

# The Farmers Wife

Jem sat with his back propped against the dry-stone wall as he allowed the sun to warm his rugged, weather-beaten face. Looking out over the landscape he watched his flock of sheep wander from one grazing spot to another as Jess his border collie sniffed along the wall before returning to lay by his side. His real name was James, but ever since he was a child, he had been called "Jem".

In his sixty-two years, he had loved and hated this landscape in equal measure. The farm and the land he tended were miles from anywhere and it had taken time to adapt to this kind of solitary existence. He ruffled the dog's fur as he closed his eyes for five minutes and allowed his mind to wander.

As far as he knew, he had been born on the farm. He remembered little of those first few years, unable to even recollect the birth of his sister who had suddenly come along just before his second birthday. He knew that he once had a father, because his mother would mention him on occasions, but he had no memory of him other than the few photographs his mother kept on the dressing table upstairs in her bedroom.

The farm belonged to his mother and before that, her parents, having previously been passed on by her grandparents. As far as he knew, it had been in their family for generations and would one day be his to manage, his mother had told him.

As a toddler he would follow her around the farmyard and by the age of four, he was already assisting her with small chores, helping to feed the animals in their pens or collecting eggs from

the coup. Back then, he loved the land and location. He was free to run wild, to explore the outbuildings and wander the fields, going with his mother as they checked on their flock of sheep or brought in, their small herd of cows.

And then suddenly he was made to leave her each day as school beckoned. In winter she would run him down the mile-long lane in the "Land Rover" to meet the school bus and she would be sat there each afternoon when he had finished to take him back up to the farm. At the time it seemed unfair that his sister Bab's, short for Barbara, was allowed to stay at home while he was sent off each day.

In summer, his mother would drive him down the lane in the morning and he would walk back in the afternoon, kicking stones and rooting in the hedgerows as he made the return journey. Eventually, the time came for Bab's to accompany him, and he remembered her tears on that first morning as his mother drove back up the lane and left them waiting for the bus. It was at moments like those that he hated where they lived.

As he and his sister got older, both of them would help around the farm with the jobs, but overall and especially during the many holidays, they were free to roam across the idyllic landscape. There was always somewhere to go and something to do. Fishing in the several ponds in the adjoining fields, streams to splash and swim in and woods to explore. Those were the times he loved and was thankful for where they lived.

As he and his sister got older still and started secondary school, he hated where they lived with an unbridled passion. At school they had friends, but at home, there were no friends, no mates, no one ever visited, it was too far out of the way. What friend wanted a five-mile hike from town and then another mile up the lane to reach the farm. Buses ran sporadically past the bottom of their lane, if you were lucky, maybe every couple of hours with the last one just before six o'clock in the evening.

Going out with friends in town was something that neither he nor his sister had ever bothered with, it was too much of a chore. Perhaps in a way, it was for the best he realised as he got older because his family lived a lifestyle that was somewhat different from what others of his age did.

There had been slip-ups at school when he was young and would mention something only to be greeted by raised eyebrows. His mother instilled into both of them never to discuss their home life away from the farm, and for very good reason he later understood.

Even at secondary school, there was still the occasional slip of the tongue and other students would look at him strangely. Both he and Bab's finally got used to keeping their home life secret because people did not understand the way they lived.

Growing up on the farm, there had been the normal inquisitiveness, especially when they saw what the animals got up to, but their mother would never countenance those types of behaviour.

And so, their life continued until Jem reached the age of eighteen. He had been in the barn, hidden behind the bales of hay, or so he thought as he beat one out, his hand rapidly sliding up and down his shaft as he masturbated, the sensation in his cock and bollocks growing substantially as his climax neared.

He had no idea how long his mother may have been watching him, it wasn't until she coughed that he realised she was there and by then it was too late as cum erupted from the tip of his cock, spurting out onto the barn floor.

'There is a time and a place for that,' she had told him. 'Anyway, what if it were your sister that had seen you, what then? She is far too young yet to be seeing things like that.'

Despite being embarrassed, he had of course continued with his self-indulgence, secreting himself away in his bedroom as he enjoyed new pleasures. But his mother was no fool, she knew that he continued to masturbate. She had come to his room one night and sat on the end of his bed as she had explained that it was perfectly natural and not something to be ashamed of.

'It's something all men do,' she had said, 'Women as well. I masturbate when the urge takes me, and in all probability, it is something your sister will do at some point. No one is going to tell you it is wrong, not in this house at least.'

With this newfound knowledge, he suddenly saw his mother in a different light, his curiosity piqued as to what she did when she masturbated. He began to imagine her naked and touching herself, his cock growing hard at the images in his head.

Without any embarrassment, he had gone to her room one evening, several months after she had caught him and bluntly asked if he could watch the next time that she masturbated herself. The request to him had seemed the most normal thing in the world to ask and would help satisfy the pervasive imagery that had become part of daily life.

Gwen, his mother had readily agreed, telling him that the next time she had the urge he could sit and watch her. It had been late, nearly a week later and he had forgotten about his request when she had come to his room while the house was quiet and taking him by the hand, she had led him to her bedroom.

