

A Winter's Tale

Miss D'Mena

The Great Snowfall.

In the past, I would never have considered my grandmother as someone with whom I might have sex -- that was until this winter. The summer had been long and hot, with the ground baking hard and the greenery fading to a bland muddy brown colour that gave the landscape a washed-out appearance.

Autumn provided some respite, and sporadic showers reintroduced a smidgeon of greenery but had negligible impact on the devastation of summer. And then suddenly, the temperatures plummeted. As the end of November approached, the first flakes of snow drifted lazily down from the sky.

Within an hour, at least six inches must have been deposited; my mother quickly becoming concerned that, my grandmother, might struggle. I was sent out into the worsening conditions with a bag full of provisions, and instructions to ensure that the old lady stayed indoors and kept warm until the weather turned.

Gran was cheery when I arrived; my mother had already phoned ahead. She had made us both a bowl of hot, steaming soup, and we spent the afternoon and early evening playing dominoes and whist.

By the time I decided to make a move and head for home, the weather outside had changed again. I opened the front door to a blizzard; at least another six to nine inches appeared to have fallen, and the flurries were now so dense, that I could not see more than a couple of feet from the door.

She forbade me from taking even one step outside, immediately phoning my mother to say that I would be staying for the night and not to worry. Inside the house, it was cosy and warm, and I saw the logic of staying where I was, rather than brave the freezing elements outdoors.

We retired at eleven-thirty, and I followed her upstairs, heading for the spare bedroom. She had put out a set of pyjamas, which, from the look of them, I presumed had belonged to my grandfather. Now, I have never been one for sleeping in clothes, so I tossed them into a corner and, after undressing, climbed into bed naked.

It felt strange at first; it must be over twelve years since I had last slept here. I have vague memories of this room when my mother was pregnant. Switching off the bedside lamp, I tiptoed across to the window and opened the curtains wide, watching as the white flakes continued to fall.

I was transfixed for what seemed like aeons until the falling temperature of the room and the goosebumps on my torso, had me quickly scuttling to my bed as I snuggled beneath the blankets

The room was brightly lit when next I opened my eyes, squinting against the glare as bright light streamed in through the still-open curtains. Shivering a little, I threw back the sheets and padded to the window once more. The radiator was slowly beginning to get warm as I pressed against it, gazing out to a world now brilliant white. Opening the window for a second, I glanced down and saw that gran's garden and the rest of the lane had disappeared, the snowy blanket coming halfway up the height of her front door.

After washing and dressing quickly, I descended to the smell of eggs and bacon cooking. Gran was already up and about as she set the table and plonked a hearty breakfast in front of me.

"Well, it doesn't look like you are going home today either, so I thought we would get something hot inside us, and then we need to clear the snow away from the doors and the outside walls. We don't want the house to get cold or for melting snow to come inside."

It took nearly three hours for us to complete the task, continually returning indoors to get warm before resuming the clearance operation. After lunch, she got out some board games, and we spent the afternoon competing against each other.

Even though the circumstances outside had changed, gran still stuck to her normal routine, and at precisely five-thirty, we sat down to our evening meal.

Now, normally at home, I simply have a glass of water with my meal, but Gran has always had wine with hers and insisted that evening on opening a bottle as usual.

I'm not a great wine connoisseur, much preferring a few bottles of beer. As a consequence, I tended to drink it as I would a glass of ale. By the time the meal was over, I could feel my head beginning to spin.

Once everything was cleared away, we tried the television, but the snow had messed up the reception, so we quickly turned it off again. The evening followed the same pattern as the previous one, the only difference being that she opened a second bottle of wine as soon as the first was empty. She had called my mother again earlier to say it was impossible to get out and that I would be staying over once more.

She was told that even if I escaped from her house, I would never reach mine, let alone get inside; it seemed the village as a whole was snowed in.

By the time the second bottle was consumed, we were both well intoxicated; each conversation started well enough but soon went downhill with giggles and fits of laughter. I'm not sure how we got onto the subject, but Gran has always wanted to know the 'ins and outs' of a cat's backside and she eventually decided that my love life would be an excellent topic.

On any other evening, she may have asked if I currently had a girlfriend and what her name was before moving on to other questions. But tonight, after two bottles of wine and the prospect of opening a third, her questions were more rambling.

