



MOMS FAMILY

Going Back to Mom

Kieran moves back in with his mother after his divorce.

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Incest | Mother-Son

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Life wasn't fair, Kieran thought. Up until six months ago, he had been happily married to Megan. And then, suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, she had asked him for a divorce. It wasn't his fault, she had told him, it was hers. She just didn't love him anymore. Of course, there wasn't anyone else!

Rubbish! It had been a lie, he later found out.

For both their sake, she wanted everything to be amicable between them while they separated, and he found somewhere else to live. Oh, and could he continue paying the mortgage, and the bills? Also, she needed money as an allowance for herself, so that she could continue to live as she had become accustomed. He could take some time to find somewhere else to move into, but she wanted him out of their house by the end of next month if possible.

Kieran had a decent job, and he earned a reasonable wage, but continuing to pay out that amount of money, plus renting a flat somewhere for himself, would leave him flat broke. That was if he could find somewhere with what little he would have left after paying for his house and wife. Megan also had a decent job and a good wage, but it appeared that she was unwilling to share any of that for her new independent lifestyle. When Kieran lost his temper and told her to 'Fuck off,' the amicability went out the window and their separation turned nasty.

They both employed solicitors which ate into the money they had until eventually, a court decided the house must be sold. It was then that he found out about the other man; Megan and her new partner deciding to buy their old home.

Kieran wasn't bothered anymore. In the time he and Megan had owned their home, it had more than doubled in value, which meant that when she re-mortgaged it, he would be due a substantial pay-out. For the time being, and to save money, he had moved back in with his mother. She was now in her mid-forties and was happy to have him back under her roof. She knew exactly what was happening with him, hadn't she gone through her own divorce many years earlier?

Aged twenty-seven, Kieran never considered that a time may come when he may have to start dating again. It was years since he had last done it, and all of his friends nowadays were couples. Some of them were his old friends, and some of them were Megan's; those couples quickly disappearing once they separated.

His mother urged him to take his first steps. 'You go out and enjoy yourself. You've still got mates, and you can always make new ones. Find yourself a pretty young girl and make Megan jealous.'

Dating wasn't as easy as he thought; he was out of practice, and it wasn't as though the places he frequented were full of women of his age. When he was young, venues were full of other youngsters, females in abundance. Now, all those females were married with kids and were not frequenting bars and clubs.

Until the house sale went through and he got some cash, Kieran was in limbo. It felt strange being back at home, sleeping in his old bedroom as though he had never left.

As several months passed, what he found he was missing the most was sex. Up until the last few months of their marriage, it wasn't as though he had gone short, and he could honestly say that he had never looked at another woman, let alone thought about having an affair with someone. At the moment he had to resort to his right hand when the pressure built, watching clips, and looking at pornographic pictures on his laptop with his bedroom door firmly locked.

Kieran had just got back from visiting Megan, wanting to know how the sale was progressing. As usual, she was making demands, and he had come close to losing his temper, only controlling himself so that she had no reason to return to court and demand more of a settlement.

The weather was miserable, the leaden sky full of moisture which it decided to release, his wiper blades only just managing to clear the screen as he drove towards home. He and his mom sat down to their evening meal and then afterwards they watched television. It was too wet to venture out, and anyway, he had work in the morning. He retired early for no other reason than he was bored with what they were watching; perhaps an early night would do him good.

With his door closed, he stripped off and got into bed. Before he married and was still a youngster at home, he had worn pyjamas. But after nearly seven years, Kieran was used to sleeping naked. He heard his mother come to bed, and then, far off in the distance, the first rumble of approaching thunder. 'Were they going to have a storm?' He wondered, sliding from his bed, and opening the curtains wide.

It did not appear to be materialising as he felt himself drifting into sleep. Suddenly there was a loud crack and his bedroom lit up white for a brief second. It brought him awake, the rain hammering at his window as the wind began to gust strongly. Another loud rumble, this time closer, and then his room lit up again. He had been about to get out of bed to watch it when his door opened.

'Are you awake Kieran?' His mother's voice trembled and sounded full of fear.

'Yes. It's ok, mom. I'm here. There's nothing to be afraid of..... We are safe indoors.'

There was another loud crash and the room lit up again, his mother nearly jumping out of her skin as she suddenly scuttled forward and dived beneath his covers. He could feel her trembling and would normally have wrapped her arms around her to offer warmth and protection. But feeling embarrassed, he tried to keep his distance. He was naked beneath the duvet, nothing covering her lower regions. With his mom in situ, it wasn't as though he could jump out of bed and climb into his boxer shorts.

As he contemplated his dilemma, another loud crash occurred, his bedroom lighting up twice on this occasion as his mom suddenly grabbed him and pressed herself against his body, clinging on for dear life.

At least she was wearing something, a cotton nightdress which felt of an extremely thin lightweight material, and which must have reached just above her knees. Kieran was laying on his back with one arm beneath her neck and shoulders as he held her tightly and whispered reassuring words. At least in this position, his mother would probably

not realise he was naked; at least that was what he was hoping.

The thunderstorm was now directly overhead, the thunder booming every few minutes and followed directly by flashes of lightning. He could feel his mother sobbing as she tried to get even closer to him, and then, much to his despair, her knee and thigh were thrown across his groin, pressing down directly on his penis. He felt his face grow hot and sweat break out on his brow. Taking deep slow breaths, he tried to make his mind blank, or at the very least to think of anything other than his mother's naked flesh pressing against his genitals.

The more Kieran tried not to think about it, the more he did. And then, much to his horror, the inevitable began to happen as he felt his cock begin to thicken and grow. Before he could shift her leg or disentangle himself, he had a boner, and worse still, every few seconds it would jerk. Surely his mother could feel it moving. She had to know what her leg was pressed against.

The thunder and lightning were diminishing as the storm passed over and away. His mom had still not said anything or moved her leg. Did he say something, or try to move, either way, it would make it obvious. He lay completely still, his eyes closed and breathing slowly and softly as finally, silence reigned. He felt his mother's grip on him

loosen slightly, her breathing slow and steady, which told him she was asleep. He still couldn't move without disturbing her and so became accustomed to feeling her thigh pressing against his erection and causing him arousal as he finally fell asleep.

Perhaps it was because of their precarious positioning that it affected his dreams. Kieran was naked, as was his mother, and she was stroking him. The sensations that he was experiencing as her hand slid up and down his dick felt entirely normal. No! It was more than that, it felt erotic, and as his arousal escalated, he was looking forward to fucking her.

His eyes flickered for a second as he left the dream far behind. He was in that twilight realm where he was not quite asleep nor awake. He felt as horny as hell and instinctively knew his shaft was hard. He wanted to return to the dream, to resume what had been happening to him, and to complete what had been about to happen. Kieran kept his eyes closed, just waiting to drop off once more when he was convinced something had touched his cock. He was awake now, all sense of sleep gone as he lay perfectly still and continued to breathe slowly.

Many seconds passed before it happened again. He felt it properly this time, there was no denying that several fingers had just traced a path up and down his cock. As he

continued to lie prone, as though still asleep, his dick throbbed and jerked before resting atop his stomach once more. There was a pause, and then the fingers retraced their path once again, this time lingering as they gently squeezed his plump knob. Kieran continued in his pretence as the fingers lifted his cock gently, and then took a firm grip of it as they rolled the skin back and forth.

