure that he was giving her. By the time he rose from his prone position, she was laid flat, her eyes closed. Her breathing was slowing, but she could feel her body covered in perspiration, the gentle breeze helping to cool her.

Simon stood and zipped himself up, he said something to her, but she could not remember what. Walking away, he stopped out of range of the camera and waited for Caroline to stop filming.

He ended up having to attract her attention, she had been so immersed in what she had witnessed in her viewfinder that she had forgotten to stop. Calling that he was going to get them some drinks, he continued towards the house oblivious of what was said next. Caroline placed the camera on the ground and sat down on the rug next to Pippa who sat up and made herself decent.

'That was brilliant,' said Caroline, still conscious of the tingling in her fanny. Even watching through the camera lens had turned her on.

Pippa seemed to be in shock, 'He made me cum Caroline! That never happens.'

Caroline chuckled and then suddenly looked sad, 'He does that to you,' she said. 'It's his eyes.'

Pippa continued, 'They seem to suck you in and make you feel special.'

Caroline nodded trying to express her feelings. 'It's like he's not acting when he looks at you and touches you, it feels like he's doing it because he wants you to be the one. As if you're the centre of his universe.....and at that moment, it's as though, you could fall in love with him!'

'Shit' said Pippa; I don't know if I can do this Caroline, I want him, but not like this,' She knew exactly how the young girl felt, did not she feel the same at times, and all she wanted, was to hear him say those words to her. She had an idea and explained it to Pippa who readily agreed. Simon never did understand why they filmed three different opening sequences, and surely, they had enough of the other footage for several films. Pippa left late that evening, she had taken multiple breaks throughout the day and he had the feeling

that at times she seemed to be upset by something, but suddenly, she was gone, and he did not see her again.

Simon returned to the present and finished his coffee, wondering what had happened to her; he presumed she must have qualified by now. Still lost in thought, he was startled by someone tapping on the window by his head. He turned and was astonished to find Pippa grinning through the glass pane at him. He waited while she came indoors and sat down opposite, 'I've just been thinking of you,' he told her, noticing that she was still as pretty as he remembered.

'All good I hope,' she replied, laughing. She seemed to have aged very little, but today she looked different, perhaps it was the way she was dressed in an old baggy jumper and jeans. Her hair was pulled back from her face in a ponytail, and as far as he could see, she wore not a trace of make-up. She told him she was on her way home from work after a long shift, and yes, she had qualified as a doctor. Simon told her bits of his own life and how he came to be in the city today.

'Why were you thinking of me' Pippa suddenly asked.

'Honestly, I don't know he replied, I was sat here, and suddenly you popped into my head and I seemed to be transported back to that day.'

'I never got a chance to ask you then, but I got the feeling at the time, that I had done something to upset you.' Simon concluded.

Pippa sat looking at him for a moment and then shook her head, 'In a way you had, but it was nothing you had done intentionally.'

Simon looked confused, 'Well at least tell me now, what did I do wrong.'

She smiled at him, but it was tinged with a hint of sadness. 'You made me want you, I desired something I could not have, and you could not give me.'

'You made me feel special, and I wanted you to be with me. All that day, I had to disappear, because, at the end of it, I knew we would part and that we would not see each other again.

'You had split up with your girlfriend, and you and Caroline seemed to be a couple, and it was not fair to step on her toes.'

Simon sat back in amazement, never having realised that any of this had taken place as it suddenly poured out of her. Pippa sat back breathless, at least she had got it off her chest, for so long she had wondered what if. 'Are you and Caroline still an item,' she asked him quietly, 'You know she was in love with you?'

Now it was Simon's turn to look serious, 'I see quite a lot of Caroline, and I suspect what you say is true, but I can't give her what she wants. It's not an age thing, that doesn't matter to me. Unfortunately, while I enjoy being with her and what we do together, I can never see a time when I would perhaps consider that I was in love with her.'

Suddenly Pippa felt sad for him, it was as though he was searching for something unobtainable, an elusive fantasy, forever out of reach.

'Look at us' Simon chuckled, 'Sat here moping about the past instead of looking forward to the future.'

Pippa cocked her head, looking at him, he was doing it all over again, he was sucking her in, and she knew it would hurt again when she got up and left.

Now it was Simon's turn to cock his head, giving her an embarrassed smile, 'I don't suppose you fancy going out sometime?' He asked slowly, 'I quite understand if there is someone already, or you don't want to.'

Pippa's face spread into a grin and he thought she was going to leap across the table and assault him, her head nodded vigorously. 'I can't tonight, it's been a seventeen-hour shift and I am knackered and need to sleep,' she told him apologetically.

Now it was Simon's turn to laugh, 'I did not necessarily mean tonight, I need to get back myself, and I've got a busy day tomorrow. Perhaps this coming weekend, I presume you live in the city, I could come up again this weekend if you wanted?'

Again, he thought she was going to fling herself over the table at him, as she gave him a big beaming smile. Simon caught her yawning, 'Come on, I'll walk with you as far as the station, and then you can go home and sleep.'

Outside, he took her hand, as tired as she was, Pippa felt as though she was walking on air. As they neared the station, she pointed out the street she lived down, 'Number thirty-seven, come over in the afternoon if you want on Saturday, I'll be in all day.'

Pippa's wish came to fruition as his arm went around her waist and he pulled her in close to him. His face came nearer to hers and their lips met, the kiss, slow and lingering with Pippa

content to have stood there forever in his protective embrace, but eventually she had to release him and let him go.

He caught the train home, arriving back at Caroline's mid-afternoon. 'How did it go?' She asked him, he told her it had gone well, but felt bad when he omitted to tell her about his chance meeting with Pippa. Caroline seemed excited about something, sitting him down she wanted to tell him her news. 'I've been presented with a business opportunity, but it means I'll be away for a couple of weeks, you don't mind, do you?'

Even though he felt sad at the prospect of not seeing her for several weeks, he realised that she still had a life that did not necessarily include him, 'Of course it's ok, I'll still be here when you get back, and business is business, you must do what you need to.'

Caroline flung her arms around him as they kissed passionately, she was thrilled that he was fine with her request, but Simon sensed that there was something she was not telling him. When she released him, she went over to her

bureau and retrieved an envelope, before handing it to him. He looked at her puzzled as he opened it, inside was a set of keys, 'It's about time you had your own set,' she told him, 'You near enough live here. It's your home as well, use it as such while I am away.' Simon scooped her up before carrying her upstairs.

Laying her on the bed he quickly ditched his clothes, his cock rising magnificently from his groin as he pushed her skirt up to her waist and ripped off her panties, Caroline's fanny was already opening, giving him a view of her moist pink interior. Sliding between her thighs, his mouth enveloped her vagina as his tongue went to work on it, listening to her groan and whimper as he excited her. Caroline ripped her top off and discarded her bra, her tits popping free and Simon's hands immediately fondling them as his mouth continued to excite her hot flesh. Coming to his knee's he rubbed his stiff cock against her puckered rear before slowly he eased forward, his length sliding inside her rectum. He fucked her arse, and then he fucked her cunt, changing positions frequently as they satisfied each other's lust.

A couple of days later and with Caroline gone, Simon had an idea. Making his way home he sought out his mother.

'Caroline's away for a couple of weeks, why don't.....' His mother interrupted him as she suddenly gave him a mischievous grin, and moved closer to him, her hand resting on his thigh and moving towards his groin.

'Perhaps it would be a good idea if you stayed here tonight then.'

'I have a better idea,' he said, 'Why don't you come and stay at Caroline's? I can show you around the house and grounds and we will be all alone.'

Alison mulled the idea over; she had never seen the inside of Caroline's home and inquisitiveness got the better of her. Sam was just arriving home when he whispered something in her ear, Alison looked slightly embarrassed, but her eyes sparkled with excitement as she nodded her agreement. After their meal, Alison told Sam that she was going out with Simon and

may not be back, Sam just looked at the two of them wondering what was going on. While she went upstairs to change, Simon spoke with his sister, 'You have got the whole evening and night with Gina if you want, mum's going to stay with me tonight. Sam looked at him strangely, as though considering a thought that she couldn't quite believe.

'You and mum?' Her brother nodded his head.

'Fuck me, Simon. Mum, Gina's mum, me and Gina, Caroline. How many women have you had?'

He looked at her as she tried to read his expression. 'Lots, too bloody many perhaps,' he said sadly. The sound of their mother returning ending their conversation.

She carried an overnight bag and wore a mackintosh lightweight coat, tied at the waist with a belt. Immediately she stepped through the front door, she felt self-conscious, knowing that beneath the coat, except for her hold-up stockings, she was naked. She took his arm as they walked

through the village, frequently stopping and talking to other villagers that she knew, her flesh tingling. She realised that she was wet; a situation not helped by the fact that when no one was around, Simon would slip his hand inside her coat, his fingers teasing her now slick fanny, or twisting her nipples. By the time they approached Caroline's house, she'd had to stop, looking around her, she took a tissue from her pocket, and pulling the coat open, she spread her legs and wiped her fanny dry.

She was so engrossed in what she was doing, that she at first failed to notice as Simon took his opportunity, his hand going between her open thighs and his fingers easily sliding between her lips and into her cunt. He frigged her there on the lane, the coat open and displaying her nudity as his fingers thrust up into her fanny. Alison's legs shaking continually as she hung on to him, her head swivelling left and right lest someone appear. Simon's other hand was massaging her tits, her nipples hard and ultra-sensitive with the excitement of potentially getting caught. Finally, she orgasmed, sobbing and crying as her body shook with the pleasure coming from between her legs, her juices dripping onto the dusty road.

## Chapter Seven

He picked her up, carrying her up the driveway and around to the back of the house, putting her down gently as he opened the rear door and escorted her inside. Taking her coat, he led her into the gymnasium, asking her to lay down on one of the inclined bench's. Going to a cupboard he stripped two of the belts from the robes within, before returning and binding her wrists to the weights support bar. She watched as he slowly stripped off, his cock looking huge and swollen as he approached her, kneeling and spreading her legs wide. His head disappeared between her thighs as she felt him pull her fanny open and then his tongue was lapping at her wetness. Alison desperately wanted fucking, but bound as she was, she was unable to move her hands and arms and reach his cock. Her clit was extremely sensitive and as he pushed its hood back, exposing it and taking it between his lips, she climaxed for a second time. Her tits bounced as she twisted and squirmed against her bonds, her legs clamped tightly against his head. Simon gave her time to recover as he got two supports, placing them under her knees and pushing

her legs up into the air. In her present position, he had exposed her anus, the juices from her fanny running down between her butt cheeks and her puckered opening glistened with the wetness.

He crouched, pushing his cock down and rubbing it against her anus until it was slick, and then inch by inch, pushed it into her rectum as she gasped and wailed. Slowly at first and then with increased gusto, he sodomised her whilst his fingers penetrated her twat. He could feel his shaft with his fingers each time he thrust his cock into her, his thumb continually rubbing at her clit. As he watched and waited for her peak to approach, she begged him to fuck her, and then as she started to climax, he slid from her arse and rammed his cock into her fanny. His hips became a blur as he fucked her now overly wet cunt, Alison screaming her release as she twisted at her bindings and juices squirting from her. No sooner had one orgasm finished than she was cumming again, her tits and belly bouncing as she shrieked once more and felt his cock explode within her as he groaned and filled her cunt with his hot semen. Sweat was pouring from them both, their legs

feeling wobbly as he untied her and suggested that they adjourn to the hot tub.

Simon opened a bottle of champagne whilst they spent an hour in the tub after which he gave her a guided tour of the house but kept his mother far away from the studio and what Caroline liked to call her dungeon. His mother was not a stupid woman, and it would have taken her very little time to realise what took place on the premises. After a very pleasant evening, they retired to one of the guest bedrooms where Simon made love to her several times before they fell asleep in each other's arms. He awoke early the next morning and brought her breakfast in bed before she dressed in the work clothes, she had brought with her and Simon called her a cab to run her down into the town.

Alison actually stayed a couple of evening's, Sam and Gina were talking about getting an apartment together and she thought it would do her daughter good, fending for herself.

That weekend, Simon was taking the train into the city to meet Pippa. Showered and dressed, he took a slow walk into the town, heading for the station.

Stepping down onto the platform at his destination, he made his way out onto the street, glancing at his watch as he went. Wandering around for a while, he started to discover parts of the city that were still a mystery to him as he grabbed a coffee at the café where he had met Pippa on the previous occasion and then unable to wait any longer, made his way to her street.

He counted the house numbers as he walked along, even numbers on the opposite side, odd numbers on his side and spotted her even before he reached her house. She was stood at the window, looking down the road expectantly. Her face suddenly wearing a beaming smile as she spotted him and moved away from the window, the front door already open, as he turned up her path.

Running to him she flung her arms around his neck, kissing him before stepping back and looking apologetic.

'Sorry,' she said, 'That's me taking liberties.'

Simon smiled broadly, in a way she reminded him of Gina, all exuberance and actions without a care in the world.

'It's fine,' he told her, 'It's the kind of welcome I like.' Pippa invited him in, hers was the first floor flat, it was not overly big, but everywhere was neat and tidy.

'Would you like a coffee?' she asked him.

He shook his head, 'No thanks, I've just had one, I got into the city early and didn't want to scare you by being too keen.'

She loved the way the corners of his eyes crinkled when he laughed and she realised that he was charming her again, little comments making her feel special. Simon watched her as she fussed around the flat, she was dressed in tight blue jeans that fit her snugly, having forgotten how great her legs were. Her

top half was covered by a t-shirt that ended just below her boobs, leaving her midriff bare, it was easy to tell she was braless, as her nipples pushed at the thin material. Pippa's hair was down, reaching to the middle of her back as it swished from side to side as she moved.

She turned suddenly, noticing him watching her, 'Will I do?' She asked him.

He nodded, 'You look gorgeous.' She blushed slightly at the compliment, aware of how badly she wanted him to like her.

'I thought that as it is a nice day and there is a lovely park quite near here, we could go for a walk and then perhaps get some lunch.' Pippa suggested.

Simon readily agreed, telling her that while he knew the centre, he presumed there were other attractions that he knew nothing about. Once outside he automatically took her hand as though keeping her close. Pippa had made her mind up, no matter what it took, she was going to make him hers. The day

had been perfect, they had done the attractions and had been content just to amble around, comparing their life stories. As the evening drew in, they arrived back at her flat with Pippa shyly asking if he wanted to stay over.

'I'll come up and have a coffee with you and then I will get back,' he said, much to her disappointment. Simon raised her face, cradling it in his hands. 'It would be too easy to say yes, and we both know what would happen.'

'I don't care what happened in the past, as far as I am concerned, today is the first time I have met you, and I never sleepover on a first date,' he laughed.

'Does that mean I get to see you again?' She asked him. Simon nodded, 'I'll see you next weekend and I'll bring a change of clothing for the next day.'

Immediately she knew what he had implied; her face brightened as she did a little dance of joy.

Caroline called mid-week, it was a brief conversation as she told him she would be back after the coming weekend and that she had something she wished to ask him but refused to discuss it on the telephone.

He was due to meet Pippa again this coming weekend, intrigued by the young woman. With nothing much to do, he considered whether to pop round to his mother's but decided instead to have an early night while he still had a chance. Work the rest of the week seemed to drag as he realised that he was eager to see the young woman once more.

Washed and dressed on Saturday morning he made his way down to the station hoping to catch the train that would deposit him in the city, close to her flat. As he sauntered along her road, she again spotted him before he got to her door, rushing down and throwing her arms around his neck as she kissed him. 'You came,' she said shyly, as though she had doubted that he would turn up.

'Here I am,' Simon replied, 'And I'm all yours until tomorrow afternoon.'

Pippa turned away, taking his hand and dragging him indoors; if she had her way he would be here indefinitely.

'As the weather is nice, I thought we could have the day out, we can grab a meal early evening, go and have a few drinks, and then if you want, we can come back here and see what happens,' he teased her, the corners of his eyes crinkling as he smiled.

'Oh, something is certainly going to happen,' she told herself as she nodded her consent. The day was the best she had experienced for a long time, there had been no talk yet of a relationship, but to Pippa, it felt like they were already in one. He was attentive to a fault, his hand constantly taking hers, or his arm would wrap around her shoulder as he pulled her close to him. They had fun and there seemed to be constant laughter as they told each other a little about their lives,

though Pippa got the feeling that there were things that he had not disclosed.

Finally, after a few drinks, they arrived back at her flat, Pippa filled with trepidation. She was going to ask if he wanted coffee, but she never got the chance as he took her in his arms and kissed her lips. That simple thing left her breathless, as his hand traversed her hips, moving sensually up past her waist until they came to rest either side of her breasts. He paused teasingly, knowing what she wanted, but making her wait. And then his fingers caressed her small breasts and Pippa nearly collapsed from the pleasure. His hands moved down to her waist and then under her top, his touch against her bare skin making her shiver with delight. Slowly his hands moved upwards over her ribs, and then finally he was cupping her naked breasts, his fingers applying slight pressure to her sensitive nipples as she suddenly groaned loudly, her body shaking involuntarily.

Pippa could not believe that he had done it again, normally she could control her sensations, shutting her mind to them and just acting the part. But Simon seemed to be able to get

past her defences, making her climax, just by his touch. She pulled her top over her head so that she was topless as she set to, unfastening the buttons of his shirt. She ran her hands over his bare muscular chest, savouring the touch of his skin as Simon reached behind her and slid the zip of her skirt downwards. It slipped from her hips leaving her stood there only in her tiny panties.

He helped her with his pants until finally, they stood together naked. lifting her easily, he carried her through to the bedroom and laid her on the bed before joining her. His hands and mouth caressed her breasts, they were smaller than either Gina or his sister, but Simon found them cute, acknowledging that they aroused him. Pippa's hand had gone straight to his groin, re-acquainting herself with his cock, she had forgotten how well-endowed he was, but she had managed it once before, so why would now be any different. Simon slid himself from her grip as he rained kisses across her ribs and stomach, constantly moving downwards.

She remembered the last time he had done this to her, she had not been expecting it and he had devoured her, instantly

sending her over the edge. This time was no different, as his mouth found her fanny and went to work on it, he seemed able to elicit feelings and sensations that others could not. Simon's tongue darted in and out of her cunt, his lips and teeth exposing and nibbling at her clit as he sent her into raptures. She had wanted to wait for him, but presently she had no control over her body as minor climaxes shook her one after another. She'd had to ask him to stop, her fanny was too sensitive for him to continue sucking on her clit. He had allowed her time to relax as his kisses worked their way back up her torso until he took her in his arms and his lips met hers. The kiss was long and sensual, Pippa found herself floating, wrapped in his embrace, she could have stayed there forever. At last, she dragged him on top of her, desperately wanting to be fucked, this was what it had all been leading up to.

Simon teasingly rubbed his cock between her fanny lips, catching her clit each time, she responded by raising her hips to meet his, lulled into a false sense of security as suddenly his shaft penetrated and filled her cunt. Pippa's eyes opened wide, and she cried out as her love passage expanded. Once

inside her, he paused before rocking back and forth slowly. As the minutes passed and her arousal increased, his momentum increased exponentially. By the time she climaxed, his hips had become a blur as he pounded her fanny, finally spurting his cream deep inside her as he attained his climax. Laying in each other's arms Pippa was contented, imagining this taking place every night. She had committed herself to him but at the back of her mind, she wondered about his relationship with Caroline.

They had made love till late, Pippa falling asleep in his arms and Simon still cradling her when her eyes had opened the next morning. She had watched him as he continued to sleep, knowing that already she was falling in love with him. Everything about their time together had been perfect except for one continual nagging doubt, how did Caroline fit into the conundrum, Simon had already told her he did not have those type of feelings for the other woman, but they had been together for quite a while now, that must count for something. She had made them breakfast after they had showered and dressed, it would soon be time for him to leave and it filled her with dread. Sat at her breakfast bar, she had to say

something, even if it meant this would be the last time, she would see him, better to endure the pain now than to drag it out.

'I'm sorry Simon, but I've got to ask, where do we go from here, is this a bit of fun or is there a possibility it could lead to more, and where does Caroline fit into it all, she has been good to me and I have no desire to hurt her.'

At that point, most men would have been out of the door and it was to Simons merit that he was still there as he explained the situation. 'I've enjoyed my time with you and in a way, I'm sad to be going, there are no 'buts.' and I would dearly love to see more of you. This has been like a proper second date and I want to do it again and see how things develop, but I am not going to turn around and tell you at this point that I am in love with you. As for Caroline, perhaps it's not just a relationship of convenience, I do care for her but can never see a time that I tell her what she wants to hear.

I've explained it to her and presently we have both been content with our relationship. I know it's probably not the

answer you were hoping for, but at the moment, that is all I can offer.'

It certainly was not what Pippa had wanted to hear, but she decided that for the moment she would accept what he had said. Her main concern she rationalised, was that if she was not with him, how was she going to win his affections. Simon left just after lunch, she watched him go from her window as he walked down her road.

'If you're missing me already, you'll turn around,' she said to herself, watching and waiting. He had covered almost half the distance and she was beginning to fear that he would not look back when he suddenly turned, giving her a broad smile and waved. She did a little dance in front of her window, her heart beating loudly in her chest.

The big house seemed quiet without Caroline's presence and so Simon decided to walk up to his mother's. There had been no ulterior motive for his visit, if anything, what he presently needed was advice and not necessarily the female company.

Sam was upstairs with Gina when he arrived, so he was content to sit in the kitchen as he chatted with his mum. He explained his predicament.

'Do you love her?' She asked him. Simon just shook his head, 'I suppose it feels comfortable, but no, I'm not in love with her.'

'And what about this new girl, Pippa, how did you meet her?' She asked.

He hated lying to his mother but what could he say. He made up a story about meeting her in town one night which seemed to placate her for the moment,

'How do you feel about her?' She asked.

'I don't know properly yet; we have only been out a couple of times.' He smiled more to himself as he remembered their weekend together,

'Something about her fascinates me and I'd like the opportunity to get to know her better.'

Alison told him that at the very least he had to sit down and speak to Caroline when she returned because it was not fair to string her along if their relationship was going nowhere.

It was getting late when he decided to leave as he kissed his mother's cheek, Gina appearing downstairs closely followed by his sister.

'Hello stranger,' Sam said. It had been quite a while since anything had taken place between them and she had forgotten how strikingly handsome her brother had become. He wasn't a teenager anymore, having turned into a gorgeous man.

As he was heading back to Caroline's and out of courtesy, he offered to walk down with Gina as far as her home. Although

they had stayed friends, they hadn't spoken much after the breakup. As they walked together, he asked about her family.

'Mum misses you, though now she has lost weight and is fitter, my father seems to be taking a lot more interest in her, all thanks to you I have to say,' she told him with a laugh.

At one point on their journey, she stopped. 'Do you mind?' she asked as she went to slip her arm through his.

Arm in arm they continued to stroll along as she asked how his life was going, 'Sam refuses to say anything about you, it's as though your life has become a secret.'

He walked a little further in silence before he answered, 'My life is even more complicated now than it ever was when I had you and Sam. It would be nice if one day it could just be simple again.'

As they reached her house, she released him, standing only a foot apart. 'Your trouble Simon is that you are too nice, at some point in time, every one of us has fallen for you and yet, you have always had the same problem, you don't want to hurt anyone. It's about time that you decided what you want, people get hurt all the time, that's life.' Gina stood on tiptoes as she kissed his cheek and said goodnight.

Caroline arrived back on Tuesday afternoon while he was still out at work. On his return, he found her both excited and distracted, as though she had something on her mind which was troubling her. 'I've been offered a business opportunity which could make me extremely wealthy,' she started to explain.

'There is one catch though. It means moving away from here.' Simon for some reason had it in his head that she meant within this country, perhaps fifty or a hundred miles away.

'It would mean moving to another country.' She said hesitantly, 'I'd love you to come with me.'

He knew immediately that he couldn't, he was happy here, content with the village and the town. And on top of that, it would take him away from his mother and Sam.

Shaking his head, he told her, 'I can't Caroline, I'm happy where I am. I know what you would like, but I'm sorry, while I enjoy what we have together, I do not love you, nor can I foresee a time when that may change.'

He noticed her eyes start to mist over, a tear running down her cheek as she nodded her head. 'I understand,' she told him, but Simon doubted that she did.

'I fear that if I did go with you, then eventually we would separate anyway. If you stay, then you will forever blame me for this missed opportunity. Perhaps this is how things should end. I owe you so much, but I would rather part as friends now, than try and make our relationship something it was maybe never meant to be.'

He could see she was upset, his natural inclination was to comfort her, but he remembered Gina's words, perhaps it was about time he made a decision based on what he wanted.

'I'm going to pack my few bits and pieces and then I shall go home. I wish you all the best for the future Caroline and I'm positive that there is someone out there who will give you the love you deserve.'

He left her crying quietly as he gathered his belongings together. He wanted to sneak away, but eventually plucked up the courage to face her one last time. Putting his bag by the front door, he went through to her lounge for the final time. 'I've put your key on the side,' he told her as they hugged, and he kissed her cheek before saying goodbye.

His mother and Sam were surprised to see him back so soon. He sat for a while with them both, telling them what had happened and what he had finally decided, he wanted. When he eventually turned in, it seemed strange to be in bed in his

old room once more, not that he was alone for long as Samantha crept in.

'I can always keep you company,' she said with a mischievous smile.

Hugging her tightly, he kissed the top of her head. 'As much as I've missed you, not tonight Sam. I have a lot to think about and I wouldn't presume to give you anything but my full attention. Anyway, now I'm home again, I'm sure opportunities will arise.'

It was as she was about to leave that he said the sweetest thing to her. 'You know if only I could have felt about Caroline what I feel for you. Who knows where it may have taken me?'

Samantha's heart sang as she went back to her room, content that her brother loved her as much as she did him.

At work the next day he called Pippa, asking if she was free on Friday evening as he urgently needed to speak to her. They had made no plans for this coming weekend and by the tone of his voice, Pippa could only see it as bad news. On this occasion, she was not looking out for him when he arrived. Her heart was close to breaking and she had no desire to inflict more pain on it. She heard his knock on the door, inviting him in but forcing herself not to throw her arms around him. Sitting one at either end of her couch, Simon launched into his speech.

'Caroline's been offered a job opportunity, but it means moving away.' Pippa's stomach lurched at his words. 'She wants me to go with her.....'

She could not stop the first few tears from appearing.

'But I've told her. No! I don't want to move abroad. I want to stay where I am. I've moved back home, and I suppose the reason I'm here, is to ask, is this just a bit of fun, or could it be a whole lot more?

Pippa just sat for several moments until his words sank in. And then the prettiest smile he had ever seen lit up her face as she covered the distance between them in seconds, her arms going around him as she buried her face in his chest.

'This can be everything we want it to be,' she told him as her heart thudded wildly in her chest.

# The Farmers Wife

Jem sat with his back propped against the dry-stone wall as he allowed the sun to warm his rugged, weather-beaten face. Looking out over the landscape he watched his flock of sheep wander from one grazing spot to another as Jess his border collie sniffed along the wall before returning to lay by his side. His real name was James, but ever since he was a child, he had been called "Jem".

In his sixty-two years, he had loved and hated this landscape in equal measure. The farm and the land he tended were miles from anywhere and it had taken time to adapt to this kind of solitary existence. He ruffled the dog's fur as he closed his eyes for five minutes and allowed his mind to wander.

As far as he knew, he had been born on the farm. He remembered little of those first few years, unable to even recollect the birth of his sister who had suddenly come along just before his second birthday. He knew that he once had a father, because his mother would mention him on occasions,

but he had no memory of him other than the few photographs his mother kept on the dressing table upstairs in her bedroom.

The farm belonged to his mother and before that, her parents, having previously been passed on by her grandparents. As far as he knew, it had been in their family for generations and would one day be his to manage, his mother had told him.

As a toddler he would follow her around the farmyard and by the age of four, he was already assisting her with small chores, helping to feed the animals in their pens or collecting eggs from the coup. Back then, he loved the land and location. He was free to run wild, to explore the outbuildings and wander the fields, going with his mother as they checked on their flock of sheep or brought in, their small herd of cows.

And then suddenly he was made to leave her each day as school beckoned. In winter she would run him down the mile-long lane in the "Land Rover" to meet the school bus and she would be sat there each afternoon when he had finished

to take him back up to the farm. At the time it seemed unfair that his sister Bab's, short for Barbara, was allowed to stay at home while he was sent off each day.

In summer, his mother would drive him down the lane in the morning and he would walk back in the afternoon, kicking stones and rooting in the hedgerows as he made the return journey. Eventually, the time came for Bab's to accompany him, and he remembered her tears on that first morning as his mother drove back up the lane and left them waiting for the bus. It was at moments like those that he hated where they lived.

As he and his sister got older, both of them would help around the farm with the jobs, but overall and especially during the many holidays, they were free to roam across the idyllic landscape. There was always somewhere to go and something to do. Fishing in the several ponds in the adjoining fields, streams to splash and swim in and woods to explore. Those were the times he loved and was thankful for where they lived.

As he and his sister got older still and started secondary school, he hated where they lived with an unbridled passion. At school they had friends, but at home, there were no friends, no mates, no one ever visited, it was too far out of the way. What friend wanted a five-mile hike from town and then another mile up the lane to reach the farm. Buses ran sporadically past the bottom of their lane, if you were lucky, maybe every couple of hours with the last one just before six o'clock in the evening.

Going out with friends in town was something that neither he nor his sister had ever bothered with, it was too much of a chore. Perhaps in a way, it was for the best he realised as he got older because his family lived a lifestyle that was somewhat different from what others of his age did.

There had been slip-ups at school when he was young and would mention something only to be greeted by raised eyebrows. His mother instilled into both of them never to discuss their home life away from the farm, and for very good reason he later understood.

Even at secondary school, there was still the occasional slip of the tongue and other students would look at him strangely. Both he and Bab's finally got used to keeping their home life secret because people did not understand the way they lived.

Growing up on the farm, there had been the normal inquisitiveness, especially when they saw what the animals got up to, but their mother would never countenance those types of behaviour.

And so, their life continued until Jem reached the age of eighteen. He had been in the barn, hidden behind the bales of hay, or so he thought as he beat one out, his hand rapidly sliding up and down his shaft as he masturbated, the sensation in his cock and bollocks growing substantially as his climax neared.

He had no idea how long his mother may have been watching him, it wasn't until she coughed that he realised she was there and by then it was too late as cum erupted from the tip of his cock, spurting out onto the barn floor.

'There is a time and a place for that,' she had told him. 'Anyway, what if it were your sister that had seen you, what then? She is far too young yet to be seeing things like that.'

Despite being embarrassed, he had of course continued with his self-indulgence, secreting himself away in his bedroom as he enjoyed new pleasures. But his mother was no fool, she knew that he continued to masturbate. She had come to his room one night and sat on the end of his bed as she had explained that it was perfectly natural and not something to be ashamed of.

'It's something all men do,' she had said, 'Women as well. I masturbate when the urge takes me, and in all probability, it is something your sister will do at some point. No one is going to tell you it is wrong, not in this house at least.'

With this newfound knowledge, he suddenly saw his mother in a different light, his curiosity piqued as to what she did when she masturbated. He began to imagine her naked and

touching herself, his cock growing hard at the images in his head.

Without any embarrassment, he had gone to her room one evening, several months after she had caught him and bluntly asked if he could watch the next time that she masturbated herself. The request to him had seemed the most normal thing in the world to ask and would help satisfy the pervasive imagery that had become part of daily life.

Gwen, his mother had readily agreed, telling him that the next time she had the urge he could sit and watch her. It had been late, nearly a week later and he had forgotten about his request when she had come to his room while the house was quiet and taking him by the hand, she had led him to her bedroom.

There was a chair set up at the side of her bed and he watched as she unbuttoned her housecoat before laying naked in the centre of the mattress. He had been mesmerised as she began

to run her hands up and down her body, slowly beginning to excite herself.

His pyjama bottoms did nothing to hide the erection that suddenly appeared as she fondled her breasts and played with her nipples. His mother was a good-looking woman, her body still well defined despite her age, helped by the work involved each day in the running of their farm.

As she opened her legs wider and slid her hand over her vagina, she turned her head to look at him, immediately noticing the expanding bulge in his lap. 'You can play with yourself at the same time if you wish to,' she had told him as she began to stroke her cunt with a single finger, sliding it between her fanny lips.

Without further ado, he had slipped out of his pyjama bottoms as he slumped back in the chair and started sliding his hand up and down his rigid shaft. At her urging, he had slowed his masturbation as she stared constantly at his

throbbing meat, groans of pleasure slipping from her lips as her eyes fluttered.

Despite his rapidly increasing arousal and the desire to reach out and touch her, he continued to sit in the chair and wank himself. He had asked to watch her; he had said nothing about touching her and so stuck with what she had offered.

He was nearly there, the constant tightness of his twitching cock and bollocks informing him that he would ejaculate shortly. His mother cautioned him, asking him to last a little longer, her cunt now full of fingers as she screwed her face up and pummelled her opening. Loud squelching noises could be heard along with the heavy breathing as both of them approached their climax.

As she cried her release, spurts of cum flowed from the tip of his shaft, splashing his stomach, and running down over his hand as he continued to tug at his cock furiously.

With their bodies now relaxing, she had handed him some tissues to wipe himself with, using a wad of them to dab between her open legs. At last, he arose from the chair, retrieved his pyjama bottoms, and kissed her cheek before heading back to his own room. He would ask her again tomorrow he had decided, acknowledging that it had been far more satisfying watching her finger herself than wanking on his own.

Early the next morning, they'd had a whispered conversation at the breakfast table as he asked his mother if he could watch her again the next time she masturbated, or better still, if she didn't mind, would he possibly be able to touch her.

Bab's of course had been inquisitive, wanting to know what they were talking about, but her mother had refused to say, and the conversation had ended. Bab's had sulked for the rest of the morning, trying to get Jem to tell her, but his mother had sworn him to secrecy and her promise to think about his request had kept him like that.

Jem opened his eyes and stood as he came back to reality. His joints seemed to creak a little more nowadays as he took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his watery eyes before setting off back towards the farm with Jess following at his heels.

Sat in his armchair that evening next to the fire, he closed his eyes and dozed. His mind wandered once more back to his youth and growing up on the farm.

From time to time, they would have farmhands for short periods who would help with the jobs, especially when the cows were calving, or the sheep were lambing. Outwardly, they were no different from any other farming family and they all gave the impression of normality when others were around.

He had been invited to his mother's room on numerous occasions since that first time, to watch her play with herself, on other occasions she would come to his room as she did the same and watched him masturbate himself. She said she was

still considering his request about being able to touch her and would let him know in due course.

It had been the middle of summer when she had, at last, come to him one night and in a whisper, told him to dress. Pulling on shorts and a t-shirt, he had followed her quietly as they descended and exited the house. Together they kept to the shadows as they crossed the farmyard and into an adjacent field.

The night was warm and quiet, the sky clear and full of stars as they walked a short distance before Gwen had pulled him down onto the grass. 'Are you sure you want to touch me?' she had asked. Jem nodding his head vigorously at her question.

In the darkness, she had pulled his face towards her until suddenly their lips had met. He hadn't considered this when he'd made his request, but as his mother kissed him, he began to respond to her, their mouths moving together and then her tongue teasing his lips before plunging into his mouth.

His erection was almost instantaneous, especially when she took his hand and raised it to her breast. Through her cotton t-shirt, he could tell at once that she was bra-less, his hand feeling the protrusion of her hard-erect nipple. Even though he instinctively knew what was expected of him, nonetheless Gwen instructed him on how she liked to be touched and what he should do.

When she pulled the t-shirt over her head and exposed her tits to him, the throbbing in his shorts became painful and insistent. His mother had asked him to undress, her eyes locking onto his twitching shaft as he got rid of his shorts. Grasping him firmly, she had begun to toss him off, but for Jem, it had all been too much. The sensations that soared through his body as his mother touched his cock had him ejaculating in seconds as cum spurted all over her hand.

She hadn't scolded him and was not disappointed as with a soft laugh she told him it was ok. 'It's nothing to be ashamed of. It quite often happens the first time, it's just all the excitement.'

Removing her clothes, she used his t-shirt to wipe her hand before laying back in the grass and invited him to touch her. He was nervous at first but under her soft words and tuition, he was soon caressing her breasts, his mouth nuzzling her teat's as she moaned with pleasure at his touch.

Gwen guided his hand over her slightly rounded belly until he encountered her pubes, his fingers lingering there for seconds before she eased it between her legs and made his first contact with her vagina. It felt like nothing he had touched before as he stroked her in the same way that he had watched her touch herself.

His finger slid between her fanny lips, her juices lubricating the digit and then with very little effort, he slid it inside her cunt. His mother's hips lifted from the ground as his finger entered her, a cry of delight springing from her lips.

With her remarks and praise, he fingered her, her hips responding to the constant penetration of her passage. She

pulled his head down as they kissed once more, his other hand going up to her breast as he kneaded the flesh of her tits.

The very fact of her increasing excitement and the touch of her naked skin soon had him hard once more, only this time as his mother's fingers wrapped around his girth and tossed him off, he found it much easier to control the sensations. His administrations and her skilful hands soon had both of them highly aroused as she withdrew his finger and dragged him on top of her.

Kneeling between her open thighs, he fumbled at first, but his mother helped him to position himself and then the greatest sensation he had ever experienced happened as his cock slid inside her cunt. She had kept his rhythm constant as he ploughed her fanny, her encouragement now coarse as she told him what she wanted him to do to her.

When he fucked her too fast, she slowed him down, when he idled, she speeded him up. He soon got the hang of what his mother liked as his cock was rammed into her now wet cunt

once more. And then she was calling to him, telling him that she was ready as his hips became a blur, his cock plunging in and out of her cunt as he shagged her as though his life depended on it.

As his cock twitched and filled her passage with his seed, he was rewarded as she arched her back and called out his name, her body going rigid as she orgasmed.

Slumped side by side as they recovered, he had made her laugh when he said, 'I wish we could do that every night.' She had told him it wouldn't be every night, but that she had been suitably impressed with him and she would see what she could do.

Jem came awake as someone shook his shoulder. 'Come on you old bugger, it's time for bed,' his missus said as she finished tidying up. He chuckled to himself as he followed her bottom up the stairs, his musings had left him with an urge down below. 'She's in for a surprise tonight,' he had murmured to himself.

Over the next year, he and his mother had fucked regularly, on warm summer nights they would go out into the fields. When the weather was inclement but still warm enough, they used the barn and when it was too cold outside, she allowed him to share her bed.

The work on the farm was never-ending, you didn't get days off and there was no such thing as weekends. Every day of the year, the animals needed tending too, at times like those he hated the life he had been born into. But then when he shared his mother's bed and body, he was grateful for their isolation and would not have changed anything.

The last couple of years had been hard, really hard. Jem wasn't getting any younger and the heavy snowfall of the last two winters was slowly taking its toll on him. They had lost several ewes each time, the poor animals lost in the snowbanks that had built up in places. They had saved as many as they could but sometimes the animals were their own worst enemies.

With the cows milked and out in the pasture, he cleaned their stalls and washed everything down. Calling Jess, he got his stick and set off for the top field on his quad bike to inspect his flock and see what new lambs had been born. At this time of year, they nearly looked after themselves, but he had to keep an eye on any ewe's that were struggling and get them down to the lambing shed.

At least with the quad bike, he didn't have to make the long walk anymore which made it easier for him and the others would take care of the jobs down below. Jess sat on the carrier at the back, eager to be out, but just like himself, the dog was showing signs of her age.

He'd brought a flask with him today as he sat in his favourite spot and had a cup of tea, his mind drifting back once more. It was something he found himself doing a lot lately, his mind wandering as he remembered his younger days, and the fun they'd all had as well as the mishaps that had befallen them if you could call them mishaps.

He remembered just after Barbara's eighteenth birthday, in one respect, just another normal day on the farm with chores that needed to be completed. She had rushed that morning getting her jobs done, something that never normally happened, and had then come and given him a hand. Jem initially had been suspicious, but she had said and done nothing to confirm his feelings.

At one point even his mother had told Bab's to slow down, that things would happen in due course, Jem wondering what they knew that he didn't. Gwen had an inkling as to why her daughter was in a constant rush that morning, she had come of age, she was eighteen now and she suspected that her daughter had a particular birthday present in mind.

It was mid-afternoon before most of the jobs were finished and Jem had announced that he was setting off for the tops fields to check on the flock of sheep. Bab's had called out that she was joining him, and he noticed that she had looked to his mother who had given an imperceptible nod of her head.

Gwen now knew exactly what her daughter intended to do. She had no qualms about allowing them to have sex, how could she when she was allowing her son to abuse her body. She had never started with that intention, only to give them both confidence in themselves and their bodies, but there was no denying that she enjoyed her son fucking her.

His sister had been full of nervous energy, constantly chattering as she linked his arm on the walk up the high hills. As they stood in the field and surveyed the flock, she could not contain herself any longer.

'I know what you and mum have been doing. Please, Jem..... do the same for me.'

Before he could reply she had wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. It had taken him by surprise, but as she pressed her body against his, and especially her more than ample bosom, Jem knew he wouldn't refuse her.

Bab's was trying to undress him as she chased him around the field, Jem teasing her and making her wait.

When she did manage to catch him, he wrestled her to the ground, sitting on top of her and pinning her hands and arms to her side. Initially, she squirmed, but as he started to push her top up, she lay back and allowed him. Barbara was breathing quickly as he exposed her breasts, the slight breeze making her nipples harden instantly as he ran a finger over each one, rubbing softly as she closed her eyes and licked her lips.

As he leaned forward and kissed her, his hand fondling the firm flesh, Barbara tried to sigh at the sensations rushing through her body. But not a sound came out with their mouths locked together. Taking him unawares, she had managed to roll him so that now, she straddled his hips. He hadn't seemed to mind, and she wondered why for a moment. 'It had been too easy,' but then she realised why as she felt his erection pushing against her vagina.

Jem was happy just to lie back and look at his sister as she pulled her top over her head. With her long dark hair which

cascaded over her shoulders, he gazed into her face. Bab's was strikingly beautiful, down in the town, she would have been able to have her pick of any of the eligible and probably ineligible males. Her face and features were good enough he admitted, to grace the front page of any magazine.

As he lowered his gaze to look at her breasts, his hand involuntarily went to cup them both. Although still young, her tits were easily the size of his mothers and whilst his mum's had that little bit of sag due to her age, Barbara's were firm, jutting proudly from her chest with dark large areolae and long nipples.

Taking her nipples between fingers and thumbs, he twisted them softly, applying small amounts of pressure as she threw her head back and called to the sky. Her stomach was flat, her abdominal muscles plain to see as he lowered one hand and unfastened the button of her jeans, raising his hips at the same time and rubbing his erection against her fanny.

Barbara leant forward, dangling her tits over his face as she offered them to be kissed but then sitting up each time that he raised himself, as she teased him. The time was right they had both decided as together they got naked, his sister laying back on the warm grass and opening her legs.

There was no nervousness or fumbling from Jem. Over the time spent having sex with his mother, he had learnt a great deal. He was confident now, knowing exactly what he needed to do to satisfy his sister. Bab's had watched him move towards her on all fours, expecting him to slide his cock into her. She watched as it bounced as he moved, excited and fearful at the same time. From her position, it looked large and predatory, and she wondered if she could possibly manage to get it all inside her.

To her surprise, it wasn't her brothers cock that found her fanny, instead, it was his mouth as his fingers opened her up and his tongue penetrated her moist pink centre. She had no control over her hips as they thrust upwards, and she found herself grinding her womanly bits against his face. But her body soared as waves of pleasure rippled through her. It was

like touching herself, only better as Jem's tongue continued to pierce her vagina, her arousal spiralling upwards.

And then his mouth and tongue made contact with her tiny bud, the bit she always left till last when she touched herself. As he sucked at her clitoris and ran his tongue back and forth, her hips bucked uncontrollably, her orgasm splashing her juices over his mouth and face as she cried out joyously.

She could feel his hands softly stroking her thighs, mound, and stomach as she came back to earth. Surely nothing could surpass that she thought, and she wanted to tell him how fantastic it had been. Barbara felt something push against her piss-flaps and she suddenly changed her mind as her brothers cock filled her cunt and sent her into raptures.

He had fucked her steadily as she writhed beneath him, one minute her hands stroking his chest and the next ripping out tufts of grass as he raised and slowly lowered her arousal. As his mother had taught him, he kept her balancing on the edge until she had reached a stage where she would have said or

done anything just to reach her climax. And then he fucked her with a ferocity that even he hadn't expected, as they both went crashing over the edge together, Barbara straining every sinew in her body as she orgasmed, and he filled her cunt with his hot cream.

They had lain together for ages, content and fulfilled in each other's embrace. But there were still tasks waiting down below and eventually, they had to dress and make the return journey. It didn't matter what the occasion, or even if it was your first-time having sex, the farm and its animals did not stop and always took priority.

Arriving back, their mother had said nothing. She had seen the beaming smile on her daughter's face and knew what that signalled. She had glanced over in Jem's direction, smiling at him as he winked back in return, and then it was back to the normal day in, day out, jobs.

Emptying the remnants in his cup, Jem poured himself a fresh brew. He couldn't help but smile to himself as he

remembered those times and how he had loved the life they led. But there was a shadow on the horizon, the future was changing, and it would not be all about him and his sister.

Lying in bed that night, his missus snoring softly beside him, he remembered how slowly but surely, their life had taken a change of direction.

Even though he had now fucked both his mother and sister, he still slept alone in his bed each night. They were having sex; they were not having relationships and it never entered his head to share either of their beds completely.

A week had passed, and, in that time, he'd had sex with his mum and again with his sister, only now, there was no need to disappear out into the fields whenever each pair decided to fuck. And that was how it continued for the foreseeable future, up until Barbara's twenty-second birthday.

That year they'd had a labourer called Rodger whom Barbara had taken a shine to. He had his own car and had taken Bab's

out several times into town. After a few months, she was adamant that she was buying herself a car so she could go back and forwards at will.

Six months later Bab's had announced that she was moving in with him, he had a small flat in town and she was going to live with him. She still came up to the farm each day to work, even when at the end of summer, they had dispensed with Rodgers services.

To Jem, it had made no difference. Despite her blossoming relationship, she was still having sex with him. With all the land around them, it was easy to disappear occasionally to fuck with each other. What did change though was his relationship with his mother, especially as each evening there was only the two of them.

Gwen had been frisky all day, making it obvious to her son what she wanted. In a way, it had been a great game as throughout the day they had teased each other, Bab's laughing frequently at their antics. Late that evening with

Barbara having left for the day, he and his mother roared with laughter as he chased her up the stairs, pinching her bottom as they went.

In her bedroom, they had undressed, Jem noticing that his mother's face was ageing even though her body still looked good and excited him. Once naked, he had lifted her and carried her to the bed, going down between her thighs as his mouth had devoured her fanny and clitoris.

Gwen had wanted something different tonight, making a request to her son. Jem had been happy to oblige as he had gone and fetched the jar of Vaseline. She had worked it into his erect shaft slowly as he knelt in front of her. She knew she was teasing him as her hand spread it over his cock, his eyes closing each time her hand reached his bulbous helmet and her fingers lingered there.

When finally, she was satisfied, she grabbed a couple of pillows and placing them under her bottom, she opened her legs and thighs wide, proffering him her vagina and anus.

Offering him the jar, she asked Jem to apply it to her rear passage.

He took the same pleasure now in teasing his mother as he spread the jelly liberally around both of her orifices, slowly applying and rubbing it into her skin until the complete area was a shiny, slippery mess.

Her loud screech as he positioned himself and deftly slid his shaft up her arse was loud enough to wake the dead. He loved to watch the expressions changing on her face as his cock slid in and out of her back passage as he sodomised her, but especially he could watch her touch herself as her fingers played with her cunt and clit.

He fucked her arse steadily as their arousals increased, suddenly whipping his cock out and plunging it into her cunt as he fucked her rapidly, only stopping when it seemed she was about to climax and sliding it back into her arse. They continued in this vein, kissing frequently as his hands massaged her glorious melons which nowadays flopped

sideways slightly and wobbled back and forth as he thrust his cock into her.

He was back in her cunt, and he knew his climax was imminent when she told him to put it back in her arse. 'Fuck my arse Jem, I want you to cum up my arse,' she had demanded as he changed holes once more and she inserted several fingers into her cunt as she began to frig herself.

It hadn't taken long, perhaps less than a minute before he watched her face grimace for a second as she began to orgasm, her cries echoing around the room as she shouted her release and especially as she felt him shoot his cum up her arse.

Afterwards, he had been getting ready to return to his own room when Gwen had stopped him. 'You don't have to go,' she had said. 'Won't you stay here tonight, please?' And so, for the first time ever, he spent the night, the first of many it turned out, in her bed.

It was still dark when Jem climbed from his bed. He needed to wash and dress and get started on the day's jobs, it would not be long before the others would arrive, and he needed to be ready for when they got here. Downstairs, he made his missus a brew and took it up, gently shaking her shoulders as he kissed her forehead and told her he would see her later.

He still worked as hard as he ever had done, never expecting the others to do his work for him but as much as they could, they eased his burdens nowadays. Mid-afternoon he climbed on the quadbike and made his normal journey. No longer did Jess accompany him, the years had caught up with her and she had passed away. Today he had one of the younger dogs with him, Bonny happy to run after the machine as opposed to riding on the back carrier.

Even though it was a job that needed to be done, checking on the flock each day, to Jem it had become something to look forward to, no matter what the weather, as it gave him time to sit for a while and bring to mind memory's from the past.

It had to be about six months after Bab's had moved in with her fella when their mother had asked her to stay a little longer that evening. With hot drinks in hands and all of them sat around the fire, Gwen had told them her news. 'We have a slight problem,' she said as he and Bab's turned their heads to look at her. 'I'm pregnant.'

There was a stunned silence in the room and at least neither he nor his sister had been stupid enough to ask the obvious question. It was apparent who the father was, Jem's face had gone white and the churning feeling in his stomach made him feel sick as he wished the ground would open and swallow him up.

At twenty-five, he had never considered becoming a father to a child that ostensibly would also be either his brother or sister. Their mother told them she had made no decision yet, but they were both offered the opportunity of giving their opinions. Barbara was all for the idea, saying she was sure that somehow, they could work things out.

What could Jem say? That he perhaps didn't want the responsibility, that maybe it would be better if she had it aborted. Instead, he just said that he was scared, but ultimately, it must be his mother's decision.

Later that week she told him of her decision, 'No one's going to know. If anyone asks, I'll just say it was a stupid one-nightstand.'

'I had thought that I was past the age where this may happen, that was why I stopped taking the pill. But now that it has, I would like to keep this baby.'

Jem trusted that she knew what she was doing and so said that he was happy to support her decision. At first, he had been unsure, but as time went by and his mother's belly began to grow, he found there was something distinctly exhilarating about shagging a pregnant woman and especially as her boobs also got larger.

As Gwen's belly grew, so did her sexual appetite, finding herself wanting to be fucked at any opportunity depending on how randy she felt. Jem had shagged her in the fields in the middle of the day, he had taken her in the barn and even in the animal pens as she bent forwards and he had sunk his cock into her from behind.

As her eighth month approached, she was huge, her breasts large and ponderous which seemed to excite her son even more, which was a good job because she couldn't seem to get enough of him.

It had been a hot day and a warm evening; jobs had been finished for the day and Jem and his mother Gwen were alone once more. He had been working in the barn that afternoon and she wondered what he had been up to. Under the cover of darkness, he had grabbed a lamp and took her hand as he led her outdoors and into the barn.

She laughed out loud as she saw the structure and he explained the concept. He had stacked bales of straw and hay

so that she could perch her bottom on one, her back supported by another bale. He had built them in such a way that when sat, her body and legs were supported but also in a way that when he stood between her open thighs, he was lower than she was and could easily sink his shaft into her just by flexing his hips. He had even put a blanket over the seat part so that she would be more comfortable, and it would not scratch or tickle her buttocks.

Gwen had been excited as she quickly undressed, and Jem helped her into her position. It was actually extremely comfortable she found, her body and legs well supported but her fanny free so that he could get at it easily.

As she watched him undress, Gwen was ecstatic as he removed his jeans, his cock springing free, hard, and erect. It delighted her because it happened every time that he saw her naked and meant that he still found her attractive and desirable.

Stood in front of her as they kissed, Gwen could feel the head of his shaft rubbing against her labia as Jem teased her. His hands massaged her large breasts, her nipples eager to be touched and aroused further.

When she was ready, he eased forward as his cock slid into her cunt, his mother purring like a kitten as he gently fucked her, stroking her ponderous belly as they kissed. The way he had positioned the bales was exact, he had adjusted them all afternoon as he tested them until he would have her sat perfectly, giving him access to her cunt and anus.

She was so wet that he had not required the jar of Vaseline that he had brought out with him, his cock slick with her juices slid easily up her anus as her alternated between both openings.

Gwen had already climaxed once, Jem doing enough to tip her over the edge without ejaculating himself. She loved the sensation of feeling his cock in her cunt one moment and then the next up her back passage as his fingers went to work on

her clit. She was so wet that she knew her juices were dripping from between her legs as he continued to gently pound her vagina.

He had paused for a moment as he withdrew and rubbed his shaft against her clitoris, his mouth going to her tits as he licked and sucked at her nipples, occasionally making her express tiny amounts of milk. And then his cock was back inside her as he fucked her faster. He was still gentler than he would normally be, but it was still fast enough to push her into her climax as she turned the air blue, telling him, 'Keep ramming your cock up your mummy's cunt.'

Of course, the next day his sister had spotted the bales stacked oddly and was immediately inquisitive. Jem had explained to her their purpose and Bab's had straightaway wanted to give it a try.

In Gwen's condition there was truly little she could presently do around the farm which left just Jem, Barbara, and her boyfriend Rodger, who was back again for the moment to

give them some help. 'If you can get away this evening, I'll show you how it works,' Jem had whispered to her. There was no chance of anything happening with Rodger nearby.

Under the pretence of checking on her mother, Bab's had returned that evening and getting a quizzical look from her as she entered the farmhouse. 'Jem promised to show me your little set-up in the barn,' she told Gwen, her mother laughing loudly.

'I didn't think it would take you long,' she replied, quite content and with no hint of jealousy at the fact that her two children were going out to the barn to fuck.

Naked and perched on the bales as her mother had been the previous night, she waited as her brother undressed. With the jar of Vaseline, he had coated her fanny and her arse, Bab's shivering with anticipation and her eyes fixated on his erect shaft.

And then surprisingly, he had produced a length of rounded wood which look like at one time, it had been the handle from a small hearth shovel. It gleamed like new, Jem having sanded and varnished it after cutting it to length. Taking the Vaseline, he rubbed a copious amount along its length before advancing on his sister.

She moaned softly as he rubbed it against her labia, her lips spreading either side of the wood as he applied a little more pressure before then teasing her clit with it. With him being so much lower than she was, she couldn't retaliate by grabbing his cock and so had to suffer the teasing until suddenly, he slid the wooden shaft inside her.

The air left her lungs with a whoosh as what felt like eight inches of wooden prick filled her cunt, Bab's squealing like a stuck pig as he used it to fuck her. Within a short time, it had been enough to bring on her first climax, the wooden cock fucking her as Jem played with her tits and nipples.

As she was trying to catch her breath from her first release, she felt him withdraw the wooden dildo her muscles relaxing as it slid from her cunt. But within seconds she was screaming again as she felt it pushed against the opening of her anus and slip inside her.

Holding it in place with one hand, Jem had moved nearer and with excitement showing plainly on his face, had shoved his cock into her twat.

'Oh, my fucking God,' Bab's had screamed. It was as though she was being fucked by two cocks at once, one in her cunt and another up her arse.

Her body had started to convulse and wouldn't stop as her brother fucked her rapidly, the wooden dildo making her vagina tighter as his cock was rammed into her, touching every sensitive nerve on it travel back and forth.

She lost count of how many orgasms she had before eventually, she heard him call out as his cock emptied his sack inside her passage.

Afterwards, he'd had to help her dress, her legs refusing to support her at first. She had spent another half an hour indoors before she left for the evening to return to her boyfriend. 'I don't know what you were doing to her,' his mother had laughed once she had gone, 'but I could hear her screaming from here.'

Days merged into each other, weeks only seeming to last a few days and months only seeming to last a week. Each day the same jobs had to be done and as winter approached, a lot of the animals had been brought down to the farm ready. He had no reason now to go up to the top fields and so nowadays when he had five minutes, he would get a brew from his missus and come and sit in the animal pens where it was warm and talk to them.

He remembered how suddenly he had become a father; his mother having given birth to another son. It was a strange feeling he remembered as he had held his baby for the first time, was it his brother or in reality, his son. Despite his worries back then, no one had come knocking on their door or asked questions. He supposed their isolation meant that people never gave the new-born a second thought.

His mother had named her new infant Andrew and for the first eighteen months after his birth, their life carried on as it had done in the past. His mother had soon regained her figure and Jem had quickly returned to having sex with his sister and sleeping with his mother each night.

Jem was still musing when his missus called him in for his tea. He waved to the others as they drove down the lane, making his way towards the house.

Sat in his favourite chair after their meal, he was half-listening to the tv and watching his missus knitting. His eyes felt heavy as he promised himself twenty minutes.

That summer he remembered, Andrew was now beginning to toddle around the farmyard, his second birthday fast approaching. Jem had got the feeling that things were not going well between Rodger and his sister and this year they'd had two different labourers. Barbara had left for the day only to return a couple of hours later. She informed him and their mother that she was moving back in if that was ok. Gwen nodded, at least it was an extra pair of hands to help with the little one each evening.

'Oh, by the way,' Bab's had said casually as the room fell silent, 'I'm pregnant!'

His mother had glanced in his direction even though she did not comment. Jem had waited until she was putting Andrew to bed, Bab's speaking before he could ask. 'I've no idea Jem, it could be Rodgers, or it could just as easily be yours. I've probably had as much sex with you as I have with him.'

That queasy feeling was back in his guts, astounded that she had stopped taking the pill, especially when she was having

sex with him. What were the odds he was going to be a father again, only this time it would be his sisters baby?

Over the next week, she had moved her stuff back up to the farmhouse and Jem had returned to sleeping in his own room until one evening his mother and sister had accosted him.

'We have both got used to sleeping with someone and so we have decided to share you on alternate nights if you don't mind?'

What was there to mind about, Jem was quite happy with the idea and from that point forward that was what he did.

Barbara's belly was getting bigger now that she was about seven months gone and it was her turn tonight to have her brother share her bed. At some point he had helped his mother set up the nursery again, Andrew now sharing his room, especially as most nights he did not use it.

Sat straddling his hips, he stroked Barbara's large belly as his cock twitched against her vagina, her eyes fluttering each time he made it happen. She had shaved her flue and he marvelled as he touched the smooth soft skin as his fingers slipped between her thighs and made contact with her quim.

Rubbing gently, she groaned constantly and especially when he used his thumb to expose and rub her clit. She slid back and forth over his shaft, using her fanny lips to toss him off, her fingers teasing the plump head of his cock.

He waited until she was ready and raised her bottom before pushing his cock upwards and allowing her to lower herself onto it, groaning louder as it filled her cunt. With it now buried deep inside her passage, she leant forward on outstretched arms, dangling her tits over his face, and crying out again as his mouth latched onto her sensitive nipples and he sucked.

He allowed her to fuck him in this position until she achieved her first climax and then helped her move as she lay on her

side, and he took her from behind. This was the best position she had found, her belly supported as her brother's shaft sank into her cunt, his hand reaching over as he fondled her breasts or rubbed at her clitoris.

In the same way that he had done with his mother, he tried to be as gentle with her as he could but found that as they both began to climax, he couldn't help but ram his cock into her as she orgasmed and shouted his name, his hot cum filling her wet passage.

The next night, per their rota, he was in his mother's bed. Even though she was now approaching her fifties, her body still looked good and still excited him. He had mentioned to her that morning about his sister having shaved her fanny and was delighted to find tonight, that his mother had done the same.

She was still giggling as he bounced onto the bed and opened her legs wide, his nose picking up the scent of freshly bathed skin and her natural musk. Spreading her lips, he had gazed

at her pink moist interior and then moved closer as his tongue ran up and down her slit, causing her giggling to stop as groans of pleasure were issued in its place.

His cock sank into her flesh, his mother crying out as his shaft filled her passage. Gwen had never initially meant for any of this to happen. But once it had, she had been reluctant to have it cease. She had taught her son well; he was more than a considerate lover and she sometimes wondered if being around animals all the time and watching as they procreated made him less inhibited about sex.

She was so wet tonight that they did not need the Vaseline as his slippery shaft slid from her cunt and with little resistance, slid inside her back passage. It was one of the things she especially liked, spellbound as she watched the expressions on his face as he shafted her arse and watched her play with her pussy.

As their climax's approached, his cock went back into her cunt which he then ravished until she screamed her release, and he filled her orifice with his cream.

His missus shook his shoulder, he had dozed most of the evening as he followed her up to their bedroom, undressing and climbing beneath the covers before falling asleep once more.

Shaking his head and gathering his thoughts, he presumed the next morning that he must have been dreaming during the night.

Bab's had given birth, a girl, and as Jem held her, he remembered the feeling from when he had first held his son, only this time it was a daughter or maybe a niece.

As the two children grew, it was no surprise that things had to change, the world away from the farm was changing also. For no reason that Jem could fathom, Andrew as well as Susan, his daughter, both began calling Barbara, "Mum", and his mother

"Gran". His mother never contradicted them and when they wanted to ask something his mother would always say. 'Go and ask "Pop's".' And so over time, that was what Jem became, to the children, their family was no different from any other with mum, dad, and grandmother.

When they started school eventually, they were not content with the solitary lifestyle that his mother, sister, and he had led. And so, there were constant trips into town to meet friends and to attend birthday parties, Jem also had to get used to vehicles arriving at the farm and depositing more noisy children as their friends began to visit. It was at times like those that he missed the peace and quiet.

As they got older, Jem found himself enjoying it more, in their teens, friends of Andrew's and Susan's would often visit the farm, eager to enjoy their newfound freedom and always offering assistance.

There was never any impropriety towards them, the kids living a life that was different from what he had led. He and

his mother had to be more careful nowadays, but he was still having sex with her regularly. When he shared a bed with his sister, the kids saw it as normal and when he slept alone, it was because he had to be up early to tend to the animals.

Eventually, both of the kids dated and married. Both Andrew and Susan would inherit the farm, but not for them this solitary existence. They had both bought houses with their spouses down in the town, commuting each day to come to work.

With the house empty each evening, the three of them had quickly resumed their sexual liaisons, Jem returning to sharing alternative beds each night.

As grandchildren began to appear, Jem suddenly found himself middle-aged. He was sharing his mother's bed that night and watched as she undressed. Gwen was nearing seventy, her age clearly showing on her face. Her body was also showing signs of her age, her breasts sagged nowadays, and she had a considerable belly, not able to do as much on

the farm as she once had. Wrinkles showed on her arms, legs, and chest, but to Jem, as he watched her, he still saw the woman she was on the first occasion that she had allowed him to make love to her.

Helping her onto the bed, he kissed her softly before working his way down her body as he fondled and kissed her breasts and nipples. Downwards he went, across her belly and between her legs, opening her fanny as his tongue flicked out and he started to help lubricate her before her own juices eventually kicked in.

Gwen bucked her hips and groaned as his tongue penetrated her cunt, delighting in the warm glow spreading through her body. She could never have refused him even if she had wanted to, content that for all those years she had allowed him to share her body and bed.

She felt him move and then his shaft filled her cunt. It never failed to delight her when his cock first entered her quim,

seeing it as a declaration that he still found her attractive and desirable.

He was far gentler with her nowadays as his cock continued to slide in and out of her fanny, even when she demanded that he abuse her, he was always careful to cause her no pain. He felt her body begin to go ridged as she climaxed, speeding up a little as he filled her passage with his semen and calling her name as his body shivered.

In the past, they may have made love several times, now, she was content with the single occasion, soon drifting off to sleep afterwards.