There was a chair set up at the side of her bed and he watched as she unbuttoned her housecoat before laying naked in the centre of the mattress. He had been mesmerised as she began to run her hands up and down her body, slowly beginning to excite herself.

His pyjama bottoms did nothing to hide the erection that suddenly appeared as she fondled her breasts and played with her nipples. His mother was a good-looking woman, her body still well defined despite her age, helped by the work involved each day in the running of their farm.

As she opened her legs wider and slid her hand over her vagina, she turned her head to look at him, immediately noticing the expanding bulge in his lap. 'You can play with yourself at the same time if you wish to,' she had told him as she began to stroke her cunt with a single finger, sliding it between her fanny lips.

Without further ado, he had slipped out of his pyjama bottoms as he slumped back in the chair and started sliding his hand up and down his rigid shaft. At her urging, he had slowed his masturbation as she stared constantly at his throbbing meat, groans of pleasure slipping from her lips as her eyes fluttered.

Despite his rapidly increasing arousal and the desire to reach out and touch her, he continued to sit in the chair and wank himself. He had asked to watch her; he had said nothing about touching her and so stuck with what she had offered.

He was nearly there, the constant tightness of his twitching cock and bollocks informing him that he would ejaculate shortly. His mother cautioned him, asking him to last a little longer, her cunt now full of fingers as she screwed her face up and pummelled her opening. Loud squelching noises could be heard along with the heavy breathing as both of them approached their climax.

As she cried her release, spurts of cum flowed from the tip of his shaft, splashing his stomach, and running down over his hand as he continued to tug at his cock furiously.

With their bodies now relaxing, she had handed him some tissues to wipe himself with, using a wad of them to dab between her open legs. At last, he arose from the chair, retrieved his pyjama bottoms, and kissed her cheek before heading back to his own room. He would ask her again tomorrow he had decided, acknowledging that it had been far more satisfying watching her finger herself than wanking on his own.

Early the next morning, they'd had a whispered conversation at the breakfast table as he asked his mother if he could watch her again the next time she masturbated, or better still, if she didn't mind, would he possibly be able to touch her.

Bab's of course had been inquisitive, wanting to know what they were talking about, but her mother had refused to say, and the conversation had ended. Bab's had sulked for the rest of the morning, trying to get Jem to tell her, but his mother had sworn him to secrecy and her promise to think about his request had kept him like that.

Jem opened his eyes and stood as he came back to reality. His joints seemed to creak a little more nowadays as he took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his watery eyes before setting off back towards the farm with Jess following at his heels.

Sat in his armchair that evening next to the fire, he closed his eyes and dozed. His mind wandered once more back to his youth and growing up on the farm.

From time to time, they would have farmhands for short periods who would help with the jobs, especially when the cows were calving, or the sheep were lambing. Outwardly, they were no different from any other farming family and they all gave the impression of normality when others were around.

He had been invited to his mother's room on numerous occasions since that first time, to watch her play with herself, on other occasions she would come to his room as she did the same and watched him masturbate himself. She said she was still considering his request about being able to touch her and would let him know in due course.

It had been the middle of summer when she had, at last, come to him one night and in a whisper, told him to dress. Pulling on shorts and a t-shirt, he had followed her quietly as they descended and exited the house. Together they kept to the shadows as they crossed the farmyard and into an adjacent field.

The night was warm and quiet, the sky clear and full of stars as they walked a short distance before Gwen had pulled him down onto the grass. 'Are you sure you want to touch me?' she had asked. Jem nodding his head vigorously at her question.

In the darkness, she had pulled his face towards her until suddenly their lips had met. He hadn't considered this when he'd made his request, but as his mother kissed him, he began to respond to her, their mouths moving together and then her tongue teasing his lips before plunging into his mouth.

His erection was almost instantaneous, especially when she took his hand and raised it to her breast. Through her cotton t-shirt, he could tell at once that she was bra-less, his hand feeling the protrusion of her hard-erect nipple. Even though he instinctively knew what was expected of him, nonetheless Gwen instructed him on how she liked to be touched and what he should do.

When she pulled the t-shirt over her head and exposed her tits to him, the throbbing in his shorts became painful and insistent. His mother had asked him to undress, her eyes locking onto his twitching shaft as he got rid of his shorts. Grasping him firmly, she had begun to toss him off, but for Jem, it had all been too much. The sensations that soared through his body as his mother touched his cock had him ejaculating in seconds as cum spurted all over her hand.

She hadn't scolded him and was not disappointed as with a soft laugh she told him it was ok. 'It's nothing to be ashamed of. It quite often happens the first time, it's just all the excitement.'

Removing her clothes, she used his t-shirt to wipe her hand before laying back in the grass and invited him to touch her. He was nervous at first but under her soft words and tuition, he was soon caressing her breasts, his mouth nuzzling her teat's as she moaned with pleasure at his touch.

Gwen guided his hand over her slightly rounded belly until he encountered her pubes, his fingers lingering there for seconds before she eased it between her legs and made his first contact with her vagina. It felt like nothing he had touched before as he

stroked her in the same way that he had watched her touch herself.

His finger slid between her fanny lips, her juices lubricating the digit and then with very little effort, he slid it inside her cunt. His mother's hips lifted from the ground as his finger entered her, a cry of delight springing from her lips.

