

"A young man and his aunt find love with each other."

Hello. Something a little different. I've completed stories involving a brother/sister, mother/son, uncle/niece, and cousins. Now it's time for some aunt/nephew action. Had this one sitting to upload for a while, been editing here and there. Probably still missed the occasional thing but I hope you enjoy the story.

Jessica

The rain was hammering down and my old car had been struggling for the last few kilometres. Had been since I'd started driving, in all honesty. Now the engine light was on. The knocking from the engine was getting louder. I was fairly sure it was just going to up and die on me any moment. I was close to my destination but still far enough that, if the car died, I was partly fucked, at the very least. My phone was dead too. And all the possessions that I owned were on the seat next to me. I kept my foot on the accelerator, though continually eased off.

Then it died. No loud bang or anything. The car just stopped. No idea what exactly it was as I couldn't exactly look under the hood while I was driving, but there was only silence as I rolled the car off the road onto the grass verge. Sighing to myself, I switched off the ignition and looked at my phone. Still dead, and now without any battery, no hope of calling for help. Thankfully, I knew where I was on the highway. Walking along the verge would be risky in bad weather, but I knew it was only a couple of more kilometres until I'd reach the

entrance to the farm.

"Oh well, looks like I'm getting a little wet," I muttered, clambering out of the car. Collecting my large rucksack, and two other small bags, I was soaked within a few minutes as I trudged down the side of the road, ensuring I walked towards traffic so I wasn't run over. Getting hit by a car or truck would have been the cherry on top of the shit cake my day had been so far.

Dripping with both water and sweat by the time I reached the drive leading up to the homestead in the distance, the clouds loomed dark and grey overhead. Thunderstorms like this were more usual during a late summer's day rather than an autumn afternoon, but shows how much I know. The dirt driveway was full of puddles. By now, I barely bothered circling around. My jacket, shirt, trousers, socks and shoes were all soaked. Thankfully, my rucksack and smaller bags were waterproof, so as soon as I made my destination, I'd hopefully have a hot shower and some warm clothes to change into.

Knocking on the door, I wondered if anyone would be home. I checked my watch and it was late in the evening. To my relief, the door opened and my Aunt Jessica appeared once she switched on lights inside and outside. I think she was expecting me, as there was no surprise on her face, only a warm and welcoming smile. "Get your

butt in here, Chris. You must be chilled to the bone."

"Thanks, Jess," I said, stepping past her, immediately covering her wooden floor in water, "Sorry about your floor already."

"Never mind that. We can sort that out later," she said, closing the door, "Dump your things and head for the shower. Don't want you catching a cold now. After that, we can have a chat."

"You know what's going on?"

"Your sister posted a couple of messages on social media. As I said, we'll have a chat later. What happened to your car?"

"Dead as a dodo a couple of clicks back. Phone's dead too so that's why I had to walk." I sighed as I dumped my bags in the kitchen, running fingers through my short hair. "Don't mean to just show up like this, Jess..."

She smiled at me like I was talking shit. And the fact I didn't call her 'Aunt'. She insisted on just 'Jess' since I'd turned eighteen. "Never

mind that, Chris. Now, grab some clothes, have a shower, then we'll talk. Want a hot drink?"

"Love one."

Before I could head to the shower, I heard footsteps bounding down the steps, my two cousins appearing. Before they could get a word out about anything, Jess said I needed a hot shower, so I followed them upstairs to the main bathroom, Michelle grabbing a towel for me, both her and her sister, Kylie, giving me a hug. The fact I'd showed up this late in the evening on a Wednesday, with all my worldly possessions, would have suggested to anyone that something happened.

Something big.

Getting out of my wet clothes, I stepped into the shower and turned up the heat as high as I could handle, giving myself a good scrub before I simply stood there and let myself get nice and warm before finally stepping out. The extractor fan stopped the window misting up, looking in the mirror. Blues eyes. Short brown hair. Proud chin. A nose that had been broken a couple of times thanks to years of rugby and, well, the occasional scrap on the field. And I could see the

forming bruise that was definitely going to lead to a black eye eventually. I kept myself fit and looked after myself but I'd been too cocky for my own good. Doesn't make what happened right, though. Putting on a shirt and a clean pair of jeans, I padded downstairs into the kitchen where Jess, Michelle and Kylie were waiting. Sitting down, I had a hot chocolate placed in front of me within a few seconds.

"Finally blew up then?" Jess asked.

"He's a cunt. Always has been." I sighed. "Shit, sorry. Bad language and all."

"Everyone at this table is eighteen, Chris. It's fine. Okay, so what happened? Not heard from your mother or step-father. Your sister has put a couple of things up on social media suggesting something big happened."

"I'm not even sure where to begin, to be honest. How about when my father died and mother decided to marry that prick?"

"Well, your mother has always known the opinion of myself and her

parents. But that's not for now. What happened tonight?"

I took a sip of hot chocolate and sagged into the chair. "Okay, so Covid has obviously fucked everything, right? I had a job but lost that within the first couple of months. Considered going to university to re-train, even do a college course, just something. But let's be honest. I have common sense, so I like to think, but I've never been what you call book smart. Tried every mechanic's in the city, no word of a lie, but absolutely no-one was hiring. Not even part time. Most are making workers redundant left, right and centre. Tried up and down the coast. Zero. Zip. Nada. So I've obviously signed on for unemployment just to keep me going. Considered picking up part times gigs here and there, but there are around a hundred people per application.

But Barry... Calls me a moocher and lazy, despite the fact he does fuck all himself. Thinks I'm taking advantage of my mother still living at home. Sure, I'm twenty but have you seen house prices? Even just trying to rent, whether single or with others, is fucking difficult, and without a job, no-one is going to rent to me."

"Help around the house?"

"Do far more than that prick. Anyway, he's been goading me for months now, just looking for an excuse. And he has my mother completely under his thumb. Compare to what she was like with Dad to now... It's distressing. Never mind the fact he thinks it's his house. My father bought that fucking house by working hard and providing for his family. Not his fault some drunk driver..." I trailed off and sighed. "Well, what happened today? Guess it just reached the point where something needed to happen. I was helping Mum around the kitchen, he came in and just went for me. Words first. I've simply had enough of him, so I returned a few choice words of my own. Called him a guest in my father's house and that he was unworthy of my mother. Fucker saw red and came for me. Swung a few times at each other." I gestured to my face. "Got me good here, though I got in a few licks of my own. Made the prick bleed. Then he said I was out. Gone. Immediately."

"Your mother?"

"Said nothing so we both took her silence as agreement. So, I goaded him, said he wanted me out of the way so he can get his hands on my sister. Round two started, and I guess my mother didn't like that accusation levelled at her husband, as she told me to go and cool off for a few days. Prick obviously said I was gone for good. I didn't want to go, but I couldn't stay either. It was either me or him,

and to be honest, the violence would have continued until the police and an ambulance was called. So, I packed my shit and left, not without going to see my sister and warning her first. If anything, and I mean anything happens, she is to call and I will take her with me. Warned Mum about that and she said I was being foolish. Called him a child molester and left it at that. She's obviously not a child but I liked the look his face when calling him that."

"Well, I think it's safe to say this has been coming since you turned eighteen, Chris."

"I had nowhere else to go. Grandparents other side of the country or world, Dad was an only child so... yeah, here I am." I sighed again. "Sorry for showing up out of the blue."

She took my hand in hers. "Chris, I knew this was where you'd end up."

I knew what she meant. I know many extended families are not particularly close, but I'd always considered Jess a second mother, and my relationship with both Michelle and Kylie had always been close when growing up. Including my younger sister in that, and we

were a real foursome all the time.

Jessica was forty-two years old and I wouldn't have put her a day over thirty-five. Despite owning and operating her own farm, the stress barely appeared on her at all. Gorgeous sandy blonde hair, a pair of beautiful blues, and the sort of face that would make many men glance more than once. She wasn't particularly tall, 5'5 on a good day, but the work kept her fit, and as I'd grown, I'd certainly appreciated certain aspects of her. I think she knew too, aware her nephew might have nursed a teenage crush on an older woman.

She'd been divorced from her husband, my uncle, for over five years. The farm had been in our family for a few generations by now, and from what I was told, he'd never liked living on the farm. What I learned later was that my uncle had been sleeping around for most of their marriage. Little wonder she told him to pack his shit and go. She'd been single ever since, far as I knew.

Michelle was the same age as myself, though younger by a few months. She was a dead ringer for her mother except for brown eyes instead of blue, and she was actually curvier than her mother. She'd blossomed over the years, remembering the slightly gangly teenager, braces, pimples and all those usual growing pains. But she'd been one of my closest friends, the first girl I kissed, and we'd been

'kissing cousins' during most summer holidays, our mum and dad sending us to the farm so we were kept occupied. My sister and I both loved it.

Kylie was the same age as my sister at eighteen and took more after her father. Brunette with hazel eyes, she had the height her sibling and mother lacked. Long legs, tight little butt, small tits. Michelle definitely got hers from her mother. Nothing ridiculous, but with her curves, they were absolutely perfect. Kylie had definitely crushed on me as much as her sister, but being younger, it would never have felt appropriate, but she had been my sisters closest friend during most of our formative years.

I'd always been made to feel welcome at the farm, Jess insisting her home would always be ours too. We were family, and if we ever had problems, the door would always be open. "Chris, get some sleep tonight and take the day tomorrow just to get your head right. Maybe sort a few personal issues out. I think it's safe to say you won't be returning home anytime soon, right?"

"Realistically, the only way that's happening is if mum kicks him out, and I just don't see that happening." I sighed. "What she's ever seen in him, I don't know."

"We warned her he was no good, but she just wasn't listening. I won't say she's stuck with him, she could always kick him out, but... We don't speak often anymore. You know me, Chris, never hesitate in giving my opinion. I've let her know more than once her husband is a scumbag." She chuckled to herself. "Guess he fits the trope of the evil step-parent."

"Nah, not evil. He's a douchebag and a prick." I finished my drink.
"Thanks, Jess. This means a lot."

The spare room was always prepared for visitors, not that I think they received many, but it was nice to know I had somewhere ready to rest my head. My phone was charging so at least I could check messages. My sister was giving me a running update of what was happening. Apparently there were already crossed words between mum and dickhead. I was disappointed that my own mother had said nothing, but was waiting for him to make the ultimatum. Wonder if she'd choose her son or him?

Considering I was already out of the family home, I think that decision had already been made.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Jess appeared in the doorway in a flannel shirt and some rather short shorts. I tried not to let my eyes run up from her white sock covered feet up her tanned legs, over her body to her face. The fact she smiled at me was a relief. "Everything okay?"