His mind jumped forwards suddenly, he must have been in his late fifties, and it had been another similar night. They had slowly and gently made love, with Jem cuddling her afterwards as she dozed off.

He had spent that night in her bed, holding her close. Waking in the early hours and hearing her sigh, he had turned over

and had gone back to sleep. She was cold when he awoke the next morning, her sigh had been her final breath as she passed away beside him.

Memories of his mother's passing had brought him awake with a tear in his eye, rather than doze, he had risen, careful not to disturb his missus. Taking his clothes, he made his way silently to the bathroom to wash and dress.

Downstairs, he made himself a brew, it was still too early to milk the cows and would be over another hour before Andrew and Susan arrived as well as the labourers. The farm had been extended over the years, the herd of cows and the flocks of sheep, now greatly increased.

Jem still saw it as his job to oversee everything, but in truth, it was the younger ones who now ran the farm.

From a look outside, it promised to be a nice day he was thinking as he put the kettle on again to make his missus a brew before he started the first jobs of the day, the sound of

cars pulling up outside the farmhouse signalling the arrival of the others.

With the morning jobs out of the way, he had lunch with his missus and the others around the massive kitchen table. In the afternoon he made his usual trip on the quad bike up to the top fields to check on the flock, Bonny joining him on the carrier at the back.

As was his custom nowadays, he had brought a flask of tea with him, settling his back against the wall as he watched the sheep milling around. With his brew finished and in no rush to do anything else, he closed his eyes as the sun warmed his face.

He must have dozed, remembering something he had seen but had kept secret. He had been coming down from the top field when he spotted Andrew and Susan wandering off hand in hand towards where a small stream was situated. He only guessed and never brought the subject up with them, but presumed they were having sex.

As he opened his eyes, he could make out someone coming up the hill towards him. At this distance, he couldn't make out who it was yet, but he reckoned whoever it was, was female.

It was only when she got a little closer that he suddenly recognised her face. She was far prettier than he had remembered as she approached him, Jem springing to his feet and feeling full of energy.

'Hello Jem, I've been waiting for you.' Gwen, his mother said in her husky voice.

It was Andrew who found him, Jem's missus had been worried when he didn't appear for his evening meal. He was still sat peacefully propped up against the wall, the dog sitting patiently by his side. It looked like he had been dead several hours, his face looking more youthful than it had done.

Andrew stayed with him until the police and ambulance arrived and then with a stretcher and the help of the quid bike, they brought him down to the farm.

Andrew, Susan, and Jem's missus, in essence, his sister Barbara stood huddled together in the farmyard, tears stained their cheeks as Jem left the farm for the last time.

# The Housekeeper

Up until that moment in time, my life had been pretty ordinary, nothing outstanding or spectacular, just the normality that most people experience. Life changed that year when my parents decided to divorce. There had been no acrimony, no blazing rows, my sister and I did not have a clue until they sat us down one evening and explained that our father was leaving. There were tears of course, what had gone wrong, did they not love each other anymore. It was my mother who alone, explained to us. She said she had lived in denial for years, she had tried hard, but she now had to face the facts. Ideally, the person she wanted to be with.....was another woman, and yes, she did have lesbian tendencies.

Our father moved out a week later. Now that is not to say we never saw him again. We saw him weekends, stayed over with him during holidays and probably saw more of him than we had done in the past. At home, that left our mum, Amanda, but known to everyone as 'Mandy'. My sister Rebecca, again, known to friends and family as 'Becky', and myself Alex.....

Alexander Dunbar. Becky and I are twins and like so many twins, we are close, there being times when we tend to sense what the other one is thinking or feeling.

The first few months after Dad left were no different than the months before he went, life continued as it had for years with friends, college and home-life. Arriving home from college one afternoon, I found a strange woman sat in our lounge.

'Alex, this is Sandra, she is to become our new housekeeper. I'm busy at work and need some help, so she is going to live with us,' mum told me as she introduced us.

I said 'Hello,' before disappearing up to my room, slinging my bag into a corner and flopping onto my bed.

'Fucking hell,' I had thought, Sandra was stunning. I guessed that she must have been about twenty-six or seven, her blond hair cropped short in a boyish style and with an extremely attractive face. But what was presently stuck in my mind, were firstly her tit's, which were large, and her legs which seemed

to go on forever. At my eighteen and definitely male, I had just been introduced to my new masturbatory fantasy, eager to get started as I felt a stiffening in my groin.

There had been girlfriends, but they were short-lived affairs and presently I was young, free and single, and sadly, going without.

Before I had a chance, a knock came on my bedroom door and Becky entered, 'Well that's a surprise,' she said, 'Where's she going to sleep?'

I had not given it much thought, 'Probably in the guest room next to mum I suppose, unless she uses the big room up on the second floor.'

Mum's an estate agent and our house had been passed to her by her parents. It is quite big, with a large lounge, dining room and kitchen downstairs. On this floor, there were two bathrooms and four bedrooms, and on the top floor a double size master bedroom with en-suite. Mum and Dad had never

used the big room, preferring to sleep on this floor, especially when we were younger.

The room next to us was set up as a bedroom, normally used when we had family staying over and it was Becky that mentioned the obvious, 'Well, if she uses the room next to mum's, doesn't it have an adjoining door?'

I had forgotten all about that, I suppose the house had originally been set up to use those two as guest rooms. I shrugged my shoulders; it did not really matter to me where she slept. After the initial stage when Sandra moved in and we got used to her presence around the house, life returned to normal, well at least for the next twelve months. Now I am not sure, but after a while, I had begun to suspect that Sandra was perhaps a little bit more than the housekeeper. I would sometimes hear voices in my mother's room, quiet laughter and sometimes..... other noises. By now I had lost count of how much sperm had been dedicated to her as my fantasies about her ran riot.

Towards the end of that first year of her being with us, things started to change, slowly at first and hardly noticeable. The first that I remember was one evening as I sat eating supper. Everyone was upstairs in their rooms and I would be going up shortly when I heard footsteps descending the stairs. I was aghast as Sandra came into the kitchen wearing nothing but a robe, secretly admiring her legs as she moved around the room and made herself a coffee before sitting on the opposite side of the breakfast bar, facing me.

Sitting on the high stool, her robe gaped open in different places giving me a view of her cleavage and some of her breast and an occasional glimpse of a shaved pussy. As she took sips from her cup, she made small talk but did not attempt to cover herself. Surely, she must have known the effect it was having on me as I tried unsuccessfully to hide the prominent bulge in the front of my pyjama bottoms. She stood as she finished, passing me as she took her cup to the sink to rinse it, and then as she came back, she stopped next to me, peering down at my lap.

'I do hope that I am the cause of that, and you think of me when you touch it.' And with that, she sashayed from the room.

I was astounded, had I heard her correctly, surely not. As you do, I was convincing myself that I had misheard her. I could hardly go after her and say 'Pardon, could you repeat that?' I would look a complete idiot when she said something completely different and asked what I thought she had said.

If nothing else, her perceived comment, increased the amount of sperm donated to her that night as I beat one out.

Nothing more happened for a couple of weeks until early one morning, I was in the bathroom taking a shower, convinced that I had shut the door behind me. Belting out a song under the spray of water, I suddenly got the feeling that I was being watched as spinning around, I noticed someone stood on the other side of the slightly open door. It had to be Sandra again, why would my mother or sister be stood there looking at me?

Again, I could not exactly come out and ask her or say something without perhaps causing offence.

Presently, that was my dilemma. On a day to day basis, Sandra dressed reasonably, even if every piece of clothing she owned looked like it had been sprayed onto her body. She never made comments that could be construed as innuendo and taken the wrong way. In a way, she was perfect, but I began to notice subtle changes in my family over time. On another occasion, while mum was out at work, and having just arrived home from college. I went up to my room and passed the bathroom, hearing the shower running. The door was partially ajar and much to my delight, Sandra was stood in the cubicle, totally naked and soaping her body.

I don't know how long I stood there watching. She seemed oblivious to my presence, or so I thought, until she turned and displaying her charms, smiled and winked at me. Scuttling off like a scalded cat, I headed for my room, the door quickly locked, and my erect throbbing cock getting a monumental workout. There was always a break of several weeks or even

months when life appeared normal before Sandra would surprise me again with a comment or act.

There were other subtleties that I was starting to notice, firstly concerning my mother. Now she had always been prim and proper and on workdays, she normally wore a business suit and sensible shoes, her hair tied back in a ponytail. Compared to other mother's, she is pretty enough I guess, and at about five feet seven, I would tease her by resting my chin on her head. She is slim with a reasonable figure for her age, her bust small, but she does have a cracking pair of legs which she is justly proud of.

Over time, I began to notice little changes here and there with her, instead of a ponytail, she would wear her hair down. She'd had it permed and tinted so that it was now a beautiful russet colour hanging down just below her collar. Next, I noticed that she had treated herself to a new business suit, this one tailored and with a skirt that must have been at least six inches shorter, thus showing a lot more of her legs. Teamed with high heels, she now stood nearly as tall as I did. The heels

did something for her legs and for the first time in my life, I began to notice them.

Secondly, Becky was also undergoing subtle changes. Up until that year, if someone had told me that my sister was pretty, I would have shrugged my shoulders and said: 'Is she?'

Now some of those changes were natural, she began to fill out as she became a young woman and after a growth spurt, her boobs suddenly seemed to overtake my mothers, doubling in size every other day until she had quite a lot more than a handful.

Just like Sandra, she bit by bit took to wearing very tight clothing, emphasising her excellent figure and often, as I began to notice, going braless. On the first occasion, I saw her wearing makeup, I was stunned at how attractive she actually was. Now do not get me wrong, at the end of the day they were still my mother and sister and I never ever thought of them in any other way.

As mine and Becky's birthdays approached, I found myself alone in the house with Sandra one afternoon. I was sat in the lounge reading when she came in and picked up the newspaper. Sitting opposite, she started making small talk, and then suddenly asked, 'Don't you think Becky looks gorgeous lately?'

I shrugged my shoulders, 'I suppose so,' I mumbled.

'Has she got a boyfriend?' Sandra asked.

I did not have a clue, to be honest, I had never seen her with anyone, and she had never mentioned it, I shook my head, 'Not that I know of.'

It was then that she asked the question that drew my attention, 'Do you think she is still a virgin?'

My head jerked up, my book now completely forgotten as I stared at Sandra, my mouth hanging open.

'I bet she is,' Sandra continued, 'Have you ever thought what it may be like to be the one that took her virginity?'

Jesus Christ how was I supposed to answer that, what was I supposed to say.

'Think about it, Alex,' she said as she rose and left the room, a definite gleam in her eyes and an air of devilment about her.

We were at the start of December when mum announced that she and Sandra would be going away for a week or so and that she was sure that Becky and I could manage. There was plenty of food in and Sandra had prepared some meals and anyway, we would soon be on our Christmas break. It felt strange at first, being the first time that either of us had been left completely at home without parental supervision.

During that time, which actually turned out to be nine days, I took the chance to speak to Becky one evening.

'How do you find Sandra?' I asked innocently enough.

'She's OK,' Becky replied, 'I get on well enough with her and she makes suggestions about my clothes and makeup.'

I could see Sandra's clothes suggestions, Becky tonight decked out in a skirt that covered truly little and a top which was cut quite low and displayed her cleavage.

'Has she ever said anything to you.....you know, risqué. Has she ever said anything about me?' I asked her cautiously.

I knew immediately by the colour of Becky's face that something had been said but my sister seemed reticent to divulge exactly what it was.

'Come on Becky, we normally tell each other things, it is important, otherwise, I wouldn't ask.'

Becky seemed to take a moment before she replied, 'Well she did ask if I minded mum being a lesbian, which doesn't bother me at all. But then she suddenly asked if I had thought of trying it.'

I nodded my head, it seemed that Sandra had passed comments to my sister the same way she had done to me.

'On another occasion,' Becky continued, 'She asked about you, wanting to know if you had a girlfriend, how many girls you had been out with, things like that.' She went scarlet again as she finished, which meant there had been more to the conversation with Sandra.

'She asked me the same kind of questions,' I told her, 'She asked if you were a virgin.'

I watched my sister's mouth fall open in horror as I delivered the "coup de grâce".

'She asked if I'd ever thought of having sex with you?' I did not think my sister's face could go any deeper colour of red as she nearly went purple.

In between her embarrassment and sputtering she was nodding her head, 'She asked me the same thing,' she told me.

I went and got us both a drink. Now normally mum would only let us have a glass of wine occasionally, but I decided that tonight and without anyone there to say "No" that we were both in need of something stronger than cordial.

Becky was sat in silence when I returned and handed her a glass, taking a sip, she finally asked, 'What did you say?'

It took me aback, what did I say to her, 'Truthfully, I didn't get a chance to answer before she disappeared,' I told her.

'And now you have had a chance to think about it?' she asked.

I think my embarrassment was evident as I went red, which answered her question.

Now honestly, up until Sandra made that comment, it was something I had never thought about.

But it was as though she had planted a seed in my head and as time went on, it began to grow. It had left me wondering what it would be like to have sex with my sister, which led to me noticing her all the more.

'I guess it's my turn to ask you the same question,' I said, watching Becky go red again and answering my question.

Apparently, it seemed we had both considered sleeping with the other. Now before you ask, 'No' nothing happened. I think we were both too embarrassed at that point to even consider the possibility, and so we got on with our lives until mum and Sandra returned.

There was something different about mum and for the life of me, I could not put my finger on it. She looked the same, spoke the same and dressed the same. Though occasionally, soon after her return, I would catch an occasional grimace, other than that, she was just "mum".

All over Christmas, which we all enjoyed, it kept nagging at me, there was definitely something different about her, I just could not work out what.

January, we had our birthdays, at last, we were twenty and to celebrate we all, including Sandra, went down to the local pub for a celebratory night out. Later that week, mum told us that as part of our present, she had booked a week away at Easter in the south of France and had rented a villa, so we could all relax undisturbed.

As you can imagine, we were excited. We had been abroad before, but this was our first time as young adults and as usual, the time to the holiday dragged. Despite everything, it finally

arrived, a taxi to the airport and a couple of hours flight and we were in France.

I had not realised until the last minute that Sandra was coming with us, but it confirmed my suspicions that something was going on between her and mum. Sandra had hired a car in France, and I helped her bundle all of our luggage into the boot before she drove us to the villa.

It was idyllic. The villa had four bedrooms, a large lounge, a kitchen diner and best of all, its own pool. The nearest neighbours were nearly a quarter of a mile away and gave us total privacy. Choosing a room each, we unpacked, Becky and I eager to get into the pool while mum and Sandra went into town to pick up some provisions.

We were both messing around splashing each other when they returned, 'We're just going to put everything away and get our cozzies on and then we will be out with some drinks,' Mum called as they both disappeared indoors.

Sandra was the first to return, her bikini was minuscule and barely covered her, forcing me to stay in the pool lest anyone notice the bulge in my shorts. Mum came out soon afterwards and at last, I realised what was different about her.

Her tits had grown and by quite a bit. So that was why she had gone away, she had been and had a boob job.

I have got to say, it suited her, suddenly realising that my mother looked quite hot!

Sandra was not exactly smirking, but she had noticed me ogling my mother's new boobs which seemed to cause her some amusement.

They had brought out a couple of bottles of wine and Becky and I were allowed to drink as much as we wanted. 'Your adults now,' mum told us, 'old enough to take responsibility for what you do.'

We were all feeling well a bit tipsy by the time we finished those two. With the third bottle open, Becky decided that she needed to go and lay down and disappeared back inside the villa as Sandra went and brought out the fourth bottle.

She poured me another glass which I was determined to make last as my head was starting to spin. Both mum and Sandra tucked into theirs, soon finishing their glasses and pouring another before Sandra made a suggestion which had my heart pumping.

'Well I don't know about anyone else, but this weather is glorious, nobody minds if I go topless?' Without waiting to see if anyone objected, she reached behind her, unfastened the clasp of her bikini and tossed it to one side.

I am sure my eyes were out on stalks as her tits were freed, my God, they were magnificent with large brown areole and dark nipples. I had to cross my legs as my cock suddenly shot up, trying to escape its confinement.

And then Sandra said something which further increased my discomfort, 'Go on Mandy, are you not going to join me, seems a shame to hide them. I'm sure Alex won't mind, he's a grown-up now.'

Mum seemed a little unsure at first, but the drink had got the better of her as she too reached behind her and unfastened her top, keeping it in place for a second, before removing it completely.

Suddenly, Sandra had moved down in the rankings, yes, she was youngish and fit as a butchers dog, but that first sight of my mother's new breasts awakened something that had perhaps lain dormant. As wrong as it felt I knew that given the chance I would fuck my mother, and just to confirm my feelings, the head of my cock managed to force itself slightly past the waistband of my shorts.

I readjusted myself, hoping no one had noticed until I spotted Sandra leering at my groin. Easing myself up, I decided I needed a swim to help me cool off and give my shaft time to

subside. What I really wanted to do was dash inside and have a wank, but decided that now probably wasn't the ideal time and anyway, it would take me away from my mother's tit's and I hadn't yet finished getting an eyeful of them.

Unfortunately, whilst a couple of lengths of the pool got my cock back below my waistband, the water made the shorts stick to my body, further highlighting my bulge as I climbed out.

I'm sure I saw Sandra licking her lips as I approached them but she hadn't yet finished, 'I think Mandy, that Alex is besotted with your new breasts, he doesn't seem to be able to take his eyes off them, why don't you let me have a feel?'

I was in shock, had I really heard her say that! My shock was then compounded when my mum said 'OK.'

Going to sit on the lounge next to her, I tentatively reached out and touched her as our eyes locked together. Perhaps I should just have snatched a quick grope. But with the drink

inside me, I couldn't help myself as I cupped her breast, testing its weight before gently squeezing it and running my finger over her nipple and hearing the audible gasp and fluttering of her eyes as her teat hardened.

'That's enough for the moment Alex,' she said very quietly to me.

It was not a case of what she said, but more a case of what she had not said, only that presently, I should stop.

It was her eyes, her eyes told me that she would have liked me to carry on touching her but with Sandra watching us intently, now was not the time.

As the afternoon of that first day drew to a close, mum said she was going in for a half-hour nap before she prepared the evening meal. Once she had gone, Sandra climbed to her feet and dived into the pool and swam to the far end.

'Alex,' she called, 'Come and sit down here and chat to me.'

I walked the length of the pool and sat on the edge, dangling my legs in the water as Sandra dipped beneath the water and surfaced in front of me. There was a look in her eyes, partly serious, partly mischievous, as she looked around and making sure we were alone.

'I know you want to fuck her Alex, and I think secretly, she wants that as well. But the time is not right yet, so perhaps I can help you.' With that, my shorts were suddenly around my ankles as Sandra grasped my cock, pulled the skin back tightly and took it in her mouth.

If I was not hard before, I certainly was now as I felt her tongue swirl around my plump knob, one hand sliding up and down my expanding shaft as her other cupped my sack and squeezed gently.

I had been in a state of arousal all day long, so it did not take her long before I let out a gasp and a long groan as my

throbbing shaft exploded in her mouth, her cheeks puffing outwards as she swallowed all of my cum.

'Better now?' she asked,

With the tension in my groin now removed, I nodded my head dumbly, still in shock.

'Good boy..... but we need to work on that and make you last longer.' With that, she swam to the far end, got out of the pool and retrieved her top before going indoors.

Pulling my shorts back up, I sat for a while longer gathering my thoughts. Inside twenty-four hours, I had felt my mother's tit's and got a blowjob from her suspected other half, this was turning out to be a holiday of surprises and this was only day one.

The next day we all went into town, basically, for a look around with mum and me wanting to visit the large outdoor

market. Becky was soon bored, and Sandra said she would walk back with her while mum and I carried on browsing. We must have been a couple of hours before we started making our way back to the villa up the winding path. It was hot outside and I was glad that I had opted for a t-shirt and shorts while mum had decided on a white strappy dress which made her look gorgeous, especially now that she had something to fill the top half.

As we trudged up the hill, mum linked her arm through mine, 'Does it bother you that I have a preference for women?' She asked, 'We have never really discussed it before, but now you're getting older; you have a right to voice your opinion.'

I decided to answer her truthfully, 'Honestly mum, it doesn't bother me so long as you are happy. I presume Sandra makes you happy, it's just a shame really.'

She laughed huskily, 'I did wonder how long it would take you to work it out, anyway, what's a shame?'

Full of bravado, I took a chance, 'It's just a shame you prefer women.....because you look really hot..... if you know what I mean.'

She stopped in her tracks, turning to face me as she laughed, 'Alex! I prefer women, that is not to say I do not like men. Sandra said that is quite normal, and anyway, she says she does not mind so long as she knows who the man is. Anyway, thank you for the compliment.'

We stood in silence for several moments gazing into each other's face's and trying to sense what the other person was thinking. Finally, mum was the first to speak haltingly, 'Do you know it felt quite nice yesterday when you touched me..... if you wanted to..... I wouldn't mind if you did it again.'

'Wow,' I thought, 'Friggin, WOW.'

Mum had just offered it to me on a plate!

I already thought she was hot and as a twenty-year-old with a body full of raging hormones, was I going to say 'No,' not on your life. I did what any self-respecting male would do, I pulled her tightly against me and kissed her while allowing her to feel the expanding bulge down below.

She tasted sweet, her body feeling firm and warm pressed against me. Resisting the urge to touch her there and then, I let the kiss suffice. We finally broke apart, both of us consciously admitting that we wanted to do so much more. But we would have to be careful and the middle of the French countryside was perhaps not the best place for our first encounter.

Arriving back at the villa, Becky and Sandra were already in their bikini's and lounging around the pool. It looked like my sister was trying to attract my attention without Sandra seeing, so I hung around the kitchen while mum went and changed, waiting for her to go out and until Becky appeared.

She seemed excitable as she came into the kitchen, 'She touched me', she gabbled.

'Who touched you,' I asked puzzled, wondering what she was talking about, my thoughts still centring on mum.

'Sandra! She touched me,' Becky hissed.

I was all ears now, 'Touched you where?' I asked, intrigued.

Becky came close and whispered even though we were the only ones in the kitchen, 'She fingered me and made me cum,' she said incredulously.

'Holy shit! What was this woman up to?' I began to wonder. My head was flooded with questions, was I supposed to commiserate or congratulate my sister, did she enjoy or hate it?

Instead, I was flippant, 'I thought you were saving that for me,' I said jokingly, smirking at her.

Becky took a moment, 'Has anything happened with you?' Now I was not going to say anything about mum but saw no reason why I should not tell her about yesterday evening.

We did not get a chance to talk further as mum called, asking what was taking us so long.

'Wait until tonight Becky, once everyone is in bed. I will meet you out here. We can talk properly then as I am sure Sandra's up to something, things have been changing bit by bit for a while now.'

The rest of the day was like the previous one but without the copious amounts of wine, we had consumed yesterday. Driving down into town for our evening meal, we returned late and after an hour sat in the warm evening air, all retired to our rooms. Giving everyone another hour to settle, I listened for a while but could not hear the sound of voices or

any movement. Carefully, I opened my room door and tiptoed into the corridor, shutting the door behind me and going to Becky's room.

'I'll see you outside in a minute,' I whispered, making my way outdoors.

We met on the terrace away from the pool as some of the bedroom windows overlooked it and we did not want to be spotted if someone inadvertently looked out.

'What happened?' I asked Becky, staying quiet as she told her story.

'Well, we got back and changed before getting into the pool. We were messing about and Sandra said we should try diving between each other's legs, just like you and I do.

'It was fine at first, and then as she went between my legs, she kissed my pussy, I thought at first she had just misjudged, but on her next turn, she touched my pussy.'

Now as much as I never planned it, sitting there and hearing my sister talking about her 'pussy' was beginning to affect me.

'Sandra asked me how it felt when she touched me there, what could I say, it had felt quite nice.

'And then the next thing I knew, her hand was down the front of my bikini bottoms and then she put her finger inside me.

'Christ! I never realised it could feel that good being touched by another woman, my legs were shaking, and I couldn't stop crying out as she made me cum.'

I am afraid that by the time she was finished I had a prominent bulge in my pyjama bottoms as my erect cock throbbed insistently.

I described to her what had taken place on that first evening with Sandra, maybe a little more graphically than was warranted. But that was because I could see Becky becoming more and more agitated as I embellished what had taken place. By the time my tale was finished, her bosom was going up and down rapidly and she was breathing heavily.

Moving to the far end of the terrace, we put a couple of the loungers together, covering them in cushions before lying next to each other.

'Why is this happening Alex? Before Sandra came to live with us, I would never have thought of anything like that. It's as though she is putting idea's into my head all the time. The trouble is, the more I think about them, the more I want to act on them,' Becky confided in me.

It felt as though she was leading up to something as she moved even closer, 'Will you.... you know.....Alex.....will you.....touch me?'

'Bloody hell!' I thought, first mum offers it to me and now Becky wants me to touch her, 'What the hell is going on?'

Despite my astonishment, it wasn't as though I was going to refuse her. Since all of this had started, more than once I had considered what it may be like to get Becky into the sack and was not going to turn down an open invitation.

Turning on my side to face her I carefully slid my hand down the front of her pyjama bottoms, feeling the softness of her skin and flatness of her stomach before encountering her pubes and running my fingers through them as I felt her shiver.

'Go lower Alex,' she pleaded as my fingers slipped between her thighs and at last encountered her labia.

Becky gripped me tightly, moaning softly into my shoulder as I opened her fanny, rubbing at her slit until her juice started

to flow. The moan became an 'Oh fuck,' as my fingers slipped inside her and I worked them in and out of her increasingly moist cunt.

On an impulse, I kissed her, my lips slightly touching hers at first until it became a full-on kiss as our tongues explored each other's mouths. As Becky's arousal began to increase, she was unable to contain herself any longer. Her hand sliding down to the front of my pyjama bottoms as she rubbed at my expanding cock through the cotton material.

While my fingers continued to torment and arouse her fanny, Becky had decided that she needed to touch bare flesh, her hand delving inside my waistband.

I was not expecting gasp I let out as her fingers encountered my cock for the first time and her hand gripped it firmly, pushing the skin down and fondling its throbbing head.

As Becky's hand worked on me, I suddenly realised I was panting. Pushing her top up, I got my first sight of her bare

breasts. They were kind of an in-between size, slightly bigger than mums, but not quite as big as Sandra. I was enjoying myself as I caressed and squeezed her tit's, marvelling at the smoothness of her skin and the size that her nipples grew too now that they were erect.

Suddenly, it was as though we had both had the same thought, we stopped, our eyes meeting.

'I want to do it,' Becky managed to mutter between breaths, 'I want you to fuck me, I want to feel your cock inside me.'

I released her for as long as it took me to divest myself of my pyjama's, my cock springing up and bouncing as I removed my PJ bottoms. Becky was doing the same before laying back, opening her legs and pulling me on top of her.

She moaned loudly as my cock slid into her cunt, the sound seeming louder in the still night air and making me tell her to 'Hush'. I fucked her slowly, the loungers scraping and moving with each thrust as my shaft sank into her passage. To try and

stifle her constant gasps, I kissed her, our mouths grinding together as my hand explored her upper body, gripping her tit's and teasing her nipples.

While for both of us the event was memorable, it was not a lengthy session as Becky began bucking beneath me, her orgasm making her body shake as she cried out.

'Fuck me Alex, fuck me hard, oh god.....yes.'

I was unable to help myself as I watched my sister writhe beneath me, my cock suddenly jerking as it spat my semen into her fanny.

We lay for a while before I cautioned Becky that we had better go back to our rooms, I sat for a little longer as she made her way back, giving her time to return indoors. As I got up to leave, I was startled and jumped, my heart racing as someone stepped from the shadows.

'That was a lot better Alex, and Becky seemed to enjoy it, but I'm sure we can still improve your performance.' And with that, Sandra was gone, leaving me still shaking with fright from her sudden appearance.

'Jesus,' I was thinking, 'How long had she been watching us, ever since we came outside? Why was she sneaking about?

The next day, our third on holiday passed without incident, there were no comments from Sandra, but I did notice my mother looking at me longingly.

I had not really had the chance to discuss with Becky what had taken place the previous night but was getting the impression that she was eager to try it again.

On that Tuesday morning, I was up early as I'd had a restless night and so decided to go for an early morning dip. Sandra was coming out as I climbed from the pool.

'Go and get dressed, we need to pick up some more provisions, you don't mind coming with me, do you?'

Returning fifteen minutes later, we both climbed into the car with Sandra driving down into the town. Visiting various shops, we picked up the food and essentials she required, loading them into the boot. We were half-way back when she pulled the car over, 'Let us take a walk,' she suggested as she got out and set off across a field.

I followed her until we reached the far side where Sandra settled herself down in the grass, patting the spot next to her.

'I thought we'd take the opportunity of having a lesson,' she said as she pulled her top over her head, her unfettered breasts falling free. Next, she stripped off her shorts, beneath them, she had dispensed with panties and gave me a view of her shaven fanny.

'Strip off,' she told me, leaving me feeling a little self-conscious as I got naked.

'I want you to masturbate for me,' she said as she started to run her hands over her tit's, my cock by now, ridged.

I started to wank, but she immediately stopped me, 'It's not a race Alex, take it slow, enjoy the sensation in your cock as you watch me.'

She opened her legs wide and started to sensually rub at her pussy, spreading her lips and showing me its interior. My cock's arousal was quickly growing as my hand started moving faster again.

'Stop,' she snapped, 'Slow down, when the urge is near, I want you to stop and wait a moment before wanking again, pace yourself and make it last.'

I did as she asked, stopping frequently as I watched her fingers pummel her cunt, gasps and moans now escaping her lips. As I could see her nearing her climax, she stopped.

'Come here Alex and lay between my legs,' she instructed. I got down between her thighs, my throbbing shaft pressing insistently against the grass as she told me to lick her fanny.

We spent the next fifteen minutes as she showed and told me where and how to touch her with my lips and tongue. Until, with a roar, I suddenly felt her juices splash across my face as she pulled my head in tighter, grinding her fanny against my mouth.

When she eventually composed herself, she had a smirk on her face.

'Lay back Alex' she said, as once again she took my cock in her mouth only this time when she could sense I was near, she would stop, gripping my cock firmly at its base until the sensation subsided.

She continued in this vein until, as my pinnacle became evident, she sat upright, her hand flying up and down my shaft as jet after jet of spunk shot from its tip, one particular spurt catching her under the chin as my body jerked and bounced in the soft grass.

Back at the villa, Becky and mum were already up and around the pool, both wearing fetching bikinis, that to my eyes, covered truly little. Despite my earlier release, the sight of them both messing around by the pool soon had my cock hard again and I was constantly having to adjust it until Sandra took me to one side.

'Alex, it is fairly evident that you have an erection, we can all see it and we all take it as a compliment that you find us sexually attractive, stop trying to hide it and relax.'

That was easier said than done and it took me a while, but finally, I relaxed and learned to live with the fact that I was to spend most of the day with a "semi" in my shorts.

That evening after our meal, we had a few drinks before both mum and Sandra decided to call it a night and turn in. Becky and I sat for a while, having our first chance to discuss what had taken place the previous night.

'Can we do it again tonight?' She asked with a giggle, 'I've noticed that you've had a bulge all day, let me satisfy it,' she pleaded. Her request was what I had been hoping for, all day I had been hoping to sample her pleasures once it was quiet.

'We need to wait a little longer,' I told her, keeping a watch on the villa entrance and wondering if Sandra would put in an appearance tonight. The thought of her watching us performing sending a thrill through me.

As it was, Sandra reappeared before the hour was up, beckoning us both to the far end of the terrace. Pulling over two chairs, she told us to sit opposite each other.

'Take your shorts off Alex,' she instructed. Now I had already experienced this, but Becky looked a little concerned.

I sat there naked as Becky kept glancing at my cock, it was not fully erect yet, but the excitement of what Sandra may propose had it twitching and bobbing in anticipation. She strolled around silently as though waiting for the perfect moment, leaving both Becky and me in suspense.

Sandra stopped behind Becky's chair, resting her hands on my sister's shoulders as she looked me in the eye and issued her instruction, 'Why don't you masturbate for us, Alex?'

It was not a request, it was a command, but one which I was happy to go along with as I leaned back in the chair and opened my legs. Taking a grip of my cock, I did as she had instructed me earlier that day, sliding the skin slowly up and down as my shaft now became fully erect.

Becky was in two minds; did she look around to see what Sandra was doing or did she continue staring at my now plump cock as I wanked myself off. Before she could make a decision, Sandra's hands had slid down her front and inside

her bikini top, cupping both of her breasts and massaging them. Becky's eyes fluttered as she tweaked her nipples, unable to stop the groans that fell from her lips. Sandra leant her forwards while she undid the straps and clasps before pulling her back and continued playing with my sisters now bare tits.

Kneeling beside her, she whispered something in Becky's ear and then dipped her head as she took my sister's teats in her mouth and sucked on them. Becky moaned loudly with the pleasurable sensation; her eyes still glued to my cock as my arousal increased.

As I watched, Sandra's hand slipped inside the waistband of Becky's bikini bottoms and I could see her plainly, playing with Becky's fanny and causing my sister's exaltations to become even louder.

Moving around to the front of Becky, Sandra removed the bikini bottoms.

'Come here Alex and lick your sister's cunt,' she instructed. Rising, I went and knelt between my sister's open thighs, immediately catching the smell of her sex.

Opening her legs wider I lowered my head, and as I had been shown that morning, went to work on her fanny. My tongue darted into her passage as I lapped at the pink interior before turning my attention to her clitoris, Becky's hips and legs shuddering and jerking from my touch.

In my peripheral vision, I could see Sandra kissing her and still playing with her tit's as Becky became more and more agitated and aroused.

I was sure she was about to climax when Sandra stopped me. 'Change places,' she ordered.

I stood and swapped places with Becky, slumping in the seat as my sister knelt between my legs.

'Suck your brother's cock, Becky,' Sandra said.

I watched mesmerised as Becky lowered her head and I felt the warmth of her mouth as it encompassed the head of my shaft.

Slowly and sensually, she teased me, her hand sliding up and down my cock as she gently tossed me off, my hips rising and falling in the seat as I fucked her mouth.

We were both highly aroused by now, eager to fuck, but Sandra told us to stop.

'Both of you sit back and relax for a moment.'

It was only a couple of minutes as she went and pushed two loungers together before returning and taking Becky by the hand. She led her over and laid her down before beckoning me to join them.

'Alex, I want you to fuck your sister, make her enjoy it.'

Putting into practice all that Sandra had taught me, I slid my cock into Becky's cunt, moving slowly and steadily as I filled her passage. Her face was a picture of arousal and adoration as I reawakened the sensations, sending them shooting to her core as she urged me on.

'Fuck me, Alex..... Oh, that's so good..... Christ, you feel so big'.

Keeping a steady pace, I fucked her, my hands caressing her tits and then leaning forward as I took her nipples into my mouth, swirling my tongue over the hard-erect buds. Becky's body stretched the length of the loungers, her muscles taut and her head thrown back as her climax approached, pleading with me to let her cum.

I glanced at Sandra who seemed to be smiling proudly, she nodded her head, as though giving me permission to complete our act of copulation.

My impetus increased, my hips becoming a blur as I rammed my cock deep into Becky's fanny, hearing her scream as she orgasmed and then my grunts of pleasure as my manhood filled her twat with hot white cream.

Laying side by side, our chests heaved as we drew in much-needed air, our bodies covered in sweat. Neither of us had noticed that Sandra was no longer there, she had disappeared as silently as she had arrived.

'Bloody hell Alex, where did you learn to fuck like that, I'm knackered.' Becky's comment took me by surprise. If nothing else, Sandra, it seemed, had taught me some valuable lessons when it came to pleasing a woman.

The sun rose on the fifth day of our break, shining in through the open curtains as I lay in my bed and thought about the week so far. My mother had gone topless, kissed me and allowed me to touch her new breasts as well as making it clear that she wanted to have sex with me.

Becky and I had now fucked twice, and I was beginning to appreciate that sex with my sister was pretty damned good. And then to cap it all, Sandra the housekeeper had given me two blowjobs and had allowed me to tongue her cunt. This was definitely a holiday to remember I thought, wondering what else still lay in store.

My thoughts were interrupted as a tapping came at my bedroom door, it opened, and Sandra slipped inside, sitting on the end of my bed.

'I think you're ready, I'm going to keep Becky occupied,' she said with a smirk, 'You and Mandy should go into town, you know where she should stop the car.'

She had not said it outright, but I knew what she was implying, Sandra, intended on having sex with my sister whilst she expected me to fuck my mum.

I do not know if Sandra had primed mum. But she was dressed in shorts and top when she appeared and it was fairly

obvious from the look in her eyes and her prominent nipples, that she had every intention of letting me sample her body.

The way her nipples pushed at the thin material made it obvious to me that she was braless and also, the way her shorts cut into her fanny, displaying her camel-toe meant she was probably knickerless.

In town, we picked up some bits and pieces, but mum seemed to be in a rush and eager to return. On the way back, I suggested that we pull over as I brandished a bottle of wine I had bought and a couple of plastic cups. The wine was as much to settle my nerves as anything else, as I wondered if I could manage to satisfy this gorgeous mature woman.

We walked through the grassy field heading for the spot I had previously occupied with Sandra and plonked ourselves down. Opening the bottle, I poured it into the two cups, handing one to my mother.

She took sips from the cup, looking at me shyly.

'Are you ok with doing this?' She asked and I could see her hand shaking slightly with her nervousness, at least I wasn't the only one. Putting my cup to one side, I moved closer, running my fingers through her hair as I gently touched her cheek. I leant forward, stopping for a second before our lips met and then kissed her.

She responded immediately as I felt her tongue touch mine, my hands sliding over her face neck and shoulders but making her wait for her breasts to be touched.

I ran my fingers down her side and back up to her armpit, catching her breast slightly on the upward sweep and making her shiver.

Sitting back, she removed her top hoping to influence me as I gazed at her beauty. But still, I made her wait before finally taking her nipples between finger and thumb and squeezing firmly, causing her to shiver and noticing a damp spot on her shorts between her legs.

Standing up, I undressed and stood in front of her, letting her look at my nudity and the cock that was jerking in front of her face. She reached out to touch me, but I stepped back, staying just out of her reach as I asked her to take her shorts off.

The thrill that ran through my body as I finally saw her completely naked for the first time was huge and I knew I desperately wanted her.

Sandra's words echoed in my brain, 'Nice and slow, make her appreciate it.'

She lay back in the grass, the hot sun, bathing her body in warmth as I sank between her thighs, my nose catching the scent of talc mixed with the smell of her sex. Her labia had already opened, and I studied her pink interior as my fingers opened her further and my tongue slipped inside her cunt.

Taking my time, my tongue constantly penetrated her as I sucked and kissed her fanny, feeling her arousal grow as she thrust her mound against my mouth.

When at last my lips closed over her clit and I used the tip of my tongue to flick and tease it, she climaxed, her hips and thighs attempting to thrash about on the ground. But I held her tight, only stopping when her pleading told me that she wanted my cock.

From my kneeling position between her thighs, I looked down at the woman laid beneath me and looking back at me. The sight felt strangely surreal, this was not any woman, it was not a girlfriend or someone I had met, this was my mother, the woman who had given birth to me.

Only now, instead of a grimace of pain as she pushed me out, her face bore a look of pleasure and arousal as my throbbing cock slid deeper into her fanny.

Taking it slow at first, the sensations emanating from my shaft were sublime, the feeling as our groins met and she pushed her fanny against me were fantastic. She was hot, and wet, and beautiful, and I wanted to devour her. Cock deep, I fondled her tits, noticing the minute scars beneath each breast as I took her nipples in my mouth, my tongue teasing each one and bringing them erect.

'Oh, Alex.....that feels so good.....I love that,' she purred as I withdrew my shaft, rubbing it against her labia and clit, teasing her before suddenly plunging it back into her fanny and making her gasp.

I loved the ever-changing expressions on her face as her arousal increased, using it as an indicator as to how close she was. Her urgings became louder as she began to arch her back, my cock plunging into her cunt rapidly as I pushed her over the edge.

She stared at me for seconds, her face red and eyes bulging as she orgasmed and then her head went back, and she called my

name. Our groins slammed into each other as I also peaked, my shaft giving a sudden jerk as I emptied my sack of hot semen into her now sopping wet pussy.

Afterwards, we lay side by side for perhaps quarter of an hour as the warmth of the sun dried the sweat on our bodies and we got our breath back, our hands firmly clasped together. No words were spoken until finally, I had to ask, 'No regrets Mandy?'

She looked at me in surprise that I had used her name and was about to say something when I interrupted.

'I hope I have done enough to warrant being able to make love to you again, and it feels wrong calling you "mum", so I hope you don't mind if occasionally I call you by your name?'

A smile appeared on her face as she nodded her consent before rolling over to kiss me, 'I'm glad you want to do it again, unfortunately, we had better make a move or they will be wondering where we are.'

We dressed and returned to the car, driving the remaining distance back to the villa and hearing the shouts and laughter coming from the pool as we collected the few provisions we had bought and carried them inside.

I helped mum to put stuff away but could not resist standing behind her and wrapping my arms around her waist as she rested her head against my shoulder. One hand slid up from her waist as I cupped her right breast, hearing her soft sigh as my fingers teased its nipple, my rapidly expanding cock pushing against her buttocks.

Her hand came around her body as she rubbed at the front of my shorts before she slipped it inside the waistband and ran it up and down the tight skin of my shaft. We both realised that we could not do anything presently, content with teasing each other until mum said we had better go out.

Stood next to her by the pool, we watched Becky and Sandra frolicking about in the water as they dived and upended each

other. I think it took us both a moment to realise that although they were both topless, something that had become quite common, they were also both missing their bikini bottoms and were naked.

'Oh well,' I heard mum say, 'If we can't beat them, we might as well join them,' as she threw off her top and pushed her shorts to her ankles before diving into the water.

Three pairs of eyes eagerly watched as I shrugged my shoulders and discarded my clothes, giving them a chance to ogle my still semi-erect cock before joining them in the pool.

It took a while, but by mid-afternoon, I had forgotten that we were all naked and felt confident that I could mix and enjoy myself without my cock springing up every few minutes. It is funny how after a while, you forget about these things and naked became normal, though I did notice that Becky had joined Sandra in shaving her fanny, both of them now as bare as a baby's bottom.

I and mum were the only ones with some growth. While mine looked straggly and unkempt, mums matched the colour of her head, which meant she'd had it tinted and was well manicured. I decided that later, I would take my razor to my genitals and see how they looked clean-shaven.

We had our evening meal outside, still naked, and I must say the 'wine flowed', both Becky and I, allowed to drink as much as we wanted which resulted in Becky becoming slightly tipsy.

Whilst it looked like I was indulging, I carefully monitored my intake, noticing that Sandra was also being cautious about how much she drank. I was suspicious of her caution and just pretended to be as drunk as my sister and mother.

We all retired about eleven-o'clock, first I went to the bathroom and carefully got rid of my pubes before going to my room and putting on some pyjamas before listening carefully for any sign of movement. After an hour I had not heard anything but convinced that something was happening

I pulled on some slippers and slipped from my bedroom window.

Firstly, I checked around the pool, which was deserted, before skirting the villa and approaching the terrace from a different direction. Even though it was dark I was still able to see clearly that there was someone stood in the bushes ahead of me.

Sandra must have sensed my presence because she turned sharply, beckoned me nearer and put her finger to her lips. Dressed in satin shorts and top which fitted her snugly, I already had the start of an erection as I moved next to her. Moments later, I had a full stonker as I caught sight of my mother and sister having sex on the loungers in front of my eyes. Their hands were between each other's legs as I watched them finger the other's quim, Becky's mouth was wrapped around one of my mother's nipples and she was moaning constantly.

In my peripheral vision, I saw Sandra's hand snaking down the front of her shorts, turning my head to watch as she

rubbed at her fanny, my cock now pushing the thin material of my pyjama bottoms outwards as it stood to attention.

'Play with yourself for me,' she whispered as her other hand slipped under her top and caressed her breasts. I did not know where to look as I pushed the front of my pj's down, extracted my cock and started slowly wanking. Did I watch mum and Becky or concentrate on what Sandra was doing to herself?

Deciding to give Sandra my attention, I slid my free hand up her top hoping that she would not mind me having a feel.

As it turned out, she seemed to relish my touch, dragging my other hand, presently working on my shaft, free, and pushing that against her tit's as well. She replaced my hand with her own and stretched the skin of my cock as she masturbated me. I frequently glanced sideways, watching what mum and Becky were doing to each other as I squeezed her magnificent mammaries and twisted her nipples.

'My fanny.....finger my fanny,' Sandra whispered huskily, her breathing rapid as she watched the two other females copulating, which only seemed to arouse her even more as my fingers sank into her sopping wet cunt.

Fingering her steadily, I used my thumb to rub her clit, her teeth sinking into my shoulder as she tried to stifle her moans. She was getting close I sensed when I whipped my fingers out suddenly.

'Christ, don't stop, please don't stop,' she muttered, a pleading look on her face.

'Let me fuck you,' I demanded, restraining her hands as they tried to make a beeline for her groin.

It took her only seconds to decide as she raised her top over her head and pushed her shorts to the floor.

'Help me,' she said as she raised one leg, grabbed my cock again and pulled me to her. I supported her leg as she fumbled me into position and then I was granted my wish as I felt my shaft slide into her cunt.

It may only have been a week, but I was a quick learner, remembering all she had taught me as I slowly fucked her. It was fascinating to watch her face as her expressions changed. At first, she was trying to watch mum and Becky, but as I rammed my cock into her, her attention quickly changed as she grabbed my face and kissed me, something she had never done before.

Sandra tasted sweet, her large breasts pushing into my chest as I slammed my cock into her fanny one more time, pausing as our genitals ground together.

'Don't stop Alex.....oh god it feels so good..... Jesus, Alex, you feel fantastic.'

She was not interested in the rest of my family now. She was highly aroused and quickly reaching her climax as I continued to ram my cock into her furiously, grunting with the exertion as she finally slipped over the edge, her body visibly shaking and vibrating as she climaxed.

Her cries were loud enough to attract the attention of my mother who looked over in our direction for a minute with a smile before resuming her licking of Becky's cunt.

I had wanted to last longer, but Sandra's orgasm was too much for me to handle as I joined her, my cock erupting and pumping cum into her cunt as my legs shook and I called her name.

We backed away from the others, Sandra picking up her tops and shorts as we made our way back to the pool area.

'You surprised me, Alex, I didn't think you were ready yet, but I must admit that I thoroughly enjoyed the experience.'

Giving me a quick peck on the lips, she left me feeling stunned as she made her way back indoors.

And so, it had arrived, the final day of our break, and what a break it had been, I was going back a different person than the one that had arrived. Over the course of that week I had got used to being naked around the three females I lived with.

I had made love to my mother, my sister and my mother's other half, come housekeeper.

And yet the best was saved till last, as mid-morning approached, my mother, called us all together.

'At my behest, Sandra has been carrying out several tasks which I hope you have all enjoyed,' she said slowly

'My first bit of news is that Sandra and I have decided to officially become a couple and we hope to have a civil

ceremony later this year.' Becky and I congratulating both of them.

I do not think it came as any surprise to me and Becky that mum and Sandra were an item, what did come as a surprise was that our mother was the one who had orchestrated what had taken place between us all.

Mum continued, 'I think that we can all agree that this week has been splendid, I for one have enjoyed having sex with each one of you and I hope you have all enjoyed it as much as I have.

'My wish when we return home is to carry on with our liaisons but I can only speak for myself, if any of you do not wish to carry on participating, just say so now and no one will think any less of you.'

She looked at each one of us in turn as we each nodded our consent before rising from her chair and disappearing

indoors and returning with a bottle of champagne and four glasses.

'I think this calls for a celebration and then after lunch..... well I think we should wait and see what happens next,' she said with more than a hint of devilment in her voice.

The morning passed and we finished lunch, resuming our positions around the pool as more bottles of wine appeared.

I noticed that some of the loungers from the terrace had also appeared around the pool and suspecting that I may be called on to perform, I carefully monitored my intake of alcohol. As was now normal at the villa, we were all naked and I watched lazily as mum stood and took Sandra by the hand, leading her to one of the loungers and laying her down before joining her.

I should have been used to it by now, but I still found it mesmerising to watch my mother start to fondle and caress Sandra's breasts. I nudged Becky who presently had her eyes shut and nodded towards mum and Sandra who by now were

rubbing at each other's fannies. Becky was as surprised as I was as her head swivelled between me and the two women now performing on the loungers.

It was Becky who made the first move, coming to sit on my lap as she kissed me, taking my hand and placing it on her breast. I found it exhilarating fondling my sister's tit's and constantly noticing the pleasure that my mother and Sandra were inflicting on each other. It also seemed to be arousing Becky to such an extent that she twisted around on my lap so that she could face outwards and watch their antics, groping between her legs as she grabbed my erection and holding it upright, sank slowly onto it as it filled her cunt.

With my hands still gripping her tit's and nipples, she slid up and down my shaft using the arms of the chair to lever herself up and down. Mum's head was now between Sandra's thighs as the young woman became even more vocal, calling out as her hips lifted and fell.

My cock throbbed inside Becky's fanny as she continued to slide up and down my cock, concentrating on making myself last, secretly pleased that she was reaching her climax.

'Fuck me, Alex, fuck me hard,' she was calling as I supported her buttocks and raising my hips, rammed my cock into her rapidly, rejoicing as she screamed my name and I felt her juices flood my groin as she came.

Catching my breath, I was letting the sun dry my cock and bollocks when suddenly mum and Sandra decided to swap partners. I watched my sister make her way towards my mother as Sandra walked towards me provocatively.

'Let's get a lounge,' she purred, taking my hand and leading me to where my mother and sister were already touching each other, the sight of their fingers buried in each other's fanny's, keeping my cock solidly aloft and bouncing as I followed her.

Laying down together, Sandra looked at me differently, previously it had been as though she was the tutor and I the pupil, now she looked at me with a longing and desire.

'I don't want to have sex with you,' she said, the words wounding me as she uttered them, what had gone wrong I wondered.

She quickly showed concern at the look that must have appeared on my face, 'I'm sorry!' She apologised quietly.

'That came out sounding wrong, what I mean is that I don't want the two of us to just have sex, I want you to make love to me as though you mean it.....please.'

I was stunned and to be honest, had never thought about sex in any other way than just getting my leg over. Having sex with my sister and mother was different. Of course, I loved them, they were my family and I had grown up with them and my love for them was unconditional.

But Sandra was different, she was fit, hot and gorgeous, and of course, I wanted to fuck her, but I'd never let myself have feelings for her, she was my mother's partner and that perhaps would have been some kind of betrayal.

Looking at her for a moment, I realised it would be easy to let myself fall for her, well if that is what she wanted, I was prepared to take a chance. She must have been able to see the confusion in my mind as she lay next to me, allowing me time to figure it out before she moved her face closer to mine and kissed me.

It was slow and it was passionate, and it seemed to last forever as I tasted her lips and explored her mouth. For as long as the kiss lasted, I did not touch her breasts or fanny, contenting myself as my fingers ran up and down her spine and occasionally over her buttocks as she crushed herself against me and shivered with anticipation.

When at last my hand moved from her waist, over her ribcage and cupped her breast, I thought she was going to climax, her

body shook and she was panting rapidly as for the first time ever she begged me, 'I want you to fuck me, Alex, I want to feel your cock inside my fanny, I want you to cum in me.'

I made her wait as I stroked the soft smooth skin of her beautiful tit's, one finger touching at the hard bud that was her nipple and feeling it get even bigger with her increasing arousal. When at last I slipped one hand onto the cheeks of her arse and squeezed her buttock and breast at the same time she actually did have a minor climax, her eyes fluttering and her mound pushing against my rock hard cock as she whispered that she loved me.

Sandra rolled onto her back, pulling me on top of her while fumbling for my cock and positioning it against her fanny as I sank deep inside her, a guttural cry slipping from her lips as her cunt expanded and accepted my shaft before gripping it tightly.

Fucking her slowly, I watched her beautiful orbs bounce back and forth each time my cock thudded into her fanny, one

hand reaching out to massage the flesh and tweak her nipples. Her cunt was wet, and I could hear the squelching noises as my impetus increased, her eyes huge and staring at me as she urged me onwards her breathing now coming in rapid pants.

And then she was climaxing, her body shaking as my hips pumped my cock into her cunt, her back arched and she thrust her tit's at me as cum spurted from my shaft, making her quim even sloppier.

Collapsing down beside her, I took gulps of air, trying to get oxygen back into my lungs as my chest heaved. I noticed my mother and Becky watching us, smirks plastered across their faces after having had their fill of each other's bodies and watching our performance.

As exciting as the prospect of fucking three females seemed, let me tell you it is not. Having fucked Becky and then Sandra, I was knackered and having cum in Sandra's flue, I needed time to recover.

Luckily, everyone seemed to be of the same opinion, you can have too much sex you know. Sandra seemed very reticent to leave my side yet, content to lay next to me, her hand surreptitiously touching mine frequently.

One by one we resumed relaxing by the pool, taking an occasional dip and consuming more glasses of wine, my mother sitting next to me at one point.

'I haven't forgotten you, I'll come to your room later.'

And so, the afternoon turned into evening and then night, our last one, tomorrow morning we would head for the airport and then back to our home.

Having retired, I waited patiently, it must have been nearly midnight when a quiet knock came at my door and my mother entered, the silk robe she wore, clinging to her curves. As she shrugged it from her shoulders, I once again had the chance to admire her body, my cock immediately reacting to her nakedness. Slipping beneath the covers, I took her in my

arms as we kissed, a slow tender meeting of lips and tongues as I ran my hand over her curves, feeling her shiver each time, I neared her breasts or groin.

'Does Sandra not mind you being here?' I asked, my cock pushing against her belly as it twitched sporadically.

'She's pre-occupied at the moment with your sister, though I may have to keep an eye on her, I have the feeling she is enamoured with you.'

I laughed it off and distracted her by sliding beneath the covers and between her open thighs, the scent of her musk mixed with perfume, was a heady smell as I opened her labia and slid my tongue inside her quim.

'Oh Alex, yes, that's perfect, just there, oh fuck,' the last came as I took her clit between my lips and applied pressure, my tongue flicking at its sensitive tip.

Keeping up my constant attention to her fanny and gripping her hips and buttocks firmly, I slowly built her arousal. She tried to squirm away from me as her climax approached, but I continued holding her tight, my tongue plunging in and out of her fanny and then my lips seeking her clit and sucking at it as my tongue flicked at the tiny bud which gave my mother so much pleasure.

With my mouth glued to her quim, I heard her voice go up several octaves as her hips tried to thrash in my grip and she began climaxing.

'Alex, oh fuck, Alex, oh god, oh yes.....Yesss!'

Her body stretched tight, her hands grabbing at my hair as she pulled my mouth in tighter against her cunt, her juices seeping into my mouth as my tongue continued to prolong her release.

She wanted to return the favour, but I knew that once my cock was in her warm mouth, she would have me. Changing

position so that my shaft was now opposite her face, I lifted her leg and plunged my head back between her thighs.

Returning to her pussy, I was suddenly distracted as I felt her warm mouth envelope the head of my shaft, her tongue teasing as her hand slid silkily up and down my rigid flesh.

It was a contest, as we both tried to make the other climax first, my tongue buried deep inside her fanny put me slightly ahead, especially as it left my hands free to play with her tit's and nipples.

But as her hand speeded up on my shaft and she sucked dementedly at my knob, I knew she was gaining ground. Despite my best efforts, I knew my climax was fast approaching as in desperation, I let go of her breast and reached over her hip, a single-digit stroking the puckered entrance of her arse and then deftly slipping inside her.

Mandy's mouth opened and momentarily she let go of her son's cock as she shook violently, her climax and orgasm so

intense that she forgot about everything else as she cried her release he body thrashing as stars exploded behind her eyes and brain went into meltdown.

When she finally regained her senses, she was laid on her back and her legs were open. She opened her eyes, looking at Alex knelt between her thighs, a triumphant smile playing across his lips.

Before she could say anything, she felt the knob of his shaft push against her fanny, and then as she let out a gasp, he plunged into her, his cock touching every nerve ending as he filled her fanny.

With slow deliberate thrusts, he began to fuck her, leaning forward every so often as he kissed her mouth, her breasts and her nipples. She had no idea if he had always been this accomplished or whether it was something Sandra had taught him, whatever it was, he had already more than satisfied her she thought as her arousal built once more.

As her climax approached, Alex was leant forward on his arms, his hips a blur as he rammed his cock into her fanny. His mother's legs were around his waist pulling him deeper into her quim with each thrust until finally she watched his face change and felt his shaft twitch inside her and then his semen hit the back of her fanny and she orgasmed, calling his name loudly as she began to float.

Covered in perspiration they lay side by side, Alex glad that he had forgone her pleasures earlier in the day, that night had more than made up for it.

Lost in his thoughts, one thing still puzzled him as he asked his mother, 'All along, I thought it was Sandra that was somehow manipulating our family. It came as a surprise to learn that it was you, when did you decide that you wanted sex with me and Becky?'

Mandy sat up next to Alex, taking a while as she marshalled her thoughts, 'Your father couldn't accept that I could be

attracted to another woman. I did not want us to split, that was his decision.

'I tried to explain to him that it was only sometimes and even tried to make it more attractive, asking if he would not like to occasionally share his bed with two women. But he just said it was disgusting and perverted and that he would leave.

'I did not want you or your sister to have those kinds of biased feelings, I love you both unconditionally and sex is just part of loving someone. What I told you the other day about still liking men was true, but I do not want to introduce another man into our lives and so long as you are happy with the arrangement, I don't have to.'

She slid back down as I wrapped my arms around her and held her tight. It appeared she had no intention that night of returning to her own room as we made love again and finally fell asleep curled up together.

And so here I am, sitting on the flight back home, I close my eyes and wonder what the future will bring.

Becky seems eager to get home, whispering details of what she wants me to do to her once we are back.

Sandra keeps looking at me as though something had changed between us, no longer were we teacher and pupil and I wondered if in the future we would become lovers if my mother did not mind.

As for my mother, well it was something she had told me about last night, my father may not have fancied sharing his bed with two women, as for me. Well, bring it on was all I will say.

# The Ripple Effect

Down in the cellar, Douglas was preoccupied with the thoughts running through his head. It had been a while since he had last been down here and over time, more boxes and items had been crammed into the small space. He had come across the box years ago and now wondered if, at some point, it had been disposed of. All of the boxes looked the same, brown cardboard with a lid and unfortunately for him, no one had taken the trouble to write on any box, what was inside them. He had no option, the only way to find it was to create a space and then restack them one by one after he had inspected their contents.

Forty minutes in and he had still not located it, Douglas beginning to wonder if this was all in vain and that the box and its contents had been destroyed. He was about to give up, disappointed, but deciding that the rewards were just not worth the effort.

And then he came across it. Lifting the lid, he glanced inside at the huge pile of "Girly" magazines that it contained, at least a couple of hundred, excited to have found them after all his effort. It didn't take him long, carrying an armful at a time, he took them up to his bedroom and piled them in the bottom of his wardrobe.

The house was empty, his family dispersed around town with it being a Saturday morning which was why Douglas had taken the opportunity to go rooting in the cellar on the off chance. Why had he gone looking now, the magazines had been there for a good while, at least several years? Something had happened a couple of weeks previously and suddenly he couldn't get certain thoughts out of his head.

His mother had been taking her bath and once finished, she had called down to him and asked for a brew. He had got up from lounging on the couch and had made her a cup of tea, carrying it carefully upstairs to her bedroom. When he entered, his mother had been dressed only in a large towel which was wrapped around her torso and a smaller one

wrapped around her hair as she withdrew brushes and hairdryer from her dressing table drawer.

Having tossed the implements onto her bed, she turned and reached out for the cup and saucer and that was when it happened. Whether it was her swivelling motion or the act of raising her arm for her drink they would never know, but suddenly the towel covering her body was gone as it slid downwards to the floor.

Douglas stared at his mother's naked body, everything she had to offer was on show. It must only have been seconds before she retrieved the towel and covered herself, but in those seconds, Douglas noticed her still reasonably pert tits with their dark centres, her slightly rounded belly with its caesarean scar and the soft-looking downy hair which covered her pubic mound. As she bent to retrieve the towel, he also caught a momentary glance of her protruding pussy lips.

As his face coloured, his boner was instantaneous, the cup and saucer in his hand starting to chatter as his arm shook. Whether she had noticed the bulge in his pants, he had no idea, her face was the same colour as his own as she took the cup from him and apologised before he scuttled from her room.

Ensconced in his bedroom, he wanted to masturbate, but after what had just happened and with his mother still upstairs, the thought that she may come to his room to apologise again stopped him. Laid on his bed, he closed his eyes, the image of her nakedness still fresh and firmly imprinted on his brain and the throbbing of his penis persistent.

He didn't get a chance during the day, his mother constantly up and down the stairs, much to his disappointment, as she cleaned and hoovered. But that night, when everyone was in bed and the house was quiet, he pushed his covers back and gently stroked his cock as it expanded and stuck up from his belly. The feeling was exquisite as he closed his eyes and saw the vision of his naked mother once more. He imagined touching her titties, his mum purring as he played with her

teats. It wasn't his hand wrapped around his cock; it was hers, as she wanked him off. When she invited him to touch her pussy the dam burst, cum spurting from his cock over his belly and dribbling down his hand.

His ejaculation had been so seismic that he couldn't rid himself of the thoughts he began having about her. To Douglas, it didn't matter that he was her son, presently all he could think about was having sex with his mum.

It wasn't that he'd had sex previously, despite having just turned eighteen, he was ashamed to admit that he was still a virgin and perhaps that was the reason why recently he had begun to notice his twin sister. Before his very eyes, she had blossomed from a gawky schoolgirl into an attractive teenager. There was a time a few years ago when he and his friends wouldn't have been seen dead in the company of girls, but now the female form seemed to hold some sort of hypnotic attraction.

His sister Adele was a case in point, go back a few years and she was the target of his teasing and pranks, her opinions ignored and discarded. But suddenly and without him realising, she had begun to change. In her short skirts, her legs had become enticing, the two small bumps on her chest seemed to increase in size month on month and the briefest glimpse of her panties pulled tight against her slit had him hot under the collar.

With the magazines now safely stowed in the bottom of his wardrobe, his thoughts turned to where he could hide them more securely. His mother was always hanging his clothes in there and she would quickly spot them so they couldn't stay in there for long. As he lay on his bed trying to think of a safe hiding place, his eyes alighted on the square loft hatch in the corner of his bedroom.

Pulling his chair beneath it, he could just about reach the hatch and open it and then get a hand to the folding ladder inside. Climbing the steps, he poked his head into the darkness above, he knew there was a light bulb up there, he'd

seen his father use it, but for the life of him couldn't presently see the switch.

When at last he did locate it and turn it on, he was delighted to find the space empty. Not knowing how much time he would have, he raced back down to the cellar and retrieved the now empty box, carrying it up to his room and then up into the loft. Placing it to one side of the ladder, it took several trips to move the magazines to their new home as he popped the lid back on top, turned off the light and pushed the ladder back up into the hole before closing the hatch.

Douglas was pleased with himself. He'd place the box on its side so that stood on his chair he would be able to open the hatch, reach in and extract magazines to replace the few that he had kept down and placed beneath his mattress.

Over the next month, he started to work his way through them. The first few he had kept down held his attention for several weeks, the women beneath their covers must have been in their mid to late twenties. Big tits, little tits, saggy tits,

all were there for him to browse, but the one thing he did notice and especially after having seen his mother naked, none of them showed pubic hair or the sight of a slit.

He hit gold on the third change, this time the magazines showed older women, thirties, forties and older, not only that but they showed everything, hairy and shaved, fannies held open so that he could see the glistening innards. And to cap it all, there were a couple of pages of women with a man, his cock buried deep in their pussy's, up their arses, or in their mouths.

