

# Family Seduction

Miss d'Mena

# Part 1

**A**s he stirred from sleep, he felt the heat generated by the bodies, one on either side of him as the two women continued to slumber, each of them currently presenting their backs to him. As usual, his morning boner was demanding attention, jerking sporadically, and throbbing insistently. Sub-consciously he murmured to himself.

'Eeny, meeny, miny, moe.'

Turning partially on his side, his hand snaked over Lucy's upper torso as he carefully cupped her small breast, applying pressure to the silky-smooth skin as he fondled it and excitedly felt her nipple harden and increase in size. She mumbled incoherently, her breathing coming a little quicker as his hand moved between her left and right tit.

Pressing his erection against her bottom, he flexed his hips slightly, rubbing his cock against her buttock as his arousal increased. Lucy turned slightly, still asleep but allowing him greater access to her body as his hand slid over her ribs and stomach and he headed for the patch of soft dark hair that covered her mound, his fingers lingering there momentarily, the ache in his groin growing painful.

Lucy moved again as she mumbled something and then took a long slow inhalation as his fingers found her fanny and slid up and down her slit as he teased her piss flaps open. Her juices were beginning to flow, lubricating his finger as he eased it into her passage and started to slowly finger her. He always got excited doing this, he would tease and excite her body while she slept, her arousal reaching a point where she would suddenly wake and want nothing more than a frantic rampant fucking.

He was so intent on what he was doing that he was taken by surprise as a hand reached over his hip and firmly grasped his cock, pulling the skin down tightly and causing him to gasp out loud as a voice whispered in his ear.

'Let her sleep a little longer. I'll take care of this for you.'

He felt Sandra press herself against him, her mound rubbing against his buttocks as she squashed her sizable boobs against his back, her teats so hard that he could differentiate them from the rest of her breast. As if to influence his decision, she eased his skin up and down, teasingly tossing him off as she continued to urgently grind herself against him.

'You know you want me. My pussy's wet and is just waiting for your cock to shag it.'

Gordon had no preference, one fanny was as good as another, he thought, as he turned onto his back and allowed Sandra to slide on top of him. As she pushed the sheets out of the way and straddled his hips, fumbling desperately for his cock, she disturbed Lucy who stretched and yawned, Gordon's hand still between her thighs as Sandra positioned his shaft and lowered herself onto it.

'Fuck! That's better. Why is it I always feel randy first thing in the morning?'

She aimed the question at no one in particular, easing herself up and down and loudly groaning each time his cock expanded her pussy.

Gordon turned his head, looking at Lucy who was now wide awake, her eyes sparkling with excitement and arousal as he continued to finger her. Moving in closer so that she could kiss him, she cupped her breasts, her fingers and thumbs twisting at her nipples as Gordon's finger moved from her by now, wet passage, to her clit, rubbing either side of the small bud as he steadily built her arousal.

Sandra's arousal was already beginning to peak, her head slumped downwards, her mouth hanging open as she gasped for breath. Her tits swayed back and forth over his face, but presently he could not lavish them with kisses, his mouth and lips still glued to Lucy's.

And then he heard and felt her cum, juices flooding his groin as she grunted and cried out, abusing her tits as her orgasm shook her body. When she was finally sated, she rolled from him, instantly replaced by Lucy who grabbed his slick and slippery shaft and guided it into her cunt.

She kept her buttocks raised high enough so that Gordon could ram his cock into her hard and fast, his arousal now getting ready to burst after having fucked the other woman. In between her moans and gasps for breath, along with the obligatory coarse language, Lucy giggled. She was giving Sandra no chance to recover as she jammed several fingers up the younger woman's cunt and frigged her.

As Sandra's face went red and she was forced into a second orgasm, Gordon began ramming his cock as fast as he could into Lucy's cunt. The older woman stared down at him with unseeing eyes, her fingers, still lodged firmly inside Sandra's quim coming to a stop as she felt the large lump of flesh inside her passage jerk rapidly as it filled her with its semen and sent her over the edge as her climax made her body taut.

They lay side by side, their chests rising and falling in unison as they drew in much-needed oxygen, a thin sheen of sweat covering each of their bodies.

'There was nothing better,' Gordon thought, 'than to start the morning off by shagging his mother and sister.'

Recovered, they got up one by one, Lucy, his mother, donning her robe as she headed for the bathroom to take a shower.

'You..... you randy bastard.'

Sandra laughed as she turned towards him, the sight of her magnificent tits causing a stirring down below as he began to feel aroused again. Before she could say anymore, he had grabbed her, his lips pressed firmly against hers as they kissed, his hand cumming up to her chest as he fondled and caressed her tits.

She already knew what his intentions were as she opened her legs wide and pulled her brother on top of her, giving him a wicked smile as she asked gruffly.

'You do want to fuck me again. Don't you?'

She began to laugh at the look of innocence on his face, but it was swiftly cut off as she grunted loudly, the air whooshing from her lungs as his cock once more filled her wet sloppy passage.

Although they started with the best of intentions to take it slowly, his hips were soon slamming into her groin as his shaft plundered her twat, Sandra urging him onwards as her arousal began to escalate. She pushed her chest upwards, offering her brother her tits, something that she knew, never failed to entice him. Gordon handled them roughly, squeezing both breasts firmly as they bulged, and her nipples stood proud before lowering his head and taking each in turn into his mouth as he sucked on her teats.



As she screamed her release, he filled her cunt with his cream, their groins slapping against each other as she orgasmed and he ejaculated inside her, his eyes fixated on her tits as they bounced back and forth.

Gordon never failed to appreciate that having sex with his sister was different to bedding any of the several girlfriends he'd had, it was somehow more exciting, more exhilarating. It was the same with his mother Lucy, the sex with her just seemed more fulfilling despite the fact she was more than twice his age. Although he was presently dating, he had more sex with his family than he did with his girlfriend, his thoughts each evening arousing him when he imagined what awaited him at home and which bed, he would share that night.

As he went down to put the kettle on, his mother was just finishing in the bathroom and Sandra was going in there next. He wondered momentarily if he should join her, but at that rate, it would be dinnertime before they managed to get dressed.

At twenty-one, he was having the time of his life. Two reasonably attractive women gave him ample opportunities to get his leg over, both his mother and sister eager to indulge him sexually.

Sandra was a year and a half older than he was while his mother was in her mid-forties. His sister had the curvier figure with her ample bosom, but there was something to be said for his mother's slim body and small tits. Of the two, his mother was the one more inclined to participate in whatever scenario he could think of, her appetite for sex easily far outstripping her daughter.

Their fraternisation had been going on for a while and had first been initiated by his sister. Lucy had been away with friends and he and Sandra had decided to have a walking holiday, partly because she had just split up with her boyfriend. They made plans to take a two-man tent and the minimum of items that they needed to carry. They could pop into the local towns each day to pick up food and in case of an emergency, they had the money for a hotel.

They planned to walk the southern coastal path, following the contours of the land but where possible, keeping the sea in sight. The first part of their journey was by train, followed by a bus ride to reach their starting point, the day hot but the breeze blowing off the sea making it bearable.

There had always been an affinity between Gordon and Sandra, their relationship comfortable and unlike those normally associated with a brother and sister. Even when they were young, they had enjoyed each other's company and the fun and games that came with it.

Treading the well-worn path, they admired the views and chatted amicably, occasionally meeting other walkers going in the opposite direction. Mid-afternoon they got out their stove and made a brew, welcoming the chance to relieve themselves of their backpacks.

That evening they headed inland slightly, finding a field just away from the beach where they could pitch their tent. They had brought food for that first evening and would replenish

it in the morning as they passed the next town or village on their route. Food always tasted better cooked and eaten outdoors, Gordon taking their plates and utensils down to the beach afterwards and washing them in the surf.

They lay for a while later on, watching the stars overhead and listening to the night insects before turning in, crawling into their sleeping bags, and gradually drifting off to sleep. Sandra was the first up the next morning, lighting the stove and putting the kettle on before rousing her brother. With a hot drink inside them, she made a suggestion.

'It's still early and there is no one around. Fancy a bit of skinny dipping?'

Over the years they had seen each other naked and so it was without any embarrassment that Gordon agreed as they grabbed a towel each and set off for the beach.

Ditching their shorts and t-shirts they raced into the surf, while it was still early, the morning was already warming up.

Unfortunately, the sea was not the same, they swam out a short distance, but the water was freezing, and they quickly headed back to the shallows where it was not quite as cold. It was not long before they were shivering, their teeth chattering as they decided to head back to the tent, wrapping their towels around them and grabbing their clothes before racing each other back to the campsite.

They were laughing by the time they got back, Sandra asking if his tackle was hiding because of her, and Gordon asking if she was pleased to see him because her nipples were so hard and large.

They had no wish to light a fire, hoping to be shortly on their way again which was when Sandra made her suggestion.

'I have an idea how we can get warm quickly,' she said, motioning towards their tent.

Inside she indicated that they should both climb into the same sleeping bag. Pressed closely together, they soon started to get

warm, Gordon conscious of her mound and breasts pushing against him. As he warmed up, so did his tackle, the closeness of his sister causing his cock to harden until there was no way she could miss his erection pushing against her belly.

'I don't think I need to ask if you fancy fucking me?' Sandra said with a laugh, teasingly grinding her pelvis against him.

Lately, Gordon had admired his sister's bosom, often wondering what it may be like to touch them, was he going to pass up the opportunity now that she had offered? Not on his life.

Her hand slid downwards as his hands moved upwards, eager to get his first proper feel of her tits. He gasped as her hand gripped his erection, forcing the skin downwards as she exposed his knob, her fingers circling it as she caressed and teased. In retaliation he played with her nipples, bringing them alive and erect once more.

Sandra manoeuvred them in the sleeping bag as she managed to get one leg beneath him and the other over his hip, her pussy lips now rubbing against the tip of his cock. Gordon needed no prompting as he eased upwards, rewarded as his cock slid into his sisters cunt and her eyes opened wide in surprise as he filled her.

The feelings overwhelmed him, the fact that he was naked in a sleeping bag with his sister, that his cock was currently embedded deep in her fanny and that they were having sex together, made his body tingle, the excitement escalating even more as she moved her face closer to his and proffered her lips.

Sandra tasted sweet, Gordon losing himself in the kiss as his cock continued to fuck her and she tried to groan despite their mouths being locked together. He marvelled at how she responded to his touch, his hands back on her breasts as he caressed and fondled the ample flesh, his sister's groans spurring him onwards as he began to shag her faster, the sleeping bag impeding his movements.

Before he could suggest that they remove it, Sandra's eyes went blank and rolled up into her head, her body becoming rigid against his own as she climaxed and then began to shake uncontrollably, her movements forcing him to ejaculate as his spunk spurted deep inside her and he fucked his sister as fast and hard as he could.

Afterwards, the heat in the bag was oppressive, both of them covered in sweat as they gasped for breath, Sandra unzipping it as she rolled away from him and allowed the chillier air inside the tent to cool her, her hand wafting her face as she expressed her admiration for his performance.

When at last their body temperatures returned to normal, they came together once more, not to make love again, simply to hold each other as they considered what they had done. There were no feelings of guilt, only astonishment in both cases that the sex had been outstanding and completely different to what they may have expected.



It was Gordon who asked the question, fucking his sister had been too good for a one-off and he was eager to learn if it was something she may consider repeating.

'I have a feeling that this holiday is going to be different,' she told him. 'If that is what I can expect from you each time..... then I am already looking forward to tonight.'

Sandra laughed as she told him and then playfully punched his arm, suggesting it was about time they were dressed and, on their way, before sticking her head through the tent flap to make sure it was clear and then brazenly, stepping outside completely naked.

They covered quite a distance up until lunchtime, the main topic of conversation of course centred on the sex they'd had. There were questions they both wanted to ask. What had it felt like? Had they found it satisfying? What made them decide to do it in the first place? Were they looking forward to doing it again?

Going into a village on route, they picked up some snacks and food for their evening meal, replenished their drinks, and then headed back to the path before going down to the sandy beach.

Gordon was staring off into the horizon, lost in thoughts and even forgetting to eat his sandwich. What are you thinking about his sister asked him? He looked a little embarrassed for a moment before he answered.

'I was wondering whether to dump the girlfriend,' he finally managed.

She had to laugh. 'Whatever had brought that into his head?' Sandra wondered, asking him the question as curiosity got the better of her.

He shrugged his shoulders, 'I don't know. It just seems that what we did this morning was so special..... that having sex with her won't be the same.'

Sandra wanted to laugh again but realised it wasn't appropriate, she had never heard her brother speak of his feelings and emotions and for him to come out with a comment like that, this morning must have been incredibly special to him which made her chest swell.

She tried to make herself sound serious as she answered him.

'Look, I'm up for repeating this morning whenever we get the chance..... but it's not going to be as easy as you may think. Evenings and night-time, mums going to be there. At weekends, we will be out with friends and during the week we will both be at college. That only leaves holidays or if we know mums going to be out for a good while. I'm going to keep dating other lads, you must do the same. That way, no one will be suspicious.'

What she said made sense when he thought about it properly, they couldn't just return home and start jumping into each other's beds.

Finishing their snacks and drinks, they shouldered their backpacks once more and continued on their route, stopping every so often when a perfect view came into sight and taking some pictures. Those were not the only pictures Gordon took, in places the path was only wide enough for one person at a time. Walking behind Sandra, his eyes were drawn to her legs and buttocks encased in tight leggings which only served to highlight how good they were.

Sandra turned, hearing her brother's camera phone clicking several times and realised that it was pointed at her bottom.

'Are you taking pictures of my bum?' she called back to him, laughing as he told her it was the best set of legs and buttocks he had seen for a good while.

That night and after their evening meal and having once again pitched their tent as near to the beach as possible, Gordon proposed that once it was dark and quiet, they make love amongst the sand dunes.

Sandra was all for it, all day her brother had made it obvious what he was after which had excited her, the anticipation of sex out in the open air quickly turning her on.

Sneaking out into the darkness, their torch beam was the only source of light as they made their way down to the dunes, the sound of waves breaking on the shore, the only noise that could be heard. Gordon had brought a picnic blanket with them, but the night was still warm, as was the soft sand as they found a secure spot where they would not be spotted even if someone came along.

