

Holiday Romance

Miss D'Mena

Her genitals were smooth, soft, and completely shorn of pubic hair. Up close, her butterfly lips pouted at me as I slid in for a closer inspection, running a finger across them, and hearing her soft groan as they started to open, like the petals of a flower. Assisting them, I opened her pussy, looking at the shiny pink moist flesh inside as her vagina flexed, as though winking at me.

A heady aroma of musk was captured by my nostrils, my face drawing closer until I was able to poke out my tongue and lick it from bottom to top. Her cry of pleasure doubled my efforts, this time circling her anus with my tongue before moving it upwards as I licked her pussy, and then finally as I exposed her clitoris and compressed it between my lips.

Her hand stroked my hair, her hips trying to push her vagina tightly against my mouth.

'Please, Andy. Please.'

With facial lips pressed firmly against vaginal lips, my tongue slid inside her opening and explored, licking, and tickling all of her internal flesh that it could reach. Kissing it as passionately as I had kissed her mouth. I allowed my hands to wander, across her mound and belly, over her ribcage, and then caressing and fondling the two comparatively firm orbs that jutted proudly from her chest. Her nipples reacted to my fingertips, twisting, and rolling them as they became erect and she groaned louder, her hips squirming against my mouth as her hands pulled at my head.

Returning to her lower torso, my hands pulled her butt cheeks open before running a finger around her anus and then poking the tip of it into the opening. Glancing at her chest, its up and down rapid motion matched her breathing, a ragged panting as her groans of pleasure and encouragement became louder.

'Andy..... Please..... Andy? Fuck me.'

It was the invitation I had been waiting for, pushing myself upright and moving up the bed until I knelt between her open thighs, rubbing my cock against her mound and pussy. I was teasing, increasing her desperation to have my penis inside her vagina. When her hands reached for it, I slid it home, expanding her pussy and making her gasp as my shaft filled her passage.

Nestled deeply within, I paused for a moment, gazing at her body, and working my way up to her face. Her sensual lips pouted, and parted, the tip of a pink tongue running across them. Withdrawing, I eased forward again, and this time allowed my lips to meet hers. The kiss was beyond arousing, beyond passion. There was a hunger there as our mouths tried to devour each other. And then at last she was getting what she required, my cock working its way in and out of her cunt as I slowly and sensually fucked her.

For some reason, I was obsessed with her tits, lavishing them with minute kisses, my mouth constantly licking and sucking at her large erect nipples as her hand caressed my face as though I was suckling, and she was feeding me. The image

increased my arousal, and in turn, hers, my hips moving faster as my shaft slid in and out of her pussy. Her breathing was now coming in short sporadic gasps, her legs wrapped around me which opened her pussy wider as I hammered at her cunt.

When she stared into my face and just before her eyes went blank, I knew she had reached her peak. I wanted it to last longer, but at the same time, my body was demanding its release. The final effort pushed her over the edge; my ejaculation intensified as I watched her squirm and thrash beneath me, her upper torso arching from the bed and pushing her taut stretched breast in my direction. Fucking her until exhaustion sapped my strength, I prolonged her climax, the orgasm shaking her body as she convulsed.

'Was it as bad as you first imagined?' I asked her when I was eventually able to breathe and speak.

Turning on her side towards me, her eyes sparkled. 'No!..... It was actually..... incredibly good! Sexier and far more arousing than I imagined.'

'So does that mean you would actually consider letting your son make love to you again?'

She giggled and blushed a little. 'Maybe,' she replied with a teasing laugh.

My mother Cassie was twenty years older than I was, and at thirty-eight she was what every young man dreamt of. She was an older woman, attractive, and with a body to die for and which just automatically attracted one's attention.

As far as I knew, I was the first male person she had slept with for at least the last eighteen years; the reason being that, as I had only recently discovered, she thought of herself as a lesbian up until that moment.

During my childhood and teenage years, I thought nothing of the fact that I did not appear to have a father. There were plenty of kids my age in exactly the same boat; we were not an anomaly anymore. Nor did I question why my aunt Patsy spent so much time at our house. Mom and she were sisters, and so it did not seem incongruous to me when they often slept in the same room and bed.

In a way, I suppose, Patsy was nearly as much a mother to me as my mum was, a kind of surrogate in a way. They would take me out together, to the beach, on holiday, and to the clubs and groups I attended, and in all that time, I never saw anything that I would have considered inappropriate take place between them.

She had her own place about a mile away, and I did think, as I got older, what a waste of money it was because of the amount of time she spent at our house. As a teenager, and with plenty of friends, I never understood why my home seemed to be the place where we all congregated. It was only later, as I got older that I worked it out in my mind. Mum and Patsy were young compared to most other mothers and

allowed the boisterousness and disruption of several growing teens that perhaps other parents would not. It was that, and the fact that they were both attractive, which I suppose also had an influence.

Throughout my teenage years, our group of friends began to expand. To us original four lads, girlfriends were added, plus some mates of mates. It grew to ten, maybe a dozen; some coming, and others going as relationships changed.

No one ever mentioned my lack of a father or the fact that Patsy was a constant at our house. It was just a warm family atmosphere where everyone was welcome.

The problem with life is that when you are young, you accept everything at face value. I reached an age where words were bandied about, men who liked other men, and women who fancied other women; even then I hadn't twigged. Maybe it was because the other woman in mum's life was her sister and not a complete stranger.

My eighteenth was celebrated with a party. Mom and Patsy went overboard with all of my friends invited, putting on a spread and buying plenty of alcohol.

'You can have your first proper drink.' Mom laughed. That was a joke in itself since all of my friends and I had been getting served in local pubs for nearly two years now.

There was too much food, the music was too loud, and everyone drank far too much; it was what a great party should be. Mom and Patsy had stayed in the background initially, but my friends had been coming here for years and that evening treated them as though they were part of our group.

The drunker everyone got, the more fun it was watching some of my mates try to flirt and chat up my mother and aunt while getting nowhere fast. Despite them being older and as such, my parents, they certainly knew how to party, both of them well on the way to being pissed. My aunt teased, flirted, and danced with most of the lads. But that was as far as it went, none of them even reaching first base.

At the end of the night, we packed them all into taxis and sent them on their way. 'We can clear all of this lot in the morning,' mum announced as she and Patsy headed upstairs. I stayed up a while longer, knowing that in my present state, the world would spin if I tried to lie down. While I waited for some equilibrium to return, I used the time to clear away most of the mess; almost all of it was done by the time I headed for my room nearly an hour later.

I was expecting mum and Patsy to be asleep by now as I crept slowly and quietly up the stairs. All the lights were out, but the noises coming from my mother's room were ones that I did not associate with them chatting. The door was wide open as I reached it, as were their curtains, the moonlight filtering into their room. It was just a natural reaction to glance in while passing, before stopping abruptly, and taking a step backwards to check what I thought I had seen.

Mom was reclining against her pillows with her legs open wide. I couldn't see her pussy because of the head that was between her thighs, a head that belonged to my aunt Patsy,

and which with the noises my mother was making, I guessed must have been licking and sucking at her pussy.

Maybe it was the shock, or perhaps the sight of my mother's excellent breasts and Patsy's pert derriere that kept me standing there. Whichever it was, I was rooted to the spot momentarily, long enough for mum to open her eyes and realise I was outside their door and watching them.

Her first reaction hadn't been to try and cover herself, that would have been impossible in her present position. She pushed at my aunt's head, Patsy taking that as a sign that mum's fanny needed more attention.

'Patsy!' I heard mum hiss. 'Patsy!!' This time a little louder as she pushed harder at her sister's head.

My aunt raised it and looked at my mother's face, noticing her stricken features and then turning her head to see what mum was looking at.

I remember a face full of embarrassment and panic before the covers were dragged over them both, as Patsy swore. 'Shit!'