It felt as though someone had turned a heater on directly above him. Kieran was hot, feeling the sweat break out all over his body. He had no control as his cock jerked periodically, the hand and fingers continuing to toss him off. He was finding it difficult to regulate his breathing. He wanted to open his mouth and pant; trying to breathe slowly left him feeling dizzy and disorientated. His body was alive with arousal now, the pressure building in his loins as the hand continued to stroke his shaft.

It had to be his mother. She was the only other person in his bed. It came as a shock to realise that his mother was wanking his cock. Despite what she was doing, his mind still posed questions. Did he say something? Did he move and pretend to wake up? Did he begin to touch her? His mind reeled at that last question, was that something he could entertain, touching his mother sexually?

Kieran's left hand, down by his side, was resting against her upper thigh and he could feel the soft warm bare flesh as he

wondered where the hem of her nightdress started. Had it risen higher while they slept? It seemed to be the hardest decision he had ever had to make, his fingers finally making their initial movement as he allowed them to stroke her thigh without actually moving his hand. The movement on his shaft faltered for a second and then resumed, Kieran dropping all pretence now that he was asleep.

His hand moved, rising higher up his mother's thigh, as yet he was still to encounter her nightdress. He felt her move slightly, her hand still pumping his shaft and then his fingers brushed against her pubes before delving into the gap she had created between her legs. It was the first noise to disturb the silence of the room as he heard her gasp and the sharp intake of breath as his fingers ran across the lips of her pussy.

At last, Kieran felt confident enough to move, rolling slowly so that he faced her. Although the room was still dark, enough light filtered through the uncovered window so that he could make out his mother's face. Her eyes stared into his intently, her lips partially open, enough for her tongue to slide across them. Perhaps it was his arousal that made them appear plump and succulent, Kieran suddenly having the urge to kiss them. When they met, it was tentative, growing in passion the longer the kiss went on. He felt the rumble in his mother's throat when he opened her labia, and then the forceful grunt when his fingers penetrated her cunt, and he started frigging her.

Both of them were still to say a word, their hands doing their communicating as they teased, enticed, and aroused each other's bodies. Kieran's other hand explored his mother's upper torso. The nightdress was up around her waist, his hand slipping beneath it as it headed for her chest.

Maureen, that was his mother's name, had small tits. They sagged slightly, and flattened; but as his hand fondled them, her nipples came alive, growing in stature, until they must have stuck from the centre of each fleshy orb, by a least an inch. As he began twisting and applying pressure to them, her first vocals began. At first, it was a purring sound that turned into a groan, and then a long-drawn-out moan.

Their mouths kept coming together, parting and then glued to each other once more. Maureen's hand had done its work, Kieran's arousal reaching its peak and making him desperate to fuck. It was no less for his mother; her son's fingers pummelling her pussy had brought her body to the point where she wanted shagging. What she wanted at that moment, more than anything was the hot throbbing flesh in her hand to be inserted into her cunt and for it then to roughly fuck her and make her climax.

When their mouths parted, she managed to get the words out. 'Fuck me, Kieran. Please fuck me.'

Maureen's nightdress disappeared when the covers were thrown back and Kieran climbed between her thighs. She was wet, her pussy open and waiting for his cock to be inserted. She raised her hips and gripped his arms tightly when his shaft forced its way into her passage and then filled her flue with his throbbing flesh.

It felt surreal. The woman beneath him wasn't his wife or even someone he had picked up; a shabby one-night stand. This woman beneath him was nearing middle age, nearly twenty years older than he was, and she was his mother!

Kieran had imagined that as women got older, their vaginas got looser; he was surprised to find that his mom was tight, her vaginal muscles gripping his cock each time he thrust it into her cunt. Supporting himself on outstretched arms, he took the chance to inspect her figure. Surprisingly, she wasn't bad. Still slim, she had decent legs but a little bit of a baby belly. Her tits, although they were smallish and starting to sag a bit, were still decent enough to attract his attention, especially her nipples. Was she attractive? It was hard for him to say. Kieran supposed she was in one respect; he just presently found it hard to think of her like that, even though he was shagging her. Her short bobbed blonde hair framed a face that belied her true age.

Sparkly blue eyes, which currently were full of lust, stared back at him. Truthfully, her nose was a little bit too big for her face, but it was her lips that his gaze lingered on. They were plump, they pouted, and the way her tongue ran across them, aroused him.

Other than her request to be fucked, neither of them had said anything to the other. The only sounds in the room were the moans and grunts of their arousal, and the increasingly loud sound of wet flesh slapping together.

Maureen was delirious, her arousal approaching its pinnacle as she grabbed her thighs behind her knees and hoisted them higher and wider. Her son's groin slammed into hers, his sack bouncing against her buttocks. Her only concern at that moment was to get every inch of his cock into her cunt and to achieve her climax. She felt her pussy expand and then contract almost immediately, before expanding again as his hips powered his cock into her cunt. Its travel slid it against the sensitive nerve endings, ripples of pleasure and exhilaration making her thighs and stomach shake.

When he leaned forward and his mouth encompassed a nipple and sucked, she knew she was there. The explosion started in her pussy, expanding faster than a speeding bullet as it consumed her body. She threw her head back as she wailed, bucking under her son as he continued to

pound her cunt and extend her orgasm. The ripples spread outwards, overpowering every part of her body until they collided with her brain. Just as she thought it may be coming to an end, she felt his cock jerk inside her, the spurts of spunk which covered her cervix and internals, causing her to soar again.

Kieran only closed his eyes for a few moments as he got his breath back and recovered. When he opened them again, it was because his alarm clock was beeping loudly and the other side of the bed next to him was empty. It was Monday morning, and his mom would already have left for her eight o'clock start. Kieran didn't have to be in until nine as he showered and then dressed. Over breakfast, he played back the previous night's encounter. While not disgusted with what he had done with his mother, nevertheless, he felt uncomfortable. It had been easy to accept while highly aroused; but in the cold light of day, what they had done was wrong.

All day at work, it preyed on his mind. Kieran determined to speak with his mom once he was home. The drive that evening seemed to take forever, and disappointingly, when he got there, it was as if it had never happened, his mother even refusing to look at him. Their conversation was stilted, and when he tried to broach the subject, she hurried away. All of that evening, she kept herself busy, refusing to sit down with him and then going to bed early. It continued like that for the rest of the week and took several more

weeks before some kind of normality returned. Kieran tried to forget about it, but despite feeling uncomfortable the morning after, as months passed, he found that the thought of doing it again with her became uppermost in his mind.

His divorce was going through, and he had been notified by his solicitor that they had a cheque from the house sale for him to collect. There was more than enough money there for the deposit on a new home; it was just that, on his own, he would struggle to meet the repayments on anything similar to what he'd had before.

He and his mother celebrated Christmas together, and on New Year's Eve, he went out with some of the new friends he had made as well as a couple of his old mates.

His mom's birthday was in January, and although he had bought her several Christmas presents, he wanted to do something special for her day. Kieran had an idea but wasn't certain she would appreciate it or even accept it. They had still never spoken of that night, now, many months ago, and he wasn't sure whether he should re-open up what appeared to be a touchy subject.

After tea that evening, he mentioned the idea he'd had.

'I want to do something special for you because it's your birthday soon. I have a suggestion..... but I don't want you to hit the roof.'

Maureen was intrigued, but also suspicious as she wondered. 'Why would she get angry?' Giving her son a puzzled look, she asked 'What is it?'

It took Kieran a while to pluck up the courage to tell his mother. 'From what I remember..... you looked perfect.' He watched her face change as she realised what he was referring to, which was why he ploughed onwards. 'The only thing I would mention..... and it's not your fault..... I realise it happens when you get older.' He was waffling, trying to choose the right words.