Quickly they undressed and lay side by side, his arms going around his sister as she pressed her body against him and they kissed, her tongue quickly exploring his mouth. Throughout the day he had been looking forward to this moment, the very thought of it keeping his cock semi-erect and especially when he gazed lustfully at his sisters bottom.

Their foreplay seemed to go on forever, both of them wanting to make their liaison last. After playing with her tits while she slowly tossed him off, Gordon slid lower as he opened her legs and slid between her thighs, his face inches from her fanny as his nostrils picked up the scents of seaweed wafted in on the slight breeze mingling with Sandra's natural musk.

There was just enough light, now that his eyes had become accustomed to it, to see her fanny lips, already beginning to open in anticipation. Using his thumbs, he opened them wider, exposing the pink moist flesh as his tongue poked out and he tasted her for the first time, Sandra grinding her fanny against his mouth as his tongue delved deeper.

She stroked his head and hair, whimpering her approval as he kissed and licked her cunt, occasionally grabbing a handful and pulling, especially when he sucked on her clit. And then her thighs clamped his head in a vice-like grip, her hips pumping against his mouth as she climaxed and wet his face with her juices.

Sensing that his sister was ready, Gordon got to his knees and shuffled forwards, the tip of his cock gently rubbing against her piss flaps as she started to become aroused once more, begging him to slide it into her pussy. He knew that once inside her; things would progress quickly, and he wanted to savour this moment as he looked down at her and memorised every feature of her body.

Sliding the first inch of his cock into her quim, he teased her as she urged him to shove it all in, but he had a purpose to what he was doing as he reached across to his clothes and retrieved his phone. Pointing it downwards, he just about managed to get her head and body into the shot, her face screwed up with pleasure and his cock partway into her cunt.

Tossing it to one side, he went to work on Sandra as he fucked her, building up a steady rhythm as his shaft slid in and out of her passage, his hands constantly playing with her tits and their mouths occasionally coming together.

She wrapped her legs around his buttocks, dragging him deeper into her fanny with every thrust he made. As much as she tried to cast the thought away, she had to admit to herself

that her brother so far had pleased and satisfied her more than her previous boyfriend had. She had never thought of him as a lover, but now that they were consummating their relationship, she looked forward to many more encounters if this was how he made her feel each time they had sex.

He kept her delicately balanced, hovering just below her plateau until he was ready, and then he fucked her at a speed she had never experienced, his cock thudding into her twat every second as he pushed her over the edge and she climaxed, calling out his name loudly as her orgasm made her shout and scream at the night sky, her fanny now full of his hot cream which had forcefully hit the back of her love tunnel.

Neither of them bothered to dress as arm in arm they wandered back towards their tent, Sandra making a hot drink as Gordon spread the blanket out on the grass and they sat together, their bodies touching at shoulder and hip.



It was a silly thing to think Sandra decided, but if it were not for the fact that he was her brother, she knew that she could easily fall for him and let him run away with her emotions.

'Idiot,' she thought to herself. 'This is our second night, another three, maybe four and then we are back home.' Presently the prospect of that was not appealing, once back there, she was going to miss what they currently had.

Everyone had returned from their travels, their mother Lucy surprised that they had been away together but pleased to see that they had enjoyed themselves. Life quickly returned to normal and then just as quickly, summer was over with. It would be his first term at college and Sandra's last before she began looking for a job.

As time passed, they quickly fell back into their normal routines, Gordon continuing to date his girlfriend while Sandra had found herself a new fella. At first, he had felt jealous, but quickly realised that it was no different for her, he was sleeping with someone else, so why shouldn't she.

Nearly a year and a half had passed since that night when they had first made love together, Gordon and Sandra still having sex whenever the opportunity presented itself.

He was on his way into town to meet up with Wendy, his girlfriend, and reached around to his back pocket for his phone, only realising at that point that it was still sat on his bedside table. It was no problem he considered, the world wouldn't end because he had forgotten it and he couldn't be bothered retracing his steps to retrieve it. His sister was already out in town somewhere and the probability was that he would meet up with her and her fella as the evening progressed.

Lucy had just finished on the toilet when the sound of a mobile phone ringing caught her attention, with the sound of it, it was coming from her son's bedroom. Popping her head around the door, she spotted it immediately next to his bed as she entered and answered its constant shrill and vibration.

It turned out to be his girlfriend, wondering if he was on his way. Lucy explained that he had left his phone but had set off from home a while ago and should be with her shortly.

She hadn't really meant to; she was just doing her normal motherly duty of being nosy as she went to his photo gallery and started looking through the pictures. There were the usual rubbish selfies of him and Wendy messing about and then she came across some of the scenic views he had taken the other year.

As she thumbed through them, she was impressed with his ability, there were some beautiful pictures in there. Suddenly her mouth developed into a smile, the scenic view she was looking at could only be her daughter's legs and bottom. Lucy laughed to herself as she wondered if Sandra knew, and why her son had taken such a picture.

She quickly found out as she moved from one to another, her mouth dropping open as she suddenly came across the first picture of her daughter naked and there was no mistaking

what she was doing in that shot. She stared at her daughter's face, screwed up in pleasure as she was being fucked, there was no telling who the man was because all she could see of him was his cock which was just inside Sandra's fanny.

'It could only be her son,' she thought, the picture was on his phone and the only way he could have got it, was because he was the one who was having sex with her daughter.

Lucy was amazed, she'd had no inkling, her eyes finding it hard to stop staring at her son's prick, or what she could see of it in the picture. Quickly she went through more pictures, finding ones of Sandra either naked or partially naked and then she found what she hoped for. Sandra must have taken the next few because they were of Gordon, advancing on her, getting nearer to the camera with each shot and his large erection unmissable.

Rather than being disgusted, Lucy found herself aroused, zooming in on the picture so that her son's cock filled the screen. She could feel the tension building between her legs

as she made for her bedroom, phone in hand. Getting rid of her tights and knickers, Lucy knew she wouldn't be disturbed for at least the next hour as she puffed up her pillows and lay back, pulling her skirt up to her waist as she opened her legs.

That first touch was sublime, sending a shiver through her body as she ran a finger up and down her slit, her other hand holding the phone up in front of her as she gazed at her son's erection. Forcing her lips open, she rubbed either side of her clitoris, her arousal building swiftly as she closed her eyes for a second and imagined Gordon's cock sinking into her flesh.

She was rubbing frantically now, her imagination having taken over, her fingers alternating between her clit and then several of them being rammed into her cunt as she frigged herself, juices seeping from her fanny onto the top cover of her bed.

Quickly she propped the phone up so that she could see it, she needed her other hand now, her climax imminent. With her fingers pounding her cunt she started abusing her tits,

squeezing, and twisting at them as her orgasm suddenly exploded, juices now gushing from her and the sloppy noise of her masturbation loud in the room as she cried out, panting, and swearing as the sensations consumed her totally.

After wiping herself and replacing her knickers, Lucy sent copies of several pictures to her phone, especially the ones of her son naked. The knowledge that her son and daughter were fucking had ignited a longing for her to be part of what they were doing. It wasn't as though she had been going without, from time to time she saw different men, especially when sex was what she needed. With her mind full of the images from Gordon's phone, it was the arousal and excitement they were creating within her.

For the rest of that evening, she could not rid herself of those thoughts, imagining herself writhing beneath her son as his gorgeous shaft fucked her, she could almost feel it inside her now. Lucy's other thoughts concerned her daughter, just looking at the pictures of her naked on her phone was making her randy again already.

It was something she had kept secret all her life, at university, before she had got married, she'd had a year-long affair with another woman. Lucy did not consider herself a lesbian, she just knew that from time to time the desire to have sex with another woman would resurface.

During her short-lived marriage, she had always put it to the back of her mind, but that evening, looking at pictures of her naked daughter, those feelings resurfaced, her fanny demanding to be touched again already.

She glanced at the clock, 'Just enough time,' she thought as she raised her legs onto the couch and opened them wide. Propping her phone up, she pulled the gusset of her panties to one side as her fingers again went to work on her cunt. She imagined sucking Sandra's tits and licking and kissing her fanny, her fingers doing to her daughter what she was presently doing to herself.

It hadn't taken Lucy long to achieve her second orgasm, the fingers punching into her minge quickly helped her attain it,

her face going red and her body taut as the thrilling sensations raced through her body, leaving her hot and panting.

By the time her children returned, she had showered and climbed into her pyjama's, sitting watching the television in her robe as she welcomed them home.

While Sandra and Gordon only saw their mother, dressed as she normally would be at this time of night, Lucy looked at them differently, her mind still full of lurid images as she began plotting how she was going to get her son and then her daughter into her bed, the thoughts causing her fanny to begin tingling once more.

She wished them 'goodnight,' before heading for her bedroom, her problem needed serious thought, but she was convinced that she could work something out eventually without having to actually confront them with what they were doing. That option would be the last resort, but she was sure that with cunning and her motherly wiles, she could find other ways.



As summer approached, Sandra announced one evening that she had booked a week abroad with her latest fella. Gordon was disappointed, he had been looking forward to the break from college and the chance to have regular sex with his sister. He seemed to be at a loose end until his mother got him alone the next day.

'I'm thinking of booking a cottage near the coast. Would you fancy that? We could do some walking and sightseeing..... but overall, we could just chill and sunbathe.'

With nothing so far planned and his girlfriend going to be away with her family, Gordon readily agreed, it would only be for a week after which his sister would be back.

A month or so had passed and Sandra had flown the previous morning, he and his mother driving down to the property she had rented that afternoon. It wasn't a long journey before he was carrying their cases into the cottage which was set back a couple of hundred yards from the beach. Leaving him to

unpack his clothes, Lucy drove into town to pick up some supplies, making sure she bought plenty of alcohol, she was going to get Gordon drunk and seduce him.

That first evening was completely innocent, they had their evening meal and then went for a short walk before watching an hour of television and turning in.

Lucy didn't have a plan; she was simply going to play it by ear and see where it got her. Outside was beginning to warm up with it promising to be a nice day as she packed items for the beach.

'Why don't we start with a short walk while it's still comfortable..... not too far for the first time. We can get some lunch and then come back and do some sunbathing on the beach,' she suggested to her son.

During the walk and lunch, she had slowly turned their conversation onto the topic of relationships, his girlfriend and Sandra's fella. She asked questions, not too probing, just

general chit chat as they both relaxed. Returning to the cottage she went to get changed, reappearing in a lightweight kaftan as together they strolled across the garden, through the treeline and down the steps of the steep banking which brought them onto what was practically a private bit of beach, the reason she had booked this particular cottage.

Gordon was surprised, his attention drawn to his mother when, after laying out the towels she removed the kaftan to reveal the minuscule bikini she wore. She had been out and bought it recently, with her slim figure and small breasts, the tiny bits of material left nothing to the imagination and at a distance made it look as though she was naked.

Minutes earlier he had been thinking about his sister but now his mother gained his full attention with her attire. Stretching out on her front, Lucy asked Gordon to rub lotion into her back and shoulders, trying to control her urges as his oiled hands caressed her flesh.

'Can you do my legs..... and higher?' She hadn't said "the cheeks of her arse" but was certain that her son would quickly pick up on what she meant, already feeling the slight trembling as his hands worked their way up and down her body.

When Gordon had finished, he retreated to his towel, lying on his front to help hide the erection that had developed in his shorts and refused to disappear.

'There are some beers in the cold bag if you want one,' Lucy said without turning her head and looking in his direction. She smiled to herself as she heard the bag rustle and chanced a quick glance, her smile growing wider as she noticed the prominent bulge in his shorts.

'So far, so good,' she thought to herself.

Gordon wanted to masturbate, he'd tried closing his eyes or gazing out at the horizon, but his head kept turning as he surreptitiously looked at his mother's legs, her pert bottom

and slim figure. The vision in his head presently was one of him crouched over her as his cock slid between the cheeks of her arse, found her fanny, and slipped inside it, his shaft throbbed constantly, and he was feeling a little lightheaded after consuming three cans of beer in quick succession.

'Can you pour me a glass of wine please, my darling?'

It wasn't so much the question she'd asked, as more the way she had said, "my darling" in a silky sexy voice. He kept his back to her as he opened the bottle and filled a glass, placing it within reach as he quickly returned to lying on his front.

He turned his head to watch her as she turned over, propping herself up on her elbows as she reached out for her glass. The thoughts running through her head had made her nipples hard and there was no way Gordon could miss the two large protrusions in her bikini top, the throbbing in his groin becoming insistent.

'Have you ever dated someone older than you are..... or just, you know..... had sex with them?' Lucy suddenly asked.

Gordon was about to say 'No,' but then hesitated for a second, in reality, he had, his sister was older than he was.

'No,' he lied, there was no way he was going to confess to what he and his sister were doing, certain that his mother did not know about their illicit relationship.

'Perhaps you should consider it from time to time,' his mother continued. 'You know, older women have a lot going for them. Normally they are married, they're not looking for full-on relationships.'

Lucy paused as she glanced across at her son to see if her words were having the desired effect.

'Older women can still have good bodies you know..... but for them, it's all about the sex. Just because they are older, they

still delight in getting fucked..... and a substantial cock is still a turn-on for them.'

Lucy wanted to laugh out loud, Gordon looked hot and uncomfortable as he turned onto his side away from her and retrieved another beer.

'Can you pour me another glass of wine please, Gordon?'

It was fun watching her son trying to manoeuvre himself without displaying his erection to her, but Lucy was reaching a stage where she wanted more than to just view it, she wanted it sliding inside her quim.

'I know this may sound bizarre, but would you mind if I sunbathed topless?'

Lucy never gave Gordon a chance to say, "yes or no", quickly whipping her top as she lay back down topless, knowing her son would not be able to resist looking.

The drinks were affecting him. He was uncomfortable having spent all his time lying on his front and just naturally turned over, giving no thought to his prominent erection as he stared openly at his mother's perky tits. What he wouldn't give to be sucking on them he was thinking, better still, with his current state of high arousal, he imagined fucking her.

Lucy sat up again, she had him in the palm of her hand at that moment as she looked purposefully at the bulge in his shorts.

'Would you like some help with that? It looks uncomfortable.'