"Becky is keeping me updated while making sure I'm okay. Let her know I'm here. She assumed this would be where I would head."

"I'm going to hit the hay. Try not to stay up too late."

She walked forward, so I stood up and enjoyed a warm hug with her. She smelled wonderful, having just had a shower. Definitely some sort of fruit scented shampoo. "Thanks, Jess," I said softly.

"Nice to have a young man around the house again. Maybe you'll stay longer than just a few weeks this time."

"Who knows what the future will bring eh?"

She kissed my cheek and walked out of my room. I followed her to the door, and watched her walk to her own room. I couldn't help myself. Those shorts were practically hugging her arse, and my aunt had a fantastic arse. She glanced back and smiled again before disappearing. I guess she was used to me gazing at her. As I said, she was early forties but she looked bloody good for it.

Surprisingly, I slept well that night. I thought the stress would have kept me awake, but as soon as my head hit that comfortable pillow, and I felt snug as a bug in a rug under those clean sheets, I was out like a light. Woke up feeling a little groggy, forgetting where I was for a moment until there was a knock at the door, Jessica telling me breakfast was being prepared.

Throwing on a shirt and shorts, I headed downstairs to be greeted by the smells of an early morning kitchen. Coffee brewing. Bacon and eggs cooking. Toast burning a little. My cousins were already dressed for the day. I sat down, murmuring 'Good morning. They smiled, returning the words. Both were studying at university, though were stuck at home for the time being, same as everyone else.

I didn't notice it, but I must have given off a vibe that morning. Maybe I was shorter than I was the night before. I didn't feel cranky or anything, but I could see Jessica giving me a look during breakfast.

Only when I'd finished eating did she take my hand. "Go sit in the living room, Chris."

I was about to ask what for, but I recognised the look on her face. The sort of look a mother would give, suggesting I just do what she said. I watched Michelle and Kylie walk by and their footsteps heading up to their rooms, figuring they had classes to attend. I sat by myself for a few minutes, just staring into space, Jess appearing again, still wearing the same things I'd seen her head to bed in the previous night.

Without a word, she straddled my lap, causing me to look at her in surprise. "Sit forward," she whispered.

I did, and I felt her arms wrap around me, her fingers trailing up and down my back. I hugged her tightly in return, then it all just came flooding out. All the stress from the past however many years it was. Losing Dad. Feeling like I'd lost my Mum too. She'd been a zombie half the time, then seemed to just choose the first man that showed an inkling of interest. Then the fact my life just seemed to be going nowhere. I was at a complete and utter loss.

I have no idea how long she hugged me for, but I felt better for it.

Holding back all those emotions hadn't done me any good. "Thanks," I finally managed to say.

"Think you needed to get that off your chest, Chris," she said softly, "I've missed you."

"Missed you too. Always felt at home here."

She kissed my cheek and made to move, but I held onto her, earning a laugh. I sat back on the lounge and she followed me, feeling her head rest against my shoulder, gently stroking her back. "This is nice," she said softly.

"Got to remember you're my aunt though."

She almost snorted, or so I think. "Hmmm. If my daughters were to walk in now, it might look a tad inappropriate. But I was left thinking my nephew needed a very long cuddle."

"I did. Can't remember the last time Mum hugged me for even a few seconds." I sighed. "He's really done a number on her."

"I'll call her later. She probably won't listen, but I'll give her a piece of my mind. You know what I'm like."

"What I like to call a firebrand, Jess."

She kissed my cheek and sat up, resting my hands on her hips. I met her eyes and she smiled. "We'll talk later. Would you like to stay here with us?"

"I would."

"Then we'll sort out how this will work out. Care to work on the farm?"

"I'll earn my keep."

She smiled, kissing me softly on the cheek again. "Knew you'd say that."

I felt a little disappointed when she got off my lap. Wonder if she'd felt

my erection nearly the entire time? If she had, she certainly didn't make any mention, nor did her body react to me. I'm a young man, she's an attractive, mature woman. Probably just thought it was a natural reaction so didn't want to make it awkward. "I'll go have a shower," I said.

"Take today for yourself. Get your head on right. After breakfast tomorrow, we'll sit down and organise everything. Your cousins won't be busy all day. I'm sure they'll keep you entertained." I must have smiled in a certain way as she swatted my arm. "Not in that manner, Chris." She looked me up and down. "Though they've done a hell of a lot worse before."

"They both single?"

She laughed, which made me grin. "Yes, they are. But don't you be getting ideas into your head, young man. They're still my daughters."

"Wouldn't dream of it, Jess." I hugged her again, putting my lips to her ear. "There is someone else in my life I find unbelievably hot."

I had no idea why I said that, but when she leaned back, I was

amused to see colour in her cheeks. "Go have your shower," she said softly, "I've got things to do."

I'd woken up feeling horny for the first time in a while, and the way Jess had been sat on me just increased how horny I was. So it was little wonder I needed to jerk off in the shower, and nearly all my thoughts were about my aunt. Didn't feel an ounce of guilt as I enjoyed quite the orgasm, and I know I definitely moaned her name more than once while I'd stroked myself.

Michelle gave me a funny look as I headed out of the bathroom once I'd dried off. I figured she'd heard me. I wasn't going to deny it if she asked, though all she did was kiss my cheek before disappearing into the bathroom herself. Kylie poked her head out of her room. "Took you long enough in there. Were you wanking or something?"

"Yep."

Her jaw dropped, her cheeks coloured, then she giggled before closing the door. After getting dressed, I walked downstairs, helped clear up the kitchen, then plonked myself down on the couch, feeling a little lost as to what to do. At least at home, Mum kept me occupied with chores, and I still managed to pick up part-time work here and

there. Nothing that lasted long, but it put coin in my pocket, at least. I was now far down the south coast, away from my close family and all my friends.

Michelle and Kylie joined me with their laptops, I guess just to keep me company. I put the TV on but barely watched it, Michelle sitting in an armchair, but Kylie practically snuggled into me at times. I'd always been her favourite male relative. I eventually gave in, wrapped an arm around her, kissed the top of her head. "We missed you," she said.

"It had been a while since we saw you, Chris," Michelle added.

"I know. Life has been, for want of a better word, shit."

"Are you going to stay?" Kylie wondered.

"I don't know. But I think going home is off the table for a while."

"Mum would love you to stay, Chris. She loves the hell out of you." I was surprised by the turn of phrase. Michelle smiled at me. "Please,

you've always been her favourite nephew."

"Hmmm. There is Brian and Steven."

"Yeah, from her dickhead brother, who she's seen even less than your mother in the past five years. We're a dysfunctional family at best, Chris."

"How are you two?" I wondered, "I mean, apart from university."

"Well, I'm single as my ex-boyfriend couldn't handle long distance. And the fact a friend told me he was busy two-timing me with someone who lived down his street," Michelle replied, "Kind of puts me off wanting to date for a while."

"I'm single," Kylie said softly.

"You're far too young, cute and adorable to be dating, Kylie."

"I'm eighteen."

"Are you sure? Got any ID on you?" She met my eyes and started to giggle again. I always liked teasing her. She was eighteen but really didn't look it, apart from the boobs on her chest, at least. She closed her laptop and cuddled into my side. "Missed you guys too," I whispered.

"Shame Becky didn't come down. Would have been nice to have her company too. Just like the old days," Kylie said.

"Yeah. I think she wanted to come with me, but Mum would have put her foot down. Even though she's eighteen, I think if she'd joined me, Mum would have cut us both off. Plus, she's nearly done with school and exams. Not sure if she's heading to university or not."

"It's really that bad?" Michelle wondered. I just shook my head. I'd said everything I need to already. Going over it again would just piss me off. "I'll shoot her a text, see she's okay."

Jess walked in around lunchtime to find Kylie still snuggled into me, Michelle hard at work on her laptop. I wasn't doing anything, playing on my phone half the time, otherwise just content to relax. I was

simply enjoying their presence. Jess met my eyes and smiled. "You guys hungry?"

"I can make lunch. At least I can do something," I said, "I mean, nothing more than sandwiches, but..."

"Can you operate a barbecue?"

"Last time I checked, I'm male," I lifted the front of my shorts, "Yep, male, Australian, over the age of eighteen. Of course I can operate a barbecue."

"Then you're on cooking duties tonight. I'll take care of lunch. I've got a tonne of meat in the freezer. I'll make sure to defrost some steaks and sausages. You cook those, I'll organise the rest with the girls."

It was amazing how quickly Jessica could prepare sandwiches, a small salad, a fruit bowl, and she offered me a cold beer at the same time, happily opening a can and enjoying one herself. Gesturing with her head, she added, "They're all outside eating their own lunch. I always eat in here, particularly with the girls being home and all."

"Well, the one thing I can offer is experience in fixing shit. I was an apprentice and had a full-time gig before shit hit the fan. If there's one thing I can do around here. Good with a wrench, a spanner, a screwdriver."

"So you're good with your hands?" Jessica asked. I met her eyes, and she had a smirk on her face, enough that I cleared my throat and felt myself blushed.

"Mum!" Michelle stated, blushing herself.

"What? Nothing wrong with a little innuendo with my favourite nephew."

I cleared my throat. "I like to think I have some talent, Jess."

A smile broke on her face. "Good to know, Chris. Good to know. You'll come in very... handy around here, I reckon."

Michelle groaned. "Jesus, get a room, you two." Kylie just chuckled

to herself. Sitting next to me, she leaned against my shoulder. I knew all about her crush on me, and I didn't mind her affection. Jessica smiled at me again, pleased to see I got along so well with her daughters.

I did head outside after lunch for a wander around. The farm was enormous. Rows and rows of apple, pear, and orange trees, as far as the eye could see. Like most farms, she'd diversified over the years. In addition to fruit, she had enormous greenhouses where vegetables could be grown throughout the year. She kept some sheep but not in any great numbers, and also had chickens, only so she had fresh eggs.

Remembered a couple of the guys who had worked on the farm for a few years. She didn't have that many working for her. Much of the work was seasonal, so during the quiet periods, she had a couple of full-time workers. Other than that, she ran the farm herself, handling all the bookkeeping and financial things.

We eventually walked up and down the rows of trees together. It was a warm day compared to the previous, enjoying the sunshine on her faces. I kept chancing occasional glances in her direction. When she shuffled closed, taking my arm in her hands, it felt a little intimate.

"Been a while since we had a young man on the farm," she said.

"As I said, sorry it's been so long between visits."

"You were living your own life, Chris. Too busy to see your old aunt."

"You're far from old, Jess. Far from old."

She was silent for a little while. "Really?"