"Have you currently got a young lady?" she asked.

I shook my head; the last one had disappeared in a fit of pique when I'd stupidly confirmed to her that, "Yes, her backside did look big in those pants."

Gran roared with laughter as I told her.

"So, you're going without at the moment," she slurred, sloshing some more wine into her glass.

"It's the one thing I do miss," she told me. "I need to find myself a man."

In other circumstances, I would probably have been embarrassed at the thought of discussing my love life, especially after the way she had commented.

The alcohol in my system, though, had completely eroded my inhibitions, and the flippant remark was out of my mouth before my brain had a chance to stop it. "Well, if you ever need a bit on the side, Gran, you only need to ask."

The comment didn't seem to faze her as she glanced in my direction for a split second. "Hmm, I may take you up on that," she said, which caused us both to fall about laughing.

The heating had been going all day, and as the evening went on, the temperature of the room combined with the wine I had consumed soon meant that I was feeling flushed. I was about to remove my pullover when she stopped me. It looked as though she was doing some quick calculation before jumping up and staggering into the hallway. She reappeared moments later with a headscarf, which she instructed me to tie around my neck.

I looked at her flummoxed, wondering what the hell she was planning.

"Poker?" she asked. "Or better still, strip poker?" She sniggered mischievously.

"We both have the same number of clothes now."

She had over the years taught me how to play the game for pennies or matchsticks, and I was now quite accomplished; sometimes she won more than I did, and other times I won more of the games.

In my befuddled state, it was as though she had thrown down the gauntlet, and I was determined that I would still be mostly dressed while she would be sitting naked.

As we started to play, it was still nothing more than a competition, one that I was determined to win. She replenished both our glasses, leaving me surprised that I had suddenly developed a taste for wine as I downed a third of the glass in one gulp. I lost the first game, leaving the scarf in place and removing my jumper so that I felt cooler.

I won the next two games and watched as her cardigan vanished over the back of her chair and then as she went to remove one of her stockings. She knew exactly what she was doing, slowly pulling her skirt up to the top of her leg and showing me a vast expanse of thigh. She unfastened the stocking from her suspender belt and provocatively slid it down before tossing it toward me. The next two games went her way; my concentration destroyed as, between my legs, my cock suddenly decided to take an interest.

The scarf and one of my socks disappeared, leaving her still slightly in the lead.

I managed to win the next game, but it was a close thing.

She laughed as she asked, "You're determined to get me naked, aren't you?" Her eyes twinkled as she said it.

I was mesmerised as one by one she unfastened the buttons on her blouse. As I'd already said, it wasn't something that has ever entered my head, but now I was hungrily waiting to catch my first glimpse of her breasts.

The blouse followed the cardigan over the back of her chair while I gazed at her plump mounds rising and falling in the white cups of her bra. The bulge in the front of my trousers must have been obvious; it was so hard; it had become

painful. I'm sure she cheated, because the next thing I knew, I was sitting there in just my shorts, the rest of my clothing having been discarded.

She let me win the next game so that she could reach around behind her and unfasten her bra, her breasts falling free as she removed it. Her dark nipples were already erect, and the throbbing between my legs had grown in intensity. And then I was sitting naked, with nowhere to hide, and to be honest, I made no attempt to; the fact that she could not take her eyes off my erect cock was a turn-on in itself.

Gran raised her skirt once more and removed her other stocking before standing and unzipping it. Easing it over her hips, she let it fall to the floor and then removed the suspender belt and her knickers, leaving her facing me naked.

Let's face it, she was no model. She was a largish lady, and there was plenty of meat on her; her tits were huge, as was her belly, and her thighs were more than ample. What I did notice was that her mound and fanny were devoid of hair, just a smooth expanse of flesh with an enticing slit between her legs. At that moment, it would not have mattered what she looked like; my cock was demanding any type of sexual release.

She must have been feeling the same, because she left her chair and moved across to the large couch. Sitting in its centre, she drew her legs upwards and opened her thighs wide, offering me her now open and moist cunt.

Throwing some cushions on the floor, I knelt in front of her, my erection constantly bobbing up and down. She was still staring at it as a few words huskily left her lips.

"Will you fuck me?" she managed, already sounding breathless.