Easing Gordon's shorts over his hips, Lucy got her first proper look at his shaft in the flesh as it continued to jerk rapidly. It looked larger in real life than it did in the pictures, but she was aware that she had perhaps pushed him too far, his arousal already at fever pitch. Sure enough, the moment she touched his cock, running her hand along his length he erupted, several spurts of cum shooting from the tip of his knob as he covered his belly in spunk and groaned loudly.



He was embarrassed but Lucy told him it was alright and perfectly understandable; it was her own fault for having teased him so much. Taking some tissues from her bag, she cleaned his stomach before telling him to lay back as she removed his shorts completely.

She shuffled lower and took hold of his flaccid cock, pulling the skin back from its helmet as she opened her lips and took his knob into her mouth.

Her tongue was wicked, Gordon decided, the first signs of life already returning to his nether regions as Lucy, licked, sucked, and manipulated his flesh, the size of his cock gradually increasing until she had him fully erect once more. Keeping hold of his shaft, she continued to arouse him as she moved level with him.

'You have to tell me..... tell me what you want to do?'

With her hand wrapped around his erection, it was obvious what he wanted to do, nevertheless, he told her.

'I want to shag you mum; I want to fuck your pussy.'

With a quick smile of triumph, she took his hand and placed it on her breast, purring with delight as he massaged the pert orb and then sighing loudly as he rolled her nipple between finger and thumb.

When his hand slid down her body and inside her bikini bottoms, Lucy knew she was going to get her wish granted, the hand curving between her legs as he cupped her fanny, caressing the soft moist flesh. When Gordon's finger opened her labia and slid inside her cunt, she allowed herself to groan out loud, her body shaking as her arousal skyrocketed.

There was an urgency about her now, having imagined this moment, she was eager to have his cock inside her fanny. Scrabbling out of her bikini bottoms, she straddled his hips and then pushed her vagina tightly against his erection,

feeling it pulsing with arousal as her son gazed at her completely naked for the first time and pleased to see the same excitement spread across his face.

'Fuck conformity!' The thought was in and out of her head in an instant, what she was doing was wrong, but she didn't give a toss, so long as they took precautions and were careful, she saw nothing wrong in letting her son fuck her.

Lucy slid backwards, tightening the skin of Gordons cock before sliding forward and releasing it, effectively tossing him off with her cunt. At last, she was ready, as she raised herself and pulled his shaft upright, feeling his knob pressing against her piss flaps before lowering herself and groaning with pleasure as his meat filled her quim.

'Jesus wept,' She thought, 'that feels sooo fucking good!'

The illicitness of what they were doing increased her arousal factor, Lucy finding the situation thrilling and stimulating as she realised that the infant that had come from her belly and

between her legs, was now filling her cunt with his more than adequately sized shaft.

She hadn't been expecting it, but now it was Gordon's turn to tease her.

'Does my mummy like her 'little boys' cock in her fanny?' He emphasised the question by raising his hips as he rammed his shaft upwards suddenly, taking her by surprise as her knees left the ground.

'Oh my God,' Lucy nearly wept, his shaft filling her quim completely as he ground his pelvis against her pussy. She had to take a few deep breathes as she slumped forward onto outstretched arms. But that only brought her tits nearer to his face as he pushed himself upright, his mouth clamping onto her left nipple.

'Are you going to feed me, mummy?'

His lips encased her teat, licking and sucking at the distended bud as he had done as a baby, only now, it sent shockwaves through her as her arousal escalated. From left, he moved to her right one, giving it the same treatment, mesmerised by their size when erect.

Lucy was losing control of the situation, Gordon knew what he was doing as he kissed and teased her, bringing her climax ever closer. She had imagined herself as the dominant one, slowly leading the proceedings, but he had snatched it from her, her body simply responding to the things he was doing to her. When he lifted her buttocks, planted his feet, and began fucking her, Lucy was in seventh heaven.

Her head hung down over him, her mouth open and slack jawed as she panted, his cock now pistoning into her cunt at a phenomenal rate. Lucy wasn't aware of her surroundings anymore, she concentrated only on breathing and muttering occasionally, her climax so close it was tangible.

When he groaned loudly and called her name, her insides exploded, pleasure signals coursing through her body as she twitched and shook, the sensations intensifying as she felt his cum fill her fanny.

Eventually, she could do no more than collapse on top of him, Lucy currently spent. Gordon didn't move her, only holding her close and tight as he stroked her back and hair, planting kisses on the top of her head.

When she finally managed to order her jumbled thoughts, the one that was uppermost in her mind concerned her daughter.

'Fucking hell. If that was how he shagged Sandra..... her daughter, no wonder she went back for more!'

Lucy eased herself off his body, her legs wobbly and feeling like jelly as she slumped down beside him and closed her eyes. It hadn't been like having sex with a youngster, his lovemaking had a maturity about it, and she wondered if her daughter had influenced that.

She must have dozed for a while, coming back to the present as Gordon gently shook her shoulder. She opened her eyes slowly, shielding them from the sun as she looked into his face, full of devilment as he leaned over her.

'If you're going to continue laying there completely naked..... you're going to need some lotion on your breasts and vagina.'

He held the bottle in his hand as he grinned at her lasciviously.

'Do you want me to rub it in for you?'

'Oh my God,' she thought as she nodded her head, 'Again, already.'

And then she stopped thinking as his hands touched her womanly bits, massaging the lotion into her skin and starting

to slowly arouse her all over again as they roamed up and down her body, no area left untouched.

By the time he had covered every inch of her, his cock had been back inside her cunt, fucking her once more as he kissed her passionately, his hands slick with oil, fondling and playing with her tits and keeping her nipples erect until he forced her to orgasm again, his shaft filling her pussy with a second helping of cum as the whole sloppy mess seeped between her buttocks and dripped into the sand.

Lucy returned home from their break needing a holiday, having underestimated her son's appetite for sex. They had done very little walking or sightseeing, their time being taken up by sunbathing, a minor consideration, and sex, a major consideration. Each day, Gordon wanted nothing more than to fuck her, she thought she may have tired him out, but after his evening meal and a couple of drinks, he was ready to go again, taking her to the double bed upstairs early and making love to her until late.



Sandra would arrive back tomorrow which would only give him tonight before she could use the excuse of someone else in the house to finally get some rest.

Lucy was in two minds, did she ask Gordon to say nothing about what they had got up to while they were away, or did she admit to the fact that she knew he and her daughter were fucking. He had been easy, his willingness, once aroused, to have sex with her, despite the fact she was his mum, had been a walk in the park, but Sandra would be different. Lucy had no idea if her daughter would be that way inclined, had she ever been touched by another woman, was it something that she maybe fantasised about.

Only cautioning her son to keep shtum, she decided to give it some consideration before she made any final decisions.

As it was, Sandra got back early, arriving home just before midnight and Gordon having to scuttle from his mother's bed halfway through fucking her at the sound of the front door opening. Her holiday hadn't been an unmitigated disaster, but

neither had it been a success, Sandra telling them she was now on the lookout for a new fella. What she couldn't come out and say was that in bed, compared to her brother, her boyfriend had been sadly lacking and that she was looking forward to getting a proper fucking once more.

Eventually, after a hot drink, they all retired, Sandra lying in her bed and watching the hands of the clock move slowly. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning and she had an itch that needed scratching as she gave it another ten minutes before silently, putting on a robe and carefully easing the door of her bedroom open.

The landing was dark as she put her hand against the wall for guidance and padded softly to her brother's bedroom. Again, she turned the handle slow and cautiously, inching the door open and slipping inside before crouching at the side of his bed until her eyes became accustomed to the darkness.

Slipping her hand beneath his covers, she found Gordon naked. Laid on his back as he was, it was simple for her to

reach out and start stroking his shaft, Sandra getting excited as she felt it start to grow beneath her hand until it no longer lay flat on his belly but jutted up at an angle from his groin.

Wrapping her fingers around it she began to toss him off, listening to her brother mumbling in his sleep as his breathing quickened. He muttered 'Hmmmm,' several times as his hips began to lift, fucking her hand as she wanked him. And then his hand stopped her, his eyes open as he whispered in the darkness.

'Mum?'

Sandra's heart thudded in her chest, was it possible, had he and her mother done exactly as she had done with him? Had they been fucking each other while they were away?

'No, it's me,' she whispered back. 'Have you and mum been shagging while I was away?'

'Yeah..... I fucked her; she was desperate for it. Now shhh before you wake her,' Gordon chuckled slowly as he pulled his sister into his bed.

Of course, she wanted to know what happened and in detail, Gordon fondling her tits and fanny as he described graphically what it had been like to shag their mother, with apt descriptions of the positions and places they had managed to achieve. His words only served to heighten Sandra's arousal as she imagined her brothers cock buried deep in her mother's twat.

Without further ado, Sandra dragged her brother on top of herself after opening her robe wide, fumbling for his cock and then groaning a little too loudly as her fanny expanded when his shaft penetrated her passage. Gordon was already eager; his sister's early arrival had interrupted the sex with his mother, and he had an urge that he needed to satisfy.

In her bedroom, Lucy was still awake, she had listened to her daughter and surmised that with the sound of it, Sandra

hadn't got enough while she was away and would probably be gagging for it. She was betting that her daughter would wait long enough for the house to be asleep and then attempt to sneak into her brother's room.

Her fingers were crossed as she lay in the darkness and listened intently, several hours had passed and Lucy was forcing herself to stay awake. She was just about to give up when she was convinced, she had heard the sound of a door as she got out of bed, gave it a moment, and then opened her own bedroom door silently.

The silence continued as she waited patiently, and then, she heard it, a noise that in her mind only spelt one thing, S. E. X.

Carefully she moved along the wall until she reached Gordon's room, pressing her ear against the door as she listened and then a smile broke out on her face. They were at it, as much as they were trying to be quiet, the sounds within were definitely of two people having sex.

Lucy waited, the noise inside the room getting a little louder as the minutes ticked by.

Sandra was ecstatic, her brothers cock was pounding her fanny as he fucked her hard and fast, this was just what she needed she thought to herself. Her frustrations had been building throughout her holiday as she counted down the days to her return, desperate to have Gordon's shaft in her fanny once more.

Coming up onto her elbows, she proffered her tits to him as he towered above her in the dark, his breathing fast as he panted with the exertion. And then his mouth was clamped over her nipple as he suckled on her teat, Sandra's climax drawing closer with each thrust as her voice grew louder and she urged him on.

And then it happened for her as she plunged from her plateau, her body screaming its release as she called his name, thrashing beneath her brother as he continued to ride her

frantically. She arched her back, her hands bunching into fists as she pulled at the bottom sheet and began floating.

Her climax was rudely interrupted just as his semen hit the back of her cunt, the door to Gordon's bedroom opening and then the room was flooded with light.

They froze instantly, Gordon peering over his shoulder and Sandra twisting her head around so that she could see between his arm and body. Stood in the doorway staring at them was their mother, her face, expressionless. At that moment they waited for an explosion of rage, surprised when she said nothing only continued to watch them before turning out the light and closing the door.

Lucy was delighted as she returned to her bedroom, she had what she needed, a way in, all she had to do now was to convince her daughter that woman on woman sex was every bit as exciting erotic and stimulating as it was with a man. Her nipples were hard, and her fanny tingled as she climbed back into bed, her robe now discarded. Retrieving her phone she

scrolled to Sandra's picture, propped it up beside her and began masturbating.

After their initial shock, they were consumed by a fit of giggling which they tried to stifle as best they could, the interruption had been unexpected and it was only afterwards that they both realised that their mother could not say anything, wasn't she doing exactly the same Sandra pointed out. They had spoken for a short time afterwards before she kissed her brother goodnight and returned to her own bed.

Gordon was up and out early the next morning, his girlfriend due back just before lunch. At home that just left the two women who faced each other across the dining table mid-morning as they had a brew and talked. There were no arguments or disagreements, the two of them like a couple of "old fish wives" as they exchanged stories, laughing uproariously at each other's tales.



Lucy became serious for a moment; this may be the best opportunity she was thinking as she wondered how to phrase her next comments.

'I've no argument with you and Gordon screwing..... as long as you don't mind me bedding him either.'

Sandra shook her head, who was she to complain if her mother wanted to share her brother.

'Have you..... ever had..... or thought about..... sex with another woman? You don't have to tell me, I just wondered. I quite understand if it's not your thing.'

Sandra shook her head again. 'It's not something I've ever thought about, mum. Though I must admit that when Gordon described what you and he did..... it was kind of exciting..... if you know what I mean.'

Lucy committed herself as she went on to tell her daughter of the affair she'd had while at university with another woman. From Sandra's changing expressions, Lucy felt hopeful, she hadn't looked disgusted or pulled a face, Lucy was convinced that if anything, her daughter was becoming aroused as her story unfolded.

'Is it something you may consider trying at some point?' Lucy asked the question shyly, putting the right nuance into her voice.

Sandra knew exactly what her mother was asking her, she had to admit to herself that her mother's story and descriptions had been turning her on. 'I'd have to think about it mum..... and you may have to get me drunk.'

Lucy let the subject drop, she had heard all she needed to, certain that her daughter was considering the idea. All she had to do was pick the right moment and she was convinced she could get Sandra into bed; the very thought making her shiver and want to finger herself.

It wasn't something that happened immediately, Lucy had to plan and set the scene, needing Gordon out of the house so that she had Sandra all to herself. A couple of weeks passed, her son now well into his break while she was back at work and Sandra had several interviews lined up.

Her sex life had certainly improved, Gordon only too happy to swap bedrooms frequently as he continued to fuck each of them, Lucy getting used to having someone share her bed, not only for sex but to wake up next to the following morning.

She got her son alone one evening. 'Can you do me a favour this weekend?' she asked him. Gordon waiting patiently for her request.

'Can you stay over at your girlfriend's on Saturday night?'

Of course, he was curious, but all his mother would tell him that if he did as she asked, he could expect more than a

pleasant surprise in the future. His answer came a couple of days later to say he would not be home on Saturday night as he winked at her.

'Fancy going out on Saturday night, just the two of us. We haven't had a girls night out for ages.'

Lucy hadn't made a fuss over her suggestion, merely dropping it into the conversation one evening as her daughter was telling her she had got a second interview at an accountancy firm. Sandra readily agreed, she still hadn't got a new fella and had been considering resorting to going out with her brother and his girlfriend that weekend.