Douglas seemed to spend each night wanking as he leafed through the pages, and then he came across a woman whose body looked very similar to his mother's. He lost count of how many times he masturbated to her, imagining it was his mum spreading her delights. He was even thinking of trying to find a photograph of her, cutting her head out and sticking it over the model's face.

And then the unexpected happened. He'd forgotten to lock his door one afternoon, immersed in one of the magazines when suddenly it opened, and his sister Adele walked in. He'd tried to hide the magazine immediately, but his guilty look and the prominent bulge in his pants attracted her attention.

'What you reading?' she asked.

'Nothing,' Douglas replied, his face colouring.

'Show me,' Adele insisted, making it plain that she wasn't going to budge until he did.

'You've got to promise not to say anything,' Douglas demanded, waiting until she promised before producing the magazine.

She leafed through the first few pages of females baring all and then came to the section where a man was having sex with a "mumsy" looking woman. Her gaze seemed to dwell on the

collage of pictures, the man's cock hard and erect, the woman's hand wrapped around it as she slid the skin down, and then pictures of her with it in her mouth and finally in different positions with it up her fanny.

By the time she had reached the final page, Douglas could tell that her breathing had become louder and ragged. Turning back to the start of the section, she began leafing through them all again, stopping at certain pages which she seemed to stare at for ages.

'Have you done it yet?' she suddenly asked. Douglas lied, making out that it was at the very least, a weekly occurrence. 'Who with?' she demanded to know.

He coloured slightly, refusing to name names. 'That would not be very gentlemanly of me would it?'

Adele did not believe him, she judged by his response that he was still as much a virgin as she was, which was why she decided to tease him. The pictures in the magazine had

turned her on, not the women on their own, but the pictures with a man, the pictures of erect cocks, they had ignited a fire in her belly.

It wasn't that she saw Douglas as anything other than her brother, it was just a way to pay him back for the years of teasing that she had endured.

'Do you..... you know..... touch yourself when you look at this magazine?' she suddenly asked.

Douglas went red and began to stammer as he tried to deny that anything like that took place because he was getting plenty.

'How about you do it for me then? Would you like me to watch while you play with yourself?' She teased him incessantly, waiting for his point-blank refusal. She didn't want to see her brothers penis, but it was fun seeing him confused and embarrassed.

At school, most of her friends had already allowed themselves to be seduced into sex, but she was holding out. She knew the reputations that some of the girls had got. 'An easy lay. Opens her legs for anyone.' Adele was determined that she wouldn't be classed as a slag like some of them.

The conversation was interrupted by their mother as she shouted up the stairs. 'Dad and I are just going out shopping. We'll be about an hour or so, behave yourselves.' It was followed by the sound of the front door closing and then of the car starting outside. Now that they were alone, Adele asked again, her eyes filled with devilment. Having looked through the magazine, and with the close proximity of his sister and her sudden request, Douglas was aroused but fearful that she would laugh if he got his cock out.

'Go on, please!' she wheedled, enjoying his look of consternation until suddenly, with fumbling fingers, he had unbuttoned his pants and slid them from his hips, his cock springing upwards now that it was free from any constraints.

Her sharp intake of breath made him bolder as he started to touch himself, easing the skin up and down his shaft as the thrill of having his sister watch him added to the sensations coursing through his body.

He had no need of the magazine as he closed his eyes and imagined his mother, his cock jerking sporadically as he caressed his flesh. He could feel the heat of Adele's body next to him, her arm and shoulder touching his as she watched fascinated while he pleased himself.

'Fucking hell!' he suddenly spat out, his eyes immediately jerking open as Adele's fingers touched his plump knob, now glistening with pre-cum.

It was like an electric shock travelling through his body but even more intense. 'You don't mind, do you?' she stammered, staring at him intently. She had never intended for it to go this far, but the sudden sight of his erection had held her spellbound, Adele finding her fingers twitching with the urge

to touch it and see what it felt like. She wasn't thinking about sex, it was more the curiosity of wondering what a real cock would feel like in her hand.

Douglas managed to shake his head, his hand still tossing himself off as his sister's fingers began to wander up and down his shaft. He couldn't control his voice anymore, moans and groans flowing from his lips especially when she touched the sensitive area beneath his knob.

'Let me,' she whispered as she moved his hand out of the way and wrapped her fingers around his shaft, imitating what he had been doing to himself as she tossed him off.

With Adele in control, he hadn't lasted long, his hips rising and falling as he fucked her hand. 'Oh, God, fucking hell..... oh fuck..... fuck..... yeah, oh yes, yes, yesssssss!'

His cock jerked rapidly in her hand, white cream spurting from its tip and splashing across his belly and her hand as she

continued to pump his shaft up and down until he begged her to stop.

When his breathing finally slowed and he opened his eyes and turned his head towards her, Adele was grinning insanely at him and seemed well pleased with herself.

'Was that alright?' she asked.

Douglas had a sudden impulse to grab her face and kiss her for some reason, masturbating himself was a great feeling, Adele doing it for him had been out of this world and he had no words to express how fantastic it had been. But the thought of kissing his sister was immediately rejected, she would probably scream blue murder if he tried something like that.

'What do you think?' he asked, indicating his stomach covered in cum.

She giggled as he handed her some tissues to wipe herself while he took a bunch and wiped his cock and stomach before pulling his pants and briefs back into place.

Feeling more confident now, Douglas asked her a similar question. 'Have you ever touched yourself, sis?'

Adele suddenly seemed to revert to being his sister again, blushing as she shyly nodded her head.

'Would you let me watch the next time you, do it?' Douglas enquired hesitantly. The very thought of watching a female touch herself was having an immediate effect, so far his only views of a naked woman had been the magazines and that brief glimpse of his mum.

She seemed to take a few moments while she considered his request, refusing to look at him as she asked, 'Do you want to watch me now?'

'Yeah!' he managed to get out, surprised that she had agreed so easily.

Adele raised her skirt and then her hips as she wriggled out of her panties, Douglas already finding it hard to breathe as he got his first view of her fanny and the sparse covering of her pubic area. She adjusted the pillows and lay back, raising her legs slightly and opening them wide as she ran a finger along her slit. He watched her intently as her pussy slowly started to open until at last, she pushed a finger inside her cunt, sliding it in and out.

She turned her head, watching her brother's face as she fingered herself, her excitement quickly mounting. 'Would you like to do it for me?' she asked him breathlessly, feeling even more excited when he nodded his head.

Douglas followed her lead, his middle finger sliding in and out of his sisters cunt as she began to moan. At first, it was just a deep growl in her throat, but as she asked him to do it faster, her voice got louder, Adele urging him on, constantly moving

his hand and showing him where to touch. By the time her pussy began making slopping noises, her arms were around his neck, her face pressed tightly against his shoulder as she panted and cried out.

When he turned his head to look at her, she suddenly kissed him, her mouth grinding against his as she issued muffled cries, his finger now pumping into her cunt as fast as he could make it go.

And then his hand was wet, her hips bouncing off the mattress as she called out. He'd wondered for a moment if he was hurting her, but she had urged him to keep going as he thought she was going to throttle him, her arms squeezing his neck so tightly.

After she had recovered and left for her own room to make herself decent, Douglas continued to lay on his bed. 'So that is what sex feels like,' he was thinking to himself, the urge to do something similar with his mother, strong, and making his cock hard once more.

He heard his parents return and his sister descend the stairs, how he wished that he could engineer a situation where his mum may consider allowing him to touch her like that, but he just instinctively knew it would never happen.

Douglas and Adele were the youngsters while Blanche their sister was older by several years. They were eighteen, she was nearly twenty-three. His mother had given birth to her eldest daughter at twenty-two, she had always wanted more, but after four years of trying she had begun to settle for the fact that perhaps that would be her only one. And then suddenly he and Adele had come along, their family now complete.

Weeks had passed since the episode in his bedroom, his sister having made no mention of it since, and he had accepted the fact that it had probably been a one-off.

His parents were going away for a couple of days and while he and Adele were old enough to look after themselves, Blanche was left in overall control. They both knew that they

would see nothing of her, she had been dating the same lad for the last couple of years and with their parents out of the way, undoubtedly she would spend most of her time at his flat.

Blanche had gone out after tea that evening, promising she wouldn't be late, but knowing their sister, Douglas and Adele thought the likelihood of her returning was slim. After watching tv, he had gone up to his room and changed into his pyjama's, lying on his bed as he leafed through another magazine which he had just retrieved from the loft space.

He heard the knock on his door and then Adele came into his room, also dressed in her nightwear.

'Is that the same one or a different one?' she asked.

'Different,' he said as she came and plonked herself down on his bed next to him.

Together they looked through the photos, this magazine completely full of couples having sex. By the time they got to the last page, both of them were breathing heavily and the bulge in his pyjama bottoms was quite conspicuous.

'It's hot in here!' Adele exclaimed, 'Do you mind if I take my nightdress off?'

Of course, Douglas didn't mind, watching excitedly as she pulled it over her head before she leaned back against the bedhead, now completely naked. 'Why don't you join me?' she asked mischievously.

It didn't take him long before he too was naked, his cock sticking upright as together they went through the magazine once more. Adele's hand was wrapped around his cock long before they got to the last page, while he was smitten by her shapely tits. They were still smaller than his mothers, but when he ran his hand over them, they were soft and smooth, Adele whimpering when he touched her nipples.

'Can I kiss you?' he asked, their lips coming together after she had nodded her head. The kiss was slow and lingering and by the time it came to an end, Adele was pressing her body tightly against him, his cock rubbing against her belly and mound as she gyrated her hips.

She tossed him off while he fingered her, their mouths continually coming together. His knob was shiny and slippery, her fanny full of her juices when she broke away from the kiss and whispered in his ear.

'Will you do it to me?'

Douglas was stunned. He kind of knew what he was supposed to do, but he had never done it before.

As much as it embarrassed him to say so, he told her the truth. Adele told him it didn't matter; this would be her first time as well and she was sure they would manage.

Knelt between her open legs, she grabbed his cock and positioned it against her now open fanny. It took several attempts and initially she was exceedingly tight, but bit by bit, his cock slid into her cunt until his complete length was inside her. He stopped at that point, waiting until she said she was ready and then slowly he withdrew before sliding forward once more.

Leaning on outstretched arms, he rained kisses on her breasts and nipples, his cock now sliding in and out of her cunt with ease as Adele became vocal. Wrapping her legs around him, she pulled him deeper into her quim, masturbation was fun and full of pleasure, but it didn't compare to having her brother's cock inside her. To say that this was his first time, he was doing exceedingly well, keeping her finely balanced and her climax imminent.

'Cum inside me,' she pleaded as she pulled his face down and kissed him once more.

His hips gathered speed, Adele thought that he may split her open at one stage. And then she was climaxing, her body writhing beneath him as he continued to fuck her until she felt his cum explode inside her passage. She wanted to scream, to suddenly tell him she loved him, the sensations flooding her body and brain removed all of her inhibitions and magnified her emotions.

Neither of them remembered falling asleep, curled together as they slept. They were oblivious that Blanche had returned home, later than she had anticipated. She left the lights off as she tip-toed upstairs, opening Adele's bedroom door to check on her and surprised to find her bed empty. Silently she went across to Douglas's room and slowly turned the knob, opening the door slightly and putting her head around it.

She was stunned to find them both in the same bed fast asleep, she was going to leave them like that when she suddenly began to notice things. The first was that his curtains were open and that from the moonlight coming into the room she could see that neither of them appeared to be wearing their pyjama's, Adele's nightdress on the floor by the side of the

bed. The second thing she noticed was the smell in the room, she knew it intimately, it smelt of sex.

Silently she moved into the room, standing on her sister's side of the bed. Gently she lifted the covers enough to see that Adele was naked, the young girl mumbling in her sleep and her hand resting on her brother's chest.

'Well fuck me. What have these two been up to?' Blanche wondered as she made her way around the other side of the bed.

Douglas was laid on his back, breathing deeply as he slept. Gingerly, Blanche lifted the covers until she could see his naked body. As her gaze moved from his face across his chest and then downwards, she stifled a gasp. He may be her little brother but what was presently flaccid and laying atop his belly definitely wasn't.

Lowling the covers, she shuffled silently from the room. There was no doubt in her mind now that her two siblings had been

indulging in sex, her brother had been fucking her sister. She didn't have a clue what she was supposed to do. Did she say something to them? Did she wake them up and order them to their own beds or did she leave them as they were? Should she say something to her parents when they returned? She just knew that whatever she said to whoever, this was going to cause trouble.

Blanche found it hard to sleep that night, while in the other room her siblings slept soundly. Her brain kept going through options, but one was no better than any of the others. The other reason she was struggling to sleep was that the image of her brothers cock kept popping into her head, like a worm burrowing into her brain as she began to wonder what it looked like erect, momentarily jealous that her younger sister could answer that question far easier than she could.

By the time Blanche awoke the next morning and went to the bathroom her brother and sister were both back in their own beds which brought her dilemma up again. She was older and supposedly wiser but at this point, she hadn't got a clue how she should approach the situation. She shrugged her

shoulders as she sat on the toilet and pissed, trust it to be her to find them she thought, why couldn't it be mum, she would have known intuitively what to do.

The idea of the two days away for Susan and her husband was to try and put some romance back into their marriage, unfortunately, it hadn't worked. Whilst they had not argued, it hadn't brought them any closer together either. She was convinced that her husband was having an affair but with no proof, she couldn't say anything. When they had first married, he couldn't keep his hands off her, nowadays she was lucky if he touched her once a month and even then, it was over before she had attained any real satisfaction.

And then they were home and back in the same routine. 'Everything ok?' she asked Blanche.

Her daughter at first had looked like she wanted to say something but had then just smiled and said all was fine, there had been no problems.

Blanche couldn't bring herself to say anything, not to her mother and not to her brother or sister. Perhaps if she ignored what she knew, it would fizzle out of its own accord.

Douglas and Adele had no idea anyone knew their secret and anyway as it was, with people in the house there were only occasional opportunities to repeat it.

As autumn became winter Douglas suddenly developed a temperature. It started as a racking cough but bit by bit his temperature went up. His mother was concerned when she found him one morning covered in sweat and called out the doctor. He was diagnosed with influenza and was prescribed antibiotics, the doctor telling her to keep her son away from college and away from others at home as he would be infectious.

Infectious or not, Susan was not going to abandon him. That night she stayed in his room, constantly wiping his face and forehead with a cool damp cloth. He was like that the next night, drifting in and out of consciousness all the time. Each

night Susan stayed in his room, trying to keep him cool as sweat poured from his body. She was exhausted and when he seemed settled, she climbed into bed next to him. His was only a single bed and with the two of them in it, there wasn't a lot of room, but she was too tired to bother and quickly fell asleep.

Douglas was delirious, convinced that Adele was in bed with him. Her nightdress must have ridden up as she slept because when he placed his hand on her belly, he felt bare flesh. He turned partially, his hand travelling upwards over her stomach and ribs until he eventually reached her breasts. He couldn't remember them being this full last time, but he wasn't going to complain as he gently massaged the soft smooth flesh, Adele whimpering in her sleep as he snuggled up against her and lost consciousness once more.

When he came to next, his hand still cupped her breast. Sliding it down her body, he headed for her groin, his erection feeling urgent as he thrust it against her thigh and rubbed. Adele also seemed to have more pubic hair than last time, his fingers lingering there as he played and then his

hand was between her legs as she mumbled in her sleep once more.

He stroked his sister's fanny, playing and teasing as she continued to murmur quietly until she was wet enough for him to insert his finger.

When Susan suddenly awoke, her arousal was already peaking, she felt as randy as hell, quickly aware that her quim was being fingered. She was unable to stop herself from letting forth a groan and at first, imagined she was in her own bed and that her husband was touching her. By the time she remembered that she was in her son's bed, it was too late, the finger in her cunt causing her to orgasm as it continued to penetrate her flue.

She arched her back, her hips leaving the mattress as her climax consumed her, her head twisting one way and then the other as her nerve endings jangled and pleasure surged through her body.

When the hand finally stopped and she had got some semblance of control over her breathing, she slid away from her son and out of the bed. He seemed to be sound asleep, unaware of what he had just done to her, the covers pushed down by either him or herself as she'd climaxed. She didn't want to put the light on and disturb him, instead, she went and opened the curtains a little, letting the moonlight into the room.

Sitting in the chair next to his bed, she couldn't help but stare at his groin, his erect cock had forced its way out of the fly hole in his pyjamas and jerked sporadically. Susan had to stop herself from reaching out and touching it as her body recovered, her fanny still retaining its desires as she got the damp cloth and bathed her son's forehead.

He seemed to be talking nonsense to someone in his sleep and she shook him gently, trying to wake him up but he was well and truly out of it. The idea slowly crept into her head despite her attempts to thrust it away. What she was thinking was disgusting, her son was ill, and she was having revolting thoughts. But no matter how hard she tried, she could not

forget what he had just done to her, her body having gone without for so long was now demanding more.

When she touched his shaft, it was still rock hard, and she withdrew her hand swiftly as it jerked again and made her jump. Cautiously, she wrapped her fingers around his meat, feeling it hot and throbbing in her hand as she slid the skin down and then up again, Douglas muttering to himself.

Taking a deep breath, she eased him more onto his back and into the middle of the bed as she straddled his hips and raised her nightdress. Gripping his cock, she raised herself, positioned it against her cunt and then lowered her body, unable to stop the gasp as it filled her passage.

It wasn't ideal nor what she would have liked, but Susan couldn't stop herself as she rocked back and forth on his shaft, Douglas unresponsive and immobile beneath her. She was amazed at how great it felt to have a cock inside her once more. Even though her son continued to talk gibberish, he did not attempt to complain or touch her.

She hung her head, her hair covering her face as she panted for breath. Her climax was so close, and she would make it provided her son's shaft continued in its present ridged state.

Susan only heard one utterance that sounded semi-coherent, but that was as she climaxed, grinding her fanny against his pelvis. The solitary sound came as her son's head whipped back and he grunted several times, his cock jerking inside her passage as he released a torrent of sperm which splashed hard against her cervix, prolonging her orgasm.

He seemed settled, his breathing sounding easier as she decided she would go back to her own bed at last. As she pulled the covers over herself, her body felt relaxed and sated, Susan, replaying the word she thought she had heard. The sound of her husband snoring annoyed her as she dismissed her thoughts, she hadn't exactly been *compos mentis* when she had heard it, convincing herself she had misheard, why would her son be calling his sisters name.

The next morning, she once again felt disgusted with herself. Checking on Douglas, she found him awake and although he told her he felt weak, he said he was feeling much better. He never did make any mention of that night and Susan just presumed that he had no memory of it.

Time passed, Douglas and Adele coming together infrequently but whenever an opportunity presented itself. Using the magazines as a reference, they tried different positions, some worked, some left them in a heap as they collapsed with laughter. Adele had given him a blowjob, he had kissed and licked her fanny, they had learnt together, both of them becoming more proficient with practice.

By the time their nineteenth birthday arrived, his sister had complimented him on being a considerate lover, but slowly their escapades began to diminish as they both started dating other people.

Susan's relationship with her husband hadn't gotten any better and she had reached the stage where she was

considering leaving him. Blanche was engaged and it wouldn't be too long before she would probably be leaving home which would only leave the two younger ones, although they were not that young anymore.

Although a year had passed, she had not forgotten that night, she still felt disgusted when she brought it to mind, but at the same time, the experience had still excited her.

Douglas was in his room, the door locked as he retrieved another set of magazines, putting the old ones to the bottom of the pile. He had leafed through the first one, mentally making a note of the models he would need to return to when the opportunity arose. He retrieved the second one from down the side of his bed and opened the cover, his mouth dropping open as he stared at the first page.

It wasn't the model he was looking at; it was the proper photograph that rested on top of that first page that held his attention. The woman must have been fifteen or twenty years younger, but there was no mistaking who it was, it was a photo

of his mum dressed in bra, panties, and stockings. Douglas couldn't believe his luck and thanked whichever god he believed in. Lifting the photo from the page, he studied it carefully. It was definitely his mum and she looked bloody fit, his cock automatically showing its appreciation for her figure. He placed it reverently to one side, there was no way that it was going back inside the magazine, he already knew that he would be masturbating to her image tonight.

When he turned the page, he was astonished to see that there was another one. This time she had her back to the camera and was looking over her shoulder at the lens, her bra unfastened. Placing it on top of the first, his trembling fingers turned to the next page. The next photo had her facing the camera, her hands partially covering her breasts. With bated breath, he turned the page again, another photo, still facing the camera, her hands on her hips and her tits jutting proudly from her chest.

Douglas was sweating, the throbbing of his cock unbearable, he desperately needed to wank. His hand visibly shook as he placed the photo on the growing pile and turned the page

again. She had turned away from the camera again, but this time her panties had disappeared.

He was praying they continued as he turned another page. 'Yesss!' The camera had caught her naked and full-frontal, displaying her gorgeous charms. He rushed through each page now, finding pictures of her cupping her breasts, laid on a bed, her legs open. The last picture had her sitting against the bed head, it was easy to see from the look on her face that she was excited, her legs were open wide, and she had several fingers jammed in her fanny.

Douglas couldn't wait as he unzipped his pants and pushed them down, releasing his shaft. It took him moments only as his hand flew to his cock, pumping the flesh rapidly, his eyes staring fixedly at the picture of his mother pleasing herself as the cum blasted from his knob, nearly hitting him in the face.

Decent again, he tucked the magazine beneath his mattress, the photo's he placed in an inside pocket of a jacket he seldom wore in his wardrobe. In his rush to clear everything away, he

had missed one of the pictures which had managed to slide beneath his set of bedside drawers and there it stayed for the present.

Months passed, Douglas retrieving the photo's regularly as he fantasised and wanked to his mother's image, his mind full of all the things he would like to do to her. As summer approached, he and Adele had found an opportunity and despite their other relationships, had spent an afternoon fucking each other.

The magazines were presently forgotten, there were still a couple beneath his mattress, but Douglas couldn't remember the last time he had looked at them, his mother's pictures getting his full-time attention nowadays as he fervently wished that somehow, he could make it a reality. He recognised it for what it was, he knew it was never going to happen, but that didn't stop him from dreaming.

It was that time of year when Susan would work her way around the house giving each room a deep clean. Furniture

was moved, windows were cleaned, the woodwork was wiped down and carpets were hoovered to within an inch of their life. She had already done two of the bedrooms and today it was the turn of her son's. He had been refused entry and told to go elsewhere for the day as she set to in earnest.

When she moved the small chest of drawers next to his bed, she immediately spotted the oblong piece of white paper beneath it. Bending to pick it up, she realised it was a photograph as she turned it over and got the shock of her life. She was looking at a picture of herself taken many years ago wearing nothing but her undies and stockings.

She was shocked, firstly because she hadn't seen it in years, having forgotten all about it, and secondly, on how it had come to be under the set of drawers in her son's bedroom.

Sitting on his bed, her mind drifted back, she would have been in her early twenties, and this was one of about a dozen pictures her husband had taken back then, some of them very risqué. Besides wondering how it had got into Douglas's

room, she also wondered where the rest of them were, starting to worry that her son may have viewed them.

As she cleaned, she hunted, going through drawers and cupboards, checking under piles of clothes in case he had hidden them. She went through his wardrobe, checking in pockets, even the inside pockets of his jackets but at the end of it all, although the room was spick and span she had not found any more photo's.

It was mid-afternoon by the time she had finished cleaning, sitting on his bed as she stared at the picture of herself. She remembered that day when her towel had slipped and how he had looked at her before bolting. She remembered the night when she had lost her self-control and had mounted him while he had been comatose.

'Just the bed linen to change,' she told herself, thrusting other thoughts to one side as she took the photo to her bedroom and hid it.

She had already stripped the bed and decided to turn the mattress, discovering the magazine beneath it as she flipped it over. The house seemed deathly quiet as she began to thumb through it, in a way shocked to find that instead of the young models she was expecting, it was full of middle-aged women no different than herself.

Whilst she wasn't surprised that he was looking at these kinds of top-shelf magazines, she was surprised to find that he had picked more mature women to look at.

Did she say something, or just replace it and pretend it hadn't been found? The more she pondered, the more she began to wonder if he had been as out of it as she presumed that night. Although his eyes had never opened and he had moved very little, had he known it was her, had he been conscious when she mounted him, had he kept it secret all this time, the fact that his mother had shagged him?

Susan was having a cold sweat; did she ask him about the photograph and why he had it? The more she thought about

it, the more fearful she got, her hands shaking and her mind in turmoil.

She made his bed with fresh linen and replaced the magazine, collecting up her brushes and dusters and closing his bedroom door behind her.

When summer did finally come around, she was going through mental anguish each day, imaging all sorts of scenarios, convinced by now that her son knew exactly what she had done and was waiting his moment to tell her husband. Which was why she came up with a plan. It wasn't a bad plan, but then neither was it a good one. It would work more on luck than on any divine providence that she could control. It made her nervous, thinking about it, but then so did the thought of confronting her son.

Both Blanche and her husband were at work and she had taken a few days off from her job. Adele was out somewhere with friends and Douglas was lounging about the house, college finished for the next eight weeks. His friends were away with their families presently and so he was going through the normal teenage ritual of being bored.

He had been downstairs mooching about when she told him she had a bit of a headache and that she was going to lie down for a while, and he should call her in an hour or so. The day was warming up nicely as she walked into her bedroom and undressed, putting on a shorty, lightweight robe to cover her nudity.

Opening her bedroom door just enough, she positioned it so that if her son passed, he would be able to see in. She then arranged herself on the bed, opening her robe slightly and making it look like it had come unfastened while she slept, as she closed her eyes.

Perhaps she did doze for a little while, she wasn't sure. But she suddenly got the feeling that someone was watching her. Susan wanted to open her eyes and turn her head, but now she felt fearful of doing so. There was no one else in the house, so if someone was looking at her, it could only be Douglas. Time seemed to tick by slowly, Susan lying perfectly still, 'This is ridiculous,' she thought, making a pretence of slowly coming awake.

As she stretched, yawned, and opened her eyes, she could see nothing of her son, but within moments, a knock came at her door and his voice called out that just over an hour had passed. So, he had been there, he had stood at her door looking at her naked body. The realisation sent a shiver and a thrill through her as she once again imagined his cock filling her pussy.

Douglas couldn't believe his luck, he had come up to his room about twenty minutes after his mother had gone upstairs, thinking to browse through a couple of the magazines which he hadn't touched in a while. As he passed his mother's room he had glanced in and stopped, there was no way he could miss her lying partially naked on her bed, her robe having slipped open.

He must have stood there for a good half hour as she slept and he rubbed softly at his cock, the bulge in his pants growing impatient and needing urgent attention. But there was no way he could attend to it without missing out on this chance which may never come again.

That night, he retrieved her picture from the loft where he had put them once she announced she was going to clean his room. His hands ran up and down his glans as he masturbated, sometimes looking at the picture and other times closing his eyes and remembering his mother naked on her bed. How he wished he had dared to open her door further and go in.

As he imagined his cock sliding in and out of her cunt, his mother pleading with him to cum inside her, he shot his load, white cream spurting from his shaft and expertly caught in a tissue.

Much to his surprise, the next day she again said she was going to lay down for a while and to bring her up a brew in an hour. If he had thought about it properly, he may have wondered why she had done the same thing two days in a row. As it was, his thoughts centred on whether her door would be open again and what the chances were of him seeing her naked once more.

As she had done the previous day, Susan set the scene, the door open a little more this time so that if she squinted through partly closed eyes, she would be able to see him stood there. Again, she arranged herself, her robe open enough to tantalise her son but still making it look like it had opened of its own accord. She was shaking as she closed her eyes, her body full of excitement and nervous energy.

Susan suddenly came alert, sure she had just heard the creak of a stair step. Calming her breathing as much as she could, she breathed slow and deeply, making it sound as though she was asleep. After several minutes in this position, sure that she was being watched, she squinted, peering through nearly closed eyelids.

Her son was standing just outside her bedroom door and was quietly but intently watching her. She continued to lay still, opening her eyes slightly more and suddenly noticing the bulge at his groin.

Douglas couldn't believe his luck again, it was like a repeat of yesterday as he stood and admired his mother's naked body, his cock throbbing as intently as it had done yesterday. What he would have really liked to do was to whip it out and toss himself off.

He was gently rubbing at his penis when the sound of her voice stopped him in his tracks, shock dispelling any calmness he had been feeling.

'I know you're there. Why are you staring at me?'

A year previously, he had bolted, embarrassed at seeing his mother naked. Time had moved on though, nowadays he was dating and the regular episodes with his sister had given him confidence in himself and his abilities.

'Because you are beautiful..... ' he stammered, Susan's heart missing a beat, 'and sexy, and a pleasure to look at.'

What sprang into her head quickly was the reason he had her photograph and a sudden realisation of what it was being used for.

'Is that why you have a photo of me?' she asked. 'Where did you find it?'

'It was in the cellar.' Came his reply.

Susan stretched, opened her eyes, and rolled onto her back, sitting propped up slightly. Although she moved her robes, she did not attempt to cover herself completely.

'Are you going to stand out there all day or are you going to come in?'

Douglas stood at the bottom of her bed and fidgeted, Susan trying to look at his face but her eyes continually flitting to the bulge that threatened to hold her attention completely.

'So how long has this been going on? She asked. He looked a little shamefaced as he told her it had been over twelve months, which surprised her.

'So do you use my picture to..... ahem. You know?' She couldn't bring herself to use the word. She was older than him, she was his mother for god's sake and yet here she was acting like she was younger than he was. Little did she know how different her youngest daughter would have handled this situation.

'Sometimes,' Douglas said embarrassingly. His voice trembled and internally he was shaking like a leaf, but he was convinced that something was going on, he just hadn't worked out what yet.

'Do you think that's appropriate?' Susan asked, trying to make herself sound like an adult.

'I suppose not, but then neither is my mother lying naked on her bed with the door open,' he shot back, catching her out.

Susan moved sideways, making space on the bed. His answer had taken her by surprise, did he know what she was up to? Was he going to bring up the subject of that night? She patted the bed next to her, 'Come and take a seat.'

Douglas sat down and swivelled as he stretched out next to her, his bulge more prominent now that he was partly laid down.

Susan still wasn't sure what to say or do next and so asked what to her was the most obvious question.

'Have you been fantasising about me?'

Douglas took his time before answering his mother, becoming certain bit by bit, that this situation had been engineered. He wondered how much to disclose, what to tell her and of course, how to tell her, he couldn't use the words he used with his sister.

'Yes, I've fantasised about you,' he finally said.

'So, what do we do in these fantasies of yours?'

Douglas couldn't help but find her question funny, giving her an enigmatic smile as he turned his head and said, 'Come on mum. What do you think we do in my fantasies, sit, and talk about the weather?' He chuckled but she noticed that his eyes kept dropping to her breasts.

'But why?' she asked. 'Does it not bother you that I'm your mum. Should you really be thinking of me in that way? Besides that, I am not young anymore, I'm a middle-aged woman and I'm sure I'm not beautiful.... or sexy.'

He turned properly onto his side now, in that way he would get a constant view of her tits. 'You look as beautiful and as sexy to me as you did in those pictures..... when were they, twenty years ago?'

She was momentarily shocked, so he had seen the rest of the pictures and the things she was doing to herself in them.

'Where are they?' she asked.

'Don't worry, they are safely hidden away.'

The conversation went back and forth for a while longer, Susan getting a thrill and feeling the excitement of being naked in front of her son. Douglas felt blessed that he was being allowed to look at her nudity as he memorised every inch of her that he could see.

'So, what do we do now?' she asked, as she turned to face him, her robe slipping open even more.

Douglas considered he had one chance only, either this would work, or he was about to get his face slapped.

'Well, I could go and make you your brew.... or.' He leant forward suddenly and kissed her.

He took his mother by surprise, her eyes opening wide as their lips were suddenly pressed together. It lasted momentarily before her eyes closed, her arms going around him as she melted into the kiss.

Susan's body was buzzing, she could feel herself trembling in his arms and waiting for that first touch. But he broke the kiss and still hadn't touched her.

'That was a bit forward of you. What makes you think you can satisfy a mature woman like me?'

She said it in a way so that he knew she was joking, but tried to keep her face serious.

'What makes you think you can keep up with a youngster like me?' he asked with a grin as he pulled his t-shirt over his head and proceeded to remove his pants and shorts.

By the time he was naked, Susan was finding it hard to breathe, especially when she got a view of his erection.

Douglas had been intent on teasing and arousing her, but Susan had different ideas. She didn't need arousing; she was already desperate to be fucked. When he kissed her again and she felt his throbbing flesh pressing against her she forced him onto his back and straddled his hips, ecstatic at feeling his cock rubbing against her quim again. Raising herself, she grabbed his shaft, pushed it against her fanny and dropped like a stone, groaning loudly as it filled her. She desperately wanted this to happen before either of them came to their senses and changed their minds.

Firmly ensconced on his dick, she relaxed, slowly taking the time to tease her son as she tantalisingly removed her robe. Susan watched her sons face, easily seeing the excitement in

his eyes and the rapture plastered across his features as he gave her a look of adoration.

Leaning forward on outstretched arms, she dangled her tits over his face and giggled like a schoolgirl as his head kept popping up, his lips kissing and trying to suck at her nipples. As she began to rock back and forwards, Susan lifted higher each time, enjoying the sensations as his cock was withdrawn and then as it filled her again. Douglas's hands went to her tits, fondling and squeezing her full ample flesh as it swung above him, her erect nipples being pinched by his fingers and thumbs frequently.

Susan loudly groaned each time he applied pressure, loving her teats being abused. By now she was highly aroused, her son's groin wet with the juices that she secreted as she continued to bounce up and down on his shaft.

Gripping her buttocks Douglas began fucking his mother with gusto, her blank unseeing eyes staring at him as her mouth hung open and she panted and squealed.

'Holy fuck, this is so good,' she managed to exclaim just as she started to climax.

Throwing her head back, Susan howled, exquisite pleasure coursing through her body as her orgasm and her son's still pounding cock carried her along. The sensations seemed never-ending, culminating in her feeling his cock jerk inside her cunt as he filled her with his seed, prolonging her climax as he continued to fuck her.

When his hips finally came to a rest Susan collapsed on top of him, her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath.

Oh my god, that was good, that was so fucking good!' She was talking as much to herself as she was to her son. Her body felt completely satisfied, but empty, as though all the energy had been drained from it. While she had only originally come upstairs to pretend to sleep, at that moment she could have closed her eyes and slept soundly.

That wasn't going to happen as far as Douglas was concerned. When she rolled from him, slumping on her back and slightly spreadeagled, he turned on his side so that he could further inspect her body.

She may have been middle-aged, but to Douglas, she looked delectable. Laid on her back, her tits flattened slightly and parted. He laid his hand on the curve of her rounded belly, feeling it rise and fall as she breathed. His hand began to roam over her smooth supple flesh, up to her breasts as he gently fondled both mammaries, taking delight at tweaking her nipples and making them harden.

As he toyed with her, teasing, and slowly arousing her again, her breathing rather than slowing started to increase, his hands wandering over her body as their lips met. The kiss was exciting and tantalising, full of passion and promise, their mouths grinding together. When his fingers found her protruding pussy lips, opened them, and slid into her, Susan's hips responded as they lifted from the bed, forcing her cunt against his hand.

'He was so young,' she thought, 'Still a boy,' but as he brought her body alive once more, Susan cast the thought aside, happy for him to do whatever he wanted to her.

She was about to complain when his fingers were removed, but before she could say anything she felt the head of his shaft pushing against her open and wet fanny. And then she groaned and gasped as it slid up her passage, its travel hitting sensitive nerves as it went. Susan's legs went around his hips, dragging him deeper into her cunt with each thrust of his hips as he steadily increased her arousal.

Douglas watched her tits bounce back and forth as he fucked her. He couldn't resist grabbing them, squeezing, and making them bulge, her nipples standing upright and inviting his lips and mouth to suckle on them. Susan kept grabbing his face and kissing his mouth, her cries of pleasure increasing especially when he knelt upright, withdrew a little and opened her pussy so that he could gently rub at her clitoris, something his sister Adele always loved.

She was so close Douglas thought, his own ejaculation not far away. His thrusting increased, his cock slamming into his mother's cunt as she writhed beneath him using language that turned the air blue. And then she threw her head back and arched her back, her fingers clawing at him as he made her climax.

'Oh fuck, oh my god. Yes Douglas, yes that's it, yes, yes, yesss.'

Seconds later he joined her as his cock spat his load deep inside her fanny, his pounding of her genitals continuing until he dropped from exhaustion.

Knackered, Susan curled up against him. 'Perhaps he had been right,' she thought, 'would she be able to keep up with his youthfulness and energy.'

By the time they had fucked for the third time it was mid-afternoon, they had spent nearly half the day in bed. Susan had things she needed to do before the others arrived home

at tea-time and reluctantly swung her legs over the edge of the bed, realising that they felt like they wouldn't support her.

After a quick shower, she felt refreshed. She had refused her son entrance to the bathroom while she was in there, knowing that there was every chance he would want to join her in the shower, and she would never have tea ready on time.

That evening she was grateful that her son behaved impeccably, making no mention of what they had done and then disappearing up to his room once their meal was finished. On the pretence of going to the toilet, Susan went up to his room. Closing the door partly behind her she grabbed his face and kissed him.

'Thank you, thank you, thank you,' she whispered breathlessly 'I can't tell you how you have made me feel. But if you wanted to repeat it.....?'

She could tell by the look on his face that was what he wanted to hear.

'You must promise not to say anything to anyone,' she told him.

'Don't worry,' Douglas said with a mischievous glint in his eye, 'I'll take care of you.' Susan laughed softly; she knew exactly what he was implying.

That was the start of their affair, the rest of her week off was spent in bed each day with her son as Susan got herself shagged time and time again. Although she wouldn't ever have admitted it, she was quite looking forward to going back to work, at least she would get a rest. She had underestimated her son's ability to perform, and no longer could she complain she wasn't getting enough, she'd had more sex in that week than she'd had in the last six months.

Over the next two years, their lives would change, but no one could foresee the future and so, for the present, Susan and her son consummated their affair at any opportunity.

There were hiccups along the way, several times they nearly got caught, but it all added to the fun and the thrill of their illicit relationship.

Douglas was always careful not to make any remarks when the rest of the family were about, but when he got her alone, he couldn't keep his hands to himself. The neighbours must have wondered what when on in their house when his father, Adele and Blanche were out, his mother could be quite vocal and would scream when he chased her up the stairs to her bedroom, pinching her bottom as they went. Over time and without knowing, he slowly replaced his father in the bedroom department, although it was only later that he came to learn of it.

Douglas took the stairs two at a time, dumped his college bag in the corner of his room and collapsed onto his bed placing his arms behind his head as he relaxed. Lately, he had been feeling philosophical, pondering the changes that had happened within his family and in his life.

He and Adele had just turned twenty, both of them at the same college. Whilst she seemed to have been dating the same lad forever, it did not stop the very infrequent bouts of sex that she had with Douglas.

He thought about her often and how it had happened. At the very beginning, yes, he noticed as she began to change from a young girl into a teenager, but he had never had any thoughts concerning her as regards sex.

It wasn't that he hadn't noticed her legs getting shapely or her burgeoning bosom. The fact that she had a nice bottom or any of the other changes that altered the shape of her body, it was just that he did not see her in a sexual way, she was his sister.

The turning point or trigger in his own life had been the day when he had caught that first glance of his mother's naked body. Douglas couldn't let the image go, perhaps it was because she was the first woman he had seen in the flesh. Whatever it was he had become besotted with her, maybe as far as becoming obsessed and even though to this day he

wasn't sure how it had happened, at nineteen his fantasy had been fulfilled when he slept with her.

Blanche his older sister was married and had moved out from home and in with her new husband, renting a house out near his college. He saw her frequently when she visited, but they had never been that close, probably because of the age difference.

For all the dreams and fantasies, he'd had about his mum, surprisingly it was Adele whom he first had sex with. Again, he had never been sure how it had come about, that first episode being initiated by her.

Things had started slowly between him and his mum, it was like there was something in the background that neither of them realised, but once they did, it began to escalate. Whenever the opportunity arose, they would fuck and then sit and chat afterwards and it was how he learnt that as far as she was concerned, her marriage to his father was over. Slowly, she became his preference, girlfriends coming and

going in rapid succession. From what she said, he had become her preference as well she told him one time, he was the only one that she now had sex with.

And then finally there had been a blazing row one day and his father had left. His mum's suspicions that he had been having an affair behind her back were founded, the last thing they heard he had moved in with this woman and Douglas had taken over his duties in the bedroom.

He was still pondering how everything had happened when a knock came at his door, it opened and Adele strolled into his room, plonking herself next to him on the bed. At least now they were not as squashed up as they used to be, his old single had gone, replaced with a double bed.

'Hi,' she said, 'You tired?'

Douglas shook his head, 'Just musing and thinking about the past.'

'Let it go,' Adele laughed, 'What's done is done.'

There was silence for a few minutes before he spoke again.

'Can I ask you a question/'

'You already have done,' she quipped and laughed again, turning on her side to face him.

'That very first time, what made you want to do something like that? Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining, it's just that it has always been a puzzle.

She went quiet for a moment before she spoke. 'Honestly, when I came into your room, the thought had never entered my head. I suppose sitting here next to you and leafing through those magazines turned me on. Looking at pictures of hard cocks was thrilling, but I still had no desire to see yours,' she giggled

'I was saying all those things to tease you, just like you used to do to me. You could have knocked me down with a feather when you went through with it and whipped your cock out. The trouble was, that once I saw it, I just had this urge to touch it.'

'I'm sure there were plenty of lads who would have let you see theirs,' Douglas replied.

'Probably,' said Adele, 'You were just in the right place at the right time.'

'So, why did you come back a second time?'

'That was simple,' she told him, 'after we did that, I knew I wanted sex. Yes, there were lads I could have chosen, but I worried that afterwards, they would have gone around telling their mates. I knew you wouldn't, that you would keep it secret. And I now know I made the right decision.'

Adele glanced at her watch, a mischievous look in her eyes as she turned her attention back to him.

'We have an hour before mum gets home,' she said quietly as her hand slid into his groin and began rubbing at his cock.

Naked and side by side, Douglas took her from behind, his cock pumping into her cunt as his hand reached over and cupped her tits, nowadays nearly as large as his mothers. Adele groaned loudly as he twisted her nipple and sank his dick into her flesh once more.

As much as she loved her fella she could never deny her brother, her arousal ramping up rapidly as Douglas fucked her and played with her tits. Sex with her boyfriend was good, but there was something extra special about having her brother's cock inside her quim.

With one hand beneath her and playing with her tits, his other hand reached between her legs, Adele opening them wider and giving him greater access. He found her clit, pushed back

its hood, and gently massaged it, his sister going mad as she began to shiver and shake.

And then he was fucking her ferociously, her body twisting as she tried to get more of him inside her and calling his name over and over again as she orgasmed, her fanny full of cum mixing with her juices as Douglas continued to pound her.

They were cleaned up and decent by the time their mother arrived home, Douglas, still not able to get over the fact that he was shagging his mother and sister and had so far managed to keep it a secret from them both.

After tea, Adele disappeared leaving Douglas and Susan alone.

Have you anything planned?' she asked. Douglas shook his head. Currently, he was without a girlfriend, not that it particularly bothered him.

'Give me a couple of minutes,' she said as she disappeared upstairs.

When his mother returned, she had changed, gone were her work clothes, in their place she wore black stockings, the tops of which he could see because her skirt was so short. The shirt she wore must have been at least a size too small for her because the front gapped, the buttons straining to keep it fastened across her breasts.

'Get undressed for me' she told him as she pulled the curtains closed.

Naked and sat on the couch with his cock pointing skywards, She came and opened her legs as she straddled his before sitting in his lap, the skirt riding upwards and exposing her stocking tops, an expanse of, creamy white thigh and the tiny black panties, split at the crotch, that she wore.

Two distinct protrusions in the front of the shirt attracted his attention, his mother's nipples were already hard and trying

to force their way through the material. When he reached out to touch them, his hand was slapped away.

'No, no, no. You're not allowed to touch yet,' she said in a husky voice.

Making a claw shape with her fingers, she encircled his engorged knob, swivelling it around and then over and under as she increased his arousal, his breathing getting faster and coarser. When she got him to a point where he was trying to hump her hand, she withdrew it, using her fingers now to tease her nipples.

One by one she unfastened the button of her shirt, pulling it open to display a half-cup bra, most of her tits and especially her teats hanging over the edge of the cup. His hands were itching to touch her, but still, she denied him, slapping him away each time he attempted. Still teasing, she lifted her left breast from its housing, cupping it and pushing it upwards as she bent her head, stuck out her tongue and licked at the elongated teat.

'Jesus,' Douglas thought, if he didn't fuck her soon, he was going to burst.

When Susan had him ready, she slid from his lap, removing her shirt followed by her bra. And then she knelt between his open legs, grabbed his shaft, and leant forward, smiling as she ran her tongue over her lips and opened her mouth. In the next second his hips lifted from the couch as his cock was enveloped by her warm mouth, her tongue licking and running over its plump head before her hand started sliding up and down his shaft.

She wanked him vigorously, Douglas crying out continually and trying to warn her it was too fast and too soon. She paid no heed, her hand tossing him off faster as he closed his eyes, raised his hips, and was about to shoot his load into her mouth when she suddenly stopped and gripped the base of his shaft tightly. She kept her grip until his imminent release subsided and then pulled him from the couch, exchanging places with him as she pulled her skirt up to her waist and grabbed her legs, raising and opening them wide.

'Fuck me. Fuck your slut of a mother. Come on, ram your cock into me.'

Douglas didn't need any further coercion as he grabbed her ankles, opened her further still and plunged his cock into her sopping wet cunt, fucking her as fast and furiously as he could while she screamed and cried her enthusiasm for what he was doing.

'God,' he thought, 'She was fucking wet through,' his cock continuing to pound her snatch and the room full of the sound of wet flesh slapping together. He took her to the brink and stopped, withdrawing his cock long enough to rip her panties from her before grasping her ankles once more and raising her legs again. This time though he aimed for a different orifice as his shaft slid up her arse and he brutally sodomised her.

'Play with yourself. Finger your cunt for me, just like you did in your pictures.'

Susan's hand shot out as she alternated between fingering her pussy and rubbing at her clit, her sons cock continuing to invade her back passage.

And then she climaxed, her fingers jammed inside her cunt as she screamed and cried, her body shaking violently as she felt his cum burst inside her arse, an exotic erotic floating feeling sweeping over her as her orgasm carried her away into senselessness.

Douglas was cradling her when she came too. She was as happy as she had ever been, even the sex when she was young had not been this fantastic. She didn't miss her husband, she didn't even think of him, her son was giving her what she wanted and more.

'Douglas? Are you on a half-day tomorrow?' His mother called to him from the kitchen as she made herself a hot drink to take up to bed with her. Adele had already retired, and he was just finishing watching the end of a program. What he would

have liked to have done was go upstairs with his mother and spend the night in her bed, but with his sister at home, it just wasn't possible. This was probably for the best because if they ever found out he was shafting the both of them, his life wouldn't be worth living.

'Yeah, mum. I should be finished just before twelve.'

She came in carrying her cup and put it on a side table as she handed him a bunch of letters.

'Be a sweetie tomorrow. Call in at your sisters on the way home and drop these off. All you have to do is push them through the letterbox.'

Douglas promised he would as she hesitated for a moment, glanced around her, and then leant forward, allowing her robe to hang open and giving him a view of her tits as she kissed him and rubbed at his prick.

'Think of me when you wank to my pictures,' she teased, picking up her cup and heading upstairs, leaving him with a painful boner.

With his lecture finished, Douglas slung his bag over his shoulder. It was only a five-minute walk to Blanche's house and was on his route home anyway. As he was posting the letters through her door, it opened, Douglas hadn't expected his sister to be home.

'Hi, come on in,' she invited. 'Do you want a brew or would you rather a beer?'

Douglas settled for a coffee; it was too early for him to start drinking. Blanche enquired after their mother and her sister, the two of them sitting and chatting at the dining table which felt slightly strange to Douglas because it wasn't something they had really done in the past. Yes, they had talked, but normally at home with his sister or mother also in attendance, it had been very rare that he would have had a one to one with his eldest sister.

'Do you miss dad?' she asked him, Douglas shrugging his shoulders. It wouldn't be prudent to explain that he wasn't bothered about his father moving out, especially as it meant that he got to spend more time in his mother's bed.

'Are you and Adele behaving?' Blanche suddenly asked, Douglas, considering it a strange question. They were no longer kids, and even when they were, they certainly hadn't misbehaved to an extent that would warrant a comment from his sister.

He gave her a puzzled look, 'What are you asking Blanche. Adele and I always behave, and we help mum as much as we can.'

His sister seemed embarrassed by her question, looking as though she wanted to ask something but didn't know where to start or how to phrase her words.

She started slowly, trying to drop hints as she went along.  
'Remember when mum and dad went away for a few days?'

Douglas remembered very well, even though it was now several years ago.

'Remember that I went out that evening?'

Douglas nodded. 'Even though you were supposed to be keeping an eye on us.'

His sister's face seemed to colour as she continued. 'It was late when I got back, and you were both asleep.' He chuckled at that. 'It was always late when you got back sis, neither of us expected you to be home when you said. Anyway, we were fine.'

Blanche coughed several times, as though clearing her throat.  
'You were both in the same bed when I got home.' Douglas

immediately knew where she was going with this, she had put two and two together, and for once, had got the right answer.

He presumed that as she hadn't said anything to either Adele or himself and certainly not to his parents after all this time, she wasn't going to go blabbing now. Sitting back in his chair, he gave her a mysterious smile.

Perhaps we just fell asleep together,' he said. He could tell by the look on his sisters face that she wasn't accepting that as an excuse.

Blanche coughed again, wishing now that she hadn't started this conversation. She still thought of her brother as he had been, five or six years ago, today he looked very different. He wasn't unattractive she was forced to admit to herself and while at one time she had towered over him, nowadays he stood as tall if not taller than she was. He had filled out over the preceding years, his penchant for playing the game of rugby having given his muscles.

'Well, if that was the case, why were you both naked?'

Douglas leaned forward, he now knew that she suspected something had happened. Giving her a supercilious smile, he asked.

'How do you know we were naked?'

'Because I lifted the covers and looked.' Blanche appeared uncomfortable; her face having coloured again. 'Had you and Adele been..... you know..... playing?'

Douglas wanted to laugh out loud but instead made his face look serious as he decided to have some fun with her.

'No, we hadn't been playing.' He paused for effect, 'We'd been having sex. Adele and I had been fucking.'

He thought Blanche was going to have a heart attack, her face looked stricken and drained of colour.

'I..... I presume that it..... (cough) doesn't happen anymore?'

'Douglas gave her a twinkling smile as he leaned even closer and lowered his voice. 'Why would you presume that?'

For the next thirty-five minutes, she asked questions and he explained in graphic detail what he and Adele had got up to, even inventing things that had never happened as he watched his older sister start to fidget, her chest rising and falling rapidly even though he could tell she was trying to control it.

Blanche felt hot, sweat was running down her back. But that wasn't the worst of her problems, it was what was happening between her legs, that intense demand in her fanny was beginning to dominate her thoughts.

'Anyway, why bring it up after all this time?' Douglas asked, 'or have you got an ulterior motive. Is that it? Are you

wondering what it would be like if you and I went upstairs to your bedroom?'

He was enjoying himself, as well as getting aroused at the same time. It was thrilling to talk dirty to his sister, the look on her face telling him that she was struggling to control herself.

Blanche immediately began trying to deny his accusation, her problem was that some of what he had just said was true. She refused to answer him, coming out with questions of her own. 'So, if you say it is still going on, why? You have had girlfriends, Adele's got a boyfriend. Why are you still having sex with each other?'

Douglas actually thought about her question, it was a good one. There had been girlfriends and there was his mother, so why did he still look forward to bedding his sister, likewise, why was bedding his mum always so special?

For once he was serious as he explained. 'I suppose that any relationship gets stale after a while, look at mum and dad. It's not as if Adele and I are jumping into bed every day, it's only occasionally. I think that is what makes the difference, we have no routine, we don't know when it will happen, it is just spontaneous., coupled with the fact that she is my sister, it adds a level to the sex that is impossible to find elsewhere.'

Blanche was wavering, her head full of images of Douglas and Adele having sex. The more they talked, the more he answered her questions, the greater was the demand between her legs.

She suddenly asked another question and then wondered why she had. 'Did you ever think of me like that?' She cursed herself, why did she want to know and why did it matter?

'Honestly Blanche, NO!' her stomach lurched. 'Don't get me wrong, you were extremely attractive, fit even. But I suppose it was the age difference back then, Adele and I had lots in common, plus we are twins, you and I had little in common.'

Does that still apply, No! You are still attractive and I am old enough now to appreciate that.'

He stopped for a moment and stared at her intently. 'If the opportunity arose now, would I dismiss it?' Douglas shook his head. 'If it happened, then I would find it just as pleasurable as I do with Adele.'

Blanche was struggling to control her breathing, her nipples were hard and her panties damp, her body crying out for sex.

She knew what her brother was saying without him having to come right out with it. 'What the fuck did she do?' she was wondering. He was just sitting there looking at her, did she make a move on him, he had already implied he was open to the idea. Was she? The thought of doing something like that with him was making her feel embarrassed.

Douglas could see her hesitancy and knew she was on the verge. 'Come here,' he said and smiled.

'What?' Blanche asked shuffling in her chair. 'Just come here, I promise not to bite.' Hesitantly she stood, slowly making her way across to him.

He patted his knee, 'Sit!' Blanche sat in his lap, her legs hanging over the side of the chair. She waited but her brother did not attempt to do anything else other than to put one arm around her waist.

Sitting so close was arousing she was beginning to find, her breathing becoming laboured. She saw him glancing at her breasts as her chest heaved up and down and she tried to control them but to no avail. She was getting excited at the fact that her brother knew she was excited, it was as though she was tormenting herself and still he continued to do and say nothing other than to watch her.

As silly as it felt, she now wanted him to touch her, she wanted him to make a move, her tits and fanny were crying out for attention, her arousal escalating to a point of no return when

he suddenly raised his other hand and stroked her cheek, she turned her face towards him and waited, for what seemed like forever, then his face moved closer as she closed her eyes and felt his lips touch hers. It was slow, it was seductive, and it was tantalising, the longer it went on, the more passionate it became, Blanche, finding herself plunging her tongue into his mouth as she nipped his bottom lip. Her mouth was on the move, her hands gripping her brother's face as the kiss took her to heights that she never imagined.

She could feel it, her brother's erection pushing against her bottom, Blanche unable to stop herself from grinding her buttocks against it. She was so preoccupied with his boner and kissing him that she missed her blouse being unbuttoned. It wasn't until he pushed her bra up and out of the way as her tits fell free that she realised.

His hand grasped her breast as he fondled and massaged the fleshy mammary, twisting and pulling at her nipple as she began to wail, her arousal now so great that she was oblivious to the fact that the person pleasuring her was her brother.

Relinquishing one orb, his hand slid over her belly as he began to inch her skirt upwards, finally exposing her panties and then softly massaging her twat through the thin material. When the hand, pulled the gusset to one side and stroked her cunt, Blanche climaxed. She was panting, her fanny alive to his touch and the wave of pleasure that flooded her body like an explosion taking place as his finger slid up and down her slit, spreading the juices leaking from it before it slid inside her, touching and arousing her internal flesh.

She couldn't kiss him anymore, she needed to breathe. She squirmed in his lap as he fingered her, prolonging her orgasm and then building her up for a second one before the first had finished. At the last second, to her cries of despair, he pulled his hand and finger away.

'Play with yourself for me,' Douglas whispered as his hand cupped her breast, squashing and pulling at it as he took her nipple into his mouth.

Blanche's hand flew to her cunt as she jammed several fingers up her flue and fingered herself vigorously. She was too far gone now to stop the explosion that happened in her vagina, sensations flooding her brain as her body shook and she screamed her release. When her hand got tired, Douglas took over, his fingers pounding her cunt until she had achieved a third orgasm, tears rolling down her cheek and her emotions shredded.

When he finally stopped, his hand still gently caressing her fanny he whispered in her ear.

'Tell me, tell me what you want me to do to you. If you ask nicely, I'll take you upstairs and fuck you. But you have to tell me.'

Blanche didn't ask, she begged and pleaded with him until he helped her from his lap and stood, taking her hand as he led her upstairs to her bedroom.

Once there, he made her undress, marvelling as she removed items of clothing until she was naked as his eyes roved over

her rounded belly, her plump thighs, and her large breasts. While she watched and her eyes devoured him, he stripped off, his cock jutting out from his groin and jerking in anticipation.

He indicated the bed, 'Lie down and open your legs,' he instructed, Blanche, doing exactly as she was told as he shuffled between her thighs, pressed his cock against her open piss flaps and waited. She screamed and bucked when he rammed it into her, her hips rising to meet his thrust as he fucked her hard and fast.

She was already a wet and sloppy mess down below, his cock banging her cunt steadily as her belly and tits bounced back and forwards. Grabbing hold of her magnificent bosom, he squeezed hard, riding his sister until she had nearly reached her peak before slowing and leaning forward on outstretched arms as he began to kiss and lick her tits.

'Tell me. Tell me what you want.' Blanche was nearly beside herself as she begged him once more.

'I want you to fuck me, I want you to make me cum and I want to feel your cock fill me with spunk!'

The words were hardly out of her mouth as his groin smashed into hers, his hips a blur as he shagged her as fast and hard as he could. He brought her to her pinnacle and then pushed her over the edge as she writhed beneath him, her body twisting this way and that as she orgasmed and then he cried out and filled her cunt with his hot cream, blending it into a sloppy mess with her juices as he continued to fuck her feverously until she was past caring anymore, a large damp patch spreading beneath her bottom.

When she surfaced from that realm of sublime gratification, she couldn't believe what she had allowed him to do. Her fanny while feeling raw was extremely satisfied and she couldn't remember ever having been fucked like that. She could feel her brother watching her as she turned on her side to face him.

'And now, if you would like, we can make love,' he whispered to her, his cock already hard and erect again she noted as he pulled her on top of him.

By the time he left, Blanche thought she would never be able to walk again. The afternoon had passed in a blur and her husband would be home in less than an hour. She opened a window to get rid of the smell of sex and straightened the bed, she just had time for a quick shower before he returned. She was excited, her brother had promised to visit again soon, and she now knew why her sister Adele had entertained him.

He had been correct, there had been something about having sex with him that set it apart from other men or her husband. There was an extra element of excitement there, the knowledge that they were brother and sister and that they were indulging in something so taboo that it added a thrill to the encounter that she had never experienced before.

By the time he was twenty-one, his sister Adele had also moved out, now living with her boyfriend as plans were made

to get married once college was finished and she had qualified. Douglas's friends mocked him for still living at home with his mother, but he wasn't bothered, he wasn't going to tell them that it came with benefits.

Life was now easier, Adele had her own place and when the need arose, he would visit, and they would spend the day in bed fucking.

He had become a regular visitor to his sister Blanche's home, even when she found out she was pregnant. There was something highly erotic about shagging her with her ponderous tits and enlarged belly.

The best part though was that he now had the house and especially his mother to himself. When no one was expected she would dress like a tart for him and over time he had her in every room. But the best bit by far was that at the end of each evening he could follow her firm rounded gorgeous bottom up the stairs and then share her bed as they indulged in whatever sordid acts they wanted.

One evening, he thought about the past and the simple accident that had started all of this. It had been like throwing a stone into a pond and then watching the ripples emanating from its centre.

If his mother had not accidentally lost her towel, he wouldn't have gone hunting in the cellar for the magazines. In turn, without the magazines, he very much doubted that anything would have happened between him and Adele.

His mother at one point had confessed to him about what she had done the time he was ill. But again and even though he had no memory of it, if he had not been sleeping with his sister, he may not have been hallucinating that she was in bed with him and would not have inadvertently touched his mum.

Without the magazines, he would not have found her photo's, another thing that had led to them eventually becoming lovers. And if he had not been in bed with Adele that night,

then his sister Blanche would not have found them and perhaps he would never have shagged her.

'Thank God for the ripple effect.' He thought.

# The Secret

## The Secret

I'm not going to tell you this is a totally true story, because it isn't! The characters are real, or at least they were, of course, I've changed their names, I don't know why because both of them are now gone. I didn't suspect, their friends didn't suspect, their neighbours never suspected. To everyone who knew them, they were just a normal couple living their lives. In their old age, I would see him pottering around his garden when I visited, while she sat in her deckchair, enjoying the sun, but never taking her eyes off him.

How come I know about their secret? I can't tell you, perhaps they had kept the secret so long, that in the end, they just had to tell someone. I knew that the village existed and also the town but not how they came to be together. Over the years that I knew them, I was always certain of one thing, that they were still after all that time together, in love. Neighbours and friends commented on it, how nice it was to see a couple

growing old and still feeling as they did, especially in an age where people tended to marry for five minutes.

I had popped around for tea one evening when out of the blue, they started to tell me their story, little snippets of how and why it had happened, but never any real detail. And then one day, they were gone, and their secret was now my secret, I kept it as long as I could, but now it's time to pass the secret along. I decided to fill in the details myself, bringing their lives forward into a new era, and write about their relationship, a story not primarily of incest but love. I've no idea if any of it happened like I imagined, in a way I hope it did, because one thing that I'm certain about, was that right to the very end, they felt no shame for what they had done. It may have been wrong in the eyes of the law and to everyone around them, but to the two of them, it was the most perfect thing in the world.

Reunion

Tom parked the car down the side of the house before climbing out and retrieving his suitcase from the boot of the vehicle. Looking around him, he felt as though nothing had changed, he had driven through the town and into the village, all of it looking exactly as it did the day he left and he wondered if anyone had actually missed him whilst he had been away. He had graduated from university at twenty-one with a degree in engineering but had decided to take a year's break and travel. That year had turned into two as he travelled and worked his way around most of Europe, not being bothered what jobs he did, content to earn enough to fund his travel and subsistence.

He had met up with a young woman called Gail on his travels and eventually a relationship had developed between them which had lasted for most of the time he had been away. It had only ended when he had returned to their rented flat one afternoon, to find her in bed with someone else. Moving out the same day, Tom had continued on his own until a month later when he had received a phone call from his mother. She had been distraught, his stepfather Brian worked in the construction industry and there had been an accident at work,

and he had been killed. Tom had immediately booked a return flight, arriving in the early hours of the morning he had rented a car and had then driven for the last six hours to reach home.

Glancing at his watch, he noted it was just before ten o'clock, he'd made good time on his journey and the day was turning out to be half decent, the sun already high in the sky. It was warm outside, not as warm as when he climbed on the plane earlier, but still a comfortable temperature. Lifting the handle of his suitcase, he trundled it behind him as he made for the rear entrance and let himself in. Leaving his case in the utility area, he went through the kitchen and dining room, heading for the lounge when his mother intercepted him, rushing forward and throwing her arms around him and kissing his cheek.

'Welcome home,' she said. 'Look at you, I'm sure you have grown.'

Tom had filled out while he had been away, most of the jobs he got had been manual work and his body was now toned and bronzed from being outside all the time. Jessica his mother looked just the same to him, albeit he now stood taller than she was. She made them both a drink before going through to the lounge where she told him about the accident. Brian had been helping erect some steelwork in high winds, it should never have happened, but somehow a large girder had come detached and had crashed into him, killing him instantly. She was crying now, Tom wrapping his arms around her as he cuddled her close to him until the tears finally stopped.

He felt sad for her, realizing that it did not have the same impact on himself, he had liked Brian, but he was only his stepfather, his mother had got pregnant at fifteen and his real father had just disappeared. He was five when his mother married Brian, but Tom could never bring himself to call him 'Dad'. Tom had nothing against him, he had been good to both he and his mother, making sure they had everything they needed, it was just a personal thing he thought. Making sure she was OK, he took his case up to his room, again it was

the same as the day he had left it, his mother throwing nothing away in the event, that he would one day require it again. He unpacked his meagre possessions, putting stuff into cupboards and drawers before going back downstairs to be with her. He would need to find himself a job he decided, asking her if they could manage until he found something to help pay the bills.