Funnily enough, perhaps I was the only one who didn't feel embarrassed; that light-bulb moment made perfect sense to me now. Even though mum and Patsy were sisters, it didn't strike me as being a dilemma. What they did in our home was nobody else's business. It came as a shock though to realise that both my mother and aunt batted for the other side. What I did feel was disappointment. Patsy, to me, was gorgeous, one of those women who despite her age was still desirable. I knew I had a crush on her, feeling stupid as I realised it would never be reciprocated.

The second thought to enter my head was one of erotic excitement; my two moms were lezzies. What young man wouldn't find that arousing? A smile played across my lips. 'Goodnight mum. Goodnight Patsy.' I headed to my bedroom and some much-needed sleep, hearing the sudden eruption of hysterical laughter coming from their room.

Dozing, the image refused to disappear. I had seen more of my mother's naked body than her sisters and yet it was still Patsy that haunted my dreams as we did things that left a crusty deposit on my stomach when I awoke.

The next morning, I slept in a little later than usual. It was not so much sleeping as dozing as I replayed the events and discoveries from the previous night. The fact that mum and Patsy were gay did not bother me, other than that little bit of disappointment and the thought that it was a waste of two incredibly attractive women; but who was I to judge?

When I finally got out of bed and went downstairs, Patsy was nowhere to be seen. 'She has just popped home,' my mother informed me.

Honestly, I wanted to laugh. Remember what it's like when you are a child and have done something wrong, facing your parents and waiting for the lecture to begin? Well, it was like that, only this time, the boot was on the other foot.

'Err, about last night,' mum started.

'You don't need to explain, mum. It was fairly obvious what was happening. I am old enough now to understand. Have you always been gay?' I asked.

I'm sure she was a little taken aback that I wasn't being judgemental.

'It also makes a lot of sense now why Aunt Patsy spends so much time here. I've thought for a while that it would be cheaper to sell her place and move in with us. She never uses it.' I said it with a laugh, trying to lighten the tension I could see in my mother's face.

'You're not shocked? It does not bother you?'

I shrugged my shoulders and gave her a puzzled frown. 'Why should it? Though I am a little disappointed.'

Mom looked at me, as though waiting for some critique. 'Two beautiful women!' I raised my eyes to the heavens as I shook my head. 'What a waste. Well, there goes my crush on Patsy.'

I had to laugh eventually because she just stood there with her mouth partly open as though in shock.

When she finally found her composure, we sat and talked about her life and the discoveries that she had made growing up.

'I have always known that I was attracted to girls rather than boys. It is not that I don't like men; it's just that I much prefer sex with a woman. I never wished to marry, but I knew I wanted to be a mother. A series of one-night stands allowed me to get pregnant, but without the commitment of a relationship. I can't tell you who your father was because I have no idea myself.'

From what was disclosed, she and Patsy had been involved in a relationship for many years, long before I was born.

It is a strange feeling. When you are young, the thought of discussing relationships, and in particular, sex, with your mother is something to dread. I suppose the older you get, the easier it becomes because you can explain things that you know the other person will understand.

'Are you sure you are ok with it? Even though Patsy and I are sisters?'

'I'm fine with it, mum. It just makes it more erotic.'

I was sure that my understanding and relaxed attitude shocked her more than our discussion did, but suddenly we were interrupted by the telephone ringing.

'That will be Patsy now,' mum said as she went to answer it.

'Tell her it's safe to return,' I laughed.

Andy was out with his friends, and Cassie, with her sister, had retired early. Sat up in bed, they discussed the previous night and Cassie's conversation with her son that morning.

'And he doesn't mind?' Patsy asked for the umpteenth time.

'No, not at all. In fact, he was more relaxed about it than either of us was. He said it was erotic.' Cassie had to laugh at the realisation that Andy wasn't a child anymore; he was now an adult.

'Did you know he has a crush on you, Patsy? He was actually very complimentary about both of us.'

'What? Do you mean..... you know.' Both women were laughing as Cassie nodded her head.

'Hmmm. Perhaps I should tease him.' Patsy mumbled, distracted now as her mouth went to Cassie's nipple. Her sister let out a slow soft expression of pleasure as fingers teased and twirled around her other nipple, a fire igniting in her loins.

Her hand stroked Patsy's shiny locks and then down the smooth soft skin of her back, ending at her waist as she slid down the bed. Now on an equal level, Cassie looked at her sister's succulent lips, nibbling at them and teasing with her tongue before their mouths came properly together.

Patsy's hand fondled her buttocks, creeping into the crack of her arse as Cassie's hands squeezed her sister's tits, pulling, and twisting at the engorged nipples as their mounds pressed roughly together. And then suddenly, Patsy's hand was between Cassie's legs, her palm rubbing suggestively at her pussy as a guttural cry of pleasure escaped.

The simmering fire turned into an inferno, Cassie grinding her pussy-lips and cunt against the hand and probing fingers. Their kiss this time wasn't seductive, it was full-on passion

and lust, Cassie's hand also between her sister's legs as both women slid fingers into cunts at the same moment.

With hands back to abusing their tits and nipples, they had tangled their legs together, their pussies leaving trails of slippery juice as they humped each other's thighs. This was how they always liked to achieve their first orgasm; bodies pressed tightly against each other as their hips rubbed their cunts back and forth rapidly. As they climaxed, they pressed their breasts together, erect nipples digging into each other's tits as they groaned and squirmed.

The next was always top-to-toe, fingers spreading each other's labia while tongues explored the pink moist flesh now tasting of cum and juices. Clitorises were exposed, lips compressing the small buds before tongues teased and then mouths sucked. Both Patsy and Cassie felt the tempest building between their legs, nipples throbbing as their next climax approached. At this stage, nothing was out of bounds; no orifice was ignored as they both strived for that final release.

And then they were screaming as they climaxed, waves of pleasure washing over them, mouths still rigidly attached to each other's cunts as they attempted to extract every ounce of orgasmic release.

Curled around Cassie's sleeping body, Patsy's mind was full of what-ifs. Despite her age, she had never experienced a man. Whether she had seduced her sister or Cassie had seduced her, the memory was lost in the mists of time. It had always been the two of them, and the only time that either of them had betrayed their relationship was for the necessary evil of Cassie getting pregnant. She pondered about her nephew; the thought that he had a crush on her caused a ripple of excitement mixed with fear.

She wanted to tease him; that was just her nature. But she was scared of things going too far, and Andy expecting something that she wasn't sure she could provide. Despite his tender years, where men and women were concerned, he was far more experienced than she was.

She also feared what Cassie might say about her teasing and flirting with her son. What her mind was contemplating, somehow felt like a betrayal.

Summer, school had finished, and come the autumn I would be starting college. Jenny, my girlfriend for the past six months was going to university miles away and decided that now was an appropriate time to decide that she needed her freedom while she was away. Was I bothered? No, not really. To me, it was a euphemism for wanting to sleep around and so we parted company.

Much to her annoyance, it hadn't taken long for me to find her replacement. Why did I pick Cindy? I don't really know myself. I suppose one aspect of her was that she was a lot like my aunt Patsy. The same mischievousness, a thirst for life and complete confidence in herself and her abilities. She wasn't one to beat about the bush and could be outspoken, sometimes shocking, to other members of the group.

It was about three weeks after we had started going out and one evening in the pub, I had caught her staring at a couple of girls standing at the bar.

'Do you think they are attractive?' She asked.

Now, if there is one thing I have learned, you do not tell a female, that you find another woman attractive. Pulling a face, I was non-committal. 'I suppose so.'

'Do you fancy them?' What kind of a question was that I was wondering, answering Cindy with a question of my own?

'Why? Do you?'

She considered for a moment. 'Yeah, I could quite fancy either of them.'

'This was getting weird,' I was thinking.