With her remarks and praise, he fingered her, her hips responding to the constant penetration of her passage. She pulled his head down as they kissed once more, his other hand going up to her breast as he kneaded the flesh of her tits.

The very fact of her increasing excitement and the touch of her naked skin soon had him hard once more, only this time as his mother's fingers wrapped around his girth and tossed him off, he found it much easier to control the sensations. His administrations and her skilful hands soon had both of them highly aroused as she withdrew his finger and dragged him on top of her.

Kneeling between her open thighs, he fumbled at first, but his mother helped him to position himself and then the greatest sensation he had ever experienced happened as his cock slid inside her cunt. She had kept his rhythm constant as he ploughed her fanny, her encouragement now coarse as she told him what she wanted him to do to her.

When he fucked her too fast, she slowed him down, when he idled, she speeded him up. He soon got the hang of what his mother liked as his cock was rammed into her now wet cunt once more. And then she was calling to him, telling him that she was ready as his hips became a blur, his cock plunging in and out of her cunt as he shagged her as though his life depended on it.

As his cock twitched and filled her passage with his seed, he was rewarded as she arched her back and called out his name, her body going rigid as she orgasmed.

Slumped side by side as they recovered, he had made her laugh when he said, 'I wish we could do that every night.' She had told him it wouldn't be every night, but that she had been suitably impressed with him and she would see what she could do.

Jem came awake as someone shook his shoulder. 'Come on you old bugger, it's time for bed,' his missus said as she finished tidying up. He chuckled to himself as he followed her bottom up the stairs, his musings had left him with an urge down below. 'She's in for a surprise tonight,' he had murmured to himself.

Over the next year, he and his mother had fucked regularly, on warm summer nights they would go out into the fields. When the weather was inclement but still warm enough, they used the barn and when it was too cold outside, she allowed him to share her bed.

The work on the farm was never-ending, you didn't get days off and there was no such thing as weekends. Every day of the year, the animals needed tending too, at times like those he hated the life he had been born into. But then when he shared his mother's bed and body, he was grateful for their isolation and would not have changed anything.

The last couple of years had been hard, really hard. Jem wasn't getting any younger and the heavy snowfall of the last two winters was slowly taking its toll on him. They had lost several ewes each time, the poor animals lost in the snowbanks that had built up in places. They had saved as many as they could but sometimes the animals were their own worst enemies.

With the cows milked and out in the pasture, he cleaned their stalls and washed everything down. Calling Jess, he got his stick and set off for the top field on his quad bike to inspect his flock and see what new lambs had been born. At this time of year, they nearly looked after themselves, but he had to keep an eye on any ewe's that were struggling and get them down to the lambing shed.

At least with the quad bike, he didn't have to make the long walk anymore which made it easier for him and the others would take care of the jobs down below. Jess sat on the carrier at the back, eager to be out, but just like himself, the dog was showing signs of her age.

He'd brought a flask with him today as he sat in his favourite spot and had a cup of tea, his mind drifting back once more. It

was something he found himself doing a lot lately, his mind wandering as he remembered his younger days, and the fun they'd all had as well as the mishaps that had befallen them if you could call them mishaps.

He remembered just after Barbara's eighteenth birthday, in one respect, just another normal day on the farm with chores that needed to be completed. She had rushed that morning getting her jobs done, something that never normally happened, and had then come and given him a hand. Jem initially had been suspicious, but she had said and done nothing to confirm his feelings.

At one point even his mother had told Bab's to slow down, that things would happen in due course, Jem wondering what they knew that he didn't. Gwen had an inkling as to why her daughter was in a constant rush that morning, she had come of age, she was eighteen now and she suspected that her daughter had a particular birthday present in mind.

It was mid-afternoon before most of the jobs were finished and Jem had announced that he was setting off for the tops fields to check on the flock of sheep. Bab's had called out that she was joining him, and he noticed that she had looked to his mother who had given an imperceptible nod of her head.

Gwen now knew exactly what her daughter intended to do. She had no qualms about allowing them to have sex, how could she when she was allowing her son to abuse her body. She had never started with that intention, only to give them both confidence in

themselves and their bodies, but there was no denying that she enjoyed her son fucking her.

His sister had been full of nervous energy, constantly chattering as she linked his arm on the walk up the high hills. As they stood in the field and surveyed the flock, she could not contain herself any longer.

'I know what you and mum have been doing. Please, Jem..... do the same for me.'

Before he could reply she had wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. It had taken him by surprise, but as she pressed her body against his, and especially her more than ample bosom, Jem knew he wouldn't refuse her.

Bab's was trying to undress him as she chased him around the field, Jem teasing her and making her wait.

When she did manage to catch him, he wrestled her to the ground, sitting on top of her and pinning her hands and arms to her side. Initially, she squirmed, but as he started to push her top up, she lay back and allowed him. Barbara was breathing quickly as he exposed her breasts, the slight breeze making her nipples harden instantly as he ran a finger over each one, rubbing softly as she closed her eyes and licked her lips.