'It's all right for the moment,' she told him. 'There is enough money in the accounts for the foreseeable future, but there is going to have to be an inquest and an investigation into what happened and I've also been advised to see a solicitor. 'I've been told it will be a while yet before the body is released, so I'm not sure yet when to organize the funeral.' The words had all come out in a rush.

The tears came again as she felt the weight of it all bearing down on her, and for the second time that day, he held her close and comforted her. Early evening, they had a meal, but she only picked at her food, hardly eating anything while he was ravenous, feeling slightly embarrassed eating his food while she only picked at hers, pushing it around her plate.

Tom retired early, he had been awake nearly twenty-four hours and exhaustion was finally catching up with him as he undressed and got into bed naked. He heard his mother come up about thirty minutes later and then must have drifted off because when he next woke, he could hear her sobbing in her room. Rooting through his drawers, he found an old pair of pyjama bottoms and pulled them on before going to her room and tapping on her door. She seemed glad he was there as he slid into bed next to her and pulled her close, holding her tight until she finally drifted off to sleep.

It was fairly late in the morning when he next opened his eyes, his mother still curled against him fast asleep, her leg draped over his groin and laying atop his morning erection whilst her arm lay across his chest. Carefully, he tried to extricate himself without disturbing her, but with the way she was laying across him, it was nearly impossible. He didn't want her to wake and feel his erection, so gently tried to move her leg, she murmured in her sleep, her hand lazily stroking his chest before she suddenly planted a kiss on it, still fast asleep. He lay motionless, she must be dreaming that it was her husband

led next to her he thought, not wanting to cause any embarrassment if she felt what was under her leg.

Tom tried to move her again, eliciting another long drawn out murmur, her hand this time rubbing at his nipple. He shook her shoulder gently, trying to rouse her and watching as she slowly came awake. It took her several minutes until she must have suddenly realized that the person next to her in the bed was her son, her leg, swiftly withdrawn from his groin.

'I need to get up mum, would you like a cup of tea?' He asked her.

Jessica nodded her head, keeping her eyes closed until he had risen and left the room. Once he had disappeared, she opened her eyes, feeling ashamed of herself, knowing she couldn't tell him the truth yet. Things at home had not been rosy over the last couple of months, ever since she had found out Brian was having an affair and he had moved into the spare room for the time being. Her tears had been because she was feeling

sorry for herself and not necessarily for her cheating husband.

In her semi-conscious state, she had forgotten that it was Tom in her bed, she was just happy to have someone next to her again until her leg registered the solid lump of flesh beneath it and sent signals to her fanny. It was only then that she remembered about her son, quickly withdrawing her leg but the sensation still lingered on her flesh. He returned several minutes later after having relieved himself and placed a cup of tea on her bedside table.

'I'm just going to grab a shower mum while you have your brew,' he said and with that, he disappeared again. Tom never gave the incident a second thought, she was his mother, and if she did realise, she was probably too embarrassed to say anything.

That first week passed slowly, it was still early in the year and the short sunny spell had not lasted long before normal temperatures resumed. Tom was not one for sitting around

doing nothing, but at the same time, he did not want to leave her alone. At least she had stopped breaking into tears he thought to himself and he had not heard her during the night since that first occasion.

It was nearly a month before the investigation was completed and the inquest was to be held the following week. Tom had promised to be there and hold her hand during the proceedings. It took several days to get through, with the coroner finally coming to a verdict of negligence by the company Brian worked for. Jessica had an appointment with her solicitor the next day and the body was finally released so that she could make arrangements for the funeral. Another week passed, the service and cremation were planned for later the following week and Tom helped his mother finalise the details.

He had been out and bought himself a black suit, white shirt and black tie, the clothes he had returned with had been mostly jeans, shorts and t-shirts. The morning of the funeral, he had showered and shaved before going downstairs and having his breakfast. As he returned upstairs to get ready, he

passed his mother's bedroom door which was slightly ajar, stopping as his eyes caught sight of her, stood in front of her full-length mirror in only her black bra and panties, it was probably only seconds but felt like minutes as he gazed at her, taking in her still pert bottom and her slim figure. She turned slightly as she checked herself, giving him a side view of her full breasts and slightly rounded stomach before he came to his senses with a jolt and carried on to his room.

Jessica breathed in, finding that she had been holding her breath, the reflection in the mirror had caught him stood just outside her door as he looked at her and she could tell that he was appraising her body. Secretly, it had sent a thrill through her and she scolded herself for being a wanton woman, what was she thinking of, letting her son see her half-naked.

With the funeral over, life started to return to normal, but Tom was beginning to go stir crazy feeling that he was trapped in the house. As May arrived, the weather perked up and sunshine was predicted for the following week.

'I'll tell you what mum,' he had started, 'If its nice next week, let's take a picnic and go to the beach.'

Jessica had readily agreed, the rental car had been collected shortly after Tom had arrived home and Brian's car was sat in the garage, having not moved since his death.

'That's a good idea, the car could probably do with a run and it's about time I started to get out and about again,' Jessica replied.

You could tell by Tuesday of the following week that the day was going to be a scorcher. Jessica was in the kitchen making sandwiches and salad as Tom backed the car out of the garage and checked the oil and water. The engine sounded fine and the tank was nearly full as he revved it a few times before switching everything off. He got several windbreaks from the garage before going indoors and collecting towels and blankets, his mother called to say the hamper was ready and could go in the boot while she went and changed.

By nine-thirty they were out on the road, it was only about a thirty-minute drive to the coast and the early morning traffic had now dissipated. They kept the car windows down all the way to the beach and he was glad to see that his mother had perked up and was once more laughing. Parking the car up, he went and bought a ticket before lugging the hamper and windbreaks down onto the soft warm sand, his mother following behind with the blankets and towels. He set the windbreaks up, creating a small space where she could get changed, while he was content to just wrap a towel around his waist and strip off, he had been on beaches abroad where he would have just stood there naked.

When Jessica emerged, Tom was surprised, he had expected a one-piece swimsuit, but instead, she wore a bright yellow bikini. Her skin was probably still a bit pale for such a bright colour, but he had to admit she looked stunning. As they applied lotion he glanced up and down the beach, it was busy enough without being overcrowded, everyone having enough room for privacy. They spent the first hour and a half basking in the sun, turning frequently so as not to burn. Tom was fine,

his body already sporting a dark tan, but he kept an eye on his mother, starting to see her colouring already.

The day was getting hotter when he decided he needed a dip in the sea to cool off. 'I'm just going for a swim mum' he told her as he got to his feet.

Jessica shaded her eyes as she watched him move towards the water's edge, his shoulders wide and tapering down to his slim hips and waist. She could see the muscles in his back and arms move as he walked away from her, he had turned into a handsome young man she thought, his dark skin making him stand out from the others on the beach. Raising herself onto her elbows she looked left and right, noting that he had already attracted the gaze of several women on the beach, both old and young.

Tom waded out before diving beneath the surface, coming back up almost immediately, he had forgotten that the sea temperature in this country was different than abroad and it was freezing. Giving himself a couple of minutes to

acclimatise, he struck out, swimming about twenty yards offshore before turning parallel with the beach and swimming a couple of hundred yards along its length. Jessica watched as he disappeared beneath the surface, coming back the way he had gone when he next appeared. He was a strong swimmer, his arms and legs powering him through the water until he drew level with her once more.

She watched as he made his way back up the beach, his wet swim shorts clinging to his body, her eyes continually drawn to the bulge evident in his groin. Glancing around again, she smiled to herself as she noted even more women's eyes watch Tom's return. She could not help but smirk as he grabbed a towel and dried himself, looking at her expression he asked, 'What's so funny?'

Jessica giggled like a schoolgirl, 'Just glance around casually, you seem to have developed a fan club I think.' If it hadn't been for his tan, she suspected he would have been blushing.

He applied more lotion and lay back down, allowing the heat to dry him completely as he soaked up the sun's rays. He was starting to get peckish and sat up, reaching for the picnic basket.

'Are you ready for some food?' he asked his mother.

She sat up and put her sunglasses on, 'I'm just going to have a quick dip, will you set it out?' She said to him as she set off across the warm sand. Tom watching her bottom wiggle as she went to the water's edge. He set everything out on a blanket as he awaited her return, noting that as she came back towards him, the sea had made her bikini slightly transparent and the cold water had certainly affected her nipples, which now resembled a couple of church coat pegs. Also noticeable was the darker pubic area between her legs as he jumped up and offered her a couple of towels smirking all the while.

Now it was Jessica's turn to ask, 'What?'.

'Your bikini is see-through,' he told her smugly, watching her turn bright red as she threw the towels around herself.

Tom couldn't help but smile, she looked as pretty as a picture and at her age, her figure was still eye-catching. She kept the towels around her while she ate, conscious that for a second time, she had displayed her body to her son. She had originally picked out a black one-piece swimming costume, but on a whim had delved into her drawers to find the bikini she had bought years before, not wanting to appear too mumsy in his eyes.

With the sandwiches eaten, they settled back again as the morning became afternoon, Jessica at one point, laying on her front, asked him to rub some lotion into her back. She immediately regretted her request as his hands slid across her skin, generating a sensation in the pit of her stomach that threatened to move lower. Finally, it began to cool down as they packed up their belongings and carried them back to the car. Neither of them could be bothered getting changed and so drove home, dressed as they were, Jessica enjoying the attention of passing motorists.

They had emptied the boot and put everything away when Tom asked, 'Fancy going down to the pub for a drink?'

Jessica agreed, 'Just give me time to have a shower and get changed,' she said dashing upstairs. She called him once she had finished so that he too could refresh himself and get changed, emerging from her bedroom a short while later in a white shoulder-less dress.

Tom came out of his room in a polo shirt and chino's stopping to give his mother the once over, 'You look gorgeous, but I would add a cardigan if I were you, the white strap marks spoil the look.'

Returning to her room she checked in the mirror once more, she hadn't noticed them, but now that he had pointed them out, she understood what he meant. Tom meant it as a joke as she was grabbing her cardigan.

'You need to go topless tomorrow if you want them to disappear,' he quipped with a smile.

## Rejuvenation

They'd had a very pleasant evening down in the village, up to a point, even though Tom had been back nearly two months, folk did not realise he was home. Jessica was not enamoured by the number of young women who decided to stop and chat with him, even her female friends when they arrived, seemed more focused on Tom than they were with her. If Jessica hadn't have known better, she would have considered that she was feeling jealous with all the attention he was receiving. As the evening progressed, she drank more each time another female approached, until by closing time her head was beginning to spin.

The walk home helped a little and even though Tom chatted away, she wasn't in the mood for conversation, saying very little until they reached home. Once indoors, she sorted through her CD collection putting a disc in the player.

'Come and dance with me,' she slurred slightly, holding her arms out.

Tom humoured her, imagining that she was still missing his stepfather. The music was slow, and she found herself clinging to him, her groin grinding against his as they moved sensually around the room. She lifted her head, looking into his face, and then on impulse, kissed him.

It wasn't the first time he had been kissed by his mother, she would often give him a peck on the cheek, occasionally, maybe a brushing of lips, but this was not a mother's kiss, this was a woman's kiss. Jessica suddenly recoiled in horror, appalled at what she was doing and embarrassed as she was sure she had felt a stirring in his groin. Tom was dumbfounded as she fled the room, hearing her running up the stairs and then the slam of her bedroom door as she flung it shut behind her. He turned off the music and switched off the lights before going up and knocking on his mother's door, but got no answer, and when he tried the handle, he found the door locked.

He had wanted to apologise, having forgotten for a moment that it was his 'mum', who he had his arms around. He had picked up the scent of her perfume, the smell of shampoo on her hair and the warmth of her body pressed against him. Having now gone without for the last few month's, the most natural thing in the world happened, as he felt himself start to harden. No wonder she had looked shocked and fled the room, she must think her son a pervert.

Tom woke, sensing that someone was sat on the edge of his bed.

Jessica spoke softly, almost a whisper, 'I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me, you must be disgusted that I tried to kiss you'.

Tom wasn't in the least disgusted, 'It's OK mum, you've had a bad time, and then tonight you have drunk a bit too much, you probably just imagined you were dancing with Brian.

'Anyway, I can confirm that you are nice to kiss.' He finished with a laugh, trying to inject some humour into the conversation. It was only then that she told him what had previously taken place, he could sympathise with her, hadn't he also suffered the same fate.

He could hear her crying softly as he reached out, placing his hand on hers and trying to offer her some comfort.

'I would invite you into my bed, but I'm currently naked,' he told her, astonished when she told him to move over and slid in beside him.

Even though he could not see her in the darkened room, he sensed that her face was close to his and that she was looking at him. Tom purposely kept a space between their bodies aware that he was naked, and that if he got too close, something unexpected may happen. They lay there in silence, as though she was waiting for something to happen, and then much to his surprise, he kissed her, at first, tentatively, but then as she responded, the kiss became more

sensual as she closed the distance between them, pushing her body, still covered by a dressing gown and nightdress, against his.

Jessica felt warm and soft as she pushed her hips and pelvis against his own, even with the clothing she wore, she must be able to feel his cock as it started to expand, he thought to himself, suddenly becoming self-conscious with what was happening in his groin. But either she did not notice or did not care, her hand which had been resting on his chest, started tracing patterns over his bare flesh, her fingers rubbing and arousing his nipples. He breathed in deeply, holding his breath as her hand wandered from his chest and down across his belly, until suddenly he gasped, the air rushing from his lungs as her fingers encountered the head of his cock and she ran her fingertips around it.

Tom groaned audibly as her hand took hold of him, 'Holy shit,' he thought, aware that the hand grasping his cock belonged to his mother, just as the sound left his lips.

No longer was she just holding it, she was slowly masturbating him, his shaft throbbing and twitching as she pulled the skin up and down. She released him momentarily as he felt her sit up, and then a rustle of clothing as he presumed, she got rid of her dressing gown and nightdress. His assumption was confirmed when she slid back under the covers, pressing herself against him, and he felt her bare breasts, pushing against his chest. Her hand returned to his groin and her purchase on his cock, as she masturbated him once more. Tom reciprocated as his hand went to her breasts, cupping each soft full orb in turn and running her nipples between his finger and thumb, thus bringing both erect.

Now it was Jessica's turn to moan softly as began to arouse her, she too was holding her breath as his hand moved down over her stomach, stroking her soft curves and then pausing as his fingers reached her pubic hair. Tom could feel that she kept it very short and manicured, not much more than a soft downy stubble, his hand continued with his mother finally letting out a gasp, as he touched her vagina, the lips already open and moist with her juice. He teased her incessantly until finally, he slid his finger into her cunt as she swore loudly.

At first, it felt strange to him as he was still thinking in terms of her being his mother, he had touched his mother's breasts and nipples had run his hand over her pubes and he was now fingering his mother while she was tossing him off, could anything be more bizarre. But the more he touched her and the greater his arousal, the more he thought of her as a woman, doing things to her that he knew she would enjoy. Jessica moaned pleurably as his fingers continued to sink into her flesh and she felt herself drawing closer, and then dragging him on top of her as she demanded that he fuck her.

Tom knelt between her thighs as she pleaded with him, 'I want you to fuck me, please fuck me, Tom.'

It sounded strange to hear his mother utter those words to him, but he was happy to do as she asked as he pushed the tip of his cock against her fanny and then plunged it deep inside her. Jessica screamed as he filled her, her passageway expanding to accommodate him as their groins pressed together. He carried on kneeling, slowly rocking back and forwards as his shaft slid in and out of her fanny, Tom wanted

more, at the moment, she was a shadowy form on his bed, the room too dark to make out any features and he desperately wanted to see her.

Leaning over her, he whispered in her ear, Jessica murmuring her consent as she felt him reach out sideways and fumble for his bedside lamp, And then the room was lit by a subdued light and he was able to gaze down at her perfect form. 'Oh god, she is gorgeous,' he said to himself, viewing her long hair fanning out across the pillow, perfectly framing her beautiful face. Her breasts still kept their shape and firmness, twin peaks that rose from her chest, both topped with a dark erect nipple.

As his gaze ran down her body, he was surprised to see that she carried not one ounce of fat. 'She had certainly taken care of her self,' he thought as his eyes reached her perfectly manicured bush and the sight of his cock buried deep inside her quim.

'Do I pass muster?' She giggled, both pleased and amused with the changing expressions across his face, if she had been unsure before, she knew for certain now, that he found her attractive. Tom's reply was to increase his impetus, his cock sliding into her fanny with greater momentum and causing her to moan louder. Jessica was so close now, it had been a while since she had last had sex, and it had not taken her son long to bring her to a fever pitch. She wanted to wait until he was ready, so urged him on, begging him to fuck her fast and hard.

Tom needed no second bidding, it had also been a while for him, and like his mother, he was reaching the point of no return. Leaning forward on his arms, his hips became a blur as he shagged her, and was quickly rewarded as she thrashed beneath him, her body going taut and her fingers digging into the sheet as she climaxed, followed seconds later as she cried out again and called his name, his cock twitching rapidly inside her and then jerking as his cum spurted deep inside her cunt.

It was the only time that night that they made love, it was late, and they were both sated and exhausted, falling asleep in each other's arms. Jessica was the first to awake the next morning, turning on her side and looking at her son, still sleeping soundly on the opposite side of the bed. She had an urge to touch his skin and run her hands over his muscular chest, but instead, she lifted the covers gently and peered down at his morning erection, an instant thrill springing forth between her legs.

Tom was slowly coming awake as he turned his head and squinted at his mother, a smile suddenly appearing on his face, 'You look pleased with yourself' he murmured, raising his arms above his head and stretching.

'Do you regret last night?' she asked, wondering what was making him smile.

He shook his head, 'Not at all, but there is one thing.'

Jessica looked worried and nervous for a second until he continued, 'Next time we fuck, do you mind if I call you by your name, it doesn't feel right saying 'mum' under those circumstances?' Jessica looked relieved and then her face broke into a broad grin, he wanted to fuck her again, and he was teasing her, Tom getting a playful slap in retaliation as she pounced on him.

They were up, dressed and breakfast was finished when Jessica announced that she was going into town, Tom asking if she wanted company.

'Not today thanks, I have some women things to do,' and with that, she donned a jacket and collected some bags before going out and setting off in the car. Tom was at a bit of a loss, it was a nice day and he had thought they may visit the beach again, but without a vehicle, there was not much he could do. He went out and had a walk around the village, chatting to a few of the folk that he knew, but because it was still mid-week, most people were at work.

Bored, he made his way home, it was too nice to be inside, so took a large blanket and went down to the far end of the garden, spreading it out on the lawn. Returning indoors, he stripped off, donning just a pair of shorts and flip-flops as he went back outside and lay down on the blanket. He opened the bottle of lotion, rubbing it into his skin, even with a suntan, it was still possible to burn, he thought, as he idly opened a chilled bottle of beer he had brought with him, drinking half the contents before placing it to one side and laying down under the hot sun.

Even on such a glorious day, Tom was finding it difficult to settle, fidgeting all the while, he was used to working, and if not, he would be on the move and travelling, sitting around like this was starting to get him down, and especially being alone. It was mid-afternoon before he heard a car pull up at the side of the house, expecting his mother to come around the rear.

The sun was in his eyes as he raised his hand to shield them, gazing at the strange woman who had appeared, it certainly wasn't his mother he decided, perhaps one of her friends. She

waved to him as she kicked off her high heels and headed in his direction, surely it couldn't be one of her friends, she looked far too young, maybe only a couple of years older than he was.

Her face lit up in a broad grin as she neared him and his mouth dropped open in shock, 'Fucking hell, Mum, pardon my French, is it you?' He asked.

Gone was her long flowing locks, in its place was a boys style cut, highlighting the shape of her face and high cheekbones, it looked stylish and extremely sexy with its silvery tint's. Jessica's off the shoulder top showed an expanse of tanned flesh, surely the result of a spray booth, she hadn't been that colour when she left. Her midriff was bare, his eyes drawn to her belly button which seemed to wink at him as she moved while her legs and hips were encased in a pair of jeans that must have been sprayed on.

Her head swivelled as he walked around her, admiring her curves from every angle, he was stunned, anyone that didn't

know her would be convinced that she and Tom were the same age and maybe brother and sister.

'I don't need to ask if you like it,' she said, laughing all the while. 'You're making it pretty obvious,' she continued, pointing at the growing bulge in the front of his shorts.

He was gobsmacked, 'Mum, you look fantastic and ten years younger, in fact, good enough to eat,' he said with a lascivious look on his face as he advanced on her.

She held her hand out to stop him, 'No way buster, I'm not having you ruin my new clothes. Go and get us some drinks while I get changed'. With that, he watched he sashay back across the grass, heading for the house, her bottom and hips moving from side to side as she walked.

Tom went and got them both drinks before settling down once more, surprised and thrilled at his mother's new look, suddenly realizing that it felt exactly like being in a new relationship. He watched as she returned, again wearing her

yellow bikini, only this time it looked more spectacular against her tanned skin. Lying next to him on the blanket, she sipped at her glass of wine while he took a swig from his second bottle of beer.

'Will you rub some lotion into me?' she asked, looking around the large garden.

The house was detached, their neighbours at least fifty yards in each direction, with the tree's and large hedge's, the garden, especially at this far end was quite secluded. Tom put a small amount of lotion on his hands, telling her to lay down.

Jessica glanced around once more, 'Hold on a minute,' she said with a mischievous smile, reaching behind her back and unfastening her bikini top and casting it to one side.

Tom immediately wanted to do more than rub lotion into her skin, a prominent bulge having suddenly appeared in the front of his shorts. Jessica lay back, purposefully propped up on her elbows as she watched her son first oil her shoulders

and then quickly work his way to her breasts. She was proud of them, they had kept their shape and even now, she was still able to go braless, it was just that until recently, she'd had no reason to. Tom took far longer massaging the lotion into her tits than he had with her shoulders, by the time he moved down to her stomach, her nipples were erect and she was breathing heavily.

She stopped him as he reached her bikini bottoms, a broad grin spreading across her face, slowly she eased them down her legs and casting them next to her top before laying back. Tom was astounded to see that the spray tan she'd had, covered her completely.

With a wicked grin he poured a little more lotion into his cupped palm, 'Open wide please madam' he quipped as he leant over her.

Realisation

Tom rubbed the lotion into her hips and legs, leaving between her thighs till last, by the time he reached her fanny, he needed very little oil, Jessica was wet and groaning loudly as her arousal mounted. Her language and urgings increased as he slid between her open thighs and she felt his breath on her quim, shrieking as his tongue ran firstly over her labia and then as it pierced her fanny.

Her hips bucked wildly as he lapped at her cunt and she thrust her mound into his face, grinding her privates against his mouth. She momentarily wondered how many young women he had done this too, but quickly succumbed to the pleasure signals coming from her fanny. Tom's erection, pressing into the ground, was becoming uncomfortable but he did not want to move until he had made Jessica climax. He could tell she was close, her profanities becoming courser and her vocals louder, as he tried another trick to tip her over the edge. Gripping her buttocks firmly, he pulled the cheeks of her arse apart and sank his thumb into her anus, wriggling it around inside her.

Jess screamed so loudly that Tom worried about the neighbours coming to investigate, her body visibly shaking with her orgasm, her juices splashing across his mouth and face as she came. Raising himself, he took the opportunity to divest himself of his shorts, his cock now free and jutting proudly from his groin before sinking on top of his mother and ramming his shaft home, thrusting forcefully into her cunt as she was still trying to recover from her initial climax.

Jessica was still in the depths of her orgasm when she felt her internals expand as Tom shoved his cock deep inside her cunt, pumping into her at a steady rate as she felt herself on the verge once more.

'Oh, my fucking giddy aunt,' she was thinking to herself, aware that she going to climax again, so soon after the last one. It had been so long since anyone had made love to her in this fashion, strange that it should be her son who was making her feel like a woman again.

And then she was crying out once more as her orgasm sent pleasure signals to her brain and her body responded to the sensations flooding through her nerves, Tom slowing, but shagging her enough to make her climax last. Jessica was trying to speak but her mouth refused to work, her brain not processing the words as he bent over her, cupping and squeezing her breasts.

He had her nipples erect as he lowered his mouth to one and then the other, sucking and nipping at the sensitive buds, squashing her tits at their base and forcing them upwards. Jessica was passed the stage where she even knew what day it was, her body was in overload as Tom suddenly began fucking her frantically, his cock pounding her fanny and making squelching noises with each insertion. She felt herself climaxing again and then stars lit up behind her closed eyelids as she felt his cock jerk inside her cunt and that sudden rush as his spunk coated her insides.

They both lay spread-eagled on the blanket, exhausted after fucking, their sweat covered bodies slowly drying under the hot sun. Tom was the first to recover, turning on his side as

he gazed up and down his mother's body, admiring her curves and feeling more for her than just a son's love. She was fit he decided, her haircut had taken years off her and her breasts were magnificent, while she had the very slightest sign of a belly, most of the young girls nowadays were no different. Her legs were shapely, and he found himself wondering what they would look like in thigh boots, one of his sexual fantasies.

Jessica was slowly returning to reality, she had never felt so alive as she did at that moment, even though she was well and truly fucked. She felt young again, though it was accompanied by an underlying fear, she was falling for her son, it was not just the sex, it was everything about him and the way he treated her, and it scared her. Putting the thoughts to one side, she turned to face him, smiling as she saw the lascivious look on his face, ecstatic that she could still excite someone so much younger than herself.

'Will you take me out this evening?' she asked him, 'Not the village, but into town. 'I fancy going clubbing.' Tom could not help but smile, wondering how many years it had been since

his mother had last seen the inside of a club, but if that was what she wanted, then he was happy to oblige.

'Jess, it would be my privilege to take you anywhere to want to go.' More and more he was calling her by her name, whilst in his head, she was still his mum, it was becoming easier just to call her 'Jess'.

They showered early and had a bite to eat before getting changed, Tom downstairs dressed and just ordering a cab when he heard her descend. He turned to look at her as he finished on the phone, blown away with her appearance, she was wearing a white dress which was partially transparent, her intimate area's covered by embroidery, it was obvious that she was braless, her nipples making two mounds in the flimsy material. She did a twirl for him as he noticed that she must be wearing a thong because there was definitely no panty line. The dress was short, barely enough to cover her arse and upper thighs.

'I hope the cab comes soon,' Tom remarked, 'Otherwise you are not going to be wearing that for long or make it out of this house tonight'.

Jessica couldn't help but laugh, the dress had been bought purposefully to elicit that type of comment and if it hadn't been for the fact that the cab was due, she would have raped her son there and then. The sound of a horn outside brought both of them back to reality as they went out and jumped into the back of the vehicle. It deposited them in town as together they went in search of their first bar.

By the third hostelry, Jessica was enjoying herself, while in the village, everyone would have recognised them, in this part of town they were anonymous, just another couple out enjoying themselves. Between venues, they linked arms and inside the bars, they continually touched each other, occasionally kissing. There was one thing that Jessica had started to notice and that was the number of envious looks she was getting as they entered each bar. Young women, even when accompanied would look at them when they entered and she

could tell by their eyes, that they were sizing Tom up and wondering what their chances were.

Jessica was not the only one who was noticing the looks they got, Tom watching as young men appraised the young-looking woman he was with, none of them aware that she was old enough to be any of their mother's. By the fifth bar, Jessica's head was beginning to spin, it had been a long time since she had been on a 'pub-crawl' and she needed to pace herself, ordering just a soft drink this time. Eventually, they made their way to a night-club, even though it was a weekday night, it was reasonably busy inside.

Looking around her, she could see that most of the young women were dressed like herself, large amounts of flesh on display as they looked to ensnare a partner, whether for a promised relationship or even a one-night stand. Jessica studied several of them on the dancefloor for a while until she was confident, she could copy their moves. It wasn't particularly her type of music, but she recognised some of the songs being played and finally dragged Tom up to dance with her, surprised to find that he wasn't at all bad.

Jessica was again conscious of the looks that came her son's way when as they made their way back to a booth, they were intercepted by two young women.

'Hi Tom, what brings you out this way, I haven't seen you for ages.'

He looked surprised for a second, 'Hi Melanie, long time no see, how have you been?'

As they made small talk, it was obvious to Jessica that if she had not been there, this young woman would by now, have her tongue buried half-way down her son's throat and that made Jessica jealous.

She slid her arm through her son's and said in her nicest voice, but which contained a hint of menace,

'Hi, I'm Jessica, I met Tom while we were both travelling and thought I'd come and see him. You've got to fight to keep hold of a good one when they come along.'

The last bit, and the tone it was delivered in, left Melanie, in no doubt, that if she tangled with this young woman, she would come off second best. There was something about her she realised, some worldly wisdom far beyond her age, which she guessed was maybe a couple of years older than Tom.

The two girls said their goodbyes, disappearing into the crowd as he gave his mother a look, was he angry at her she wondered. They had another couple of drinks and dances before deciding to call it a night, they had both had a good time, but towards the end, something had changed. The journey home was in silence, both of them lost in their thoughts and perhaps fearing for the worst. Once there, it seemed a forgone conclusion that they would end up in the same bed, but still, the silence persisted.

Tom was the first to break the silence, 'What happens when you find another man?' he asked, having omitted the final part of the sentence, sensing that the words would come out wrong.

'You mean someone my age,' Jessica said, 'Probably the same thing that will happen when someone younger and prettier comes along, perhaps someone like Melanie.'

They were both gazing at the far bedroom wall, not wanting to look at each other and it was only when she glanced his way for a second that she noticed the moisture on his cheek.

Turning to him she had to ask, 'Somethings wrong and I need you to tell me, it doesn't matter what it is, I need to know, are you becoming bored with me?'

Tom shook his head as another tear ran down his cheek, 'It's worse than that,' he said. How could anything be worse than that Jessica wondered as her stomach lurched, Tom couldn't

say the words? Fearing they would make her angry, 'I've developed feelings for you,' was how he phrased it.

Jessica was stunned, her fears that evening had been confirmed and she had been ready to take on the two young women who had accosted them. During the journey home, a battle had raged in her head and it was only now that she could admit defeat and face the truth. She wiped the tear away, holding his face softly between her hands,

'I hope you are trying to tell me that you are feeling the same as I am because I can say that I am falling in love with you.' The feeling in the pit of her stomach had gone, replaced instead with a feeling of euphoria as her heart pounded rapidly, especially when her son spoke the words,

'I love you, Jessica.'

They talked into the early hours about the implications of what they had just admitted to each other, alone and in bed together, the world felt perfect, but unfortunately, they could

not stay like this forever. There was a world out there, and it would only take one tiny slip for it all to come crashing down around them. In the village, they could never be more than mother and son, yes, indoors, they could fuck each other's brains out, but the moment they stepped outside, they put themselves in danger.

In town, they had been partially invisible, or so they thought, but that night had proved how easy it was for things to change, they had been lucky, the two young women had never met her and knew nothing of Tom other than they had gone to the same university. But it was not as though folk from the village never went into town, and how long would it be before one day, somebody recognised them in a compromising situation.

Sex was not on the menu that night as they finally fell into an exhausted fitful sleep, Jessica awaking first the next morning. Slipping on her dressing gown, she quietly tip-toed from the room, going downstairs to make them both a cup of tea as her mind once more puzzled over the conundrum that was their relationship. Yes, Tom was her son, but presently, he was also

her lover and in the future perhaps, even more, she was happy and scared at the same time, he thrilled her and made her feel as she had done twenty years ago but she recognised that it would only take one simple slip for it all to come tumbling down.

She heard the toilet flush upstairs as she prepared the two cups, taking them back upstairs to her bedroom where Tom was propped up in bed awaiting her return. Placing one on either side of the bed, she climbed onto the mattress, the sight of his cock arousing her as she straddled his hips and teased him by running her fingernails along his shaft. It never failed to amuse her that such a simple touch would have such a rapid result as his cock became erect and jerked continually. Tom retaliated as his hand slid inside her dressing gown and between her legs, she tried to alter her position to keep him at bay, but eventually, he found his target, parting her labia and stroking her clitoris.

Jessica was moaning softly as he touched her, she was trying to concentrate on sliding her hand up and down his shaft, but each time he hit her sensitive spot, she would pause

momentarily as waves of pleasure rolled over her. Determined to wrest back control, she slid backwards, away from his hand, and until she had reached his ankles, there she spread his legs and lay between them as she took hold of his cock once more. To Tom, it felt like someone had attached the pipe from a vacuum cleaner to the end of his shaft as Jessica's lips formed a perfect seal and she sucked, her tongue tracing patterns over and under the rim of his plump knob.

As her mouth worked its charm, her hand slid up and down his shaft, she could feel the solidness of his manhood in its erect state, the veins pulsing over its hot smooth surface as she pulled the skin up and down, exposing the sensitive areas for her tongue to tease. He could not help himself as his hips lifted, in effect, fucking his mother's mouth until she considered that he was suitably aroused. Climbing back to her knee's, she once more straddled his hips, only this time, she fumbled for his cock, holding it upright as she impaled herself on it, crying out as it filled her cunt, his balls pushing against her arse.

Towering above him, she was more able to control their fucking as she eased herself up and down his cock, watching his face and in particular, his eyes as they wandered up and down her body, especially when she discarded her dressing gown, cupped and raised both her breasts and proceeded to lick her nipples, driving Tom wild as he tried to reach for them.

Jessica was leaning forward on her arms, her breasts hanging over his face and swinging backwards and forwards as she bounced up and down on his shaft, groaning and panting at the same time. At the last moment, Tom grabbed her buttocks holding her aloft as he raised his knees, his hips leaving the bed as he pounded her fanny. Jessica could hear herself crying out loudly as she climaxed but could do nothing to stop it, especially as she felt his cock give one almighty jerk inside her quim and then his cum hit the back of her tunnel.

Laying together, they dozed again for a short while before either of them found enough energy to get up, shower and dress.

'I may not be able to have him outside yet, but for the moment, when we are indoors, he's mine,' Jessica thought to herself as she showered, at one point, having to tell her son to 'bugger off' as his head poked around the bathroom door and he leered at her naked body.

## Relaxation

During the summer, they had kept themselves occupied, when the weather was nice, they took trips to the beach or even a simple picnic, taken into the open fields and countryside which surrounded the back end of the village. They would occasionally go out into the village, but they were always wary of attracting attention and so behaved as people would expect a mother and son to behave. They had surreptitiously made love on the beach one afternoon when it had been quieter and had openly got naked and fucked out in the open fields away from prying eyes. Once a month, they would go into town and let their hair down, acting the same

as every other young couple they encountered, with a fair amount of barmen and doormen starting to recognise them and presuming they were a couple.

But the best time for both of them was when they arrived back home, indoors and in private, they consummated their relationship, neither of them thinking of the other in true terms anymore. Jess thought of Tom, not as her son, but as her lover, her soulmate, her other half. For Tom, occasionally he would forget and call her 'mum', but more or less, he called her 'Jess' or Jessica and thought of her more as his girlfriend rather than his parent.

One thing he had discovered about Jess, was her willingness to participate in anything sexual, no matter the location, so long as there was no fear of being caught.

As she explained to him one day, 'It's not the fear of being caught that bothers me, that is part of the thrill, it's the possibility of being caught by someone who knows who we are and that all we have, would come to an end'.

Tom knew exactly what she meant, he was in a relationship, it mattered little to him that she was his mother, he just knew that he loved her more as each day passed.

It was just before Christmas when the phone rang and Jessica reappeared looking slightly nervous, 'That was my solicitor, they have received an offer of compensation and they want me to go in and see them.'

It was a couple of days later that she took herself off, seemingly to Tom, that she was gone for hours as he did some of the housework he had promised to do. When she did finally return, she seemed to be in shock, sitting on the couch and staring into space.

At first. Tom felt worried as she re-told what had been explained to her by the solicitor, it was only when she told him the amount, that his jaw dropped. 'Bloody hell Jess, that's a serious amount of money, you should never want for anything in the future.'

She asked him if he wanted anything, but Tom was loath to take any money, it was hers to use wisely. 'I had an idea on the way home,' she told him, 'How would you feel about moving?'

Tom was puzzled at first, surely, they didn't need a bigger house, 'Move where Jess?'

Slowly she explained her thoughts, 'How about we sell this big house, the insurance when Brian died, paid off what remained of the mortgage. 'I thought perhaps we could buy something smaller, maybe along the coast, about fifty or sixty miles from here. 'It feels good when we go into town and nobody recognises us, I wondered if we moved far enough away, where no one knows us, it would be like starting over, a new life, a new proper relationship. 'Don't say yes or no now, think about it, not just about now, but maybe ten years or even twenty years, I'm going to be an old woman then while you will still be young and I don't want you to be tied to a potential pensioner'.

Tom did as she asked, waiting until Christmas Eve before sitting her down and giving her his answer,

'I think it's a great idea, I get fed up of having to hide our feelings for each other, so long as we put enough distance between us and the village, I can't see any reason why it would not work. 'There is a condition though, you have to let me find a job, just like normal people. 'As for our age difference, currently, you don't look all that much older than I do, I'm betting that in ten years, you will hardly have changed while I'll look nearer your age and anyway, so long as we are together, what does it matter'.

Jessica was excited by his decision, declaring that they would start looking after Christmas and New Year was over with. Christmas morning was fun, opening the presents they had bought each other, leaving three still under the tree, Jessica knew what was in two of them, they had been out together to buy them and while ostensibly they were for her, she knew that in part they were for her son. She had no idea what was in the third package and Tom refused to let her open it until later.

The day went exactly expected, they had eaten and drunk more than normal and had enjoyed themselves, as it drew to an end Jessica asked if they should take the final presents upstairs to bed with them. Sitting cross-legged on her bed, she opened the first one, withdrawing the lingerie set it contained, swiftly she disrobed, pulling on the panties with the split where her fanny sat, next came the bra, it's cup's supporting the bottom half of her breasts, leaving her nipples and upper breasts clear. The suspender belt she put to one side, knowing she would not need it tonight. The next present was a large oblong box, she opened it and withdrew the first black leather boot, sliding her foot and leg into it and zipping it up.

They were not exactly the ones Tom fantasised about, these only coming up above her knee, it seemed that thigh boots were not something that your average shoe shop stocked. Even so, as she pulled the second boot on and stood, he was delighted with her appearance, reminding him of the 'Milfs' in the porn clips he had seen. Jessica strutted around the room, finishing by squatting in front of him, the slit in her panties opening and displaying her moist open twat.

Jessica wanted to laugh out loud as she watched Tom scrabble to divest himself of his clothes, struggling to get out of his pants due to the obvious bulge that had developed. Naked and with his cock bouncing up and down he chased her around the room, finally flinging her onto the bed as he threw himself down next to her and kissed her lips, his tongue forcing its way into her mouth where it intertwined with her own. The kiss went on and on as his hands stroked her face and neck, all the time moving downwards until he reached her breasts, his fingers flicking at her erect nipples.

Not to be outdone, her hand slid down to his groin, firmly grasping his engorged cock and tossing him off, feeling him shiver each time she pulled his skin-tight and ran her fingers beneath the rim of its plump knob. As he sucked at her nipples, his hand moved across her stomach and between her legs, opening the panties and her slit before slipping inside her fanny.

Tom fingered her slowly, stopping and starting as her teased her and built her arousal, she was hot and wet, the outfit she

wore made her feel like a wanton woman and she decided that she liked the feeling,

'For him, she was his tart, his slut, his brazen hussy, anything that he wanted so long as it encouraged him to bury his cock deep inside her passage,' she thought.

And eventually, that is what he did do as he spread her legs wide and jammed his cock balls deep into her cunt.

Tom fucked her hard and fast, at the same time, suppressing his own arousal, determined to make her cum. His balls banged against her arse with each thrust, Jessica's fanny muscle's trying to grip him and stop him withdrawing each time his cock entered her. She could tell her new panties were already sodden from the juices leaking from her fanny, a squelch and slap sounding, each time their groins slammed together. She loved the way he fucked her, always allowing her that first climax before then bringing both of them off together.

It was no different tonight as he reached down, fondling her breasts and teasing her nipples, enough to push her over the edge as she began to orgasm. On this occasion, he allowed her time to recover, laying by her side until her breathing returned to normal.

'Would you like to open your other present?' he asked.

Jessica had forgotten all about it. She tore the wrapping paper off, immediately starting to giggle, 'Oh my god, Tom!' It was purple with two prongs, one long and curved, the other shorter and when she pressed the button on the bottom of it, it merrily buzzed away.

She had never tried a vibrator, to be honest, she wouldn't even know where to start looking for one and would definitely be too embarrassed to walk into a shop and purchase it. She noticed his expectant look, knowing what he wanted her to do with it, but determined not to let him get away with it so easily.

'Turn turtle,' she instructed, waiting until his head was down near her fanny and his cock was facing her mouth. Handing the toy to him, she made her request, 'Will you fuck me with it?' Waiting until he started to slide it into her cunt and then grabbing his cock, wrapping her mouth and lips around the throbbing flesh.

Jessica was doing well, sucking and wanking his shaft until he pushed the button on her new toy and the vibration shot through her. The length up her fanny was fine, but the incessant buzzing of the shorter prong, held tightly against her clit, had her legs shaking uncontrollably. So intense was the feeling that she became animalistic, her tongue and mouth sliding over his glans as her hand flashed up and down his cock. Tom tried to warn her, her blowjob was having the required effect and he knew he was about to cum, but she paid him no heed as she continued and he watched her cheeks suddenly puff outwards as his cock shot several loads of cum into her mouth and throat, he muffled cries resounding around the room as her hips and legs shook and juice sprayed from her cunt.

It took a while longer this time to recover as they both lay panting, their bodies covered in sweat despite the cool temperatures. Jessica was determined to make her son feel like she often did after he made love to her, a feeling of totally fucked, and so turning around to face him, she slowly ran the vibrator along his presently flaccid shaft. Bit by bit, she brought him back to life, her own excitement increasing at the thought of what she wanted him to do.

Erect again, Jessica knelt on all fours, twisting her head over her shoulder as she asked him, 'I want you to fuck my arse, shove your hard dick up your mummy's shitter.'

She knew he loved her coarseness, and especially when she reminded him that she was his mother. Kneeling behind her, he opened her buttocks, her tiny puckered entrance wet with her juices as was his cock. Placing his plump knob against it, he applied pressure, watching as inch by inch his shaft disappeared up her rectum until finally, his groin pushed against her buttocks.

Jessica was groaning loudly as he sodomised her, her hand rubbing at her clit and cunt as he reached around and cupped

her tits, squeezing and pulling at her teats. She reached out and found the vibrator, and placed it between her legs, feeding it into her fanny and pushing the button. The vibration shot through her tunnel and up Tom's cock, neither of them able to last as he climaxed once more, and she felt his hot spunk shoot into her arse.

He helped her undress before she curled into a ball next to him, his arms protectively going around her as they both drifted into a deep satisfying sleep.

As the new year got off to a cold start, they scoured the local papers and estate agents, travelling further and further afield, looking for their perfect property. At this time of year, the market was quiet and there was nothing that excited their interest. January, February and March came and went, and they had still not found what they were looking for.

The beginning of April suddenly developed into a mini heatwave, they had set out to go to the beach but after a few hours, they had become bored. Returning to the car, they had

decided to drive along the coast, they weren't particularly looking, it was just such a nice day that it would be a shame to return home. They chatted and laughed, pointing out various beautiful views as they drove along, not keeping track of where they were going or how far they had travelled.

As they rounded a bend on the coastal road, a small village came into sight, Tom suggesting they stop and treat themselves to an ice-cream. They parked near the harbour wall and went to the kiosk, getting a couple of ices, before walking along the small promenade. There were a small beach and a cove off to one side of the harbour, turning around, he viewed the village which seemed to be slightly larger than where they presently lived and disappeared into the distance.

They walked through the village as they enjoyed their ices until they reached the far side, it was the usual mix of quirky shops, food shops, a couple of pubs, post office and general provisions. At the far side, a lane led slightly uphill to a row of old-fashioned cottages and a fantastic view when you turned around, over the village and out across the bay. The sign caught Jessica's eye as she set off urgently towards the end of

the row where the last cottage looked a little forlorn and for sale.

Jessica took note of the details and as they returned to the village asked in one of the shops where the estate agents office was. It appeared that if they drove about fifteen minutes inland, they would come to a large town where the agent's office was situated.

'Can we go and look?' Jessica pleaded, even without having looked properly, there was something about the cottage that had her enamoured. Tom drove into the town and soon located the office, unfortunately, they couldn't view it today, but would have to return tomorrow.

Jessica was excited as they drove home, hardly able to wait for the next day to arrive. Setting off early, they drove directly to the town, Tom noting it was just over fifty miles away, taking them just over an hour to get there. The property needed modernising they were told, which was reflected in the price, Jessica in a rush to go and look around it. With keys gripped

tightly in her hand, they drove from the town back towards the village, finally pulling up outside the cottage.

Inside, it was not as bad as Tom had imagined, of course, it would need the normal painting and decorating, the kitchen was old fashioned and would need replacing as well as central heating installing around the property. Structurally, it was sound, and Tom could see that a few alterations would make all the difference and make it into a home. Jessica looked at him questioningly,

'Yes?'

He kept her in suspense for several moments before his face broke into a grin and he nodded, Jessica, flinging herself at him and kissing him passionately.

Relocation

It was late Autumn when Tom drove the final van load of furniture and brick-a-brack towards their new home. Jess had made an offer immediately, content to pay the full price and it had been accepted. Over the next few months, they'd had builder's and plumbers, painters and decorators in as the cottage was transformed, Their old house had sold almost immediately and this weekend they had exchanged keys, moving all their property across, Jessica surprised that her former home had realised more than she had estimated. It meant that their new home had cost very little and she hadn't had to touch the bulk of the monies now sat in her account.

He pulled up outside and went indoors, the main removal truck having just left, he watched Jessica bustling about as she arranged furniture and ornaments. In a pair of old jeans and a tight V-neck sweater, he admired her bottom each time she bent over one way, and her cleavage when she bent the other, she noticed him watching her and beamed, coming over and throwing her arms around him.

'We could always leave everything and go and baptise the bedroom,' he said as he patted her bottom.

'Down boy' she replied, feeling his cock pressing against her mound, 'There's time for that later'.

They were in for a busy weekend sorting everything out and finding it a home and then next week he had his final induction at an engineering company in the town where he had managed to procure a position. In bed at the end of a long day, Tom reached into his bedside drawer and extracted three small boxes, this was the final part of their hopeful deception. Taking his mother's hand, he placed firstly an engagement ring and then a wedding band on her finger and then it was Jessica's turn to repeat the process by placing a ring on his finger.

'I love you, Mrs Stanton,' he said as he kissed her. 'Stanton' had been her maiden name and the name that Tom had been christened with, now to everyone they met and would get to know, they were 'Mr and Mrs Stanton'.

It was the anniversary of their move; Tom's job was going well, and he had started the slow climb up the company ladder. Even Jess had got herself a part-time job in one of the shops in the village meeting new people and making friends. They had met all their neighbours, becoming firm friends with several couples, each weekend they would go into the village to the local bars and soon became regulars as folk in the small community got to know them.

As he entered the cottage that Friday afternoon, he found Jessica pacing and looking nervous, he was immediately concerned, had someone recognised them he wondered.

'What's wrong Jess?' He asked, taking her hands.

She lifted her head, looking like a startled rabbit in the headlights as she told him, 'Tom, I'm pregnant!'

'Are you sure?' he asked, Jessica, nodding her head, his faced beamed as he picked her up and twirled her around,

'Well, Mrs Stanton, it looks like we are going to be parents.'  
His enthusiasm was infectious,

'Are you sure you are alright with it?' she asked him as he put her down and kissed her.

'You were the greatest and most gorgeous mother I could have asked for, and now you get the chance to do it again with our new baby,' he chuckled lovingly.

Even though it was officially autumn, the weather was still warm, and they took their final chance to go down to the beach, Jessica sporting a quite revealing orange bikini. This would be her last chance for a while she thought, no way would she be able to wear it once her belly grew. Tom watched her adoringly as she frolicked at the water's edge, no matter how many times he saw her undressed, his reaction was always the same, wanting to take her to bed and make love to her.

They spent the festive period with friends, Christmas day at their friends' home, Boxing day at theirs, Jessica's bump now starting to show, her breast had got bigger and she blossomed, being pregnant definitely suited her Tom decided.

Sat up in bed one evening, well into the new year, Tom watched as she undressed, first her blouse and then her bra, her breasts were full and heavy now the areola on each had expanded and her nipples were huge, they had become super-sensitive and Tom found it quite easy to roll them between his finger and thumb, amazed at the droplets of milk she expressed. Jessica pushed the elasticated waistband of her skirt over her hips and let it fall to the floor before extricating herself from the big knickers, scratching the flesh at her waist where they had left a slight imprint.

As she waddled towards him, she watched his face, it told her everything she needed to know, it was full of adoration for her, coupled with his youthful lust which never seemed to tire every time he watched her undress, it was obvious what he wanted to do to her. They had a routine by now, each evening he would rub cream into her ever-expanding belly, it would

help with any stretch marks, but Tom could never stop there. Eventually, his hand would move below her stomach and over her pubes, before disappearing between her legs, somewhere she had not seen for a while.

His finger softly stroked her labia, feeling them start to open and her moisture within as his finger slipped inside her vagina. She murmured her appreciation as he fingered her, his other hand stroking her belly as it gradually worked its way upwards to her breasts, cupping and squeezing each one in turn as he teased and rubbed her erect nipples. Jessica was panting rapidly, the sensations from her sensitive nipples already had her on the cusp, lately, he had been able to make her cum just by playing with them and tonight was no different as his finger pushed back her hood and stroked her clit.

She shook as her climax made everything wobble, crying out his name as her orgasm made her body even more sensitive. Jessica lay on her side as Tom lay behind her, it was the position she found most comfortable at the moment with her belly, as she felt his cock slip between her thighs, rubbing at

her pussy. He changed position slightly, giving him the angle, he needed as she felt his hard shaft enter her quim. He wasn't frantic, showing consideration for her condition as he lovingly fucked her, building her arousal slowly as his hands moved over her body, teasing and making her shiver.

His impetus increased as he sensed that her orgasm was imminent, his cock jerking rapidly as he emptied his sack inside her fanny, coating her internals with his spunk.

Curled up next to each other, Jessica was sleeping soundly as Tom let his mind drift back over the last two years, was it really that long, occasionally it would pop into his head that Jessica was his mother, but overall, he nowadays thought of her as his wife, he knew they'd had no ceremony, but that mattered little to him, it was how he felt. She'd been for regular scans and according to the hospital, the foetus was fit and well and growing nicely. They had asked if they wanted to know the sex of the baby, but Jessica was adamant that she wanted it to be a surprise.

He had never imagined the day he had stepped onto the plane to come home, that this is where he would be now. They had chosen two names for the baby, Anthony if it was a boy, and Gabriella if it was a girl, named after Jessica's mother, whom he never had a chance to meet because she had died when Jess was young.

Summer that year was a bit of an anti-climax, a week of sunshine would be followed by a week of rain, Jess was still managing to work, but her time was very near as they both looked forward to the birth of their baby. Tom still had the nursery to paint, but that would have to wait until after the birth when they knew the sex.

He felt someone shaking his shoulder, his eyes gradually opening, the room was still dark as Jessica spoke to him,

'You need to get up Tom.'

'What time is it?' he asked, his brain still fuzzy.

'Its three o'clock and my waters have just broken.' She whispered softly.

Within minutes, Tom was out of bed and dressing, Jessica's suitcase was already packed and had been sitting at the bottom of the bed for nearly a week now. When they were both ready, he got her into the car for the twenty-minute trip to the hospital, Jess having already rung them to inform them they were on their way.

The time between arriving at the hospital and the sound of the infant's first wail passed in a flash, Tom had been by her side all the time, holding her hand as their baby was born. The midwife turning with the small bundle wrapped in a blanket and smiling, 'Congratulations, you have a beautiful baby.....'

I decided to end my story now as I know the facts of their life from this point onwards, an idyllic childhood was followed by several years as a stropky teenager. Marriage followed in my

late twenties and I had a couple of children and at no point was there any impropriety. Was I shocked that day when I finally learned their secret, of course, I was, up until that point, there had been no inkling of the truth. Jessica passed away two weeks later, just before her eightieth birthday and was sadly missed by all. Tom soldiered on for another twelve years, but I got the feeling things had changed for him, he enjoyed our family and grand-kids and in summer I would find him pottering around in his garden, the deckchair still sat at one end, he would turn and smile in its direction as if Jessica was still sat there, and perhaps she was. And then he went off to join her, reunited once more and I was left with the strangest feeling. Was my mother really my grandmother, or rather that my father was my brother!.

Gabby xx

# The Story Teller

Marilyn opened the package carefully, taking care that she did not damage or mark the contents with the knife she used. Removing the protective covering, she glanced at the gleaming black lid of the brand-new laptop, as yet, unblemished by fingerprints and the daily wear and tear that it would ultimately receive.

It was her son's Christmas present, a promise she had made at the start of the year, that if he gained the grades he needed and got into college, she would replace his old one with a spanking brand new one. There was nothing wrong with his current laptop, but it was getting old, and he had managed to get through the last couple of months of his web design course using it, excited at the prospect of a far more powerful machine.

Covering it with the protective sheet, she closed the cardboard flaps and carefully carried the box upstairs, placing it in the bottom of her wardrobe and then locking the door before secreting the key.

She was just starting to prepare their evening meal when she heard the front door bang and the sound of footsteps running up the stairs as Stevie ascended to dump his college bag and get changed. The footfalls came again, sounding like a herd of elephants as he took the steps two at a time in his haste to get downstairs before appearing in the kitchen.

'Has it arrived yet mum?' he asked, his excitement palpable.

Marilyn kept her face straight as she turned. 'It hasn't yet. I'm sure it will be here by the big day, if not, probably the first post after Christmas.

He may have been eighteen, but at that moment as his bottom lip drooped, he looked like a little boy again.

It was only just over a week until Christmas and tomorrow would be his final lecture before a nearly three-week break. Marilyn normally had a full-time job, but this year she had saved seven days of her holidays and was taking a week off during the festivities. She had her fingers crossed for snow, but it was highly unlikely, she could only remember a heavy fall on three occasions during her lifetime, the most they usually got was only a light smattering.

When he had disappeared out that evening, she had retrieved his present, carefully wrapping it in festive paper and sealing the corners with tape, before replacing it and locking the wardrobe door once more.

She had kept up the pretence, right up to the day itself, Stevie's disappointment evident as he looked longingly out of the lounge window each morning, hoping, and praying for a delivery driver to appear.

'I'm sure it will be here the day after Boxing day, they did promise me it would arrive in time.' He nodded his head, but she could see that he was not holding out any hope.

The look on his face Christmas morning had been worth it. 'You!' he said with a grin. 'You are a bad mother, lying to me like that.'

He'd manage to put it to one side for the day, but Boxing day, Stevie was noticeable by his absence, ensconced in his bedroom as he transferred files from his old laptop to the new machine.

The following day he had brought the old one to her, they had always planned that she would get his laptop when the new replacement arrived. 'There you go, mum. I've removed everything I need. If you come across anything..... just delete it.'

Marilyn had no real need of a computer at home, she had one at work and that sufficed. She was only going to use it for a bit

of online shopping, emails to friends and family, and to occasionally play "Solitaire" in bed each night instead of watching rubbish on the television.

That evening, sat in bed, she must have played fifty games, eventually bored with what she was doing. She was no computer expert but knew enough from watching the I.T blokes at work as she clicked through the regular folders and was surprised to find that hundreds of files still resided on the machine. She was sure Stevie said delete anything she came across, but with rising concern, she had imagined one or two, not this many.

Rooting in the old laptop bag, she found a memory stick, plugging it into the side as she began transferring folders and files onto it. At first, it was a simple click and move, but finally, her motherly head kicked in. It was a special training that all mothers received on the birth of their first child, that ability to be nosey, to wonder and pry into what their children were doing.

She opened folders and files, reading this, and discarding that, all of it so far was old schoolwork and projects. At last, she had cleared the most relevant, "Documents, Music, Pictures and Video's" as well as any files left on his desktop.

She emptied the "Recycle bin," did a disk clean and removed the stick. The laptop running smoother and a little quicker with all the junk gone.

She opened the browser, ostensibly to do a bit of window shopping, but her curiosity got the better of her as she brought up her son's browsing history, half expecting it to contain a list of pornographic sites. He was no longer a child. He was a young man, and she knew that most young men would spend time watching the sort of things these sites offered.

Marilyn was completely surprised to find that there was only the occasional one, but what did catch her eye was a site that advertised itself as containing erotic stories.

She clicked and a webpage appeared, her eyes reading the list of titles on offer,

"Mom made me a man. Seducing my Mother. Mother and daughter get it on. Mom wanted a threesome," were among many of the titles listed.

She picked one, clicked on it and started reading, becoming engrossed as the tale unfolded until she came to the sex scenes. The descriptions were certainly graphic, especially when the two main characters were supposed to be a mother and her son.

By the time she had finished it, she could feel the change in her body, immediately selecting another and continuing to read. She read four that night before she had to close the site and switch the laptop off, her pulse racing and her heart going like the clappers as her chest heaved up and down.

Marilyn resisted the urge to masturbate, but for the rest of that week, each evening when she retired, she would spend a

couple of hours reading one offering after another and finishing the night feeling randy as hell. Some of them were good, some were exceptionally good, others were nothing more than a hasty attempt to describe two people having sex, but with each one she read, she diligently left a truthful rating and comment as to the effect it had on her.

It was also about that time, that she realised she was logged in to the site, Stevie must have told the browser to remember his username and password. Having a nosey in his account she found his username was "PurveyorOfPorn" and that nearly all of the stories listed in his favourites folder were of an incestuous nature, namely mother and son.

It completely surprised Marilyn, wondering suddenly if that was how he saw her but then convincing herself that he probably had a crush on one of his friend's mothers, there were certainly several extremely attractive women amongst them.

With the New Year finished, she continued to read the stories, new ones popping up each day, and week. She had just finished one which, while it wasn't bad, wasn't great either and then the thought popped into her head 'I'm sure I can do better than that.'

The more she thought about it, the more she became convinced that she could make a reasonable attempt at writing an incest story. Ideas buzzed around inside her head as she closed the webpage and opened a text program, at first just jotting down notes and ideas. Over the course of the following week and even though she had returned to work, she found herself distracted, fresh idea's popping into her head which were then jotted down on scraps of paper and stuffed into her handbag. She was getting excited at the prospect of starting, formulating a plan as to how that first chapter would run.

With her excitement came a notion, and a touch of madness, she knew now what she was going to do, she was going to have some fun, she was going to draft a story for her son.

Having written an opening couple of pages she went back to the beginning, re-reading, and correcting the work for punctuation and grammar. It wasn't bad, but something was missing. And then she knew what it was, taking a quick breath, she replaced the names of her characters, the mother was named Marilyn and the son was named Stevie.

When she read it back to herself again, it took on an all-new life. She read the speaking parts, hearing the words coming from her mouth, her son replying to her questions or statements. At last, she had reached the pivotal moment, her first sex scene. She put everything into it, as graphic as she dared, describing every nuance as her characters fucked.

She could feel her excitement build as she typed, Stevie's cock fucking his mother's pussy. Marilyn thrusting her tits at him, her hips lifting as his shaft pounded her cunt. And then her climax, her body going rigid as she orgasmed, the sensations as he filled her cunt with his hot creamy cum.

Exhausted and highly aroused, she sat back and closed her eyes, allowing her breathing to slow and the demand in her fanny to subside. She read all that she had written once more, tensions building in her body as she reached the part where he undressed her and then opened her legs, thrusting his cock deep into her quim as they copulated.

She just knew she was going to masturbate tonight, closing the program down and finally shutting the laptop lid before getting rid of her robe and switching off her bedroom light.

She breathed slowly, relaxing and allowing her eyes to become accustomed to the darkened room. The house was silent, Stevie in bed and hopefully asleep as she allowed her hand to drift to her breast, slowly massaging the abundant flesh there and then quickly exciting her nipples.

Over her stomach and belly, her hand slid downwards until her finger delicately stroked her slit, that initial burst of satisfaction flooding through her. When her fanny opened, she slid the finger inside, quickly joined by a second one as

she frigged, the tension building as her story replayed in her head.

Stevie's cock felt huge, her cunt expanding and contracting as he thrust it into her. It was her story, but a consequence of giving the characters their names was that an image of her son kept popping into her head. Her orgasm was stupendous, her body straining as she tried to dismiss the thoughts from her mind, but constantly returning to the one where her son towered over her.

The first chapter consisting of eight pages had been written, with Marilyn signing up to the website, selecting herself a username and then submitting the opening pages of her story. Now that she had done it, she wasn't holding out much hope, there were far better writers out there and she would probably be lucky if half a dozen people paid it any interest.

It seemed to take ages for it to be published, Marilyn checking each evening and becoming more nervous, how would she take it if readers just decided that it was crap.

All told, it was just over a week before one evening, she saw her tale splashed across the laptop screen for the first time. She actually read it again, feeling the familiar turn-on as her words painted pictures in her mind and feeling quite exhilarated as she reached the cliff-hanger of her first chapter.

Surprisingly, more than a dozen people had read it, leaving comments about how they were looking forward to the next part. By the next evening, nearly thirty had read it and the evening after that it was up to seventy and had been given a "Hot" badge.

She was excited even though there was one tiny disappointment, her son was not amongst the ones who had left comments and she had no way of knowing if he had even read it. She had a sudden idea as she remembered that she had access to his account, currently, she was viewing from her own new one. Logging out, she signed back in with her son's credentials, going to his favourites folder, her body shaking with anticipation and the hope of finding her story there.

The shiver ran down her spine, an insistent tingling beginning between her legs as she read the title of her story. "The desires for my Son." He had read it. Stevie had read her story and had been impressed enough to add it to his favourites.

New ideas flooded her head as she opened a blank page in her text program and began typing. Her first chapter had been close to the truth in part, It had been Christmas, the snowfall heavy as her characters Marilyn and Stevie had found themselves snowed in for nearly a week, supplies running low and struggling to stay warm each night. They had ended up in the same bed, cuddled together for warmth, her story Marilyn conscious of the bulge pushing against her bottom as her son held her close and tried to keep her warm. One thing had led to another, her characters having sex and then the recriminations the next morning when they came to their senses and realised what they had done.

Was that the end of it, would it happen again, how would her characters react to this incestuous liaison?

Her fingers clattered away at the keyboard, advancing the plot, deleting a sentence here and there as she re-read it and changed her wording. That evening alone, she wrote three pages of text, building towards a crescendo she decided, as the mother and son came together again despite their resolution never to repeat it.

"They had moved to the lounge, the large fireplace the only source of heat in the house other than the kitchen where she could turn on the gas cooker. Marilyn was conscious of what she and Stevie had done, telling herself that it must never happen again, but the longing in her belly and the remembrance of his cock filling her cunt made her determination waver.

With a hot meal in their stomachs, they spent the evening watching a little television and playing cards. She had brought linen down from the bedrooms, setting it up in front of the fire as well as a couple of sleeping bags. The room would stay warm for quite a few hours during the night, and she could

top it up, if need be, at least they had a plentiful supply of coal and logs.

There had been a mad dash to their bedrooms to get undressed and into sleepwear, returning and shivering in front of the fire until they warmed up again. At last, they slipped into the sleeping bags, the lights had been extinguished, the room now lit by the flickering from the slowly dying fire. It hadn't stayed like that for long, the clothes, the bags and the proximity of the fire soon had them both sweating as they crawled out of them and just lay atop everything.

Marilyn must have fallen asleep because she awoke with a start, her body feeling aroused and conscious of her son snuggled in behind her as his raging erection pushed against her bottom. Lying perfectly still, Stevie's hand rested on her stomach, but then moved to the top of her sleep shorts, hovering there for a moment before it slipped inside and continued its downwards journey.

This wasn't supposed to be happening they had decided, but she was unable to stop his hand as it curved between her legs and his fingers opened her fanny. She tried to suppress the sounds threatening to creep out as he teased her quim, but when his finger penetrated her, she twisted her upper body, turning her face towards her son.'