'Would you let me pay for a boob job? Nothing silly..... just to return them to how they would have been when you were a young woman and so that you look fantastic once more.'

Maureen was first of all, "gobsmacked," then she became flustered because what Kieran was suggesting and discussing had to do with her breasts. She felt embarrassed to be talking about them, although her feelings of disgust about what they had done, had at least worn off.

'You're suggesting that I have them..... you know!'

'Yeah! Why not? You have a fantastic body, and I loved your breasts. I just thought you might like them to be perky once more.'

Her heart skipped a beat. Maureen had imagined that he had been repulsed by what she had enticed him into doing. But from the way he was speaking, it was as though he had enjoyed having sex with her.

She had to ask. 'You found me sexy?'

'Yeah! Of course, I did. I must admit that the morning after, I was unsure about what we had done. It wasn't a natural thing that we did. But the more I have thought about it..... the more I want to..... well, you know.' He couldn't actually bring himself to tell her that he wanted to have sex with her again.

Maureen could feel the thudding in her chest. She could also feel the igniting desire in her belly. She wasn't proud at the time, about having sex with her son, and afterwards, couldn't face him. She couldn't compare herself to his wife and the younger women out there; she was getting old, and her body was losing the youthfulness it once had.

'And if I say yes. What happens next?'

Kieran told her to speak to her doctor first, to make sure she was ok to have it done. Then to find a surgeon. 'Have a look online. There are plenty to choose from. Once you are happy, make an appointment. Tell work you need an operation and that you will probably be off for a few weeks. Don't worry about the money. I'll cover the costs.'

It didn't happen immediately; it was actually at the start of March that Maureen went in and had the operation done. She had opted to go one size bigger, always having wanted bigger breasts, but not too large that she needed a bra all the time to support them.

The first week or so, she was sore, and then after that, it began to subside, and painkillers controlled any discomfort she felt. She had looked at them several times, more than happy with the result as she replaced her sports bra, it was what the doctor had advised. She couldn't wait for the next few weeks to pass until she could dispose of all the paraphernalia and return to her normal life, only now, with bigger boobs.

She already knew what she wanted to do first. She was going to ask Kieran if he wanted to see and touch them. She had made her mind up. The sex that night had been out of

this world, and she was now desperate to repeat it; she was going to offer herself to her son again.

It had been at the start of the new year that there had been an intake of new starters in Kieran's office, and he had been appointed as Petra's trainer. She was a pretty and likeable young woman, maybe three or four years younger than he was. Immediately, they had hit it off, and before long, he had invited her out for a drink. He had been perfectly truthful with his mother. So far, it had only been that one occasion where they'd had sex, and she was still recovering from her boob job.

Kieran hoped there was more to come, but also knew that he couldn't base a long-term relationship around her. By the time Maureen was ready to return to work, he had taken Petra out on a few occasions.

'How was your first day back?' He asked across the dinner table as they ate their evening meal.

Maureen laughed. 'Well, if nothing else, I seemed to have attracted the attention of several blokes at work.' She stuck her chest out and wobbled her new breasts from side to side.

'The men at work were not the only ones,' she thought, watching as Kieran lavished a lecherous glance at her, once again, perky tits.

'Are you out with Petra tonight?' She had asked.

'No. She is out with her parents.' He said parents because that was what he presumed, knowing truly little yet about her home life.

'Well, perhaps you would like to inspect them. You paid for them after all.'

Kieran's eyes lit up. It was the moment he had been waiting for, a chance to gaze at, and hopefully fondle his mother's new tits. And if all went well, to be able to fuck her.

Their meal became a rushed affair, followed by a quick clear-up before she gave him the most seductive of smiles, and crooked her finger as she dashed for the stairs, giggling as she went.

At first, she wouldn't let Kieran near her, making him sit on the edge of the bed as, very, very slowly she unbuttoned her blouse, one at a time. When she finally pulled it from her skirt, opened it wide, and shrugged it from her

shoulders, his cock was throbbing in his pants. If nothing else, his mother knew how to arouse him.

Presently, she was still wearing a full bra, as she had been advised. Kieran could not see anything properly until she turned around, reached behind, unhooked it, and then turned back, facing him topless.

'Jesus!' The word popped out unaided, as did his eyes as he looked at his mother's tits jutting proudly from her chest, her nipples erect with arousal as she displayed her new charms.

He had been young when his parents divorced, many years ago. If his mom looked this good now, how good had she looked when she was younger, and what had caused them to separate? He had never been told the reason. 'His father must have been an idiot,' he thought.

'Come here,' Maureen said as she preened in front of him. Kieran was gentle and careful at first until she told him they had healed and that he could touch her tits properly. They felt a little weightier than before, and certainly a bit larger. He loved the way they stood to attention on their own. She lifted each one so that he could inspect the thin red line of the scars beneath, which were healing nicely.

When he twisted her nipples, Maureen's eyes fluttered as she gasped and moaned softly. When he discovered he wasn't causing her any pain, his abuse of her tits became more forceful, their mouths coming together as they kissed and his mother's hand making a beeline for his erection as she rubbed frantically at the front of his pants.

Kieran felt the button undo at his waistband and the zip sliding down, and then his pants were around his ankles, his shaft jutting proudly upwards from his groin. His mom's fingers were wrapped around it, gripping his shaft firmly as their lips parted, and she gave him a mischievous smile before sinking to her knees.

When her lips encompassed his knob, and it entered the warmth of her mouth, he uttered a groan of his own. He felt her tongue swirl around his glans, its tip running beneath his helmet as she tickled and aroused the sensitive area of his cock.

Kieran had never anticipated such eroticism. Maybe some people fantasised about this, but how many actually experienced glancing downwards, viewing their topless mother on her knees, and sucking their cock. He could feel the growing pressure in his genitals as more of his shaft disappeared into her mouth. Her head drew back and then slid forward once more, her lips creating suction as she gave him a blowjob.

He could feel his legs starting to wobble, his buttocks clenching and his hips pushing his cock into her mouth as he face-fucked her. He needed to stop; if not, he was going to shoot his load and fill her mouth with cum.

Taking a step back, he held out a hand and helped her to her feet. 'I want to fuck you,' he uttered, his eyes glued to her tits once more. 'Worth every penny,' he thought.

It was a rush to get rid of their clothes, and then they were on the bed. Kieran waited patiently as his mom settled back, raised her knees, and opened her legs wide.

It was an opportunity he wasn't going to miss, stretching lengthwise and with his head between her thighs as her musk assailed his nostrils. Her pussy-lips were open, exposing the moist pink flesh within. He felt her shiver as his face drew closer and she felt his hot breath on her pussy, her body shaking at that first touch of his tongue and then the drawn-out moan of pleasure as he exposed her clitoris and flicked it before sucking on the tiny bud.

Maureen could not stop her hips from lifting off the bed, the sudden explosion in her fanny as his mouth made contact. How long had it been since a man had done this to her? When Kieran's tongue penetrated her cunt and she felt

it circling her insides, she teetered on the edge of an impending climax.

He must have known because he ceased for a moment, his hands reaching up to her chest as he fondled and caressed her breasts before twisting and pulling at her engorged nipples. Maureen's body was filled with long-forgotten sensations; first, her chest thrust upwards, followed by her hips as her son's mouth assaulted her pussy once more. She was so close; on the one hand, wanting to stop him so that he would fuck her; but on the other hand, she wanted to attain her release.