As he leaned forward and kissed her, his hand fondling the firm flesh, Barbara tried to sigh at the sensations rushing through her body. But not a sound came out with their mouths locked

together. Taking him unawares, she had managed to roll him so that now, she straddled his hips. He hadn't seemed to mind, and she wondered why for a moment. 'It had been too easy,' but then she realised why as she felt his erection pushing against her vagina.

Jem was happy just to lie back and look at his sister as she pulled her top over her head. With her long dark hair which cascaded over her shoulders, he gazed into her face. Bab's was strikingly beautiful, down in the town, she would have been able to have her pick of any of the eligible and probably ineligible males. Her face and features were good enough he admitted, to grace the front page of any magazine.

As he lowered his gaze to look at her breasts, his hand involuntarily went to cup them both. Although still young, her tits were easily the size of his mothers and whilst his mum's had that little bit of sag due to her age, Barbara's were firm, jutting proudly from her chest with dark large areolae and long nipples.

Taking her nipples between fingers and thumbs, he twisted them softly, applying small amounts of pressure as she threw her head back and called to the sky. Her stomach was flat, her abdominal muscles plain to see as he lowered one hand and unfastened the button of her jeans, raising his hips at the same time and rubbing his erection against her fanny.

Barbara leant forward, dangling her tits over his face as she offered them to be kissed but then sitting up each time that he raised himself, as she teased him. The time was right they had

both decided as together they got naked, his sister laying back on the warm grass and opening her legs.

There was no nervousness or fumbling from Jem. Over the time spent having sex with his mother, he had learnt a great deal. He was confident now, knowing exactly what he needed to do to satisfy his sister. Bab's had watched him move towards her on all fours, expecting him to slide his cock into her. She watched as it bounced as he moved, excited and fearful at the same time. From her position, it looked large and predatory, and she wondered if she could possibly manage to get it all inside her.

To her surprise, it wasn't her brothers cock that found her fanny, instead, it was his mouth as his fingers opened her up and his tongue penetrated her moist pink centre. She had no control over her hips as they thrust upwards, and she found herself grinding her womanly bits against his face. But her body soared as waves of pleasure rippled through her. It was like touching herself, only better as Jem's tongue continued to pierce her vagina, her arousal spiralling upwards.

And then his mouth and tongue made contact with her tiny bud, the bit she always left till last when she touched herself. As he sucked at her clitoris and ran his tongue back and forth, her hips bucked uncontrollably, her orgasm splashing her juices over his mouth and face as she cried out joyously.

She could feel his hands softly stroking her thighs, mound, and stomach as she came back to earth. Surely nothing could surpass that she thought, and she wanted to tell him how

fantastic it had been. Barbara felt something push against her piss-flaps and she suddenly changed her mind as her brothers cock filled her cunt and sent her into raptures.

He had fucked her steadily as she writhed beneath him, one minute her hands stroking his chest and the next ripping out tufts of grass as he raised and slowly lowered her arousal. As his mother had taught him, he kept her balancing on the edge until she had reached a stage where she would have said or done anything just to reach her climax. And then he fucked her with a ferocity that even he hadn't expected, as they both went crashing over the edge together, Barbara straining every sinew in her body as she orgasmed, and he filled her cunt with his hot cream.

They had lain together for ages, content and fulfilled in each other's embrace. But there were still tasks waiting down below and eventually, they had to dress and make the return journey. It didn't matter what the occasion, or even if it was your first-time having sex, the farm and its animals did not stop and always took priority.

Arriving back, their mother had said nothing. She had seen the beaming smile on her daughter's face and knew what that signalled. She had glanced over in Jem's direction, smiling at him as he winked back in return, and then it was back to the normal day in, day out, jobs.

Emptying the remnants in his cup, Jem poured himself a fresh brew. He couldn't help but smile to himself as he remembered

those times and how he had loved the life they led. But there was a shadow on the horizon, the future was changing, and it would not be all about him and his sister.

Lying in bed that night, his missus snoring softly beside him, he remembered how slowly but surely, their life had taken a change of direction.

Even though he had now fucked both his mother and sister, he still slept alone in his bed each night. They were having sex; they were not having relationships and it never entered his head to share either of their beds completely.

A week had passed, and, in that time, he'd had sex with his mum and again with his sister, only now, there was no need to disappear out into the fields whenever each pair decided to fuck. And that was how it continued for the foreseeable future, up until Barbara's twenty-second birthday.

That year they'd had a labourer called Rodger whom Barbara had taken a shine to. He had his own car and had taken Bab's out several times into town. After a few months, she was adamant that she was buying herself a car so she could go back and forwards at will.

Six months later Bab's had announced that she was moving in with him, he had a small flat in town and she was going to live with him. She still came up to the farm each day to work, even

when at the end of summer, they had dispensed with Rodgers services.

To Jem, it had made no difference. Despite her blossoming relationship, she was still having sex with him. With all the land around them, it was easy to disappear occasionally to fuck with each other. What did change though was his relationship with his mother, especially as each evening there was only the two of them.

Gwen had been frisky all day, making it obvious to her son what she wanted. In a way, it had been a great game as throughout the day they had teased each other, Bab's laughing frequently at their antics. Late that evening with Barbara having left for the day, he and his mother roared with laughter as he chased her up the stairs, pinching her bottom as they went.