'I thought we agreed,' she struggled to say, her legs opening wider to give him greater access and noticing the look of excitement and lust in his eyes as the last few flames flickered.

'I just want you so much,' Stevie panted, his throbbing erection grinding against her as his hand fingered her a little faster and the groans now escaped her lips until his mouth covered hers and they kissed. By the time they disposed of what little clothing they wore, Marilyn's resolution had been forgotten, eager to sample her son's flesh again as she lay back, opened her legs, and then grabbed his cock as she pulled him between her thighs.

'Jesus. It felt so fucking good,' she told herself as his cock impaled her, his hips thrusting his shaft into her moist open fanny at a constant rate. She watched as he lowered his head to her chest, feeling his hot breath on her breasts and then the warmth of his mouth as he sucked and licked each nipple in turn. She raised her chest, squirming against his groin each time his cock filled her cunt. She was telling him now, telling him how close she was, telling him she wanted to cum and feel his cock fill her passage with his seed.

And then she was floating, her climax lifting her, her body accepting the flow of stimulations that overrode her senses and made her wish for her orgasm never to stop."

She lay back against her pillows and closed her eyes, her body alive and with a need for satisfaction which she now knew would come as soon as she had finished, just giving her son time to settle before she fingered herself again.

Within a few nights, her next chapter was complete, and she uploaded it, waiting in suspense until part two was published.

It did even better than part one, comments soon mounting up as readers started following her, and she again noticed that her son had added it to his favourites folder.

Marilyn was in the process of sending an email to her mum, just keeping her up to date with any news when she noticed that she had received several from the site. Yes, she had signed up with an email address, but never considered that readers would write to her in this fashion.

Tentatively, she opened each one, some complementary and saying how much they looked forward to the next part. Others were very near the knuckle, describing what the reader was doing while they read her story. It gave her a thrill as she realised that she wasn't the only one becoming aroused by what she had written.

It was the final email, the writer posing several questions.

"What made you chose those names? Have you ever been involved in an incestuous relationship because you make it

sound so real? Are you male or female? If female, have you got a son, do you think about him like that?"

Her username gave nothing away, but the sender's name did, "PurveyorOfPorn."

Marilyn's chest felt tight, as though she was struggling to breathe, her palms were sweaty and there was a buzz of excitement about her body. She couldn't respond from this email address; he would know it was her straight away. Her first stop was a well know browser as she constructed a new alias address, picking a name that would keep her mysterious, 'mad\_N\_bad@\*\*\*mail.com.'

It was easy to set it up, twenty minutes and she was ready to go. She started, tapping away as thoughts filled her head until Marilyn suddenly stopped and deleted it all. Closing her eyes, she thought about what she was doing, this person was supposed to be a stranger writing to her, how would she normally act. Slowly she built herself a persona, starting to type her reply.

"Hi PoP

The names are a figment of my imagination. I am a female writer and yes, I do have a son. Have I had that type of relationship, now that would be telling this early because I don't know you well enough yet? Are you a male or female reader? How old are you? If you are a male, do you have fantasies about your sister or perhaps your mother? Do they know that you think about them in that way?

Looking forward to your reply

MNB"

She read other stories that night, wondering if her son had received and read her reply yet and how he may respond. Would it scare him off, or would he divulge information that she knew nothing about? The thought had still not entered her head that what she was doing may lead to what she had

written in her story. Stevie was her son; she was his mother and presently she had no desire to bed him.

A couple of nights passed before she received a reply, each evening in bed she would work on the next chapter of her story. She had checked that night and her "Inbox" was empty, but a message soon popped up that she had mail.

"Hi MNB

What a very strange coincidence because both of the names you chose are very familiar to me. How old am I, let's say I am over the age of consent and old enough to know what I like? Yes, I am a bloke, but not one with a sister. Do I think of my mother like that, it's hard to say? All I will add is that I would consider her still to be highly desirable. Please continue with your story as I can't wait to read what happens next.

POP"

The tightness was back in her chest, Marilyn's breathing ragged and far too fast as she grasped the implications of her son's reply.

'Bloody hell,' she thought, was Stevie fantasising about her? Was he was imagining doing the things to her that she had described in her story? She turned her head towards her bedroom wall, suddenly imagining him laid next door, perhaps naked and reading her story as his hand slid up and down his shaft and he masturbated. Those imaginings caused a reaction in her own body as she felt herself get excited at the thought of her son tossing himself off whilst he thought about her.

Her next chapter went the same way as she waited for it to be published. She still hadn't replied to Stevie's email yet, wondering how to phrase her questions without arousing suspicion.

That night in bed, she opened her mail program and composed herself, adopting her persona before she began typing.

"Hi PoP

Have submitted the next part. I suspect that you have perhaps thought of your mother in that way, as a woman, rather than your mum. Have I ever thought of my son like that, definitely not, at least not until you asked the question and now, I find myself wondering what it may be like? The probability is, he would not be interested. What young man would want an older woman. Does your mother know that you fancy her, is it possible that she has an inkling but is afraid to let those sorts of feelings show?

What is it you would like to do to her, I would be interested to know? I'll swap confessions if you will.

MNB"

Again, it was a few days before she received a reply,

"Hi MNB

Have read the next chapter, twice, and cum both times. Christ! you sure do know how to write an incest story. To be honest, I hadn't thought about my mother in that way until I started reading your tale. Now I can't stop thinking about her. What's she like, probably I suspect the same age as you. She is still very pretty, and I've suddenly realised that she still has a great figure and a sexy wiggle when she walks. I imagine what it may be like to undress her and caress her breasts, her tits are full, and I would love to have my mouth suckle on her nipples. I lie in bed some nights and imagine being between her thighs, my cock deep in her fanny as I wank, and my ejaculation is always extra special when she is in my head.

Is that how you think of your son? The things you write about is that what you would like to do with him. Getting randy again just thinking about it.

All for now

POP"

So was Marilyn, just reading what her son had written was giving her an itch. Surely this couldn't be right, he was describing how he was pleasing himself while thinking about her as she suddenly wondered what his cock looked like when erect. She had no idea nowadays, the last time she had seen him naked had been when he was a child. She got from her bed and locked her room door, Stevie was still up and about, and the last thing Marilyn wanted, was him coming to her room as she masturbated, or was that what she really wanted.

She closed her eyes, making a new story up in her head, one where she was laid on her bed naked as she was now, the house empty and her son out with friends. Her hands massaged her breasts, squashing them and making them bulge so that her erect nipples stood proud as she lowered her head, pushed upwards, and extended her tongue, licking at

her teats. In her head she had been too engrossed to hear the front door close, her fingers now embedded in her fanny as she fingered, moaning quite loudly as she excited and aroused herself.

As her temperature soared, she got the funniest feeling that she was being watched, imagining her eyes suddenly opening, to find her son stood at her bedroom door watching her, the bulge in the front of his pants making it obvious that he was turned on by what she was doing.

Of course, she had been going to protest as he entered her bedroom, Marilyn unable to stop as her climax began, now intensified knowing that Stevie was watching. Her hand went faster, her fingers pounding her cunt as dazzling lights appeared in front of her closed eyes. By the time her orgasm had subsided, and she opened them, her son had disappeared from the doorway, and when she turned her head to seek him out, he was already by her bed and naked, her eyes fixated on the length of juddering meat that jutted from his groin.

She tried to tell him 'No' as she dragged him onto her bed, and then he was between her thighs and his cock sank into her flesh. As he fucked her, she felt her body rising to its plateau, the fingers in her cunt simulating Stevie's cock as it pummelled her fanny. It was the look on his face, towering above her, the look that said her was going to abuse every inch of her body and fill each of her orifices.

Her orgasm exploded, in her mind, she could feel him cum inside her, crying out before she could stop herself as the room was filled with the sound of wet flesh slapping together and she allowed herself to be swallowed by the sensations.

Once she had wiped her hand and fanny and with her body currently sated, she settled back as she continued with the next chapter of her story, the fourth one.

"Christmas was long gone, summer approaching and with it the promise of sex in the great outdoors, something Stevie said he was looking forward to as their relationship had grown closer since the festive period. She was in the kitchen

preparing their evening meal when his arms encircled her waist, one hand moving upwards as he cupped her presently unfettered breast....."

She had considered that her description of the imaginary sex between Marilyn and Stevie in the story could not get any more graphic, but she was continually finding new words to try and describe what it felt like to have her son's cock inside her pussy.

When she finished, she decided it was time to email him again.

"Good evening, PoP

Find myself lying here thinking about you and thinking about my son. I wonder what his cock is like and how it would feel as it slips inside my cunt."

It was the first time she had used a word like that in an email to him and it had suddenly given her a thrill.

"Is he big? Is he on the smallish side? I don't suppose it matters so long as he knows what to do with it. My fanny is wet thinking about the both of you, wet not because I presently need fucking, it's wet because I have just finished fingering myself while imagining him fucking me. Tell me the things you would like to do to your mum, how would you go about it, perhaps she has no desire for you to fuck her. Would you force yourself on her? I sometimes dream about being raped, what would it be like if my son forced himself on me?"

Anyway, it's late and I need sleep. Write soon

MNB"

She wasn't giving him chance to answer tonight, not that he normally did anyway. She clicked the shutdown button, closed the lid once it had finished and then put it safely in its bag as she settled down. She had work in the morning, and

she'd had too many late nights this week already, falling asleep nearly as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Her latest chapter was nearly finished, but she was in no rush, Marilyn deciding to take a week's break from writing or even answering the emails that arrived in her inbox every few days. She had noticed that her son had emailed again, but she was making him wait, the lapse in her attention would do him the world of good she decided, laughing to herself at the thought of him checking each night and sitting there pouting when he found he had still not received a reply. She would love to know what he had written but made herself wait, the anticipation adding to the suspense.

While her story moved quickly towards the summer months, in reality, it was only nearing the middle of March and the thought of hot sunny weather was still a way off. She had returned to tapping away at her keyboard but was still to answer Stevie's last email, these sudden desires exposed in his correspondence were troubling Marilyn, not least because it had also awakened something within her. She was fine until

she wrote the imaginary sex scenes and then he automatically became part of her thoughts and desires.

She had waited until the weekend. While he was out on Friday evening, she read the email he had sent, his words in a way bewitching her.

"Hello MND

I do wonder about your age and if you are as I imagine, the same as my mother. I'm sure she does not suspect that I watch her constantly nowadays. Sometimes I wish that you were my mum, you sound so sexy, and I love the way you write things, especially about fucking. I suppose in my head, you and she have become one. I dream of undressing you and lying between your thighs, my tongue tickling as I lick and suck on your fanny. I'm sure my mother has no idea of the things I would like to do to her, and she has never given me any indication that she may be that way inclined. When I said that I was familiar with your characters names, that's because my name is Steven, or Stevie for short and my mum is called

Marilyn. What you describe in your story and what I imagine, makes it sound and feel so real. I've no idea if my mum dreams about rape, it's not as though I can go and ask her and it's not something that she is likely to come and discuss with me. But thinking about that is making me horny, not the real thing, just roleplaying, but her pretending to refuse me and then abusing her body while she is restrained.

I'd better get off, but wait in anticipation of your reply

Stevie"

Marilyn read it through several times, the tingling between her legs intensifying her reply to him.

"PoP

I'm sure my son has no idea that I'm lusting after him. Have you ever considered trying what I wish he would attempt? He takes me out one evening and I get drunk. When we get back

home, he has to undress me and put me to bed. I imagine lying there, completely naked as his eyes devour my body and he lusts after me, eventually plucking up the courage as his hands fondle my breasts and play with my nipples. I can feel his hand go between my legs, his fingers touching and stroking my fanny as my juices start to flow and it opens for him. The bed moves and my legs are being opened, something rubs against my cunt, and I just know it's the head of his cock. And then he's inside me, he's fucking my pussy and it feels so good. I suddenly wake, pretending to protest, but he doesn't stop, he just continues to thrust his cock into me as my arousal increases. I don't want him to stop now, my mouth seeking his as we kiss, his cock now ploughing my cunt as he forces me to orgasm, and then I feel his shaft explode inside me as he fills my pussy with his cum.

I'm sorry I can't write anymore at the moment. I need to finger myself because now I am so aroused.

MNB"

She heard the front door open and close just as she pressed the send button, which would be Stevie getting home. When he poked his head around her bedroom door, she had her breathing back under control and was playing Solitaire when he came and sat on the edge of her bed.

They chatted for five minutes, but during that time she was sure his eyes never left her breasts. The partially transparent nightdress she had worn would be allowing him to see her tits and especially the darker area of her areola. Her nipples grew hard, poking at the sheer material as her fanny grew moist, Stevie unable to disguise the excitement evident on his face.

And then he was gone as Marilyn began touching herself, building up her pleasure by teasing her quim and imagining Stevie returning and catching her.

Later, and feeling satisfied once more, she returned to her story, adding a few more details.

"They had decided on a picnic as the weather presently was glorious. There was a small lake near their home and Stevie had suggested that as their destination. He had just finished for his summer break, the other schools yet to break up and Marilyn had taken a few days holiday from work.

'It will still be quiet yet,' he told her, 'Hopefully we will have the lake to ourselves, and you know what that means?'

Marilyn knew exactly what that meant, which was why she had treated herself to a bikini and had ditched her old one-piece swimming costume. Stevie had told her constantly of his desire to have her out in the open, 'In public' as he put it. 'Imagine the sun beating down on our backs as my cock fucks your pussy.'

It was only a fifteen-minute walk, Marilyn had already donned her costume and then put on a pair of shorts and a top to cover it while they made the journey. Stevie carried the bag. She had packed sandwiches and crisps along with a bottle

of wine and two plastic glasses, a bottle of lotion and a couple of beach towels for them to lay on and dry themselves with.

As he had presumed, the area around the lake was empty, another week or so and it would be thronging with people. They selected a spot off to one side, Stevie laying out the towels before pulling off his vest top and dropping his shorts, standing completely naked for a moment before stepping into his swim shorts. Marilyn looked at his flaccid cock and licked her lips, she knew it wouldn't be like that for long, especially once she undressed.

She dispensed with her top and then unbuttoned her shorts, wriggling her hips as they fell to her ankles and her son got his first look at her in a bikini. His reaction had been instantaneous, the bulge quickly evident in his shorts as he began to advance on her.

'Down boy,' she giggled, 'There's plenty of time for that. I want to get some sunbathing in before you abuse me.'

She stretched out on the towel and tantalisingly reached behind her as she pulled the strings on her bikini top. 'Will you rub some lotion into my back?' she asked huskily."

It was the fifth chapter of her story and by now Marilyn was writing it not so much for the reader, but more for herself and her son. It was surprising how fast time had passed, engrossed in her story and their correspondence, reality was slowly catching up with her tale, now only three or four months apart.

It had been quite a while since Stevie or 'PurveyorOfPorn' had last emailed her, she'd had nothing since her last one to him and she wondered if he had become bored with their back and forth.

His nineteenth birthday was due shortly and Stevie surprised her when he had a request.

'Why don't we go out for my birthday, just you and me. We can go for a meal and then a few drinks afterwards.'

Marilyn was immediately suspicious, he had never before invited her out alone, they had been out together with friends or family, but never alone. And then her last email sprung to mind, was this a ploy she wondered, was he intending to get her drunk and then have his wicked way with her.

'It sounds like a good idea,' she said excitedly.

On the evening of his birthday, she paid particular attention to her appearance. Beneath the close-fitting slinky blue dress she wore, was new lingerie, purposefully bought because it covered very little of her. The dress was a perfect length, short enough that it displayed her stocking-clad legs but not so short that it looked slutty. In her heels, she surveyed her appearance in her mirror.

'Still highly desirable,' he had said. The woman who looked back was every bit of that.

It was an exceptional evening, the both of them enjoying themselves although Marilyn drunk a lot less than her son presumed. She was tipsy, but certainly not as drunk as she was now acting.

At closing time, they staggered home, her arm around his neck and shoulders while his arm was around her waist as he supported her. Marilyn took one step forward and two backwards, slurring her speech and acting as though she was off her head. Her performance meant that it took longer to get home, but finally, their house and front door was in sight.

Stevie helped her upstairs and sat his mother on the edge of her bed. She lolled forward and closed her eyes, pretending to be completely out of it. She could hear him telling her to get undressed and into bed, but she ignored him and continued to sit immobile. She felt her shoes being removed and then the movement as her son climbed onto the bed. Seconds later, the zip of her dress slid down and her heartbeat went up. He eased it from her shoulders and then extracted her arms before climbing off the bed and helping her to her feet as he struggled to pull the covers back.

He sat her down once more and then eased her down as he wriggled her dress over her hips and removed it. Marilyn lay still, her eyes closed as she heard him hang the dress in her wardrobe. She was laid on her bed, her legs hanging over the edge, dressed now in nothing but her bra, the tiny panties incorporating her suspender belt and her stockings.

Her nipples were hard, and her fanny was alive as she felt his hands scrabble beneath her back as her bra was released and then removed. Stevie stood motionless for several minutes and Marilyn could hear his sudden intake of breath and that his breathing had become quicker. Her stockings were removed next, gliding down her legs, which only left one item as she waited with bated breath.

She felt his fingers hook into their edge and then in a simple motion, they were slid from her hips and down her legs. She was struggling to control her breathing, laid there now, completely naked. Stevie lifted her legs and eased her a little further back before swivelling her so that she now lay completely on her bed.

She sensed that he had moved and then the mattress compressed on the other side of the bed as he knelt next to her.

Marilyn continued to lay motionless, struggling to control her breathing and make it sound as though she had passed out. Her nipples ached, demanding that someone paid them attention, and her fanny was threatening to release her juices all over the bottom sheet. And still, she waited, Stevie, doing nothing but kneeling there and she presumed, looking at her.

'Shit!' With her eyes closed, it had taken her by surprise as his fingers slid between her breasts, and she had nearly jumped and cried out.

'Oh, my fucking giddy aunt!' Marilyn had said it silently to herself because her son's hand had just covered her left breast. It rested there for a moment before exploring her flesh, caressing, and fondling her boobs and then at long last, her nipples. She was light-headed, trying to control her breathing

while her body was highly excitable. She felt dreamy as his hands kneaded her breasts, and then she felt his hot breath on them, seconds before his lips took her teats into his mouth.

Finally, his hand began to slide down her body, over her stomach and belly, lingering amongst her pubic hair and then a finger touched her fanny. It opened instantaneously, covering the digit in her juices. 'Oh yes..... god yes..... oh fuck!' The finger slid into her cunt and began to molest her.

'Get undressed. Rip your clothes off for me. I want to feel your nakedness pushing against me,' Marilyn was saying to herself. Just a little bit longer and then she would be able to have him, she would feel her son's flesh become part of her own.

He continued to finger her for a while and then she felt it withdrawn. She was feeling euphoric, he would be undressing, and any moment now, she would feel his cock against her fanny.

He left the bed, and then suddenly the covers were pulled over her and her bedroom door opened and closed. She

continued to lay still for a moment before opening her eyes and looking around.

'Fuck, fuck, fuck. fuck, fuck, fuck!' she swore under her breath. 'What the fuck had gone wrong. Why had he stopped? Why wasn't he here shagging her?'

Her body, completely aroused and ready, began to feel frustrated. In desperation, she jammed several fingers into her cunt and rapidly brought herself off. Even though she felt slightly better, she was still angry. On the one hand, she wanted to go to his room and jump into his bed, on the other hand, she wanted to go to his room and fucking slap him.

Marilyn was still miffed the next morning, feigning a hangover as the reason for her mood and lack of conversation. She couldn't exactly say something could she, she was supposed to have been so comatose that she didn't know what he had done.

A couple of nights later she got an email from him.

"Hi MNB

Did as you suggested. It was a fantastic night. Mum was pissed as a fart. I undressed her; she was laid there naked in front of me. I have never realised how beautiful she is. Her body is fantastic. What I wouldn't give to make love to her. I started to do as you described, her breasts are so soft and smooth, her fanny was wet, and I began fingering her.

Had to stop because it seemed wrong. Not the fact that she was my mum, but because she was drunk, and I was using it as an excuse to take advantage of her. Wish I could tell her how I feel. Any luck with your son yet?

Stevie"

Marilyn felt ashamed that she had been mad at him, he had acted like she had brought him up to do. Other men may have

taken advantage of her drunken state, her son at least had recognised that what he was doing was wrong.

Hi Stevie

Sorry, it didn't work out. At least it sounds like you are a gentleman. Not going well with my son. Convinced that something was going to happen at last but then it didn't. Perhaps it's not meant to be, you can't make something happen just because you want it.

MNB

For the next few nights, she left the laptop switched off, feeling despondent and not sure what to try next. It had started as a bit of fun, writing a story to excite her son despite her having no desire to do any more than that. But slowly, and over time, her feelings had changed, no longer was it fun, she was now craving him. She wanted so much more than this secret correspondence, she wanted his arms around her, she

wanted his shaft in her fanny. But she couldn't bring herself to tell him that, in her eyes, it made her sound like a slut.

That evening, she set up her laptop once more, if nothing else, the readers deserved the next chapter of her story, she just didn't know if there would be more after this.

"Stevie straddled the top of her thighs and Marilyn could feel his erection pushing against her bottom as he leant forward and applied lotion to her shoulders. She loved the feel of his hands sliding over her skin, especially when he wickedly dipped into her armpits and then ran his hands down the outside edge of her breast. He worked his way up and down until he reached the edge of her bikini bottoms.

'Do you want me to do your front?' he asked cheekily with a chuckle.

Why not she thought as he cocked a leg and she turned over, watching as he applied more lotion to his hands and then eased them across her breasts. Her nipples became erect

immediately, pressing into the palms of his hands as he teased them. Despite her intention to sunbathe, she raised her head and looked around, there was still no one in sight as her fanny declared that it required some attention.

She raised the flat of her hand towards Stevie, asking him to pour a small amount of lotion into it. He did as requested, looking puzzled for a moment until she pulled the front of his shorts down and massaged the oily slippery substance into his cock. Her son throwing his head back and groaning loudly as she tossed him off.

He moved while she got rid of her bikini bottoms, laying back naked as she opened her legs and watched him shuffle between them, her arousal ignited as the head of his shaft rubbed against her pussy."

Marilyn took a break, this was the trouble with writing about sex, although it wasn't the same as the act itself, nevertheless, it never failed to arouse her as she wrote about what she and her son were doing in the story.

She played a couple of games to clear her mind and allow her excitement to diminish and then went back to typing. She got most of it finished that evening and the following evening she proofread it and corrected any mistakes before submitting it to the site.

As per her other chapters, it was well-received, with plenty of nice comments being left for her. She of course checked to see if her son had read it and was pleased to find it in his folder.

He sent her an email several nights later, but she ignored it, perhaps it was about time to bring these communications to an end.

Easter had arrived and she had seen little of him during his two-week break, only at the end of the night when she was in bed, and he arrived home late. She collared him one evening, this was her last chance, after this, she would just forget about what she had hoped for.

'I've seen nothing of you this time. Fancy going out one day before college resumes. We can go up around the lake and sunbathe and I'll make us a picnic?'

Stevie's face split into a grin, 'Yeah, I'd really like that. We had fun on my birthday, didn't we?'

Marilyn took a day off work, the forecast for the next few days was glorious. She packed sandwiches and bites along with beers, a picnic blanket, and towels in case they wanted to swim.

The bag was heavy on the way out as Stevie carried it, the two of them chatting as they strolled along. At the lake she extracted the towels and spread them out, leaving the picnic blanket and bag in the shade of an old tree. She noticed her son was watching her as she pulled her t-shirt over her head to display the minute top part of her bikini that just about managed to cover her breasts.

Stevie seemed distracted, his mouth hanging open as she turned her back to him, unbuttoned her shorts and slipped them from her hips. The bottom part of her bikini was a thong, the cheeks of her arse plainly on display and the night before she had shaved her pubic area so that her mound was now as bare and soft as a babies bottom.

Stretching out on the towel she lay on her front. 'Can you apply some lotion to my back, so I don't burn,' she asked.

Stevie straddled her thighs, trying to make sure that his erection did not make contact with her bottom. 'Fucking hell,' he was thinking, 'his mother looked fantastic.' The bikini hid nothing and his first sight of her in it had been enough to give him a boner.

He had applied lotion to his hands and was rubbing it into her shoulders and wondering what she would say if he went down her sides and accidentally caressed the edges of her boobs. Suddenly, he sat bolt upright, coming to a stop as he looked around him. It was weird, something about this scene was

refusing to coalesce in his brain. It felt like déjà vu, as though this had played out once before.

'Something wrong?' his mother mumbled as he tried to work out what was bothering him.

And then it hit him, as though he had been slapped in the face, he had read this exact same scene in a story. He leapt off her, sprawling in the process and landing on his arse as he stared at her.

Marilyn turned her head and looked at her son's horror-stricken face.

'Are you mad and bad?' he blurted.

A smile slowly spread across her face, quickly replaced by a mischievous and sultry look. 'I can be if that is what you would like,' she said in a husky voice as she sat up.

Stevie was stammering, trying to get his words out even though he was stunned by the sudden revelation.

'You wrote the story? You're the one I've been writing to? The one I've been telling all about the things..... concerning my mother..... I mean you!'

Marilyn nodded her head. 'The very same,' she replied, 'the one whose breasts you massaged, whose nipples you kissed and whose fanny you fingered.'

'It's taken long enough,' she said, looking around her and making sure the coast was clear as she reached behind and unfastened her bikini top, casting it to one side as her breasts fell free.

'I reckon It's about time that you finally got around to shagging me,' she whispered, fluttering her eyes as she shuffled closer to him.

Marilyn felt the tip of his cock press against the open moist lips of her pussy, this time it wasn't make-believe, this time it wasn't daydreaming, this time it was for real. She grunted and exhaled as he thrust forward and at long last, his cock filled her cunt.

She wrapped her legs around his buttocks as he came down onto his elbows and their mouths locked together. It was the sweetest kiss of all to start with, his shaft buried deep in her quim and her tits pressing against his chest as their mouths moved against each other. It quickly became passionate, one of his hands moving to her chest as he cupped as much of her breast as he could and squeezed, kneading the flesh and creating room for his fingers to get to her nipple as he tweaked it.

'Oh Jesus,' she thought momentarily, 'this was so good, well worth waiting for.'

Stevie adjusted himself, his groin grinding against her mound as his cock flexed inside her. He moved so that he could get

his mouth to her breasts, showering them with kisses before taking her nipples between his lips, licking, and sucking at each engorged teat.

He was about to withdraw, whispering in her ear what he wanted to do to her. Marilyn shook her head, 'You can do that later. What I want the most at this moment is to be fucked. I want it fast and hard, a little bit rough if necessary. I want you to make me climax, make me cum, and then I want to feel your cock fill my cunt with your spunk.'

Stevie speeded up, his cock smashing into her cunt and Marilyn using her legs around his buttocks to pull him firmly and deeply inside her. His hands abused her breasts, making her tits bulge and biting at her nipples as she squealed with delight. She had waited so long for this moment, that she knew that he would quickly make her climax.

Her pussy was alive to every touch, his shaft rubbing against each sensitive nerve as it was plunged into her and then slowly withdrawn, seconds later, filling her again.

She couldn't stop herself from using the words from her story and emails, uttering crudity's as she told her son to shag her harder.

'Com'on, ram it into my fanny. I want all of your dick inside me. That's it, fuck your moms cunt!'

Marilyn could feel it start and couldn't have stopped it if she had tried. The pressure built in her pussy until like a volcano it became too much and then erupted, her climax sending waves of pleasure rolling through her body as she twisted and writhed beneath him, her son's hips a blur as his cock thudded into her cunt. He seemed to keep going for ever, and then grunted loudly, his shaft jerking inside her as she felt the spurts of cum hit her cervix and helped prolong her orgasm.

They were covered in sweat, both from the heat of the day and their exertions. Stevie had collapsed next to her, his chest heaving as he tried to get his breath back. Marilyn stayed in the same position, her arms thrown out sideways and above

her head, her legs still open wide as juices and spunk dribbled from her fanny.

When she finally caught her breath, she sat up and checked around once more.

'I'm going to take a quick dip and wash some of this coating off me,' she told him with a seductive smile. 'And then after a spot of sunbathing and a bite to eat, I going to let you fill my fanny again.'

She laughed loudly as she grabbed her bikini and set off running towards the water's edge.

It was colder than either of them had anticipated. Stevie had followed her, still naked but with swim shorts in hand. 'Once in the water,' he was thinking, 'I'm going to fuck her again.'

As it was, it was so cold that they only spent a few minutes in the water as they cleansed themselves, Stevie's cock having

shrivelled as he got out and his mother's nipples looking like church coat pegs. They dashed back to their picnic spot and dried off, they were still alone and so stretched out naked and allowed the sun to warm their bodies.

He had hundreds of questions, but at that moment, none of them mattered, they would wait until later or even another day, the most important and pressing thing on his mind was being allowed to indulge himself with his mother's body once more and already looking forward to getting between her thighs and tasting her succulent pussy.

Marilyn did a final chapter to finish her story off, that last one was far easier to write, she didn't have to imagine the sex anymore, she was now getting plenty of it. With it done, she considered what came next, did she call it a day? She had set out to entertain her son, now they entertained each other for real.

She had decided on a second story, but this time it would be a complete one-off, rather than writing chapters at a time.

Compared to that first attempt her next one was easy; she changed the characters names but basically wrote about the things that she and Stevie got up to.

They had talked about it at length, Marilyn explaining how she had found the link on his old laptop and how it had started out as a bit of fun. After that day at the lake and within the week, he had near enough moved into her bedroom and bed permanently.

As time passed, she would continue writing, building up a catalogue of stories that Stevie always got to read first, and which invariably led to sex.

'You want to try this?' he had asked one night, reading the first few chapters of a new story she was writing. Marilyn nodded her head, her eyes sparkling with excitement. 'Yes, I want to experience it so that I know what it feels like and can describe it better.'

He'd nodded his consent but made no more mention of it as he gave it some serious thought.

The weeks and months had passed, Christmas fast approaching.

'Don't forget that I have Bob's birthday bash tomorrow night, I'm probably going to be drunk as a skunk, so I'll stay over and see you Sunday morning.'

Stevie had mentioned it a couple of weeks earlier, one of his friends from college. Marilyn had nothing planned for that evening, a long luxurious bath, followed by a bite to eat and a couple of glasses of wine while she watched a film and then an early night.

He held her tightly as they kissed, her body naked beneath her robe. 'I wish I weren't going now,' he said as his hand snuck inside her gown and tested the weight of her breasts, Marilyn laughing and teasing as she felt his growing erection pushing against her.

'Go on, get off or you will be late,' she scolded lovingly, receiving another kiss as he said goodnight.

She had spent nearly an hour in the bath, relaxing and topping the water up several times. She hadn't bothered dressing, simply slipping her robe back over her naked body. Curled up on the couch, she ate her quick ready meal and soon polished a couple of glasses of wine. The film wasn't half as good as she had anticipated and by nine o'clock her eyes were feeling heavy.

'Sod it,' she thought, 'this is a load of rubbish.' She switched off the tv, checked that both front and back doors were locked and made her way up to bed. She thought about doing an hour of writing, but she couldn't be bothered and so she stripped off her robe, turned out the light and got into bed, within ten minutes she was fast asleep.

She didn't know what had disturbed her, turning her head to peer at the clock next to the bed. Two-thirty in the morning.

Marilyn closed her eyes and turned over, but something about the room felt strange. She shrugged it off as she tried to settle and go back to sleep, but for some reason, she had the feeling that she was being watched.

'You're just being stupid,' she told herself, screwing her eyes shut and trying to clear her mind.

She must have nodded off again until she suddenly became conscious of a weight bearing down on her. Struggling to sit up, her eyes flew open, her mouth ready to scream because of the figure that currently straddled her chest.

The curtains had been uncovered a little, a sliver of moonlight trying to illuminate the room but only managing to create deep shadows in places.

'Shhhh.' The voice growled, putting a finger to its lips.

It was definitely a man, dressed all in black with a ski mask that covered everything except his eyes and his mouth.

'If you scream,' he growled again, brandishing a knife in front of her face, and intimating what he would do with it if she resisted.

'Please. Let me go. Just get up and disappear, I promise I won't say anything.' She could feel the fear, her body shaking. The only thing keeping her in control was that she knew that this was one of the things she had wished to experience, and which Stevie had agreed to.

But she had thought it was something they would play out one evening, her son tying her up and having his way with her. He had never mentioned it since, and she had imagined he had forgotten about it.

'Stevie?'

A hand shot out and gripped her face, squeezing her cheeks and puckering her mouth. 'I will tell you when to speak. Shut the fuck up or else,' he growled again.

He continued to sit on top of her and saying nothing, which was unnerving in itself. And then ever so slowly, his hand moved, in the darkness, she hardly noticed it until she felt the covers pulled down and her breasts exposed.

'Oh God, oh please,' she muttered to herself as she watched his eyes move to her tits and his mouth twist, Marilyn just knew he was leering at her.

'Left hand,' he suddenly barked. Marilyn timidly extending it towards him. He placed a cuff around her wrist and then jerked her arm out and back as he fastened the cuff and cord to the bed head.

'Right hand,' The process was repeated, Marilyn's arms spread out and securely fastened.

He seemed to relax now as he climbed off her and stood, tucking the knife into the back of his trousers as he moved to the bottom of her bed. She couldn't stop her body shaking, Marilyn was petrified as she wondered what he was going to do.

'Surely it must be Stevie..... but what if it wasn't, how had this man got in?'

The covers were thrown back and he grabbed an ankle, it took him only seconds to attach the cuff and secure it. He grabbed the other ankle and secured that, pulling her down the bed so that she now formed a restrained star shape. Folding the covers back, inch by inch, he exposed her naked body, Marilyn shivering as the cool air caused goosebumps.

He seemed to disappear into the shadows for a moment and she couldn't see him, leaving her stewing as she imagined all sorts of things. When he reappeared, he pulled his top over his head, Marilyn expecting to see flesh, but he wore

something black underneath. Next, he got rid of his trousers as she worked out that he had on some kind of tight-fitting lycra bodysuit. It was only as he straightened that she could see that the groin area had been cut away and that his erect cock now jutted towards her.

She wanted to scream, but fear of repercussion stilled her tongue. He disappeared from her view, and she felt the mattress move, and then she could feel his breath on her fanny. His fingers opened her up, pulling her pussy lips apart and gaping her as she steeled herself, and then his tongue was inside her cunt as he licked and sucked at her intimate part.

'I must resist, I must resist,' she kept telling herself. The trouble was he seemed to know exactly how to arouse her. When he pushed the hood back from her clit and flicked his tongue over it, she could not stop her hips from moving towards his mouth. When he took it between his lips and gently sucked at it, she could not stop the growl that rose in her throat.

Please don't, just..... please don't.' His tongue returned to her cunt as he kissed and licked every inch of her pink moist flesh.

When he slid a finger into her passage and fingered her at the same time that his mouth continued to devour her pussy, she knew she would not be able to stop her climax. When he added a thumb, pushed up her anus, to what he was already doing, she orgasmed, her hips bucking as the sensations spiralled through her body, he groans echoing in the quiet of the room despite Marilyn telling herself she wasn't enjoying it.

He appeared back in her vision as her climax subsided, slowly moving between her thighs and the moonlight catching his erection for a second as it swung back and forth. She closed her eyes as she felt his knob press against her labia, there was no point in pleading she knew, he was going to fuck her no matter what she said or did.

As his cock filled her cunt, it took her breath away. At least so far, he hadn't hurt her, if anything he had been quite gentle with her. And then his shaft began to shag her, slowly at first and then building her arousal despite her best efforts to ignore the sensations coming from her fanny. He had brought her to the brink, lowered her down and then raised her again.

She knew she was going to climax again, and she hated this stranger whoever he was for being able to arouse her like this. She was at her pinnacle, the slightest movement of his shaft inside her, and she would climax. He seemed to sense it, keeping perfectly still as he knelt upright.

He raised an arm and hand, grasping his mask and dragging it from his face. Stevie looked at her and gave a mischievous smile.

'You know that I love you, Marilyn,' he said as he flexed his hips and sent her over the edge.

It took her a while to forgive him, but never again did she fantasise about something like that, he had scared the shit out of her. Fantasies were one thing; the reality was another and now she knew what fear felt like.

By the age of twenty-two, Stevie was now working, the two wages coming in each month meant that life became a lot easier for them. Marilyn was still writing, and she had lost count of how many stories she now had under her belt.

Sat in bed that evening, she was tapping away at her keyboard as Stevie read the first draft of a story on which she was working. It had been many years since she had last used these two characters and he wondered why she had resurrected them, Marilyn and Stevie gracing her pages once more.

"Stevie lay between her thighs, his nostrils picking up the scent of powder and musk as he gazed lovingly at her moist pink interior. He raised his eyes to peer over her belly at her breasts, noting that it seemed a little larger and rounder of late.

'We are going to have to send you out jogging,' he joked, stroking her belly, and showering it with kisses.

Marilyn raised her head and gave him a secretive smile. 'It doesn't matter how far I run, it's going to get bigger whether I like it or not.'

It took him several moments for her comment to register, raising himself to his knee's as he looked at her puzzled and then at her belly.

'You mean.....?'

She grinned and nodded her head imperceptibly."

Stevie lowered the sheets of paper he was reading and turned to face his mother, giving her a peculiar look.

'What?' she asked him.

He said nothing as he raised the covers and peered down the bed.

'Marilyn laughed, 'You're not going to see anything..... not yet anyway. Give it another month or so!'

# The Sweet Smell of Heather

Heather raised her head and eased herself up onto her elbows as she glanced around. The forest and the heathlands were glorious at this time of year and it hadn't been hard in the thousands of acres to find a secluded spot. It was the first day of Tim's summer break from university and as the weather was nice, and he had nothing planned, Heather had suggested a picnic. She'd packed sandwiches and a dish of salad along with the usual selection of sausage rolls, meat pies and boiled eggs and as a final afterthought, she had put in a bottle of beer for Tim and a small bottle of wine for herself.

She had done the driving on the outward journey and her son was going to do the drive back, which was why she had gone slightly mad and had far too many glasses of wine. She glanced around once more as her bladder protested, and then turned to her son and told him she was going to spend a penny. He mumbled something, not even bothering to open his eyes as she glanced at his topless torso.

He seemed to have changed since he had been away, growing a little taller and certainly more muscular she had noticed when he had pulled his t-shirt off to sunbathe. At first, after they had eaten and he had stretched out, Heather found it disconcerting, constantly having to look away as her eyes seemed to be drawn to the bulge and the outline visible in the light-blue shorts he was wearing.

She got to her feet, her bladder now bursting as she walked away from him, she had no desire to be near enough that he would be able to hear her urinate and so walked a reasonable distance away and went behind a tree, quickly climbing out of her shorts and panties as she squatted down and pissed.

She had brought a packet of tissues and a small plastic bag with her in case of a situation like this, pulling one out as she wiped herself and feeling relieved now that her bladder was empty. Embarrassingly, that touch on her genitals ignited a fire in her belly as she softly touched herself again. It had been several years since she'd last had sex and while this was not

something that she would ever have thought of doing, the wine had taken the edge off her inhibitions.

Heather had married young, to a Frenchman she had met on holiday one year with her parents. He had been older than her, tall and handsome and at first, they had been happy, but eventually, she came to recognise that he had a wandering eye and they had separated when Tim was five, leaving her alone, but at least, financially secure. Tim knew of his father and had met him many times, visiting each summer when he was younger, though that was becoming a little less frequent now that he had grown.

She leaned forward for a second, still able to see her son's feet in the same position that they were in previously as she leaned back against the tree, her fingers rubbing either side of her clitoris as the alcohol and the thrill of doing this outdoors increased the arousal of her masturbation.

It hadn't taken her very long, at one point closing her eyes as she imagined a cock about to pierce her fanny and then

feeling disgusted as an image of her son's groin sprang into her mind. Heather rubbed frantically at her minge, alternating between her clit and thrusting fingers inside her passage, unable to dispel the thought of her son's manhood and especially when the image in her head became a naked throbbing erection and her climax exploded.

She found herself panting and feeling overly hot as the sensations finally subsided, the stroking of her fanny slowing until at last, she removed her hand. She kept her eyes closed for several minutes as she savoured her orgasm and got her breathing back under control before taking another tissue and wiping herself carefully. Popping them into the plastic bag, she retrieved her knickers and shorts and made herself decent as she ambled back to join Tim, still snoozing on the picnic blanket.

Heather settled down next to him as he raised his head slightly and peered at her.

'Everything ok mum?' he asked.

'Yes thanks, I'm fine now. I was bursting.'

She lay back and closed her eyes, momentarily feeling dirty, not because of what she had done, but because of the thoughts she'd had, again, when she'd returned, she couldn't help but notice the outline of her son's penis and the bulge that his testicles created. Thrusting it out of her mind, she pictured herself, she was reasonably attractive, although over the years she had put on a little bit of weight, a smidgen on her thighs and hips and a bit more on her waist and tummy, the majority seemed to have gone on her tits which were now quite a lot bigger than the reasonable perky breasts she's once had.

She didn't dislike her body, she just wished she could lose a bit of weight and return to the figure she'd had when she was Tim's age.

The afternoon wore on until at last, it was time to pack the stuff away and head for the car so that her son could drive them back to the apartment block where they were staying.

Heather was down visiting her parents, she'd driven down alone, and Tim had come straight here from university for what was a planned two-week break before together, they headed back home. Her parents owned two apartments in the block, their own penthouse suite and another which was used by friends and family whenever anyone wanted to stay over.

Heather had asked her son on the way back what he wanted to do tomorrow. He'd shrugged his shoulders, indicating that he wasn't bothered. He had planned just to relax during this break and so was leaving it up to his mother if there were things she wanted to do.

'Why not spend the morning around the pool and then in the afternoon we can go into town and have a browse around the market and get our evening meal out.'

She nodded in agreement, 'That sounds like a plan,' she laughed.

They spent the evening with her parents, the four of them dining together and then chatting before returning to their own apartment and turning in for the night.

Tim was the first up and about the next morning, the sun already shining through the curtains. After her shower and breakfast, Heather pondered on which swimsuit to wear, opting for a navy-blue flower print costume. She packed some towels together along with several cans of drinks while Tim went to change into his swim shorts and flip flops. Like a true gentleman, once down at the pool, he pulled two loungers close together and offered to apply lotion to the parts of her back and shoulders she could not reach.

Yesterday had been forgotten, that was at least for the first hour and until Tim decided that he was too hot and was going in for a swim. She watched as he dived in, swimming half the length of the pool underwater before surfacing and then lazily doing several lengths before resting at the shallow end. Heather had been about to pick up a magazine to read as her son climbed out of the water and was glad, she was wearing

sunglasses, his white swim shorts had turned translucent, and she could quite clearly see his cock.

With a quickening pulse, Heather's nipples had gone hard and the tingling in her fanny was intense, she was grateful for the dark material of her swimsuit because she could feel the spreading dampness between her thighs.

Despite several dips in the pool to cool off, Heather could not get the image out of her head, to the extent that she was feeling randy as hell and was considering whether to disappear up to the apartment on the pretext of getting more drinks, but in reality, to finger herself as the thought of masturbating while imagining Tim fucking her seemed to be ever-present in her mind.

'This is fucking ridiculous,' she thought to herself, before yesterday she would never have considered the thoughts presently going through her head. Not only was she acting like a schoolgirl with a crush, but she couldn't get away from the fact that she was now mentally undressing her son and

fantasising about having sex with him, 'What the hell had come over her?'

That afternoon they went into town and wandered around the market stalls, as they passed a department store, Heather asked if Tim minded if she popped in to look for a couple more summer dresses. She was browsing the rails when he approached her without the slightest hint of embarrassment, proffering her a hanger that contained a yellow bikini.

'Go on, go and try it on, see what it looks like.'

Heather hesitated, she could not even remember the last time she had worn one, considering that her fuller figure would look ridiculous in a bikini nowadays.

'If it doesn't suit you, I'll say,' Tim told her earnestly, which made Heather all the more nervous, it meant that he wanted to see her wearing it.

He continued to press her until she gave in, taking the garment as she headed for the changing rooms and a cubicle. Once ensconced, she stripped off, pulling on the bikini bottoms first and looking at herself in the mirror. To Heather's eyes, all her faults stood out, her tummy wasn't flat enough and it made her bottom look big. She took the top and fastened it, pushing her ample bosom into the cups and looking in the mirror once more.

'Oh my God.' The bikini top certainly left nothing to the imagination as it displayed a lot of flesh and her ample cleavage, how could she wander from the changing rooms looking like this?

Tim must have got fed up with waiting as she continued to stare at herself in the mirror, suddenly hearing his voice as he called to her. Drawing back the curtain slightly, she popped her head out.

'You shouldn't be in here,' she hissed at him, 'These are the female changing rooms.'

He just gave her a mischievous grin as he came closer. 'Go on. Let's see what you look like.'

Pulling the curtain back further, she turned a complete circle. 'Well?' She felt embarrassed as he looked at her head to toe, before giving a low whistle.

'It suits you, mum, very sexy. You know what they say. If you've got it, flaunt it.' He grinned as he retreated from the changing rooms.

Heather closed the curtain and gazed at herself once more, his comment had bolstered her confidence as she tried to see herself through his eyes, turning this way and that.

'Oh well, in for a penny, in for a pound,' she thought as she got dressed.

Having done a picnic and a morning around the pool, Tim suggested that today they may try the beach with Heather happily agreeing, it would give her a chance to wear her new bikini, she thought as she told her son that she knew the perfect spot. It was away from the main beach amongst the dunes and was a lot quieter than the part used by families.

They'd had a light breakfast and again she had packed some nibbles and drinks while Tim put towels and windbreaks in the car. It was only a short drive to reach the car park and the steps going down to the beach and then a couple of hundred yards to where the dunes began. She carried the bags while Tim forged ahead with the towels, blankets and other paraphernalia, turning to grin at her frequently.

With everything set up, she applied lotion to her front, asking Tim to do her back before stretching out on a towel and closing her eyes. Her legs and arms had already caught the sun, what she needed now was for the rest of her body to catch up, a nice tan would emphasise the new bikini she was wearing. She had purposefully laid on her front, that way her eyes would not constantly be drawn to his groin, but she was

puzzled as to why he kept glancing across and grinning. She had just turned on to her back and was about to ask him when something happened.

A couple were walking along the beach close to the waterline, the sun was in her eyes despite the sunglasses and so she put her hand up to shade them and got a shock. She looked at Tim and then looked back to the couple just to reassure herself that she was not mistaken in what she saw.

Heather hissed at him through the side of her mouth, 'Tim! Look! That couple. They are naked!'

He propped himself up for a second and glanced in their direction before laying down once more. 'So?'

'What do you mean, can't you see, they are wearing no clothes.'

He raised himself again, resting on his elbows as he turned towards her and started laughing.

'Did you not see the sign?'

'What sign?' Heather enquired.

Tim was holding his sides now as he laughed uproariously, 'The one that said we were entering a naturist area.'

Heather looked around fearfully as though people were suddenly going to jump out wearing nothing but their birthday suits, the look on her face causing her son to laugh even louder. When he eventually quietened down, she busied herself, getting them both a drink, she felt foolish now, she hadn't noticed the sign and was acting like a maiden aunt.

Tim was still smirking and teasing her, 'I will if you will,' he joshed.

With a glass of wine inside her, she wanted to show her son that she wasn't a prude. Perhaps it wasn't the best idea she had ever come up with and she initially felt self-conscious, nevertheless, to prove her point, she reached behind her back, unfastened the bikini top and discarded it before lying back down.

She could feel Tim looking at her tits even though her eyes were closed, consciously she tried to control her breathing, worried that he would notice the rate at which her bosom was rising and falling.

'I know you are staring at me. Please don't, you're making me feel.....'

She had purposefully not finished the sentence; she couldn't come out and say what he was making her feel like. Presently, she didn't want him to stare at her tits, she wanted him to touch them, she wanted him to caress her flesh, to tease her nipples and to then explore further down her body where an itch was growing.

Next to her, she felt rather than heard Tim shuffling about but took no notice as she continued to sunbathe, at least it didn't feel like he was looking at her bosom anymore. When she did eventually look in his direction, she was astonished, horrified and aroused to find that he had removed his swim shorts and was now lying next to her completely naked. Perhaps he had misconstrued what she meant when she had told him, 'he was making her feel.....' Had he presumed she felt awkward having gone topless while in a way, he was still dressed.

Whatever the reason, she could not divert her gaze from his cock. Lying flat on his stomach, it was impressive even in its present flaccid state and she immediately wondered how it would look erect. Heather knew that there must be the start of a damp patch in her bikini bottoms, her temperature and arousal suddenly soaring as the urgency for sex or to masturbate became uncomfortable.

'I am going for a dip,' she quickly announced, surprised when Tim said he would join her, totally unabashed as he walked with her to the water's edge.

Tim splashed her and so she splashed him back as they frolicked in the sea, slowly moving outwards to where it was deeper until it came up to just above her boobs. He was messing around, swimming this way and that when he suddenly disappeared beneath the water. Heather spinning around the best she could, trying to see where he would surface. When he did, he took her by surprise, coming up directly in front of her as he lifted her partway out. As she slid back down his body, she just unconsciously wrapped her legs around his buttocks, her vagina pressed tightly against his penis.

Their eyes locked together although neither spoke, staying like that for what seemed an eternity to Heather as she felt his cock pushing against her fanny, her tits squashed against his chest. Surely, he must be able to feel her trembling she thought, aware that the water hadn't cooled her ardour, her present position only serving to increase it.

She felt it just before he released her and looked embarrassed, she had felt his shaft jerk against her several times, a sure sign that he had become aroused.

'It's getting cold. I'd better get out and dried,' she suddenly uttered as she turned and made for their towels.

It was several minutes before Tim joined her; his cock flaccid once more as he walked up the beach towards her. He seemed nervous as he dried off and then much to Heather's disappointment, he put his shorts back on.

Something to eat and a few drinks followed before Heather decided to put her top back on, constantly noticing her son secretly gazing at her tits when he thought she wasn't looking.

On the way home, they decided on a takeaway, Heather going to order it while Tim nipped into the off-licence and got himself a pack of beer and a couple of bottles of wine for his

mother. It was troubling him, the way his body had begun to react when she had wrapped her legs around him. There was no denying she was attractive, and he'd always wondered why she had never found herself another partner.

The bikini was supposed to have been a bit of fun, but he had taken one look at her and realised that she actually looked sexy in it, her body whilst not slim anymore was still stimulating and erotic, and when she had gone topless that afternoon, he would have liked nothing more than to have been able to caress and kiss her tits.

During their meal, he had gone through two large cans of beer, his mother demolishing two glasses of wine. Afterwards, they had cleared the dishes away before retiring to the lounge to watch tv, his mother pouring another glass while he opened another can.

They had begun at each end of the large couch, but by the time she was pouring herself a fourth glass, her head rested in his lap.

'I don't think a bikini really suits me,' she had suddenly uttered.

With three and a half pints of beer inside him, his words were out of his mouth before he had processed what he had just said, stopping just in time. 'Rubbish! You look hot in it, good enough to fu.....'

Her head swivelled from the tv as she looked at him, 'Good enough for what?'

Later, she would put it down to the alcohol she had consumed as she finished the sentence for him, 'Good enough to fuck?' She watched as her son's face suddenly went red and he refused to look at her.

'Is that what you were going to say, Tim?' Heather asked, as she sat up and swivelled around, nearly spilling her drink as she manoeuvred herself.

When at last he did look at her, she could see the intent in his eyes and on his face. 'Yes, you looked good enough to fuck. And yes, before you ask, yes I would.'

His statement had momentarily taken the wind from her sails as he professed his desire to have sex with her and had ignited that fire again in her belly.

Heather felt flustered, what the hell did she say to him, definitely not the truth of what she had been thinking over the last couple of days, there was no way she could admit to her son that she would have liked nothing more than to take him to bed and have him fuck her, she was his mother for god's sake.

Getting to her feet she blustered, 'It's getting late, and I feel tired. I'm going to bed.'

Quickly she disappeared from the lounge leaving Tim completely confused, glancing at the clock he saw that it was only approaching nine, far too early to be thinking of bed. What had come over his mother he wondered, over the last couple of days he had got the impression that what she had maybe been thinking wasn't what you may consider as a normal mother, son, relationship. He had seen her watching him constantly and had lost count of the number of times he had caught her gazing at his nether regions.

With the interest that she was paying in him, it was only time before he started to look at her more closely, she was still very pretty and despite the slight weight gain, she still had a very sexy figure. But it was her tits that captured his attention and he'd thought a couple of times what it may be like to lose himself in them.

When she had brought the subject up of her bikini, he had been taken aback at the thought of not seeing all that exposed flesh, the words out of his mouth before he could stop himself.

He regretted saying anything now as he settled back, finished his beer and got himself another can. Tim was bored, there was nothing on tv and he had finished all the beers which had left him feeling slightly tipsy as he decided to have an early night. It was only ten o'clock as he made for his bedroom, suddenly deciding to apologise to his mother for what had slipped out.

Not wishing to disturb her if she was asleep, he tapped gently on her bedroom door before opening it a little and peering in. The vision that he saw was seared into his brain before eventually she had screamed at him and he had retreated. His mum had been laid on her bed, completely naked with her legs slightly akimbo as her hand, which was between her thighs, rubbed seductively at her fanny. Tim couldn't believe what he was witnessing, his mother was masturbating.

In her bedroom, Heather had been troubled by what her son had just admitted, he had entertained the notion of having sex with her. She was a mature woman, Tim more than half her age and yet he had been flippant at first when he had nearly blurted out that he considered her fit enough to fuck.

Heather was confused, wasn't sex with him something she had been thinking about herself, hadn't she imagined what he may look like naked, his erection sinking into her flesh. Their conversation had been the perfect opportunity, all she had to do was admit that she had been feeling the same and then allow things to happen. Instead, she had acted as though she was still a virgin, flouncing off like a child who had just been told something they did not like.

Undressed and in bed, the thoughts had continued to rumble through her mind, the more she thought about her son the more intense the feeling in her fanny became until eventually she just had to scratch her itch as she lay back, closed her eyes and opened her legs. That first touch sent electric shocks through her, Heather's fingers gently massaging her clitoris, as in her mind she imagined Tim knelt between her thighs, his erection ready to penetrate her cunt.

She inserted one and then a second finger, her hand pumping them into her fanny rapidly, Tim above her as his cock was thrust into her quim. Her climax was close, her other hand

abusing her tits as she twisted at her nipples, her hips starting to lift and arch as she sensed her orgasm begin.

Suddenly her bedroom door opened, her son stood open-mouthed as he watched her fingering herself, Heather unable to stop the sensations flooding her body, and then she screamed at him.

'Get out, get out, get out!' Her eyes filling with tears of embarrassment.

By the time Tim was up and about the next morning, his mother had already disappeared. Deciding to go down for a swim, he put on shorts and grabbed a towel, passing through the car park downstairs, he found no sign of their car, his mother must have gone out somewhere early. He saw nothing of her that day, wandering around aimlessly as he alternated between the pool and a walk into town. When she did return early evening, she said nothing to him, going straight to her room.

The following day was a repeat of the previous one and Tim had tired of her behaviour quickly, packing his bags before popping upstairs to tell his grandparents he was leaving early, using the excuse that he had assignments to get done as the reason for his sudden departure.

Heather noticed his bags packed when she entered the apartment, her stomach doing a flip when she realised that he was going. After what he had seen her doing, she had been too embarrassed to face him, what must he think of her. In the lounge, she poured herself a drink, hearing the key in the lock as he entered. He said very little to her other than, 'I'm going to head up home. I'll see you when you get back,' bending to pick up his bags.

'I'm sorry you had to see that. It can't have been a pleasant sight,' Heather said, still not wanting to look at him.

Perhaps it was the tone of his voice, sounding more like the parent and leaving her feeling like the child as he answered her back.

'You need to grow up mum. It was no big deal. So what, you were pleasing yourself, everyone's done it at some time or other. That's no reason to treat me like a child.'

She downed the glass of wine in one, pouring herself another, 'Can I ask you something?'

Tim nodded his head, 'Sure.'

'In the sea, at the beach. Was I arousing you?'

He gave her a shy smile, 'You noticed.' Now it was Heather's turn to nod.

'When you said I looked good enough to..... you know. Was that in general, or something that you had considered?'

He mulled her question over for a second before giving her a lascivious look, 'I suppose it is something I have considered. In that bikini and in particular, topless, you looked especially hot.'

This time Heather did not run away, instead, she gulped down her second glass of wine, Dutch courage for what she was about to suggest. 'Will you take me to bed?'

She allowed Tim to undress her, savouring his ever-changing expressions as he slowly unfastened her summer dress, his eyes bright as he opened it to gaze at lingerie, it was nothing special, just plain white, but it was lacy and transparent in places and she saw him struggling to keep his hands off her which made her chest swell.

She turned so that he could undo her bra and then turning back to him, eased her panties from her hips and let them slip down her legs, stepping out of them as they hit the floor and allowing him to gaze at her nudity.

And now it was her turn as with trembling hands and fingers she pulled his t-shirt over his head. His cut-off trousers were a little harder, Heather having to ease them and his briefs over his substantial erection, her eyes going wide as she saw it properly for the first time.

Always the gentleman, he eased her towards the bed and then before he lowered her to it, he kissed her as her breasts were squashed against his muscular chest and she felt his manhood thrusting against her mound.

Heather felt dizzy, the sensations presently surging through her body made her lightheaded as Tim helped her onto the bed. As much as she was loving his slow tender foreplay, what she needed presently was a good fucking as she opened her legs wide and pulled him between her thighs.

'You can be gentle later. I just want you to fuck me. I need to feel your cock abuse my fanny.'

When his shaft forced her passage to expand, she gasped, having forgotten what it felt like to have a penis inside her after such a long time. She could have used superlatives, instead, she allowed herself to be coarse, 'Your cock feels so big. Fuck me, fuck my cunt. Oh yes, that's so good. I love it when you thrust it into me.'

Tim's cock was hammering her fanny, his hands constantly on the move as he caressed her body and especially her tits, Heather unable to stop herself from crying out pleurably as he sucked and teased her right nipple before changing to her left.

'This is fucking fantastic,' she had thought to herself momentarily before the constant thudding of his cock in her fanny brushed the thought away, her hips and bottom leaving the mattress as she rose to meet his thrust, his cock filling her as her passage expanded once again.

Heather was already struggling to hold on, her climax so close that she could taste it as she spurred him on with a greater

urgency, his hips now pumping his shaft into her cunt ferociously, his own point of no return imminent.

'Yes, yes, yeesss!' She arched her back, her hands balling into fists as she scrabbled at the sheets, every nerve in her body released as she climaxed, her orgasm so strong that she couldn't breathe or speak properly and then that exquisite culmination as she heard her son call out and felt his hot cum hit the back of her quim.

'Holy shit!' That had been exquisite Heather thought as Tim slumped down next to her, his breathing still loud as he began to relax. Silently she scolded herself for not having let him have his way with her earlier. She felt so overwhelmingly happy, the thought that she had just had sex with her son, not even getting a look in as she watched him turn on his side to face her with a mischievous grin, his hand already heading for her tits again as he stroked the smooth soft ample flesh and she felt that first stirring in her fanny once more.

She had rolled on top of him, her head resting on his shoulder as he softly stroked her hair and then ran his fingers over her back and shoulders, teasing her frequently, as he rubbed the outside edge of her breasts, squashed against his chest.

Sitting upright, Heather straddled his upper thighs, at last, able to give her full attention to his presently flaccid cock, her juices beginning to dry on it. Pulling his foreskin back, she ran her fingers beneath its helmet, the lightest of touches as she teased him and felt his first stirrings as his shaft began to thicken and expand once more. As he got harder, she applied more pressure, sliding her hand and the skin up and down his shaft as she wanked him off, Tim raising his head to watch her.

His cock now was rigid and unyielding, pulsating in her hand as she slid it up and down the throbbing lump of meat.

'Are you going to play with it all day or are you going to let me fuck you?' Tim asked as he came upright for a second, grabbed her head and pulled her forward, kissing her

passionately as his hand went to her dangling tits, pinching and twisting at her nipples as Heather tried to groan despite their mouths being glued together.

She could feel her body becoming excited once more, Tim's hand now between her thighs as he managed to insert several fingers into her cunt.

'Wouldn't you rather I do this mum, instead of doing it yourself?' As if to emphasise his point, he jammed them as far up her flue as possible and then wriggled them about inside her passage, his fingertips constantly hitting sensitive nerves which sent powerful signals to her brain.

Heather shook her head, 'Please, call me Heather. I have no quibbles about having sex with you, but it just sounds wrong when you call me mum.'

'Ok then, Heather,' he said as he pushed his cock upright and she felt that first pressure against her pussy, 'Which would you like, my fingers..... or my cock?' As his sentence ended,

he rammed his hips upwards, his cock suddenly filling her cunt leaving her with no option but to cry out loudly, her pussy now full of his prick once more.

This time was a lot slower and more tender, Heather constantly leaning over his face, teasingly dangling her tits near his mouth and then pulling away quickly when he raised his head to suck on them. He retaliated by fucking her fast and hard and then stopping completely, her soaring arousal being allowed to slowly diminish while she gasped for breath.

Taking her to the edge and then bringing her back, Tim built his mother's arousal, watching her face keenly as her expressions constantly changed. Heather was hot to trot, her fanny in control of her body as she lowered herself once more onto her son's erection, the sensation as her cunt wrapped itself around his shaft, filled her with a sense of euphoria.

Heather was panting heavily, her constant bouncing on Tim's manhood had brought her nearly to the cusp of her climax.

'Please Tim, please fuck me my darling, fuck me as hard as you can.'

He raised her buttocks and using his feet to give him leverage, began ramming his cock into her fanny fast and hard again, building his momentum as he felt himself closing on his ejaculation. Heather had her eyes closed, her head hanging down and her face covered by her hair as she moaned and swore to herself, and then suddenly she threw herself upright and back, her eyes shooting open as she released a cry of triumph, Tim's shaft burying itself in her cunt every few seconds.

'Oh..... my..... fucking god,' she screeched, her body now shaking as pulsating waves of pleasure rippled through her internally, her quim alive to the slightest touch as her son continued to pound it until with a loud groan, he unleashed a hot spurt of cum inside her, followed by another spurt seconds later, his manhood jerking repeatedly inside her fanny as his hips continued to thrust it deep inside her.

Sweat covered their bodies as they sprawled next to each other on the bed. Heather had her eyes closed as she drifted into a realm somewhere between being awake and asleep, her body and mind exhausted after their lovemaking. She remembered a time when it had been like that with Tim's father before he began to cheat on her, and their relationship had turned sour.

Over the years there had been no one else, she'd had a couple of short liaisons but none of them had felt right and eventually she became accustomed to going without or to using one of her toys which she kept discreetly hidden.

When at last she could move and speak, she felt the need to ask. 'I didn't disappoint, did I?'

Tim turned on his side, his hand stroking her belly and inching lower until she placed her hand on his and stopped his exploring. 'Fucking hell, Heather. You're a great shag.' She laughed at his turn of phrase, asking what he wanted to do for the rest of their holidays and then blushing profusely and

laughing louder, his whispered reply leaving her in no doubt as to the things he wanted to do to her for the rest of their stay with her parents.

They had spent the night together, curled around each other as they slept, Heather not wanting to release him from her bed now she had finally got him into it.

For the rest of their break, they had found plenty of opportunities to have sex, Tim never short of ideas and much to her surprise, she had been unfazed about some of the places he had talked her into letting him fuck her. Heather felt like she was twenty again, each day full of anticipation as to when and where he would slide his cock into her cunt.

And then the summer was over, and it was time for Tim to return to university. From the moment they had arrived home, their relationship had flourished, they knew they had to be careful, nevertheless, they found plenty of time, Tim's bedroom getting very little use as most if not all nights they slept together. All this sex hadn't done Heather any harm

either, she had lost a few pounds though her bust was still as large as ever, much to her son's delight.