'It's natural to fancy other women, Andy. I'm not going to get mad about that. I may do if you did something about it though.' She gave me a look which threatened the infliction of severe pain if I attempted to stray.

'I don't see anything wrong with women fancying women. It's just a different kind of sex!'

See what I mean about her outspoken comments. And then, to make matters worse, I nearly put my foot in it. Before I found out about mum and Patsy, it would never have entered my head. Suddenly I was about to say that she would get on famously with my mother and aunt but managed to stop myself before anything popped out. It was harder than I thought, to keep their relationship a secret.

When she eventually visited my home along with several other friends, there were fireworks. She and Patsy were so much alike, they fed off each other. It seemed to be a

competition to see who could be the most outrageous, but it was also a laugh a minute.

As I walked Cindy home at the end of the evening, she seemed more excitable than normal.

'Wow! Your mum and aunt are gorgeous. And your aunt is so funny, I love her.'

What I was finding strange was that she was a little more than excitable; it was as though she was aroused. My suspicions were confirmed when, passing an alleyway between two buildings, she stopped and dragged me into the darkness.

'I want you to fuck me,' she whispered into my ear, her body already pushing seductively against mine.

We had already slept together, but not enough to stop her words from taking me by surprise. Within seconds, she had removed her panties, hoisted her skirt, and was fumbling with my zipper.

I wasn't exactly going to say no to her. An offer of sex was something that, as far as I was concerned, you never refused.

Supporting her raised leg with one hand, and with my pants threatening to fall to my ankles, I got my cock inside her pussy. 'Christ, she was wet.' I was thinking.

All the time I was fucking her she kept referring to my mum and aunt, my cock pounding her pussy as my other hand went beneath her t-shirt and popped her tits from their cups. She rattled on about them so much that I eventually just told her, 'Yeah, I've often wondered what it would be like to shag Patsy.'

Cindy's eyes went wide, her body starting to shake. 'Oh yes. God, I would love to see that. That is so erotic and intense.' It must have been, because she chose that moment to climax, her eyes closing as I continued to fuck her until I filled her sopping wet pussy with my cum.

On the walk home my mind was a mass of disturbing thoughts. I was pondering whether or not to break up with her already. She was gorgeous but seriously weird, thinking of how she had become aroused while talking about my mother and aunt. Two exuberant women in the shape of mum and Patsy could be hard enough at times; was I ready to add a third to that group?

Whatever decision I was going to make was cut short the next morning. My mother announced that she and Patsy had booked a static caravan by the coast for a week's break. 'I thought it might be nice if you invited Cindy. She seems to be a lovely young woman.'

I was going to see how that week away panned out. If she was going to be as outrageous as last night, then I'm afraid she and I would be parting company.

Cindy had been all for it, already looking forward to the break. We set off that weekend for the three-hour journey, mum doing the driving while my aunt occupied the jump seat

with Cindy and me in the rear. Thankfully, they behaved themselves, and the journey was completed without incident.

The small static park was on the edge of the beach, only separated by a waist-high picket fence with a gate in it for easy access. Inside, the van was spacious enough for the four of us and had two bedrooms.

'You and Cindy take one, Patsy and I will take the other.'

I could see immediately why mum had booked one with two rooms rather than the larger ones with four. It meant she and Patsy could sleep together without raising suspicions. I don't think any of us could be bothered that evening, so, we picked up a fish and chips supper, and ate them sitting on the beach as we chatted. That night in bed felt a little strange initially, the walls were paper thin, and although I could quite happily have had sex with Cindy, I was aware that my mother and Patsy would be able to hear.

That of course did not stop my girlfriend. Her hand had already disappeared beneath the covers, my shaft throbbing presently because her fingers were sliding up and down it as she slowly tossed me off and skyrocketed my arousal. She stopped for a moment, cocking her head as though listening for something, before asking me a question that had my penis quickly beginning to soften.

'Is Patsy really your aunt or do you just call her that?' It was an innocuous question to which I didn't give much thought as I answered.

'Yeah, she is my aunt, mum's sister. Surely you have noticed the similarity. Why do you ask?'

Cindy's eyes were sparkling, her breathing coming faster. It was as though she couldn't contain herself. 'Because..... I can hear them fucking!'

'Shit! Shit! Shit!' My obvious answer was to deny it. 'Rubbish! I can't hear anything.'

'Stop talking then and listen.' At first, I heard nothing, but then sounds filtered through. They were not very loud, but it was obvious they were the sounds of sex.

My cock had sagged. How was I going to explain this? Before I even had the chance, Cindy was on top of me, whispering. 'Fucking hell, Andy. Your mum and her sister are at it. They are fucking for real. How lucky are you? Shitting hell, just the thought of it is turning me on.'

Her instant arousal and her pussy grinding itself against my limp prick brought it back to life. She dangled her tits over my face, always a surefire way to get me going as my expanding and throbbing shaft jerked against her pussy.

Cindy, as I quickly learnt, had no inhibitions. Now that she had me aroused, she raised her bottom, pulling my shaft upright before lowering herself; the gasp that she emitted as it filled her pussy must have been plainly heard in the next room. It is extremely hard when a gorgeous bird is bouncing

on your cock, to keep telling her, 'Shush,' every few seconds because of her constant cries of pleasure.

And then I just figured, 'What the hell?' Putting my heart and soul into shagging her. When my hands reached for her ample tits and twisted her nipples, her up and down motion increased, as did her vocals, which accompanied the sound of the creaking bedsprings. It was probably obvious to the whole park by now, what we were doing.

Fortunately, arousal tends to make you forget your surroundings as I hoisted her buttocks and started hammering my cock into her cunt. The squeaking got worse. Cindy got louder, and then she was climaxing, juices flooding my groin as I joined the cacophony and shot my load up her flue.

As we lay next to each other, struggling to fill our lungs with air, I was dammed sure I could hear clapping and giggling coming from the next room.

The following morning, I managed to get through breakfast unscathed. Although they did not say anything, mum, and Patsy, smirked at me continuously. Cindy, however, just sat at the breakfast table, completely unabashed. That my parents, and perhaps the whole campsite had heard what we were doing, didn't seem to bother her in the slightest.

Sunbathing was the order of the day. With the beach just outside our front door, there was no need to lug all the paraphernalia with us; we could simply get what we wanted as we needed it.

When Cindy changed into her bikini, my heart skipped a beat. She looked stunning in the small amount of material that covered her. What I hadn't foreseen were the skimpy items my mother and aunt were wearing. Patsy was the first to appear. All those images I'd had of her were suddenly fulfilled. She looked fantastic, good enough to eat, and because of the swim shorts I was wearing, I had to do a quick bit of rearranging.

When she caught me glancing at her; I am sure I was the cause of the sudden two bumps that appeared, one on each breast. When my mother appeared, for the first time in my life, I saw her as a woman and not as my mum. Honestly, she looked beautiful, but it was more than that, I was suddenly realising that she looked fit, sexy, and highly desirable.

The two of them had stepped out, rolled beach mats beneath their arms and towels over their shoulders. Cindy and I were following them, with me carrying the bag containing a chilled bottle of wine and several soft drinks. Behind me, Cindy was giggling. 'What?' I asked.

'The look on your face. You fancy them, don't you, you fancy your mum and aunt? This is fantastic,' she continued to giggle. 'I'm so glad you invited me.'

I saw no point in trying to deny it because my girlfriend wasn't going to believe me, and anyway, what she was saying was partially true.

They had found a spot within a short walking distance, the four of us settling down. At first, it was fairly quiet, but as time passed and the day heated, families began to appear, the beach filling up quickly.

It was Patsy that mentioned it first. Sitting up to apply more lotion. 'We seem to be attracting attention from a lot of the men.'