Gordon had already left for the evening as the two women got themselves ready, excited, and looking forward to the night out. Finally dressed, they heard the taxi pump its horn outside as they teetered downstairs in high-heel shoes.

Moving from venue to venue, they had fun and laughed constantly, chatting up men as they slowly got drunk. By the

end of the night, Sandra was a little unsteady on her feet and while Lucy appeared to be no better, she had drunk a lot less than her daughter had assumed.

The cab dropped them home, Lucy putting their coats away as she suggested a nightcap, fixing them both a drink before sitting next to her daughter on the couch, closer than normal if Sandra had been in a fit state to notice.

Slowly she turned their conversation towards Gordon as they discussed how each of their sex lives with him was progressing, recounting a session, Lucy emphasised a point as her hand rested on her daughter's leg, casually stroking the soft smooth flesh. Despite the drinks she had consumed, Sandra knew what her mother was up to, the tales of sex had her already excited and the thoughts of what her mother wanted to do to her aroused her even more.

As the hand moved a little higher up her leg, she turned and put her glass on a side table. Turning back, she put one hand over Lucy's and with the other took her mother's glass and

placed it next to her own before moving the hand a lot higher up her leg and under the hem of her dress, releasing it only when it had reached her upper thigh and was inches from her fanny.

'You took me at my word then,' Sandra giggled, before leaning forward and planting a kiss on her mother's lips.

Lucy was hot to trot as she adjusted her position, putting one leg up on the couch and tucking it beneath her as her dress rode up exposing a great expanse of her thigh and easy access to the centre of the current buzzing feeling between her legs. Her hand covered the few inches from the top of her daughter's thigh to her vagina, softly rubbing the lips beneath through the thin silky material, Sandra felt the growl rise in her throat, her mouth still clamped to her mother's as their lips twisted every which way and their tongues explored.

Sandra had considered her mother's words weeks earlier, the thought of having sex with a woman had never entered her head, it wasn't that the idea repulsed her, more the thought of

having sex with a female she did not know. Her mother was different, she knew her mother intimately and the more she thought about it, the more excited she got, wondering what it would be like to have her mum's fingers inside her fanny.

She had suspected that the night out had been a prelude to her mother trying to get her into bed and Sandra was not as drunk as she pretended. The kiss was increasing her arousal, as was the hand between her legs which was massaging her cunt and causing her juices to flow, Sandra could already tell that her panties were damp.

'In for a penny, in for a pound,' she momentarily thought as she took advantage of the fact that her mums dress had ridden up and slipped her hand into between Lucy's thighs and began to stroke her mother's pussy, feeling her tremble and shiver as she caressed her fanny lips.

They hadn't even managed to make it to the bedrooms yet, dresses had been discarded, panties were thrown to one side and bra's removed as they slid fingers into each other's cunts

and frigged, their mouths continuing to be glued together as they groaned and grunted, their temperatures and arousal rising rapidly.

It was a race now as they fingered each other frantically, who would be the first one to capitulate and climax. It was a good job the couch was covered in leather because juices flowed freely from both minges as they pushed each other towards their orgasms.

Lucy's arousal had already been slightly ahead of her daughter, and now it told as she felt the sensations flow through her body, juices pouring from her cunt as her daughter's hand seemed to speed up, at least three fingers were being forced into her passage rapidly and Lucy just had to break away as she screamed, her body shaking uncontrollably as her orgasm nearly made her cry.

Determined not to be outdone, her administrations to Sandra's fanny did not cease and Lucy was delirious as she felt her hand suddenly get a lot wetter, her daughter gasping



rapidly and staring at her mother wide-eyed as she too orgasmed, her body jerking back and forth as the hand continued to pound her cunt.

They panted and laughed, panted, and laughed some more, both women amazed at how good their first encounter had felt.

Lucy stood and seductively took her daughters hand, leading her up the stairs to her bedroom. Sandra went willingly, already becoming excited again as she wondered what came next, she didn't have to wait long to find out as her mother laid her on the bed, gazing down at her nudity.

'Christ! She is so gorgeous,' Lucy thought, as she looked at her daughter, her arousal swiftly mounting once more as she knelt on the bed next to her. Swivelling, she stretched out so that her head now faced Sandra's mound as she raised the younger woman's leg and then buried her head between her thighs.

Sandra nearly screamed, 'Jesus, that was so great,' so much better than she had experienced before, even better than when her brother did it. She had never considered it before, but another woman licking, kissing, and tonguing her fanny was far superior to a man. Her mother knew exactly where to touch, suck, and arouse, Sandra temperature soaring once more.

Initially, she had been content as her mother worked on her fanny, enjoying the sensations it created, but as her arousal quickly mounted, she wanted to try it herself. Sandra opened Lucy's legs and dived in, clamping her mouth to her mother's pussy as she pulled it open and set about licking every inch of the moist pink flesh.

Lucy roared her approval as Sandra's tongue penetrated her cunt and then tried to stop her hips from moving constantly as her daughter sucked on her clit, tonguing the tiny bud as Lucy shrieked and tried to stop her climax.

She was far too late, grunting and crying as her orgasm shook her body and juices splashed Sandra's face. For a second time, her daughter had beaten her, making her cum explosively as Lucy closed her eyes for a moment and wallowed in the fantastic feelings that consumed her.

Once she had composed herself, Lucy retaliated as she jammed several fingers into her daughters cunt whilst returning her lips and tongue to Sandra's clit, the young woman squirming with the assault on her orifice and then openly crying tears as Lucy used her other hand, pushing a finger up her daughter's anus as she probed both holes, Sandra orgasming as her juices and piss sprayed everywhere.

Sandra could never remember sex being as exhilarating, if only she had known what another woman could be like, she would have tried this years ago.

Gordon returned the next morning to find clothes and underwear scattered across the lounge, his brain automatically working out what had taken place the previous

night as he excitedly reviewed the implications. His mother and sister had indulged in lesbianism, that was why she wanted him out of the house, but best of all he suddenly thought, there would be no problem with all three of them sharing the same bed. The idea of watching the two of them arousing and performing with each other before being allowed to fuck them both had him racing for the stairs as he took them two at a time.

Popping his head into Sandra's room, he found it empty, her bed still untouched as he continued along the landing to his mother's bedroom. Easing the door open and slipping around it he was confronted by his mother and sister, both naked and still sleeping, the covers having been pushed down leaving them both exposed.

His entrance had disturbed his mother as she came awake and noticed her son stood in the room looking at her and her daughter in a manner that suggested that there was only one thing on his mind.

'Not yet,' she pronounced. 'You must wait another week and then this will be our birthday present to you..... you can fuck us both that night after you have watched us first.'

Gordon was both excited and disappointed, at the moment his lust was such that a week seemed ages away. Lucy noticed his look and made it up to him as she twisted and put her feet on the floor.

'Why don't you join me in the shower?'

After having soaped each other bodies, they stood under the spray, their mouths moving against the others as they kissed. Gordon's head was full of vivid images of what the future would hopefully hold while Lucy was ecstatic, what could be better after a night of sex with her daughter than to finish off by getting fucked by her son, a perfect end to a perfect night.

Lucy turned her back to him and leant forward, supporting herself with her arms as she bent nearly double, pushing against him with her bottom. Gordon didn't need an

invitation as he spread his legs wide to bring him down to the correct height and slid his cock between his mother's buttocks and into her cunt. Her small tits hung down as he soaped his hands and then massaged the slippery suds into her breasts, paying particular attention to her nipples.

His cock plundered her fanny, bringing her body fully awake and aroused as he shagged her slowly, his hands fondling her tits and making her nipples hard. Lucy turned her head, speaking over her shoulder.

'Fuck my arse. Soap your cock up and then slide it up my arse,' she requested.

It was something she had not yet done with her son, but something she had a penchant for, in her imagination, she could think of nothing better than a cock up her flue and another up her rectum.

She grunted as his cock impaled her anus and then moaned loudly as he pushed it fully up her arse and his balls banged

against her buttocks. Gordon paused for a second and then slowly withdrew before ramming it back up his mother's arse once more as Lucy released one hand and jammed it between her legs, rubbing rapidly at her clit as her arousal spiralled.

'When you're ready..... cum up my arse, shoot your spunk up my arse,' Lucy pleaded, now jamming fingers into her cunt, and frigging herself.

It hadn't taken Gordon long before his cock jerked and he unleashed several spurts of semen into his mother's back passage as she continued to finger herself frantically until with a shriek she climaxed, Gordon having to assist in supporting her as her legs turned to jelly and she shook uncontrollably as pleasurable sensations consumed her body and mind.

Presently his sister was in the shower, his mother downstairs preparing breakfast for the three of them while he sat on his bed, a damp towel wrapped around his waist. From beneath his mattress, Gordon withdrew a notebook. Ever since that

first holiday with his sister, he had kept notes of everything they had done. There was no particular reason for it, other than to reassure himself that those things he jotted down were actually happening.

A lad of his age with a girlfriend was perfectly normal, never would he have thought that a day may come when he had a girlfriend and on top of that was shagging his sister and his mother, with the promise in the foreseeable future of a threesome with them. His mates would be so jealous if they knew, but it must always remain a secret and his notebook was a way of telling someone.

It was still a week away from his twentieth birthday and the anticipation was killing him. It wasn't as though he was going without, when he got the opportunity and her parents were out, he would fuck his girlfriend Wendy, but he never put his soul into it, knowing full well that when he arrived home, either his mother or sister would want to make a demand on his body.



His birthday fell mid-week and he decided that he would wait until the Saturday for his present, telling them both that he was abstaining on the Thursday and Friday, conserving his strength for the Saturday night, and causing his mother to laugh as she told him he would need it.

Saturday morning and afternoon seemed to drag, Gordon getting more nervous as each hour passed, tonight was the night but currently, he had butterflies in his stomach. Satisfying one woman was easy, pleasing his mother who was older and more experienced was not beyond his capabilities, satisfying his sister and his mother, well that was something new and he wondered if it was a step too far.

They had a light meal early evening and then a couple of drinks whilst watching television until his mother stood and said, 'Shall we?'

He had followed his mother and Sandra upstairs to her bedroom where she had set up a chair so that he could sit and watch as they performed for him. Gordon was excited by the

time they had finished undressing each other; when they then moved across to the bed, the two women kissing as they caressed and fondled each other's breasts, they had him on his feet as he moved around the room, viewing what they did from different angles.

Lucy slid lower, cupping her daughter's left breast as her mouth went to its nipple, her tongue flicking out at it as she teased and brought it erect. Sandra retaliated as her hand snuck between her mother's legs, a finger rubbing gently at her labia as Lucy opened her legs wider, granting her daughter greater access.

Gordon heard his mother groan ecstatically as he watched Sandra slip the single digit into his mother's cunt, probing inside the moist passage as Lucy emitted louder moans of pleasure. His cock was protesting, demanding attention as he periodically gave it a rub, trying to pacify the throbbing until he was called on.

Lucy's hand had now also gravitated to her daughters cunt as she spread the lips and slid two fingers into it, her hand moving rapidly for several minutes as she friggd her, Sandra copying her mother by opening her legs wide.

Gordon could tell they were both highly aroused, part of it because of what they were doing to each other, but he wondered if part of it was down to them performing for him. Assuming they would finger each other until they climaxed, he was surprised when his mother rolled over and retrieved something from her bedside drawer.

The something was a dildo, but this one was a good two feet long, some kind of rubberised jelly with a large glistening knob on either end. His mother positioned herself near the foot of the bed, her legs open wide as she slowly worked the dildo into her cunt before proffering the other end to her daughter.

Lucy and Sandra faced each other stretched out on the bed and propped up on their elbows, their open legs over each

other. They were connected, the large dildo buried deep in his mother's quim trailed between them and was buried equally as deep in his sister's pussy.

Using one hand each, they pushed and pulled as they fucked themselves with the large purple coloured cock, Sandra's tits wobbling as with the look of it, she seemed to be ahead of her mother and awfully close to her climax.

With a sudden flurry of speed, Sandra achieved her orgasm, the first to cry out loud as she began to shake whilst trying to jam as much of the rubber cock into her cunt as she could. Her face was red, screwed up in determination as she made her climax last as long as possible before throwing herself backwards and collapsing.

Lucy was still at, plunging the cock into her fanny, but Gordon could last no longer, not content anymore to watch them as he swiftly undressed, jumped onto the bed and ripped the dildo from his mother's twat before replacing it with a real one.

It was what she needed, rubber was fine but no comparison to a proper cock being thrust into her cunt as her son towered over her and rammed his shaft into her flue until her internals exploded and she covered his cock and ball with her juices.

Gordon continued to fuck his mother ruthlessly, pushing her into a second orgasm before extracting his cock, swivelling around, and pouncing on his sister, thrusting his cock up her fanny and continuing fucking at high speed until she climaxed a second time and he filled her cunt with his hot cream as his pent-up lust finally felt sated for the moment.

After a short respite, he was back inside his mother's cunt, knelt upright as his fingers rubbed at her clit, Lucy was trying to cry out but presently her voice was muffled because Sandra straddled her face, her vagina clamped against her mother's mouth as she slid her tongue into her daughter's wet passage.

When he sent his seed into his mother's wet and sloppy passage, she tried the writhe about on the bed as she climaxed,

but with her daughter sat over her face and her son gripping her hips the orgasm overpowered Lucy's brain and closed her eyes as a floating luxurious feeling beckoned.

It was the early hours of the morning before the three of them slept, Gordon had managed it, but he was knackered, his sack empty and his cock presently numb. Lucy and Sandra lay one on either side of him curled up as they slept. They had continued to fuck as they swapped between partners often allowing one or other of them to rest and recuperate.

When he awoke the next morning, he lay for a while as his mind wandered, 'Could there have ever been a better birthday present?' Gordon asked himself.

One by one Lucy and Sandra woke up, stretching and yawning as they gave him smug smiles, later that morning they all agreed that it was something they wanted to repeat and made the decision that during the week Gordon would sleep with one or the other of them, but that the weekend was reserved for the three of them to come together and fuck.