As she ran him down to the station to catch his train back, Heather felt despondent. Tim besides being her son had become her lover and for the next two months, she was going to miss him terribly. If truth be told, she was feeling a little jealous, at university he would be surrounded by young women and a sudden feeling of inadequacy as she compared herself to them had her close to tears.

In the car park, he had glanced around, making sure no one could see them as he leant across and kissed her. Heather didn't want to release him, knowing she was being stupid and then surprised as she felt his hand slide beneath the hem of her dress and then run up the inside of her thigh before he gently rubbed her fanny.

'You keep this warm and ready for me. I'll be back before you know it.'

Tim's next term had seemed to last forever, but at last, they were in December and he would be back home in another week. Heather counting down the days and surprised when she received a call from him one evening.

'Hi, mum. I need to ask a favour of you.'

Heather suddenly felt apprehensive, was he phoning to say he wasn't coming home for Christmas.

'I have a friend at uni, unfortunately, his mum and dad have just separated, and it looks like he and his mother will be spending Christmas in a hotel room. Would you mind awfully if they came to us for Christmas day and boxing day?'

She was so relieved that she was still going to see her son that Heather said 'Yes,' it was only two days, and then she would have Tim all to herself again. Normally they would go down to her parents or they would come up to her, but this year they were going abroad for Christmas so it would only have been her and Tim.

'You realise that he will have to share your bedroom,' she told him, Tim telling her it was no problem and that he would see her soon.

He arrived home the following week, his friend in tow. Stefan was the same age as Tim, a very handsome young man with blond hair and who looked like he may have some Danish or Swedish ancestry somewhere along the line. Heather couldn't help but smile as the two of them teased each other after Stefan had shaken her hand, having kept hold of it for longer than normal as he appraised her with his piercing blue eyes.

The plan was that Stefan was going to stay with them for the next few days and then he and Tim would drive across and pick his mother up on Christmas Eve.

He was no trouble at all, during the day he and Tim would pop out down to the local pub after which they would spend the evening with Heather.

The only thing that troubled Heather at times was the way that Stefan looked at her as though mentally undressing her. He had come into the kitchen one evening while she was washing the dishes after tea, offering to dry while she washed. Standing very close to her, his eyes continually watched her bosom which only made it rise and fall faster, Heather getting quite heated under his constant gaze.

'Has anyone told you that you are a very beautiful woman,' he suddenly said, taking her by surprise as she began to blush.

When she got her son alone later, she told him, Tim laughing as he told her that Stefan fancied her. 'He's got the hots for you mum. You'll have to be careful, or he'll be after getting you into bed.' He didn't seem overly bothered that his friend thought of his mother sexually.

Heather dismissed it as a young man's flight of fancy, the only person she was after bedding at the moment was Tim and she was finding it difficult with another presence in the house.

The day before Christmas eve, Tim and Stefan invited Heather out for a drink that evening. They'd had a wonderful time, all of them drinking more than they should. When they got back, Tim went straight up to bed while Stefan stayed downstairs chatting to Heather as she poured them both a glass of wine.

She had turned the tv on, flicking through the channels until she came across one playing music, 'Come dance with me,' Stefan had said as he grabbed her hand and pulled her to her feet. Holding her tightly they danced around the lounge, her breasts squashed against his chest and at every opportunity, he pushed his groin against hers. What with the drink, Heather was feeling aroused, wondering if she could find some way that Tim could visit her tonight?

Preoccupied with her thoughts she was surprised when he kissed her, his lips pressed forcefully against her own. She perhaps should have stopped it there and then, instead, she returned his kiss, allowing herself to get lost in it until she felt his hand raising the front of her dress. She had been about to object, but as she suddenly felt the hand placed on her fanny,

she capitulated, allowing it to delve inside her knickers as a finger opened her pussy lips and slid inside her.

Her legs refused to support her as Stefan moved her back towards the couch and eased her down before kneeling between her open legs. Glancing into her eyes, he slid the hem of her dress upwards until he had fully exposed her panties, his thumb rubbing at her quim as Heather's arousal continued to grow. She allowed him to remove them, his finger sliding back inside her cunt as he finger-fucked her, Heather raising her legs and opening them wider as she tried to catch her breath and stifle the groans which may disturb her son upstairs.

'What the hell was she doing?' She started to ask herself, dismissing the question as he knelt upright and unfastened his trousers, pushing them down and exposing his erect cock.

'I have been wanting you so much,' he told her as he inched forward and speared her with his cock, thrusting it into her fanny as the both of them grunted with satisfaction.

Heather unbuttoned the front of her dress and opened it wide before scooping both breasts from their cups while Stefan looked on, eyes ablaze. His hands immediately went to her tits, squeezing them forcefully as his shaft continued to plough her fanny, and then he leant forward, licking and sucking at her nipples before nipping them between his teeth.

Heather's fanny squelched with each thrust, her juices pouring from her and her climax imminent as Stefan fucked her faster and harder, his balls banging against her arse each time his shaft hammered into her cunt. And then she was cumming, her eyes staring glassily at him as her orgasm exploded and she felt his seed splash the inside of her vagina.

Heather awoke the next morning her mind in a whirl, what had she done, she had let a young man, her son's friend whom she had known for less than a week fuck her. No matter how good it had felt, she was overcome with guilt at the thought that she had cheated on Tim, no matter how ridiculous that sounded. She could not deny she had enjoyed the sex, but what would Tim say when she told him or had Stefan already said something.

Heather was nervous when her son came downstairs, but he said nothing out of the ordinary to her and eventually, she began to relax, convinced that Stefan had said nothing to him.

Tim and Stefan went out after lunch to pick Stefan's mother up from the hotel, Heather casting her gaze around the house to make sure everything was perfect before her second guest arrived.

Stefan resembled his mother Maxine, she had blond hair like her son and was tall and slim, elegantly dressed in a two-piece outfit. When she spoke, her English was perfect, but Heather detected an accent in there somewhere, guessing with her looks that maybe her parents or grandparents had been Nordic.

Maxine was profusely thankful for the invite, having brought Heather and Tim a present each. Heather was apologetic for not having bought anything herself, but Maxine would have none of it.

'You are giving us the best present possible, Christmas with a family instead of a hotel room. It is so very good of you.'

Once the ice was broken the two women got on perfectly well, discussing preparations for the next day and attacking the bottles of wine in the fridge. As Heather prepared an evening meal, Tim came into the kitchen.

'What do you think of Maxine?' He asked.

'I like her,' Heather replied, 'She seems very nice.'

'Good, that's very good.' His remark seemed strange; what did it matter how much she liked the other woman.

Tim seemed to be hovering for some reason, as though he wanted to ask something but didn't know how to start. Popping his head out of the kitchen door, Stefan and Maxine

were ensconced in front of the television, deep in conversation.

He seemed nervous as he grabbed hold of Heather, moving her across the room. 'I need to ask you something but at the same time, I don't want to upset you.'

Heather felt nervous and scared, what could he ask that may upset her.

'Would you mind if I slept with Maxine?' He suddenly blurted it out, looking fearfully at her as though she may suddenly explode.

'What? Every night. Are you two having an affair?'

Tim shook his head, 'No, not like that. I mean, if I got the chance, would you mind if I had sex with her. Nothing is going on between us, she doesn't even know that I fancy her. I'm just saying.'

Heather nearly laughed, 'And what about me?'

'As soon as they leave, we can have as much sex as you want. I don't want that to stop, but I can't exactly take you out, like a girlfriend or anything. It's going to have to be something we always keep secret.' Tim was pacing nervously back and forth, looking embarrassed and like a child waiting for a much-desired answer. Heather couldn't say 'No,' could she, not after what she had already done and so nodded her head.

Christmas had gone so well that Heather had invited Stefan and his mother to stay on until the new year despite her craving to get her son in the sack. Stefan was making it obvious that he wanted to fuck her again whilst Maxine and Tim seemed to get on like a house on fire. It was just that with four people in the house, the opportunities for sex were far from abundant if anything they were highly restricted.

Something had disturbed Heather and as she was bursting for the loo, she slid quietly from her bed, careful not to disturb

anyone else in the house as she tip-toed along the landing, heading for the toilet at the far end. It was three days after Christmas and another four until the new year and they had all sat up drinking and talking, the two lads having them in fits of laughter with their jokes.

Passing the guest bedroom, she was convinced she heard voices within, stopping for a moment to listen to the noises. What she heard did not sound like a conversation, much to her astonishment, it sounded like two people trying very quietly to have sex. Finished in the toilet, she didn't flush it, not wanting to alert whoever was in the guest room to her presence.

She had already walked past Tim's room when she suddenly wondered if her son was in the other room with Maxine. 'It had been a week since she had last been fucked,' she thought, 'Well if her son was getting some, why shouldn't she?'

She turned around and carefully opened Tim's bedroom door, expecting to find Stefan on the camp bed they had

erected in there. It took her a moment to see properly, puzzled to see the camp bed empty and someone curled up in Tim's bed. It was only as she sat on the edge of the bed that she realised that the person asleep was her son.

Heather's hand went to her mouth before she could make any noise, her brain creating mental images as the realisation hit her. If Tim was here and two people next door were having sex..... that meant that Stefan was fucking his mother!

She was shocked as she made her way back to her bedroom, what were the chances that two mothers in the same house were both having sex with their son's, it was so infinitesimal that she began to convince herself that she had been mistaken by what she had heard.

The next morning when she got a moment alone with Tim, she asked him, trying to phrase the question subtly. 'Did you know Stefan was in his mother's room in the early hours of this morning?'

He shook his head, but the look on his face told Heather that he knew more than he was saying. 'I presumed they were having a conversation, but it sounded like..... you know.'

Tim glanced around conspiratorially, lowering his voice as he whispered, 'Stefan sleeps with Maxine on occasions. They have sex together.'

Heather was astounded, asking how her son knew.

'It slipped out one night when we were drunk.'

'Does he know about us?' Heather just had to ask, fearful that their secret could become public knowledge and feeling less anxious when Tim shook his head.

Heather was in two minds as to whether she should say something to Maxine or not, had Stefan told his mother that he'd had sex with their host. Instead, she got Stefan alone

during the day, Maxine and Tim having decided to go out for a walk.

'I heard sounds coming from your mother's bedroom last night.'

'Ah,' he replied, not committing himself to anything.

'I wondered if it may have been Tim in there and so I went to check the bedroom.'

Stefan smiled, slightly embarrassed, 'Ah, Tim has told you?' Heather nodded her head. 'And does it change things?' This time she shook her head.

He had inched nearer to her, 'You know they will be out for at least another thirty minutes,' he said as he moved closer, his arms going around her waist and sliding down onto her buttocks. Before Heather could say anything, he had picked

her up as he carried her across to the dining table and laid her on its surface.

Again, she hadn't stopped him, the excitement of what they were about to do overcoming any inhibitions she may have had. She watched as he unfasted his pants, pushing them down to his ankles as his cock sprung free, this time not even bothering to remove her panties as he pushed her skirt up to her waist, pulled the gusset of her knickers to one side and slid his cock into her.

'Jesus, it felt so good,' Heather thought excitedly, eager as his fingers unbuttoned her blouse, pulling it from her skirt and opening it wide before pushing her bra upwards as he released her tits, his hands automatically fondling and caressing them as he teased her nipples.

With her legs wrapped around Stefan's waist, his hips thrust his cock into her cunt as she felt her arousal build steadily. She was captivated by what he was doing to her, Heather's only

disappointment was that it would be another quicky, what she wouldn't have given for a long slow session in her bed.

She held her legs up high and tried to open her legs wider to give him greater access, stunned when Stefan suddenly withdrew his shaft and looked at her mischievously. She didn't know what he had in mind when he removed her panties, but soon found out when she felt his knob pressed against her anus.

Heather gasped loudly as his cock slid up her arse causing a sensation that she had completely forgotten about. She could see he was excited as he sodomised her and especially when he asked her, 'Play with yourself, Heather. I want to watch as you play with your fanny.'

Heather did it for him, he supported her legs as her hands went to her groin, one hand gaping her cunt as the other rubbed frantically at her clit. She was a sloppy mess down below but at that moment she couldn't care less, she could feel her mounting arousal edging nearing, several fingers now

jammed in her cunt as she frigged herself while Stefan's cock continued to be thrust up her shitter. Stefan beat her to it by seconds as she felt his cock jerk in her arse and the blast of semen that was sprayed into her. Heather strained as she climaxed, her fingers keeping her orgasm going as she continued to jab them into her fanny until her hand and arm became exhausted and she slumped back onto the table as Stefan's cock slipped from her back passage.

She needed to clean up as she bent and picked up her knickers, heading for the bathroom. As she reached the top of the stairs she heard voices from the rear, Tim and Maxine returning from their walk. She breathed a sigh of relief, she and Stefan had only just finished in time, another few minutes and they would have been caught.

The following evening the two lads went down to the pub leaving Heather and Maxine alone as she opened a bottle of wine. It was Maxine who broached the subject.

'I thought it only fair to ask. Would you have any objections if Tim dated me for a while? I am under no illusions that it will last forever, he is young, and I am a lot older. We are not talking wedding bells or anything silly like that, it is just a relationship with benefits until it ends.'

'I don't mind.' Heather said after a momentary hesitation, 'Tim has already asked me.' Maxine seemed surprised, asking when her son had spoken to her.

'He asked me the week before Christmas. When he phoned to see if you and Stefan could stay.'

Maxine raised her eyebrows, 'Oh, I see.'

Heather couldn't help but grin as she topped up the other woman's glass. 'He told me he had the hots for you,' She divulged with a laugh.

'Ah, I see. As does my son Stefan for you,' Maxine countered as both women grinned at each other.

'Yes, I know. Your son is very persuasive.' Heather took the bull by the horns, she liked Stefan's mother and she thought it only fair that as they were discussing their son's, that Maxine knew the truth.

'I presume he hasn't told you, but he has already slept with me.' So, Stefan hadn't told his mother as Maxine seemed genuinely surprised. 'But there is something I wanted to ask you about.'

Heather decided she needed to slow down, as they chatted her glass was emptying too quickly, and she was beginning to feel lightheaded. Perhaps that was why she ploughed on with her question.

'I believe you and Stefan have sex!' Maxine looked dumbstruck; a look of sheer horror plastered across her face

at the prospect that someone knew her secret. 'How did it start?' Heather asked.

Maxine looked embarrassed and scared, her head going down and refusing to look Heather in the face as the glass in her hand trembled. Heather leaned forward, placing her hand atop Maxine's.

'It's ok, your secrets safe. You are not the only one, you know.'

Maxine's head shot up, her eyes going wide with astonishment. 'What. You and Tim?' She hissed, Heather, nodding her head ever so slightly as she tried to stop herself from grinning like a maniac.

With this newfound knowledge in common, the two women lost track of time and how much they had consumed as they swapped stories and explained to each other how their illicit relationships had started.

Heather really did like Maxine, recognising that she was going to miss her when she left after the new year. It had been nice to have someone of her own age to chat to and exchange confidences, especially now having found out they were both having sex with their sons.

Maxine was speaking out loud, as much to herself as she was to Heather. 'I had no plans when you invited me and Stefan for Christmas, but I'm thinking now, that around here may be an ideal place to live. We could meet up when the boys are at university, and when they return, I can see Tim if I wish, and you can see Stefan.' She said this with a hint of mischief evident on her face.

'And, if or when we want..... we can swap over?' She looked to Heather to see if her suggestion was acceptable.

Heather grinned back, it was the best solution for all concerned, they could go out as a foursome or even as a two-some without anyone raising an eyebrow, and then when the

need arose, she could still sleep and have sex with Tim, Maxine doing likewise.

The two lads returned to find their mothers in high spirits, laughing and joking and sounding highly mysterious but refusing that evening to tell either of them what they had been discussing.

'You're going to have to wait until the New Year,' was all Maxine would say as the two women giggled uproariously.

Heather did not know what Maxine had in mind from her last comment, but as she settled down in bed that night, she was looking forward to it in anticipation. The thought of having some kind of relationship with Stefan aroused her and then the fact that she could continue sleeping with her son just seemed like the icing on the cake to her. The thought of it all only increased the itch down below, but tonight she was determined to wait a little longer to have it scratched.

New Year's Eve, they went out as a group into town, it was noisy and crowded in each of the bars they visited, the drinks slowly mounting up as they moved from one establishment to the next, midnight quickly approaching. They had all had more than sufficient to drink as the night came to a close and they slowly made their way towards home.

Heather staggered along, her arm through Stefan's as he helped keep her upright, his mother Maxine with her arm through Tim's, following on behind. Despite the chilliness of the evening, at one point Maxine had dragged him into a shop doorway as she pressed her body against him.

'I've got a late Christmas present for you when we get back.' She took his hand and slipped it inside her coat and then pressed it against her breast, her lips latching on to Tim's as his hand massaged the small firm flesh that was her tits. With her tongue exploring his mouth, her hand had slipped down to his groin, massaging his quickly expanding erection as his hand continued playing with her breasts.

'I want you to fuck me tonight. I want you to sink this cock into my cunt,' she said as she squeezed his manhood.

He had been about to comment on his mother and Stefan, but Maxine had interrupted him. 'You don't have to worry about them, your mother is going to be far too occupied to wonder what you are doing.'

Heather and Stefan had already disappeared by the time they arrived home, Maxine dragging Tim upstairs towards her bedroom and then closing the door behind them as she asked him to undress her.

She seemed to have dressed that evening specifically for this moment as he unfastened her blouse, his mouth falling open as he caught sight of the black and red basque she was wearing. She turned so that he could unzip her skirt and then sexily wriggled her hips as she eased it over them and let it fall to the floor before stepping out of it.

She was truly a sight to behold as she stood and posed, the basque accompanied by tiny black lace panties and the straps from the upper garment holding up sheer black stockings which encased her shapely legs, turning her into a masturbatory fantasy. Maxine did not need to ask Tim to undress, in a flash he had disrobed, his cock pointing skywards in anticipation of what was to come as she gazed at it with a leering grin.

Despite his initial desire for a fast and furious, Tim had the sense to imagine that Maxine would require something a little more tender and passionate as he hoisted her in his arms and carried her to the bed, making her giggle like a schoolgirl as she wrapped her arms around his neck.

Stretching out on the bed with her arms above her head caused her small tits to pop free, Tim immediately enamoured by her darker areola and large nipples, now hard and erect as her gaze continued to be firmly fixed on his cock.

She raised her bottom as he pulled her panties down, her mound free of any covering and her opening labia prominent. Tim was fascinated by her large piss flaps, lying prone between her open thighs to get a better look. He could smell her sex and some exotic perfume, a heady mix that assailed his nostrils as he inched closer and took an exploratory taste of her fanny, a sweet sensation, reminiscent of strawberries.

Spreading her butterfly-shaped lips, he speared her with his tongue, Maxine grinding her fanny against his mouth as she cooed her appreciation. Before he could explore further Maxine had moved, repositioning him farther up the bed as she swivelled around so that they now lay top to toe. The feeling of her stocking-clad legs wrapping around him was arousing as he licked and kissed her pink moist interior, his body suddenly jerking as she gripped his cock firmly and then he felt the warmth of her mouth envelope his knob, her tongue circling the plump head as she teased it, her hand sliding slowly up and down his rigid shaft.

In the other bedroom, Heather was on all fours, Stefan's cock buried deep up her arse as his hand reached around and between her legs, his fingers spreading her pussy as he teased and softly rubbed her clit. She was panting as her arousal steadily built, this was what she had been waiting for, a slow steady sex session rather than the quick fuck they had resorted to previously.

Every few minutes, he would alternate, slipping from her arse and ramming it back into her fanny as he fucked her rapidly, bringing her to the brink and then whipping his cock out and shoving it back up her arse, Heather reaching a stage where she was ready to beg Stefan to let her climax.

Tim's cock was frantically throbbing, Maxine's mouth performing tricks he had never thought of as he knew he must stop her soon or fill her mouth with his cum. Her hips and mound were gyrating against his mouth as she tried to tell him she was near, but it was difficult with her mouth full of his cock.

And then she was bucking about on the bed, his cock forgotten as her orgasm had her stretching and straining, her

lower half held firmly as Tim's tongue continued to penetrate her cunt, his mouth and face wet with her juices as she cried her ascending release.

At the last second, Stefan withdrew and rolled Heather over, diving back between her thighs as he slammed his cock back into her cunt and fucked her as fast as he could, rewarded as she cried out, her fanny now a sloppy mess which he added to as he ejaculated inside her wet passage.

Heather was floating, her body alive to the slightest touch as her orgasm made her soar, the sensation showing no sign of diminishing as Stefan's cock continued to plunder her quim, squelching noises and the slap of flesh filling the bedroom as the bedhead bounced against the wall.

Tim was between Maxine's thighs, her stocking legs wrapped around his buttocks as he fucked her, each thrust aided as she pulled him deeper into her cunt, wailing each time his shaft filled her passage and made her internals expand. The sensations were slowly overpowering her brain as she pulled

his head down towards her, her mouth pressing firmly against his lips as she gave him a wet sloppy kiss and tried to cry out at the same time.

And then she was flying free, her orgasm causing every nerve ending to send powerful signals, her body thrashing beneath him as she professed her love and felt his cock jerk rapidly inside her and then felt that first spurt of semen as it the back of her fanny.

Perhaps it was more than coincidence that both women found themselves in the same position as they straddled their partner's hips, both Tim and Stefan's cocks brought back to full erections and inserted into extremely moist pussy's once more.

Both lads took the chance to recover as they watched the woman they were with, rising and falling on their shafts. Heather's tits bounced with her movement, something that Stefan could not take his eyes away from, his hands constantly catching them and squeezing firmly.

Maxine sat upright as she straddled Tim's hips, she could feel his cock jerk sporadically inside her cunt as she slowly undid the straps attached to her stocking before reaching behind her as she unfastened the basque and displayed her slim body to him as she tossed it to one side.

Despite her age, Tim considered she had the body of a woman many years younger, her small breasts still pert as they jutted from her chest, but it was her nipples that aroused him, in her excited state they had extended, now over half an inch long and he could not stop his hands from rising to them as he rolled each teat between fingers and thumbs.

Again, perhaps it was a coincidence that within minutes of each other, both women climaxed, cocks pounding their cunts into submission as their orgasms had them calling out loud and clear and yet both couples were too involved to hear.

As they lay side by side, still breathing heavily and slowly recovering, Tim was looking forward to spending the night

with Maxine, there were other things he wanted to try before he became completely exhausted. She had been well worth waiting for, all woman with a body that excited him, and he was just getting settled when she said the strangest thing.

'That was exquisite and I'm sure that in the weeks to come we will repeat tonight many times. But for the moment, I believe your mother will be waiting for you. Please send my son to me, will you.'

Tim couldn't believe it; this had been his and Stefan's plan all along. Once the cat was out of the bag, they had formed an alliance, how many times would you come across someone who was also fucking their mother? It hadn't been hard to discreetly acquire naked images of their mum's, both of them agreeing that the other's respective parent was definitely worth getting into bed.

They had thought it would be a long-drawn-out process, Stefan had told Tim that his parents were going through a rough patch, but he'd had no idea they were going to separate

and then Christmas had been dropped into their laps. Neither woman had known each other and then suddenly as luck would have it, they were all thrown together and within a couple of weeks, nature had taken its course.

Tim passed Stefan on the landing, both lads grinning insanely as they silently high-fived and gave each other the thumbs up. Momentarily they stopped at each corresponding bedroom door, turning for one last fist-pump before Tim turned the handle and entered his mother's bedroom.

Heather was propped up against the pillows, one leg raised and the other akimbo, her fanny seeming to sparkle in the dim light and still covered in love juices as she gave her son a sexy smile and beckoned him towards her. As he moved towards the bed, she seemed to glow with satisfaction and excitement, his cock quickly thickening as it came erect and he pounced on her, his mother giggling as she opened her legs for him, and he sank his flesh into her once more.

It seemed that their mothers had perhaps got wind of their plan, they expected this part to have taken weeks if not months to accomplish, Tim was thinking, as he slowly started to fuck Heather. Inwardly he grinned, if this were only after a couple of weeks, how long before each of their mothers could be persuaded to entertain both him and Stefan in their bed at the same time, or better still, the four of them all occupying the same bed.

Only the future would tell.

# The Traveller

**Author's Notes :** The idea for the story was inspired by a TV program and made me wonder, what if....? Having read and re-read it, I can't decide on how well it works. So, I thought I would let the readers decide.

The sun beat down mercilessly as Adam trudged the narrow country lane. It was far too hot he had decided, perspiration making his hair damp and causing his t-shirt to cling to his body. He needed to find some shade, and quickly before he caught sunstroke. Taking his backpack off for a moment, he climbed the steep banking on one side of the lane hoping to spy somewhere to shelter. The left side, when he reached the top of the bank, simply gave him a view of open fields stretching as far as the horizon. From his vantage point, he looked across to the other side and spied a wood off in the distance, at least it would offer some shade he thought as he

scrambled back down into the lane and retrieved his backpack before climbing the opposite bank.

It was further than he had first thought as he crossed several fields, heading slightly uphill all the time as the wood and the promise of shelter drew nearer. At one point he did not think he would make it, the heat becoming unbearable and oppressive but then suddenly he was in among the tree's and under its canopy. Immediately he felt cooler as he took off his backpack again and retrieved a bottle of water, gulping half of its contents down before lowering it from his lips. There was a second bottle in his bag, but he would have to find somewhere to replenish them soon if he were to venture further in this heat. Hoisting his pack once more he moved further through the dense foliage, the temperature dropping substantially the further he moved into the wood. Off in the distance, he could hear the sound of water tinkling and splashing as headed in its general direction.

Finding the small stream, he followed it, trying to keep it in view as he weaved his way around tree and bushes, the undergrowth in places quite dense. He was so intent at

following the sound of the water that as he approached the daylight ahead, he nearly walked off the edge of a small cliff. Standing stock-still and keeping hold of a sapling, he looked down into the clearing, twenty or thirty feet below. The rockface formed a semi-circle and he seemed to be stood at its highest point, the stream becoming a small waterfall as it ran from a crevice in the rock, falling into a hollow below and forming a natural pool. Looking left and right, the ground sloped steeply downwards into a clearing and then opposite the land rose again slightly and was covered by tree's but at least he could see more daylight beyond. Carefully he worked his way down, keeping hold of trunks and branches as he descended, an accident now was the last thing he needed.

Down in the clearing, the temperature was humid but pleasant; dumping his backpack, he went over to the pool and scooped handfuls of cold water, splashing it over his head and face and immediately feeling refreshed. Leaving his rucksack below, he climbed the slope opposite. As he reached the top and moved twenty yards through the trees, he came out into the daylight again at the top of a high hill and looked down towards a hamlet settled in the valley below. The scene was

idyllic but for some strange reason, it resonated in his conciseness as though he had seen this vista on other occasions. He knew he had never been in this part of the country before but had seen similar views where he had lived and so thought nothing of it.

Walking along the ridge and following the treeline, the hill seemed to curve slightly as he stopped and looked down at a farm situated about halfway down. Further down was a large house set in its own grounds, at one time it had probably been the squire's or landowner's home he imagined, his eyes suddenly attracted to a middle-aged woman down at the farm below, herding cows through the farmyard.

Scanning all around him, apart from the woman below, he seemed to be the only person about as he re-entered the treeline and went back down into the clearing. Looking at his watch he saw it was mid-afternoon and decided that this would be a perfect spot to spend the rest of the day, he was quite used to sleeping rough, his backpack containing everything he needed.

On impulse, he went back to the pool, looked around and then stripped off and immersed himself in the clear cooling water. The pool was only about four feet deep in places, the excess water slipping over the surrounding rocks at the far edge and disappearing somewhere underground.

Getting out of the pool naked, he went to his backpack and firstly got his bottles of water; he emptied their warm contents, refilling them from the small waterfall. Next, he grabbed a towel and a bar of soap before returning to the pool and washing. It felt good to be clean again he thought as he lay back against the rocks and relaxed. He had his eyes closed and even though the water was cold the sun was warming his upper body as he listened to the sounds of the birds and insects in the clearing.

He had just gotten out and dried himself, pulling his clothes back on when his reverie was interrupted.

'Who are you?' A female voice enquired.

Adam looked up to see a young girl, probably fourteen or fifteen watching him as she came down the slope into the clearing. She kicked off her shoes and sitting on the rocks at one side, dangled her legs and feet into the cool water, her smile radiant as she continued to stare at him but completely at ease considering he was a stranger.

'My names Samantha but everyone calls me, Sam,' she said, introducing herself, 'This wood is on the edge of my parent's farm and you must be the first person I've ever encountered here. 'What's your name?'

'I'm sorry, I didn't realise this is private land,' he said, 'I just needed somewhere to cool off and it looked so inviting.'

Adam introduced himself shaking her hand when she held it out with a mischievous grin. She was extremely pretty with her blonde hair fastened in a ponytail, the vest top and shorts she wore showing legs and arms tanned from being outdoors as she continued to chatter away merrily. 'Did you know this

is called "Adam's Wood" and is supposed to be full of magic? What brings you to these parts?' She asked inquisitively

He explained that he had finished college and was not yet ready to settle down and so had packed his belongings and just set off one morning. She asked about his family but there was nothing Adam could tell her.

'I haven't got one,' he said, 'I grew up in orphanages and with occasional foster parents, but I have no idea who my real mother was or even where I come from.' He finished, suddenly looking sad for a moment Sam decided

'I was watching a woman down in the farmyard, was that your mum?' he asked when she went quiet for a moment and he managed to get a word in edgeways.

Sam laughed, 'Yeah, that would be mum probably bringing the cows in. There is just me, her and dad. How old are you?' She asked and then she was off again, one question after another and completely happy to be sat there chatting.

'Where are you staying tonight,' she asked.

He told her he had planned to spend the night here but as it was private property he would move along shortly and find somewhere else to camp for the night.

'Don't be silly,' Sam laughed, 'Stay here, nobody will mind. Anyway, I'm only just getting to know you.' This again was said with a mischievous grin.

She stayed for what was left of the afternoon as they talked and she told him about herself, at one point she took him to the edge of the treeline and pointed to what looked like a headstone, it looked old and had an odd inscription.

'In Memory of Sarah & Adam'

'Travellers amongst the Stars'

'It's supposed to be magical,' Sam told him in a whisper, 'Strange things happen if you touch the stone,' she said, pulling his hand back as he reached out to touch it and making him jump as they both laughed hysterically.

It was time for her to leave, 'Mum will be wondering where I have got to, promise me you'll stay the night here. Promise me you'll still be here in the morning.' She seemed loath to leave him until he had promised and then with her now-familiar smile, she had learnt in and kissed his cheek before climbing the slope and disappearing into the trees.

Creating himself a shelter in the clearing, he got out his stove and some rashers of bacon. Firstly, he collected some water and put his kettle on and then set about rummaging for kindling which he used to build a small fire over which he fried his bacon and made himself a sandwich. With his hunger satisfied and a hot cup of tea, he settled back and watched as the evening drew in.

He was awake as the sun came up the next morning and after boiling some water, quickly washed and shaved; just because he was out in the countryside was no reason to look like a tramp he thought.

He had put his belongings into his backpack and had cleared away the remnants of the fire when Sam appeared again. She seemed a little disappointed when she noticed everything had been tidied, 'Not leaving already?' She asked, 'Please stay a little longer,' she pleaded incessantly until Adam gave in and nodded his head.

He explained that he needed to pick up some supplies and asked if there were any shops in the small village. Sam said that she would bring him some milk and eggs from the farm and that she would walk down into the village with him and show him where the general store was situated. She made him smile and laugh as they walked towards the village, it seemed impossible for her not to talk, speaking constantly as they walked along. She was fourteen she told him and when she wasn't at school, she helped out on the family farm. In the

hamlet, she knew everyone by their names as they strolled through the main street.

Sam told everyone that he was camping up in the woods as they headed for the general store where he picked up all the bits and pieces he needed before they set off for the return journey, Adam finding it harder going back up the hill than he had when they had come down it. They had spent the day together as Sam showed him around the local area until late afternoon when they had returned to the wood's, Sam continuing to follow him like some puppy dog. Normally he would be getting ready to move on, but for some reason was happy to stay a little longer which delighted her.

She had disappeared again as tea-time came around and Adam had settled down to spend another night in this magical place. The evening was exceptionally warm, and he was laid on his waterproof groundsheet and sleeping bag when he heard the sound of someone approaching through the trees. He saw the light of a torch first and then Sam entered the hollow once more.

'What brings you back?' he asked, 'You really shouldn't be out alone at this time of the evening,' he told her, concerned for her safety.

'I just wanted to make sure you were still here,' Sam said, Adam, worried that she had become a little too besotted with him.

'Tell you what,' he had said, 'I'll walk back down with you and make sure you get back safely, and I promise to still be here in the morning.'

She asked what he did for a living as he escorted her home and he explained that he had just finished horticultural college and had as yet to find a job. Excitedly she asked if he wanted her to have a word with her father, 'We always need help on the farm at this time of year.'

Sam had never had a brother, and to her, Adam felt like he should be part of her family. She loved being around him, he didn't treat her like a child and never complained about her

non-stop chattering, 'Yes,' she thought to herself with a wry smile, 'He would make a perfect brother, all she needed now was a sister.

'We'll see,' he said noncommittedly, not certain that he wanted to get tied down with a job just yet.

Returning to his encampment, Adam felt the wind picking up and reckoned they were in for a storm that night and so back in the clearing, he had moved his shelter nearer to the rock face giving him a little more protection as he battened down the hatches, watching the broiling sky as the storm approached.

Under his tarpaulin, he felt the wind which had been gusting, suddenly drop as the heavens opened and unleashed a torrent of rain, thunderclaps starting to roll in. They sounded extra loud in the clearing as they reverberated off the cliff face, just before the hollow was lit up white for a second as lightning flashed overhead. Under his covering, he was at least dry, but with each crash of thunder, it felt as though the ground shook

and he hoped there were no loose rocks above him that may suddenly come crashing down. He had just decided to move when there was a lightning strike which lit up the clearing, hitting the ground at its very centre, followed seconds later by another and hitting the very same spot.

And then, as though by magic, the storm was gone, and the clearing fell eerily silent except for a faint vibration that Adam could feel through the soles of his feet. Slowly, the darkness of the clearing seemed to recede as a dim light grew in magnitude until all-around was bathed in a blue flickering glow. Leaving his shelter, he walked into the middle of the clearing to the spot the lightning had struck but to his surprise, there was not even a burn mark in sight. As he turned, he could see that the strange light was emanating from the pool; cautiously he approached it, staring down into the brightly lit fluorescent water.

Adam bent down, he was finding the colour of the water mesmerising as he reached out and dipped his fingertips into the surface. It was as though the shimmer from the water ran up his fingers and then his hand; he felt sick for a second and

suddenly the world swam in front of his eyes as there was a flash and he was hurled backwards after which everything went black.

It was daylight when he opened his eyes, the sun quite high in the sky. He felt a little groggy as he inspected his hand but could not find any marks and overall, he had no aches or pains, just a bit of a thumping head. Everything about the clearing seemed the same at first glance and he was beginning to wonder if he had dreamt it all. Climbing the far slope, he moved through the tree's, coming to a halt at the edge and looking down towards the hamlet, again everything looked normal. As he returned to the clearing, he noticed that the inscription on the headstone had changed, it now read,

'In Memory of Sarah'

'A Traveller amongst the Stars'

Back down in the clearing, he heard the sound of someone approaching, sure that it would be Sam, as a young woman

came out of the treeline carrying a towel and then stopped suddenly as she spotted him. Staying where she was, she called out to him, 'Hello, can I help you, do you realise this is private land?'

From where he stood, she looked a little like Sam, only much older and he wondered if this was her mum.

'Hi, are you Sam's mother, I thought it was perhaps her visiting again. That was a hell of a storm last night and I'm sure something strange happened.'

She sounded a little fearful as she called back, 'Who's Sam?' 'My name is Annie, and this is part of my parent's estate.'

He started up the slope towards her as she began to back away looking a little scared, 'I'm sorry, I thought you were someone else, do you know Sam?'

'She is fourteen, her family own the farm, she said that this was on her parents land,' he told her.

'I can assure you, I don't know any Sam, the people who work the farm are my father's tenants and they don't have any daughters,' she called back slightly haughtily.

Suddenly Adam felt sick and the last thing he remembered was the ground rushing up to meet him. When he came to, Annie was kneeling over him and was dabbing his face with the towel which she must have moistened in the pool. She helped him sit upright as he stared around him, feeling confused.

'I've been here for the last few days and I got to know a young girl called Sam. Strangely, she looks a bit like you. You haven't got any sister's, have you?' Adam asked.

At last, she smiled and apologised for not having any sister's as he told her of the storm last night and how he had touched the water in the pool and then blacked out.

'I'm sorry, whatever your name is, but I was here yesterday, and I certainly didn't see you, and there was no storm last night, we haven't had rain for the last two weeks.' She said it with a small amount of concern but at the same time, it seemed she was humouring him as if he was slightly imbecilic.

From the look she had seen on his face, Annie could see that he was worried, no, more than that, he seemed to be scared. He was a good-looking young man, even if he did seem to dress strangely, she wondered if he was a foreigner, because she had never before seen the type of clothes he wore. Adam buried his face in his hands, try as he might, nothing made sense; shaking himself he stood, 'I'm sorry, I'm forgetting my manners. 'I was just about to brew up, can I interest you in a cup of tea?'

Annie smiled and seemed to relax as she nodded her head. Filling the kettle from one of his plastic bottles, he popped it on the stove as Annie picked up the bottle, turning it in her hand and looking at it strangely. It was the same with the

plastic cup he handed her, she stared at it as though she had never seen one before. With a hot drink inside him, he felt better, even quite peckish, 'Would you like some breakfast?' He asked as he went to his shelter and produced eggs and bacon.

Annie shook her head, 'No thanks, I've already had breakfast. 'Anyway, it wouldn't be fair for me to use your rations.'

Now it was Adam's turn to look at her as though she was mad, 'Rations? 'Since when?' He asked her with a laugh, expecting her to suddenly break into a grin.

'Since the end of the war, of course. 'Where have you been, abroad?' Now she did look at him as though he was a madman.

'What year is it Annie?' He asked hesitantly.

'1952, of course.'

When Adam came to, Annie was kneeling next to him once again and this time she really did look concerned. He managed to sit upright wondering if she, in reality, knew Sam and they were playing some kind of a practical joke.

'I can prove it!' He said suddenly, 'Sam and I went down into the village yesterday to get provisions, she seemed to know everyone we spoke to, they will all remember me.'

He had finally managed to persuade her to accompany him into the village, but to his dismay everywhere they went he was met by people he did not recognise and who did not know this young girl called Samantha. The day was warming up nicely and in the general store he asked if Annie would like an ice cream cone, she held them while he produced some coins from his pocket.

'That's just a shilling, please.' The lady behind the counter said as Adam stared at the money in his hand.

'I'm sorry Annie, you couldn't lend me a shilling, could you?'  
he asked embarrassingly.

Outside, they sat on a bench around the small village green as Adam forgot about his cone and stared into space.

'What's going on Adam?' Annie asked, 'are you on the run or something? 'You keep acting very strange, it's a little frightening at times.'

Coming back to reality, Adam became serious as he tried to explain his predicament. He asked her how old she thought he was with Annie guessing that he was about the same age as she was.

'I'm twenty Annie, and I was born on the first of January..... 1976!' He said, staring at her intently. He could tell by the look on her face that she was now convinced he was some kind of lunatic

He stood so that she could look at him properly, their trip through the village had made him stand out and he had noticed all the strange looks he was getting, 'Truthfully, have you ever seen anyone dressed like I am?' Sitting back down, he pulled the money from his pocket and held it out in front of her.

'Take a look, it's English money, it even has the queen's head on it. 'And that won't happen until 1960,' he said, trying his best to convince her.

Annie stared at him, her ice-cream now forgotten, on the one hand, she thought he was mad but when she looked at him she had to admit that what he said about his clothing was true and the money he showed her certainly looked similar and everyone did have a picture of the new queen's head on them but they were nothing like she had seen before and the queen's image on the coins was that of an older woman.

Together they made their way back up the hill, heading for the wood's and the clearing as Adam continued trying to convince her. At the top of the hill instead of entering the treeline, she asked him to accompany her along its edge a few

hundred yards as at last, she pointed to the farm halfway down the hill and then further down to the large house and gardens.

'That is Crompton Hall, where I live, and Crompton farm. I know the couple well, and they have no children. 'If you are looking for work Adam, I am sure I can have a word with my father. 'We always seem to be looking for gardeners nowadays, have you any experience?'

They parted company as he watched her heading downhill towards her home and he re-entered the treeline and back to the hollow. Annie's towel was still lying on the floor where she had left it and he picked it up and hung it over a branch to dry. Sitting on his groundsheet he tried to make sense of his situation as Sam sprung into his thoughts. He wondered what she must be thinking of him, surely, she had returned today to find him gone, it was not really fair on her after he had promised to stay a little longer. Mostly his thoughts centred on how he was going to get back to his own time.

For the first time in his life, Adam felt lonely, in the past, he had been considered a loner, he was used to looking out for himself and had never needed other people's company. It was a strange feeling, something he had never experienced before and he desperately wished Annie would return, his problem had not felt as insurmountable in her company. The afternoon turned into evening and then night, as he slept uneasily, waking frequently as Sam entered his dreams and he called her name in his sleep. Even the daylight brought no respite as it seemed he was somehow stuck in the past.

True to her word, Annie had got him a job working in the gardens, but his modern ideas did not always go down well with the other gardeners. It was nearly six months now that he had been there, and she had also arranged accommodation for him in one of the attic rooms over the stables. Despite their strange beginning, their friendship had blossomed especially as one weekend he was doing extra, and she had come across him naked to the waist and dressed in shorts and boots. His tanned skin contrasted with her pale complexion as she watched him discreetly and felt a stirring between her thighs as she admired his muscled and toned body.

She sensed that he was different, he had no understanding of social conformity, his words and actions strange for the times and completely out of step with everything she knew. She accepted that times were changing but it appeared that Adam was so ahead of the pack that he was out of sight. All the other staff were deferential to her, but he treated her as if he were her equal, speaking to her and saying things that under normal circumstance would see other staff dismissed. She could not fault his work ethic and she knew her father was impressed with his knowledge.

She caught him one day singing a song to himself, some tune she had never heard before and when she pressed him about it, he explained the concept of pop music to her with a wry smile.

'Next thing you know you will be listening to Al Martino topping the charts,' he said bursting into laughter.

Christmas was miserable, more so than usual, he was used to being alone and Christmas meant truly little to him, never having had a family to share it with. On top of that, as the end of December approached, he began to feel queasy, he was not ill, he just didn't feel right, it was like he was suddenly feeling restive. New Year's Eve was particularly bad, leaving him feeling as though he was being torn apart and spending most of that day and the next in his bed.

It was the third of January when Annie came up to his attic room.

'How did you know?' She asked, staring at him most strangely.

Adam hadn't a clue what she was talking about as he grinned at her and told her so. Her face had changed, it was no longer disbelief that he saw, but a reappraisal of what he had been trying to tell her for months.

'I listened to him on the radio, Al Martino was number one over Christmas?'

It took him a while to stop laughing much to her irritation and then he suddenly became serious, 'I've just remembered something. 'If I show you, you must promise me not to ever say anything to anyone, promise?'

Annie watched as he grabbed his backpack, pulling items out and pushing them to one side as he rummaged in the bottom of it. He pulled out a little rectangular box and what looked like a telephonist's headset, only smaller. He plugged the headset in and pushed a button, hoping that the batteries would still be ok as he ran the tape back looking for the track he wanted and keying it up ready. Passing the headset to Annie, he asked if she was ready. She nodded her head as he gave her a taste of his favourite artist, David Bowie singing 'Life on Mars,' on his Walkman.

Annie's eyes went wide, she had never heard music like this and for the very first time, started to perhaps believe him, wanting to know what was going to happen in the future. Whilst he gave her glimpses of what it was like, he refused to give her details, 'For all I know, I tell you something and you

change the future, don't forget, I won't be born for another twenty-four years yet.'

That night it was Annie who could not settle, Adam's strange words and stories reverberated in her head as she tossed and turned until eventually she got out of bed, put on a robe and snuck from the house, heading for the stables. Climbing the stairs, she was nervous; she opened the door quietly before slipping into the room, Adam breathing softly as he slept. Easing herself down onto the edge of his bed, she gently rested her hand on his bare chest. Her breathing was hard to control and she had that familiar feeling between her thighs. She watched as he stirred, his eyes coming open in surprise at her presence. She shivered slightly; the night was chillier than she had presumed.

'Can I get under the cover's?' She asked, a look of surprise on her face when he told her he was naked.

On impulse, she decided it suddenly did not matter, 'Very unladylike,' she thought to herself.

Adam moved over and made room for her as she slipped beneath the covers, instantly feeling the heat of his body. As she stared into his eyes in the dim light, she wanted him to kiss her, but that kind of thing was just was not done. As if reading her thoughts, he spoke quietly but she could hear the amusement in his voice.

'Young women are used to being assertive in my time,' he said, 'They don't hang around waiting anymore.'

Plucking up the courage, she moved her face closer and found that he had met her halfway as their lips came together. She didn't want to tell him that this was her first time, but somehow he seemed to know as he kissed her softly and gently, building her passion and arousal little by little until her mouth was grinding against his and she felt his tongue exploring her lips and then her mouth. As she warmed, he helped her out of her robe and then her nightdress and as she lay back down, pressed against him, she felt his erection pushing against her belly and mound.

Adam kissed her lips again and then her neck, he worked his way down to her chest as he slid under the covers and arrived at her breasts. They were a good size, full and firm as his hand caressed and fondled them, his fingers teasing her nipples as he brought them erect and then his mouth and lips were sucking and licking at each one as his tongue circled her areola and his teeth nipped at her teats, causing her to gasp and moan pleurably. As he worked his way across her flat stomach, Annie could not believe what he was about to do but waited with bated breath as he opened her legs and slid between them.

She could feel his hot breath on her fanny as he carefully spread her lips and then the most exquisite feeling she had ever experienced happened as she felt his tongue and lips slide across her quim. She was unable to stop herself from crying out as uncontrollably she pushed her pussy against his mouth and felt his tongue penetrate her and take her breath away.

'Oh my God Adam, that feels so good, I never knew it would feel like..... fuuuck!'

She never finished the sentence properly as his fingers exposed her clitoris and his tongue flicked out to tease and lick it. Her hips bucked wildly as sensations flooded her body, rippling through her and taking her breath away as she closed her eyes and allowed the feelings to overpower her. When she finally came back down to earth she found him knelt between her thighs, his shaft gently rubbing against her vagina.

'Tell me to stop whenever you want,' he said, 'I'll try to be as gentle as possible.'

Annie felt his cock pushing against her opening and then inch by inch and ever so slowly, he slid his manhood into her. She felt her insides expand to accommodate him and he paused once he was inside her so that she could get used to the feeling before he started to fuck her. She wanted to scream, not because she was in pain, but because of her arousal and the

sensations, she was experiencing. He bent and kissed her breasts, his momentum increasing a little at a time until he could tell that she was close and then he fucked her hard, having to put his hand over her mouth at one point lest the noise she was making woke up everyone in the house. As her head went back and her body arched, he slammed his cock into her, rewarded with her climax as his shaft sent spurt after spurt of cum deep into her passage.

Laying side by side as their chests rose and fell in unison, they gulped in much-needed oxygen until Annie, at last, turned on her side and kissed him, 'I love you, Adam,' she whispered.

Time seemed to fly by, and Adam estimated that it must be nearly two years since he had arrived; in that time, he and Annie had become close, to the extent that he knew he was in love with her. Whilst he still dreamt of returning to his own time, he had reconciled himself to the fact that he was probably here for the rest of his life. Nowadays he looked just like everyone else, Annie had managed to beg some old clothes from her father and the clothes he had arrived in were

packed securely in his backpack, ready for that day if it ever came.

While her parents treated him well, he suspected that her father was not over enamoured as their relationship developed; certainly, he would have forbidden it if it had not been for Annie's mother. Though she never socialised with him, nevertheless, she was extremely kind to him and he got the feeling that something in her past made her look at him differently. He and Annie were sleeping together regularly though never in the big house, many were the nights that she would sneak up to his attic room while they made love.

It was a Sunday and the weather was hot, Annie had made some sandwiches and drinks which he had placed in his backpack as they set off up the hill to woods on its summit heading for the clearing and the pool within. In the nice weather, they would visit their sanctuary at least once or twice a week, during the summer they would go up there nearly every evening. No one else ever visited and they could be together without any disapproving stares, on each occasion they would do the same thing, Adam would spread his

groundsheet out and they would get naked and make love. Afterwards, they would bathe in the pool, cleansing each other as he held her tightly until they chilled and then it was back to the groundsheet as they allowed the sun to warm and dry their bodies.

They had made love and then splashed in the pool before eating their picnic naked. Stretched out on the groundsheet, Annie was as happy as she had ever been, she was excited, but her secret would keep a little longer until they were in bed together that evening. As the afternoon drew to a close Adam sensed a change in the weather.

'There's a storm coming in,' he told Annie, 'we had better get dressed and be ready to move.'

Annie looked up at the clear blue sky and wondered why he thought there was going to be a storm. The last few weeks had seen a mini heatwave with not one drop of rain and anyway, she was warm and sleepy and did not want to move yet. An hour passed as Adam scanned the sky, both of them still

naked as Annie dozed on the groundsheet. His ears pricked up; was that the sound of thunder he had heard in the distance and was suddenly concerned. He stood and made his way up the slope and through the tree's, standing at their edge naked as he scanned the horizon, but the sky was blue as far as he could see.

Back in the clearing, he was just about to wake Annie when the light suddenly dimmed, looking up at the sky he was amazed to see black clouds come scudding in and heard the first rumble of thunder in the distance. Bending, he shook her awake as he grabbed their clothes and his backpack, 'Bring the groundsheet,' he shouted as he headed for the shelter he had suddenly noticed and which he had built years in the future, the first drops of rain beginning to descend.

Huddled together, he wrapped the groundsheet around them trying to keep Annie dry and warm. He could feel her trembling as the thunder now boomed overhead; just like last time the very hollow itself seemed to reverberate with the sound. In the clearing, it was as if night had fallen, when suddenly it was lit by a flash of lightning which made Annie

jump. The first lightning strike made her scream, the second nearly had her in hysterics but then the storm disappeared as quickly as it had arrived leaving an eerie silence in the clearing.

'What's that?' She asked.

Adam could already sense it again through the soles of his feet, that strange vibration and humming noise that he could hear inside his head as he dashed from their shelter. He held out his hand to her, 'Come and see!' He exclaimed as the clearing was lit by a cool blue light.

Rushing to the pool he climbed onto the rocky ledge and looked down into the crystal-clear shimmering water.

This is how I got here Annie, please, come with me,' he pleaded, holding out his hand to her. Grasping his hand he started to pull he up to his vantage point, but her hand was wet and she was scared and not sure she wanted to do this, which was why she had let go and watched as Adam went

flying backwards into the water. She heard him shout her name just before the flash of light which blinded her for a moment. When she opened her eyes, the clearing looked exactly as it had when they had arrived except the shelter and his backpack had gone. With a feeling of panic and dread, she clambered onto the edge of the pool, the waterfall continued to splash water down into it, but he was gone.

'ADAM!' She screamed, 'Come back, I'm pregnant, we are going to have a baby.' Annie was unable to stop the floods of tears which then came as no one answered her. Why had she been such a coward, why had she not kept hold of his hand. She dressed, still sobbing, taking a last look around the clearing as heartbroken, she made her way towards home.

Adam's brain registered that he was sat in water seconds before a piercing scream echoed around the clearing. He was concerned for Annie and was wondering why she was screaming when his eyes shot open to find, not Annie, but another young woman sat in the pool opposite him.

'Who are you? 'Where did you come from?' She screamed at him as she pushed herself back against the edge of the pool and tried to cover her nakedness.

'You're not Annie or Sam!' Adam kept repeating over and over again as he looked around in shock.

He finally got her to stop screaming at him, having drawn his knees up to his chest and raised his hands, trying to signal that he meant her no harm.

'I need to get out,' she said, and he could still hear the fear in her voice.

Promising to turn his back, he shuffled around in the water to face away from her as he heard her leave the pool. When he turned back, she had a large towel wrapped around her and was drying her hair with a smaller one.

She stared at him fiercely, "What are you doing here, do you know.....'

'That this private land.' He finished for her, 'Which does it belong to now, the big house or the farm?'

That seemed to stop her for a moment, 'Who are you?' She asked warily.

'My name is Adam. 'As in 'Adams Wood' and the same as the name on the headstone over there.' His pointed with his arm to the headstone without even turning around, he had seen it so many times over the years that he knew exactly where it was.

'What are you doing here?' she demanded.

It was out of his mouth before his brain told him not to say it, 'I've spent the afternoon up here with Annie, do you know her?'

She continued to stare at him, but at least she was not screaming anymore. Pointing to his backpack which he spied over by his shelter, he asked her to open it and get him a towel, the water was starting to feel a little cold. He could see she was about to say something but all that came out was a gasp as she turned around and saw his bag and shelter. He could hear her muttering to herself as she went over and retrieved a towel for him.

'If you don't mind,' he said, when at first she made no move to turn around, once she had her back to him he stood and wrapped the towel around his waist before leaving the pool but still keeping his distance from her.

Adam turned his back to her as she reached for her clothes, standing patiently until she said she was dressed. Turning around, he looked at her closely and trying not to stare. Her face contained both aspects of Sam and Annie, but while they were both blondes, she was the same hair colouring as himself, a mousey brown. Now she was dressed and felt more

confident that he was going to do her no harm, she relaxed a little.

'My mother is called Annabelle; I've heard some of the older folk occasionally call her Annie, but it wouldn't be her, I very much doubt she spent the afternoon up here with you' she said

'And I have never heard of a Sam, there are no young men around here called Sam,' she told him and then frowning when he broke into a smile and started laughing.

'Sorry, no, Sam, as in Samantha,' Adam said. If Annabelle were her mother, she could not be the right one and if this young woman lived locally, surely, she must have known Sam and her family. Also, she and Annie must be of a similar age. And then it hit him like a sledgehammer.

'I know this may seem like a stupid question, but what year is it?'

Her face told him it was a stupid question as she put her hands on her hips, '1973, of course.'

It felt as though someone had suddenly kicked his legs from under him as his backside met the ground and his towel came undone. The young woman got an eyeful before embarrassed, she turned around; he called out his thanks as he covered himself, but his legs felt like jelly and he was staying put for the moment, fed up with falling over. She came and knelt near him looking concerned.

'Are you ok, you're white as a sheet,' she said, 'by the way, my name is Jean.'

Adam shook her extended hand, 'I'll be fine in a minute and everything is hunky-dory,' he said, the sarcasm evident in his voice.

Collecting up her belongings and sure that Adam was going to be alright, she set off up the slope and disappeared into the trees. Once she had gone, Adam retrieved his backpack and

dressed before making himself a brew. 'This is ridiculous,' he was thinking, it was still another three years before he would be born, at this rate he would be an old man before he ever got back, and Sam would be a middle-aged woman. He wondered about Annie and what would become of her, suddenly realising that she would now be in her forties.

There were still a few sandwiches in his bag which would do him for the evening but he was wondering what he would do tomorrow, the money still stowed in his backpack was from the year 1996 and he had no idea if any of it was legal tender yet. It was an uneasy sleep that night as he pondered his predicament, at least last time he had had Annie who helped make his life easier.

He was up early the next morning and had washed and dressed in his normal clothes when he caught sight of the young woman descending the slope.

'I see you are still here,' she said, 'have you nowhere to go?' She suddenly realised that the young man seemed close to tears and that her tone had been a little unkind.

She listened as he explained that he had money but was not sure if it was legal in the shops. He also told her what he had told Sam on that first occasion that he had no family to turn to and would need to find a job. She felt sorry for him and her demeanour started to soften.

'I work at Crompton farm, though really, my home is the old hall. 'Mr and Mrs Timpson have the farm, but they are in their sixties now and everything is getting a bit too much for them. 'I do what I can and end up sleeping there most of the time.'

Adam was staring at her intently, was it possible that this young woman was Annie's daughter, the passage of time would make it about right.

'You could come and help out at the farm,' Jean said hesitantly, 'They couldn't afford to pay you, but I'm sure they would feed you each day and you could sleep in the barn.'

Adam had nothing to lose and at the very least it would put food in his belly until he could find a job that paid. Jean was enamoured by his smile as he perked up and suddenly looked a lot brighter. She asked about his money, waiting while he retrieved it from his backpack and held it out in his hand.

'This, this and these you can spend, but I've never heard of a pound coin, and I'm not sure about the notes, they look completely different,' she said with a puzzled look on her face.

On this occasion, she had turned up with a bathing costume just in case and Adam turned his back on her as she changed and got into the pool. He was singing to himself as he packed up all his belongings when Jean shouted across to him, 'What is that damned tune, my mother has hummed it for years but didn't know what it was called?'

He turned and gave her a grin, 'If it's 1973, then I'm sure you will hear it this year,' he said with a laugh and looking pleased with himself.

He had settled in at the farm, the work was different from what he was used to, but he soon learnt what he needed to do and put all his effort into getting the jobs done. Jean watched him one day as stripped to the waist, he moved bales of hay into the barn, singing to himself as he worked. She refused to admit it to herself, but as she got to know him, she quite fancied him, 'There he goes again,' she thought to herself, singing that song, the one her mother would always hum. She thought no more about it as she got on with her own tasks, the radio playing pop music in the background.

It was more her subconscious that picked up on the DJ's words as he introduced the next record, 'And here's the new one from David Bowie. 'Life on Mars.'

She stood transfixed for a moment as the music played, refusing to believe what she was hearing. It was the song that

Adam was singing before and that her mother always hummed, but how could either of them have heard it if it had only just been released. It was possible, she supposed, that Adam might just have had heard it somewhere previously, but her mother had been humming it for years, and how come he had suddenly appeared in the pool with her.

That evening, once the farmer and his wife were in bed, she made her way out to the barn and climbed up the bales to where Adam had spread out his groundsheet and sleeping bag. He seemed surprised when she appeared, but his face lit up at the prospect of a little bit of company.

'I heard that song you keep singing on the radio today,' she said casually.

He grinned and gave a slight laugh, 'See, I told you so,'

Jean watched him turn white as she asked her next question, 'My mother has been humming that song for years, she used

to drive me mad with it, how would she know it. 'Do you know her Adam?'

He was in a panic, he had gone down this road before and was wondering how much to tell her, 'I met her one summer,' he lied.

She looked at him furiously, 'Adam, stop lying, too many things don't add up, please, tell me the truth.'

He could not, not the whole truth, he could easily end up out on his ear, and then what.

'Ok, although you are not going to believe me,' he started with a huge sigh. 'How old is your mother, Jean, forty?' He watched as she nodded her head. 'I'm twenty, so when was I born?' He asked, waiting as she did the simple arithmetic.

'1953 of course,' she replied

'Would you like to make some money,' he asked her cynically.

Jean gave him a withering look, 'If you are going to treat me like a child...' she began.

Adam just looked at her, 'If you have fifty pounds, walk into a betting shop tomorrow and put a bet on, put all your money on a group called "Slade" having the Christmas number one this year. 'I bet you get at least 500/1, that should net you about twenty-five thousand pounds.'

Now it was her turn to look at him cynically, 'Rubbish, you can't know that!'

Adam had a sarcastic smile on his face as he looked at her, 'Yes I can,' he told Jean, 'I've heard that song every year since the day I was born in..... 1976!'

Involuntary, she raised her hand to slap him, but he grabbed her wrist and stopped her, 'You wanted the truth. I was

camping in those woods up on the hill when there was a storm one night, someone told me it was supposed to be magical up there, and they were correct.

'I blacked out and when I came too, there was a young woman there, she said her name was Annie and that she lived in the big house.

'She helped me, got me a job working in the gardens, and it was where I played that song to her. He has always been my favourite singer and I particularly liked that track.

'She must have been about eighteen at the time and I got to know her, a nice young lady..... it was 1952.

'And then one day I was back in those woods and the clearing and the next thing I know, I'm sitting in the pool with you.'

Adam let go of her wrist, if you do not believe me, go and ask your mum..... 'Only, tell her that the Timpson's mentioned my name.'

Of course, she wanted to know why, as Adam tried to explain that too many questions would be asked as to why she had aged, and he had not.

He could not tell if she believed him or not, 'I'd better go,' was all she said as she made her way back down the bales of hay and disappeared.

Adam saw nothing of her the next day, the old farmer telling him that she had gone down to the big house to see her parents. He finished work and went to wash and shave before sitting down in the kitchen and having his evening meal, thanking them both as he disappeared out to the barn, Jean having still not returned. He was tired, so undressed and climbed into his sleeping bag, sleeping soundly until someone shaking his shoulder woke him up.

As he opened his eyes, Jean was squatted down next to him, her face in shadow but he could hear her voice catch as she spoke.

'Mum remembers you, she said you were handsome, and she said my grandparents missed you when you left, they said the gardens had never looked as nice.

'She said you were there for several years, but strangely, that you never seemed to get any older and that one day you suddenly disappeared.

'If I didn't know better, I would have said mum fancied you,' she finished with a surprised laugh.

She stretched out and lay next to him, supporting her head on her crooked arm as she gazed at him.

'So, what now Adam, the man from the future!' she asked with a hint of amusement.

Adam was being serious as he told her, 'I honestly don't know, at first, I wanted to get back because I didn't want to disappoint young Sam. 'But she has probably forgotten about me now, it has been over two years and who knows, I might be here for good.'

He sounded a little despondent as Jean decided that perhaps in the future, she could help cheer him up. She could not begin to imagine what it must be like, trapped in a place where you did not belong, it was enough to drive a lad insane.

As the months passed, he often got the urge to go down to the big house and see Annie, but what could he say to her. Whilst to him it had only been six months since he had last seen her, to Annie, it had been over twenty years since that fateful day. She was married, with a husband and daughter, how could it be fair on her to suddenly have him bursting back into her life.

Christmas and New Year had come and gone, not that Adam was concerned, this time of year was very much like the last one, as again, he wasn't feeling that great and even though he'd had Christmas dinner with the farmer and his wife, he had kept himself very much to himself.

Jean had disappeared for a few days to enjoy the celebrations with her family and he had to admit to missing her. It was the sixth of January when she showed up next and snow had fallen for the last two days, the fields all around now covered with a crisp white blanket.

Adam had tended to the animals that morning and was just considering going for a short walk when he spotted Jean coming up the lane at a trot. Rushing into the farmyard and then up to him, she threw her arms around his neck, pulled his face nearer and kissed him fully on the lips. He was too surprised to do anything other than kiss her back until she released him and stepped back, her face beaming with excitement as she shook her head.

'You were right, oh my god, you really are from the future aren't you!' She threw herself at him once more and hugged him tightly.

He reckoned he could get used to being hugged by Jean but wondering at the same time, what he had done to deserve it.

'I did what you said, I put fifty pounds on the number one, I'm rich!' She was finding it hard to constrain herself as she kissed him once more.

Somehow, this time the kiss was different, it seemed to go on for longer and as their lips slowly parted, it seemed to linger.

Jean with her head down, raised her eyes and looked at him shyly, 'I'm sorry, that was a bit presumptuous of me, wasn't it?'

Adam laughed loudly, 'Not at all, it feels nice to be wanted by someone,' he said as he picked her up, twirled her around and kissed the tip of her nose.

Jean threaded her arm through his as they tramped across the fields, each step making a crunching noise in the virgin surface. She wanted to take him into the big town, which was a bus ride away and treat him, but Adam was content just to be in her company. He wanted nothing from her because subconsciously he was afraid, he had got close to Annie and then he was gone, and he often wondered what she may have gone through at the time and how much hurt he had caused. So far, he had done it to two young impressionable women, and he was determined not to do it for the third time.