"Absolutely. You're still a knockout, Jess." I had to clear my throat, not daring to look in her direction.

"Thank you, Chris," she finally whispered, "Nice to know someone appreciates me."

"Jess, half the time I hated leaving. I would have loved to stay here with you."

I was stopped and hugged tightly, so I wrapped my arms around her, returning the affection. I kissed her cheek before she rested her head against my chest. "Girl is bound to get the wrong idea, Chris," she finally joked.

"Perish the thought," I murmured.

Taking her hand, I led her back towards the farm, only letting it go when the house was in view. Couldn't go giving anyone the wrong impression. The girls were still in the living room, joining them again for a couple of hours, eventually sitting back and watching some Netflix before Jessica walked in, suggesting I get the food cooking.

I didn't actually have much skill, but I managed to not burn anything nor did I give anyone food poisoning. Steaks were cooked medium-rare, snags cooked properly, add some sides and trimmings, and we enjoyed a good meal. I sank a couple of beers, the girls opened a bottle of wine, and the conversation flowed easily. We avoided talking about home. I talked about what I'd been up to, the job I had enjoyed until Covid fucked everything, the fact I had kept on playing footy, the season now over. I was single, my last relationship having ended just before Covid hit.

Adjourning to the living room, this time Jessica ended up sitting next to me, cuddling into my side, as the two girls headed to their rooms, I guess to chat with friends and do whatever they did during an evening. "Feeling a little lost," I admitted.

"We'll sort it out in the morning, Chris. Don't worry about a thing. And I'll be calling your mother as well. Time she got her head out of her arse."

I barked with laughter at that. "Good luck."

"Her husband is a Grade-A fuckwit."

I clinked my beer can to her wine glass. "I'll drink to that."

She sculled her glass, putting it on the floor, before she snuggled again. "I think my sister was lost after losing your father. Maybe it was our fault? I mean me, your grandparents, even your useless fucking uncle. I don't know. But she just didn't take any advice." She fell silent, hearing and feeling her sigh a couple of times. "Reminds me of my ex-husband at times. Utterly fucking useless."

We sat in silence for quite a while. My left arm wrapped around her shoulders, gently caressing her arm. Her hand on my chest, not moving all that much. It was eventually late enough that, after a last minute clean-up of the living room and kitchen, we headed upstairs. Stopping at my bedroom door first, we cuddled again before she leaned back slightly. Not sure why, but I found my hand caressing her cheek, which made her smile even more.

I leaned down to kiss her, but chickened out at the last minute. Kissing her cheek, I rested my head on her shoulder, unable to hold back the sigh. "I love having you here, Chris," she whispered.

"Love being here with you, Jess."

"Good. You'll always have a home here, no matter what."

I let her go, watching her walk towards her bedroom. Her jeans were tight to her legs and arse. God, she was beautiful. She glanced back, noticing me watch her the entire way. The urge to follow and join her was nearly overwhelming. She blew me a kiss before disappearing into her room, closing the door. With another sigh, I closed the door

and, after undressing, proceeded to beat my meat something fierce until I came, then fell asleep.

After breakfast the next morning, Jessica and I sat at the kitchen table as we discussed what I would do. "First thing we need to do is get your car where it's abandoned. We can drive the tractor down, tie it to the rear, and drag it back. Think you can fix it?"

"Worked as a mechanic from sixteen to around five months ago. And I was working on cars with Dad until... you know... I'll give it a go. Other than that, I can certainly look after any machinery around here. If I don't know anything about it, I can certainly learn."

"Think yourself a handyman?"

"Hmmm. Your house could use a little TLC. Definitely a new coat of paint. I could certainly have a look at anything that isn't working. The only thing I don't like to mess with is the electrics."

She wrote down a figure. "That's what I'm willing to pay you each week."

I looked at it and stared. "No, too much, Jess."

"That's total. I'll take out 1/3 to cover all bills and expenses."

"Jess, it's still too much."

She took my hand. "You work as hard as I know you will, it'll be worth every single cent. And, trust me, we're always hard at work here. Something always needs planting. Something always needs picking. This is a twelve month operation."

"None of my business, but are you doing okay?"

She smiled, squeezing my hand. "We're comfortable, and with my favourite nephew back here again, life is even better." I must have blushed rather brightly as she chuckled. "You're home, Chris."

"Yeah, I think I am."

That first week was all about getting my car in working order. Jessica and Michelle both had a car. Well, Jessica had a ute, Michelle had a beat-up old thing she rarely used, and she offered me the use of it, long as I could give it a check over at the same time. I promised her I would, heading down to the nearest large town so I could pick up the things I needed. I tinkered and managed to figure out what was wrong with my car. It needed a proper workshop, but once I found a jack and had the tools required, I managed to get stuck in.

"Fucking hell, this is an old Commodore right?" Bill asked while I was under the engine on Friday.

"Yeah, mate," I replied, squirming out from underneath the car.

"She's a beauty. What's wrong with it?"

"Ah, she's just needing a little love. Pushed the old girl too hard coming down here."

"What year is she?"

"1991, so she's thirty years old. Over 100k on the clock. Still drives like a dream."

"V8?"

I snorted. "Is there any other engine?"

"Start her up."

"I'll give it a go. Fixed the issue, now I'm just tinkering with her."

Putting my key in the ignition, I hadn't started it since I'd fixed the issue. I was worried it was just going to tick over and I'd be back to square one. I took a deep breath and turned it. The engine came to life immediately. "Yeaaaaaah!" I shouted, slapping the roof, "That's what I'm talking about!" I put my left foot onto the loud pedal and the engine purred.

"Fuck, that's a sound and a half!" Bill yelled.

Jessica, Michelle and Kylie appeared through the back door of the house, obviously hearing the noise. I looked at them and picked up the revs again. Jessica smiled, shaking her head. Michelle and Kylie hurried over. "You have to take us for a drive!" Kylie squealed.

"She still needs a bit of work, but once I'm confident she won't break down again, we should all head down the beach."

"Mum would love that. A day away from here," Michelle stated.

"I'll leave you to it, Chris," Bill stated, heading towards his ute.

Switching off the engine, I shut the door and, I'll admit, did a little jig. I honestly thought the old girl was properly fucked. Dropping the hood, I lowered the car from the jacks holding it up and just stood there, a sense of satisfaction of a job well done. Only then did I feel Jessica cuddle into my side. "I've been watching you all week," she whispered.

"I think I had it fixed on Wednesday, but I thought I'd give it a proper once over, fix anything that looked like it was going to break sooner or later. Considering the wear and tear, she's still in good nick." I

turned towards her, my hands filthy, so I left them at my side. "I just mentioned to Michelle that we should get away for a day. Go the beach. Considering it's getting quite hot now, being the time of year and all."

"Sunday? I'll make us a picnic if you drive us. There's a good beach about twenty k's south of here. Rather quiet. Ocean is calm so swimming isn't a problem."

"Sounds good."

The girls had worked hard all week with their university work, Jessica up early and working with barely stopping all day, so after dinner that night, we retired to the living room, a bottle of wine for Michelle and Kylie, Jessica surprising me by showing me a bottle of bourbon she'd bought while shopping. Woman after my own heart. She made us drinks before she shooed Kylie out of the way, making sure she was sat next to me. Kylie pouted, so I shuffled left enough that she could sit to my right.

"Considering their father is a useless piece of shit, you're the best male influence they've had," Jessica said.

I knew Jessica never said such things before they were eighteen. Michelle looked up and added, "Haven't heard from that wanker in years anyway. Fuck him."

"Cheating wanker," Kylie muttered. She sighed. I knew she'd never forgiven her father for how the relationship had ended, and the fact he'd simply walked out without a second thought.

Jessica had her hand on my chest again. "All we want is one good man in our life," she whispered.

Wonder if she talking about me? And if she was, who was she insinuating who my life would be with? The girls finished their bottle of wine before they disappeared for showers and bed. Both kissed my cheek before they kissed their mother. Jessica and I had made a good dent in the bourbon before I looked at the time, noticing it was midnight. We'd been sitting, listening to music, chatting quietly about nothing in particular.

Helping her up, she started to giggle, figuring she was halfway between tipsy and drunk. Feeling her fingers between mine as I led

her towards the stairs, I helped her to her room. At the doorway, she didn't let go of my hand. She had a look in her eyes I'd seen before. Not in hers, with previous lovers. I pulled her tight to my body and caressed her cheek.

"I want to, but not like this," I whispered, "I want a clear head." I kissed her softly, feeling her kiss me back immediately. "I'm not saying no, Jess. Please trust me, I'm definitely not saying no. I'm saying not now this minute."

"You want me?" she whispered. I gulped before I nodded, not trusting my voice. "You think I'm beautiful?"

"Never met anyone more beautiful."

She kissed me again, and it took all my willpower not to just gently push her back, shut her bedroom door, and let nature take its course. My cock was shouting at me to take it out and slide it inside her. But we'd been drinking. I didn't want either of us to wake up sober, hungover, and with regrets. When we broke part, and she sobbed she was sorry, my heart broke and I hugged her tightly. "I love you, Jessica," I whispered into her ear. I felt her fingers dig into my back

as I held her, "But we can't rush into this."

She giggled. "Who is the older one here?" She looked up, meeting my eyes. "But you're right. My feelings won't change though."

"Nor will mine."

"I love you too."

I smiled, kissed her softly one final time, before she let go of my hand. She dazzled me with a smile, wished me goodnight, before she slowly closed the door. Taking a deep breath, I turned to see Michelle standing in the doorway of her room. I thought she would have been upset, considering our own history. She smiled and beckoned me closer. Dreading what she was going to say or do, she giggled when I stepped closer.

"You make her happy, Chris," she said softly, "Look after her for us."

"Of course."

"I'm not calling you Dad."

I met her eyes and we burst into laughter. "We're okay?"

"Chris, you've had a crush on her for years. She's known about it, and now she's free to love you back in return." She took my hand. "Trust me, she's missed you more than you realise." She kissed my cheek. "I love you too, but I know who you love at heart. You won't be hurting my feelings if you want to be with my mother." She paused and sighed. "Okay, I might be a little jealous."

"Sorry," I whispered, and I meant it. I didn't want to hurt her.

"You can't help who you love." She hugged me tightly. "Goodnight, handsome."

"Goodnight, beautiful."

That made her smile at least. Heading back to my own room, I felt a genuine smile on my face for the first time since being kicked out of

home. I still hadn't heard from Mum, so I thought I'd text my sister. She was full of news, none of it really good.