Little did he know that afternoon as he wrote another entry into his notebook, that the next twelve months would bring unexpected surprises. At that moment Gordon had no idea what they would be and so they were of no concern to him, he made a mental note to buy a new notebook, there were only a couple of pages left before this one would be full.

Gordon lay on his bed after a weekend full of fun bedding his mother and sister. They were both out shopping for new clothes and any outfits they thought may enhance their sex lives, his mother had several kinky ideas on that front.

His twenty-first had come and gone, he'd had a party with his family and friends, but again it was the presents that his mother and sister presented him with that he remembered the most, he thought he would never walk again for weeks.

Propped up on pillows, he leafed through his notebooks, he would shortly have to start his third as the last twelve months had seemed to be one orgy of sex after another. He re-read

entries he had made, his words reawakening memories of the things they had done to each other.

'Perhaps one day,' he thought, these just might make a good story.'

Several things had changed in that period. His girlfriend Wendy had gone, her vision of the future with them married with children was something he wasn't even prepared to consider yet. Come summer he would finish college and start searching for a job, again he wasn't overly concerned as he'd had several offers. There were a couple of girls that he took out occasionally, but it was more for appearance sake than anything else, he got more than his fair share at home from his mother and sister.

Sandra's previous fella had gone, replaced with a new one but only on a part-time basis, she had told him, whispering secretively one evening that she was having an affair with a young woman, someone who was younger than he was and



that having discovered the delights of sex with another woman, it was something that she wanted to continue doing.

His mother now had a new partner in her life, not that it infringed on what she got up to with her children, the sex with them had become an integral part of her life. She had forsaken seeing other men, Gordon fulfilling that part of her sex life. Her new partner was a woman, Lucy rekindling the fun she'd had at university by having an affair with another female.

Gordon lay back and closed his eyes, he was excited because before they had gone out, both his mother and sister had told him that they were inviting their other halves over the next weekend for a dinner party, and he was looking forward to meeting them.

From what they had described, both women were attractive, one young and the other mature, his mind already working through possibilities as he grinned to himself.

'You never know your luck,' he thought, his cock starting to thicken as he imagined what the future may hold.

## Part 2

Gordon hadn't been able to take his eyes off Amanda all evening even though this was the first time he had ever met her; she was a guest at his mother's dinner party and also her new partner. Whilst his mother had been married, at university she'd had a year-long affair with another woman and now despite being in her forties, she had decided to venture once more into that world.

He very much doubted Amanda knew that his mother Lucy's decision had come about after she had seduced and bedded her daughter and his sister Sandra, but it was this foray into the world of lesbianism once more that had influenced her decision.

Whilst his mother enjoyed the company of other women, it did not mean that she had completely forsaken men. In the past, she had regularly dated several different blokes on occasions, especially when she needed sex. But things had changed nearly two years ago when he and his mother had

taken their summer break together in a cottage she had rented by the sea.

Back then he had joined her because his sister Sandra had been abroad with her then-boyfriend and he had been at a loose end, especially as his girlfriend Wendy had also been away with her family. Little did he know that his mother had plans and that she had been in possession of certain facts that he was convinced were a complete secret.

When they had gone down to the beach to sunbathe and he had seen the minuscule bikini she had worn, Gordon had been smitten by how sexy she looked. Several beers later and with a throbbing bulge in his shorts, it had become obvious that his mother had conspired to bring about this scenario as much to his surprise, they had both ended up naked and making love.

He had been nineteen and a half when it first started with his mother, that fateful summer in the cottage, but by the time they returned home neither of them had been prepared to

cease their illegal relationship and so they had continued to come together and fuck.

The secret that his mother knew without Gordon realising that she did, was that since the age of eighteen, he had also been fucking his sister Sandra. She was older than he was and the previous year while their mother was away, they too had decided to holiday together.

It was just one of those things that happened, he presumed, but somehow, they had ended up naked and in a sleeping bag together as nature took its course.

He never found out how his mother had discovered their secret, but it had culminated with her walking into his bedroom one night as he and Sandra were shagging. There had been no outburst, no recriminations, his mother Lucy simply closing the door and returning to her bedroom. What he did know was that within a couple of months he found out that his mother and sister were also indulging in an illicit relationship.

His birthday present that year, as he turned twenty, was an invitation to join the both of them in the same bed as he got to fuck his mother and his sister after having watched them perform together. For the past twelve months, he had slept with one or the other of them most nights, the three of them coming together each weekend and sharing the same bed.

Dragging his eyes away from Amanda, Gordon glanced at Freida. She was the second dinner guest that night and again it was the first time he had met her as well.

Over the years his sister had worked her way through a multitude of boyfriends and though she still had a couple of males presently on the go, after her initiation into the world of women with their mother, she had now got herself a girlfriend. Again, that wasn't to say that she had renounced cock, it was just that at the moment both she and their mother were content to get their cock from Gordon.

Freida was a year younger than he was, petite with blond hair and a pretty face, but to Gordon, she looked slightly incongruous with her small slim figure but enormous breasts, the size of them putting both his mother and sister to shame.

Tonight, she was wearing a blue halter neck dress and it was obvious she was bra-less because of the two prominent bumps, one at the centre of each breast, and which had caught Gordon's attention immediately. Freida glanced in his direction, noticing him looking at her and gave him a shy smile before resuming her conversation with his sister.

He turned his head because Amanda was speaking to him, asking what he intended to do now that college was coming to an end.

He told her about his courses at college and his final exams, he was still applying for jobs but had two definite offers and so was presently considering his options. She stared at him as he spoke, her eyes fixed on his and then she smiled at him,

not just any old smile, the kind of smile that only a mature woman can give you.

Gordon guessed that Amanda was probably in her early thirties, maybe thirty-one or two. While Freida was pretty, Amanda was striking with her high cheekbones and flawless skin, her golden tan complemented by the white strapless dress she wore. When she smiled at him his heart missed a beat, her eyes and her smile said so much, a smile that was warm and inviting, focusing your attention on her succulent lips and then when you looked into her eyes, they had that erotic, "I'm going to take you to bed and show you delights you have never thought of" kind of look.

The conversations went back and forth around the table, glasses being filled frequently and with everyone agreeing afterwards that it had been a perfect evening.

When at last Amanda took her leave of them, she politely kissed his cheek before his mother escorted her to the door, taking several minutes before she returned as the two women



kissed goodnight. Sandra had planned on Freida staying over and so soon afterwards the two of them disappeared upstairs to his sister's bedroom, leaving Gordon and his mother to clear everything away.

In the kitchen, she washed while he dried as she asked, 'What did you think of Amanda?'

His hesitancy before answering made her laugh.

'Bloody hell Gordon, you have only met her the once, and you want to bed her already?'

Lucy didn't mind in the slightest as she saw the lust written all over her son's face. She'd had an inkling that Gordon would fancy Amanda the moment he laid eyes on her, Lucy beginning to get the feeling over time that he seemed to have a penchant for older women.

'Let's leave the rest for the morning,' she suggested as she dried her hands and turned around to face her son. That evening she had worn a slinky black dress which fitted her curves perfectly and now she teased Gordon as she slowly raised the front of it inch by inch as she displayed more and more of her stocking clad legs until he could see the lacy tops and the milky white flesh of her upper thighs as well as the tiny panties she wore.

He was on her in a second as his fingers rubbed softly at the gusset of the sheer material, getting excited as he felt the flimsy panties start to get damp.

'As much as I wouldn't say no to shagging your new partner, at this moment in time I'm convinced that I know of an extremely attractive pussy that needs feeding. Do you think it would be partial to some sausage?' he asked, at the same time as he slid his finger beneath her gusset and stroked her piss flaps, Lucy shuddering with excitement as he suggested they retire.

As they passed his sisters room, the noises from within made it perfectly obvious what the two girls were doing. They stopped for a moment as they listened, Gordon's hand going beneath his mother's dress as he squeezed the cheeks of her arse before reaching around and massaging her cunt once more, Lucy's legs becoming wobbly as her excitement mounted.

With her bedroom door securely closed, Lucy turned her back to him so that he could unzip her dress before turning back and sexily wriggling from it as Gordon quickly got rid of his clothes, his cock jutting upwards once naked.

As Lucy pressed herself against him, proffering her lips to be kissed, she never failed to delight in the feeling of excitement that came as his erection pushed against her belly, a sure sign that he still found her desirable. She was ready for sex, allowing her son to remove her bra and panties as he pushed her back towards the bed, her legs opening wide the moment her spine hit the mattress.

She loved the way he always paused momentarily as he gazed at her body, a smile of satisfaction breaking out on his face as he mounted her. They had become used to each other, as though they were a married couple, sex an integral part of their lives. There was no fumbling nowadays as his cock perfectly entered her fanny, again pausing for a second before he thrust the entire length up her flue, as always, taking her breath away as her passage expanded and then gripped his hot throbbing flesh.

Wrapping her legs around him, she pulled his shaft deeper into her with each slow and measured thrust, a prelude to what came later when he would increase his impetus and fuck her as though his life depended on it. Lucy loved this slow build-up, the heightening of sensations as his cock impaled her and then that slow withdrawal before he repeated his movement all over again.

Gordon's hands were never still, always paying particular attention to her small breasts and her hard nipples. Their lips met frequently and each time he pulled away, showered her breasts with kisses, his lips applying pressure to her erect teats.

As much as she enjoyed sex with other women, there was something special about allowing her son to make love to her, Lucy's arousal ramping up as his hips got faster, his cock now rapidly colliding with her cunt. She had forgotten completely about their guest, allowing herself full vocal range as she roared her approval.

In the other bedroom, Freida was currently too engrossed to hear the noise's anyone else made. She had noticed it occasionally, puzzled slightly because it sounded like a couple having bloody good sex, but beside her and Sandra, the only two other people in the house were Sandra's brother and mother and Freida's mind wasn't ready yet to consider thoughts like those.

Sandra was wearing a strap-on harness, the large rubber cock buried inside her partners cunt as she fucked her, her hands attempting to encompass Freida's exceptionally large breasts. Gripping the younger woman's hips instead, she raised her slightly so that the cock could better penetrate her pussy,

Freida moaning and groaning as her excitement rose, her climax now hovering on its peripheral.

Freida thought she had taken it all, but from somewhere Sandra seemed to have found another couple of inches, the head of the rubber shaft rubbing at her cervix as it fucked her. When her new girlfriend then went to work on her clitoris, the young woman surrendered, juices freely flowing from her pussy as she thrashed about, her orgasm making her a puppet as Sandra pulled the strings.

Lucy could hold out against her son no longer, her climax spiralling out of control as he fucked her, a rampant animal, his cock penetrating her passage so rapidly that she could not differentiate when it was in her and when it was out as he took her to heights, she seldom experienced, her body quivering with pleasure as his sperm filled her vagina and mixed with her juices.

Closing her eyes, she floated serenely, knowing now why her son was the only man she wanted.

In normal circumstances, the couples in either bedroom would have found it impossible to ignore the noise coming from the other, but as coincidence would have it, Lucy and Freida managed to climax at the same time, their raised voices blocking out the sound of the other.

Gordon collapsed next to his mother, spent for the moment. In the other room, Sandra laid beside her girlfriend, giving Freida a chance to recover before they would swap places, Sandra opening her legs and lying back as Freida fastened the strap-on around her thighs and hips before moving between her friend's open legs and inserting the already slick and lubricated rubber cock into Sandra's cunt.

Lucy and Gordon were still awake and chatting when they heard Sandra squeal with pleasure, giggling like a couple of school kids as they came out with coarse and suggestive comments.

Freida had left by the time the two of them got up the next morning, joshing Sandra over breakfast about the noises they had heard. She gave as good as she got, pointing out her observations from the previous evening,

'Well, I'm sure Amanda must have noticed your eyes out on stalks Gordon. You never stopped looking at her all night.' All three of them laughed, what she said was true.

'And you do not need to laugh, mother dear. I thought at one point I was going to have to say something, the both of you stared at Freida's tits all night!'

They all laughed again as Gordon pretended to cup a pair of breasts, intimating as to how large they were. 'Well, at least she won't bang her face if she falls over.'

It was the one thing about the intimate relationship the three of them enjoyed, no comment, innuendo or action was free from discussion.



With it being the weekend, none of them had anything in particular planned. Lucy was going out with Amanda that evening while Gordon had promised to meet a few mates in one of the pubs in town and watch football on the big screen. Sandra, it seemed was meeting up with one of her fella's, and of course, she would take most of the day to get ready.

The two women were discussing what to wear when he made a move after lunch, walking idly down into the town, in no rush as the game didn't start for another hour. He admired the passing females as he strolled, loving this time of year because the vast majority of them were scantily clad because of the warm weather.

He was slowly coming to realise that his concept of the perfect woman was someone older than he was, that wasn't to say he dismissed the younger ones, but it was the mature women that were beginning to catch his eye. He had been without a girlfriend for a while now, ever since Wendy had started to drop hints about weddings and kid's and he had dumped her.

Life was too short to be planning things like that, especially at twenty-one.

Entering the "Crown & Anchor", it took a moment for his eyes to adjust to the lower light levels after being outside in the brightness. He heard one of his friends sing out as he turned to find about five of them congregated around a table opposite the large screen tv.

'Have you seen the new barmaid?' Bob asked, all of the lads around the table excitedly making gestures and comments.

Gordon turned, unable to see anyone because of the throng of males that presently packed the bar. He stood to get a better view, eventually managing to see her, and waiting for the crowd to disperse before going to get himself a pint.

Gordon was surprised but appeared nonchalant as he sat down again, taking his time before he said anything and bringing silence to their table as all of his friends looked at him in envy.

'Oh yeah, I know her, she's called Freida. She spent the night at my house.'

Suddenly there was a mass of noise as each of his mates asked questions all at once. Their comments quickly turning to disbelief, Bob being the one to voice their scepticism.

The people at the bar were thinning, the match due to start shortly when Gordon went and stood at the entrance end, waiting patiently for Freida to notice him. When she did, she gave him a beautiful smile before standing on tiptoes and kissing his cheek. He noticed his friends watching gobsmacked as he ordered a pint for himself and got a round in for them.

They chatted for a few minutes in between her serving other customers as she noticed all of his friends staring in their direction, Gordon noticing the devilment in her eyes as she told him,

If you take your drink and another glass over..... I'll bring the rest in a minute.'