Sitting down with the old couple that night, he and Jean ate their evening meal before all four of them watched a couple of hours television. Bert Timpson winked at his wife and raised his eyes skywards, indicating that he thought it was a good idea to leave the young-uns and give them a bit of privacy. He and his wife had watched them over the last few months as they sparred with each other, but tonight he sensed, something had changed.

Laying side by side on the huge settee in front of the blazing fire, Jean snuggled up against him and felt content. In the six months, she had known Adam, she had felt herself being drawn to him and especially when he had confided the truth in her. He seemed to have some kind of inner strength she had thought, convinced that if she were in the same predicament, she would have been in pieces ages ago.

Over Christmas and away from him, she had given it a lot of thought and now knew what she wanted. She wanted a relationship with him, and she knew that she was taking a chance; from what he had told her she knew that he could disappear at any time, but she was prepared to take that chance. He had told her that he had spent nearly two years in her mother's company and if she got that long she would be happy, if she got longer, well she would be ecstatic.

It had gotten late and the fire had died down but the room was still warm, Jean had lain in his arms for the last couple of hours but other than kiss the top of her head and occasionally her lips, Adam had made no other attempt to touch her, something she desperately wanted. She was beginning to

wonder if he felt anything for her and wanted nothing more than just a casual friendship. She was not quite sure on how to broach the subject so just came out with it.

'You can touch me, you know..... if you want,' she stammered as she looked up at him, not wanting to appear as though she was some kind of brazen woman.

He said nothing at first, the silence just continuing as she began to wonder if he had fallen asleep.

'You know what might happen,' he suddenly said, 'I like you a lot Jean, but the last thing I want to do is hurt you,' there was a long pause as he seemed to gather his thoughts.

'I may be here for the rest of my life, and in a way, I could live with that, and with you. But what happens if I am gone tomorrow or the next day, can you take that chance?'

Her answer was to slide further up the settee until her face was level with his as she took his hand and placed it on her breast. 'I'm willing to take that chance,' she said and kissed him.

This time she could feel the passion in his kiss as their lips locked together and she forced her tongue into his mouth. With one arm wrapped around her, she could feel his other hand unbuttoning her cardigan and then the buttons of her shirt before slipping inside and pushing her bra upwards and freeing her tits. As his hand cupped her left breast, she moaned softly, the sound getting louder as he fondled and squeezed it and then he had to tell her to 'hush' as he applied pressure to her nipple which was now hard and throbbing, demanding more attention.

It was as though they had the same thought at the same time, Jean sat up and discarded her cardigan, shirt and bra as Adam removed his jumper and shirt. She marvelled at his muscled torso, her hands running over his smooth but firm chest as she teased his nipples. From her left breast, he moved to her right, giving it the same treatment and kissing her hard as he tweaked her nipple and her cries got louder. And then his

hand was sliding over her stomach as he caressed her flesh, his fingertips moving all the time as though he was memorising her feel and shape. She felt the button of her jeans pop open and then the zip slide down as in her mind she urged him onwards, when his hand slid inside and then inside her panties, she hit the ceiling, her cry, reverberating around the room.

Adam found her fanny lips moist and open as his fingers slipped between her legs and traced the line of her slit. Ever so gently, he applied pressure as a single-digit slid inside her quim, finding her wet and hot inside. As he fingered her slowly, Jean's hand was frantically rubbing at the bulge in the front of his jean pants; his erection feeling hard and unyielding. They finished undressing, Jean gasping as, free of his pants, his cock jutted proudly from beneath his stomach looking large and predatory in the dim flickering light of what was left of the fire.

Back on the settee, she straddled his hips, her fanny atop his shaft as she slid back and forth along its length, teasing him. In response, his hand went to her fanny, his thumb finding

her clitoris as he stroked and teased it, causing her to visibly shiver with anticipation. She knew she was ready, her arousal already substantial as she raised herself and fumbled for his shaft.

Placing it against her opening, she lowered herself onto it, her insides stretching as she took him deep inside her quim and rocked back and forth. Adam's hands went to her magnificent breasts, each one, a little more than a handful; her areolas large and covering the front of each beautiful orb and in the centre of each was a darker hard bud.

Adam caressed and fondled her tits, his fingers twisting and squeezing her nipples as she moaned and gasped in pleasure. Jean was rising and falling faster as her climax approached, grabbing her head, Adam pulled it down so that he could kiss her as his hips rose and rammed his shaft into her, Jean trying to cry out as she orgasmed, but their lips locked together kept the sound muted.

Laying against Adam's chest, his cock still buried deep inside her, she panted as she sucked air into her lungs. He waited for her to recover before he suggested they move to the rug in front of the fire. Taking the cushions from the furniture, he spread them on the rug and helped her down before spreading her legs and kneeling between her thighs. His shaft, slick with her juices, sank into her flesh once more as slowly at first and then with increasing impetus, he fucked her. She tried to be as quiet as she could, but he excited and aroused her to such an extent that she wanted to cry out his name.

And then she was cumming again, staring at him with unseeing eyes as her head whipped back and her body arched, she felt his semen spurt inside her as he cried out and then sensations flooded her body and overpowered her brain as she floated serenely. When she came to, Adam had found an old blanket from somewhere and was lying next to her with it draped across them as he cuddled her and kept her warm. She knew at some point that they had to move, they could not spend the night here, what would the farmer and his wife say in the morning. As she dozed, she wondered how many girls in the future, Adam had made love to; while she was no

stranger to sex, she had never had such an accomplished lover and felt slightly jealous of those unknown faces.

They took their pleasures where and when they could until one day Beth, (Mrs Timpson) took Jean to one side and told her plainly that they did not mind if she and Adam shared the same room, it wasn't as if they didn't know what was going on between the pair.

The rest of that year and then the next were idyllic with Adam forgetting that he had once had another life in another time. By his reckoning, his next birthday would make him twenty-five, but each morning as he looked at himself in the mirror, he was still a fresh-faced twenty-year-old. It had been a decent enough summer but as the autumn set in Adam started to feel something, it couldn't describe what it was and at one point wondered if it was perhaps something to do with the fact that on the first of January 1976, he would officially be born and it was now only a few months away.

Jean had recognised the change in him, as Christmas approached, she would notice him stood in the farmyard or out in the open fields looking up at the hill and the woods on top. He was forever asking her to go up there with him as though something was summoning him. Christmas day she had to spend at home, but she returned the next day to find Adam subdued and unresponsive to her questions, all he could tell her was that something was going to happen.

On the afternoon of New Year's Eve, he had taken her to bed and made love to her with a passion that she had never known and then afterwards for some strange reason he had checked his backpack. Jean wanted to cry but knew she had to stay strong, she had an inkling of what was about to happen, he had tried to warn her, but she'd had two years of happiness and knew that this was his destiny.

As the evening drew to a close, she found him pacing the farmyard, constantly looking at the sky and the hill as though he could sense something that she could not see or feel.

She went out to him and took his hand, waiting until he registered that she was there and looked at her. 'Go and get your pack,' she told him, 'I'll come with you.'

It was as though he was fighting an internal battle, the urge to stay against the greater urge to climb that damned hill she thought as she forced him to retrieve his backpack. Rugged up and with his pack on his back they ascended the hill together, hand in hand. Inside the treeline, they were sheltered from the wind and he switched on his torch until they came out into the clearing, brilliantly lit by moonlight.

According to Jeans watch, it was five minutes to midnight, the sky clear and bright with stars as she hoped that this was all a false alarm. Suddenly the moon seemed to disappear as it was covered by clouds and the wind picked up. Adam took her hand, leading her over to the shelter that she had been convinced was not there that morning when she had first met him. They had seconds to spare before the heavens opened and rain flooded down, the first crash of thunder booming overhead. It only seemed to last for a few minutes but in that

time the glade had been lit by flashes of lightning and then two strikes which seemed to hit the same spot in the clearing.

And then it was gone, and the sky was clear, and she could feel a vibration through her boots. Adam stood and walked out into the clearing, holding his hand out to her as she joined him and took it. She was just about to put her torch on when a faint glow started in the pool, growing in strength until its fluorescent light illuminated the area.

Adam turned and kissed her, 'Come with me?' He asked her, but she shook her head and he seemed reticent to leave.

'You have to go, Adam, it's your destiny, not mine. You know where I am, come and see me,' she said as she let go of his hand and pushed him toward the pool, watching as he climbed onto the rock's, bent and dipped his fingers into the water. The flash took her by surprise, and she turned her head away from it and closed her eyes, when she opened them and turned back, Adam was gone as was his pack and the shelter. The clearing looking as it always had done.

Stoically, she dried her tears as she switched on her torch and set off back towards the farm.

It was the sunlight bursting into the clearing that brought Adam awake as he unzipped his sleeping bag and got up and stretched. Looking around the clearing he was elated to see that it looked exactly as it had years before, his washed clothes still hanging over the branches where he had placed them. That was a good sign he thought, at least it looked like he was back in the correct timeline, but outside of the woods, had time moved on?

Washing and dressing he took down his shelter and packed everything away making sure that the hollow and clearing looked as pristine as it had when he had first arrived. As he climbed the slope, he went over and took one last look at the headstone, surprised to see that it had changed one more.

'In Memory of Sarah and Adam'

## 'Reunited at Last'

His first stop was to be the farm to apologise to Sam if she still lived there and would speak to him and then into the village to pick up some provisions before heading out on the open road once more. At the farm, everything looked strangely familiar, there were more buildings now and things looked modernised, but it was still the farm that held happy memories of Jean.

He still wondered if time had moved on in his absence and as he approached the farm, he noticed a young woman working in the yard as he leant on the gate and called out to her. 'Hi, I don't suppose you know a young girl called Sam?' he asked.

She turned in his direction as he got his first look at her, strangely she seemed to be a mixture of Sam, Annie and Jean and with her blonde hair cascading down her back, was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

'Are you Adam, the man that has been camping up in the woods, Sam has never stopped talking about you?' She asked with a warm smile.

'Yeah, is Sam about, I was just heading off and wanted to say goodbye,' he told her, relieved because he appeared to be back at the point that he had disappeared.

'Oh, that's a shame,' the young woman said, 'She's just out with mum, she said you were looking for work, but if you're leaving.'

Adam felt disconsolate at the prospect of not saying goodbye to Sam. He found it strange, sure that she had never mentioned that she had a sister, having made it sound as though she was an only child. 'Do you mind if I wait around until she returns?' He asked.

'Not at all, I'm Sarah by the way,' she said, shaking his hand.

While he waited, he gave her a hand around the yard, helping her with chores, exactly as he had done for the past two years.

'You can get me some animal feed out if you will, it's in the.....'

'It's ok, I know where it is,' he said absentmindedly, going to the shed where it was kept and hoisting a couple of bags onto his shoulder while Sarah stared at him strangely.

He could hear a voice coming up the lane, smiling because there was no mistaking who it was as Sam got closer.

'Hi Sarah,' she called and then rushed into the farmyard when she spotted him, but her face turning to one of despondency and close to tears when she saw his rucksack.

'You can't go, Adam, you promised that you would stay,' she cried as she hugged him.

Sarah looked on slightly puzzled, Sam was friendly with everyone, but she had never seen her act like this with someone who really, was a stranger.

'I can't stay here forever,' he was saying when he heard another voice behind him.

'Is this your friend Sam?' The woman asked and then gave a startled gasp as he turned around.

'Hello Jean,' he said hesitantly.

The two of them stared at each other, silence seeming to descend on the farmyard as her bags of shopping fell from her hands. She wanted to run to him, to have him hold her in his arms and to kiss her, but the sight of Sarah staring at them strangely kept her rooted to the spot.

'Perhaps he has to go, Sam,' Jean was saying, 'You can't keep him a prisoner here.'

Her words were trying to get rid of him but her face told him that she wanted him to stay, she looked afraid, like a deer caught in the headlights and with her daughters so close, there was nothing they could say to each other. They stood apart, like two gunslingers facing each other until they were interrupted by the sound of a tractor returning, her husband and Sam and Sarah's father driving into the yard.

The man came over and held out his hand, 'You must be Adam, Sam said you were looking for work.' He shook Adams hand with a firm grip and seemed a friendly sort, 'If you're still interested, we could certainly do with some help at this time of year, ever worked on a farm before?'

Adam nodded, 'Yes sir, I've worked on a farm for the last two years.' He glanced in Jean's direction as he replied.

'Well then, you can start tomorrow if you want, there's a bit of a flat attached to the house, you can sleep in there if that's ok and then take your meals with us,' Jean's husband told him.

'If it's ok with you sir, I'll carry on sleeping in the woods and come down each day, I don't want to put anyone out,' his eyes were constantly flitting across to Jean and not going unnoticed by Sarah.

After he had set off to return to the woods, this time escorted by Sam, Sarah completed her chores, but she was worried and mystified. She could have sworn that her mother and the young man knew each other. Sam had said he had only been here for a week at the most, not enough time to get to know her mother and yet the look on their faces said an all lot more. She wondered now if her mother had been having an affair, surely not, there was too much work on the farm for her to go missing regularly.

Sarah was highly suspicious when after tea, her mother packed some of the leftovers up and announced that she was going to take them up to the young man, 'He must be famished,' she said, 'It's the least I can do if he's going to be working for us.'

Sarah would have liked to have followed her and Sam was adamant that she needed to accompany her mother, both of them disappointed when their father reminded them that there were still chores to get finished.

Adam had set up camp again and it was only as evening approached that he remembered he had no food. He considered going down to the farm and begging some when his thoughts were interrupted as someone came down into the clearing.

Jean was alone as she made her way towards him, placing the bag she carried on the ground.

'Hello Adam,' she said as she moved even closer, looking curiously at him, 'My God, you don't look a day older.'

'I'm not,' he said, 'It's probably only twenty-four hours since I last saw you,' he added with a chuckle. 'You still look gorgeous, how have things been?'

'Rubbish,' she said, 'Look at me, I'm a middle-aged woman.'

'Not to me,' he replied, 'You're still the one I fell in love with,' he continued, advancing even closer to her.

Jean had not meant to, but she could not help herself as she found herself in his arms and their lips came together.

She hadn't stayed long, both of them knowing that what had happened in the past had to stay there, one part of her wanted him to leave, so that she could try and forget about him once more, the other part of her wanted him to stay, she had lost him once, she didn't want to lose him again.

Adam reported for work the next morning, the jobs he was set to do being only slightly different than what he had

previously done. He worked hard and were possible, he and Jean tried to avoid each other but it was difficult when they worked in close proximity and he had his meals with them each evening before returning to his campsite. When she wasn't at school, Sam was a constant companion, following him around whenever she could. She knew she had been correct; Adam was making a perfect brother.

As that summer passed and winter started to set in, the family was adamant that he move into the flat, 'You'll catch your death up there lad,' Douglas, Jean's husband had said, 'And I don't want to lose a good worker.'

Even Sarah had begun to take a shine to him, she watched him often, he was certainly a grafter, content to do any job asked of him. There were still times when she felt that there was much unsaid between Adam and her mother, but there had never been any impropriety, not so much as a sniff. She had taken to nipping into the flat at the end of the day, chatting about things that only the young understood. Most times she was accompanied by Sam, who seemed to see herself as

Adams guardian and so it was nice when occasionally she got him all to herself.

He was settling down one evening, Sarah and Sam had left a couple of hours earlier and it was getting late when he was sure he heard the flat door open as Sarah came into the room.

'What brings you back?' He had started to say when suddenly she had clamped her lips against his and kissed him.

Adam was startled momentarily but then kissed her back as their mouths pressed together and he pulled her tight against him.

'I want you!' She whispered.

Slowly they had undressed each other until he had lifted her and carried her across to the bed, Adam stroking her smooth soft flesh as their kisses grew more passionate. His hand moved upwards as he cupped her pert breast and fondled it,

rolling her nipple between finger and thumb while his other hand gripped her buttocks pulling her firmly against his erection. Sarah had rolled him on top of her, 'Make love to me Adam, please,' she had begged as she opened her legs wide and fumbled for his shaft.

Their lovemaking was sensual and exciting as he penetrated her quim, making her gasp with surprise and pleasure when he filled her. He fucked her with slow measured thrusts, watching as she writhed beneath him, bending forwards, his mouth found her tits and nipples as he lavished them with kisses making her moan out loud while she stroked his hair. As her arousal mounted, she became more frantic, 'I'm so close Adam, please cum in me, I want to feel you cum inside me.'

His momentum increased as he fucked her fanny, her legs wrapping around him as she pulled him into her with each thrust until she screamed her release and he felt his cock twitch as he ejaculated inside her, his groan echoing around the room. They lay together spent, their limbs entangled together as the warmth from the stove in the corner, dried the

sweat on their bodies. He barely caught her words as she dozed in his arms, 'Please say you'll stay forever.'

As winter turned into spring, it was obvious to everyone that Adam and Sarah were becoming an item, spending more and more time together. Whilst he still used the flat, he had taken to spending some evenings back up on top of the hill and in amongst the trees.

Jean could not miss what was happening, on the one hand, she felt happy for her daughter but remembered what she had felt like when Adam had suddenly gone from her life, and on the other hand, she was jealous.

For whatever reason, she decided one evening that she was going to take Adam some supper up to his encampment, unaware that as she set off up the hill, Sarah was following her at a respectable distance. Adam had welcomed Jean as they sat and chatted and she shared the supper she had prepared, Sarah stood in amongst the trees, watched carefully, she had been wrong, nothing untoward had taken place. Her mother

stood, looking like she was about to leave as Sarah turned, ready to make her way home when to her horror, her mother threw her arms around Adams's neck and kissed him.

Sarah was trembling, that wasn't a quick goodnight kiss, that was a full-on kiss of passion, the tears welling up in her eyes as she turned and fled, she had been right all along, Adam and her mother were having an affair.

When Adam arrived for work the next morning, everything appeared normal at first until Jean cornered him once her husband had disappeared. 'Have you seen Sarah?' She asked, 'She hasn't turned up this morning and her bed hasn't been slept in.'

Together they searched the outbuildings, Adam checking the flat that he used but there was no sign of the young woman. They were both starting to panic when the sound of the outside telephone bell startled them both, Jean rushing indoors to answer it. When she returned, she was as white as a sheet, 'She's at my mother's, Sarah saw us kiss last night.'

They both spent the day on autopilot, her mother requesting that she and Adam pay her a visit after tea. She had told her husband that her mother had not been feeling too good and that Sarah had gone to keep an eye on her. She was going to visit after their meal, and she was taking Adam to introduce him. The journey down was sombre, very little being said by either of them.

As they walked through the village, he could see the cottage up ahead, the type that you see on the front of tins of biscuits or chocolates and typified the quaint English countryside. Jean opened the front door and entered as he followed her in and she led him into the lounge, the elderly woman getting up from her chair, 'Hello Adam,' she said, 'I have been waiting a long time for you!'

Both Jean and Sarah watched astonished as Adam and Annie held each other tightly, he looked into her face as he stroked her hair and then her cheek, both of them had tears in their eyes as he kissed her gently and spoke into her ear.

To Sarah, this was not two strangers meeting, this was two lovers coming together after many years apart. She was on her feet now, wanting an explanation; it was as though there was a secret that she was not privy to and she had a million questions she wanted to ask, feeling that her grandmother had already met him.

'You have been having an affair with him,' she accused her mother, 'And what about you gran, you don't kiss someone like that when you have never met them before. How could you mum, you knew I was falling in love with him. Did you know about this gran, have you been keeping their secret?'

'Sit down Sarah, I have a story to tell you,' Annie said, waiting for her granddaughter to retake her seat.

'Did you know that I was born in Crompton Hall, as was your mother,' she told the young woman. She described how when she was twenty, she had met a young man, a man she had come across in the wood at the top of the hill and how she had

fallen in love with him. He had tried to tell her he had come from the future, but she hadn't believed him at first, but slowly, as things he told her came true, she started to trust him. They had spent two years together she had said, until that fateful day when he left, and she had never seen him again until now.

'It was my own fault, he wanted me to go with him, but I was too much a coward and then he disappeared. I was there on that day when he went, his name was Adam, and he doesn't look a day older than the last time I saw him,' she finished, a tear rolling down her cheek as Adam lifted her hand and kissed it.

All the time she had been speaking she had been fiddling with a pendant around her neck, twirling it between her fingers as she spoke.

Sarah was looking between her grandmother and Adam, 'That's impossible, it can't happen, he must just look similar to someone you knew,' she said.

Before she could say any more Jean spoke, and now it was Annie's turn to look on amazed.

'It was 1973 and I was eighteen years old. I had gone up to "Adams Wood" and the pool there to relax when suddenly a young man appeared in the water opposite me. One minute I was alone, the next he was there.'

She went on to explain how she had befriended him and how together they had worked on the farm.

'He told me something one day that nobody could possibly know unless you could see into the future.

'Anyway, he told me to put a bet at the bookmakers and he was correct, and I won a lot of money.

'By the way Adam, I gave the money to Mr and Mrs Timpson so that they could retire. When mum sold the big house, I

took on the farm and the old couple needed the money more than I did.'

Sarah looked at Adam, noticing the smile on his face and the memories in his eyes as he and her mother shared a secret.

'So, to cut a long story short, just like your grandmother, I fell in love with that young man and we had two years together.

'I was there on the night that he went and if I'd asked, he would have stayed, but he was trying to get back to someone, a young girl called Sam because she had befriended him and he didn't want to disappoint her, his name was Adam.'

Sarah was close to tears, 'It's just not possible, how could he have been away for years, if he had been with you gran, he would be your age. And the same with you mum, but he's not, he's only my age.'

It was at that point that Adam interrupted, 'As strange as it sounds Sarah, it's true, that's why I came to the farm that day, to apologise to Sam for being away so long.'

Turning to Annie he was inquisitive as he asked, 'What is that your twirling between your fingers, it seems familiar.'

Annie stopped and held it up so that he could see, 'It's a silver thruppence, I got it from my mother.'

Adam undid his jacket and reaching inside his t-shirt, he pulled out a chain and dangling from it was an identical coin. 'This was around my neck when I was found, I have always presumed that my mother left it there when she abandoned me. There is a name inscribed on the back of it, that's how I got my name, the hospital presumed that was what my mother had called me.'

The room was silent except for the gasp that escaped Annie's lips.

It was as though she was whispering as she finally broke the silence. 'I only learnt this just before my mother passed away. It was never spoken of and I never knew until the very end and by then, she suffered from dementia.'

'It appeared that my mother had an older sister, her name was Sarah and unbeknownst to anyone, Sarah was in love with a young man, his name was Adam..... Adam Thomas Newton.

My father was not best pleased when things began to develop between Adam and me, he was only a gardener and I was born to so much more. It was my mother who protected him, I used to catch her watching him wistfully.

'Towards the end, she was asking about Adam one day, I thought she meant my Adam, which in a way she was, but it turned out she also had an older brother. Her maiden name, by the way, had been Newton.'

Everyone looked at Adam.

'I just thought my mother was confused until she tried to explain, some of it not making sense.

'Adam, her brother, had gone off to war and before he went, he had bought each of them a pendant, one for himself, one for my mum and one for Sarah, their names engraved on the rear of each.

'Unfortunately, on the first of January 1915, Adam was killed.'

'My Mum said Adam had returned to her and that he was working in the gardens. I just put it down to her dementia, but she made me promise something, that if I ever had another daughter or granddaughter, she was to be called Sarah, and this pendant was to go to her.'

As she finished, she unfastened the chain from around her neck and turning to her granddaughter she handed it to her.  
'This belongs to you my darling.'

'My mother told me aunt Sarah never got over Adams death, they found her one morning up in the woods, one hand hanging listlessly into that pool up there, she had taken poison, it was my mum who erected the headstone.'

The room was silent for many minutes, so quiet, you could hear a pin drop as they all digested what they had each learnt.

'So, if all you say is true,' Sarah said, 'Then in two years he is going to disappear on me as well.' She was fighting for control, her eyes full of tears.'

Her grandmother looked at her with great affection, 'I don't think he will disappear again, not unless you want him to, I think Adam has finally found his Sarah.' From her handbag, she produced an old, faded photograph and held it out.

'I found this when I was sorting through my mother's possessions.'

Annie had been the only one who had ever seen it and there were gasps as it passed from hand to hand until it was Sarah's turn. The photo was of a young couple, the man standing to attention and looking smart in his military uniform. Linking her arm through his was an extremely attractive young woman resplendent in a dress of the time. Looking closer Sarah could see that the young woman could be her identical twin and that the young man was Adam.

Adam and Sarah had stepped outside to be alone, Jean watching through the cottage window as they kissed. There was also someone else watching, Sam had snuck down from the farm and was stood just down the lane, partially out of sight. A brother and sister, that was what she had always wanted. 'Perfect,' she thought, clapping her hands together with glee, 'Absolutely perfect.' For a split second, her fingers appeared to shimmer.

Back inside the cottage, the conversation continued. 'He doesn't look a day older mum, and I still love him,' Jean said,

'I presume you have guessed by now; Adam is Sarah's father. Do I tell her?'

Her mother shook her head, 'Some secrets are best kept,' she said. 'Adams destiny wasn't with either of us, Adams destiny is with Sarah.'

What she did not disclose, was the fact that her aunt Sarah had been pregnant by her brother when she killed both herself and the baby, and that Adam was also Jean's father.

'I still don't understand how he could be away for years but still look the same,' Jean said, puzzled.

Annie laughed, 'I've had plenty of time to think about it, imagine for every three hours in this time, one year passed in ours. Young Samantha had not seen him for twelve hours, four years of our time.'

'So why couldn't he have stayed with us longer,' Jean asked sadly.

'Because my darling, his body wasn't working on our time. Imagine if he had stayed ten years, we would both have been nearly thirty and Adam would not even be a week older. I've no doubt he loved us both, that's why he asked us to go with him, but would he still have loved us when he was a young man, and we were old women.'

The other thing Annie did not disclose and which her mother had refused to speak of, was when she had asked her, 'So if he slept with one sister, did he sleep with the other?' Was it possible that Adam, whichever Adam he was, had fathered three generations of his own family in search of his beloved Sarah?

The cottage fell silent as both women became immersed in their memories, while up on the hill and in amongst the tree's the pool shimmered, the inscription on the headstone fading until it was illegible and then the light went out.

# The Trouble with Twins

He heard his Auntie Pam call, that she was just nipping out and would be back shortly, or at least he presumed it was Pam, she and his mother were twins and all his life he had been unable to tell them apart, much to their amusement as they had continually confused him over the years.

As a child, he would think he was out with his mother, only to find later that it was Pam, or he would confide something to his aunt and then find out he had actually told his mother. They were identical in every sense, even on occasions wearing the same clothes so that people couldn't tell them apart. Since her marriage broke up last month Pam had been staying with them and in that time his life had become purgatory. His mother alone was fine but put them both together and they were soon up to their antics, meaning he was never sure whom he was speaking to.

He wondered if that was why both of their marriages had failed, his aunt had told him tales of how they would often

swap boyfriends without the poor chap realising. Having both sampled his wares, he would be awarded points and if he didn't make the grade he would be gone. Did they do that with their husbands he sometimes wondered, the men reaching a stage where they were never sure that the woman they were speaking to or in bed with was the one that they had married.

At eighteen he had just left high school and was waiting to see if his university application had been accepted as he looked forward to his summer break. Although he would be seeing his mates later he was aware that in the next few months they would all be going their separate ways and that his life going forward would start to change.

His reverie was broken as his mother entered his bedroom, 'What are you doing, hiding away on such a glorious day, you should be out.'

He looked at her quizzically for a moment until she laughed, 'It's me, honestly.'

Over the last few weeks, he had become reticent to just divulge what was on his mind, lest he found he was not telling the right person. His mother sat on the edge of his bed next to him, Carole could always tell when something was troubling her son and she was betting it had something to do with his girlfriend Helen.

'Woman trouble?' She asked, catching the imperceptible nod of his head.

He and Helen had argued the night before; he was hopefully going to the university near their home while she had chosen one at what felt like the other side of the country. He had told her he did not mind, they could still keep in touch and anyway, they would be together at the end of each term.

He had been saddened to learn that she had other idea's, she was finding complications where none existed and it sounded to him that what she wanted was her freedom to screw around if she felt like it, the problems arising when he used those very

words and she had stormed off, telling him to 'Go to fuck' and that it was over.

Carole commiserated with him, telling her son that other girls would come along and in six months he would have forgotten about Helen. What she was thinking was that the girl was a spoilt bitch who needed a good slapping and she wanted to retaliate on Simons behalf but knew better than to interfere.

Standing, she ruffled his hair, he'd had previous girlfriends but she knew this one had been different, even now she could still remember her first love and the bitterness afterwards.

Simon was out, leaving Carole and Pam to chat over a glass of wine.

'Simon seemed a bit subdued today,' Pam commented.

Carole explaining what had happened.

'Perhaps we could find him a woman for the summer?' Pam wondered out loud, what she wasn't about to tell her sister was that she was happy to give it a go herself.

Simon was a good-looking young man and while he was half her age, that didn't mean that she would be averse to jumping into bed with him.

'How are we going to find him a young woman?' Carole asked, 'It's not like we know lots of them,' she laughed, suddenly noticing the mischievous look on her sister's face.

Although they were identical, the easiest way to tell them apart was the ideas that they each came out with. While she was sensible and a pragmatist, Pam was out there, she would always come up with the most outlandish impractical ideas and was game for literally anything.

'What about one of our friends, we know several that are separated or divorced, just like me,' Pam said, having added the last bit without her sister realising.

'I'm sure Simon doesn't need a middle-aged woman,' Carole said, a hint of sarcasm in her voice.

Pam gave her sister her best simplistic look, 'My god Carole, he's eighteen years old, his hormones are in overdrive and I'll bet he has already fantasised about an older woman. 'At that age, they'll shag anything that will open their legs,' she finished with a laugh.

What she said was probably true, it was just that Carole was not enamoured at the idea of her son going out with an older woman.

'Look, Sis,' Pam continued, 'As you said, it's only for the summer, once he's at university he'll forget about them.'

Carole admitted the idea had some merits, but whom would they chose.

'What about Megan?' Pam asked with a smirk, watching the look on her sisters face change to one of shock.

'What, Megan the maneater, Christ, she'd gobble him up and spit him out.' Carole replied, both women laughing heartily, Megan was in her early thirties and very attractive, but she went through men for fun, hence her nickname.

'How about we have a barbeque one weekend, we can ask several of the girls if they would be interested in Simon and then get the gang around and he can choose which one he wants,' Pam suggested, excited as Carole nodded her head.

As it was, quite a few of their friends expressed an interest which surprised Carole, probably because she had never thought of Simon in any other way than as her son. The party was arranged for the following weekend with Carole pulling her son to one side, 'We are having some of the girls over this weekend, be a sweetie and give me a hand?'

Simon readily agreed, going out with his friends meant that he kept seeing Helen which left him feeling slightly bitter all night, so he was happy to help his mother out, and anyway it wasn't all bad, nearly all of her friends were MILF's.

Saturday afternoon thankfully turned out to be a nice day, the weather warm without being too hot as his mother's friends arrived. He wondered if they would bring other blokes with them but as it turned out he was the only male there.

Whilst he knew all of them, at first he just helped out by fetching and carrying until his Aunt Pam pulled him to one side, 'Have a drink and join in, let your hair down a bit.'

He smiled at her but felt a little bit out of his depth until she moved closer and whispered in his ear, 'Do you realise Simon, that over half the women here want to get you into bed?'

Pam was waiting for a look of surprise to appear on his face, unfortunately, it was her expression that suddenly changed as he asked, 'Does that include you, Pam?'

'What, err, what gives you that idea?' she asked, stumbling over her words.

In response, her nephew turned to face her and gave her the warmest smile ever, which made her heart flutter as he looked her up and down before staring intently into her eyes, 'Just asking, if you don't ask, you don't get.'

For the first time in a while, Pam was at a loss for words, did she say something, did she make a play for him or just downright deny it. Remembering what he had just said, she turned to move, 'Maybe,' she said with a sly smile as she went and mingled, trying to control her breathing and conscious that her heart was pounding in her chest.

After a couple of drinks, he loosened up and began chatting to all his mother's friends, initially most of the conversations started with the usual, 'How's college been? 'Looking forward to university?' But very quickly the subject in nearly every case changed to 'Any girlfriend presently?'

When in each case he shook his head it was made clear to him that if he would like to take them out, he only had to ask. Simon knew that this was all down to his mother and aunt but reckoned if the opportunity was being proffered, who was he to refuse. And so some got accepted for the following week, while to others he apologised and suggested, 'Maybe the week after?'

Very quickly he was booked up with attractive women for the next two weeks, he'd had the sense not to date one a night, instead he spaced them out every other night, wondering what his mates would make of it when he started appearing with older women, the thought making him chuckle.

As he circulated, Jodie caught his eye, she was a bit younger than the other women and when in company tended to stick to the fringes as he wondered if she was a little bit shy. She was one of a few that had not made a pass at him and seemed a bit out of her depth stood at one end of the patio.

Grabbing a couple of glasses of wine he made his way over to her. 'Hi, I'm Simon, which I presume you know if your part of this gang,' he said as he indicated the large group of women, who by now were starting to get sloshed and loud.

'You seem to have been busy,' she said shyly, she had seen a lot of the women approach him and then move away with a triumphant look on their faces. On the grapevine, she had heard the rumours, but it was not her style and she was no way bold enough to ask him something like that, even though she was attracted to him and would dearly love to go out with him.

'Between you and me, I'm sure that this is something that my mother and aunt have cooked up, they think I'm moping over my ex,' he told her.

She looked at him sheepishly, 'And are you?

Simon shrugged his shoulders, 'Perhaps at first, but not anymore, her loss,' he said confidently. Jodie wanted to ask

him, just like the other women had, she just couldn't pluck up the courage.

Simon never fathomed why he asked her, perhaps because she was gorgeous, her blonde hair hanging halfway down her back and currently fastened in a ponytail, exposed the prettiest face he could ever remember seeing. He had no idea what she may be like naked but even dressed, she had a body to die for.

He was thinking that if she was divorced, her husband must have been a complete idiot to let someone as attractive as she was, slip through his fingers. He supposed later that he felt a little bit sorry for her and perhaps that was why he asked, 'Look, Jodie, tell me if I'm being a bit forward or tell me to bugger off if you want. 'I know I'm young..... but do you fancy going out one evening?'

He saw her face brighten, her smile when it came making his heart miss a beat, 'I'd like that very much,' she said, looking a little embarrassed.

Simon found he spent most of the rest of the afternoon in her company as they got on like a house on fire. As people, bit by bit started to leave she told him she was going, Simon walking her around to the front of the house. She had just meant to kiss his cheek, but on impulse, she kissed his lips and felt him pull her closer, the kiss was dreamy, it wasn't rushed and he made no attempt to put his tongue in her mouth, it was just.... well, dreamy, all the more so because she instantly felt what was happening down below.

She set off down the road thinking to herself, 'If I turn and he's still watching, he's interested,' her heart was beating faster as she turned her head to look back and Simon waved to her, good job he couldn't see the smirk presently plastered across her face.

Monday evening came around as he prepared to take the first of his mother's friends out, he'd picked out some casual clothes but nothing like he would normally wear if he was meeting his mates, pant's shirt and jacket should suffice he thought, especially as the first one was Megan and he already

knew about her reputation which was why in his pocket he had a little blue pill.

He knew about their true use but his mates would take one occasionally, telling him it made them last all night. He was going to meet her in the bar and then maybe get a bite to eat, his mother had passed him some money and then Pam had passed some more, or was it the other way about. Pam had said nothing to him after Saturday but he had caught her several times looking at him.

In the bar, his mates called him over but he explained he was meeting someone as he waited for Megan to arrive. He was not disappointed when she did, trying not to smirk as he turned to glance at his friends and saw them sat around with their mouths open.

Like himself, she had dressed casually but Megan's idea of casual and his was completely different. There was no denying she was extremely attractive and he saw heads turn

as she entered, whether that was her looks or down to what she was wearing was anyone's guess.

Megan had always been ample in the boobs department and tonight her top, which must have been at least one size too small, emphasised the fact with quite a lot of flesh on display. She had on a pair of leather pants which surely must have been sprayed onto her because even Simon couldn't work out how she got in or out of them. Teamed with a pair of heels which made her as tall as he was, she was a masturbatory fantasy.

He got them both a drink as she moved in closer to him and they chatted about inconsequential things, Simon noticing more of his friends arriving and the nudges and winks that were going around. It was particularly satisfying when Helen walked in with some of her friends and noticed him, her friends looking at Megan in awe.

They stayed at the bar for about an hour before Simon suggested they could get something to eat if she wanted,

Megan slipped her arm around his waist as she moved in closer and whispered in his ear, 'Why waste the time, I don't live far away, come back to mine and I'll find you plenty to eat.' He nodded his head and got a lingering kiss in return.

Megan had a fashionable apartment which must have cost a fair bit, not as though he got the chance to look around it because she was on him the minute they were through the door, pulling him into an embrace and grinding her pelvis against him as delightedly, she felt the erection that pushed back against her.

Leading him into her bedroom he was surprised at how quickly she got out of the tight-fitting clothes as she displayed her naked body to him. Simon removed his jacket, placing it over a chair before slipping off his loafers and socks and keeping her waiting as she watched him unbutton his shirt slowly. The pill had kicked in and the bulge in the front of his pants had attracted Megan's attention as she nearly drooled with anticipation.

When he removed his shirt she could not contain herself as she rushed at him, pushing her oversize boobs against him as one of her hands went down to his groin. The kiss this time was one of aggression and arousal as he took her nipples between finger and thumb, applied pressure and twisted, hearing the heavy growl in her throat.

She was 'hot to trot' he decided as she scrabbled at his pants, trying to unfasten them but he removed her hands and took a step backwards as he unfastened the button, slid the zip down and dropped his pants and briefs all at once and stepped out of them, his erection springing upwards now that it was released.

'Oh..my..god!' She exclaimed as she stared at his shaft, but that was all she managed as Simon scooped her up and carried her to the bed, placed her at the end and opened her legs wide. Her fanny was already open and wet as he pushed the head of his cock against her pink interior and inched forward, keeping her waiting and gasping as bit by bit he shoved his manhood into her quim.

Megan gave a loud grunt when she finally managed to get the full length of his cock inside her, feeling his plump helmet touch the back of her fanny. All so slowly at first, he started to withdraw and then slid back into her until her natural juices enabled him to fuck her with more force. At that point, Megan could not quite believe what she was experiencing, his shaft felt large by comparison to most men she had dated and as it slid into her pussy once more it seemed to hit every sensitive spot on its travel. She was panting, her arousal building swiftly and she hoped he was not a one-shot wonder as his hips seemed to move a little faster.

Simon reached forward and massaged her full breasts, tweaking her nipples as he watched her face start to change expressions, 'Oh my god Simon, that's so good. 'Oh yeah, yes. 'Shit, yeah, fuck me.'

And that was what he did as he started to ram his cock into her, hearing the squelching noises each time their groins slammed together and his balls slapped against her arse. He had kept himself in check and knew that he was not going to

climax yet, but he knew that she was as he fucked her ferociously.

Megan screamed her release, her body arching and straining as she orgasmed, she was trying to breathe but her release was so intense that she felt like she was floating and he was still pumping into her as he prolonged her climax. She had lost it for a moment and was finally coming back to reality when she felt his hot breath against her quim as he opened her up and then his tongue was lapping at her clitoris and piercing her fanny.

'Oh my god, this can't be happening,' she thought to herself, her arousal already building again as he worked on her fanny. She was so sensitive that at one point she was trying to squirm away from him for a minute, but he held her firmly by her hips as his tongue continued to penetrate her cunt. She was just about managing to keep control, that was until he took her clit between his lips, applied pressure and flicked his tongue over it causing her to climax once more as her top half thrashed about on the mattress, her bottom half still gripped firmly and his mouth still pleasuring her cunt.

Her body was shaking from the multiple orgasms but he allowed her no respite as he moved her up the bed and asked her to kneel on all fours, her arms shaking as he moved to her rear and she felt his throbbing shaft slide inside her once more. Her arousal had reached such an extent that she wasn't in control of it, in fact, she wasn't sure if she could take anymore just yet, but then felt something push against the puckered entrance of her arse and screamed as his shaft slid up her rectum.

He sodomised her as his hands reached under and squashed her tits before moving across her belly as it applied pressure to her clit before his fingers slipped into her quim. He built her arousal until he was sure that she was ready before flipping her over and ramming his cock into her cunt, fucking her for all he was worth and then crying out as Megan climaxed again and his cock exploded inside her as spurt after spurt of cum blasted the back of her twat.

When she opened her eyes it was dark and someone was holding her protectively, 'Simon?' She asked.

'It's ok, I'm still here,' he told her softly, his strong arms cradling her.

She was exhausted, 'Jesus Christ Simon, no one has ever made love to me like that,' she told him, Megan, for the first time in her life was sated and didn't know if she could manage it again.

'I'm glad I pass muster then,' he replied and she heard him chuckle. She felt his hand touch her breast and start to roam as he fondled her tit's and teased her nipples erect once more. Her hand resting on his stomach could feel the jerking and twitching of his cock as he became erect again, her hand gripping him as she slid his skin back and forth. She was still wondering if she could manage it when he rolled her on top of him and she straddled his hips.

She did not need to worry, as this time he was gentle with her as she lowered herself onto his shaft, he didn't so much fuck her, as to make love to her, their climax's coming

simultaneously as he filled her fanny once more. When at last she had to release him so that he could dress before he left, she felt sad, she would have liked to make that night a permanent thing but knew in her heart that the age gap was just too large for it to ever work.

He noticed that she seemed sad as he dressed 'Is there any reason why we can't do this again sometime?' She asked.

'Maybe,' he said with a smile, rewarding her with a kiss so sweet and soft that Megan wished she had been twenty years younger.

Thankfully everyone was in bed when he arrived home, at least he had avoided the inquisition until the morning he thought as he made his way to bed. Carole looked in on him the next morning as she got up but he was still fast asleep and so she left him and closed his door softly.

Pam came down soon afterwards, 'Is he home?' She asked, her sister nodding her head. 'And you haven't woken him to see how it went?'

Carole shook her head at her sister, 'Leave the poor lad alone, he's still asleep.'

Pam was laughing, 'Knowing Megan as we do, it wouldn't surprise me if he sleeps right through the summer.'

Carole just knew that Pam would not be able to hold out and soon afterwards caught her on the phone, 'Who's that?' Carole asked.

Pam, beckoning her over, 'Listen.'

When the conversation finished, both women just sat there and stared at each other. Megan had never been able to keep her sexual exploits under wraps and had given them a graphic description of last night.

Carole appeared to be in shock, surely it wasn't her son that Megan had just described, sensing a warm feeling in her belly

as she had listened and felt a little disgusted with herself for some of the images that had sprung into her mind. Pam, on the other hand, had her thighs clamped tightly together because if she didn't, there was every prospect of her ending up touching herself as she thought of Simon fucking her.

It was a nice day again and after breakfast, he went and sat out in the garden, guessing that it wouldn't be long before his mother and aunt joined him.

'How did it go?' Carole asked, with Simon, presuming it was his mum, 'Where did you go?'

Simon just told them that he and Megan had a few drinks before going back to her place and left it at that, he knew that the first one to get up and move would be his mother, which meant the one remaining was Pam.

She moved closer to him and spoke in a whisper, 'Megan gave us a brief rundown, it seems that she has never met anyone like you, she is already missing you.'

Simon allowed himself the slightest of smiles as he turned to his aunt, 'Jealous?'

He wasn't expecting the forthright answer as she glanced around and said 'Yes.'

'Will you be going back again?' She asked, the question catching in her throat, and waiting as it was now Simon's turn to glance around before he spoke.

'I don't think so, it was fun but she wasn't the person I've always wanted,' he said, mysteriously.

Of course, Pam was inquisitive, nothing was better than someone else's secret.

'I'm pretty sure you are my aunt Pam, so I'm going to tell you something,' he said as she waited expectantly and he checked his mother was not in earshot before turning back to her, 'I

have been in love with you for as long as I can remember, and you have never realised?'

Pam felt as though someone had just slammed a fist into her stomach, she couldn't breathe and she was shaking.

She started to smile, 'The bugger, he got me, pulling my leg like that,' but the smile faltered as she saw that he was being serious. Her mind was in turmoil, questions tumbling in and out of her head, questions she wanted to ask Simon, questions she could only answer herself. It was too much and in her sister's house, it wasn't the time or place to be having that type of conversation.

When she finally managed to speak the words came out slightly disjointed, 'Not here, need to be alone. 'Carole, your mum, the park in town..... in an hour?'

And with that, she sprang up and disappeared while Simon grabbed his mobile and called Jodie to make arrangements

for the weekend, that was the reason he had purposefully kept it free.

Phone call finished, he let his mother know he was going out as he made his way towards town and the small park on its edge. Before going there he grabbed a couple of coffee's and found a bench inside the park, waiting patiently for Pam to appear.

She looked subdued as she sat down near to him and accepted the drink; having managed to clear her mind on the journey here, her head was once more full of questions.

She looked serious as she turned to him, 'This isn't some kind of joke, is it Simon?' Was the first thing she asked but he just shook his head.

'Unlike the sudden interest by all your's and mom's friends,' he said with a chuckle.

'When you said about being in love with me, you weren't serious?' Pam pressed him.

Simon sat back on the bench and closed his eyes, 'For as long as I can remember, you have been around, and even when I was very young, I knew you were so beautiful and that I loved you, even though I probably didn't understand what it meant.

'I felt quite hurt when you got married because I thought you might wait for me', he laughed sadly as he remembered emotions from many years ago.

'As I got older and understood reality, I knew what I felt was irrational and could never happen but sadly, it didn't stop me being in love with you.'

He was laughing out loud now as he leant forward and hung his head, 'It's stupid and childish, but at least you know now for what its worth.'

Pam was close to tears, she could remember his big blue eyes as a child, following her whenever she was around at her sister's. Even as he got older, he would forsake his friends if she visited.

'Christ, he was half her age and her nephew and here he was professing his love for her,' she didn't know what to do, her sensible side, which occasionally surfaced, was telling her to hug him, tell him he would grow out of it and then walk away.

But at the moment it wasn't the sensible side that had the upper hand, she couldn't focus on him as Carole's son, all she could see was a very attractive young man who she knew she had feelings for, and as much as she knew those feelings were wrong, she couldn't just dismiss them, they were far too strong.

Glancing around, she inched nearer to him, taking one of his hands in hers, 'You know if we did this, no one could ever know, your mum would kill me.'

Simon sat up and turned to face her but kept hold of her hand, 'Why are you prepared to take that risk, Pam, your gorgeous and could have any man you wanted and I'm just a kid, it's not like I could offer you anything. 'Or is it just the sex that interests you?'

The least she could do was be truthful with him she decided, 'Your very handsome and I would be lying if I said I wasn't attracted to you.

'The thought of being in bed with you gives me goosebumps, I'm sorry, I can't explain why.

'Your young and I can't understand why you would have any interest in someone who is old enough to be your mum.'

She gave an ironic laugh, 'In fact, I'm the same age as your mum, truthfully Simon, all I can tell you, is that as you got older, the more I fantasised about you,' Pam concluded, hanging her head in shame.

Even though it was a Tuesday and school holidays, there were very few people about yet and the park was empty as he moved close to her and lifted her chin. Pam looked into those blue eyes, convinced they were getting closer and then his lips met hers. His kiss was soft and warm but she could sense the underlying passion as she responded.

'Oh my god it's happening,' she thought as a warm glow started in her chest and radiated outwards. She could have sat there forever and kissed him because it felt like the most natural thing in the world, she may have only been separated a short while, but she was sure her husband had never kissed her like this.

When their lips finally parted, she wrapped her arms around his and cuddled in close to him, her head resting on his shoulder. Pam hadn't a clue what was going to happen next, she hadn't even thought that far. Even though she and Carole were off this week, next week they were back at work in the estate agents they jointly owned.

She wanted to spend time with Simon and she desperately wanted to get him into bed, but currently, she refused to even consider doing that at her sister's house. Her own home was still occupied by her husband and short of renting a hotel room, which just felt tacky, she had no ideas.

Wednesday evening saw Simon out again, this time it was Donna who was a vivacious redhead and at least dressed a little more demurely than Megan had, but even so, she was a looker and he had the pleasure in the bar, of his mates sitting gobsmacked for a second time.

Davy had cornered him in the loo's, 'Bloody hell Simon, she's gorgeous, where are you finding them?'

Simon just shrugged his shoulders, 'Don't know mate, they just keep throwing themselves at me,' he said with a laugh.

Helen had been there again and he could see her friends nudging her frequently, as much as she tried not to, her eyes would keep glancing over to him.

As with Megan, he ended up back at her house and in bed with her, only this time he had changed tack and their love-making had been slow and considerate but no less intense. She had asked him to stay the night, but he knew that could easily lead to something he presently wasn't looking for.

When he arrived home only one person was waiting up for him, he just wasn't sure which one it was.

'Are you alright?' she asked, 'I don't want to know any details, it was just a bit of fun, but now it doesn't feel right, it feels like I've been pimping for my son.' Simon able to see the tears in her eyes.

'It's ok mum, it's just a bit of fooling around and nothing serious is going to happen with any of them,' he said as he put his arm around her shoulders.

Carole let him comfort her for a few minutes and then had to move, having him sat so close and holding her had awoken those disgusting thoughts once more.

She had gone to bed and he was just finishing his brew when he heard footsteps coming down the stairs and wondering what his mum had forgotten. He knew immediately who it was as she entered, by the hurt that her face displayed, 'Hi Pam.'

She nodded as she sat next to him on the couch, 'I don't want to know, I just want it to be over,' she said and he could tell she was close to tears.

Friday was his third and on this occasion it was Rachel, her curly auburn hair flowing over the collar of her expensive jacket and her legs and hips encased in blue jeans with knee-high boot's, the jeans so tight that they caught peoples attention as she entered and moved to the bar, kissing his cheek. When he glanced over his mates were grinning like

Cheshire cats and Helen sat over in the corner had a face like thunder.

They had a few drinks before deciding to move on to a restaurant and were just leaving when Helen intercepted him, 'Can I have a word?' she asked quietly.

He excused himself and moved a couple of feet away, 'Why are you doing this Simon?' She asked and he could tell that she was hurting.

His face was emotionless as he spoke, 'I'm not doing anything other than enjoying myself. 'Remember, you were the one who broke it off.' He saw Helen look past him and felt the presence of someone by his side.

'Are you the ex?' Rachel asked, Helen, trying to look defiant as she nodded. 'Silly girl.....Big mistake!' Rachel said as she dragged Simon away, leaving Helen looking close to tears.

On this occasion, there was no one waiting on his return home, his mother heard the front door close and tried to settle down but the knowledge that he had probably just come from the bed of another one of her friends was upsetting her. In the room a few doors away, Pam was sobbing into her pillow, her heart ached and she wanted it all to stop.

She cursed herself constantly for her stupid idea, why could she not just have kept her mouth shut, this was all her fault.

Simon was restless and as quietly as he could he went to the bathroom for a shower, he'd enjoyed the evening but the initial excitement was starting to wear a little thin. Back in his room, he seemed to constantly watch the clock, three o'clock already, on a whim he threw on some shorts and a t-shirt and eased his bedroom door open. As quiet as he could be, he tiptoed to Pam's room and ever so slowly, turned the knob before slipping around the door.

He felt his way across the room and knelt by the side of her bed, gently shaking her shoulder until she woke, sleepy and bleary-eyed. 'Simon?'

'Shush, meet me downstairs, be quiet and don't put any lights on,' he told her before disappearing.

Pam eased herself out of bed and put on a dressing gown before as quietly as she could, she made her way downstairs. He'd put a side-light on at the far end of the lounge and he could see that his aunt's eyes looked puffy as she entered. She couldn't hide the misery on her face as he approached her.

'I'm so sorry Pam, I'm going to call the rest off,' he said as he wrapped his arms around her and held her tight.

She wanted to cry again as she pressed her face against his shoulder but he wasn't going to allow it as he cradled her face and kissed her. Held tightly against him as their mouths moved together she could feel his manhood pushing against

her belly as it started to grow, 'I want you,' she managed to gasp as their lips parted for a second.

She took a step back from him and looking into his face, opened her dressing gown and displayed her naked body. Simon gazed in awe at her beauty, you would never consider that she was twice his age, there were no wrinkles or blemishes, her figure slim and breasts still pert. He tried to take her all in at once, memorising every feature from her blonde hair cut in a boys style, exactly like his mothers, to her still flat stomach, the wisps of blonde hair that covered her mound and the legs that he was sure would look perfect in stockings.

He watched her face change as she giggled and looked down towards his groin, 'I think someone's trying to get out,' she said, trying to suppress a laugh.

Simon pulled his t-shirt over his head as Pam reached out and ran her hands over his chest and then down over his stomach, 'You or me?' He asked, indicating his shorts.

She couldn't resist as she began pushing them down, having to pull the front away to get it over his shaft, her hand going to her mouth as he finally stood in front of her naked.

'Oh my god, Simon,' she said as she ditched her gown and thrust herself against him.

Picking her up, he carried her across to the couch and placed her on it, taking some cushions he placed them on the floor in front of her and knelt, Pam, wrapping her legs around him as she pulled him close and felt his cock rub against her fanny.

He did not need to arouse her, she was already ripe, her labia was open and she was moist as the head of his shaft pushed against her quim and he felt its tip slip inside, her eyes fluttering as she uttered a guttural moan.

'I'm sorry, but we'll have to be quiet,' he whispered as he kissed her and slid the rest of his cock up her fanny, feeling

her gasping as her muscles relaxed and welcomed him in. As he fucked her slowly, he kept having to kiss her to keep her quiet, especially as he cupped and fondled her breasts and teased her erect nipples.

Pam peered down, watching his pulsing manhood appear and then disappear as it slid into her pussy, the sight highly erotic and then the sensation as he filled her sending waves of pleasure flooding through her body.

Even though their arousal was reaching a crescendo, he was still tender with her, making sure that what he was doing caused her no discomfort until at last, she begged him, her body ready and her eyes boring into him as she demanded, 'Fuck me, Simon, really fuck me,' his hips beginning to move faster as he rammed his cock into her, his balls banging against her arse as she pulled her legs higher, determined to get as much of his shaft inside her as she could until the dam burst and she was floating, waves of pleasurable sensations flooding through her body and colliding in her brain as she felt his ejaculation and his semen hit the back of her twat.

With heaving chests and their bodies covered in sweat, she could not stop kissing him, his forehead, his eyes, nose, cheeks and chin and especially his sweet lips. When he went to withdraw from her fanny she wanted to keep him there forever, but it was after four o'clock and they must return to their beds.

Simon and Pam were both listless the next morning, the lack of sleep had caught up with them which was why Simon elected to set a lounge up in the garden and hopefully get some shut-eye, aware that he was taking Jodie out that evening. Pam came out for a short while but as she was living at her sisters she couldn't expect to be waited on and so after half an hour went back inside to help Carole with the chores.

When his mother popped out to the shops, Pam took her chance to speak to him alone as she sat on the next lounge. 'Thank you, it was fantastic, but we have a problem and at the moment I can't see a solution. 'We took a chance last night but it was risky and it's only time before we get caught. 'I want you, but I just don't know presently how we can be alone.'

Simon sat up, swinging his legs around as he faced her and took her hands in his, 'I have an idea' he said, which immediately caused Pam to give him her full attention.

'The houses that are up for sale, when you do a viewing, are the owners always there?' He asked with a wicked smile.

Pam's face lit up, of course, she had been trying to overthink the problem and had completely missed the fact that some houses on their books presently had no residents. It was simplistic and yet she had missed it, there were still risks involved, but those risks she could live with. She was going to throw herself at him, even though her sister may return at any moment but he kept her at bay as he said he had something else to speak to her about.

She felt nervous, something in the way he spoke setting off alarm bells in her head.

Simon took a deep breath and started, 'Fact one, I love you, fact two, what we are doing is illegal and if anyone ever found

out we would be in serious trouble. 'I've checked, and whilst indoors and alone, we can do what we want, but outside, we could never carry on that type of relationship. 'I could never marry you, we could never have children.'

Pam acknowledged that what he was saying was true, it was easy to imagine having the same kind of relationship with him that she'd had with her husband, but in reality, knew that could never happen.

'Fact three, I'm going to phone the other women up over the weekend and cancel the dates, but that in itself may create a problem in the future.'

He continued, 'If I suddenly go from having had a girlfriend and taking other women out to not seeing anyone at all, then it's only time before tongues will start to wag, and people will start wondering what's going on, me sharing a house with two beautiful women.'

Pam knew something was coming that she was not going to like, but she also knew they were in an impossible position and so was prepared to hear him out.

'What I'm proposing is that I find a girlfriend,' he said and Pam felt those first pangs of jealousy. 'I'm not thinking of any of the women I made dates with but someone I could be seen with at regular intervals which would remove any suspicions.'

Again it made sense Pam accepted, it was the thought of sharing him, 'Have you got someone in mind?' She asked cautiously.

Simon nodded his head, 'I was thinking about Jodie,' he told her, giving Pam time to digest what he had suggested.

It took her a moment to actually remember who Jodie was, she was the friend of a friend and Pam recalled that she was quiet and tended to stick to the fringes when the gang were all together, not one to stand out in the crowd.

The more she thought about it the more she was prepared to accept it, at least it wouldn't be one of the other women. Thanks to her stupid idea and Megan the maneater, she knew word would be spreading and whilst his last two dates hadn't broadcast exactly what had taken place, the rumour mill would be in full flow.

There were enough single women in the large town, attractive women, wealthy women, women who would like nothing better than to flaunt a toy-boy on their arm, she supposed that this Jodie was the lesser of all evils and even though it wasn't ideal, she could cope with it as she nodded her agreement and Simon moved forward and kissed her. She would have done so much more to him except they both heard the sound of the car pulling into the driveway.

And so here he was in his normal haunt, waiting at the bar for Jodie to appear, his mates seemed to be out in force tonight with some of their girlfriends and all sat patiently waiting to see who he was meeting next. Any of them would have swapped places with him in an instant, the lads wondering what it was like being in bed with a MILF and the girls

wondering what he had that attracted these women who they were in awe of.

Helen was within the group and looked like she wanted to come over and speak to him, but pride presently kept her in her seat.

When Jodie walked in, a hush seemed to descend across the bar for a moment. Tonight her hair flowed freely down her back and the cream jersey dress she wore clung to every one of her delicious curves, seeming to caress her as she made her way towards him. The dress was long enough that she didn't look indecent but short enough that you couldn't miss the fact that she had a fantastic pair of legs.

'Bloody hell,' he thought to himself, 'She looks stunning.'

Along with his mates, all he could presently do was stare at her as she arrived by his side. It took him a moment to find his voice, 'Wow, just bloody wow,' he said, making her laugh.

As he bought her a drink he glanced around, noticing the looks of jealousy on his mate's faces and the girls making mental notes that to attract men you needed a touch of sophistication.

As they talked it appeared that Jodie was ten years older than he was but to anyone looking they would have said they were of a similar age. She had been married but did not know enough about Simon yet to divulge why it had ended.

At one point Helen had come to the bar, standing very close to Simon as she ordered some drinks and Jodie had asked him quietly, 'The girl stood next to you, is she your ex-girlfriend, it's just that she keeps looking at you.'

Simon already knew that she was there and just nodded at Jodie. She was pretty, Jodie thought and more Simons age as she wondered what had gone wrong.

She excused herself, having noticed Helen heading for the loo's, 'I'm just going to powder my nose,' she told him as she followed the young girl.

Inside the toilets, she could hear crying coming from one of the cubicles and knocked on the door. Slowly it opened and Helen stood there puffy-eyed, Jodie extracting some tissues from her bag and handed them to the young woman.

'I'm sorry, I'm sure he's not doing it on purpose,' she said softly.

'Well, it feels like it,' Helen responded, 'You know you're the fourth one this week,' she sniffed, wiping her eyes.

Jodie chuckled, 'I wouldn't worry too much about that, it was his mother and aunts idea of a joke, setting him up with those women.'

'I don't know what went wrong, but from what I'm hearing, any one of them is ready to replace you, and you have only seen a small portion of them yet, I believe there are more.'

Helen looked miserable, 'I was being stupid, I'm going off to university and wanted my freedom.'

Jodie chuckled, 'And perhaps now it wasn't the best of idea's?' She said, watching as Helen nodded.

'And what about you?' The young girl asked,

Jodie, shrugging her shoulders, 'I've no idea, I have only just met him but he did tell me in passing that you had hurt him.'

'I've no idea if this is a one-off or something else, we've all done stupid things in the past if he's meant to get back with you, I'm sure it will happen.'

It felt strange that even as adversaries the two women seemed to get on, 'Give me five minutes to finish up and I'll take him somewhere else..... and good luck at university,' Jodie said as she left the toilets.

Simon had wondered where she had got to when she returned. 'I've just been having a chat with Helen,' she said, 'And its time for us to move.'

They had decided to get a meal and sitting in the restaurant he was interested in what had taken place. 'She realises that she has made a silly mistake and is regretting it now, she's hurting and you turning up with different women isn't helping,' Jodie said, 'Do you still have feelings for her?' She asked him.

Maybe two or three weeks ago he would have said yes, but a lot had happened in such a short time.

'I still like her,' he replied, 'But not like that anymore, she had been my long-term girlfriend and I suppose it all felt comfy, the split has made me realise that she wasn't what I wanted.'

Jodie nodded her head, 'And what's that?' She asked, laughing as she got his answer.

'I'll tell you when I know you better.'

He was home before midnight, his mother had just gone up and Pam was still sat watching tv as he flopped onto the couch next to her.

'Hiya you,' she said, still feeling a little deflated, 'How did it go?' she asked.

Simon looked at her compassionately, 'If you mean did I sleep with her, the answer is 'no'.

'You can't dwell on that Pam, it will drive you mad if you do, you were married for what, ten, twelve years, imagine if I'd let it get to me that you and Jack were sleeping together every night.

'You have just got to accept that somethings you can't control and enjoy what you can.'

And with that, he kissed her.

They chatted long enough that hopefully, Carole was asleep as he moved her to the rug in front of the fire and they made love, willing to accept the risk of being caught.

Over the next two weeks, he met up with Jodie constantly and when he wasn't seeing her, He and Pam had suddenly developed an urge when the weather was nice to go for a walk after tea which Carole thought strange but did not question until one evening, out in the garden bringing some washing in, she spied two people in the distance coming towards her house.

Living on the edge of town her house backed onto the countryside and it was not uncommon to see folks out for a walk on nice evenings. What troubled her was that it looked suspiciously like her son and her sister..... and they were holding hands.

Back inside, she felt apprehensive, surely her sister wouldn't be stupid enough to do something like that. For a while now she'd had her suspicions that Simon and Pam were becoming very close and it wasn't helped by the totally inappropriate thoughts she kept having.

When they entered shortly afterwards, laughing and joking, she said nothing to them.

Both she and Pam were back at work while Simon still had several weeks before he would start at the university where he had been accepted. She left it a few days before one Thursday morning she ensured her sister had a heavy workload and making the excuse that her car had played up that morning,

she had borrowed Pam's car to go and see a fictitious client and driving nervously towards her house. She knew what she needed to do, which was why that morning she had worn the same business suit as her sister.

Simon was up and about when she arrived home and entered the house, greeting her as she'd hoped.

'Hello Pam, managed to get away?' he said as he advanced on her, wrapped his arms around her waist and pulling her into him, he kissed her.

It took her by surprise but she kept up the pretence as she kissed him back, finding that he was quite nice to kiss and then suddenly embarrassed as she felt his erection being pressed against her. She hadn't meant it to go this far, she had just wanted her suspicions confirmed, but as he started to unfasten the buttons of her blouse she had allowed him to continue.

She could feel her heart thudding in her chest and her breathing was coming swiftly as she came close to panting. What disturbed her the most as he reached the halfway point was the burning desire between her legs, she could feel the dampness in her knickers and knew she was leaking. As he kissed her once more and his hand slid inside her blouse she was shaking, when he pushed her bra up and cupped her breast she thought her legs would no longer support her and when he teased her nipple erect and squeezed it, she climaxed.