My mother sat upright and casually glanced around. 'It's not just the men. It's women as well. It is all your fault, Andy.'

Hearing my name mentioned, I turned on my side to face my mother. 'What's my fault?'

'The men are all looking at you with envy. They are wondering how you have managed to attract three gorgeous women.' She laughed huskily as she preened. 'The women though, are lusting after you. They are wondering what you have got that would attract the three of us.'

They were laughing now, all of them sitting upright and casually looking around them. As mum reached for the bag and opened the wine, Cindy added her contribution.

'They are trying to work out, if, or how, we are related. Could it be two beautiful women, each with a son or a daughter? Or is it one mum and a friend with a daughter and her boyfriend? There are so many permutations that they are guessing which one it is.'

As I sat up to grab a soft drink, I noticed Patsy and Cindy, who were sitting next to each other, exchanging mischievous glances. They were planning something. I just knew it.

Under the pretence of helping herself to another glass of wine, Patsy knelt next to my mother and proceeded to whisper something in her ear. I'm sure they were both glancing in my direction, but it was hard to tell with them wearing sunglasses. But then mum smiled suspiciously and nodded.

I had this feeling of dread. I know what my mother and aunt can be like when they get that look of devilment, and I also knew that whatever they were planning, Cindy was going to take it to another level.

I watched carefully as my aunt returned to her spot, sure that as she sat down next to Cindy, she gave the slightest of nods. Moments later, my girlfriend moved, kneeling between my thighs as her arms went around my neck, and she gave me the most sensual of kisses ever.

All right, she took me by surprise, but hey, at the end of the day, she is my girlfriend.

Ten minutes later, Patsy piped up. 'Come on Andy. Come and have a dip with me.' Resignedly, I got to my feet and together we walked the short distance to the water's edge. The sand was hot beneath my feet, the sun beating down as we ventured into the surf. For the first couple of feet, the water was warm,

but as we ventured further and the water came up first to my waist and then my chest, it was freezing.

Five minutes tops, and I was ready to get out, my shrivelled penis and scrotum protesting at the temperature. We were about halfway back when Patsy stopped me, moving in close as she whispered in my ear. 'Make it look good.'

Before I could even begin to wonder what, she was talking about, Patsy had clasped my face in both her hands and kissed me. It took a moment for the shock to disappear, and then, 'Wow!' I didn't have to make it look good; it was good. It was sensual, arousing, and at one point I even felt her tongue trying to invade my mouth.

What caused me embarrassment, was that down below, something was happening and there was no way Patsy would be able to miss my burgeoning erection. Naturally, I placed my hands atop her waist, but as the kiss grew in intensity, I found it difficult to keep them still, and not grab my aunt's arse. Perhaps it was the knowledge that my mother and

girlfriend would be watching that restrained me from touching her.

'So, this is what they were up to.' I suddenly thought. The families around us would have no idea who was with who at that moment, and I wondered what the women had planned next.

I didn't have long to wait. When we got back to our spot, my beach mat was already occupied by Cindy, who had moved next to my mother.

It was, and also wasn't a surprise; my girlfriend raising herself on one elbow as she leaned over my mother; brushing her hair softly to one side before kissing her. Mom definitely didn't seem to be fighting her off, more; she seemed to be enjoying it, and then I saw something that I'm sure Patsy missed. It was hard to tell properly because of their positions, but I was convinced that Cindy had just intentionally fondled my mother's breast.

When my girlfriend resumed her position, I'm sure that I had never seen my mother as flustered as she was at that moment. I sensed that she had enjoyed it more than she was letting on but didn't want to be seen as too enthusiastic with her sister present.

The warm morning turned into a hot afternoon with the beach mats becoming more like musical chairs as each of us changed positions. I'd watched as Cindy and Patsy had kissed before I went back to the caravan to replace the bottle of wine they had demolished, with another one. Mom was certainly putting it away and I could see that she was getting tipsy.

I understood why when Cindy nudged me, and in a faint voice, egged me on. 'Go on. It's your turn again. Kiss your mum, she's waiting.

Patsy was making 'shooing' motions with her hand, indicating that I should get on with it. My mother looked petrified, which was exactly how I was feeling. This joke was now going a bit too far.

With our faces inches apart, her eyes looked scared and excited. 'You don't have to do this.' She mouthed. I was just going in for a quick kiss, no tongues or anything like that, my eyes closed as our lips met. After fifteen seconds, I intended to pull away, but her hand held my head tightly in place as the tip of her tongue ran across my top lip and she nipped the bottom one with her teeth.

My hand came up to cup her face, our mouths moving against each other, and with the kiss gaining momentum of its own, I realised my arm was resting against her breast. She was not attempting to move it, if anything, she was rubbing herself against it. The kiss went on longer than I had expected; her hand and arm, which had been down by her side when our lips first came together, moved, her hand brushing against my erection and staying there as she imperceptibly rubbed against it.

The arousal that shot through my body was overwhelming, my mind suddenly full of thoughts, of touching her, of doing things to her, thoughts that a son should never have about his

mother. I had to stop this now because if I didn't something was going to happen, and my family would never be the same.

With an effort, I broke away. If I thought my mother had looked flustered after Cindy had kissed her, it was nothing to what she looked like now. Either she had caught the sun, or her face, neck and chest were flushed. Her breasts rose and fell swiftly, and she seemed to be having trouble breathing normally.

With late afternoon approaching, I decided to call it a day. All three women had drunk far too much, and if they continued in this vein, something silly was going to happen that none of us had planned for.

They were too far gone for a restaurant that evening, so I went out and purchased pizzas for everyone, with it only being a short walk into the village. Mom and Patsy turned in early and Cindy was dozing in the chair. Shaking her shoulder, I roused my girlfriend. 'Go to bed. I'll be in shortly.'

With all the windows open, I watched an hour or two of television before turning in myself. Cindy was fast asleep, and I had no wish to disturb her. Settling down, my mind seemed to be a hive of activity with troubled thoughts. While I could accept that I had been aroused by kissing my aunt, it felt completely immoral to feel the same, if not more aroused when I kissed my mother.

After nearly two hours in bed, I was yet to fall asleep. My mind was too busy, and it was too hot to get comfortable. I only got up for a drink, not wanting to disturb my girlfriend with my tossing and turning. Sitting in the darkened lounge area, I heard the click of a door as Patsy appeared. 'Can't sleep?' She asked.

I shook my head. 'It is too hot. Is mum asleep?'

'Yeah, she went out like a light.'

Opening the door to try and let some air in the stuffy van, I felt the slight breeze coming off the sea. 'I think I'm just going

to have a short walk along the beach and see if that makes me sleepy.'

'Give me two minutes.' Patsy said as I laced up my trainers.

She returned, dressed as I was, in a t-shirt and shorts and pulled on a pair of sandals. Out through the gate and onto the still warm sand. We walked down to the water's edge so as not to disturb anyone in the other statics. Keeping our voices low, we talked, and I knew it would only be time before Patsy mentioned that afternoon's frivolity.

She was hesitant, to begin with, not quite sure how to start, and it felt like that conversation with my mother where we had swapped roles; I was the adult and Patsy was the child. 'I know it was supposed to be a bit of fun..... And I know your mum said that you had a crush on me..... I just wasn't expecting your reaction.'

'What were you expecting to happen when you kissed me like that?' Perhaps my reply was a bit sharp because she fell silent for several minutes.

'When your mum first told me, I was going to tease you about it. But I decided that it wasn't fair if I wouldn't..... couldn't follow through with it.'

That stopped me in my tracks. My aunt had actually considered whether she could do something with me..... as in sex?

Far away from where we were stopping, we walked up the beach until I flopped onto the sand, my aunt sitting beside me.

'I don't understand you, Patsy. I could understand you getting excited about kissing Cindy; you are a lesbian after all. But what did you expect was going to happen when you kissed me? Did you not understand that I may find it arousing?'