She gave him a wink as he returned to the table, his mates all wanting to ask more questions, the noise stopping as Freida brought a tray over with the other drinks, leaning forward slightly as she placed it on the table and giving each of them a perfect view of her glorious cleavage.

'I finish at five, the same time as the match. Would you mind walking me home?' she asked Gordon.

They were so busy making comments and innuendo's that they missed the kick-off, being told to lower their voices as the game started. Gordon didn't have the heart to tell them the truth, that as far as he knew, Freida preferred women over men.

After the match, he walked down the road with her, his mates going in the opposite direction and looking back with envious

eyes. He would probably see them later once he'd had his evening meal and got changed.

'Anything planned for tonight?' she asked as they walked along.

Other than meeting up with his mates and maybe participating in their normal weekend "pub-crawl", there was nothing that demanded his attention.

'Fancy taking me out?' Freida suddenly asked.

Gordon came to an abrupt halt, feeling awkward at her question, wasn't she going out with his sister, wasn't she that way inclined he suddenly remembered. Freida laughed at the look on his face, already suspecting what was going through his head.

'It's ok, I know Sandra's still seeing a couple of blokes occasionally and I'm free to do the same. We are both in the

same boat..... It's the first time for each of us and we are just seeing how it goes before committing to each other. It's not that I dislike men, I've had boyfriends in the past, I just thought..... as we are both at a loose end, you may fancy going out.'

Hesitantly, Gordon said yes, not quite sure because it felt like he was cheating on his sister with her new partner. As he dropped Freida off at home, he named a pub and told her he would meet her there around eight o'clock.

Back home, he grabbed his meal, his mother disappearing soon afterwards for her shower and leaving him and Sandra alone before she went to her room to get ready for the evening.

'I saw Freida today; she works at one of the pubs in town.'

Sandra nodded her head, 'Yeah, I know, that's where I met her.'

'She's asked me out tonight,' he suddenly blurted, the words coming out quickly as he looked at Sandra and felt embarrassed.

'Bloody hell Gordon. It didn't take you long, did it?' she laughed.

'I don't mind. Just remember though, she's mine, I get first dibs on her.' Sandra found it funny that it had taken her brother less than twenty-four hours before making a play for the young woman. 'Next thing I know you'll be bosom buddies!' She cupped her own breasts and shook them in her brother's direction. 'By the way..... Freida's are real. Not an ounce of silicone in them,' she said with a smirk as she cosied up to her brother.

'Anyway, don't you be getting too familiar with her. I have a feeling mum won't be home tonight which means I have plans for you.' Sandra pressed her breasts into his chest, her hand going down to his groin as she fondled his cock, adeptly

bringing it erect before leaving him stricken as she went to get changed, laughing uproariously all the way up the stairs.

Lucy, his mother had left early, Sandra putting the final touches to her make-up as she waited for her taxi. Gordon took his shower and dressed, casual only tonight, he wasn't planning on going anywhere posh or expensive. With time to spare, he walked down into town; his mind troubled as to what he should do if Freida decided to put out this evening. Did he accept the chance to give her one, even though she was his sister's girlfriend, or did he politely decline, Sandra's promise of a night of sex not to be underestimated?

He was in the pub and had already finished his first pint when she arrived, looking gorgeous and attracting the attention of other blokes already in the bar. With her petite figure your eyes were just automatically drawn to her large breasts, Gordon unable to stop himself from staring at her voluptuous bosom.

They had one drink in the bar before moving on to another venue, Freida chatting away as they strolled through town, her arm linked with his. The next pub had some of his mates



in, their stares following him as he entered, Freida still attached to his arm. They joined his friends for a couple of drinks before moving on again, their evening turning into a bit of a pub crawl.

By ten-thirty, Gordon could start to feel the effects of the pints of beer, suggesting that they go to a local Chinese restaurant and get something to eat. He was enjoying Freida's company, the young woman was funny but at the same time, knowledgeable.

After being seated and ordering more drinks she suddenly sprung a surprise on him.

'Do you mind if I ask you something?'

Gordon nodded his head, not expecting anything out of the normal and presuming it may be to do with going back to hers for coffee. With his brain slightly fuddled by the drink, she caught him off balance as she continued.

'The other night..... at your house, I heard something. Now I know what it was that I heard, there was no mistaking it. I know that Sandra and I may have been loud..... but.' Freida blushed momentarily, 'I know what two people having sex sounds like.' She laughed nervously, her words had implied that whatever she had heard sounded like her and his sister.

'As far as I know, once Sandra and I went upstairs, the only two other people left in the house was you.... and your mum! Did someone else arrive after we disappeared, I never heard the doorbell, though I've got to say truthfully that I was fully occupied.' She seemed nervous for a moment before asking her question.

'Is there any chance..... I mean..... are you and your mother sleeping with each other..... sex-wise?'

Gordon just sat immobile, staring at the young woman opposite. His brain refused to function as he suddenly realised that the amount of noise his mother made, must have

been audible in the other bedroom, they were so used to just the three of them that they had never thought to be cautious, their libido already aroused by the time he and Lucy reached her room.

Opening and closing his mouth several times, words refused to come, if his voice had worked, he wouldn't presently have known what to say as he continued to sit there dumbly.

Freida had lowered her head and raised her eyes, a slight smile playing across her face as she watched his changing expressions. It was obvious to her from his state of shock that he was, but any moment now she expected the denials to begin.

'I..... we, it's..... you see..... there's.' Gordon's head swivelled as he looked around the busy bar, wondering if anyone had overheard.

He should have denied the suggestion immediately, but she had caught him off guard and he had waited far too long and still hadn't refuted her words.

'It's ok Gordon, your secret is safe with me, I'm not going to tell anyone.'

If nothing else, the shock had quickly sobered him up as he leaned forward and lowered his voice to barely a whisper.

'You must never say anything Freida, that would cause a hell of a shit storm for my family.'

She raised her head, that beautiful smile back in place, but there was something else now, there was a sparkle, excitement evident in her eyes as she whispered back to him.

'Sandra as well?'

There was an imperceptible surprising movement of his head, Freida seemingly overjoyed as he noticed her bosom rising and falling rapidly.

She leant forward so that their faces were close together as she placed her hand on top of his,

'Do you want to tell them to box it up and we'll eat it back at mine? I think we need some privacy.

The moment had come, and Gordon had a decision to make, was this a ploy to get him into her bed? With her newly acquired knowledge, perhaps now wasn't the moment to decline her offer as he attracted the waiter's attention.

By the time they arrived at her apartment it was going on for midnight, Freida excusing herself once they were indoors, saying that she needed the loo.

When she returned, she started warming the food up, there was far more than the two of them would eat. Pulling glasses and plates from the cupboard, she placed them around the table, Gordon was about to ask her why she had got three of each out when the doorbell buzzed.

Gordon could hear a murmured conversation taking place, but it was not loud enough for him to hear what was being said. The door opened as Freida returned, followed by, much to his astonishment, his sister Sandra.

'Someone's been telling me you have got loose lips,' she said, trying to keep her face straight but failing miserably as she burst out laughing.

By the time they had consumed the food, along with the obligatory glasses of wine which Gordon had politely refused, Freida had moved around the table bit by bit, now sitting close to his sister. He'd had enough to drink previously and was getting the feeling that something was going to happen which may include himself being *compos mentis*.

Freida cleared the table, returning with another bottle of wine as she refilled Sandra's and her own glass before sitting next to her girlfriend on the couch, her hand conveniently resting on her knee. He noticed her whisper something to his sister who smiled and looked in his direction.

'What?' he asked, wondering what the two of them were plotting.

'Freida wants us to have sex,' Sandra replied, a look of excitement evident on her face.

'What? The three of us?' His sister shook her head.

'No, she wants to watch me, and you have sex. She wants to watch you fuck me.'

Gordon was dumbfounded, whilst he had looked forward to maybe fucking the young women and then returning home

to his sister, he had never considered the possibility of fucking Sandra in front of her new girlfriend. On the face of it, he thought, it was no different than fucking her in front of his mother, the idea beginning to grow on him as the two women continued to look in his direction until he nodded his head.

'You know where the bedroom is Sandra. Why don't you take Gordon along with you while I tidy the glasses and bottles away? It will give you chance to make a start, and then I'll come in when I'm finished. I promise not to put either of you off.'

Gordon warded off a snigger, if things turned out as they normally did when he shared a bed with his mother and sister, there was no way Freida was going to put him off, the thought of getting her undressed and shagging her in front of his sister already had excitement coursing through his veins.

Alone in the bedroom, Sandra put on a bedside light, leaving the main ceiling light off as Gordon pulled her to him. Already she could feel the bulge in his pants pushing against



her belly as her arms went around his neck and they kissed. His nostrils picking up the aroma of her perfume and the heat emanating from her body, as well as the smell and taste of the alcohol on her breath, their mouths moving against each other as the passion of the kiss increased.

Sandra was still wearing the same dress she had gone out in, it fit her snugly, emphasising each of her curves and plunging a little at the front to display her cleavage. Slashed up one leg, Gordon took advantage as his hand slid beneath the material, cupping his sister's buttock as he caressed and followed its contours before giving it a firm squeeze and pulling her groin firmly against his own.

Sandra gyrated her pelvis, rubbing her mound against his erection as her excitement began to mount, her fanny already tingling with anticipation and the first sign of dampness appearing in her panties.

He helped her out of the dress, Sandra now stood in her white lacy bra and panties as she started to undress him, her fingers

unbuttoning his shirt and removing it as they came together once more, her hands roving over his chest before descending as she unbuttoned and then slid the zip down on his pants.

Dropping them to the floor, Gordon got rid of them and his socks and then allowed his sister to massage the bulge in his briefs, his erection straining to be free and jerking every so often with excitement. Sandra had to pull the front of his undies away as she pushed them to the floor and allowed his cock to spring free, her eyes automatically focusing on the throbbing piece of flesh currently jiggling in front of her face as he kicked them away.

Wrapping her hand and fingers around it, she eased the skin down, its plump shiny knob already beginning to ooze precum as she opened her lips and slid his prick into her mouth.

Freida was stood in the doorway, Sandra and Gordon already too involved to notice her as she watched her girlfriend sink to her knee's, grasp her brothers cock, and wrap her lips around it. Initially, as she had requested, all she was going to

do was watch, but as Sandra gave him a blowjob, slowly tossing him off at the same time, Freida could feel the excitement mounting in her fanny, her nipples erect and protesting that they needed playing with.

Gordon pulled his sister to her feet and removed her bra before lifting her completely as she wrapped her legs around his waist and rubbed her mound against his jutting cock, her tits pressing into his chest as they kissed once more.

Placing her at the foot of the bed, Gordon deftly removed his sister's panties as he knelt on the floor, Sandra pulling her legs up high as she opened them wide, knowing full well what her brother was about to do and waiting impatiently for the moment his tongue touched her cunt. The scent of her musk was strong, juices already leaking from her pussy as he pulled her lips wide, exposing the pink moist flesh within and running his tongue over it, Sandra calling out loudly as the first sensations soared from her genitals to her brain.

Freida's dress was around her waist, her hand inside her panties as she delicately rubbed at her quim, she did not need to tease it open, what she was watching had already caused her juices to flow and her pussy to open like a flower.

Silently in bare feet, she moved inside the room and around to one side, giving her a better view as Gordon went to work on his sister's vagina, Sandra moaning constantly now as he licked and sucked at her sensitive entrance.

Freida's eyes kept going to Gordons cock, still erect and jutting from his groin as he gobbled his sisters cunt. With no intention of joining them initially, she was now hot to trot, imaging that cock penetrating her pussy as she pulled her dress over her head, extracted her tits from their cups and kicked off her panties. She was using two fingers now as she frigged herself slowly, knowing full well that if she abandoned her control, she would climax in no time at all. The fingers of her other hand played with her nipples, at least relieving the pressure that had been building.

Sandra turned her head, watching her girlfriend sneaking around the room, apart from the bra supporting her glorious orbs, she was naked, fingers jammed into her fanny as she played with herself, the look on her face telling Sandra it would not be long before she exploded.

As Gordon stood, about to insert his cock into his sister's cunt she stopped him and indicated with her eye's, Freida's presence.

'I think she is more in need than I am at this moment. Go on, grab her and fuck her,' Sandra whispered and mouthed to him.

Freida was taken totally unawares as Gordon pounced on her, lifting her in his arms and dropping her on the bed, Sandra grabbing her arms and pinning her upper torso down as he opened her legs and rubbed his shaft against her wet slippery cunt and igniting a demand to have his cock fill her.

He did not need to expend energy fucking her, as his cock filled her twat in a well-practised fluid movement, Freida climaxed, her fanny rubbing against his groin as her chest rose, arching her spine and throwing her head backwards, the veins standing proud on her neck as her face turned red.

She screamed, words tumbling from her lips as Gordon fucked her slow and steady, prolonging her orgasm until she pleaded with him to stop, her vagina so sensitive that she could not bear it to be touched.

He and Sandra grinned at each other, Freida lying motionless with her eyes closed. If it was going to be this easy to make her cum, she was going to be in for an exceptional night.

While Freida recovered, having been rolled to one side of the bed, Sandra took her place, her brothers cock buried deep in her cunt as he fucked her, all the while she egged him on, telling him loudly what she felt and what she wanted him to do to her.

Withdrawing his cock, now slick with the juice of the two women, he hoisted her legs, forcing Sandra's torso firmly against the mattress as he pressed his knob against her anus and pushed gently forward, watching as it disappeared inch by inch up her arse.

The noise of her cries as he sodomised her brought Freida back to her senses as turning on her side, she watched the brother and sister intently. The sight was so thrilling and wrong that immediately it began to arouse her once more. Kneeling upright, she waited for him to notice before slowly removing her bra and releasing her magnificent chest, Gordon eyes firmly fixed on her tits as he continued to plough his sisters back passage.

With a look of excitement, she straddled Sandra's face, planting her cunt firmly on her girlfriend's mouth and then exclaiming with glee as Sandra's tongue penetrated her cunt. Leaning forward and supporting herself on one outstretched arm, Freida used her other hand to gape and rub seductively at her girlfriends cunt, noticing that Gordon has still not taken his eyes from her swinging breasts.