He held her until she stopped shaking, 'Are you ok Pam?' He asked.

'Yeeeah, yes, I'm fine, you just took me by surprise,' she said as he picked her up in his arms and headed for the stairs.

She had to say something, she had to stop this, this couldn't happen she kept telling herself, but by now they had reached his bedroom as he removed her jacket and blouse and moved behind her as he removed her bra.

She felt the zip on her skirt slide down and fall to the floor, conscious that she was stood there now in nothing but her panties and hold-up stockings. Simons's hands came around her chest as he cupped and fondled her tit's, all the while kissing her earlobes and neck as she found herself tilting her head back and enjoying the sensation. And then his hands were on the move, over her ribcage to her belly and then he reached the top of her panties.

'Oh god, 'no', he mustn't,' she thought but before she could say anything his hand had slipped inside, across her mound and between her legs as a single finger stroked her slit.

Carole was panting now, her legs refused to stop shaking and the sounds escaping her lips were not protests about what he was doing to her. She felt her labia being parted and then his finger slid inside her and she climaxed again.

Simon was slightly puzzled but also amused, Pam must have been dying for it because it had been easy so far to make her cum and they hadn't even reached the bed yet.

Moving around to stand in front of her, he removed his t-shirt and unfastened his pants, he hadn't bothered with briefs that morning, so as his trousers fell to the floor, his cock sprang upwards. Carole was certain she was going to faint as he stepped out of his clothes, picked her up and carried her across to the bed before removing her panties and joining her.

Her mind was no longer protesting as he parted her legs and knelt between her thighs, Carole gazing at his shaft and knowing that she wanted him to fuck her. She couldn't get over how gentle he was with her as his mouth came down and kissed her once more and then he was working his way down to her breasts, cupping each one and licking and sucking at her sensitive nipples before moving across her belly until finally, she could feel his breath on her vagina.

Simon could smell her sex, he had never seen Pam this wet, it was as though she hadn't had sex for years, he thought, as he parted her lips and licked her slowly, savouring her taste before his tongue penetrated her and she cried out loudly, her hands balling into fists curled into the covers.

His constant attention to her fanny quickly brought her to a state of high arousal especially as he pushed the hood back from her clitoris and sucked on it as he teased it with his tongue. She knew she couldn't hold out any longer and was about to beg him to fuck her when she felt his thumb penetrate her anus and his tongue dart into her cunt as she climaxed once more, flooding his face with her juices as she cried his name and thrashed about the bed, every nerve in her body alive with sensations as her orgasm took control of her body.

When she returned to earth, he once again was knelt between her thighs, only now she could feel the head of his shaft pushing against her fanny, the look on her face told him everything he needed to know as she consented to what he

was about to do and then the air was forced from her lungs as his manhood slid into her.

Carole was past fighting her internal demons, what she wanted more than anything else now was to be fucked and that was what she told him as he built up a rhythm, his cock slamming into her as he built her arousal once more until she surrendered herself to him and felt his ejaculation coincide with her climax as her body soared, missing the fact that it was her name he called as he filled her twat with his seed and not her sister's name.

Afterwards, she had managed to dress, kiss him and return to work, but her demons were back with a vengeance. For the rest of the day she was a useless wreck until at last, they shut the office. Pam was the last to leave and on the drive home noticed Carole's car on the side of the road, presuming she had broken down again.

She backed up and went to the driver's door to offer Carole a lift but was astounded when she opened it to find her sister sat inside, sobbing uncontrollably.

She bent down, 'Carole, what's wrong, what's happened, has someone hurt you?' she asked protectively.

Between the sobs, she managed to make out what her sister was saying, 'I've done something terrible, so wrong, even worse than you have done.' Pam wondering what she was going on about.

'The other day.... I saw you and Simon coming back across the fields..... you were holding hands.'

Pam went white, 'Oh fuck, Carole knows,' she started to think but her sister continued.

'When I borrowed your car.....I went home..... Simon thought it was you,' Pam couldn't stop shaking, she just knew what was

coming next. Carole must have hit the roof, no wonder she was so quiet all afternoon and withdrawn.

'I slept with him Pam, I let him fuck me..... and I enjoyed every second of it.' There was complete silence in the car for the next five minutes as both women contemplated the implications.

Pam ever the one to find solutions broke the silence, 'He's never going to know it was you, he thinks it was me, let him carry on thinking that.

'I'm sorry Sis, I just couldn't resist him; when he was dating our friends, I just thought, why not me?'

At least the sobbing had subsided until Carole turned to her sister, a look of horror on her face, 'Oh my god,' she screamed, 'I missed it, it didn't register at the time..... when he came in me..... it was my name he called, my name, not yours.'

Both women were shaking and weeping as they clung to each other until eventually, Carole made the decision that they had to go home, two cars finally pulling up the driveway. They supported each other as they entered, the lounge was empty and they heard Simon call from the dining room. When they went in they found him sat with a beer in front of him and opposite, two glasses of brandy.

'I figure that presently you both need one of those,' he said, inviting them to sit down.

They took a sip but continued to just stare at him until he spoke, he wasn't being nasty or a smart-arse, he kept his voice smooth and soft but there was still a concern for them etched across his features.

'Well, ladies, I take it that you have figured things out, what has taken place was not done because I wanted to hurt either of you, the opposite is true.

'When I told you, Pam, that I loved you, I was being truthful, how could I not love you, you're the spitting image of my mother whom I love unconditionally.

'When Helen and I split up and you had me dating your friends, it just confirmed to me what I had perhaps known all along, that the person I wanted to be with was someone older than me, the trouble was that I so far haven't found anyone yet that even comes close to either of you.'

'And now the other point I wanted to make, for years you have played on the fact that you are identical and you have had your fun, I wonder how many times blokes said the wrong thing to the wrong sister and then suffered for it.

'Over the years, you have even had your fun out of me, how does it feel when someone uses it against you.

'Before the recriminations start, let me just add, I engineered what happened for the simple reason that despite you being my mother and my aunt, you are both stunningly beautiful

and sexy women and as women, I wanted to sleep with you both.'

So, here I am at university and the first year of my psychology course is nearly over, that summer actually gave me a great insight into the human mind. I'm still seeing Jodie and surprisingly, the more I get to know her, the more like my mother and aunt she becomes, I reckon she is the one that I have been looking for but for the moment, I have another three years of hard work in front of me. Pam is still living with us but is hoping to get a place of her own very soon, it makes more sense, it can't be ideal when one sister can hear what the other is doing each night. That's the other thing I have learnt about them, they are both identically vocal when they are getting fucked, even if they do like different things.

Perhaps that's what my dissertation should eventually be about.

# The Worm Turns

I was strapped to the punishment table because I had been disobedient. In reality, it was an old massage bed that had been adapted and modified recently and I was there because once again I had raised my voice and tried to assert my opinion, something that was not allowed. I should have known better; this wasn't the first time I have been punished for overstepping the mark.

With my face nestling in the hole at one end, my view was limited to beneath the bed which presently was dark because of the material that ran all around its edge and reached the floor. I couldn't raise my head because of the strap which held it in position, nor could I move my arms because my wrists were attached by restraints to the legs of the bed.

My feet overhung the other end and again these were secured with leather straps that immobilised my legs. To complete my

confinement, a long leather belt and buckle secured my waist and buttocks, keeping me motionless as I awaited my punishment. The adaptation that I mentioned was a hole cut in the tabletop, exactly where my groin rested and through which, in my naked state, my limp penis and scrotum presently dangled.

Someone entered the room, coming to stand by the table, I watched fearfully underneath as the material on one side was drawn back like a set of curtains, but only enough to allow a hand and arm to be inserted as a solitary finger softly stroked the head of my cock. I had no defence against that digit as immediately I felt a familiar sensation in my groin and watched as my shaft began to thicken and expand.

When the hand had achieved its objective of bringing me to a full erection, a clamp was attached to my genitals which would stop me from trying to withdraw them and also to help keep my erection from diminishing. I watched the hand withdraw, returning moments later covered in lotion as it massaged the oil into my shaft and sack, long slow strokes

followed as it ran from my bollocks up the length of my cock and finished as it massaged my knob.

Gritting my teeth, I attempted to stop the groans of pleasure threatening to sneak out as the hand wanked my shaft slowly and teasingly, causing it to jerk repeatedly as my arousal grew. The sensations had got heady, and a moan had left my lips as the fingers slid around my glans and stroked my knob. I knew what came next, bracing myself as the leather paddle came down with force on my buttocks with a stinging slap.

I couldn't stop myself yelping in pain, my body trying to move, but I was restrained by all the straps and my cock clamped beneath the tabletop. Again, and again, the paddle landed, my buttocks smarting from the blows and my shaft starting to lose its stiffness as pain masked the pleasure. Clamping my lips together, I suffered two more blows before they stopped now that I was silent again.

The stroking resumed and my erection returned, my cock and balls throbbing now because the hand was relentless,

sliding up and down my cock as it jerked me off, constantly rubbing at that sensitive area under the rim of my helmet as my climax drew ever closer.

I knew what was going to happen, it happened each time, the overriding sensations filling my sack and shaft forcing me to cry out loud, my cock shuddering in the hand as I watched spurt after spurt of my semen erupt from its tip, the hand jerking my flesh rapidly, as the paddle came down angrily on my buttocks time and time again, each slap of its leathery surface eliciting another spurt of cum from my cock and the hand never wavering as it extracted every drop of fluid that my sack could expel.

When it was over, the clamp was deftly removed, the straps undone, and then the room was silent as I was left alone to recover, my cock now flaccid after my huge ejaculation and my buttocks sore and stinging from the repeated blows of the paddle.

At last, I moved, gingerly easing myself from the table until my feet touched the floor, and I was able to stand. There was some soothing balm on the small table to one side and I squeezed some into my hand and looking in the wall mirror, spreading it across my rosy, red buttocks.

Dressed and back downstairs, I apologised to my stepmother and stepsister, asking their forgiveness and thanking them for my punishment.

My stepmother has always been strict, the opposite of my mother who had been tender and caring, but she had passed away when I was eight and a year later my father had moved Stella and her daughter Leah into our house. He was a salesman, forever out on the road during the week and I suppose an eight-year-old kid cramped his style. We had no relatives who lived near us, so for twelve months after my mother's death, I was passed from pillar to post, left with whoever would take me while he was away.

When he was around at the weekends, Stella and Leah were as nice as pie, but the moment he was gone for the week, my life became a misery. Stella loved to punish me for the most insignificant misdemeanour and so I would find myself mostly confined to my room.

I tried to tell him, but he was not interested, telling me that I must have deserved it and so eventually I just gave in and learned to accept that I must have done wrong.

Leah was definitely her mother's daughter, she was a sneaky, obnoxious, lying bitch who would do and say anything that would get me into trouble. She was four years older than me when they moved in and her idea of fun was to humiliate me at any opportunity.

As I got older, I became stubborn, and so Stella's punishments escalated proportionately. I had no friends because no one was allowed to visit our house unless permission was obtained from her first, something that was never given. Going through phases of being boisterous, by my early teen's I

would back-chat or defy her, but slowly it was expunged from my character, Stella always finding reasons each day to punish me until I became subdued and subservient.

When I turned eighteen, she upped the ante again, her favourite ploy being one of humiliation. It would be a couple of weeks after my birthday and as usual, I had done something to annoy her. Her punishment on this occasion was to have me drop my trousers and stand in the corner of the room with my flaccid cock hanging down and waiting for whatever came next. When a sufficient amount of time had passed, she called me over to her and I had to lay across her knee's while she spanked me. At eighteen I should have been indignant, but I just didn't know how to fight back and so readily accepted it.

It was during that punishment about six months later, that I had committed the cardinal sin.

Stella worked at a salon during the day as a therapist and masseur, which was probably where the punishment table

came from, dealing with her mainly female customers. But each evening when my father was away, she would entertain her private customers, the majority of which were men. I had said something to one of them which Stella did not like and so once they had gone, I was back to my normal position of standing in a corner with my pants and undies around my ankles while Leah sniggered at me as I awaited my punishment.

As she uncrossed her legs, I got a quick view up Stella's skirt, noting that she was wearing stockings. Despite my dislike of her, the sight of her nylon clad legs caused a rush of blood to my cock, not enough for an erection, but enough to make it thicken. She did not need to speak as she beckoned me over, I knew the routine by now as I waddled across to her and leant across her knees. Unfortunately, somehow my shaft became lodged between her thighs as she clamped her legs together.

The flat of her hand came down on the cheeks of my arse, forcing my groin hard against her thighs and pushing the skin back on my cock. Each subsequent blow, although my buttocks were stinging, tossed me off as my erection rubbed

between her stockinged legs. She took great satisfaction from my moans and groans, assuming it was because of her spanking, when in fact it was because my excitement and arousal had got the better of me.

As she delivered what she thought was her final blow, the unthinkable happened, my cock ejaculated cum all over her inner thighs and legs, jerking continuously until I had emptied my sack.

As you can imagine, she was horrified, screaming abuse at me as Leah looked on in amusement. Stella pushed me away as she stood and tried to kick me in the bollocks, my hands protectively trying to cover my manhood. After several slaps and kicks, I was sent to my room in disgrace, knowing that there would be retribution for what had happened.

Her retribution was the punishment table I found out soon afterwards, naked and strapped to it, Leah would take great delight as she played with my cock, bringing it erect and teasing me for as long as possible as she delayed my climax.

Any sign that I was enjoying it would immediately result in the leather paddle coming down loudly as it slapped against my buttocks.

Leah was good at what she did, slowly and sensually stroking my shaft until my arousal was at its peak and my balls were fit to burst before wanking me furiously as my cum spurted forth, Stella waited for that moment and then she would frenziedly whack away at my posterior until she was exhausted. I suppose that her idea was eventually, my fear of the pain would stop me from being able to achieve a climax, unfortunately, the opposite was happening, and instead, I began to associate the pain with pleasure.

Having left school with no qualifications, I had ended up working in the same warehouse where Leah worked. At least there, she worked in the offices while I was out in the main body of the building which meant that I saw very little of her each day. I was glad that I'd had to open a bank account to have my wages paid into because it stopped Stella taking everything I earned, which she would use I presumed, to pamper herself and her daughter.

It was completely unfair, Leah never seemed to be in trouble for anything, all that went wrong was my fault and I would then have to suffer the humiliation of stripping off in front of them both whilst they laughed and pointed before submitting myself to Stella's judgement. Her decisions always seemed to rest on how she was feeling that day, it could be something as minor as standing naked in the corner, allowing them to slap at my genitals each time they passed, or it could be the water treatment.

This was the one I hated the most because it had three parts to it. I knew when this punishment was imminent because of the number of drinks I would have to provide to them beforehand. Part one would normally start with me having to lay out a plastic sheet before I removed my clothes and lay prone on it. Stella and Leah would remove their lower clothing, brazenly parading their fannies in front of me and giggling as obviously my cock began to attain an erection.

This was what Stella anticipated because as my shaft grew, she had what I could only describe as an electric wand. This was

part two, the sight of my erection gave her just cause to jab the wand at my penis and testicles, making me jump with each touch as I snivelled with the discomfort. Part three was the worst, they would take it in turns to crouch over me, opening their fannies wide and then straining as they pissed on my genitals, my chest and even my face. I would be forced to lay in their puddle of urine whilst they continued to consume liquid and show me their stretched cunts, jabbing the wand at me as my shaft went from erect to flaccid and then back again.

Once they'd had their fun and become bored, they would dress, informing me that I should spend another thirty minutes laying in the golden pool before I was allowed to get up and carefully clear the mess away before taking my shower and dressing.

Alone, I would sob quietly to myself, wishing I could be like other men and be more dominant, refusing to do what Stella and Leah demanded. But I didn't have the courage, my punishments had become part of my life and I had no idea how to break the circle. It was no good complaining to my

father, he wasn't interested and as yet, I was in no position to move out, the biggest proportion of my wages being taken by Stella. And so, I continued to suffer in silence, as much as I hated the pain and the degradation, I looked forward to seeing their pussies and the feel of their hands on my manhood as I ejaculated.

I'd had my twentieth birthday, nothing special, no cards, no presents and no party. It was just another day, one that I had spent working as usual. My father arrived home that Friday evening, all smiles and full of the joys of spring. He had booked a week away, not for me or Leah, but just for him and Stella and I wondered if he may have done that if he knew about all the men that visited our house. I wasn't going to tell him, it served him right, perhaps if he had treated me better, who knows? But as it was, I had no concern about how many men were shagging my stepmother, hopefully, she would catch something eventually.

Perhaps the week of their holiday would have been no different to any of the others if it hadn't been for a comment that Leah must have passed at work. I don't know what was

said, but suddenly I was the butt of everyone's jokes, especially the workers on the shop floor. For the first time in my life, I felt anger. No! it was more than anger, it was hatred, it was one thing to ridicule me at home, it was another to do it at work amongst all the people I had to get on with each day.

When the day came for them to leave, we obediently waved them off, Leah smiling but whispering under her breath as they drove away.

'Don't think you're going to get away with anything this week. Mum has left me in charge, and I have to keep you in check,' she said out of the side of her mouth before using her elbow to dig me in the ribs.

For once in my life, I went out that evening and didn't ask permission, something I knew would elicit punishment when I returned. Four pints of beer later, my head spun, this was the first time I had ever tasted it, it was the first time I had been in a pub and the feeling of being drunk was exhilarating. Staggering towards home, I talked to myself, trying to

summon up the courage to defy Leah once I reached the house. But I had been conditioned over the years and as I arrived home I was shaking, ready to accept whatever she decided.

Leah was waiting for me when I got in, strutting around the lounge with a cane in her hand as she verbally abused me. I was going to say sorry, but she had worked herself into a temper, lashing out with the cane and hitting me in the face before I had even had a chance to try and defend myself.

It had never happened before, for years I had been subservient, but suddenly I saw red, my body moving before my brain even processed what I was doing. In all that time Stella and Leah had got used to me doing as they told me, they had become complacent, forgetting that I now stood taller than either of them or that the manual work I did each day had given me muscles.

Grabbing the cane, I ripped it from her hand, bending it as it snapped in two and then throwing it across the room, her eyes

unconsciously following its trajectory as it landed on the floor. When she looked back, her face screwed up in fury, it was too late, I had already covered the short distance, my hand and fingers around her throat as I propelled her backwards until she slammed up against the wall.

Despite my anger, I had an uncontrollable moment of amusement as I watched her face change from one of disgust and dislike to one that showed the first inkling of fear. And then the pain from her blow returned as I began to lift her one-handed by the neck, noticing as she came up onto the balls of her feet and then onto tiptoes, her face starting to go red as I raised her higher still, her feet now off the ground as she began to choke.

I could hear her feet drumming against the wall, the sight of her eyes bulging and the rasping choking noise as she desperately tried to draw air into her lungs. She looked petrified now, convinced that she was going to die when I came to my senses and lowered her, easing the pressure on her throat but still not releasing her.

All those years of punishments that I had received came to the fore, the things that Leah and her mother had done to me without any thought or consideration. Perhaps that is why I found my other hand pushing the front of her skirt up as roughly I groped her fanny, my hand and fingers exploring her genitals as she protested continually, the first hint of tears showing.

I felt no pity, wasn't this what she had done to me and more, had she ever felt pity for me when she abused me, at that moment I felt no sympathy. Releasing her and stepping back, I'm sure my face must have looked cruel, my brain after all this time was demanding retribution.

'Get undressed!' It wasn't a request; it was an order.

Leah stared at me through her slitted eyelids, a trickle of tears running down her cheeks as she shook with indignation and told me to 'Fuck off.'

My hand came up and lashed out, not hard, but enough to turn her cheek rosy as I slapped her. 'I said, get undressed!'

Her fingers trembled as she tried to unbutton her top and I hadn't the patience to wait as I ripped it open and pulled it from her. 'Now the skirt.'

Standing in front of me in nothing but her underwear, she tried to cover her modesty. I could not understand why as I laughed sarcastically, how many times had I seen her fanny when she had squatted and pissed on me.

'Get upstairs. You need to be punished!'

Now she really did look scared, but there was no one here to help her, no one was going to come galloping to her rescue. She couldn't turn to her mother, she was alone, and Leah was suddenly realising that she was defenceless against anything I decided to do. I had never seen her naked, I have never seen her tits, her fanny being the only part of her body that had

been displayed to me on many occasions and the thought of seeing her undressed was getting me excited.

Leah was shaking her head rapidly now. 'No, no you can't. I won't allow it.'

I just laughed uproariously as I grabbed a handful of hair, dragging her up the stairs towards her bedroom as she begged and pleaded with me. With my anger subsiding it was now replaced with euphoria and arousal as I thought about what I intended to do, I was going to fuck my stepsister, I was going to debase her as she had done many times to me.

Pushing her into her bedroom, I closed the door behind me and put my back to it as she stood there still trying to cover herself and looking petrified.

'Take them off.' Leah made no move to comply, simply staring at me and maybe hoping that I would relent and change my mind, allowing her to go free.

'Either you take them off or I will rip them off you,' I said, the throbbing down below increasing as I anticipated seeing her completely naked for the first time.

I have to admit that my stepsister actually looked pretty good in the nude, good enough in fact that if she hadn't been such a bitch to me over the years, I could quite easily have fancied her. On the bed, she sat at the far end, drawing her knee's up to her chest and wrapping her arms around them.

Slowly I began to undress, Leah had seen me naked so many times that I felt not one shred of embarrassment as I got rid of my clothes, my cock jutting skyward and jerking occasionally as I savoured what I was about to do. I'd never had a girlfriend, in fact, I'd never had sex other than the masturbation that Leah performed on me regularly, knowing instinctively what to do, I approached the bed.

She cowered away from me, but I simply grabbed her ankles and dragged her into a prone position as I forced her legs

open. When she tried to strike out, I slapped her face a couple of times so that she knew who the boss was as I pushed my cock down into position.

I wasn't subtle, possessing no finesse as I simply rammed my hips forward and impaled her with the full length of my shaft, hearing her scream as I filled her cunt. And then I was off like a racehorse, pounding her fanny roughly and revelling at the sensations of having my manhood inside that hot moist passage. It was far superior to being wanked, the excitement of what I was doing and her screams and cries adding to my arousal. When I had fucked her cunt sufficiently, I withdrew and rolled her, grabbing her hips as I pulled her buttocks into the air. My shaft was now slick with her juices as I spread her arse cheeks, stuck my knob against her puckered entrance and then shoved all of my cock up her arse in one fluid motion, delighting at her cries as I sodomised her.

I was brutal with her tits, ideally, I would have loved to have spent the time softly caressing them, but she didn't deserve that as I crushed them, pulling at her nipples until I was sure that they must shortly part company with the rest of her breast. Taking satisfaction from Leah's howl's, it did seem to

me that some of her cries were of a more pleasurable variety, rather than of any pain I was causing her.

My climax was imminent as I withdrew my cock from her arse and leapt off the bed. Standing by her head, I gripped her nose and pinched hard, forcing her to open her mouth to be able to breathe. My other hand went to my shaft, wanking furiously until I ejaculated, my cock pumping cum over her face and into her mouth until once satisfied, I clamped her jaw shut, forcing her to swallow it.

Sprawled across the bed, she could not disguise the fact that she was breathing rapidly and despite her face being impassive, I'm sure her eyes sparkled. Heading for my bedroom, I got as far as the door when I felt the urge, returning to the bottom of her bed as I grabbed my prick, pulled the foreskin back and pissed, directing the steady flow over her body and as she screamed, trying to get it into her open mouth.

'You can lie in it all night bitch, or you can join me in my bed, but I expect to be pleased.'

Without a second thought, I gathered up my clothes and made my way to my room, shutting the door behind me as I started to shake. The downward spiral from my excited state and the adrenaline pumping through my system left me a wreck for the next fifteen minutes as I panicked about what I had done.

'Shit!' there was going to be trouble when my father and Stella returned.

If she did try to come to my bedroom I wouldn't have known because once safely inside it I locked my door, better to be safe than sorry I thought, wondering if Leah might attempt something whilst I was asleep. I needn't have worried, the next morning after a quick check I found her sleeping in our parent's bed, all the damp sheets and covers from her bed dumped in a pile in the middle of the floor.

Awake and dressed I felt a little braver once more, last night had felt good and I had enjoyed the sensation of having power over someone instead of forever feeling like I was being dumped on from a great height. Leah still hadn't got up and we both had work today, with a smirk I made a decision, if I was going to work, so was she. I had never been allowed time off other than reluctantly, for holidays, why should it be any different for her.

Taking the stairs two at a time I shook her roughly until she peered at me through bleary eyes.

'Get up. You're going to work.' One look at my face told her that my comment was not up for discussion as she mumbled something, waiting for me to vacate the room before she deigned to make a move to get ready.

'I'll be waiting for you. Don't take too long unless you want to go half dressed,' I said, again making it plain that there would be repercussions if she did not comply.

The journey to work bolstered my confidence, normally Leah would stride ahead, and I would follow in her wake, this morning was different, I was the one that strode out while she followed behind me. At the entrance I turned to her, 'I'll be waiting for you tonight. Better not be late.'

Leaving her, I entered the warehouse heading for the canteen and a cup of coffee before I started. The usual instigators were sat around a table and the comments started the moment I entered. Ignoring them at first, I got two hot drinks, in the past I would have kept my head down and just left, but for the first time in my life, I allowed the comments to piss me off.

Heading back towards the warehouse floor, I passed their table, it was simple to hold one of the cups out at arm's length and then let it drop as it hit the table dead centre sending the hot liquid everywhere. There was the rapid scrape of chairs as they all jerked back, coming to their feet to avoid the coffee, everyone else in the canteen turning to see what had happened. I was shaking inside, having never put myself in this situation before as I chose the loudest one who normally started on me each day.

Before he had a chance to steady himself, I was in his face, the other hot cup of coffee held in front of me.

'Try saying it again, cunt, and I'll burn your fucking face off.' I spoke calmly and slowly, but it was obvious to everyone watching that I intended to do what I'd said.

At first, he just glared at me but perhaps he saw something in my eyes, something in my face because at that moment I wanted to hurt him, I wanted to hurt him badly and hear him beg me to stop. You could hear a pin drop in the canteen as he suddenly stepped back and said sorry. Glancing at his cohorts, they all got the same look from me, at that moment I was ready to take any or all of them on.

'I'll be waiting for you outside tonight and we'll have a little discussion,' I said as I turned to leave, 'About which hospital you want to visit.'

Out of the canteen and heading for my work area my face broke into a huge grin, I felt excited and elated, no longer would I be laughed at, the butt of other people's prejudices. Word must have quickly spread because that was the best day at work that I've ever experienced, quite a few people approaching to say that the idiots had got what they deserved. Just to forestall any ideas they may have, during the day I paid each of them a visit, explaining that if they wanted to meet me outside, I would happily 'Rip their heads off and shit down their necks.'

It seemed to have had the desired effect because as we all clocked off, they were nowhere to be seen, someone commenting that they had left several minutes early.

Outside, I looked for my stepsister, I hadn't forgotten what I told her that morning. People were streaming past me, heading for their cars and the main gate when I spotted her, stood just outside the entrance with her boyfriend and a smirk plastered across her face. It was her look that irked me, I had built myself up for trouble even though the others had

vanished and so as I walked towards them, I was already building a head of steam.

Perhaps he thought I was going to stop as I drew nearer, puffing his chest out, trying to make himself look bigger. That was his mistake because I didn't stop, as he went to say something I just piled straight in. Now I'm not a fighter, I've never fought in my life, but ten years of humiliation was put into that punch as I hit him squarely in the face and had the satisfaction of knowing I'd broken his nose.

His eyes glazed over as he went down and floundered on the floor, people leaving work staring at me as I stood over him.

'You've just been dumped,' I said, pointing at him, 'And you, get home,' turning to look at my stepsister, and enjoying the look of astonishment on her face.

At home I made tea as I normally did during the week, on the way home and even after we had got in, Leah was still to say a word to me, timidly shying away in case she received

another dose of treatment similar to the previous night. After tea, I left her putting the bed linen into the washing machine and then trying to ignore me as she watched television, but her eyes fearfully flitted constantly in my direction as I headed for my room.

Upstairs, I opened the door to the spare bedroom, entering a realm I was normally forbidden from unless I was sent there to be punished. There was no proper bed in there, only Stella's massage bed which presently had the groin hole blocked and was encased in a white cover, all the paraphernalia of restraint having been removed.

Along two walls were cupboards and drawers which when I looked contained cotton towels, robes, paper towels and cleaning materials. On top of each unit were boxes and bottles of oils and lotions and all the other bits and pieces you may expect to find. What piqued my interest was a locked walk-in wardrobe at the far end of the room the key to which, I spent the next half-hour searching diligently for.

Exasperated that my search hadn't produced the key I was pondering whether to try my fathers and Stella's bedroom when I realised that the evening had gone, and that Leah would soon be coming upstairs, more than likely to use our parent's bed again. The euphoria of the last twenty-four hours had worn off and I could feel the old me suddenly taking back control as I began to fret about what I had done and what would be the consequences when Stella and my father returned.

I heard her come up and go to our parent's room as I undressed and got into bed. An hour later and my mind was still in turmoil, I had stepped over a line and was scared about what would happen next, also the thought of what was in that locked cupboard in the spare room puzzled me as I wondered why it was secured. To top it all, after last night, I wanted sex, the experience of having my cock inside Leah's fanny had been fantastic, I wanted to touch her again but without the indignity and cruelty that I had shown on that previous occasion, that was simply my temper getting the better of me, and acting that way was not really in my nature.

I must have tossed and turned for the next couple of hours, one moment my brain would be telling me that whatever I did to my stepsister, she had it coming, "in spades", that she deserved being treated like a slut, but then my better nature would intervene and suddenly I would feel sorry for her and what I had done.

What was stuck in my head was the image of her naked, I hated Leah, but at the same time she aroused me and the demand from my body to have sex with her once more was becoming more pronounced.

Quietly I slid from my bed and eased the bedroom door open, padding along the landing to our parent's room and opening the door there as slowly and quietly as I could. When my eyes became accustomed to the darkness I slipped inside and slid carefully beneath the covers, doing my utmost presently not to wake my stepsister. Laid on her side with her back to me, I took up a similar position, inching closer as I listened to her slow quiet breathing, convinced that she was still fast asleep.

Gradually I reached over her upper torso as my hand encountered her breast, a perfect orb of warm soft smooth flesh, her nipple pushing into my palm as I cupped and caressed it, my cock jerking sporadically as I became excited. Leah snorted and moaned softly in her sleep as my hand moved from one tit to the other, marvelling as her nipples became erect and noting that her breathing had quickened slightly. Taking my hand away, I lowered it to her buttocks as I explored the roundness of her posterior, her position in the bed with her legs slightly drawn upwards giving me easy access as I ran my finger across her anus and then gently slid it along her pussy lips, the touch light as a feather.

This time she murmured a little louder, her breathing coming slightly faster as I rubbed softly at her fanny, finding that her lips were beginning to open as my finger slid inside them. Her passage was moist, her juices quickly covering my finger as I continued to massage her cunt until confident that she was still asleep, I eased it inside her, resting once the digit was completely enveloped by her warm wet fanny as a long slow drawn-out moan broke the silence of the room.

Patience was the key I figured, finger-fucking Leah as the murmurs and her faster breathing signalled to me that she was becoming aroused. When I decided the time was ripe, I eased myself down the bed, angling my body so that my shaft came into contact with her pussy as she moaned once more in her sleep. It took a couple of attempts before I got my position right, but at last, I was rewarded as the head of my cock sank into her cunt. Staying motionless for several minutes, I held my breath, wondering if I had disturbed her but she showed no signs of being awake, which I was sure she would have done.

Slowly and gently, I pushed my hips forward, my shaft sliding easily up her passage which was full of lubricant, aiding my insertion as my cock jerked several times inside her. Each thrust was a measured movement as I withdrew and then eased myself back into her cunt, Leah's mumbling and murmurings now increasing as she unconsciously ground her bottom into my groin.

Reaching over, I caressed her tits once more, gently pinching the nipples and squeezing the abundant flesh. By the time that

her eyes shot open as she came suddenly awake, Leah was panting, my hips performing a slow steady rhythm as I fucked her.

'Martin! Please, you have got to stop. You must not do this.'

Despite her half-hearted protest, she did not attempt to move or get away from me, pushing her bottom even more firmly into my groin each time I thrust into her. When her hand came up to her breasts, I thought for a moment she was going to try and pull my hand away, but instead, she crushed it firmly against her tits as she moved it from one to the other.

By now she was calling out loudly, not in protestation, but because her climax was imminent as she begged me to fuck her fast and hard. I did as she requested, my cock ramming her cunt furiously and my breaths coming in short sharp gasps. I had reached my limit, my cock throbbing urgently as my own climax reached the point of no return, my hips a blur as I fucked my stepsister and together, we climaxed, my cock filling her cunt with my seed as she screamed her release.

We lay immobile, neither of us speaking as our heavy breathing subsided and my heart stopped hammering in my chest. Carefully I withdrew, lying on my back and staring up at the ceiling. I was waiting for the tears or maybe for the abuse, what I wasn't expecting was for Leah to turn over and roll across me as she straddled my hips.

It was too dark to see her face properly and she had still not said a word as I waited patiently for whatever came next, surprised when she leaned forward and kissed me.

The last woman who had kissed me was my mother, all those years ago and I had never experienced it since and especially not this type of kiss. Holding her head tightly close to mine, our mouths moved against each other, the sensation sublime as I felt myself becoming aroused once more and sure that Leah would not be able to miss the occasional jerk against her pussy.

There was still silence when she raised her bottom and grasped my erection, placing it against her opening and then lowering herself onto it, her eyes fluttering as it filled her once more. We both moaned, we both groaned as our arousals built steadily, what we did not do was communicate. In a way I suppose, we were two people having sex who for years apparently, hated each other, and yet this time, we were having sex consensually, I wasn't forcing her, and she wasn't forcing me.

And that's the way it stayed as we fucked, each pleasuring the other in some kind of mutual truce until we had both attained our climaxes. I never did get back to my own bed that night, at some point falling asleep next to my stepsister.

Breakfast and the journey to work were done in complete silence, neither of us yet ready to offer the olive branch for what we had done to each other. It was as Leah was about to enter the office section that she stopped and turned to me.

'I'm going to book tomorrow off; can you try and do the same? I think we need to talk.' And with that, she was gone.

Again, that day, I was the talk of the warehouse, plenty of people had seen the result of the swift disagreement outside the previous evening and whilst the supervisor had a word with me, there wasn't a lot that could be done because it wasn't another employee and hadn't happened within the company grounds. Of course, the comments that I had previously put up with each day had now ceased, the perpetrators, having been told in detail about yesterday's episode, kept their distance and their mouths shut, casting fearful glances in my direction each time I went near them.

On the way home I hadn't waited for Leah, considering that I had made my point on that first occasion as I grabbed us a meal from the takeaway. The stuttering conversation after tea was not easy, despite growing up in the same house, we had never really spoken to each other and so neither of us knew how to converse properly with the other.

I wanted to say 'Sorry' but realised that it would be the first sign of weakness and if things were to change, then I had to be strong and dominant. As it was, it was Leah that broke the silence.

'Last night. Why did you do that?'

Maybe I hadn't understood what she was asking as I shrugged my shoulders, immediately going on the offensive.

'It was no worse than the things you have done to me,' I replied.

'No, that was Monday night. It was horrible and degrading..... but I suppose I deserved that.'

For the first time in my life, I saw my stepsister looking close to tears as she continued. 'Last night was different, it was kind of..... nice.'

I didn't know what to say, the conversation between us was stilted, and continued like that throughout the evening. We were not friends, nor had we suddenly developed a bond between us, what I did learn and which I supposed I already knew, was that Stella liked to dominate, she was only happy when she was in control. Apparently, although Leah had far more freedom than I had ever experienced, she was still controlled by her mother, continually being told what to do.

I also learnt that Stella did not like me, and it had started the moment she moved in. She had trained Leah to do as she was told but was suddenly faced with a child whom she considered was disobedient and unruly and so she made it her mission to break me and bring me into line.

She had done a good job, for ten years I had become subservient to her wishes, allowing her to punish me for any minor infringement of her rules. I asked Leah why she had joined her mother in my treatment, especially when she seemed to derive great pleasure from it.

'I was told too, and so I did. You were a wimp, you never stood up for yourself. It was the same at work, you never fought back no matter what people said, you were weak. When you got older, I took pleasure in touching you, you were..... quite impressive, I used to get a thrill as I touched it and it got hard, and then when you.... you know, I got this buzz.' Leah went red and hung her head as she told me this, refusing to look me in the face.

Eventually, we called it a night, Leah going back to her bedroom and me retiring to mine. I had no intention of trying to sneak into her room tonight, my head full of other thoughts, more precisely where Stella may have hidden the key to that walk-in wardrobe. Giving it an hour or so for Leah to settle, I moved along the landing to my parent's room, letting myself in and shutting the door behind me before turning on the light.

God knows how long I was in that room as I went through every drawer and cupboard, moving items and replacing them in the same spot so that it didn't show that someone had gone through them. I felt under each drawer, under the

mattress and on top of the wardrobes and cupboards. I opened pots and jars, jewellery boxes and make-up boxes, but no matter where I tried, I was having no luck. I began to wonder if Stella had taken it with her when I searched inside the last unit. I felt in jacket pockets, searched through handbags and pulled items off their shelves.

I was getting ready to give up as I opened the last box of shoes that were stacked on the floor of the wardrobe, a cursory look told me there was no key in there as I replaced the lid and bent to put the box back as it slipped from my hands, emptying its contents onto the floor. My face suddenly brightened, there it was, it must have been poked into the toe section of one of the shoes as I picked it up and replaced the shoes in the box.

It was the early hours of the morning, but my excitement had me wide awake as I sidled carefully from the bedroom to the spare room. With trepidation I inserted the key into the lock and turned it, opening the door slowly before turning on the inside light. My eyes opened wide with surprise, inside was a cornucopia of costumes and sex toys, most of which were designed to inflict pain or pleasure.

'So, this was what Stella's evening visitors came for,' I thought as I looked through an array of paddles, cane's and whips along with a shelf full of different coloured and different sized dildo's and butt plugs, none of which I touched, not knowing where they had been. There were catsuits and leotards, corsets and bustier's all made of latex or shiny PVC, along with a selection of bras and panties.

On the floor beneath the shelves was a row of boots and high-heels and at the end tucked further back, one of those small cases on wheels. I couldn't help my curiosity as I pulled it out, only to find the zip was padlocked. I had an idea where to look this time, quickly locating the key as I carried it into the middle of the room, set it down and sat cross-legged in front of it. Expecting more sex toys, I was astounded to find the case full of banknotes. It took nearly half an hour to count them, some were already bundled but many notes were just stuffed in the case loose.

Sitting back, my head spun as I wondered how much of the nearly fifty thousand pounds had been a contribution from

my wages. Did Leah contribute the same I wondered, and how much did Stella charge her customers? Replacing the money in the case, I returned it to its place in the wardrobe, but already my head was hatching a plan as I relocked the door and slid the key into my pocket. I needed to return it to its hiding place, but before I did, I needed to be up early the next morning.

The next day I nipped to the shops and had a copy of the key made before returning home and putting the original back in its hiding place after which I joined Leah for breakfast. It still felt strange sitting opposite her at the breakfast table and not to be thinking of the terrible things I would like to have done to her in the past, and that could have included killing her.

'Does your mum take most of your wages each time,' I suddenly asked.

Leah looked up surprised and nodded her head, 'Yeah, she leaves me a small allowance, but she says she is saving it for me.'

I nodded my head and dropped the subject because I could feel the anger rising in my chest. I had begun to like that feeling, it made me defiant and strong, perhaps strong enough to deal with Stella.

After breakfast we retired to the lounge as we sat and talked, the more we said, the more we told each other, the easier it became for us to converse. It felt like we were making progress as we got to know each other, and then Leah said something which took me by surprise and which I never thought I would hear come from her lips when she asked, 'Will you take me to bed?'

Standing, I held my hand out, taking hers as I led Leah up the stairs to our parent's bedroom. I was excited as she allowed me to undress her, first removing her top and then her bra, my eyes sparkling as I looked at her breasts rising and falling rapidly. Moving in closer, I cupped her right tit, gently squeezing the firm flesh and feeling my arousal increase as her nipple grew hard against the palm of my hand. Leah pulled my head towards her as our mouths met, her tongue

sliding seductively over my lips as I suddenly wondered how someone who could be such a bitch, could kiss so sweetly.

My other hand gripped her buttocks, pulling her mound tightly against my erection as Leah gyrated slightly, grinding her fanny against my prominent bulge. I helped her out of her jeans and then her panties before allowing her to undress me, coming together again as we pressed our naked bodies against each other.

I think she was surprised when I easily lifted her and carried her to the bed before gently placing her in its centre and joining her, our mouths coming together once more. There was so much that I had discreetly read about sex that I now wanted to try as I slid down the bed and took her nipple into my mouth, swirling my tongue around her erect teat before nipping it carefully between my teeth. I was ecstatic as she appeared to enjoy what I was doing to her, moaning continuously as she stroked my head and I moved from her breasts and over her ribcage. Her stomach and waist were tiny, her belly fluttering as I rained the lightest of kisses over it, and then I was between her thighs, my face inches from her

fanny as my nose picked up the scent of her musk. Delicately, I opened her pussy lips, looking wondrously at her moist pink interior before poking my tongue out and tasting her for the first time.

As I became accustomed to her taste, I delved deeper, Leah grinding her cunt against my mouth as my tongue pierced her inner core, licking at the sensitive flesh within. I must have been doing it right because before I knew it, Leah was moaning loudly, directing where I should lick next as she played with her tits, abusing them with a lot more force than I had employed. Her hand came down as she exposed her clit, asking me to suck on it and then filling my mouth with her juices as I caused her to climax, her orgasm making her thrash about the bed.

Even before her release had subsided, she was pulling me up the bed and on top of her, her legs opening wide as she gripped my shaft and inserted it into her cunt, her nails digging into my buttocks as she pulled me inside her.

Please, Martin. Please fuck me!'

I rammed my shaft into her passage and felt her gripping me with her cunt muscles as I slowly withdrew and then rammed it back in again. I teased her, building her arousal until she was ready and then as she pulled my head down and kissed me, I began pumping my cock into her pussy as fast as I could. She released me as she climaxed, her eyes rolling back into her head as she arched her back and called out, my manhood continuing to stuff her until with a roar I emptied my balls inside her, my cum mixing with her juices.

We spent most of that day in bed together, each bout of sex making it easier for us to talk to each other afterwards. When we did get up, it was simply to have our meal and a drink before we returned to the bedroom and the excitement of arousing each other's bodies and having sex.

For the rest of that week, we returned to work, but each evening we would come together as after all those intervening years we made love and began to bond, sharing our parent's

bed and sleeping together until morning. There were things I intended to do, but presently I did not know Leah well enough to include her in my plans. And so, I said nothing as each day I frequently nipped away from work and got jobs done.

Stella and my father arrived back on the Saturday morning, as he brought their suitcases in, I overheard her speaking to Leah in the kitchen, I don't know what she asked, only hearing my stepsisters reply.

'He's been no problem mum. Good as gold. He hasn't given me an excuse to punish him.'

Leah looked embarrassed as she came into the lounge and I caught her eye, giving her a slight smile as I mouthed 'Thank you.' The same couldn't be said for Stella who glared in my direction when she entered the lounge, especially when I smiled, winked and blew her a kiss. That weekend was fun, I knew she couldn't do anything until at least Monday when my father would be away for the week again.

I didn't do anything wrong, nothing that she could really pull me up on, but enough to annoy her as she stomped around the house all weekend. At last, Monday morning arrived as we all left the house heading in different directions for work. Leah confided in me as we walked together.

'You know she is going to have it in for you this week. Please be careful.'

I nodded my head to Leah as she entered her office, to myself, I chuckled, if anyone needed to be careful this week, it would be Stella.

On the walk home that evening, Leah was subdued, saying very little. I stopped her partway home, taking her hand as I told her not to worry, everything would be fine but advised her to stay out of the way as much as possible.

Indoors, you could feel the tension, but I went out of my way to do everything asked of me before disappearing to my room early and staying out of the way, thus giving Stella no chance to find fault.

Tuesday, I dawdled getting ready so that Stella did not see the large bag I went out with, Wednesday was the same. Thursday morning, I sauntered downstairs in my pyjama's and informed her I wasn't going in today, I'd actually booked the rest of the week off. She was apoplectic, telling me to get upstairs, get dressed and get to work. It was at that point I told her to, 'Fuck off and do one.'

I saw the slap coming long before it reached my face, catching her wrist and gripping it tightly as I twisted and watched her grimace in pain.

'Next time you try and slap me. I'll break it,' I hissed at her through clenched teeth.

If looks could kill! As it was, Stella would make herself late for work if she stayed any longer, she snarled at me as the threats came thick and fast as to what would happen to me that evening. I laughed in her face as she got her things together and left for the day. Despite my bravado, inside I was shaking, the real test would come tonight when she returned. With the house empty, I still had a couple of things to sort, making a few phone calls and then popping out into town, keeping my mind busy so that I did not dwell on what may go wrong.

I was nervous as the time came for Leah and Stella to return home, pacing the lounge and continually looking at the clock. And then her car pulled up outside, Leah in the passenger seat and looking sheepish as they entered the house.

I had made tea as I normally did and much to my stepsister's astonishment, I appeared docile, apologetic and scared as I begged Stella to forgive me. That was never going to happen I knew, besides, all I was trying to do was lull her into a false sense of security as she told me to stay put while she went upstairs. I knew exactly where she had disappeared to, she had gone to get the punishment table ready.

'When I go upstairs, you disappear,' I said to Leah, pushing some money into her hand. 'Go and have your tea out somewhere and don't come home until late.' She nodded her head, looking scared as hell as Stella bellowed from upstairs, telling me to get my arse up there pronto.

Stella never noticed when I entered the room, that I kept my back to the door and feeling behind me, locked it.

'Come on, I haven't got all day. Get undressed.' She tapped a cane against her legs as she waited impatiently.

At first, I did nothing except to give her a supercilious smile as I took a couple of steps forward.

'I'm sorry Stella. Has no one told you? Tonight, there has been a change of plan. It's you that needs to get undressed.'

I watched as her face went red, the arm and hand holding the cane, rising as she advanced on me. It was like I was seeing it in slow motion as it swished down, but I was no longer standing there having moved sideways and as her momentum carried her forward, I wrenched the cane from her hand. Stella glared at me furiously as she bounced off the door. Now I was behind her, the cane raised as I brought it down and slapped it against her buttocks, literally lifting her off her feet for a second as it connected, and she yelped with pain.

She slumped to the floor, her back to the door as one hand went beneath her and she rubbed at her stinging rump. Keeping my distance, I walked back and forward in front of her, the cane held at arm's length as I spoke slowly but commandingly.

'I told you to get undressed.' The cane was prodded against her breasts several times as she tried to snatch at it and push it away. As she tried to protect her tits, I used it to lift her one-piece tunic at the hem, looking up her dress at her knickers and fanny. Each time she tried to use her hands to protect her

modesty, I used the cane to rap her knuckles which only increased her frustrations.

'We can play this game all night if you want. I told you to get undressed.'

'Leah!' Stella bellowed at the top of her voice, expecting her daughter to come running.

She bellowed again, looking agitated when Leah did not respond.

I couldn't help but snigger, 'Things changed while you were away, I retrained her. Leah does as I tell her now.'

For the first time ever, Stella looked worried, things were not going her way and the longer this went on, the more my confidence grew. Sullenly she got to her feet as unabashed she undid her one-piece tunic and removed it, standing in front of me in nothing but her underwear. Unlike her daughter, she

made no move to cover herself, openly displaying her body as I looked her up and down.

If the excitement of what I was doing hadn't given me a stonker beforehand, looking at Stella in her lingerie certainly did. Just like Leah, I had seen my stepmother's fanny on other occasions, but gazing at her dressed as she was, had my cock throbbing in my trousers.

'Take the restraint cuffs off the bed and put them on. Wrists and ankles.'

She gave me a sarcastic smile as she complied, did she think I was going to inflict the same punishment on her that she had done on me? I wondered. With the cuffs attached, I used the cane like a rapier, prodding her with it as much to her surprise, I ushered her from the spare room to her bedroom.

I had already attached chains from her cupboard to the head and foot of the bed, hiding them under the pillows and covers

as I ordered Stella to lie down. Reaching under a pillow, I pulled a chain out.

'Clip it on.'

She looked surprised but did as she was told. With one wrist now secure, I did the same with the other, Stella's upper body now restrained as I put the cane down and secured her ankles. With her now securely spreadeagled, I set out a few rules.

'If you scream or try to call for help, I will gag you. Understand? She nodded her head but still displayed an air of confidence, that she could weather anything I tried to do to her.

'Swearing is not allowed. If you swear at me, then I have to punish you,' I told her as from her bedside drawers I produced her electric zapper. Stella's eyes went wide, the wand had been locked in her walk-in wardrobe, which meant that I had access to it.

'Now, Stella, we are going to play a game. We are going to see how many times you can climax before you pass out.'

She looked astonished, convinced that I was going to cane or paddle her. She never considered that I may dream up something like that, but I was determined not to act towards her as she had done to me.

Leaving her alone for a few moments, I went to the spare room and returned with several sizes of vibrators. The largest which was over a foot long and had a large vibrating head was plugged into the electric socket and then jammed between her thighs, tight up against her fanny. A strap secured it to the thigh of one leg so that even with her limited movement, she could not get away from it.

This was the moment I had been waiting for as I flicked the switch on it, a constant humming filling the room as it went to work. While it buzzed against her fanny, I sat higher up the bed and undid each small awkward hook that connected the

straps to the cups of her bra. With both unfastened, it was a simple task to pull the bra down to her waist, swivel it and unhook it before casting it to one side. Stella's tits were pretty damned good for her age which I guessed was in her mid to late forties and although they sagged and flattened a little, there was plenty there to keep me amused as I took two tiny vibrators, pressed the buttons on the bottom and started to run them lightly over her nipples.

They instantly became hard and erect, and I watched her face as she continued to try and fight the mounting arousal, I knew her body must be experiencing. She lasted longer than I thought she would have done, nearly thirty-five minutes before the constant vibration against her cunt began to tell. Despite her efforts to block out the sensations, a large damp patch had appeared in the gusset of her panties.

Stella continued to glare at me, but her eyes would suddenly close as the vibrators on her nipples and areola had her starting to pant, her arousal increasing. And then she suddenly went, no, she more than went, she gushed, her panties sodden in seconds as that first orgasm consumed her.

I don't think she could help herself as she stared at me furiously, opened her mouth and swore like a trooper, the vitriol spewing from her lips as she tried to thrash about the bed.

True to my word, the language directed at me could only have one outcome as I picked up her zapper, placed it on one nipple and pressed the button. Stella yelped and let fly with more abuse as I placed it on the other nipples and shocked that one as well. I kept it up until she went quiet, her face furious and giving me looks that could kill. I gave her a few moments respite as I removed the strap from her thigh and switched off the vibrator, moving it to one side and out of my way for the moment.

From the drawers next to her bed, I took a pair of scissors, she looked at them in fear, but all I needed them for was to get rid of her patties which were now wet. Cutting through the flimsy material at either hip, I dragged them from her and tossed them across the room. It hadn't been part of my plan, but as I looked at the fuzz covering her mound, I had an idea.

Carefully I cropped her pubic hair back to stubble and then went in search of a razor and a tin of foam from the bathroom. I managed not to nick her once as I inspected my work, her cunt now bald as a coot and as an afterthought, I grabbed her bottle of perfume, splashed a little on my hand and rubbed it in, watching gleefully as her hips left the mattress.

Glancing at the bedside clock, I was shocked to find that nearly four hours had passed and that it was now mid-evening. 'Time for another toy,' I said out loud.

This time I chose a large flesh coloured rubber cock and using my fingers to open her piss flaps wide, began to ease it into her cunt. It wasn't difficult, her passage so wet that it literally slipped inside her with very little effort. There was a large round knob on the bottom of it which I began to turn, the toy springing to life as it hummed quietly inside her fanny.

It didn't take anywhere near as long this time before her chest was heaving as I took great delight in sliding it in and out of

her vagina and giving Stella a graphic description of what the rubber cock was doing to her cunt. She was still trying to fight it, but it was a losing battle for her as she began to strain against her bindings, her body going taut as she panted desperately. And then just to push her over the edge, I knelt by the side of the bed, rammed the dildo into her cunt rapidly and took her right nipple into my mouth and sucked on it.

She wasn't allowed to recover this time; she was still in the throes of her orgasm as I picked up another slim vibrator jumped onto the bed between her thighs and pushed it against her dark puckered entrance.

She had lost so much juice that it had run down the crack of her arse and created a damp patch under her bottom. Applying a small amount of pressure, I watched enchanted as inch by inch the gold-coloured vibrator slid up her back passage. When I was satisfied, I turned both buttons fully on, Stella screaming now as the toys went to work on both her orifices.

Her eyes were staring but unseeing, her face red and the veins standing out proudly on her neck as she strained against the

restraints the toys in her arse and cunt bringing her to a double climax as one orgasm became a second. She didn't have the energy to verbally abuse me anymore, her chest rising and falling rapidly as the pleasure she had tried to keep at bay, flooded her body and had her crying out loudly, some of her words actually urging me on.

Her head lolled from side to side, drool oozing from between her lips as I extracted the two toys and went back to the large vibrator and strapped it to her thigh once more, hard against her fanny again as I flipped the switch. As it came to life, she tried to open her eyes, watching me as I stood away from the bed, looking at her.

Slowly, I began to undress, first my shirt and then my jeans. Socks and undies followed next as I stood there naked, my cock erect and pointing skyward as it jerked sporadically because of my highly excited state. Stella's eyes were glued to it, the vibrator already raising her temperature. Sitting on the edge of the bed so that she had a good view of my shaft, I massaged her tits, taking great pleasure from the soft smooth floppy flesh. Her hands and arms pulled against the chains,

not to get free I guessed, but because she wanted to touch my cock.

I wanted to laugh but kept my face straight. 'All you have to do is ask Stella. It's five little words. Martin, will... you... fuck... me?

God! With the look on her face, she could never demean herself by asking something like that, could she?

The vibrator continued to hum away, Stella's body now visibly shaking as I presumed another orgasm was imminent. Her hips left the bed as she arched her lower half upwards, but the toy followed as it continued to send vibrations through her cunt and especially her clit. The juices spurting from her were visible as they dripped off her thighs and buttocks onto the bed.

At first, her mouth moved but nothing came out and then for a second, I thought she had stopped breathing. Stella tried to

open her eyes, but it was too much effort as the vibrator threatened to envelop her in a second orgasm.

'Martin. Please. Please..... will you..... will you fuck me? Please, Martin, fuck me,' Stella sobbed, her arousal already starting to peak once more.

I removed the vibrator and climbed between her thighs, rubbing my cock against her clit and minge as she tried to grind her genitals against me. She was so wet I nearly fell in, my shaft taking no effort at all to insert, as it filled her cunt. Leah was good, but surprisingly, Stella was every bit as good a ride, my balls bouncing against her butt cheeks as I rammed my manhood into her sopping wet passage. As excited as I was, because my cock had not been teased, I was full of energy, pounding her pussy as she orgasmed once more, and I felt her juices splash me.

I just kept ploughing her, my cock throbbing continuously as my excitement escalated until as she began another climax, I allowed myself the release I had been waiting for, emptying

my sack inside her cunt as my hot cream filled her passage and mixed with her juices inside.

Seven, probably eight, maybe even nine, I had lost count of how many climaxes she had managed before she passed out on me, her eyes shut and her breathing slow. I glanced at the clock after hearing noises downstairs, it was late, and Leah must have returned.

Joining her downstairs after I had quickly thrown on some clothes, she looked relieved and worried.

'What's happened?' She asked, 'Where is mum?'

I didn't go into detail, only telling her that her mother was safe and well and upstairs in bed. Of course, she wanted to know if I had been punished but all I told her was that things had changed and that I had taught her mother a lesson but without inflicting any pain.

I could tell Leah was afraid. 'You know she is going to wait and get her own back, don't you?'

I knew Stella well enough; it was the reason for my constant disappearances and phone calls over the last seven or eight days. Looking a little sheepish, I explained what I had done.

'I've been saving some money and I've rented a flat. When the time comes for her to get her own back. I won't be here.'

Now Leah looked sad and as I watched, a tiny tear ran down one cheek.

'It's furnished..... and it's got two bedrooms. I don't know if you'd like to.....'

I watched her face etched in indecision, did she stay or did she go. 'I'd really like it if you came with me,' I said lamely.

At last, she smiled and nodded her head, 'I'd love to.'

So far everything had been going to plan.

'Listen, Leah. Your mum's sleeping at the moment, but anything could happen once she wakes. I would feel a lot better if you were not here. How about you go and pack your clothes and I'll give you some money for a cab and you go stay at the flat tonight and I'll join you there tomorrow once I get finished up. I'll pick you up from work. Ok?'

Again, she appeared hesitant. 'If you don't like it, you can always come back home.'

That seemed to ease her conscience as I went and helped her pack, called a cab and gave her a handful of cash. When the taxi arrived, I gave her a key to the flat and took her cases out, kissing her as I said good night.

With Leah gone, I put our meal to one side and made a snack, adding a glass of cold water and a straw and took it up to my

parent's room. Stella was still out of it as I undressed once more and joined her on the bed. The two small vibrators were the quietest and so I used those initially as I ran one over her nipples and touched the other against her clit.

She moaned softly in her sleep, exactly like her daughter had done, her body responding to the stimulation even though her brain was still slumbering. It was fun, teasing her and stopping, starting again and slowly building her arousal until we reached the point when her eyes suddenly opened, and she realised that she was highly stimulated once more. I don't think she even realised that she could move her legs until I grabbed her ankles, raised her legs high and wide and sank my shaft into her arse.

It started with a grunt and then a guttural cry as I fucked her anally, Stella's head going up and down as she tried to watch my cock being thrust into her back passage. She wasn't even trying to fight back now, having submitted herself to whatever I felt like doing to her. I'd put a vibrator within reach, this one had two prongs, the larger part I slid into her

cunt and pressed the smaller part against her clit as I switched it on.

I didn't have to do much pumping, Stella near enough riding me, as my cock was slammed into her arse and the buzzing toy sent raptures through her clitoris and fanny. When she exploded and jerked around with her climax, I swapped them over, plunging the toy up her rectum as my cock plundered her wet pussy once more until I could hold out no longer and filled her with my cream again.

She wasn't really in a coherent state, but somehow, I got her to eat a little and take several drinks through the straw. It was getting late, but that didn't stop me, for the next five hours I would rest until I was ready to go again and then I would fuck my stepmother once more. Who knows how many climaxes she'd achieved that night, or how much sperm I had pumped into her, probably enough to inseminate a street full of women and I was completely knackered.

I left her sleeping as I made my way to my bedroom, collapsed on the bed and was instantly asleep.

The next morning the first thing I did was to phone Stella's salon, telling them she was not well and would not be in that day. She was awake when I entered the bedroom, her sullen indignant expression was back on her face as she demanded that I release her because she needed to go to work.

'It's alright, I've phoned them. I've told them that you are presently confined to bed,' I chortled at my own attempt at humour.

The same vitriol that I had received at the start of the previous evening exploded from her mouth, as I gave her a warning look and picked up her zapper. She must have learnt because immediately she went quiet, my training appeared to be working.

Going to the spare room I chose some items before returning to Stella. The handcuffs, I snapped onto one wrist before

releasing it and then snapping it onto the other. The collar I had brought went around her neck and was attached to a leash as I picked the cane up.

'You can use the bathroom and then I've made you some breakfast. But if you try anything..... then I will have to punish you once more.'

She had to suffer the indignity of completing her ablutions while I stood there and watched before I led her downstairs to the dining room, still naked and restrained. Breakfast was set out for her ready, only things that she could pick up and eat or use a spoon for, anything she could use as a weapon had been moved away.

Once she had finished, I returned Stella to the bedroom, fastening her down once more. I did relent and get a couple of towels which I slid under her bottom, covering the damp and stained sheet on which she lay and then satisfied that she couldn't escape, I sat on the edge of the bed.

'You know, it's a pity Stella that you couldn't have been more like a mother.' My hand idly caressed her tits, my finger rubbing at her nipple as it stiffened, and her breathing quickened ever so slightly.

Her face wasn't attractive, at least not to me, too mean and sour-looking, but her body wasn't bad at all, good enough to have warranted a dalliance there if she had been nice and given me the opportunity.

'You know, if the circumstances had been different, we could have done this regularly, especially with my father being away so much. But then, as a sad, sadistic, sociopathic bitch, perhaps not.'

As I chatted away, my hand slid down across her slightly rounded belly and her now shaven mound before curving between her thighs as my fingers played with her labia. Despite the scowl which seemed to be permanently plastered across her face, my finger soon found the moisture within as I explored her genitals, her lips opening as I delved deeper.

No matter how much Stella hated me, her body liked what I was doing to it as my finger slid inside her and I slowly finger fucked her, watching as her expressions changed as she became aroused.

Kissing her breasts and licking her nipples, she could not stop herself from offering her throat to be kissed, but I was keeping away from her mouth, her teeth could do damage.

Stella's fanny sounded sloppy, and I had brought her to the cusp when I withdrew my finger and slowly undressed. Her eyes went to my cock again, immediately it was on view, no matter what her face said, her eyes told me she wanted fucking and who was I not to acquiesce to her demands.

My cock slid into her cunt as I fucked her, her body responding while her mouth abused me until the point where we both climaxed, and I sent my seed into her hot moist passage once more.

And so that was how we spent the day until mid-afternoon when I finally climbed off her body and went and showered before dressing.

This was the final part of my plan and I was saddened that I would not be here to see its culmination as I returned to Stella's bedroom.

'You had better unfasten me. God, you are in so much trouble you little bastard,' she spat at me.

It was several minutes before I could speak because of my laughter.

'I have no intention of unfastening you, Stella,' I said as I disappeared to the spare room.

It took several trips, but bit by bit, I emptied her walk-in wardrobe, placing all the items on the floor of her bedroom, all nicely laid out.

'I wonder if my father knows all about your little side-line, I'm guessing not.'

'It should be a nice surprise for him when he gets back shortly; I hope you have a good explanation.'

Stella looked petrified now, my guess had been correct, my father knew nothing of what she got up to while he was away.

'Just so you know. When I walk out of that front door shortly, I won't be coming back. I've taken all of my wages that you saved for me, and I've got myself a flat. So, this will be the last time we see each other,' I smirked.

The tears came now, not because of anything I had done to her physically, but because I had outsmarted her. She knew I must have found her stash of money and the frustration of not being able to take her revenge on me had got to her.

'I've photographed all of this little lot and the cash. And I've also been taking pictures of all the beatings you gave me. If you try and cause trouble, or if you ever come near me, I am going to send them to everyone I can think of.'

I'm sure if she could have got off that bed, she would have killed me, such was her pent-up anger at what I had managed to pull off.

Glancing at my watch, I took one last look at Stella, my father would be home within the hour, 'Good riddance to him,' I thought as I pressed my fingers against my lips and then patted my stepmother's fanny.

'Such a shame,' I said softly as I took my leave.

Walking down the street whistling to myself, I felt happy at last. I would go and meet Leah shortly and thence to our new flat.

Stella was certainly going to have some explaining to do when my father got home. I laughed again to myself because that would not be the end of it. I had also come across her address book in the wardrobe, a list of names and telephone numbers for all of the men she entertained.

I had sent a text message to every one of them.

'As a reward for being a valued customer, we are offering a free session tonight from 7.30 pm onwards. I hope you can join me for an evening of entertainment.'

I laughed out loud as I strolled along, people looking at me strangely. But I wasn't aware of them, this was the first day of my new life.