It would have been rude to refuse, and so, nervously and without further ado, I slid my throbbing cock inside her moist quim. There was no finesse to my lovemaking; I simply plunged my shaft in and out of her, all the while listening to her shrieks and grunts which accompanied each thrust. Intoxicated by the wine and her naked flesh, I watched her belly wobble as we shagged, her large breasts seeming to have a life of their own as they bounced in every direction.

Forget what you see in the films; this was simply a wham-bam, thank-you-mam affair. I don't think either of us was interested in foreplay, just in fucking! I lasted long enough to watch her start to orgasm before exploding inside her,

emptying my sack as my cock spurted cum deep inside her cunt.

My exertions had sobered me somewhat, more than enough that I now felt slightly embarrassed as my flaccid cock slipped from her opening. She lowered her legs, still panting as she regained her composure.

"Be a dear and go and get me some tissues," I noted some of my cream beginning to seep from her slit as I got to my feet and went into the kitchen, returning with a roll of paper towel.

In my absence, she had taken the cushions from the couch and spread them on the floor in front of the fireplace, and I watched excitedly as she wiped herself, legs akimbo, before indicating them.

"Lie down, Alister, and get yourself comfy." From my prone position, I looked up at my grandmother, her tits hanging down towards her belly and her labia still open and showing me her moist centre.

Spreading my legs, she got down between them and started stroking my shaft. The first stirrings of an erection were already evident. Pulling the skin back from its head, she

lowered her face and instantly, I felt her lips and the warmth of her mouth as it enveloped my knob.

It was the best blowjob I've ever experienced; there's a lot to be said, for age I suppose and before long I was standing proud again. Gran raised herself, straddling my hips as she fumbled between her legs and inserted my cock for a second time.

"Nice and slow this time, Alister; I want to watch you fuck me."

Tentatively, she slid up and down my shaft, her huge mammaries swinging in front of my face. Now I have always been a breast man, and the sight of those two large orbs, both tipped by golden brown nipples, soon had my temperature soaring again. Taking my chance, I squeezed, twisted, and pulled at her magnificent mammaries, generally abusing them, as she delighted in the treatment that I meted out to her tits.

She groaned loudly; the language flowing from her lips was not something any grandchild should be subjected to, but I found that it intensified my excitement as she urged me onward.

"Fuck my cunt, that's it. Shag your grandmother, Alister." Her torrent of words spewed forth. "Oh, shit, your cock feels so big. Fuck me harder."

Gripping her meaty arse, I held her aloft and raised my knees, giving me a better purchase. I started ramming my cock into her fanny, her body wobbling above me as she approached her climax. She called my name as I pushed her over the edge and felt her juices flood my groin, especially when I shot my hot cream into her sloppy cunt for a second time.

Eventually, we retired to her bed, spending what was left of the evening and part of the night fucking each other until we both fell asleep through sheer exhaustion.

Truth or Dare

It was nearly four days before enough snow had been cleared to allow me to make my way home. In the time I had spent at my grandmother's, we had fucked innumerable times every day, as she taught me new ways of satisfying a woman and how to last the course.

I was nearing twenty-one, and with very little sexual technique, I was no better than a virgin. Don't get me wrong; I had put it about, but more or less, it was shoved in, wiggled

about, and then pulled out, the act over once I had achieved satisfaction. By the time I left her house, I had learned how to make love properly and felt a lot more confident than I had previously about my performances.

I wondered what Gran had been like as a young woman, wishing I could have met her back then, in her prime. No wonder my grandfather had shuffled off his mortal coil several years earlier; she must have shagged him to death. In her sixties, she still had a healthy appetite for sex, which she displayed each day of my stay.

Even though some paths had been cleared, it still took me three times as long to reach home as my outward journey had done. I was greeted by my mother and twin sisters as a returning hero, all of them making a fuss for no apparent reason that I could see. Mother praised me for being a dutiful son and for looking after her mother in this time of hardship, but little did she realise that the only hardship I had suffered was managing to get it up enough to satisfy my grandmother's insatiable appetite.

To the twins, I was the intrepid explorer. One who had braved the elements and had returned victorious after venturing across to the other side of the village in what was to become known as "The Great Snowfall."

For me, it was a moment that changed my life. I'd had several girlfriends, but none that ever lasted more than a few months. I must admit that I was a bit of a feckless youth. Females were there to be ensnared and conquered, but once I had claimed their treasure trove, I quickly lost interest, looking for new prey.