'I don't know. I have never kissed a man before!'

Well, at least she had the decency not to call me a kid or a teenager.

'Can I ask you something, Andy? Can we try it again?'

I stared at her incredulously. 'What? You want me to kiss you again?'

I was just plain stunned, not having a clue what my aunt was playing at. Why was she asking me to kiss her again, she liked women, not men; it didn't make sense.

'Oh well,' I thought. 'If that was what she wanted, she was going to get a surprise this time. It was dark, the beach was deserted, and I had no reason to behave like a perfect gentleman.'

Easing her down onto her back, I moved tightly against her as my face hovered above hers. With the darkness, I couldn't read her expression or see her eyes and so just allowed my lips to softly touch hers for a moment. Tiny gentle pecks of her top lip and then bottom lip, slowly allowing them to come together and then applying pressure as it began to build.

When I felt her responding and her tongue flickering against my lips, I allowed my hands to start moving. From the top of her leg, it moved onto her hip, slowly inching upwards to her waist, and allowing it to rest there momentarily on her bare skin. It then moved up her side, until I reached her armpit, intentionally catching her unfettered breast as it passed.

It was easy to tell that she was becoming aroused; she was having to break the kiss every few seconds to pull air into her lungs. Kissing her chin, and cheeks, I moved to her ear, nibbling at the lobe, and then to her neck. As I worked my way around it, her first cries of pleasure were released. When our lips met once again, my hand started to repeat its previous journey, only, this time when it reached her waist and bare skin; I slipped it beneath her t-shirt.

Patsy gave a shiver, her stomach quivering as her chest continued to rise and fall rapidly as my hand inched upwards. She must have known what I was intending but did nothing to stop its travel as my fingertips glided over her soft skin. Pulling her face away from mine, she was panting and groaning, her eyes closed and her head burrowing itself into the soft sand. When I cupped her breast and gave it a tentative squeeze before tweaking her nipple, she convulsed, her thighs clamping together as her hips shook uncontrollably.

'Andy? Oh my god, Andy. You're making me cum!'

Allowing her to slowly descend from her plateau, I just continued to softly fondle her breast, probably because it was of a size and shape that fit perfectly into my hand. It felt firm, her erect nipple digging into my palm. All this, and I hadn't even got around to touching her pussy, surprised that I had made her climax simply by kissing and touching her tits.

When she was breathing normally, I asked her if she was ok. 'Yeah, I'm ok, Andy. I've never experienced that before. It was so different.'

Squashed together so tightly, there was no way she could miss the throb or occasional jerk of my erection against her thigh and hip. Her hand moved as it hovered near my nether regions before she jerked it away, completely unsure of herself or what she needed to do.

'I'm sorry. I'm not sure what I'm supposed to do,' she whispered.

I allowed myself to chuckle. 'Think of it like a dildo. I'm sure you and mum have used one of those. Though I'm afraid I haven't found a way of making it vibrate yet.' My attempt at humour made her laugh.

'I can stop now if you want. Or you can tell me to stop at any time.' I told her.

Her response was to pull my head down as we kissed once more, my hand moving from her left tit to her right tit, tweaking and twirling both nipples until they stood proudly from each breast. As we kissed, I edged the t-shirt upwards until both of her glorious orbs were exposed to the warm night air and then moved from her lips to her breasts as I licked and sucked at the erect teats.

From what I could tell, Patsy seemed to be loving what I was doing to her so far, her breathing spiralling upwards again as I traced a pattern over her stomach and belly with my tongue. Having reached the decisive moment, she was either going to stop me or perhaps my fantasy was going to come to fruition, and I was going to fuck my aunt.

Having reached the waistband of her shorts, I undid the button and slid the zip down, a waft of warmer air, and the scent of her musk catching my nostrils. Opening them as wide as they would go and easing them down a touch, I kissed and ran my tongue over her mons, no growth there to obscure the baby-soft smooth skin.

Patsy raised her bottom from the sand and allowed me to slide the shorts from her hips and down her legs, sitting up for a second as she removed her t-shirt. I have got to say that she has a glorious body, every bit as good as Cindy's.

As she settled down once more, I got rid of my own t-shirt and then slid between her open legs, my nose getting a stronger scent of her musk and cum. Gently, I peeled her labia back, exposing the pink wet flesh of her vagina as I tasted her for the first time, a tangy saltiness which I found delicious.

And then my tongue was licking and teasing the sensitive flesh. Patsy's cries, whipped away by the slight breeze as she ground her female parts against my face. She was leaking juices at a fantastic rate, my tongue lapping them up as it traced patterns between her puckered entrance and fanny until I popped her clit free and sucked on it, the bud swelling in size as her hips tried to thrash.

With her never having experienced this type of sex before, it hadn't taken long to bring her to the brink once more, or for me to unfasten my shorts and slide them from me. When I judged she was ready, I came to a kneeling position, gently rubbing my cock against her pussy and mound, and making sure its plump knob caught her clit with each sweep.

'Are you sure about this?' I had to ask; it was her last chance to say 'No.'

When her head nodded, I drew back, felt my shaft fall into position, and eased forward, filling her cunt with my cock. I have never heard a female gasp as loud as Patsy did, the air strewn with profanities as her pussy acclimatised itself to male flesh.

Starting slow, I began to fuck her, watching her face change as though she had just been introduced to the taste of chocolate. She had raised her head and was staring into my eyes, her mouth partly open as she ran her tongue over her lips,

blinking rapidly and sighing, each time my shaft was thrust into her wetness.

As I increased my momentum, she was struggling to keep her eyes open, her cries growing louder, and then she was pulling at my head, down towards her, until our lips met, and her tongue invaded my mouth. Patsy's hands never stopped moving, trying to caress every part of my body that she could reach, her hips moving in time with mine as she thrust them up to meet my downward plunge.

She was already on the edge and I was trying to catch her up, my cock hammering into her cunt now, our mouths still locked together as she began to squirm beneath me, and then suddenly she broke away, her eyes staring crazily for a second before they closed and her head went back, a wail issuing from her throat as I joined her, grunting as I emptied my sack into her pussy and fucked her like a madman.

I had rolled us onto our sides, still joined together, with Patsy holding onto me as though she was out at sea, and I was her

life preserver. She said nothing, simply nuzzling her head against my shoulder, but still refusing to release the grip she had on me.

Managing to get an arm under her neck, my other hand rested on her buttocks, exploring the smooth soft skin, and pulling her bottom half tightly against my own. It had been the most exquisite sex I had ever experienced, but as normality returned to my body, I knew we had both crossed a line.

'I could never imagine how that would feel.' She suddenly uttered.

I stole Cindy's words. 'It's just a different kind of sex Patsy; the emotions and sensations are remarkably similar though.'

'Thank you for being so gentle and understanding.'

'I should be thanking you. It's very few young men who get a fantasy like that to come true.'

At last, we disentangled ourselves as we sat up and retrieved our clothes, using my t-shirt to wipe away sand which was stuck to areas where she had been wet.

'You have fantasised about doing that with me?' Patsy asked.

'Yeah, many a time. I've had a crush on you for a long time. But when I finally realised that you and mum were gay..... Well, I must admit..... It came as a bit of a disappointment.

'So, After having your wish fulfilled, what do you think? I'm sorry I didn't do anything to you. I wasn't quite sure what was appropriate.'

'It's ok. The problem is, now that I've tasted your forbidden fruit, I want to taste it again.'

Linking her arm through mine, she squashed up against me. 'I don't see why that can't be arranged..... So long as we are

careful. I don't want to hurt your mum. We are kind of, a couple.'

We walked back to our accommodation and let ourselves in silently, each making our way to different bedrooms. Cindy was still sleeping soundly when I slid beneath the covers, and within minutes, I joined her.