Things are frosty between Mum and Barry. I think she's realised the decision she made. She misses you but I think hoping you'll contact her first. Don't worry about me, though. He's completely ignoring me as I refuse to talk to him. I'm either at school, at work or with friends. I only come home to sleep... I miss you.

Miss you too, Becky. Soon as you're done with exams, Jess says you have a home here too.

I know, Chris, but I can't leave Mum with him. I'm still hoping she'll see sense and kicked him out. I'm worried he's going to get violent though.

Have 000 on speed dial. Soon as it looks like he's going to, get the police involved. And if that happens, calls me. I'll drive up and finish the job if necessary.

Knight in shining armour?

Eh, more like a young, very pissed off young man who wants Round Two.

As soon as exams are finished, I'll come down and visit. I'll try and convince Mum to join me. I'm sorry how things are, Chris. Life hasn't been easy for anyone lately. You were doing your best.

Thanks, Becky. Love you.

Love you too.

I woke up in a good mood the next morning. It obviously showed as I was asked questions as to why I was smiling. Letting them I know the text conversation I'd, Jessica said she'd call my mother after breakfast, see if she could possibly help her see the light, so to speak. Jessica disappeared up to her room to make the call while I relaxed, being Saturday. Half an hour later, she returned and wasn't happy, flopping onto the seat next to me.

"My sister is a fucking stubborn old..." she trailed off and just

growled.

"Becky suggested she might listen to reason?"

"Okay. So she's clearly not happy. She admitted that at least. But she feels that if she leaves him, she'll be alone the rest of her life. So she's almost willing to tolerate all his shit just not to be alone."

"Fucks sake," I muttered.

"She never grieved properly, Chris," she said softly, turning to see her cheeks wet, hugging her to me immediately, "She's never got over losing your father, her husband. The wanker she's with is clearly a rebound that's gone far further than it should have done."

"Anything I can do?"

"Right now? No. I think you show up on the doorstep, it will only escalate. She wants to call you but... doesn't know how you'll react..."

I took out my phone, scrolled through until I found 'Mum' and hit the call button. It rang only twice before Mum answered. "Chris! How are you, sweetie?"

"Hello, Mum. I'm okay. You?"

"Oh, you know how it is. I'll be heading to work in an hour or so. Are you busy?"

"Yeah. I spent all last week fixing my car. The drive down here didn't do it any good. Jess has given me a job around the farm. Basic maintenance, help fix the house, that sort of thing. I'll help with all the picking if need be otherwise."

"Good, sweetie. I know you're someone who needs a job to stop being bored." She paused before adding, "I miss you."

"I love you, Mum."

She didn't reply a few seconds, then I heard her quiet sobs down the phone. "I love you too, baby. Can you come home?"

I glanced at Jessica, taking her hand in mine. "Mum, I am home. That house hasn't felt like home in long time. It was okay after we lost Dad. We managed to keep things going. But you know what I think and feel. I didn't want to call to argue, Mum. I just wanted to talk to you, let you know I'm sorry too. But I can't live there any longer. Not while he's there."

That made her cry harder. I needed my hand back to wipe my cheeks. This was more difficult than I thought, feeling Jessica cuddle into my side. "I don't know what to do anymore," she said softly.

Jessica gestured for me to hand her the phone. "Linda, you know what to do. That house... It's a burden on you and the kids. And you're not alone. You have me, your nieces, your daughter, your son. But you should surely realise that, as soon as Becky graduates, she's going to leave too. You need to do something, Linda. You need to leave. Kick that bastard out, sell the house, and come down here."

"What will I do?" she asked quietly.

"There's work down here for someone with your skills. You're the

smartest woman I know, Linda, but common sense is not your strong point. Barry is a fucking loser. Jeremy was a champion. Loved you. Loved his kids. I know his sudden death affected all of you, you the most, but none of us... We should have stepped in sooner, but you should have also listened. Please listen now, Linda. You have a home here, whenever you want. You and Becky. And once you're ready, there are plenty of houses around here, ready for you to move into, with or without your kids. But you'll never be alone. I'll make sure of it."

"I don't want to be alone. What if he's..."

"Mum, I'll put it bluntly. He's a fucking wanker and nothing like Dad. I don't have rose-tinted glasses when it comes to him. He loved you. He loved us. What happened was cruel. He died far too young. But Barry is not the answer. And you know that, Mum. At heart, you know that. I remember the vivacious young woman who raised us, doted on us, made us feel like a family. You and Dad. I remember the love you had for each other. I don't see or hear that woman anymore, Mum. I know she's there somewhere. I want her back. So does Becky."

"So do I," Jessica added, "I want my sister back. The one I

remember. The one who smiled all the time."

She wept over the phone before she asked softly, "I can come down there?"

"My door is always open to family, Linda. Once Becky has graduated from high school, come down and we'll thrash everything out."

"That's a month away at most." I heard her take a few deep breaths, getting her emotions under control. "He scares me, Chris."

My fists automatically closed. Jessica noticed, resting a hand on my forearm, giving me a warning look. I felt my jaw set. Round two beckoned if she said anything else. "Has he hurt you, Mum?"

"Not physically..."

"Not yet, you mean," Jessica muttered, "Linda, are you in danger?"

"No. I kicked him out of the bedroom, at least. He's in... er..."

I grimaced "Well, it's a spare room at the moment. Right, Mum, I'm going to put confidence in you to do the right thing. I've kept in contact with Becky. I've already ordered her to call the cops should anything amiss happen. And I'm giving you the same order. If that fuckwit so much as starts to raise a hand, intimidate, anything..."

"I can really come down, Jess?"

"The day after you arrive, we go house hunting, Linda."

She remained silent. "I'll think about it. I promise, I'll think about it. But this house still means something. I still see Jeremy everywhere..."

"I know, honey. I really do," Jessica replied softly, "But you're also living in the past doing that. You need to let him go. I know how hard that sounds." I needed to wipe my cheeks again. I knew Mum had struggled but hearing she was almost still grieving nearly broke me completely. "You need a clean break, Linda. From that house. From your memories. From everything up there. Make a new home down here. A new future. And your family is down here."

"I've got to go," she said, "Work... I promise I'll think about it, Jess. I just need to think. I need time. I love you both. So much."

"Love you too, Mum."

She hung up, Jessica dropping the phone on the table before she turned and hugged me tightly, feeling her wet my t-shirt with her tears. "I had no idea she still hurt so much. And now with him controlling her..."

"It's Christmas next month. She'll be down here by then. You have my word."

Both girls headed out that night. Michelle asked if I was up for meeting some friends, but the conversation with my mother had put my good mood on ice immediately after. Jessica was still upset too, Michelle seeming to realise. We didn't tell her too much, letting her know that we were hoping to help my mother and sister over the next few weeks.

We didn't drink that night, Jessica barely leaving my side the entire night. Now that we were both sober, I wondered what would happen. I had my answer barely an hour after Kylie had left with a cheerful goodbye. There was nothing really on TV, just keeping Jessica company, when she straddled my lap and gazed into my eyes.

"Do you love me, Chris?" she asked bluntly. I felt heat creep into my cheeks, but I managed a nod. "Are you in love with me?" I met her eyes and nodded again. She didn't hesitate in leaning down to kiss me again. She accepted my tongue within seconds, holding her tight to my body. My cock didn't take long to get hard, feeling her smile as we made out, and she didn't hold back in grinding on my lap.

Rolling her onto her back, we continued to make out, one of her legs around my waist, the other on the floor. I pawed at her breasts covered by her shirt, moving down from her lips to attack her neck. "Do you want me, Chris?" she whispered.

"More than anything."

"I want you too. But I want to take it slow."

"That's okay. Best we do. Tricky territory we'll be dealing with."

"Where did all this maturity come from?"

I snorted and I rested on a forearm. "Shit, I was running the house after Dad died. Mum was a mess, my sister needed me to be strong. I was fourteen and was using the life insurance to pay the mortgage, the bills, making sure the shopping we done, Becky was going to school, and that was in addition to making sure Mum was at least eating."

"I didn't know..."

I shrugged. "Mum did her best, but her heart was shattered. So I stepped up because I had to. From then until the day she met Barry, things did get better. The moment he just moved himself in, every day just got worse." I ran my fingers through her hair. "I would have come down her earlier, far earlier, but I couldn't walk out on them. But when Mum didn't stand up for me, that hurt. And I was left feeling I had no choice."

We made out most of the night, interspersing that with general conversation, until she suggested we head to bed, as we did have plans the next morning. She took my hand once we were upstairs, leading me to her bedroom. Before I could ask what we were doing, he hugged me. "I want nothing more than to be fucked by my very handsome nephew, but tonight, I just want cuddles."

"Me too, to be honest."

She put on the flannel shirt I already knew well, barely long enough to cover her arse, keeping on a pair of panties only. I made sure I kept my boxer-briefs on at least. Sliding under the covers together, she wanted to be held by all me, her very cute butt pressing against my groin. She felt I was hard and giggled. "Been a long time since I felt something like that against me."

"Jess, the fact you are single right now is a crime."

"I'm not single now."

It took me a few seconds for my brain to comprehend what she just said. "Oh..."

She took my hands in hers, holding them to her chest. "Are you serious about this, Chris?"

"Definitely. I want you so fucking much, Jess."

"Ditto," she whispered. She turned around, nestling her head under my chin, cuddling her towards me. "Now this is better. Young man back in my bed. Positively scandalous."

"Please, if my friends had met you, Jess, I'd have been teased mercilessly about my cougar auntie."

She loved that thought. We relaxed together and she eventually drifted off first. Feeling her breathing change, I leaned down to her ear. "I love you, Jessica. More than you could imagine," I breathed. Whether she heard me or not, I'm not sure. But I was smiling to myself as I drifted off

The girls were only a little hungover the next day, so they were up early enough to prepare the picnic before we piled into my car. As it was an automatic, I could drive while holding Jessica's hand.

Glancing back at Michelle and Kylie in the rear-view mirror, they both smiled at me. "Mum's happy, Chris. That's all we wanted," Michelle said.

The beach was practically deserted when we arrived, Jessica stating only the locals really knew about it, though the occasional tourist would follow the local roads and stumble upon it. Once we had the large rug down, the picnic basket and esky holding it in place, clothing was removed as we all jogged to the water. Jessica wore a simple white bikini, showing plenty of her firm arse and cleavage. Frankly, her body was spectacular. Michelle wore a black bikini, and had plenty of her own curves, having now grown into her body. Kylie was still slim with her red bikini. I'd call her perky in all ways.