In her bedroom, they had undressed, Jem noticing that his mother's face was ageing even though her body still looked good and excited him. Once naked, he had lifted her and carried her to the bed, going down between her thighs as his mouth had devoured her fanny and clitoris.

Gwen had wanted something different tonight, making a request to her son. Jem had been happy to oblige as he had gone and fetched the jar of Vaseline. She had worked it into his erect shaft slowly as he knelt in front of her. She knew she was teasing him as her hand spread it over his cock, his eyes closing each time her hand reached his bulbous helmet and her fingers lingered there.

When finally, she was satisfied, she grabbed a couple of pillows and placing them under her bottom, she opened her legs and thighs wide, proffering him her vagina and anus. Offering him the jar, she asked Jem to apply it to her rear passage.

He took the same pleasure now in teasing his mother as he spread the jelly liberally around both of her orifices, slowly applying and rubbing it into her skin until the complete area was a shiny, slippery mess.

Her loud screech as he positioned himself and deftly slid his shaft up her arse was loud enough to wake the dead. He loved to watch the expressions changing on her face as his cock slid in and out of her back passage as he sodomised her, but especially he could watch her touch herself as her fingers played with her cunt and clit.

He fucked her arse steadily as their arousals increased, suddenly whipping his cock out and plunging it into her cunt as he fucked her rapidly, only stopping when it seemed she was about to climax and sliding it back into her arse. They continued in this vein, kissing frequently as his hands massaged her glorious melons which nowadays flopped sideways slightly and wobbled back and forth as he thrust his cock into her.

He was back in her cunt, and he knew his climax was imminent when she told him to put it back in her arse. 'Fuck my arse Jem, I want you to cum up my arse,' she had demanded as he changed

holes once more and she inserted several fingers into her cunt as she began to frig herself.

It hadn't taken long, perhaps less than a minute before he watched her face grimace for a second as she began to orgasm, her cries echoing around the room as she shouted her release and especially as she felt him shoot his cum up her arse.

Afterwards, he had been getting ready to return to his own room when Gwen had stopped him. 'You don't have to go,' she had said. 'Won't you stay here tonight, please?' And so, for the first time ever, he spent the night, the first of many it turned out, in her bed.

It was still dark when Jem climbed from his bed. He needed to wash and dress and get started on the day's jobs, it would not be long before the others would arrive, and he needed to be ready for when they got here. Downstairs, he made his missus a brew and took it up, gently shaking her shoulders as he kissed her forehead and told her he would see her later.

He still worked as hard as he ever had done, never expecting the others to do his work for him but as much as they could, they eased his burdens nowadays. Mid-afternoon he climbed on the quadbike and made his normal journey. No longer did Jess accompany him, the years had caught up with her and she had passed away. Today he had one of the younger dogs with him, Bonny happy to run after the machine as opposed to riding on the back carrier.

Even though it was a job that needed to be done, checking on the flock each day, to Jem it had become something to look forward to, no matter what the weather, as it gave him time to sit for a while and bring to mind memory's from the past.

It had to be about six months after Bab's had moved in with her fella when their mother had asked her to stay a little longer that evening. With hot drinks in hands and all of them sat around the fire, Gwen had told them her news. 'We have a slight problem,' she said as he and Bab's turned their heads to look at her. 'I'm pregnant.'

There was a stunned silence in the room and at least neither he nor his sister had been stupid enough to ask the obvious question. It was apparent who the father was, Jem's face had gone white and the churning feeling in his stomach made him feel sick as he wished the ground would open and swallow him up.

At twenty-five, he had never considered becoming a father to a child that ostensibly would also be either his brother or sister. Their mother told them she had made no decision yet, but they were both offered the opportunity of giving their opinions. Barbara was all for the idea, saying she was sure that somehow, they could work things out.

What could Jem say? That he perhaps didn't want the responsibility, that maybe it would be better if she had it aborted. Instead, he just said that he was scared, but ultimately, it must be his mother's decision.

Later that week she told him of her decision, 'No one's going to know. If anyone asks, I'll just say it was a stupid one-nightstand.'

'I had thought that I was past the age where this may happen, that was why I stopped taking the pill. But now that it has, I would like to keep this baby.'

Jem trusted that she knew what she was doing and so said that he was happy to support her decision. At first, he had been unsure, but as time went by and his mother's belly began to grow, he found there was something distinctly exhilarating about shagging a pregnant woman and especially as her boobs also got larger.

As Gwen's belly grew, so did her sexual appetite, finding herself wanting to be fucked at any opportunity depending on how randy she felt. Jem had shagged her in the fields in the middle of the day, he had taken her in the barn and even in the animal pens as she bent forwards and he had sunk his cock into her from behind.

As her eighth month approached, she was huge, her breasts large and ponderous which seemed to excite her son even more, which was a good job because she couldn't seem to get enough of him.

It had been a hot day and a warm evening; jobs had been finished for the day and Jem and his mother Gwen were alone

once more. He had been working in the barn that afternoon and she wondered what he had been up to. Under the cover of darkness, he had grabbed a lamp and took her hand as he led her outdoors and into the barn.