Hoisting his sister's legs higher and placing an ankle on each shoulder, he was now able to reach out and get his first feel of the large orbs constantly swinging in his direction, his hands not big enough to try and encompass a single breast.

With the cock up her arse and the fingers in her twat, Sandra's arousal had gone through the roof as she eagerly licked and sucked at the minge spread across her mouth, Freida crying out joyously each time Sandra ate her clit.

Gordon was close, his cock ramming his sister's arse constantly as he played with Freida's tits. At some point in the future, they would probably sag with the size of them, but presently they were every young man's dream as they jutted proudly from her chest and it was their fault that he suddenly cried out, spurts of cum flooding his sister's arse as his groin smashed against her buttocks.

Gordon's ejaculation pushed Sandra over the edge as she bucked beneath him, the fingers in her twat frigging her



rapidly as her orgasm made her squirm and she jammed her tongue forcibly into her girlfriends cunt.

Freida was cumming again, Juices flowing from her fanny and splashing Sandra's face as her orgasm made her body shake, her tits bouncing every which way as her climax overcame her senses.

The two of them never did make it home that night, spending what was left of it in Freida's bed as they fucked each other, the two girls putting on a display when fatigue eventually caught up with Gordon, his sack empty and his legs having turned to jelly.

When they did return home, late the next morning, Lucy had beaten them to it, wondering where her children had got to as she passed empty bedrooms with untouched bed's.

'Good night?' she asked as they plonked themselves down on the couch, both of them looking exhausted.

'Freida's!' was all Sandra said. 'What? Both of you?' Lucy laughed as they both nodded their heads in unison, looking as though they may fall asleep at any moment.

'Why don't you go and get a couple of hours in bed? She suggested, 'separate rooms would be a good idea.' She laughed again as she went upstairs to get changed, Sandra and Gordon dragging their feet as they set off up the wooden hill and the luxury of their own beds.

As time passed, Amanda and Freida became regular visitors to their home and while Gordon continued to have sex with his mother and sister, he and his sister's girlfriend had frequent liaisons, so much so, that the thought of acquiring a new girlfriend never entered his head, keeping three women satisfied was difficult enough and he was thankful for the nights when his mother was at Amanda's and Sandra stayed over at Freida's.

He wasn't being greedy, and he wasn't complaining, but the one woman who he dearly would have loved to get into the sack did not seem remotely interested. She smiled, she chatted and would give him frequent kisses on his cheek, but as for anything else, Amanda did not seem that way inclined.

Christmas was a month away, Lucy already making plans as this year they were going to Amanda's for the festivities. As a partner in a firm of solicitors, she had a large house across the other side of town and rather than going away with friends this year, had invited his mother and family to go and stay over Christmas and New Year.

Gordon had started work at one of the engineering firms located out of town on a large industrial park and at last had a proper wage, going out and buying presents for each of his family and small gifts for Amanda and Freida. After all the years at school and college, working for a living had come as a shock to the system. Although he was paid reasonably well, it was surprising how fast money disappeared when you went buying gifts. It was the same with holidays, eight weeks per

year was as much as he used to get just for his summer break, welcome to the real world he thought often.

Christmas morning saw everyone gathered at Amanda's; Freida included. It was as though the two women had become part of his extended family and he was currently browsing Amanda's eclectic album collection.

Although she must have been born in the eighties, her collection included albums by many groups from the sixties and seventies as well as some from the eighties and nineties. Organised by genre and then alphabetical order, there was a mixture of pop, rock, and classical music.

For Gordon, it was a musical wonderland, he was convinced that he should have been born much earlier, the music from the previous generation more to his tastes than what was currently released.

'Anything, in particular, that attracts you?' Amanda asked as she brought him over a bottle of beer.

Gordon laughed, 'nearly all of it. Not so much the classical, but as for the rest..... wow, I could spend hours here playing all of these.'

Amanda looked at him with disbelief, 'What all these old artists?'

He nodded his head, 'I wish I could have been around to see some of these perform live. Music just seems bland nowadays compared to these.'

She seemed intrigued that someone of his age would love the previous generation's music as she did.

'Anyone in particular?' she asked.

Gordon withdrew the "Quadrophenia" album, gazing at the picture on the cover. 'I've lost count of how many times I've

seen this film. I've got most of their albums, but I wish I could have seen them in their heyday.'

They had exchanged gifts when Amanda suddenly came and sat next to him. 'I have a request if you're interested?' Gordon listening attentively.

'I've got a couple of tickets for a gig, but apparently, it's not your mothers taste in music, she suggested I ask you.' He was all ears now. 'Do you fancy accompanying me?'

Gordon nodded his head for no other reason than it meant he would get to spend an evening with this gorgeous woman. 'Who's playing?' he asked.

'Yes, they are,' she said, 'how did you know?' Amanda asked, giving him a mischievous smile.

He looked at her, totally puzzled, not understanding her remark.

As he replayed what she had said over and over again in his head, he suddenly had a lightbulb moment, his face displaying a look of astonishment. 'You mean.....?'

Amanda couldn't help but laugh out loud now, 'They were a gift from one of my partners at work, but as I said, it's not really to your mothers taste in music so I was going to give them away, but then she said to ask you.'

She continued to laugh; it was like watching a child who had just been given the present he had prayed for all year. Gordon was so full of excitement he couldn't sit still, only settling again when she showed him the tickets.

It's not until the beginning of February, I'll make plans with you before then,' she promised.

It was a very enjoyable time for them all, maybe not so much for Gordon, but he didn't complain, a whole week of sleeping alone as his mother shared a room with Amanda and Sandra

shared a room with Freida, left him refreshed and full of energy as New Year's Eve arrived.

They had gone out as a group and while at the end of the night he was drunk, he was still able to keep an eye on all four ladies who had gone well over the top and were all pissed. No one had noticed in the slightest when Freida gave him a lingering kiss, it didn't even seem to raise eyebrows when his sister kissed him in a manner that may not have been considered appropriate. But they were on the opposite side of town and were probably unknown by the people in the venue.

He noticed Amanda's look of surprise when his mother kissed him, it wasn't like the other two and whilst it was a kiss on his lips, it wasn't as lengthy and passionate as Freida and Sandra had given him.

As Amanda hadn't proffered, he simply hugged her and kissed her cheek as he wished her a happy new year. The taxi ride home was boisterous, all four women singing at the top of their voices much to the driver's amusement.



Sandra and Freida had already gone upstairs, his mother dozing in an armchair until Amanda shook her shoulder and told her to go to bed and that she would be up shortly.

'Can I ask you something?' she said as she headed for the kitchen to make coffee.

Gordon followed in her wake, 'Sure.'

'Everyone got a kiss tonight which surprised me. I would say that Freida, despite being your sister's girlfriend, has the hots for you.' It seemed Amanda was the only one who wasn't in the know, not having any idea that Gordon was sleeping with both Freida and his sister.

'My first surprise was when you kissed Sandra, that was a little full-on for a brotherly kiss. And I must admit that I was further surprised when you kissed your mother, although I

got the impression that you were both avoiding letting it go on for too long.'

'I just think we had all had a little bit too much to drink,' Gordon immediately replied, better equipped this time to nip her questions in the bud, Amanda was beginning to tread on dangerous ground.

She noted his defensive answer, acutely aware that there was perhaps more going on that he was prepared to divulge and promptly dropped her questioning.

They had finished their coffee's, Gordon taking their cups into the kitchen and rinsing them as he thought that it was probably best if he disappeared up to his bed. Although she had dropped the subject, Gordon was getting the impression that there were more questions which Amanda would have liked to ask, some, he would not be able to answer without disclosing all that went on within his family.

'One last question?' she said, Gordon, waiting patiently and wondering what lie he would have to make up next.

'How come I only got a kiss on the cheek, especially when I'm taking you to a concert?'

He did not need to lie, simply coming out with what he assumed was the truth. 'Sorry, I didn't think you were interested in men..... and anyway, you're my mother's partner.'

Ever the solicitor, Amanda pointed out the obvious. 'Freida's your sister's partner but that didn't seem to stop you spit swapping,' she laughed, 'anyway, who said that I did not like men?'

She had him stumped, he had just assumed because unlike the others she did not seem to have fallen for his charm or become over-friendly.

'Perhaps you may like to try?' she said coyly, 'I'm not too bad for an older woman,' she continued, moving nearer to him.

For once he felt unsure of himself as he hesitated for a second before their lips met. Her kiss was succulent, Gordon melting into it as his arms and hands went around her waist, and there they stayed, never thinking of touching her and then feeling embarrassed as the expected happened down below.

Amanda's mouth moved against his, her hand behind his head to keep the kiss going as her breasts pressed against his chest. With his eyes closed, he just went with it, enjoying the smell and taste of her in his arms.

When they finally parted, Amanda remained demure, 'See, that was ok wasn't it?'

Normally he would have had a retort, but tonight he was at a loss for words as he just told her it was genuinely nice before commenting that his mother would probably be waiting for her.

With Christmas over, the family were all back at work and while Gordon had not forgotten Amanda's kiss, he had put it to the back of his mind, focusing only on the beginning of February and the much-anticipated concert.

Normality had been restored and as Sandra was staying at Freida's tonight, Gordon was in bed with his mother. She had been complaining of tired muscles and tonight he had promised to give her a massage when they went upstairs. Having placed some large bath towels to protect her sheets, she retrieved a bottle of jojoba oil from her bedside cabinet and handed it to her son as she stretched out on her front.

He poured a small amount into his cupped palm, drizzling it onto her shoulders and spine before massaging it into her skin, paying particular attention to where her muscles were. Although his arms and wrists got tired after a while, Gordon did not mind at all because once her back and legs were done, she would turn over, his cock thickening slightly as he envisaged that moment.

Pouring more oil into his palm he applied it between her breasts, one hand moving left, the other right, he didn't fondle or squeeze them, simply running his hands back and forth over her tits and feeling her nipples grow harder with each sweep.

Lucy murmured to herself, her breathing becoming that little bit quicker as she kept her eyes closed and submitted herself to his administrations. From her breast's, he moved over her ribcage and along her sides as he massaged the lotion into her skin, most of her body now slick with it and giving her upper torso a sheen.

Next came her stomach and belly, Lucy trying to keep her breathing steady as she anticipated his hands moving lower to her hips and mound. Gordon was excited because she had recently had that area treated, her fanny now as bare and smooth as a baby's bottom.

Applying a little more oil, he covered her mound and hips, into her groin and then a quick sweep over her genitals, which took Lucy's breath away, before moving onto her legs and leaving her with a longing in her vagina that refused to stop.

She panted now as his hand rested on her mound, she wanted him to touch her, she wanted his fingers inside her, better still, she wanted his cock as she unconsciously lifted her hand searching for it. Gordon laughed and slapped it away, telling her to behave as he applied pressure on her mound just above her vagina and pushed upwards towards her belly, stretching her cunt as she moaned.

Bending her legs at the knee, he raised and then opened them slightly, giving him greater access into her groin as he placed a thumb on either side of her fanny and pulled sideways, opening her up as he glanced at the pink moist interior. Then he pressed the opposite way, closing her fanny as he slowly rotated his thumbs in small circles, opening and closing her cunt as he built her arousal.

When he judged that she was teetering on the edge, he moved back to massaging her tits, leaving Lucy desperate for cock. Slowly he worked his way downwards again, this time the flat of his hand covering her cunt and moving gently up and down as she shook, her climax so close that she wanted to use her own fingers.

At last, his finger was inside her, Lucy wailing as he friggd her and then suddenly his hand became a blur as his fingers were rammed into her cunt and she orgasmed, juices splashing out and over the towels as he placed an arm behind her head and lifted so that she could see what he was doing to her.

She wanted him to stop but at the same time she wanted him to continue, one orgasm fading into another as his fingers continued to please her, her body tensing as her climaxes sent her into a realm of pleasure, overpowering her brain and body.



When Lucy came too, she could feel her son above her as he lowered himself and his lips made contact with hers, his body pressing against her body as he moved easily atop her oily skin. She needed him now as she fumbled for his shaft and gripping it for dear life, fed it into her cunt, gasping loudly as he filled her, and her fanny expanded.

Gordon fucked her hard and fast, that was what his mother needed. Her legs were around his waist, pulling him deeper with each thrust as she tried to moan despite their mouths still being attached as her tongue explored his.

At that moment, Lucy would have done anything for him, no matter how outrageous his request, if she hadn't had known better, she would have told you she was in love with this young man presently plundering her fanny, fearful that one day he may not want her anymore or that he would belong to another.

And then she was floating once more, the climax consuming her as she faintly heard him cry her name and he filled her

cunt with his cum. She could feel the tears cascading down her cheeks, not because he had upset her or caused her pain, but because he made her so happy, so satisfied, and she had no other way of expressing it.

Curled around each other, they slept peacefully, Lucy murmuring his name several times in her sleep as she wrapped a possessive arm around him and held him close, wishing that their relationship could continue like this forever. As much as she enjoyed what she had with Amanda, she could never see a time when she would not need her son to fuck her. Despite knowing that what they did was wrong, she could never bring herself to refuse him.

It had arrived at long last, Amanda picking him up that afternoon for the long drive into the city and the arena where the concert would be held. He had been surprised at how she was dressed, normally it would be clothes that befitted a woman of her age or a business suit, but that afternoon she was dressed in skin-tight jeans, a t-shirt that clung to her and made it obvious that she was bra-less as well as trainers and a white "Bomber" style leather jacket.

It was only because he was sat next to her and his mother had disclosed her age, that he knew she was ten years older than he was. To anyone giving them more than a cursory glance, they may have guessed that she was a few years older than him, but with her dark hair tied back in a ponytail, he was betting most people would mistake them for perhaps brother and sister or boyfriend and girlfriend.

They laughed and chatted throughout the journey, both of them excited at the chance to see a group they both loved.

Amanda found somewhere to park, and they mingled with the thronging crowd, all heading in the same direction and wearing clothing with the recognisable logo. Inside, Gordon would have been happy no matter where their seats were, but he was over the moon when he realised, they were right down at the front of the stage.

The music was fantastic, Gordon and Amanda singing along as the band belted out hit after hit. At one point, towards the

end, she had sat on his shoulders, quite distracting for him as he felt the warmth of her crotch pressed against the back of his neck and her thighs on either side of his head. Thankfully, he was too engrossed in the music to think about how it felt.