Being the only man, I was centre of attention, all three of them taking the opportunity to feel up my arms and chest. Kylie, being the smallest, was the easiest to launch into water, making her squeal as she practically flew. Michelle loved it simply so she could hug me. No matter what, I knew we'd always be close. As for Jessica, she loved to place my hands on her arse, so I'd kiss hers when I could, making her laugh before I launched her too.

All that exercise certainly helped build an appetite, nibbling at all the food we'd prepared. The three girls shared a bottle of wine. I was driving so stuck to water. I didn't mind. Jessica then asked me to apply sunscreen as the three wanted to top up their tans. When I was asked by all three of them, I did gulp, so figured I'd focus on Kylie first, making her giggle as, to be honest, I'd never touched her in such a manner before. Michelle enjoyed herself, though when it came to doing Jessica, I was already nursing more than a semi, so made sure she felt it. Doing down her back was fine, but when I focused on her legs, I made sure I moved my hands up her thighs as high as possible, brushing her covered pussy 'accidentally'. The fact she stifled some soft moans suggested my applying of lotion, which basically turned into a massage, had turned her on.

After an hour on their backs, they wanted to do their fronts. Kylie and Michelle did themselves, Jessica suggested I do her. The fact she removed her bikini top turned my semi into a full blown erection. I hadn't seen her tits in all their glory in a long time. I moved from her hands, up her arms, to her chest. When I avoided her breasts, she lifted her head, unable to see her eyes behind the sunglasses. "You missed a spot or two there, Chris."

Her nipples were already hard, so I brushed my hands over them.

She bit her lip more than once, stifling a gasp or moan, before I moved down her body, down her legs all the way to her delicate little feet, before moving back up her thighs. I made sure I met her eyes as I carefully moved my hands closer and closer to her pussy. Glancing, Kylie wasn't paying attention but Michelle did glance at me. All she did was smile. I guess she wasn't surprised.

I teased Jessica to start before I slid a finger under the thin strip of fabric, feeling the warmth and wetness of her pussy. That made her moan. Kylie burst into giggles. "Sorry," Jessica whispered, "Sorry... Chris... We shouldn't..."

"Sorry, getting carried away here."

"I've got headphones, Mum," Kylie said, "Michelle, you should wear yours too."

I think Michelle was enjoying the show, whether watching or listening. Lying next to Jessica, the two girls started listening to music, Jessica turning to kiss me. Moving my hand back down her body, I slid my hand under her bikini bottom, wasting no time sliding a couple of fingers her.

"Oh fuck," she moaned, needing to kiss me immediately. I felt her body reacting to what I was doing, hips moving slightly as I curled my finger enough to slowly find her g-spot. I'd have loved nothing more than going down on her, as I loved eating pussy, and the idea of eating her out had been a long held desire. But my fingers were doing their job.

"I can't wait to feel you inside me," she murmured, kissing me again.

"That's been my fantasy for years, Jess. At least one of them regarding you. Never needed porn. Just thought about you all the time."

I stopped long enough to remove her bikini bottoms. That's when Michelle turned onto her side to look away, ensuring Kylie couldn't see. I'd have to thank her later, Jessica spreading her legs, resting her right over mine, as I now had free reign. I managed to position my hand so I could slide two fingers into her, my thumb gently rubbing on her clit.

"Please make me cum," she whimpered, "I love you."

Not to toot my own horn, but I'd had my fingers in a few girls. Yes, each woman is different, but they generally share similar features. Once I found her special spot, and I'd worked out the right pressure on her clit, it was a case of teasing my aunt until she was begging me to make her orgasm. Her kisses were now hungry, needy, full of her desire for me. Her hips moved against my hand, feeling her shudder as she got closer and closer to orgasm.

Then her back arched and she released a loud cry. Michelle couldn't help glance. Kylie lifted her head. I noticed them out of the corner of my eyes though my focus remained on Jessica. Then I felt her squeeze my fingers and she kissed me deeply to cover her moans. Breaking the kiss suddenly, she cried. "Oh my fucking god!" Anyone else on the beach would have known exactly what was happening.

She gently grabbed my wrist, holding my fingers in place for a few seconds before easing them out. I licked those clean immediately, savouring her taste for the first time. She lifted her sunglasses so I could see her eyes, leaning down to kiss her softly. "What about you?" she asked softly.

"I'm fine. I just wanted to make my favourite aunt orgasm."

Jessica happily lay there naked until the girls felt cooked enough that they wanted another swim in the ocean. She did put on her bikini bottoms though went topless. Seeing their mother do it, Michelle and Kylie figured they'd go topless too. I didn't know where to look. Jessica whispered into my ear she had no problem with me looking at my cousins. They were beautiful young women.

She wasn't wrong.

We were in a good mood driving home, stopping at a fish n' chip shop for dinner not far from the farm, digging in as soon as we were inside as the four of us were ravenous. I needed a shower after that, and that's when I had my own surprise, Jessica sliding into the stall to join me. Her body pressed into mine as her lips found mine. Without a word, she slowly kissed down my body until she was on her knees.

"I won't last long," I admitted.

"I don't care. I just want you to feel as good as I do right now, Chris."

Considering she had me moaning in thirty seconds, she didn't stand on ceremony nor spend time teasing me. My cock simply disappeared inside her mouth, her head quickly bobbing up and down on my cock. I ran fingers through her hair, unable to stop myself looking down into her eyes. She looked so happy on her knees, I blurted out how much I loved her. She already knew, but I thought she should hear it again.

Best blowjob I'd had in my life. I'd had a few from a few girlfriends since losing my virginity. As the old saying goes, with age comes experience. I knew she'd tease me for hours when she did it again, hopefully rather soon.

"Close," I managed to warn her. All she did was seal her lips around her cock, feeling her tongue working my shaft. I groaned once more before I felt that first spurt fire from my cock, quickly fired by plenty more cum. Jessica swallowed every drop, running her tongue up and down my cock before she sat back, looking very happy with herself.

I definitely surprised her by lifting her up and kissing her. "That's unusual," she said.

"You swallow it, I can kiss you afterwards."

"I'll swallow it every time, if it doesn't end up in my pussy or arse, that is. Or on my face. Or on my tits."

I felt a grin form. "You have ideas, Jess?"

Her hands ran up and down my chest. "I have one right now. You're moving into my room from tonight. Holding me last night... I haven't slept so well in years. I felt safe and loved."

I couldn't hide the fact I was moving all my stuff into her room, feeling myself blush as Kylie and Michelle watched me with amusement. As soon as I was done, Kylie wandered towards me, hugging me tightly, before happily walking into her bedroom. Michelle did the same thing, hugging me for far longer. "Can I be honest about something, Chris?"

"Always."

"I'm glad you're here for Mum. She needed a good man. Fairly sure

you're probably not who she expected to be with, but if it could be anyone in the world, I'm glad it's you."

"Thanks, Michelle."

"Kylie and I love you to bits too, Chris."

"I love you guys too just as much."

"Good." She leaned back and met my eyes. "It's going to be really fucking weird if or even when you marry Mum."

"Not sure I can." That's when she blushed. "What?"

"Um, when we used to fool around, I looked into possibly marrying my cousin. Well, we can, and if we could, I would assume it would be the same for an aunt and nephew."

"Oh..."

She placed her hands on my shoulders. "No guilt, Chris. I've had boyfriends since then. I've not carried a torch for you for a little while... though you're still hot."

"So are you."

"Thanks. Now, you'd better go otherwise Mum will wonder where you are. Can't go stealing her man."

Jessica was wearing the same flannel shirt and panties. I had a feeling that was her signal that there'd be no fooling around, or she liked having clothing removed. As I was still on a relative high from her blowjob, I happily snuggled with her, not doing anything except resting my hand on her smooth skin wherever I could.

Turning around to face me, she turned on the bedside light and kissed me deeply, her tongue exploring my mouth. My hands went to her shirt, both of us sitting up so I could undo the buttons and take it off, smiling as she wasn't wearing a bra. On her back again, I rather eagerly removed her panties, spreading her legs wide, pleased to see she was already rather excited.

"Please eat me," she whispered, "I haven't been eaten out in far too long."

"Can I admit fantasy is about to become reality, Jessica?"

I inhaled her intoxicating scent first. I loved to inhale a woman's scent. There was just something about the smell, then the taste, the texture. Just everything about a pussy, even how it looked. Jessica kept herself mostly shaved, just a thin patch of hair above her sex. I must have spent a couple of minutes just looking at it. She didn't get self-conscious, hearing her eventually giggle. "You like the look of it, Chris?"

"Beautiful like the rest of you, Jess."

"I think she needs some attention. Care to use what I know is going to be that talented mouth of yours?"

Running my tongue up her slit for the first time had her moan softly and I felt my cock immediately turn into a steel bar. She tasted

absolutely fucking divine. Immediately the best pussy I'd tasted in my life to that point. She let me just explore her to start off with, enjoying the attention of my tongue, and I knew I'd use my fingers later to really make her cum hard.

I kissed, sucked and licked everywhere. I loved hearing her soft moans, aware she was likely remaining quieter because of Michelle and Kylie. They probably wouldn't care if I made her scream, but I didn't mind if she wanted to be quiet, long as she told me what she loved.

"My nephew loves my pussy," she murmured, hearing her giggle. I looked up over her body to see her eyes. The love, lust and desire in them made me smile though I didn't stop for a second. "God, he loves my pussy and she loves him," she moaned softly.

Her hips started to buck. Sliding a couple of fingers into her, curling them the way I knew I'd find her spot, she couldn't stop the moan that escaped her. Wrapping my other hand around her thigh, I tried to keep that leg wide as I moved my tongue only to her clit, figuring out quickly what she liked. With my tongue at her clit and my fingers working her spot, she released an almost guttural groan.

"Oh fuck!" she cried, "Oh fuck, fuck, fuck."

"Cum for me, Jess," I whispered.

I felt her squeezing my fingers. Her entire body seemed to shake and shudder, back arching slightly. She seemed to be doing her best to hold back her orgasm. So I now made sure she was going to orgasm hard, just upping the attention on her clit enough that she simply needed to release.

"Oh Chris!" she exclaimed.

And then she had quite the orgasm. I kept going until I felt her lean forward to grasp my wrist. She didn't remove my fingers, but it was a sign for me to stop moving. I removed my tongue from her clit, making her giggle as I kissed everywhere else, up and down her thighs, around her pussy. She was incredibly sensitive.

Hearing her take a couple of deep breaths, I looked up to see her eyes shimmer as she returned my gaze. "Where did you learn that?" she wondered.

"Wanted to make you feel as good as I feel, Jess."

Removing my fingers, I sucked those clean, leaving soft kisses up her body until I was leaning over her face. The next kiss was as passionate as any we'd shared. When I felt her fingers in the band of my underwear, that's when I met her eyes in curiosity. All she did was meet my eyes and nod.