It took her by surprise, thinking that she could hold out a little longer. But when one of his fingers stroked her anus and forced its way up her back passage, Maureen convulsed as her pussy released its juices.

Kieran felt it splash across his face as his mother's hips thrashed and he attempted to keep his mouth in contact with her fanny. When her legs closed and gripped his head, it felt as though someone was tightening a clamp. He kept up his administrations until she pleaded with him to stop, rising to his knees, and shuffling between her thighs as she began to recover.

With her eyes closed, and chest rising and falling swiftly, he awaited his chance until she least expected it, ramming his cock into her cunt and making her screech.

He started slowly, more of a tease, as he only partially inserted his cock, withdrawing often and rubbing his shaft along her pussy and clit. Their hands were all over each other, touching, and caressing. Kieran was obsessed with his mom's new tits, such a small thing; but they made her body look younger as he shoved his cock back into her pussy and gripped those two puppies, making them bulge and her nipples stand proud.

He leaned forward, allowing his lips to encompass each one in turn, sucking the turgid nipple before nipping it between his teeth. Maureen cried aloud, thrusting her chest upwards; since the operation, her teats had become super-sensitive. She felt her fanny expand and then contract as her son speeded up, his cock swiftly pounding her cunt. Time seemed to be standing still, her first orgasm still subsiding as he started building her arousal once more. The building tension made her buck against him, crudities flowing from her mouth as she demanded that he fuck her faster, fuck her harder, abuse her cunt and tits.

And then Maureen felt the start of her climax, the waves of pleasure emanating from her pussy suddenly flooding through her body. She tried to open her legs wider,

demanding every inch of his cock be plunged into her twat. Her spine arched as she threw her head back and screamed, her body thrashing beneath him as she heard Kieran grunt and call her name at the same moment that his cock spurted a torrent of spunk up her passage.

It was the first occasion that Kieran spent the night in his mother's bed. It became so regular, that his own bedroom was used only for storing his clothes and belongings. Its only other use was for shagging Petra when his mother was out at work, and he had time off.

His mom had met the young woman a couple of times and as far as Kieran knew, she had no idea that he'd had sex with her in their home. Although he and Petra had never discussed a relationship, they were meeting up regularly and he had even met her mother a few times. Her circumstances were no different than his own mother's, Petra's mom was also a single parent.

Just like his mother, her facial features made it difficult to tell her exact age, but he presumed that Sadie had to be in her early forties. She was slim with auburn hair which reached just below her shoulder blades, but she normally wore it in a ponytail. Body-wise, she was certainly fit, her breasts far larger than his mom's. Why had he noticed so much about her? Because Sadie was an unashamed, flirt.

At first, Kieran had felt uncomfortable with this older woman flirting with him in front of her daughter, surprised to find that Petra was not in the least bit bothered. She felt no embarrassment about allowing him to fuck her in her bedroom while her mother was in the house; surely Sadie could hear what they were doing.

Summer was approaching and he'd taken a few days off work so that he could have a long weekend to relax. It was his mom who had broached the subject.

'I know you must be having sex with Petra; it's only natural.'

He had worried about her being hurt when she found out, but she was relaxed about his blossoming relationship. 'I'll take what I can get. The last few months have been magic, so, I'm happy for it to continue like that.'

Kieran never spoke about Petra's mother much, other than to tell his mom he had met her a couple of times. She seemed to happily accept, competing against a younger woman, whether she would against an equally attractive woman of a similar age was a different matter.

It happened during his long weekend. On Sunday night he had stayed over; no work for him in the morning, but his

mom would be up bright and early, and out of the house before he got home. His girlfriend's home was quiet. Petra's mother was already in bed, and Kieran wondered if she was asleep or listening to him and her daughter fucking.

Petra was up on all fours, his cock pounding her pussy from behind as his balls slapped against her buttocks. His hands slid beneath her chest, grabbing at her swinging udders, and using them like a set of reins as he powered his cock into her cunt. The thought of Sadie listening to them excited him, making his girlfriend scream louder when he whipped his cock out, relocated it, and plunged it up her anal passage.

'Cum up my arse, cum up my arse.' Petra was screaming over and over. Her hand was now between her legs as she rubbed frantically at her pussy and clit. She started to wobble as she climaxed, and then seconds later his cock filled her shitter with semen. The loudest sound in the room was of wet flesh slapping together as she buried her face into her pillow and muffled the sound of her scream.

Collapsed together on the bed, eventually, Kieran was the first to speak. 'Bloody Hell Petra. Surely your mom must have heard that.'

'Does it bother you?' She asked.

'A bit.' He replied.

'Don't know why? She is probably wishing you were in there doing it to her.'

'What!'

Petra laughed. 'Mom fancies you like mad. She has already asked if you would be up for it.'

'Up for what?' Kieran had asked innocently, already knowing what Petra was insinuating.

'Fucking her of course. I don't mind if you want to. Mum and I have always shared, Debbie as well.'

Kieran sat upright. 'Who's Debbie?' He had never heard the name mentioned before.

'Have I never told you? I have a sister called Debbie. She's away at university, at the other end of the country at the moment, but you'll see her when she is home for the summer. We have always shared our boyfriends. So, if you want to shag her or mom, you only have to say.'

Kieran was lost for words, Petra giggling constantly at the look of shock on his face.

'If you want to sleep with mom, just tell her in the morning,

He had thought Petra had the following day off work like himself, surprised when her alarm clock went off.

'Go back to sleep,' she whispered as she kissed him and left the room.

He dozed for nearly another hour before going to take his shower and getting dressed. The house was quiet, and he imagined that everyone was out as he went downstairs.

'Coffee?' A voice called, making him jump.

Kieran followed the sound through to the kitchen and found Sadie milling about as she poured him a cup of fresh coffee. He was trying not to stare, but her robe was thin and short, and each time she bent slightly, she nearly showed him her buttocks. Not only that, but the silky material needed cinching frequently to stop it from sliding open, and Sadie seemed to be too lazy to do it, as he caught several views of her naked flesh beneath.

As usual, Sadie flirted with him. To Kieran, it was obvious what she wanted. He thought back to the previous night and what Petra had said. It's just that it felt weird. In different circumstances, he would have jumped into bed with Sadie in a flash, but to have his girlfriend say it was ok left him feeling uneasy.

When he got up to put his cup in the sink, he found himself cornered. She had snuck up behind him, and when he turned around, she was there. Sadie was so close that his eyes struggled to focus on her face as he felt her bosom pressed against his chest.

'You are quite cute.' Sadie said huskily, pressing her breast more firmly into his chest. He could see she was waiting expectantly for him to do something but was nervous about making the first move. He felt her hand suddenly grip his and lift, and then in the next second, she was slipping it inside her robe.

Sadie's tits were near enough twice the size of his mother's, the flesh smooth, soft, and warm as he opened his hand and cupped her mammary. Her eyes closed and lips parted, the tip of her tongue tracing a line across them.

'In for a penny, in for a pound,' he thought. In a way, it was no different than being with his mother.

Slowly, he kissed her, allowing his lips to tease as his fingers rubbed softly at her distended nipple. Sadie's tongue instantly invaded his mouth, her lips crushing his own as her hand went to his groin and began running up and down his growing erection. For her age, her body felt tight and firm, and just like his mother; she was slim. When his other hand slid down over her belly, he found her mound devoid of pubic hair. His fingers reached the edge of her pussy, and he slid one along her slit, Sadie purring as it slipped between her labia and teased her moist internals.