On the way home, she put a CD on in the car and they sang the songs all over again, his voice feeling hoarse by the time they arrived back at her house. He thought she may have dropped him back at his own home, but he wasn't going to complain, it had been a fantastic evening and he was still far too excited to relax, perhaps the walk home may do him a world of good.

Getting two bottles of beer from the fridge, Amanda removed the tops and handed one to him, clinking the bottles together before putting it to her lips and necking half the contents before finishing with a very un-ladylike burp.

'Sorry about that,' she laughed, closing in on him and throwing her arms around his neck.

'That was the best night ever,'

She was so close that he could do nothing but look into her face, Gordon thinking about putting his arms around her waist but undecided as to whether he should or not. There was something in her look he thought to himself unless he was misreading the signals, it was like she was waiting for him to kiss her, but that couldn't be right, he hadn't forgotten the only time that they had kissed, and although he wanted too, at the same time he didn't want to blunder in and spoil the evening.

Amanda took a step back, creating a gap between them as she took a swig from her bottle and then gave him a mischievous look. 'Do you not want to kiss me?' she asked.

Gordon felt foolish and like a child, in normal circumstances, he would have taken the opportunity but for some reason, in her company, he felt like an inexperienced teenager.

'Of course, I want to kiss you.'

'Well, what's stopping you,' Amanda asked as she closed the gap once more.

His arms went around her waist just as she gave him a shy smile and then their mouths came together, her lips soft and succulent as they pressed against his own. When her tongue found its way into his mouth, he knew he had no way of controlling what was happening in his trousers.

'Hmmm,' she said as their mouths finally parted, 'that's the second time that I seem to have caused you a problem.' She pushed her pelvis firmly against his to indicate what was happening down below and causing him to blush.

'Sorry,' Gordon spluttered, 'it's just..... just that you're..... goddam gorgeous!' he managed to blurt out, feeling foolish once more.

Amanda stroked his cheek softly as she looked him in the face,  
'And so much older than you I'm afraid.'

'Does that matter?' he asked, at last finding his voice.

Her head moved from side to side, as though she was weighing up her options or trying to choose her words.  
'Maybe..... maybe not.'

'Would you like to take me to bed?' Her question took Gordon by surprise.

At last, he felt he was on solid ground, a question that he understood, for good or bad, he wasn't going to pass up this opportunity, if he didn't satisfy her and he never got another chance, at least he would have made love to her once.

Disentangling himself, he took a swift drink from his bottle and then grabbed her hand, 'Shall we?' he asked as he allowed

her to lead the way, watching her bottom sway as they mounted the stairs, heading for her bedroom.

Amanda finished her bottle and motioned for him to do the same before taking it from him and placing them on a set of drawers. Turning back to him, she moved in close, again offering those plump succulent lips to be kissed. There was no hesitancy this time as their mouths came together, Gordon slipping his hand beneath her t-shirt as he rested it on the hot naked skin at her waist. Easing it around her back, he ran fingers up and down her spine and then caressed her back with the palm of his hand.

She pressed herself against him as she followed his lead, her hand now beneath his t-shirt as it ran over his stomach and upwards to his chest, stroking his pecs before pinching at his nipples. Gordon's hand slid from her upper back and beneath her armpit, coming around as he traced a line down the outside edge of her breast and causing her first muffled moan of pleasure as he cupped the smooth soft flesh of her tit, its nipple poking into the palm of his hand.



Amanda was larger than his mother but smaller than his sister, compared to Freida, she was small-breasted. They were the perfect size for his hand, his fingers eliciting more sighs of pleasure as he tweaked her nipples. As they parted a second time, she pulled her t-shirt over her head, stretching her breasts upwards as her arms extended and giving Gordon the perfect opportunity as he cupped both tits at once, Amanda throwing his head backwards as he dipped down and took first one and then the other nipple in his mouth, his tongue swirling around her teat as he sucked and licked.

Leading him across to the bed, she lounged across it, 'You may have to help me off with these jeans,' she said, her voice barely above a whisper, 'it was a job and a half getting into them.'

After she had unbuttoned and slid the zip down, he eased each leg at a time, inching the jeans down until he could remove them and leaving her laying there naked except for the tiniest pair of white panties.

'Your turn,' she said, propping herself up on her elbows as she watched and waited.

It took Gordon less than the blink of an eye to disrobe, his erection jiggling and slapping from side to side as he got rid of his pants before advancing on her as she pretended to be fearful of his manhood, even though her eyes never left it, and she licked her lips seductively. Amanda let him watch as she eased her panties from her hips, keeping him waiting until he got his first view of her shaven fanny.

As Gordon stretched out on the bed, Amanda straddled his hips, her hands resting on his stomach as she pressed her piss flaps against the hardness of his erection. From her vantage point, she looked down at this young man, the son of the woman she was currently dating. She hadn't begun the evening with the intention of this happening, it was just that with the excitement and the fun they'd had, it just seemed a natural progression.

There was no denying he was good looking, nor that his manhood presently pushing against her fanny was in any way lacking. His inexperience showed initially but she would not pass judgement on his ability until after he had fucked her.

Amanda was the most beautiful, exquisite woman that he had ever seen naked. It was obvious that she worked out, not weights or anything like that, probably aerobics, because there was not an ounce of fat, her figure toned to perfection.

As she rocked back and forward on his shaft, Gordon extended a hand, his thumb parting her lips as he rubbed gently either side of her clit, occasionally giving it the lightest of touches and causing her eyes to flutter each time. The sex was slow, both of them taking the time to touch and fondle the other, increasing their arousal incrementally. When at last Amanda raised her bottom and grasped his shaft, Gordon was desperate to feel it inside her. Rubbing his throbbing knob against her pussy, she teased him before slowly lowering herself, Gordon watching as his cock disappeared into her cunt.

Amanda sat stationary for a moment as his flesh filled her fanny, pushing her genitals tightly into his groin as the sensation made her shiver. Slowly at first, she eased herself up and down, Gordon supporting her hips and buttocks and assisting as his cock slid in and out of her flue. Her eyes were closed as she murmured softly to herself before leaning forward on her outstretched arms, her tits hanging over his face and swinging slowly with her motion.

He raised his head, his mouth and tongue catching her nipples each time they swung near enough, Amanda purring pleasurably as her momentum began to gradually increase. Gordon was doing his best to keep his arousal under control, this was too good for it to be over swiftly, and it may be the only chance that he would ever get to make love to her. Her bouncing on his shaft got faster and faster, Amanda getting close to her climax when he grabbed her buttocks and held her aloft. Raising his knees and planting his feet for better purchase, he rammed his cock into her fanny, building his impetus as he fucked her rapidly.

Amanda cried out constantly, her mouth hanging open and her eyes screwed shut as she began to shake, hoping her arms

would continue to support her as she climaxed. Her orgasm consumed her as it spiralled out of control, Gordon's thrusting prolonging the sensations as she tried to ride him and then just submitted to what he was doing to her.

When he slowed to a stop, she allowed him to roll her, his erection still buried deep within her fanny as they now lay side by side, facing each other. He was considerate, allowing her time to recover, but at the same time, his hips moved imperceptibly, keeping her excitement alive as she recovered her equilibrium. When he deemed that she was ready, he began fucking her once more, his shaft sliding in and out of her cunt as he showered her face and mouth with kisses, his hand massaging her breasts and teasing her nipples.

There was no slow build-up this time for Amanda, she was ripe for the plucking, excitement coursing through her as he shagged her faster and faster, her hands all over him as another climax approached. This time when she screamed her release, he continued to fuck her frantically until she felt him burst inside her, his cream hitting the back of her fanny

in several spurts as he continued to penetrate her until exhausted, he slowed to a stop.

She must have dozed, opening her eyes to find him looking at her with a satisfied smile on his face, his cock once again jerking against her belly as he started to become aroused again as his hand played softly with her breasts.

Gordon never did get home that night, he slid from her bed just after six o'clock in the morning, the bedroom now dark as it was yet to get light outside. He gathered up his clothes and eased her bedroom door open and went out onto the landing and thence to the bathroom where he dressed. Downstairs he found a pencil and paper, scribbling her a note before letting himself out and heading for home.

When Amanda awoke, her first reaction was to reach out to the opposite side of the bed, disappointed when she found it empty. It niggled her, why had he snuck away without saying goodbye, was that it, now that he had bedded her, she

wondered? Grabbing her robe, she threw it on as she padded downstairs to make herself a cup of coffee.

She found the note on the kitchen worktop, reading it as the kettle boiled.

Good morning beautiful.

For me, it was the best day and night of my life, but I wanted to save you the embarrassment of perhaps saying, thank you, but no thanks in the future. You have my number, and I will leave the decision entirely up to you, at the end of the day, you are my mother's partner and not mine (unfortunately).

All my love

Gordon.

Amanda re-read the note again once she had made her coffee, sat at her breakfast bar she couldn't help but smile to herself.

There was something about him she decided, her suspicions that something had, or was taking place between him and his sister or maybe even his mother, strengthened by the way he had acted and what he had written. He may have been like an inexperienced teenager, to begin with, but his lovemaking and the note smacked of a maturity that she had not expected, perhaps influenced by older women.

Everyone was still in bed and asleep when Gordon arrived home, sneaking into the house and up to his bedroom. He undressed silently and slipped beneath his cover's closing his eyes as he thought of Amanda, her image burnt into his mind. Hopefully, his mother would not realise he had been out all night, almost certainly she would correctly assume the reason why and it didn't feel fair to him that he had slept with her girlfriend.

Lucy asked him what time he got in the next morning and for once he lied to his mother, telling her that they had gone for something to eat afterwards and then for a drink, that the traffic was horrendous on the way home and that back at



Amanda's he had fallen asleep on her couch before waking about two o'clock and walking home.

He had no idea if she believed him, but she seemed to accept his explanation as she busied herself around the house. Of course, Sandra wanted a full rundown of his day, what the concert had been like, how had Amanda been? When he told her the same lie as he had his mother, he could see the look of scepticism on his sister's face, although she gave the impression of accepting his story, she did not believe her brother.

Sandra knew Gordon too well, there was no way that her brother had fallen asleep on Amanda's couch, if anything, he may well have fallen asleep, but it had probably been in her bed as she wondered why for once he had lied instead of being completely open about what had taken place last night and deciding for the moment, it was none of her business.

Gordon settled back in his chair and allowed his mind to wander. People may have considered that he was the luckiest

bugger going, four extremely attractive women on the go at once. His sex life with his mother and sister had continued each week as it had done previously. He would meet up with Freida whenever the urge took her which seemed to be quite often and whenever his sister and mother were engrossed with each other.

Amanda had quickly been added to their ranks, though whether she had told his mother he had no idea, never referring to it himself.

It hadn't been instantaneous with his mother's girlfriend, in a way he supposed, it had just crept up on the both of them.

As great as it all sounded, after a while, the gloss started to wear off. It wasn't the women's fault, making love to any one of them was intense and magical. But trying to satisfy four different women was exhausting and he had reached a stage where he looked forward to the weekends when he had the house to himself and could curl up in his own bed that night and sleep peacefully.

The pressure eased slightly when twelve months later Sandra decide that despite enjoying her lesbian experience, what she wanted was a man. There had been a new bloke in her life by then and their romance had blossomed. That wasn't to say that she gave women up completely, still having the occasional fling with her mother and Freida.

At first, Gordon missed Sandra when she moved out from home and eventually married. He had no idea if her new husband had any idea of what went on behind his back and anyway it wasn't Gordon's place to say anything, in a way he was thankful because it lessened the pressure on him.

Freida had become part of their family and still visited most days, if anything over the next twelve to eighteen months, he saw more of her than anyone else, the two of them sleeping together regularly.

And then eventually Sandra presented their mother with her first grandchild, a baby girl they named Samantha.

Perhaps he had been too busy trying to keep everyone happy because there seemed to be lots that he missed over the next couple of years, he and Amanda attending several concerts together up and down the country.

The baby's cry brought him back to reality as he went and picked up the infant, rocking it in his arms as he quietened it before settling it back into its car seat.

Lucy paced up and down, she would be meeting her newest grandchild today as she kept looking out of the window to see if they were here yet. She had just decided to make herself a drink and was in the kitchen when she heard a key in the door, rushing back into the lounge as Gordon carried the new-born infant in and set the seat down. He unbuckled the straps and carefully lifted the baby out as he handed it over to his mother.

'Meet your new grandson. We have decided to call him Peter.'

She had been about to ask him where his wife was, but before she got the chance, he continued.

'She's just nipped to the loo, she was bursting.

As they chatted there was the sound of footsteps on the stairs, the door opening as Freida came into the lounge and went over to Lucy and the baby.

'Look at you little man, this is your grandma.' She gently stroked the baby's face, its eyes opening for a moment as it looked around and then promptly closed them once more.

As the two women cradled the baby and cooed over it, the lounge door opened and Gordon's wife entered, watching Lucy and Freida with her baby. Gordon put his arm around her waist and kissed her cheek, astonished that Amanda had nearly got her figure back already.

They had married last year, the moment Amanda found out she was pregnant, Gordon was twenty-six, his new wife thirty-six even though most people didn't believe it.

Somehow, it had crept up on the both of them, suddenly realising that they didn't want to be apart.

Gordon had no idea how or when it had started, but at some point, perhaps because his sister had moved out, his mother had struck up an affair with Freida. Lucy had told him only recently that one evening she had Amanda had sat down and discussed their relationship, his wife laying out all her suspicions of what she suspected was going on within their family.

Lucy had come clean, as she told all that had gone on previously. Much to Gordon's astonishment and amusement, he hadn't been included in any of this as the women decided what the future would hold. It was only after they had tied the knot that Amanda had explained to him one night in bed.

'You do understand that I will never be able to rid myself completely of the need of another woman every so often. I do promise you though that it will always be your mother or Freida, or maybe occasionally your sister,' she said with an evil laugh.

'By the same token, I don't expect you to abandon your family. Just make sure that I get preferential treatment.' She laughed again as her hand snaked beneath the covers and made a beeline for his groin, Gordon already looking forward to fucking her.

THE END