Gran had been the first female that had ensnared me, and at that moment, I couldn't wait to return and sample her wares once more. Perhaps it was her maturity, her ample bosom and body, or maybe the fact that I was sure she was a nympho.

The other change, which I began to notice slowly over the next few days, concerned my own family, but more on that later.

November turned into December, and the snow did not attempt to disappear anytime soon; small flurries each night tended to replace what the villagers had dug out the previous day. Mother must have had a premonition, as each day she sent us out to the local shops, stockpiling as much food as she could purchase.

As Christmas Eve approached, it was obvious that presents would be in short supply this year, but food-wise, there

would be no problem. Unable to get out of the village for her office job, she had used her time wisely.

Now normally, Gran would spend Christmas at our house with mom either driving to pick her up or with her arriving by taxi. Because of the snowfall, no vehicles were moving in the area. except for the snowploughs that kept the main road at the edge of the village clear. Mum's solution that year was to prepare two Christmas dinners, one for us and another for my grandmother, with ample food at both houses.

It was the twenty-third of December, and mom had gone across to grandma's with all the prepared food that was to be deposited in her large chest freezer. Everyone was excited; Christmas day would soon be here, and in the lounge, the tree glittered with baubles and lights while trimmings and streamers ran around the walls.

I had accompanied my mother, carrying the many shopping bags, in the hope of managing to have a word with my grandmother. It had been several days since I'd last had a chance to get across to her house, and I was sure she was missing our sexual exploits as much as I was.

Mom had sent me back for a couple of extra items, and while I was only halfway home, the weather suddenly turned ominous. The sky had become a leaden grey, and the

streetlights reflected on the first flakes of snow as they started to fall again.

I got home just in time as the sky opened and snow just seemed to keep coming. I waited for an hour and then two, hoping that the blizzard would pass, but to no avail; it looked like the storm was in for the evening. I called my mother, explaining the situation and asking what she wanted me to do.

To be honest, she didn't seem to be bothered.

"Listen, Alister, the weather may be better tomorrow; if not, then you will have to manage; you are all old enough now. The meal for Christmas day is prepared; all you have to do is pop it in the oven and put the pans on. I'm sure you and the girls can do that. If you have any problems, ring me, but I should be home tomorrow. Take care, and I'll see you later." With that, the phone went dead as she hung up.

I explained to Gemma and Debbie what our mother had said, and just like her, they seemed unperturbed. I would go so far as to say that they were actually looking forward to the experience. Remember, they were with the daring explorer who had done this before, so what could possibly go wrong?

Christmas eve saw no change, and then it was here: Christmas day was upon us, and we would have to fend for ourselves. As it turned out, it was a breeze with the girls knowing exactly what to do, and by midday, the three of us sat down for Christmas lunch. Only later in the day did I look back and see where things had started down a path that I had not reckoned on.

Often, on these special occasions, our mother would allow the girls to have a glass of champagne with their meal and possibly another later in the afternoon. But today there was no parental guidance, no one to forbid it, and so we all went silly.

They had consumed the bottle of champers by the time the meal was finished, and I was on my fourth bottle of beer. I'm not sure how we managed to get everything cleared away, but we did with much laughter and frivolity.

Growing up, I was the only male in a house full of women. Firstly, there is my mother, Glenda, and then my elder sister, Sandra, who lived with her boyfriend in the nearby town and was twenty-four. Then there is me, nearly twenty-one, and finally, my twin sisters, Debbie and Gemma, who are nineteen. "Debbie says they are nineteen and a half."

The alcohol was doing strange things to my mind, things that had never occurred before. The two girls sat on the couch and opened a bottle of wine while I fiddled with the

television, hoping for a signal. I finally gave up, as the picture was more static than anything else, and plonked myself in the armchair opposite as I finished my fourth bottle and opened another.

I watched the two girls messing around; they both wore identical clothing, which made it quite difficult to tell them apart, and I suddenly realised that they were gorgeous. The tight tops and short skirts did little to hide their modesty, and I found myself admiring their lithe young bodies. Then it occurred to me--I had already shagged my grandmother--would it be any different fucking one of my sisters?