'Down here, or bed?' She managed when their lips parted for a second. Somehow, Sadie had managed to unfasten his flies and extract his cock, and it now throbbed in her hand as she eased the skin back and forward.

'Bed.' Kieran replied. He wanted this woman spread beneath him so that he could view her body properly.

Sadie led him upstairs to her bedroom, and discarded her robe, watching with anticipation as he undressed again before she dragged him towards her bed. Foreplay was not essential for either of them at that moment, her hand on his cock had aroused him sufficiently, and she was already hot

to trot. They crashed onto the mattress, Sadie rolling onto her back as she dragged Kieran on top of her. He fumbled for a second and then his cock was sliding into her cunt, their groins pressed together as his shaft filled her pussy.

'Go on Kieran, fuck me.'

She was already breathing heavily as he began thrusting, working up a sweat. He drew his knees up to her thighs so that he could perch upright, forcing her legs to open wider as he teased, his hips slowing before he thrust rapidly, and then withdrew slowly. Each violent thrust took her breath away and made her cry out with pleasure as he took his time and surveyed her body. Sadie's ponytail was undone, her hair fanning out across the pillow. Her breasts were large, flattening slightly in her prone position with dark areolas and nipples. She had no belly to speak of. Unlike his mother, who had a slightly rounded tummy, Sadie's was flat. Kieran loved the sight of her shaved pussy, watching his cock disappear into her slit and then withdrawing inch by inch as she swore and cursed.

He reached out and flicked her nipples; they were already erect but seemed to grow a little larger as he played with them. 'Could he persuade his mother to shave her pussy?' He wondered, and then went back to concentrating on the woman squirming beneath him.

Sadie's face was flushed, as were her neck and chest. His constant slow teasing was having the desired effect, her arousal reaching fever pitch and her climax approaching rapidly.

'Not slow! I need fucking. Please, I'm nearly there.'

He leant forward on extended arms, his hips picking up speed as he began to shag her faster. Her face which was full of lust, changed frequently, one-moment whispering and pleading; the next screwed up and demanding as her head came up, and she nearly snarled at him.

'Yes Kieran, yes. That's it, fuck me. Fuck the arse off me, shoot your cum up my twat!'

Her head flew back as she howled and screeched, her hands balling into fists as her nails clawed at the bottom sheet. And then she was convulsing as her climax seemed to lift her from the mattress and then slam her back onto it. His hips became a blur, his cock being hammered into her cunt ferociously as he achieved his own release and ejaculated in her pussy, several spurts of cum mixing with her flowing juices and making her passage sloppy.

With their first encounter out of the way, he spent several more hours in her bed, this time Sadie riding him, as they made love slowly and tenderly.

It was mid-afternoon when he finally got home, spending what was left of it preparing his mother's evening meal. As both, he, and Petra, would have work in the morning, and he would see her there, he hadn't planned on meeting up with her that evening but would give her a call later.

'How's Petra?' Maureen enquired when she arrived home. She wasn't jealous, Kieran had his own life to live, but she had missed him in her bed last night.

'She's fine mom. She says Hello.'

'What's her mother like?' Maureen asked.

'Mrs Gladstone? I suppose she is just around your age. Long dark hair which is normally in a ponytail. She is divorced as well and seems quite nice.'

He didn't expand on those brief comments; the last thing he wanted to do was tell his mom how sexy and attractive Petra's mother was.

'I only found out last night that Petra has a sister. I never knew before. She is at university in her final year and will be home this summer.'

He had subtly changed the subject. While his mother seemed unconcerned about him having a girlfriend, her reaction may have been different if she realised that Petra's mother was as equally attractive and sexy as she was.

'Are you out tonight?' She asked him.

'No. I'll ring Petra later, but I thought I'd spend the night with you if you'd like.'

After their meal, he helped her clear the table. 'I'll wash and you dry,' he offered.

Of course, it turned silly before they had finished, Kieran constantly flicking water and suds at her. She retaliated, of course, and before long, both of them were wet. It had been his intention all along, the white blouse she wore became semi-transparent, enough for him to see her lacy white bra. Maureen worked in a bank as a cashier and had to wear a uniform. Beneath the shirt and navy skirt, he just knew she would be wearing stockings, the hold-up type, and as he imagined her stocking-clad legs and black panties, he felt the stiffening in his groin.

'We had better get you out of that wet top,' he suggested.

'And how much more do you want to get me out of?' She asked, backing away and teasing him with a look.

Kieran unbuttoned his shirt, removed it, and threw it to one side. 'Just the blouse,' he replied innocently. 'And maybe your bra. I bet that is damp as well.'

'I know something else that is damp,' she responded seductively.

By the time they were back in the dining room, Kieran was naked, and his mother was topless. Her eyes looked longingly at his erection, sticking out in front as he stalked her. Her buttocks came up against the table's edge as she turned her head and glanced down for a second.

'Here?'

He nodded his head and watched as she inched the skirt up her stockinged legs until the tops appeared, followed by bare flesh. Advancing on her quickly, he lifted her with ease, sitting her on the table and opening her legs so he could stand between them.

His erection rubbed against her pussy as they kissed, Kieran's hands cupping and fondling his mother's breasts. They fit perfectly in his hands, her erect nipples pressing into his palms.

He twirled each teat, feeling his mom try to moan despite their mouths working against each other, her nipples continuing to grow harder as he tweaked them. The polished tabletop enabled him to slide her easily, easing her down as she pulled her crumpled skirt up to her waist. Kieran thought about removing her panties; instead, he pulled the gusset to one side, slipped his cock into her pussy, and then hoisted her legs.

With each thrust, she slid away from him, and he had to pull her back. Maureen gripped the table edge, holding herself in position as his cock hammered her cunt. She loved the sensations he elicited, his shaft sliding across sensitive nerve endings as he slammed his cock home. His hands raised her legs higher, placing one on each shoulder. She released her grip, Kieran holding her in position now as he shagged her. He ran his hands up and down her stockinged legs before moving them to her breasts as he fondled and squeezed the firm flesh.

He loved her small tits, his hands holding each one as he tweaked her nipples and she moaned loudly. Playing with them increased his arousal, his cock now pumping into his

mother's twat frantically as he acknowledged that her climax was close.

She howled as her orgasm took control of her body, her son's cock continuing to pound her pussy as he pulled her onto each thrust until she felt him explode inside her, the rush of air just before his cock filled her with his semen.

There was no television being watched that evening. They retired upstairs and made love again before exhaustion had them lying side by side. When his mother dozed off, he went to his room for a few minutes while he rang Petra.

'I thought you had forgotten about me,' she said.

'Sorry, I had to do a few things for my mom and lost track of time.

Petra laughed, 'I understand you had to do a few things for my mother this morning.'

It still felt surreal, to be discussing the sex he'd had with Sadie, with her daughter. He could tell that Petra was becoming excited as he explained what he and her mother had done.

'I'm lying on my bed Kieran, and I'm naked. My fingers are opening my pussy and I'm wet for you. Tell me more.'

In graphic detail, he described how Sadie had accosted him in the kitchen, whipping out his cock and wanking him off.

His girlfriend's breathing was getting faster, her voice rasping down the phone. 'My fingers are in my pussy Kieran. I'm frigging myself and getting aroused just thinking about you and my mother fucking.'

He described how he had shagged Sadie on the bed, Petra moaning now as her climax approached. 'I wish you were here to fuck me. Maybe fuck me and my mom together.' And then he had to pull the phone away from his ear as she screeched, and for a moment all he heard was the sound of her heavy breathing and panting.