She laughed out loud as she saw the structure and he explained the concept. He had stacked bales of straw and hay so that she could perch her bottom on one, her back supported by another bale. He had built them in such a way that when sat, her body and legs were supported but also in a way that when he stood between her open thighs, he was lower than she was and could easily sink his shaft into her just by flexing his hips. He had even put a blanket over the seat part so that she would be more comfortable, and it would not scratch or tickle her buttocks.

Gwen had been excited as she quickly undressed, and Jem helped her into her position. It was actually extremely comfortable she found, her body and legs well supported but her fanny free so that he could get at it easily.

As she watched him undress, Gwen was ecstatic as he removed his jeans, his cock springing free, hard, and erect. It delighted her because it happened every time that he saw her naked and meant that he still found her attractive and desirable.

Stood in front of her as they kissed, Gwen could feel the head of his shaft rubbing against her labia as Jem teased her. His hands massaged her large breasts, her nipples eager to be touched and aroused further.

When she was ready, he eased forward as his cock slid into her cunt, his mother purring like a kitten as he gently fucked her, stroking her ponderous belly as they kissed. The way he had positioned the bales was exact, he had adjusted them all afternoon as he tested them until he would have her sat perfectly, giving him access to her cunt and anus.

She was so wet that he had not required the jar of Vaseline that he had brought out with him, his cock slick with her juices slid easily up her anus as he alternated between both openings.

Gwen had already climaxed once, Jem doing enough to tip her over the edge without ejaculating himself. She loved the sensation of feeling his cock in her cunt one moment and then the next up her back passage as his fingers went to work on her clit. She was so wet that she knew her juices were dripping from between her legs as he continued to gently pound her vagina.

He had paused for a moment as he withdrew and rubbed his shaft against her clitoris, his mouth going to her tits as he licked and sucked at her nipples, occasionally making her express tiny amounts of milk. And then his cock was back inside her as he fucked her faster. He was still gentler than he would normally be, but it was still fast enough to push her into her climax as she turned the air blue, telling him, 'Keep ramming your cock up your mummy's cunt.'

Of course, the next day his sister had spotted the bales stacked oddly and was immediately inquisitive. Jem had explained to her their purpose and Bab's had straightaway wanted to give it a try.

In Gwen's condition there was truly little she could presently do around the farm which left just Jem, Barbara, and her boyfriend Rodger, who was back again for the moment to give them some help. 'If you can get away this evening, I'll show you how it works,' Jem had whispered to her. There was no chance of anything happening with Rodger nearby.

Under the pretence of checking on her mother, Bab's had returned that evening and getting a quizzical look from her as she entered the farmhouse. 'Jem promised to show me your little set-up in the barn,' she told Gwen, her mother laughing loudly.

'I didn't think it would take you long,' she replied, quite content and with no hint of jealousy at the fact that her two children were going out to the barn to fuck.

Naked and perched on the bales as her mother had been the previous night, she waited as her brother undressed. With the jar of Vaseline, he had coated her fanny and her arse, Bab's shivering with anticipation and her eyes fixated on his erect shaft.

And then surprisingly, he had produced a length of rounded wood which look like at one time, it had been the handle from a small hearth shovel. It gleamed like new, Jem having sanded and varnished it after cutting it to length. Taking the Vaseline, he rubbed a copious amount along its length before advancing on his sister.

She moaned softly as he rubbed it against her labia, her lips spreading either side of the wood as he applied a little more pressure before then teasing her clit with it. With him being so much lower than she was, she couldn't retaliate by grabbing his cock and so had to suffer the teasing until suddenly, he slid the wooden shaft inside her.

The air left her lungs with a whoosh as what felt like eight inches of wooden prick filled her cunt, Bab's squealing like a stuck pig as he used it to fuck her. Within a short time, it had been enough to bring on her first climax, the wooden cock fucking her as Jem played with her tits and nipples.

As she was trying to catch her breath from her first release, she felt him withdraw the wooden dildo her muscles relaxing as it slid from her cunt. But within seconds she was screaming again as she felt it pushed against the opening of her anus and slip inside her.

Holding it in place with one hand, Jem had moved nearer and with excitement showing plainly on his face, had shoved his cock into her twat.

'Oh, my fucking God,' Bab's had screamed. It was as though she was being fucked by two cocks at once, one in her cunt and another up her arse.

Her body had started to convulse and wouldn't stop as her brother fucked her rapidly, the wooden dildo making her vagina tighter as his cock was rammed into her, touching every sensitive nerve on it travel back and forth.

She lost count of how many orgasms she had before eventually, she heard him call out as his cock emptied his sack inside her passage.

Afterwards, he'd had to help her dress, her legs refusing to support her at first. She had spent another half an hour indoors before she left for the evening to return to her boyfriend. 'I don't know what you were doing to her,' his mother had laughed once she had gone, 'but I could hear her screaming from here.'

Days merged into each other, weeks only seeming to last a few days and months only seeming to last a week. Each day the same jobs had to be done and as winter approached, a lot of the animals had been brought down to the farm ready. He had no reason now to go up to the top fields and so nowadays when he had five minutes, he would get a brew from his missus and come and sit in the animal pens where it was warm and talk to them.