We both moaned as I slowly slid my cock inside her. She felt incredibly warm and very tight. The smile that formed once I buried my cock had me grinning in return. We made love. It was gentle and tender, her legs around my waist, her fingers trailing up and down my back, our mouths rarely apart.

"I love you so much," she whispered.

"Ditto," I replied softly.

I loved looking down to see my cock disappearing inside her. She loved watching it too, complimenting me on how good I felt, how big

and thick I was. Any man loves hearing that from a lover. I was surprised at how long I lasted that first time with her. I think the blowjob probably helped in the end. But when she started begging me to cum inside her, I immediately started to up the tempo of my thrusts.

"Fuck me, Chris!" she cried.

"Jesus, your pussy is on fire, Jess," I grunted.

"It loves your cock. Fill me up!"

I growled, which made her giggle, pumping into her faster and faster, feeling the impending orgasm approaching. She was moaning and panting, angling my cock and body so I would rub against her clit. I'd figured that out with my third girlfriend. With the right angle, I could make her cum in that position. Not all women did, but the idea of making Jessica cum while inside her had been one of my biggest fantasies. I'm sure most men wanted their over to cum while they were being fucked.

I didn't find out that time. I groaned and unloaded, Jessica holding

me tighter as it was one hell of an orgasm, gently pumping into her until I simply had nothing left to give, leaving my cock buried. Resting my head next to hers, she stroked my back. "You're mine now, Chris," she whispered.

I almost snorted. "Please, I was yours the moment I walked in the door soaking wet, Jess."

She didn't want me to pull out. I didn't want to either. But as my cock softened somewhat, we did need a quick clean up. While a night of sex would have been a lot of fun, we had an early start in the morning, so after another quick shower, we headed to bed naked.

"No more flannel shirts, though I do love a man removing my bra and panties before we make love," she said, her arm resting on my chest, fingers caressing the fine chest hair I had.

"I'd love doing it for you."

"Might have to invest in more lingerie for my young lover."

"I'd love to see it on you. You're just so fucking sexy, Jess."

She sighed. "I'm forty-two years old, Chris. And I haven't felt this sort of love for any man I've been with before."

"Never loved a girl as much as I love you." I turned my head. "Jess, I'm utterly serious here. I'm not going anywhere now."

"I know," she whispered.

Breakfast was amusing the next morning. I think it's rather obvious when people have sex for the first time. I was certainly more affectionate. Jessica couldn't stop touching me. Sitting down to eat, Michelle just smiled at me but Kylie eventually couldn't hold back her thoughts any longer. "You had sex," she said softly.

Jessica grabbed her hand. "Is that an issue, Kylie?"

"Huh? No, of course it isn't! I'm happy for you, Mum. Chris is a great guy."

She looked at me with a loving grin. "He is." She glanced at her other daughter. "Are you okay with everything, Michelle? I know it seems fast, but I think it's been coming a long time."

"Nice double entendre, mother." I glanced to see Jessica blushing. "But I'm just glad to see you smiling again. A genuine smile. And Kylie is right. Chris is a great guy."

I took the ute out after breakfast, Jessica giving me her debit card, as I intended to paint the house over the next week or so. In addition to painting, I was going to carry out repairs inside and out, and considered even painting some of the rooms indoors. Jessica gave me free reign, knowing the house did need a bit of an update, at least in regards to colour. Soon as I got the hardware store, I sent her picture after picture of colours, asking what she liked.

In addition to working as a mechanic, I'd done some part-time work as a handyman for the past six months, and had often helped Dad around the house before he died. Nowadays, I relied on YouTube videos whenever I needed to do something. No surprise I had an audience as Michelle and Kylie walked out to watch me each day. I knew their classes ended shortly, joking they could have helped out,

but once I had my shirt off, I think they were quite content just watching me, while Jessica certainly appeared around the house more often than usual,

Each night after dinner, we'd hang out in the living room, the TV on though I barely watched it, most of my attention on Jessica. We mostly behaved in front of the girls, but we seemed to agree on heading to bed earlier than normal. Soon as the door was closed, we were all over each other. The honeymoon phase of a new relationship is always fun. She was insatiable, so was I. We enjoyed our first sixty-nine by the Wednesday. By Friday, we were in bed within an hour of finishing dinner, Jessica wanting nothing more than my cock inside her, in as many positions as possible, and to keep fucking her until I simply couldn't keep going.

Falling back on the bed I don't know how long later, both of us breathing deeply, sweating, panting, her body still quivering from time to time, we glanced at each other and laughed. "Good thing I'm on the pill, Chris." Then she paused, looking thoughtful, before turning onto her side. "Do you want kids?"

"Haven't really thought about it, to be honest."

"Okay, it's just that I'm in my forties. I can still have children, but the older I get, the more chance of complications. It's the only thing that does concern me about what we're doing."

"Jessica, I'm with you because I love you. I'm not worried about whether we have children or not."

"I know it's early to talk about..."

I shushed her by giving her a soft kiss. "It's the perfect time to talk about it, Jess. We're now making love. And by doing that, there's a chance of pregnancy. I'll put your mind to rest. We have our own lives to live. Let's focus on that."

As it was nearly summer, we headed to the beach again on Sunday, and I had a feeling it was going to become the regular thing we did over the next few months. It was a fun day, spending plenty of time relaxing in the surf, relaxing back on our towels, fooling around with Jessica. We did our best to behave considering Michelle and Kylie were there, though my fingers did up underneath the fabric of her panties, Jessica turning onto her side facing me so they couldn't see too much, though they would have heard their mother enjoy a quiet orgasm, moaning into my mouth before resting my head against my

chest, stroking her back once I'd cleaned my fingers.

The next couple of weeks passed as the previous week, mixing work on the house with work on the farm. I tinkered with some of the machinery, relying on books I found on the internet. Some of the buildings were a little dilapidated, so her only full-time employee, Bill, helped me carry out some repairs. He'd already figured out the relationship I had with Jessica, though all he said was, "I haven't seen that woman smile like that in five years, son. Just don't fuck it up."

While all this was going on, I called Mum every few days, while Becky and I messages constantly each day. Though she had friends, I had a feeling I was her main outlet regarding the situation at home. It was a Thursday night, early in December, when she called me.

"You need to come home," she begged. Even I heard the shouting in the background.

"Have you called the cops?"

"Not yet. They're just arguing. They're always arguing, Chris."

She was on speakerphone. I glanced at Jessica, who nodded immediately. "We're coming now, Becky. Start packing your things now. I'll be there as quickly as I can."

Grabbing my keys, Jessica was always going to come with me, the two girls wanting to join us too. They got in the back, figuring Mum could come in her own car. Once on the highway north, I floored it. If I was pulled over, I'd explain the situation. Figured I'd get a ticket. Jessica had my phone, Becky keeping us up to date with what was going on. She said it would go quiet for a few minutes before starting up again. Apparently he was drunk. Very drunk,

Pulling up outside my old home, all the lights were on and there was just a sense of foreboding. I asked the girls to remain in the car for the moment. I heard the raised voices as I approached the front door. Becky let me know the door was open, stepping inside for the first time since I'd left.

Mum was on the couch in tears. I heard Barry ranting and raving from the kitchen, just awful abuse directed in her direction, and he wasn't shy in letting her know what he thought about Becky and I either.

Then he stepped through the door into the living room and saw me.

He would have seen my fist coming, connecting with his jaw. He dropped like a sack of spuds. I checked he wasn't dead, as it had been a rather cheap shot, before I turned back to the couch, where Mum just blinked up at me.

"Mum, pack your things. You're coming with me."

First thing she did was get to her feet and hug me tightly, kissing my cheek, before I escorted her to her room. We grabbed two suitcases and she started packing. I grabbed a trash bag and just threw all of Barry's shit into it, packing two of them in total before placing them outside. Checking him for keys, I took the house keys off them, left him his car key, then dragged his unconscious body outside. Then I woke him up with a glass of water in the face.

"What the fuck?" he moaned. Seeing me lean over him, he was about to get up, so I put my foot on his chest.

"Fuck off," I growled.

"You can't..." I made sure my foot was firmer. "This is my house."

"Wrong, fuckwit. It's my father's house. When he passed away, it was given to my mother, my sister and I. You don't own shit. You're nothing but a parasite, leeching of my mother. This isn't your home anymore. Grab your shit, get in your car, and fuck off."

I removed my foot and he stood up, looking a little woozy. Grabbing the two black trash bags, he dragged them over to his car, throwing them in the back, before he took the keys from his pocket. "You took the house keys."

"I'm not a fucking idiot like you, Barry."

"Where the fuck am I mean to go?"

"Don't fucking care. Get in your car and drive away. Mum will divorce you and finally be free. Don't come back. I'll warn you only the once. I see you on this doorstep again, only the police will drag me away from your bloodied corpse."

He got behind the wheel, glanced my way and flipped me the bird. I replied by smiling and returning a sarcastic wave. But the car eventually rolled away, and he disappeared from view. Jessica, Michelle and Kylie had already headed inside by then, noticing them walk by while I'd had my talk with Barry. No surprise I found Jessica on the couch, cuddling Mum as she cried. Getting down in front of Mum, I took her hands in mine. "You're not coming back here, Mum. You're selling this house. It's a noose around our necks. You'll live with Jessica and I for a while until you find your own place. It sounds like orders, so I'll ask. Do you like the sound of all that?"

She nodded, leaning forward and hugging me, sobbing on my shoulder. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the feeling. Becky appeared with Kylie and Michelle, dragging a suitcase and another bag. "We'll come back to get the rest, right?"

"It's a temporary solution, Kylie," I replied, "Just the essentials for now."

"I can't drive," Mum whispered, "Can someone help me?"

"I'll drive us, Auntie Linda," Michelle offered.

"Barry?" she asked.

"Gone."

Mum leaned back, wiping her cheeks, before a rather shy smile appeared on her face. "Just like your father, looking after the family. You have for a while now. I've noticed but..."

"We all make mistakes, Mum. It's okay." I stood up and offered my hand. "Come on, let's get out of here."

We stopped for some Maccas on the way home, pulling up outside the farmhouse. Gathering outside, Mum said, "Wow, it looks good."

"Chris has been painting," Jessica said, "He's now working on fixing up inside. Work in progress."

Mum looked at me and smiled. In fact, I'd say she looked proud. I

knew heading inside would be when questions could be raised. Heading upstairs, Mum headed to the spare room and noticed my things were not there. "Where are your things, Chris?"

"In my room," Jessica replied, "Chris and I are together, Linda. We didn't want you to find out like this... but..."