When she had recovered enough to speak, they chatted for a short while before they said goodnight.

'I'll see you at work in the morning, lover.' Petra giggled as she signed off.

Kieran looked at his own bed; it had been a while since he had slept in it. Closing the door behind him, he returned to

his mother's room and slipped beneath the covers and next to her. She snuggled against him, his arm going around her and cupping one of her breasts.

'We have both got work in the morning,' she mumbled.

In return, he gently squeezed and twisted her nipple, her buttocks grinding against his building erection as he pushed back against her.

'Just once more and then sleep,' she giggled as she turned towards her son.

That Summer, he met Debbie, Petra's sister. She was slightly taller than his girlfriend and had her mother's facial features and colouring; both of them had auburn hair while Petra was a dirty blond. She was slimmer than Sadie or Petra, her extra height making her look a little on the skinny side with breasts smaller than his mother's.

Just like her mom, she was an outrageous flirt. No, that was a lie; she was even worse than her mother. The first time Kieran met her, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. He was unprepared, especially with her mother and sister in the room. He was even less prepared when one of her arms disappeared and seconds later, he felt her rubbing at his cock.

'I'm going to shag you,' she whispered in his ear and then grinned as she released him.

Kieran didn't doubt she would be as good as her word; why should he, especially after having sampled her mother and sister's antics?

Debbie had only been home for a week when she made her move. Kieran had stayed over, which was becoming his want most weekends. Only this time, instead of ending up in bed with Petra, she had announced that she was staying over with a friend that evening and that her mother was in bed and waiting for him.

Petra was correct. When he arrived at Sadie's bedroom, she was naked, propped up against her pillows, and her legs were open. Divesting himself of his clothes, he took to the bed and slid between her thighs, his nostrils picking up the scent of perfume and musk.

When his tongue slid along her opening slit, it tasted like a mixture of salty and tanginess. She purred with delight when it penetrated her pussy, circling, and licking every inch of her internals. He was so intent on sucking at her clit, that the hand which slipped between his legs and started massaging his erection, took him by surprise.

His head whipped around, Sadie pushing her torso upright.

'Hello, Debbie. Do you want to join us?' she asked, completely unconcerned.

Kieran watched as her youngest daughter undressed and joined them on the bed. Even her thighs were slimmer compared to her mother and sister, leaving a substantial gap at her genitals, even when her legs were together.

'Oh well!' he thought as she dragged him towards her. He had sampled her sister as well as her mother; he may as well make it a full hand.

Sadie seemed content to watch, her fingers playing with her pussy as he began fucking Debbie, her legs wrapping around his torso as she dragged him deeper into her cleft.

Laid on her back, Debbie's tits disappeared to almost nothing, only her prominent nipples sticking up from her chest. He reached a hand across and cupped her mother's ample mammary, tweaking the nipple and making her moan. She propped herself upright, one hand fingering her pussy, her other massaging her tit as she watched Kieran's shaft disappear and reappear from her daughter's cunt.

This was the first time he had faced the prospect of fucking two women, Kieran wondered if he was capable.

'Concentrate on this one, and the rest will follow,' he thought, ramming his cock into Petra's sister's pussy.

It wasn't to say that he didn't enjoy fucking this young woman, but he was finding that he wanted her to climax so that he could get to Sadie. Just like his mother, this older woman was the one that sexually excited him the most. His thrusting increased, forcing Debbie closer to her climax. When he felt himself getting too excited, he slowed, distracting what was going on down below by kissing her and playing with her nipples. She wasn't the only one who wanted to be kissed, Sadie constantly leaning across and clamping her lips onto his.

Her fingers had been doing their work and she was also near to achieving her orgasm. She beat her daughter to it by several seconds, Sadie's climax helping to send Debbie over the edge as he hammered her pussy but kept something in reserve.

With Debbie slowly recovering, Kieran turned his attention to Sadie. He left the younger woman, pulled her mother down the bed, and in a flash, was between her thighs. As

his cock forced her pussy open and invaded her hot wet passage, he knew that this was where he would much rather be.

She was still recovering from her first climax when she found her twat full of cock. She never got the time to catch her breath before her arousal was rising once more. He just went for it, fucking her fast and hard as she squirmed beneath him, her daughter turning her head and watching as Kieran fucked her mother. As Sadie succumbed to her orgasm, he breathed a sigh of relief and allowed himself to experience his own climax as he filled her pussy with cum.

Back at home the following morning, he thought about the previous evening. Yes, it had been fun fucking Debbie, and it had been even more fun fucking her mother, but it felt strange to be at Petra's home shagging her mother and sister while his girlfriend was off enjoying herself elsewhere.

Kieran found that, as Christmas approached once more, he was spending more time having sex with his mother and Sadie than he was having it with Petra. When he visited their home at weekends, he could end up in bed with any of them. Occasionally it would be Debbie; sometimes it would be Petra, but mostly it would be their mom.

Surprisingly for Kieran, he was finding that his feelings towards his girlfriend were diminishing and that his feelings for her mother were now growing instead. That was ridiculous, he realised, similar to his mother, she was a lot older than he was. Despite that, he was finding that he enjoyed sex with the two mature women in his life more than he did with the younger ones.

He was mulling over all of these thoughts when his mother piped up one evening.

'Is this thing with you and Petra serious?' She inquired.

'I suppose so. But it is early days, as yet. It's only been ten or eleven months.'

Maureen had met the young woman on quite a few occasions now but still did not know much about her family.

'Why don't you invite them for Christmas?'

'Are you sure it won't be too much trouble?'

'Of course not. I'll be cooking for us anyway. More the merrier.'

Kieran passed on the invitation to Petra, who passed it on to her mother.

As the festivities approached, he helped where he could, with the shopping and with buying small presents for everyone.

On Christmas Eve, which fell on a Wednesday; Kieran finished work early, had a couple of drinks with workmates and then kissed Petra goodbye, telling her he would see her the following day, before heading home.

He and his mother set to work, and by early evening had most of the food prepared for the following day.

'I need to be up early to put the turkey in the oven,' she said as they went up to bed.

Straddling his hips, Maureen stroked her son's expanding cock, feeling it stiffen in her hand. Her eyes closed dreamily as his fingers gently twisted and pulled at her nipples. She could feel the building sensations down below, her pussy

becoming more sensitive and her juices starting to flow as she imagined what they would be doing shortly.

Releasing his shaft, she shuffled forward; the rigidity of Kieran's cock parted her labia as she rubbed her vagina against it.

She was wanking him with her cunt, Kieran enjoying the sensations as he gazed up at her delectable body. He was not disputing that he liked Petra, a lot, even Debbie was ok as an occasional fuck, but recently, neither of them seemed to compare to his mother or Sadie. Every so often, she would lean forward and dangle her tits over his face, allowing his lips to suck on her nipples before sitting uptight again.

With temperatures building, the one thing that both wanted, was to fuck. Maureen raised her buttocks, grabbed her son's cock, and positioned it against her pussy, rubbing his plump knob against her clit. And then she groaned as she pressed it against her vagina and lowered herself. She loved that initial feeling as her fanny expanded and his hot throbbing meat filled her passage.

Resting for a moment, she savoured the feel of Kieran inside her. It had been over twelve months since they had first fucked and going on for nine months since they had

started to share a bed. She knew at some point; it would have to change; maybe this young woman he was dating was the one. But until that happened, she was going to continue enjoying the sex she had with him, incest or not.