The following morning, she had gone for her shower, and I had taken the opportunity to brush some sand out of our bed; the stuff gets everywhere. While I waited for her to return, I thought about last night. Today was only the second day of our holiday and already, I had shagged my aunt with the promise of more to come.

When my girlfriend returned, she sat on the bed, crossed her legs, and took my hand, giving me one of her serious looks. 'I need to ask you something, Andy.'

I gave her my attention, for a moment, worried that she had awoken last night, and wondered where I was. What I wasn't expecting was her question.

'You know, I said about fancying your mum and aunt. If I had sex with them, would you be angry with me?'

'Jesus,' I thought. What kind of a question is that? Did she know something and was assessing my reaction? In those circumstances, I did what any respectable bloke would do, and answered her question, with a question. 'Would you be angry if I slept with my aunt or mother?'

'Of course not. I would love it.'

'Well then,' I replied, 'You have got your answer.'

'This is getting complicated.' I thought afterwards. 'I have a girlfriend who is displaying lesbian tendencies, and now wants to have sex with my mother and aunt.'

It is only day two..... and already, this holiday is becoming a conundrum.

With that, I went for my shower. Whatever was going to happen next could take care of itself; no point in me worrying about it yet, I was going to have enough on my plate with Patsy.

Cassie wanted to pick up a few provisions from the village, surprised when Cindy offered to give her a hand. It was only a short walk, not really worth taking the car, and she also wanted to book a table in the small restaurant on the village high street for that evening.

'Are you enjoying the holiday so far?' She asked Cindy.

'I'm loving it. Yesterday was a complete scream. Patsy has a wicked sense of humour. She is great. Actually, if you don't mind me saying, you are both extremely gorgeous.'

Cassie was thinking it was a strange word for the young woman to use. 'Is Andy your first proper boyfriend?'

'No..... Well, yes..... I suppose, in a way.'

Cassie laughed, 'Yes. No, which is it?'

'I've had a couple of boyfriends already.' Cindy explained. 'If you can call them that. Neither of them lasted more than a couple of weeks. And then I went out with a girl for a while until I met Andy.'

Cassie was intrigued by this. 'Go on, tell!'

'I'm bisexual. My parents took it well when I told them. Unlike either of the two lads who ran a mile when they found out.'

'And Andy knows this?' Cassie asked.

'Oh yes. I believe in making it plain straight away. Andy is very mature for his age; he just said that he accepts what I am and so long as I don't go behind his back and that he knows what I am doing, then he is fine with it. That's why I like him so much; he doesn't treat me as though I am odd.'

Cassie felt rightly proud of her son; she had been surprised herself, at his attitude when he had found out about her and Patsy.

'Ah, so when you kissed Patsy and me yesterday, it didn't feel very strange to you?'

Cindy shook her head. 'No. If I'm honest, it felt..... you know..... erotic.'

Cassie was beginning to increasingly like this young woman. It was refreshing to be able to speak to someone who just said it as it was.

'Listen, I know some people find me a little blunt at times.' Cindy continued. 'But I hate secrets, secrets destroy relationships. I'm not deaf or blind. Andy hasn't said anything, but I know something is going on between you and Patsy. Liking women, I can just see all the signs. I just want to say now, that it doesn't matter to me if you are related or not, I'm totally enthralled at being part of your family.'

For a moment, Cassie had the urge to hug the young woman. She was refreshing in her outlook, and she was also stunningly beautiful with an extremely arousing body. She had noticed that yesterday when they had kissed, she had felt herself getting damp. What had stunned Cassie, though, was that she had found the same thing happening when Andy had kissed her.

Back at the caravan site, Patsy and I were getting the chance to discuss what we had done. 'Any regrets?' I asked.

'Surprisingly, No.'

'I had an interesting conversation this morning. I thought perhaps Cindy had noticed I had disappeared during the night.'

'Why, what did she say?' Patsy asked.

'That she wants to sleep with you or mum, preferably, both of you.'

I had to laugh because I had never seen my aunt, lost for words.

'You are joking, aren't you?' Patsy seemed dumbfounded.

'She asked if I would be angry if she did. I couldn't exactly say I would be, not after last night.'

'You mean, you wouldn't mind if I slept with your girlfriend.'
Patsy was starting to look shocked.

'No more than she would if I slept with you. I asked her. She thought it was a great idea.'

Patsy had slumped onto the couch. For someone who was normally the person who came out with outrageous ideas and statements like this, she was stumped by what I had just disclosed.

The journey back from the village was just as startling for Cassie as it was for her sister back in the van. She was finding Andy's girlfriend even more forthright than Patsy was, convinced that she was being hit on.

'I'm just going to come out and say it.' Cindy saw no point in not expressing her desires. 'I want to sleep with you, Cassie. You are sexy, and you arouse me. Just tell me to sod off if I have no chance. But if I don't ask, I'll never know.'

There was a bench on the way back and Cassie just had to sit down.

She could feel the nervous energy coursing through her body. The only woman she had ever been with was her sister. They had always had to keep their relationship secret, and so had never disclosed their sexual orientations. As far as anyone was concerned, they were simply two unmarried sisters who preferred each other's company.

When she had kissed this young woman yesterday, it had been part of the joke they were playing on the people around them. She had to admit to herself that it had initiated sensations in her pussy, and she was sure Cindy had copped a feel of her breast at the same time but put it down to it being accidental.

'What about my son, what about Andy?' Cassie stuttered.

'Oh, he knows. I told him. He's ok with it.'

Cassie couldn't believe her ears. Andy had given his consent to his girlfriend having sex with his mother.

'And I've told him the same.'

'Told him what.' Cassie asked, completely confused now as to where this conversation was heading.

'I told him it was ok if he wanted to sleep with you or Patsy.'

Cassie was struggling now. 'But, but, but how has any of this come up in conversation?'

'When we were kissing each other yesterday! Surely you know or suspect?'

'What?' Cassie was lost, all of what this young woman was saying was coming as a surprise.

'That Andy has the hots for you and Patsy!'

Cassie knew that her son had a crush on her sister; he had told her as much. He had never mentioned that he had a crush on her as well. No wonder when he had kissed her yesterday, that she had accidentally felt his erection. When her hand brushed against it, she had feared that moving it would only enforce the notion that she knew it was there.

When they got back to their accommodation, Cassie pulled Patsy to one side. 'We need to talk.'

After putting the provisions away, she turned to Andy. 'You and Cindy do what you want today. Patsy and I are just going for a walk.'

On the beach, Cindy had told me of her conversation.

'You told mum you wanted to sleep with her?'

My girlfriend was completely oblivious to my mounting anger. 'Yes. Why shouldn't I? The other person is never going to know if you don't tell them, are they?'

I just didn't understand her. I knew she could be blunt, but to just come out with it like that, and to my mother!

'I also told her that you had the hots for her and her sister!'

That was it, I was going to finish with her; she had stepped over the line.

What stopped me? Two reasons, the first being that if it hadn't been for her and Patsy messing around yesterday, I may never have made love to my aunt. And the second is that it would ruin this week away. But once we returned home..... Well!

Cassie and Patsy hadn't walked far, enough to get out of the way of Andy and his girlfriend.

'You know, I told you that Andy has a crush on you.' Patsy felt embarrassed, there was no way she could tell her sister that she'd had sex with her son. 'Well, it appears that you are not the only one. He also has a crush on me..... according to Cindy!'

'And...and. She wants to sleep with me,' she continued. 'I get the impression she wants to sleep with both of us. She just came straight out with it. She never even blushed. Can you believe that?'

Cassie was incredulous, never in her life had she faced a situation like this.

'Do you want to?' Patsy asked.

'Do I want to what?'

'Sleep with him..... or her?'