He remembered how suddenly he had become a father; his mother having given birth to another son. It was a strange feeling he remembered as he had held his baby for the first time, was it his brother or in reality, his son. Despite his worries back then, no one had come knocking on their door or asked questions. He supposed their isolation meant that people never gave the new-born a second thought.

His mother had named her new infant Andrew and for the first eighteen months after his birth, their life carried on as it had done in the past. His mother had soon regained her figure and Jem had quickly returned to having sex with his sister and sleeping with his mother each night.

Jem was still musing when his missus called him in for his tea. He waved to the others as they drove down the lane, making his way towards the house.

Sat in his favourite chair after their meal, he was half-listening to the tv and watching his missus knitting. His eyes felt heavy as he promised himself twenty minutes.

That summer he remembered, Andrew was now beginning to toddle around the farmyard, his second birthday fast approaching. Jem had got the feeling that things were not going well between Rodger and his sister and this year they'd had two different labourers. Barbara had left for the day only to return a couple of hours later. She informed him and their mother that she was moving back in if that was ok. Gwen nodded, at least it was an extra pair of hands to help with the little one each evening.

'Oh, by the way,' Bab's had said casually as the room fell silent, 'I'm pregnant!'

His mother had glanced in his direction even though she did not comment. Jem had waited until she was putting Andrew to bed,

Bab's speaking before he could ask. 'I've no idea Jem, it could be Rodgers, or it could just as easily be yours. I've probably had as much sex with you as I have with him.'

That queasy feeling was back in his guts, astounded that she had stopped taking the pill, especially when she was having sex with him. What were the odds he was going to be a father again, only this time it would be his sisters baby?

Over the next week, she had moved her stuff back up to the farmhouse and Jem had returned to sleeping in his own room until one evening his mother and sister had accosted him.

'We have both got used to sleeping with someone and so we have decided to share you on alternate nights if you don't mind?'

What was there to mind about, Jem was quite happy with the idea and from that point forward that was what he did.

Barbara's belly was getting bigger now that she was about seven months gone and it was her turn tonight to have her brother share her bed. At some point he had helped his mother set up the nursery again, Andrew now sharing his room, especially as most nights he did not use it.

Sat straddling his hips, he stroked Barbara's large belly as his cock twitched against her vagina, her eyes fluttering each time he made it happen. She had shaved her flue and he marvelled

as he touched the smooth soft skin as his fingers slipped between her thighs and made contact with her quim.

Rubbing gently, she groaned constantly and especially when he used his thumb to expose and rub her clit. She slid back and forth over his shaft, using her fanny lips to toss him off, her fingers teasing the plump head of his cock.

He waited until she was ready and raised her bottom before pushing his cock upwards and allowing her to lower herself onto it, groaning louder as it filled her cunt. With it now buried deep inside her passage, she leant forward on outstretched arms, dangling her tits over his face, and crying out again as his mouth latched onto her sensitive nipples and he sucked.

He allowed her to fuck him in this position until she achieved her first climax and then helped her move as she lay on her side, and he took her from behind. This was the best position she had found, her belly supported as her brother's shaft sank into her cunt, his hand reaching over as he fondled her breasts or rubbed at her clitoris.

In the same way that he had done with his mother, he tried to be as gentle with her as he could but found that as they both began to climax, he couldn't help but ram his cock into her as she orgasmed and shouted his name, his hot cum filling her wet passage.

The next night, per their rota, he was in his mother's bed. Even though she was now approaching her fifties, her body still looked good and still excited him. He had mentioned to her that morning about his sister having shaved her fanny and was delighted to find tonight, that his mother had done the same.

She was still giggling as he bounced onto the bed and opened her legs wide, his nose picking up the scent of freshly bathed skin and her natural musk. Spreading her lips, he had gazed at her pink moist interior and then moved closer as his tongue ran up and down her slit, causing her giggling to stop as groans of pleasure were issued in its place.

His cock sank into her flesh, his mother crying out as his shaft filled her passage. Gwen had never initially meant for any of this to happen. But once it had, she had been reluctant to have it cease. She had taught her son well; he was more than a considerate lover and she sometimes wondered if being around animals all the time and watching as they procreated made him less inhibited about sex.

She was so wet tonight that they did not need the Vaseline as his slippery shaft slid from her cunt and with little resistance, slid inside her back passage. It was one of the things she especially liked, spellbound as she watched the expressions on his face as he shafted her arse and watched her play with her pussy.

As their climax's approached, his cock went back into her cunt which he then ravished until she screamed her release, and he filled her orifice with his cream.

His missus shook his shoulder, he had dozed most of the evening as he followed her up to their bedroom, undressing and climbing beneath the covers before falling asleep once more.

Shaking his head and gathering his thoughts, he presumed the next morning that he must have been dreaming during the night.

Bab's had given birth, a girl, and as Jem held her, he remembered the feeling from when he had first held his son, only this time it was a daughter or maybe a niece.

As the two children grew, it was no surprise that things had to change, the world away from the farm was changing also. For no reason that Jem could fathom, Andrew as well as Susan, his daughter, both began calling Barbara, "Mum", and his mother "Gran". His mother never contradicted them and when they wanted to ask something his mother would always say. 'Go and ask "Pop's".' And so over time, that was what Jem became, to the children, their family was no different from any other with mum, dad, and grandmother.