Leaning forwards, she allowed him to fondle and caress her tits as her buttocks rose and fell. Maureen liked this position; it allowed her to control the speed of their lovemaking while they teased each other.

He pulled her down, crushing her breasts against his chest as they kissed, lips moving constantly, and tongues wrapping around each other. If he didn't know better, he could see himself falling in love with his mother. Maureen raised herself again onto outstretched arms, her buttocks bouncing on her son's cock faster as she felt her climax approaching. Her eyes were closed, mouth open as she panted, working his cock with her fanny as it fucked her.

As her arse rose, Kieran grabbed her buttocks and held her aloft, raising his knees and then slamming his hips upwards as his cock was rammed into her pussy. That opened her eyes and made her wail, the sound turning to a screech as he began fucking her rapidly, their groins slapping together roughly and frantically as he pushed her over the edge.

Maureen's orgasm was of such an intensity that she couldn't stop crying and shaking, the sensations overwhelming her. A ridiculous thought sprung into her mind for a second before being dismissed. Was she falling in love with her son?

They were both up early the next morning. With three guests coming for the day, Maureen wanted everything to be perfect. The lounge was decorated with a tree, and trimmings decorated the walls and ceiling. There were presents carefully laid out beneath the tree's tinsel-draped branches, a special one for Petra, and the turkey was in the oven, as well as the veggies having been parboiled ready.

Part of her son's present was the new outfit she wore. She had considered it a little bit, young looking, when they had purchased it. But that morning, gazing at herself in the mirror, she'd had to admit that she looked younger and "Bloody good" for her age. Everything was under control, and it would be another hour before their guests arrived. Kieran poured them both a drink before putting on some Christmas music.

Maureen was in the kitchen checking on the bird when the doorbell chimed, Kieran going to let his girlfriend and family in. Petra was the first through the door, giving him a smouldering kiss. Next came Sadie, Kieran was about to

kiss her cheek. But before he could make a move, she had him in a clinch, her lips pressed firmly against his own.

That only left Debbie, and she required no less than the others. But of course, she had to go one step further as he felt her hand rubbing at his cock and bringing him semi-erect.

He took their coats and showed them into the lounge.
'What can I get everyone to drink?'

Wine was the order of the day, even if it was still early. He went to the kitchen and poured three glasses, topping up both his own and his mother's drinks.

'Just give me a few minutes and then I'll be in.' His mother dried her hands and started removing her apron.

Kieran carried the glasses of wine into the lounge and distributed them. 'Mom will just be a couple of minutes. She's making sure everything is ready for the meal.'

Maureen walked into the dining room and checked on the table. It looked festive and perfect. Taking a sip from her glass, she continued into the lounge.

'Mom, you know Petra, this is her mother.....' Kieran never finished the introductions.

'Hello, Sadie.'

'Maureen?'

'Long time no see!' His mother muttered.

There seemed to be a long-drawn-out silence as Kieran, Petra, and Debbie stared at the two older women.

It was Petra who spoke first, addressing her mother. 'Do you already know Kieran's mom? You never said that you did.'

Before Sadie could say anything, Maureen spoke up. 'Yes, we know each other. She is the reason I divorced Kieran's father and why her boyfriend at the time did a runner. Do you ever see anything of my ex-husband?' She asked.

'No! Not since I moved away, and I've seen nothing of him since we returned.' Sadie replied.

Petra and Kieran were both trying to act as peacemakers. 'It's a long time ago, water under the bridge,' he said.

'I don't know what went on between you two, but it shouldn't affect how Kieran and I feel about each other.' Petra interjected.

You could cut the atmosphere with a knife, the two older women staring at each other frostily.

'Of course, it's going to affect your relationship.' Maureen snapped. 'Are you going to tell them, Sadie? Or should I?'

Petra's mother looked awkward, not about to enlighten either of them, which was why Maureen continued as she turned to her son.

'Sadie..... Is your father's sister. They were fucking each other behind everyone's backs..... Had been for years, we later found out.'

There was a stunned silence. Petra and Debbie looked at their mother. Kieran looked at his.

He was trying to assimilate this latest information. His father and his sister had been sleeping together. And then

the reality hit home, it made Sadie his aunt; he had been fucking his aunt for the past six months or more.

'That still doesn't affect me and Kieran!' Petra exclaimed.

Maureen turned and directed her gaze at her. It wasn't this poor girl's fault, but she needed to know the truth.

'At the very least Petra, you and Kieran are cousins.' She took a moment before she dropped her bombshell.

'It was never clear at the time. Neither of them denied nor admitted it as such. Your mother was pregnant, as was I when it all came to light, Petra. No one was certain if it was her boyfriend's..... What was his name..... Eddie? Or if it was Frank's, your father, Kieran. If it was Frank's..... It makes Petra your half-sister.'

Kieran slumped into one of the armchairs. His legs felt wobbly, and his drink and Christmas Day were completely forgotten about.

'What a bloody shamble.' On top of sleeping with his mother, he was fucking his aunt and his half-sister. The only one who seemed to be in the clear was Debbie, and at the very least, she was his cousin.

Petra was staring at her mother, tears in her eyes. 'Why didn't you say something in the beginning.'

'Because I didn't recognise his name, and it was a long time ago,' Sadie told her.

'You wouldn't recognise the name,' Maureen chimed in. 'I reverted to my maiden name and after Kieran was born, I christened him with that.'

At that moment, there was only one thing Kieran wanted to do. He picked up his glass and emptied its contents before getting another, demolishing that as well, and pouring a third. 'Might as well get pissed,' he thought. 'The day was already well and truly fucked up.'

It couldn't have happened on a worse day. Maureen had bought enough to feed a multitude and Sadie had not bought anything for that day due to the invite.

People spoke in hushed whispers and knocked back glass after glass of wine, all of them starting to get tipsy.

Maureen put the food on to cook; no point in it all going to waste. She didn't hate Sadie now, after all, as someone had

said. 'It was a long time ago.' The ones she felt sorry for were Kieran and Petra. With the best will in the world, there was no way that they could have a full relationship, not legally, anyway.

The other thing that lessened her animosity, was the fact that for nearly a year, she had been doing something very similar; she had been having an incestuous relationship with her son.

The conversation during lunch was stilted; there wasn't a lot that any of them could say to each other. The only one that tucked in was Debbie, everyone else just picking at their food. Afterwards, they continued drinking, the presents under the tree forgotten.

By late afternoon, one and all were clearly drunk, sensibilities and inhibitions dulled by the amount of alcohol they had consumed. Despite the great meal and all the decorations, this Christmas Day would be one to remember for all the wrong reasons.

At least his mother and Sadie were speaking, even if it was a little too loud and often slurred. Kieran thought of going out for a walk, but when he stood, the world started to spin. He was watching Debbie's mouth move and tried to make sense of what she was saying.

'I can't see a problem. You both have different names, and only mom and Kieran's mother know the truth. If no one says anything, who is to know the difference?'

He could hear his mother start to advocate against it. 'You know that there would be risks involved, especially if they had children.'

Memories of his first marriage breaking down came to mind. Just when he thought everything was going well, this happened. He had previously made a decision. He liked Petra, they made a great couple. He also liked her openness about him having sex with her sister and mother. That was the reason her present beneath the tree was a small velvet-lined box containing a ring.

At some point, he had decided to tell her about him and his mom; convinced that she would be as accepting of that, as she was with her own family. Kieran already had visions of being able to carry on fucking his mother, as well as having the choice of Petra, Debbie, or Sadie.