Cassie's mind was whirling faster than she could focus on any one thought. 'I, I, I.....' She just stopped talking, trying to work out what she wanted and why she was in so much of a tizz.

They sat in silence for what seemed like ages. 'What are you thinking about Patsy?' Her sister seemed to be in a world of her own, looking thoroughly miserable and on the verge of tears. 'Patsy? What's wrong?'

Cassie had to strain her ears to hear what she said. Patsy had her head down and mumbled.

'What was that?' She moved closer and put her arm around her sister's shoulders.

'I said, I slept with him last night, or at least I had sex with him. It just happened. It was the strangest thing ever, completely unreal.'

The arm was removed, with Cassie turning sideways, to confront her sister. Patsy refused to look at her, continuing to mumble.

'It was as much your fault as it was mine. It was you who told me he had a crush on me. And then that silly game yesterday. When I kissed him, something went boom in my head..... and down below.'

'I couldn't sleep last night, and neither could Andy, so we went for a walk. It wasn't his fault; it was mine. I was the one who asked him to kiss me again. And then it just happened. I can't explain it. It wasn't the same as when I am with you; it was different, but not unpleasant, but actually quite satisfying.'

Cassie, despite her displeasure, noticed the tears. They had done well to have lasted all of these years without one of them

straying she was thinking. Patsy had not complained or got jealous when she had gone out night after night, sleeping with men, just so she could get pregnant. What cause did she have now to voice her disapproval, at least it was Andy, and not someone else. And after the sensations yesterday, would she have acted any differently?

Ever the pragmatist, she considered their options. Andy and Patsy, as a couple, were not the ideal situation, far from perfect, there was a large age difference, even if it wasn't uncommon nowadays. But it wasn't disastrous if someone found out. Neither was she and Cindy, it was all perfectly legal. And behind closed doors, they could sleep with whoever they wanted, no questions asked. It just might work, Cassie considered.

'Do you want to sleep with him again?' She asked.

It took a while. 'From time to time. I might like that.' Patsy had expected Cassie to explode.

'How would you feel if I slept with Cindy?' Cassie asked.

'Honestly, I don't know until you do that.' Her sister told her.

'Or if I slept with Andy as well!'

Patsy's head came up and her eyes opened wide as she wiped away the tears. 'You are considering doing that?'

'Look, Patsy. When he kissed me yesterday, I experienced the same thing. If I had been in your shoes last night, I can't honestly say that I wouldn't have acted any differently.

'So, what do we do now?'

'Nothing. We are on holiday, let's enjoy it. I've booked a restaurant for tonight.'

They had returned to the van, got changed, and then joined Andy and Cindy on the beach. That evening they had gone out for a meal, enjoyed the evening together, and then returned and gone to bed.

In their bedroom, Cassie and Patsy were talking.

'I need a reason to get Cindy on her own tomorrow, and somewhere to take her if I'm going to do this.'

Patsy, as usual, was the one full of ideas. Tell her you fancy going into one of the major towns, clothes shopping. That's not where you have to go once you get her alone. I am sure I can convince Andy to let you two go off for the day.' The lecherous grin spreading across her face told Cassie what her sister had in mind.

'If you drive a couple of miles along the coast road, up to where the dunes start, there is a nudist area. I can't see it being busy with most people at work, and not a place that I imagine families venture.

With plans made, they settled down to make love, not bothering tonight if they were heard in the next room or not.

It hadn't been difficult the following morning for Cassie to catch Cindy alone and for Patsy to do the same with Adam.

'Your mum wants to go clothes shopping. If Cindy goes with her, we will have several hours together.'

When his girlfriend mentioned it to him, he was fine with it. 'Go and enjoy yourself and I'll see you when you get back.'

In the car, Cindy noticed that Cassie was driving in the opposite direction to where the town was located. 'Where are we going?' She asked.

'A little spot I know of. I thought we could have some time alone.'

Cindy could feel the excitement building. Time alone was definitely what she needed with Andy's mother. She hadn't noticed anything out of the ordinary until they turned into a car park and Cassie disappeared to pay for a parking ticket. The sign, in large letters, said it all.

"WARNING! YOU ARE NOW ENTERING A NUDIST BEACH AREA."

Cindy was wet, her pussy already leaking. Cassie had only brought her here for one reason, she was certain.

'I thought it may be fun,' the older woman said when she returned, retrieving items from her boot before setting off for the dunes.

There was no one around and they found a secluded sheltered spot away from prying eyes as Cassie spread the huge blanket on the sand.

'It's upside down,' Cindy told her. Cassie had laid it with the plastic side up.

'Not for what I need,' she replied, pulling her top over her head, and exposing her naked breasts.

'Are you not joining me?' The zip on her skirt slid down, allowing it to fall to the sand as she stepped out of it, now completely naked.

Cindy could not stop feasting her eyes on Cassie. Despite the age difference, she looked stunning, her figure on par with her own. It took her seconds to get naked as she was instructed to lie on the blanket, face down.

Cassie opened Cindy's legs and then knelt between them. 'I'm just going to apply some lotion for you.' What she didn't tell the young woman, was that the lotion wasn't for the sun. It was more a lubricant, edible, and smelling and tasting of wild strawberries.

Starting at her ankles, Cassie worked her way up Cindy's legs, slowly, and with a sensual circular motion; she took her time, reaching the young woman's upper thighs, nearly to her cute bottom. Adding a little more to her hands, at last, they slid over Cindy's buttocks, kneading the flesh, and pulling them apart as her fingers applied the slick oil around her puckered entrance and just caught the edge of her pussy.

Cindy kept raising her hips; her fanny was desperately waiting to be touched, her arousal escalating as the fingers brushed across her vagina and stroked her anus. But Cassie knew what she was doing, making the young woman close her legs before straddling them and rubbing her twat against Cindy's buttocks as she applied the lotion to her spine and back, making sure she caught the edge of her breasts.

Cassie moved. 'Turn over. I need to do your front.'

When Cindy turned, she was so aroused that her tits were pumping up and down.

Straddling her hips this time, her pussy rested on Cindy's mons, the young woman raising her head to see the labia squashed against her. Cassie leant forward as she applied the lotion to her breasts; Cindy's nipples were hard and erect, as the hands slid over them, massaging and fondling the slippery flesh.

She knew Cindy was not far off her first climax; sensually working her hands over her ribs, stomach, and belly, drawing closer inch by inch. Moving again, she knelt by her side and lubricated her hand for the final time. She started on her pubic mound, pushing, pulling, and stretching, before finally, her hand curved between the young woman's legs and gently massaged her pussy.

As Cindy started to climax, Cassie did two things. She slid an arm beneath the young woman's neck, pulling her head and upper torso upwards so that she could see what Cassie was doing to her, at the same time as she slid a finger into her cunt and frigged her as fast as her hand would move.

Cindy's body would not stop shaking. Her orgasm was stupendous, juices spraying from her as the hand and fingers assaulted her cunt. Loud wet slapping noises competed with the sound of waves breaking on the shore as she screamed. It was probably fortunate that the dunes were empty because she couldn't stop, which would have brought someone to investigate in other circumstances. Her orgasm just seemed to keep going, fireworks exploding in her head, and every nerve ending alive. Just when she thought it may stop, Cassie crooked her finger and gently massaged the young woman's "G-spot," sending her over the edge once more.

Cindy couldn't open her legs any wider; such was the intensity of her climax that Cassie could have rammed her fist up her cunt, and it still would not have been enough. The tears came; Cindy was unable to stop herself from crying. The orgasm took her soul, ripped it into tiny pieces, and then jammed it back into her pussy. It had to stop in a minute, please let it stop; if not, she was going to succumb to an orgasmic passing, surely her heart could not take anymore.

When she surfaced from oblivion, Cassie was gently stroking her breasts and stomach, the fingers meandering across the lubricated skin which shimmered in the sunlight.