When they started school eventually, they were not content with the solitary lifestyle that his mother, sister, and he had led. And so, there were constant trips into town to meet friends and to attend birthday parties, Jem also had to get used to vehicles

arriving at the farm and depositing more noisy children as their friends began to visit. It was at times like those that he missed the peace and quiet.

As they got older, Jem found himself enjoying it more, in their teens, friends of Andrew's and Susan's would often visit the farm, eager to enjoy their newfound freedom and always offering assistance.

There was never any impropriety towards them, the kids living a life that was different from what he had led. He and his mother had to be more careful nowadays, but he was still having sex with her regularly. When he shared a bed with his sister, the kids saw it as normal and when he slept alone, it was because he had to be up early to tend to the animals.

Eventually, both of the kids dated and married. Both Andrew and Susan would inherit the farm, but not for them this solitary existence. They had both bought houses with their spouses down in the town, commuting each day to come to work.

With the house empty each evening, the three of them had quickly resumed their sexual liaisons, Jem returning to sharing alternative beds each night.

As grandchildren began to appear, Jem suddenly found himself middle-aged. He was sharing his mother's bed that night and watched as she undressed. Gwen was nearing seventy, her age clearly showing on her face. Her body was also showing signs of

her age, her breasts sagged nowadays, and she had a considerable belly, not able to do as much on the farm as she once had. Wrinkles showed on her arms, legs, and chest, but to Jem, as he watched her, he still saw the woman she was on the first occasion that she had allowed him to make love to her.

Helping her onto the bed, he kissed her softly before working his way down her body as he fondled and kissed her breasts and nipples. Downwards he went, across her belly and between her legs, opening her fanny as his tongue flicked out and he started to help lubricate her before her own juices eventually kicked in.

Gwen bucked her hips and groaned as his tongue penetrated her cunt, delighting in the warm glow spreading through her body. She could never have refused him even if she had wanted to, content that for all those years she had allowed him to share her body and bed.

She felt him move and then his shaft filled her cunt. It never failed to delight her when his cock first entered her quim, seeing it as a declaration that he still found her attractive and desirable.

He was far gentler with her nowadays as his cock continued to slide in and out of her fanny, even when she demanded that he abuse her, he was always careful to cause her no pain. He felt her body begin to go ridged as she climaxed, speeding up a little as he filled her passage with his semen and calling her name as his body shivered.

In the past, they may have made love several times, now, she was content with the single occasion, soon drifting off to sleep afterwards.

His mind jumped forwards suddenly, he must have been in his late fifties, and it had been another similar night. They had slowly and gently made love, with Jem cuddling her afterwards as she dozed off.

He had spent that night in her bed, holding her close. Waking in the early hours and hearing her sigh, he had turned over and had gone back to sleep. She was cold when he awoke the next morning, her sigh had been her final breath as she passed away beside him.

Memories of his mother's passing had brought him awake with a tear in his eye, rather than doze, he had risen, careful not to disturb his missus. Taking his clothes, he made his way silently to the bathroom to wash and dress.

Downstairs, he made himself a brew, it was still too early to milk the cows and would be over another hour before Andrew and Susan arrived as well as the labourers. The farm had been extended over the years, the herd of cows and the flocks of sheep, now greatly increased.

Jem still saw it as his job to oversee everything, but in truth, it was the younger ones who now ran the farm.

From a look outside, it promised to be a nice day he was thinking as he put the kettle on again to make his missus a brew before he started the first jobs of the day, the sound of cars pulling up outside the farmhouse signalling the arrival of the others.

With the morning jobs out of the way, he had lunch with his missus and the others around the massive kitchen table. In the afternoon he made his usual trip on the quad bike up to the top fields to check on the flock, Bonny joining him on the carrier at the back.

As was his custom nowadays, he had brought a flask of tea with him, settling his back against the wall as he watched the sheep milling around. With his brew finished and in no rush to do anything else, he closed his eyes as the sun warmed his face.

He must have dozed, remembering something he had seen but had kept secret. He had been coming down from the top field when he spotted Andrew and Susan wandering off hand in hand towards where a small stream was situated. He only guessed and never brought the subject up with them, but presumed they were having sex.

As he opened his eyes, he could make out someone coming up the hill towards him. At this distance, he couldn't make out who it was yet, but he reckoned whoever it was, was female.

It was only when she got a little closer that he suddenly recognised her face. She was far prettier than he had

remembered as she approached him, Jem springing to his feet and feeling full of energy.

'Hello Jem, I've been waiting for you.' Gwen, his mother said in her husky voice.

It was Andrew who found him, Jem's missus had been worried when he didn't appear for his evening meal. He was still sat peacefully propped up against the wall, the dog sitting patiently by his side. It looked like he had been dead several hours, his face looking more youthful than it had done.

Andrew stayed with him until the police and ambulance arrived and then with a stretcher and the help of the quid bike, they brought him down to the farm.

Andrew, Susan, and Jem's missus, in essence, his sister Barbara stood huddled together in the farmyard, tears stained their cheeks as Jem left the farm for the last time.