The four women were talking back and forth at each other; their alcohol intake meant that their voices were loud and shrill.

Kieran rubbed at his temples, feeling his agitation rise. All he wanted was some quiet so that he could think rationally.

'For God's sake, will everyone shut up and give me some peace? None of you has anything to complain about. You are all having sex with me, so what is the problem?'

At last, he had silence. The room was so quiet that he could have heard a pin drop.

Maureen was glancing at Debbie and Sadie, and they were looking at her in surprise. Her secret was out; the whole room had just heard her son say that he was sleeping with her. She glanced at Petra, amazed that the young woman did not seem surprised that her mother and sister were sleeping with her boyfriend. What den of iniquity had Kieran got himself into? She wondered.

Petra and her family left soon after. 'Don't worry,' she told him. 'It will sort itself out.'

Kieran was thoroughly miserable. The day had been a complete disaster. His mother had retired early, and though she had not said as such, he got the impression that he was not welcome in her room that night. It was the first time in ages that he had slept in his own bed; thankfully, the

amount of alcohol he had consumed meant he was out of it in no time.

The following morning, he awoke early, going downstairs to find it exactly as he had left it the night before. He was in the process of clearing stuff away when his mobile phone went off.

'Hi, Petra.'

'Hi, Kieran. Sorry about yesterday. Not exactly as we may have planned.'

'It wasn't your fault. I never knew any of this. I presume you didn't either.'

'No, I didn't. Anyway, mom has invited you and your mother over..... if she will come. It's just a buffet-style meal. We all need to talk..... but without being full of drink.'

'I'll ask her and ring you back.' Kieran promised.

Up in her room, Maureen could hear her son speaking, but could not hear what was said. Yesterday had dragged up memories from long ago; plus, she realised that there may

have been a hint of jealousy at learning that Kieran had slept with each of the women. Sadie had first fraternised with her husband, and now she'd had sex with her son. The feelings had later been tempered by the glasses of wine she had consumed and the acknowledgement that she had been doing no different for the last twelve months.

She heard the knock at her door, calling out for Kieran to enter. He looked sheepish as he passed on the invitation.

'Come here,' she said, watching as he shuffled into her room. 'I'm sorry. I shouldn't be taking it out on you. It was a long time ago.'

Back in her good books, he drew closer, aware that the previous night, he had gone without. Her night dress looked enticing, very short, and very transparent. As he closed the distance, he could feel himself becoming aroused, a definite bulge at his groin, which he proceeded to press against her mound as one of his hands brushed across her breast.

'We have time. Petra said to arrive about midday. I'll just let her know and then I'll be back.' He leered at her lecherously as he rushed to phone his girlfriend, and then get back to his mother.

Maureen's night dress had long since disappeared. She faced her son, one leg beneath his waist and the other slung over his hip. She was trying to look demure and then seductive, but she kept losing control of her face as his cock was thrust into her pussy.

There was no denying that she enjoyed her son fucking her. She'd had more sex in the last twelve months than she'd had for years. She felt her passage expand as his cock filled her once again, his slow constant rhythm arousing her swiftly. His cock travelling over sensitive nerve endings sent waves of pleasure coursing through her body, making her moan and groan continuously. His hands cupped her breasts, caressing and stroking the firm soft flesh and causing her nipples to ache.

When he squeezed each teat in turn, she cried aloud, her head thrown back for a second as the exhilarating sensations closed her eyes and made her shiver. When her head returned, mouth open to enable her to breathe easier, she felt his lips and tongue flick across her own. Maureen grabbed his face, her mouth clamping to his as they kissed. She didn't want to lose this; she couldn't lose this. Kieran had reawakened her sexuality and she had no wish to return to her monastic ways.

The pressure in her fanny was building; she could feel her climax approaching as she begged her son to fuck her faster.

Kieran changed position slightly, putting some distance between their upper torsos so that he could watch her body as his hips began to slam his cock into her cunt. In this position, it opened her vagina wide, the full length of his shaft filling her with each thrust. He watched as her tits bounced back and forth, gripping her now by the hips as his cock hammered her cunt brutally.

And then she was staring at him with unseeing eyes, her face going red as she held her breath before letting out an almighty scream as she began to climax.

Maureen was floating, the powerful sensations of her climax made her want to tell Kieran that she loved him, not as his mother, but as a woman. She restrained herself, nothing could come of telling him such a thing; she must be content with what she had.

They showered together and then dressed. Today, Maureen picked out an outfit that more accentuated her figure. If she was going to Sadie's home, then she intended to compete or try and outdo the other woman. The top she chose was tight, her unsupported tits jutting proudly from her chest

and her erect nipples making prominent bumps in the lycra-like material.

The skirt was shorter than the one she wore yesterday, displaying her legs clad in shiny sheer hold-up stockings. Maureen looked at herself in the mirror after applying her makeup. She looked good, more than that, she looked desirable and sexy. When she went downstairs, Kieran confirmed her assumption by whistling at her.

'Bloody Hell, mom. Dressed like that, we might never get to Petra's.'

Arriving at his girlfriend's, Kieran collected the presents from his backseat, popping the small box into his pocket.

Indoors, Petra looked gorgeous, as did Debbie, and so did Sadie. Kieran was surrounded by four, very delectable women.

While Petra got him a drink, he saw Sadie take his mother to one side.

'I'm sorry about yesterday, Maureen. I honestly had no idea that Kieran was your son. I know it sounds like an excuse,

but Frank and I had been at it long before he met and married you.'

'Why didn't you stop then?'

'I suppose for the same reason that I bet you now can't stop with Kieran. It was just so good. What I will tell you is that Petra is not Frank's daughter; we took precautions.'

That eased things a little for Maureen, but she still couldn't see a time when she and Sadie would be the best of friends.

'Why don't we just let those two decide what they want to do?' Sadie asked.

Maureen nodded. 'Are you still going to sleep with him?'

'Are you?' Sadie asked. The two women acknowledge their decisions with a hint of a smile.

Back in the lounge, Kieran was ready to distribute the presents, one for Debbie, one for Sadie, and one for his mom.

He looked around him. 'I'm sure I had one here for you, Petra. Let me just go and check in the car.'

He returned moments later, empty-handed. Everyone had opened their presents and his girlfriend was trying not to look disappointed.

'I'm sorry. I must have left it at home.'

'It's ok. Don't worry about it.' She uttered.

Kieran gave her a moment before his hand went to his pocket. 'I do have something here for you. Just for the time being.' He produced the tiny box with a flourish, opened it, and held it out to her.

Petra's hands went to her mouth. She was completely surprised.

'Go on!' Her sister Debbie was nudging her.

'Will you marry me?' Kieran asked.

There were tears in Petra's eyes; a huge smile plastered across her face as she nodded her head, took the ring, and placed it on her finger.

Kieran wasn't a sentimentalist. He had worked through it in his head and had made a decision. He liked Petra, liked her a lot. But he had deeper feelings for his own mom and her mother. By proposing, he was hopefully getting the best of all worlds. A gorgeous fiancé, who was quite happy for him to sleep with her mother and sister, and, he presumed, would not mind him sleeping with his mother when he wanted. What more could any man want?

It wasn't as though he intended to get married soon; a nice drawn-out engagement over the next two years would do nicely. Plenty of time to indulge himself before committing.

He'd managed one threesome with Debbie and Sadie. A little bit of coercion, and perhaps he could bring his mother around to the idea.

'Not a bad Christmas after all.' Kieran thought.

THE END