'What did you just do to me, Cassie?'

'I have just introduced you to lesbian sex. And if I am any judge of my sister, around about now, she is introducing my son to incest.'

Cindy had to find out eventually, in this way, it would appear that Patsy and herself had initiated what was happening today.

It was the first time Patsy had touched a real penis. It was different from the didos and strap-ons that she and her sister used, though comparable in size. It was soft and smooth on the outside but had a rigidity to it. As she wrapped her hand around it, she could feel the heat it gave off, the throbbing and occasional jerk as she slid the skin down and then eased it up.

The plump knob was purple in colour, tiny amounts of pre-cum seeping from the tiny opening.

Although it was something she had never done, she was sure Andy was happy with what she was doing because of his sporadic gasps and the way his eyes would suddenly flutter when her fingers teased beneath the rim of his helmet.

Her groans of pleasure matched his because of the fingers that he had in her pussy, currently massaging her "G-spot," and accelerating her arousal. It felt different this time, she knew what was going to happen and she was actually looking forward to having his cock inside her pussy.

'I wish we had longer,' I told her. 'But mum and Cindy could be back at any moment.'

'You don't have to worry. I would bet by now that your girlfriend has already had her first orgasm. Your mother is incredibly good like that.'

Stopping for a moment, I stared at my aunt. 'You mean you and mum have orchestrated this?'

Patsy grinned. 'This is what you and Cindy wanted, isn't it? To be able to fuck me while your girlfriend had sex with your mum.'

I was in no position to complain, especially when her hand speeded up, rapidly wanking my shaft as I forgot about speaking, my mouth finding her nipples.

When his cock penetrated her pussy, Patsy knew that despite her lesbianism, sex with her nephew was something she wanted to experience repeatedly. She still had no interest in other men, but sex with Andy was different, a difference that she was finding herself enjoying.

When his shaft hammered into her vagina and pushed her over the edge, Patsy had feelings that she never imagined she

would experience. Her arms and legs clamped around this young man as she pulled him close, and they kissed; her heart pounding in her chest because of what he had done to her and because of what she was feeling.

Tomorrow would be the final day of our holiday, and after what had happened at the start, by the end, I was having sex some evenings with Patsy and others with Cindy.

I awoke on Friday morning, turning to look at Patsy, who was still sleeping. She was a superb example of womanhood, her face, and body captivating me. Carefully, I extricated myself, pulled on a pair of shorts and went into the lounge. Cindy was just leaving my mother's room.

'Good morning beautiful.' I said and kissed her.

She cuddled in against me. 'I'm glad you invited me. This has been the best holiday ever. But there is one more little thing to complete my initiation into your family.'

I was wondering what she had planned next or if it was my mother and aunt who were manipulating us.

'Patsy and I are going out today. We plan to visit that nudist beach together. You know what that means.'

I wasn't quite sure what that meant until what she was implying entered my head.

'You and Cassie will have all morning and afternoon together, and alone. I hope you enjoy it. She is a fantastic woman.'

The thought of ditching Cindy had been discarded; a lot of this was her doing, and without her, life would perhaps be boring. The thought of what the day may hold set my nerves on edge. Just because Patsy had come to enjoy what we did, it did not mean my mother would appreciate it the same. But what made me more nervous, was the fact that she was my mother.

When Patsy and Cindy left at just after ten, mum and I seemed at a loss as to what we were expected to do. With the look on her face, she was feeling just as scared as I was.

'How about we go and sunbathe for an hour and take a bottle of wine with us,' I suggested. 'If something happens, it happens. And if not, well, no harm done.'

With my mother lying supine on her beach mat, I turned on my side, allowing my gaze to rove up and down her body. A beautiful face with long auburn hair, at the moment, tied back in a ponytail. Her breasts still stood proud, no sign yet of sag or flattening, and as if she knew I was looking at her, her nipples stiffened, creating twin peaks that pushed at the flimsy material of her bikini top.

Her tummy was flat, leading down to her hips and mound, her belly flat enough that a gap was created on either side of her bikini bottoms where it met her hip bones. His mons seemed pronounced, a definite shape to it before it curved

between her legs; and what legs they were, long and shapely, with great calves, tanned after a week in the sun.

Was it any wonder that by gazing at this goddess, the bulge in my shorts was easily visible?

'Are you going to pour us a glass of wine each?' She asked.

The beach was still quiet, while a few couples were beginning to arrive. But as I moved and poured the wine, I made no effort to disguise or hide my arousal.

My mother sat up, pushed the sunglasses up onto her head, and accepted the glass, looking at my groin as I sat next to her.

'Am I causing that?' She asked.

'Well, I can't see anyone else as gorgeous and sexy as you at the moment.'

Her eyes sparkled, excitement creeping into her voice. 'Do you think anyone would mind if I took my top off?'

'I'm sure none of the men would.' I laughed.

Glancing up and down the stretch of sand, I could see other young women already topless.

Reaching around her back, she unhooked it and laid it to one side, those glorious tits that I had seen weeks ago, now displayed in the daylight as I shuffled closer. I'm sure that the fact that she was topless in company excited her, her breathing becoming faster when I leaned closer, and we kissed. The hand that was hidden by our bodies cupped her left breast, my fingers rolling and teasing her nipple as the groan caught in her throat, our kiss becoming arousing with our mouths grinding together.

At that point, I'm sure we both knew that we were going to have sex, that I was going to make love to my mother, and that she was going to allow her son to fuck her. It was a game of tease now, seeing how much we could get away with, outdoors and with other people in the vicinity before we adjourned to the bedroom.

During the course of our teasing, her hand slid up the leg of my shorts. Unlike Patsy, my mother had held and experienced a cock before, her fingers teasing my erection, making it throb and jerk constantly. In retaliation, I had eased her bikini bottoms to one side, sliding a finger along her slit and feeling the moisture already there as I slightly parted her lips and teased her.

We were going to have to move because if we didn't, we were going to fuck in full view of everyone, which may have caused an uproar depending on their particular sexual depravity.

Indoors, we had headed straight for her bedroom, shorts, and bikini bottoms discarded as we went. Ensconced on the bed,

we kissed again, our bodies pressed against each other, my mother's tits digging into my chest and my throbbing manhood rubbing against her mound.

From her mouth, I moved to her neck, and then down to her breasts. Her nipples were large and sensitive, and as my mouth encompassed each one, she purred.

Having licked her out, I fucked her. Our hot, sweaty, sticky bodies moved and slid against each other. The taste of her juices on my lips as we kissed. I wanted to devour her; no longer was she, my mother; she was a woman I wanted to possess.

When she convulsed and climaxed, I filled her with my seed, collapsing next to her as we panted in unison.

'Was it as bad as you first imagined?' I asked her when I was eventually able to breathe and speak.

Turning on her side towards me, her eyes sparkled. 'No..... It was actually..... incredibly good! Sexier and more arousing than I imagined.'

'So does that mean you would actually consider letting your son make love to you again?'

She giggled and blushed a little. 'Maybe,' she said with a teasing laugh.

Rolling on top of me, she abused my lips, her breasts squashed against my chest as my cock showed new signs of life. 'Though, I haven't finished with you yet.'

The holiday was over, and we had returned home. Back to work for mum and Patsy, and college for me and Cindy. Although I didn't know it, there were to be many more holidays like that one yet to come.

Cindy became a semi-permanent fixture at our house to the extent that Patsy decided she wasn't getting rid of her place just yet, because, as she said, 'It would make an ideal starter home when you and Cindy are ready.,' she winked and laughed.

Some nights I sleep with my girlfriend, others with my aunt and the special ones with my mother. I would be hard pushed to pick a favourite. I love all three, but there is something special when I make love to Cassie, probably it is that mother and son bond, I suspect.

THE END