Mum sat on the edge of the bed, clearly in surprise. "Oh... well..."

"It's not illegal, Mum," I added, "And we don't really care what anyone else thinks except you and Becky. We hope you can accept we're in love."

She must have thought for thirty seconds before she hugged her sister first. "Thank you for looking after my son," she whispered. Then she hugged me tightly. "And look after my sister for me," she added softly.

Kylie and Becky had always been close, so they were going to share a room for the time being. They were already giggling away about whatever amused them. Becky needed a lot of TLC from her brother, practically sitting on my lap when we gathered in the living room later.

I told her about my relationship with Jessica. All she did was scoff. "Please, you've had the hots for her since you were... well, a long time, Chris."

Mum was lost for the next few days, spending most of her time in the kitchen or the living room, alone and deep in thought. Jessica and I tried to be with her as much as possible. I asked a few questions, particularly if he'd ever been violent. I sighed with relief that he hadn't, but his behaviour had got worse once I was forced out of the house. "He was afraid of you," she said, "I have no doubt about that. I should have seen it, but I thought..." She sighed. "I don't know what I was thinking when I married him. Worst decision of my life. I miss your father. I miss my husband. Why did he leave us, Chris?"

Then she hugged me and cried again. I have no problem admitting I shed a tear or two. Six years later, and she still hadn't healed. Maybe she never would? That just broke my heart further, but it was obvious to anyone that my father had been the love of her life. They should have grown old together. Fate could be a merciless bitch.

I helped Mum organise everything. We emptied the house and put most things in storage nearby. We put the house up for sale, and considering the size and location within the city, we had it appraised a couple of times, satisfied with the asking price. Two weeks before

Christmas, and things had calmed down enough. Mum was looking for work in the largest towns north and south, but she wanted to live as close as possible to us.

As for Becky... I'd noticed the lack of attention on boys while she was blossoming. She had boys as friends, but never had a boyfriend. So when I walked into Kylie's room one afternoon without knocking, dropping off a package she'd received, the fact I found the pair of them making out on the bed didn't come as a shock. They jumped off each other as I cleared my throat, both of them blushing brightly.

"Becky, I know," I said.

"You do?"

"I do. Figured it out before you did, I think. Didn't have you picked, Kylie."

She looked away, a little shy as always. "I've had a crush on you both for a while. My crush on Becky has always been larger, but I didn't know she preferred women."

"Is this serious?" I wondered.

They glanced at each other before looking at me. Broad smiles formed and they nodded. "I won't ask any other questions. I don't really need to know. But the chances of you keeping this secret in this house is nil. Does Mum know about your preferences, Becky?"

"Never felt confident talking about it with Barry around."

"Might be worth having that talk then. If Mum can handle the fact I'm sleeping with her sister, our aunt, she can handle the fact you're a lesbian." I paused and added, "Is that correct?" Becky smiled and nodded. So that confirmed what I'd thought for the past couple of years.

She took my advice, sitting down with Mum that night in front of everyone. That was brave, in my eyes at least. Never been more proud of my sister as she told the family as she revealed her sexual preferences, before standing up and sitting next to Kylie, holding her hand and admitting they were already falling in love. Mum cried happy tears. Jessica did the same. Michelle smiled. Everyone

hugged.

It was a good night.

With Christmas on the horizon, I had to think of gifts to buy. Aware that I was a man and clueless about certain things, as I could readily admit to failings on my part, I was given a list by my cousins and sister. Mum said she didn't want anything except a lot of cuddles in the days leading up to and on Christmas, no matter how hot the weather got. I still bought her a little something though. As for Jessica, I knew exactly what I wanted to buy her. I know, the day I bought it, I was walking around with a grin, as all five women in my life were asking why I was smiling all the time. "I'm in a good mood," I said. Thankfully, they left it at that.

Christmas Eve, Jessica dragged me upstairs early, cheerfully announcing she was getting an early Christmas present. She'd been teasing me all day, so by the time I shut the door, I was as eager as she was. The fact she dropped to her knees as soon as I was naked had me chuckling. She continued to tease me, her tongue licking up and down my shaft, giving my balls plenty of attention too, before her mouth slowly but surely took inch after inch of my cock.

"Holy fuck!" I cried.

She removed her mouth and gazed up at me. "I'm giving you an early Christmas present, Chris. We're going to enjoy some anal tonight. I'm prepared for it already."

"Best early Christmas present ever. My aunt's perfect arse."

"I've never done it before."

"You haven't?"

The smile she returned was shy. "Never been with a man I trust enough, even my ex-husband. Well, he proved untrustworthy anyway. So I'm going to make you cum so you last a long time in my tight little butt."

In that moment, I believed in god once again. At least for a little while.

Jessica loved blowing me as much as I loved going down on her. Though we were both busy on the farm, she'd occasionally take me by the hand at lunch, lead me to a private spot, drop my shorts or trousers, get down on her knees, and happily blow me to completion. Sometimes she'd swallow. Sometimes she'd take a load on her face. Sometimes she'd open her shirt and take a load on her bra or tits, if she was going braless.

Returning the favour with my mouth wasn't always possible, but I had nimble fingers, and despite being busy, she loved it when I teased her all day, getting her nice and wet, hot and bothered, before leaving her alone before she could orgasm. It left her a little frustrated, noticing her bring her thighs together as she was desperate. I'd usually relent before I actually wanted to. Occasionally, she'd cum so hard, she need a cuddle afterwards. "You make me feel so good," she'd whisper, "So special."

Once she'd made me cum, I helped her onto the bed and enjoyed her pussy for a little while. She said my cock would not be going there at all that night. What I only noticed when she was on her back was the base of a toy in her butt. "When did you get that?"

"I've had it for quite a while but never really had a reason to wear it until now. I figured it would get me nice and ready for your big cock,

Chris."

Playing with that toy while eating her out gave her one hell of an orgasm. And unlike the early days of our lovemaking, we had no problem making noise. Her language was positively filthy and I loved her dirty talk. "Love fucking your older aunt do you, you dirty young man." That sort of thing. Never tried introducing calling her 'Mum' or 'Mummy'. The fact she did look similar enough to my mother as it was didn't weird me out, but when they were sitting side by side, I couldn't help notice it.

Still didn't want to fuck my mother though. She was looking much better away from all the stress. In fact, I hadn't see her look so bright in years, but there was absolutely no attraction. Just the love a son has for his mother. This isn't that sort of story. 'Oh, well, I'm fucking my aunt, why not my mother?'

No. Just no.

Jessica got on her knees, leaning forward, the black base of the toy rather prominent. I lubed up my cock before I lubed her up further. Her asshole spread wide as I pulled out the toy, watching rather amazed as it immediately closed up. "I've not done this either," I

admitted.

"So we're both anal virgins?"

"Yeah."

"But you know what you're doing?"

"Eh, sort of, I guess. I just know it takes lube and time."

"I just want to try, Chris. If we like it, we'll do it again. If not, at least we've tried it."

Getting her into a comfortable position for us both, she gasped as the head of my cock slipped inside her arse. Damn, it was tight. Incredibly tight. I took my time sliding in my cock, letting her get used to it. She would glance back and smile as I slowly started to thrust. It didn't take long until we were both rather into it. "Oh fuck, that's good," she moaned.

"Always loved your arse, Jess."

"Want to fuck it?"

"God yes."

"Then fuck it, baby. Fuck my arse."

Hand in the middle of her back, I slowly upped the tempo of my thrusts, giving her arse a gentle slap at the same time. She loved that too, lifting herself up on her hands so I could lean forward, kissing up her back to her neck. "I love you," I whispered.

"Fucking love you too, you big dicked young man."

Always love to hear compliments. I was soon burying my cock inside her arse, only stopping every so often to apply a little more lube, just in case. Though she'd given me one hell of a blowjob, the fact I was in her arse was just far too exciting. Aware with it enough not to just pound her senseless, as we had the rest of the night for fun, she knew that I was getting closed, leaning back further so I could hold

her breasts as I pumped her. "Fill my arse, Chris," she moaned, "First load tonight."

I loved that woman.

We both needed to relax after that, Jessica cuddling into me, giggling away. "That felt great but so naughty," she said softly, "I'm going to ride you once you're nice and hard again."

"Ten minutes."

"I'd suck you to get hard, but I'm not doing that after it's been in my arse. I don't care how clean I am."

"I assume you did some reading?"

"I know you can't just go sticking your cock up my dirt chute without some preparation."

I laughed. "Yeah, heard some horror stories from more than one

friend who tried spontaneous anal. Sometimes, it's fine. Sometimes...
ugh..."

Straddling my lap a few minutes later, we made out until I was hard again, and after some more lube, I watched as my cock ever so slowly slid inside her arse again. Holding her by the hip, I barely moved, letting her maintain control, though we quickly shuffled into a position where she could ride me but I could kiss her easily, and definitely give those perfect breasts of her attention. Once she was enjoying herself, my thumb ended up fondling her pussy.

"Clit," she moaned, "Definitely going to cum."

I knew exactly how to treat her clit nowadays, and doing that and the anal helped bring on one of the best orgasms I'd given her. What made me grin was the fact she kept on going, asking me to remove my thumb, wondering if she could orgasm just from having my cock in her arse. I was amazed at how hard and fast she was riding me a few minutes later, and we both discovered that, yes indeed, my wonderful aunt could orgasm from anal sex.

Then she collapsed onto my chest, feeling a little worn out. Rolling her off my chest after a few minutes, I grabbed a wet wipe, made

sure I was completely and utterly clean, before I rolled onto her, kissing her softly before sliding back inside her. "Now it's in its true home," she whispered, "But that was a lot of fun, Chris."

"I know. I was there!"

She met my eyes and we burst into laughter, stopping any movements as we just cuddled. I was still amazed that, although there was a twenty-year age gap, it never really felt like it except when she was in what I called 'mother mode' with Michelle and Kylie. She never treated me like a nephew now. I was her partner. Her equal. Barely treated me like an employee, which I technically was. She just let me get on with whatever I deemed important.

Needed a shower after I came inside her again, chuckling and giggling away as we rushed to the bathroom, washing each other while making out at the same time. Opening the bathroom door once we were done, Mum was standing in her bedroom door. "You're a bad influence on my sister, Christopher," she said.

Jessica snorted. "Oh, my sweet innocent sister, how little you know about me!"

"I know enough! Cradle snatcher!" Then Mum laughed to herself, wished us 'Merry Christmas' and closed her bathroom door.

I actually breathed a sigh of relief. "Think she's now feeling a little lonely. You're with me. Becky is with Kylie. But I'm left thinking she wants to stay here," Jessica said once we were back in bed.

"She's never really been alone. After Dad died, she was with Barry rather quickly. As I said, she just got with the first bloke who showed a whiff of interest. I'm not faulting her, but the guy was the worst sort of rebound."

Thankfully, no-one wanted to wake up ridiculously early on Christmas morning. Jessica did get up to help Mum make breakfast. I followed her downstairs a few minutes later, kiss on the cheek from Mum as she handed me a coffee, soft kiss on the lips from Jessica, before I set the table. Michelle wandered in a little later, Kylie and Becky not so surprisingly the last, holding hands, looking completely and utterly in love. It was rather adorable.

"Have a good time last night, girls?" Mum asked. She was teasing,

which surprised me. Becky and Kylie blushed brightly. "Sure sounded like it. Must be thin walls or something."

"Sorry," Becky squeaked. Kylie looked like she just wanted a hole in the floor to open up.

"Don't mind me. Sounds like my daughter knows how to please a woman, at least."

I snorted. I couldn't help it. Jessica saw the humour in the teasing. "At least someone's getting action," Michelle muttered, "Can't even pull someone on a night out at the moment."

"Care to head out on a night after new year with your old auntie?" Mum offered, "I need to get laid too, though I'll be mindful that I don't end up with another Barry."

"Wouldn't mind a real one instead of some silicone," Michelle replied. I almost spat my drink all over the table. I mean, I knew but I didn't know, if you know what I mean. Seeing my reaction, she leaned closer, adding, "It's a nice thick one, Chris. Bet you must wonder who

I think about when I fuck myself silly with it?"

Jessica laughed. She knew Michelle still fancied me at heart, but that I was now off limits. Still, I didn't think she'd still fantasise about me, though I assumed she was just winding me up. We ate breakfast before heading to the living room to open presents. Everyone was happy with what I bought them, though I could see Jessica waiting for something special. That's when I headed out to my car, returning with something behind my hands.

Getting down to one knee, I opened the box, showing her the ring I bought her. "All I want to do is spend my life making you as happy as I am, Jessica. Will you marry me?"

She could barely get a word out, nodding as I slid the ring onto her finger, before she kissed me. Everyone cried. Jessica couldn't stop looking at the ring the rest of the day, stating I'd chosen just perfectly. I was put in charge of the barbecue, kept plied with beer, as the five women in my life immediately started to discuss the wedding. I'd already checked, it was all legal, and we'd already talked about the idea of getting married. Was it quick? Perhaps, but I loved her, and wanted to spend my life with her.

Jessica decided holding a joint New Year's Eve and engagement party would be a good idea. We had two surviving grandparents, mother from their side, father from Dad's. Both lived a fair distance away, which is why we rarely saw them, but hearing about our engagement, as there was no point hiding it, they put together plans to join us. My uncle also agreed to join us with my two male cousins. Jessica figured just telling him on the night would be amusing. Other than that, friends were invited, Becky and I inviting those closest to us down the coast for a couple of nights.

I was far more nervous than Jessica during the day everyone was meant to arrive. When I'm nervous, I get very quiet and shy. Jessica noticed immediately, taking me by the hand and leading me upstairs. She knew I wasn't doubting the love we had, it was how people would react. She wrapped her arms around the back of my neck and kissed me softly. "Chris, I love you more than anyone on this world except my daughters, and I love them as equally as you. Does that prove how much I love you?"

I had to look away, as I figured if I kept eye contact, I'd start blubbing. "I knew that at heart," I whispered.

"I don't care what anyone else thinks except those closest. I haven't felt this close to my sister in years. That's thanks to you, Chris. You

rescued her. My niece is here, who I utterly adore. My daughters definitely don't want to leave home now. My family is larger. I hope those who visit accept our love. If not, then I don't care. All that matters is you and I." She stepped towards me. "When we're married, I'm going off the pill."

That made me meet her eyes. "What?"

"I want our child, Chris." The small smile broadened. "No, I want children with you. I know my age... We'll have to be careful, but I want to feel life growing in me again, knowing it is ours."

I wept. I couldn't stop it that time, hugging, kissing, grinding against her. We ended up on the bed, only disrobing enough that I could free my cock and I could access her pussy. "Fill my pussy," she moaned as the coupling was fast and furious, "I want to feel your seed in my womb. Knock your auntie up!"

"Fuck, tell me that every time going forward."

"Like that idea?"

"I fucking love it, Jess. I'll be by your side, every step of the way."

We returned downstairs looked rather dishevelled. Mum took one look at us and smiled, walking towards us. "You two are scheming."

"You're going to be a grandmother," I stated, "Not now, but after we're married."

Mum squealed and hugged us both, then she cried. Jessica cried. I chuckled at how excited Mum was despite the fact it was still just talking. I knew there would be difficulties as much as Jessica knew.

The party started early. I worked the barbecue as always, my male cousins proving friendlier than I remembered. Their father was still a moron, but at least he didn't cause any trouble, chatting with everyone and keeping his drinking in moderation. Our grandparents were pleased to see the family. Friends that Becky, myself, Michelle and Kylie invited simply added to the atmosphere. The hum of conversation and short stabs of laughter echoed through the night.

Mum and Jessica organised all the side dishes as I cooked all the meat. I sat next to Jessica as we ate. I'm fairly sure a couple of those not in the know figured it out, but I still waited until everyone was finished eating before I stood up.

"I'm going to keep this short and, after what I say, I'm not exactly sure how people are going to react. I hope you all stay and at least ask questions instead of just walking away." I took a deep breath, feeling Jessica take my hand in hers. That helped me. "We all look for love during our lifetime. I know for a fact I've been in love with someone for at least five to six years by now. It was only arriving here a few months ago I realised how much I did love her. Nowadays, I can't imagine my life without her."

"What are you saying, son?" my grandfather asked. He had it figured out, smiling in our direction.

"I asked Jessica to marry me. She said yes."

There were some cheers. Some expletives cursed in surprise. My friends immediately shook my hand. There were a few giggles from those younger than us. My grandparents seemed absolutely fine with it. Male cousins looked a bit nonplussed. My uncle didn't seem to

care. That suited me fine. Jessica stood up and kissed me.

"I love you," she whispered, "And here's to a long and happy life together."

That was something to live for.

Epilogue

Jessica and I married in a simple ceremony on the beach six months later. Everyone who was at our farm on NYE was at the wedding, as were other friends we had. Everyone knew she was my auntie, I was her nephew. No-one really seemed to give a shit. They noticed we were in love.

She was also four months pregnant during the ceremony. As soon as we announced our engagement, she went off the pill. It should have taken longer for her body to get back to normal. She joked that her body must have been eager to be impregnated. Or that I just had

some very good swimmers, considering we still made love every night without fail. Whether she was fertile or not, her sex drive remained as high as mine.

An advantage of marrying an older woman, she constantly told me.

Becky and Kylie were the first to move out of home, renting their own little apartment in the nearest large town. Both were studying at university, but after all the Covid nonsense, much of the studying was now done online, so they could remain at home together. They wanted to marry, just like Jessica and I, but they were in no rush. All I knew is that I'd never seen Becky so happy and in love as she was with Kylie. Seeing them together was just so damned cute and adorable, it was like a sugar injection to the soul.

Mum remained at the farm. She sat down with Jessica and I one evening early in the new year and said she wanted to stay with whatever family remained. Jessica loved the idea, so did I. She insisted she wouldn't get in the way, and that she was looking at getting back to work, but considering grandchildren loomed on the horizon, having a babysitter would always come in handy.

Michelle graduated from university and eventually found a job in the

city up north. Jessica and I hated seeing her leave, but it was also the best thing for her. It was only the day she left, three months after I'd married her mother, that she hugged me before getting into her car. "I still love you," she whispered, before letting me go, getting behind the wheel of her car and leaving without looking back.

I slumped where I stood. It wasn't completely heart-breaking though. Getting away did her some good. Within six months, she was dating a man that she brought down to the farm to meet us within the year. The fact I approved of him made her grin, Jessica adored him, and all was right with the world.

Jessica and I eventually had three children of our own. I worried during each pregnancy. The first two were, I hesitate to say easy, but considering she was in her early forties, the doctor's said everything was fine both times. She gave birth to another girl, who we christened Emma Mae, before she gave birth to our son, who we named Nathan. The third pregnancy was more difficult for her. She was just in pain more often, and considering she was approaching forty-five, her body was crying enough.

"Getting my fucking tubes tied after this bullshit for a fifth time," she growled one morning waking up.

She gave birth to another boy, who we named after my father, Jeremy.

Despite all that, we still made love constantly. During her first pregnancy, I'd taken over running the farm on her behalf, and after we'd married, she'd changed the deeds and titles to reflect we were now married and I was her husband, going so far as to update things like her will. When she told me that, a cold stab of fear went through my body, needing to reassure my still rather young mind that it was something everyone had to take care of. I didn't really have much, everything I did own had been hers, though the farm became ours as I eventually took over operations on a full-time basis as she raised our three children, alongside my mother.

Mum would never remarry. She'd lost the love of her life in my father and her turmoil with Barry left even more scars. I had no problem giving Mum all the affection she was missing, except that kept for the bedroom, making sure she knew just how special she was to me. I'm sure many would have thought our living arrangements strange, but after Kylie and Michelle had moved out, turning their rooms into nurseries and then rooms for our children, having Mum there was simply a godsend. Most importantly, she was happy, and that was all that mattered to Jessica and I.

Today, I'm thirty years old. My wife is fifty-two and still as beautiful as the day I'd proposed then married her. We have three children between eight and five. We dote on them something fierce. Mum lives with us and is practically a second mother. Kylie and Becky visit at least two to three times a week, and are talking of raising their own family. Michelle is happy with her partner but hasn't mentioned marriage yet. She's a constant visitor, sometimes with him but more often without, but I know she loves being back on the farm each and every time.

I'd turned up at the farm a decade ago with nothing more than a backpack of my belongings, kicked out of home, no hope for the future. But it's often said that when a man meets the right woman, falls in love with her, and when she loves him back, anything is possible. I live by the theory that, sometimes, just sometimes, your dreams might just come true.

A/N -- Confession time. This was originally going to have a bittersweet ending, but I'm a sucker for happy endings so finished as above. If I were to write a sequel, that would be bittersweet, but I'm sure most of you could probably figure out what might happen. (No, not end up with his mother.) No plans at the moment, as I'm happy

where it finished, and I have numerous other projects right now, but if I find inspiration, I might do a second chapter for this, though it won't be a particularly happy story from the ideas I have in this noggin of mine.