As I sat there fantasising, I noticed that the front of my jeans had expanded and now covered a significant bulge. Returning to reality, Debbie inquired as to what I had done at grans without the television.

"We played board games. Dominoes, whist, anything to pass the time," I explained, slightly slurring my speech.

Gemma suddenly leapt up and disappeared. She reappeared shortly with several board games, a pack of cards, and a box of dominoes.

The board games did not last long, simply because, in our present state, everyone cheated. Dominoes were a

nonstarter, so we quickly went to playing variations of whist and snap.

We continued to drink and were getting into quite a state when Debbie, or was it Gemma asked, "Did you not get bored playing silly old games?"

It was then that I learned a valuable lesson: don't answer questions or commit to anything when you're drunk, even better, keep your mouth shut, as it will only get you into trouble.

"Well, a couple of times, we played strip poker, just to make things interesting."

They both sat stunned on the floor for a moment before breaking into grins.

"What! You and Gran got naked?" They burst into laughter, convinced I was lying.

Looking at each other and then back at me unbelievably, they asked. "What did you do then?"

I tapped the side of my nose. "That's for me to know and you to find out," I boasted, having already said too much.

I desperately needed the loo and weaved my way upstairs to relieve myself. I needed to slow down before I was too pissed to do anything, returning to find the twins grinning mischievously.

"I've thought of a game we can play," said one of them. I had long passed the stage where I could tell them apart.

Maybe it was Debbie who started to explain.

"I deal all the cards out between the three of us; the idea is to get rid of all hearts and picture cards by cheating. You put a card face down and tell the other players what it is; if nobody challenges you, then they stay in the centre; if you are challenged and are found to have cheated, then you must pick up all the cards and complete a task or answer a question. If you're accused falsely, then the challenger must pick up all the cards and complete the task or question."

It seemed simple enough as she quickly dealt the cards into three piles. The first few rounds, I was truthful with the cards I played, Gemma getting caught quite quickly as Debbie asked her the first question.

"If Alister wasn't your brother, would you shag him?" Gemma blushed profusely and giggled before imperceptibly nodding her head and consuming more wine from her glass.

On the next round, I managed to cheat and get away with it and then challenged my sister as the cards went down. I knew I was correct because the one she called was in my hand.

"Hmm, I think it's time we had a task," I said, drawing the thought out to increase the tension. "Debbie, I think you should kiss your sister..... properly."

They looked at each other and grinned, their faces coming together and their lips meeting. It was a full-on kiss as they snogged, the bulge in my pants becoming more pronounced. When finally, they parted, I watched their bosoms both rising and falling rapidly.

For the next three rounds I played cards truthfully, but looking at what was left in my hand, I knew I would soon have to cheat a lot to get rid of them. Debbie got caught next, and Gemma set the task.

"I would say that our brother has a problem down below; perhaps you would be good enough to rearrange it for him."

Debbie leered at me as she pushed me backwards so that her hand could slide down the front of my pants. Her fingers wriggled inside my underwear and then encountered my erect penis, her eyes going wide as she ran her hand down my length and gripped me tightly. I had to stop her because I got the feeling that now she had hold, she was not for letting go.

I'd managed to get rid of a couple more cards but I knew it was only a matter of time before I was caught. It finally happened; this time Debbie set the task.

"I think Gemma has an itch between her legs that she needs scratching, Alister," she said evilly, watching her sister blush again.

I moved around next to Gemma and slid my hand up her skirt until I encountered the elastic of her panties. My fingers delved inside them as they ran through her soft downy hair and then encountered her fanny's open and moist lips.

Slowly and gently, my finger entered her moist passage as I scratched her itch, her legs opening wider as I delved deeper. Debbie was forgotten for a second as I fingered my sister,

convinced at one point that she whispered, "Don't stop," but Debbie interjected, and I withdrew my hand.

I'm not going to give you a blow-by-blow account of each round; suffice it to say that by the time the game came to an end, we were all highly aroused and almost naked. The girls and I had carried on drinking throughout the game, so I was not sure which one it was who finally said that she felt sick and disappeared up the stairs.

We waited for her to reappear, but as time passed it was evident that she was not going to return. My other sister went to check on her, returning with a smirk on her face.

"She's passed out on her bed; I don't think we'll see her again tonight."

I'm going to say that it was Debbie who remained, simply because she had been the main protagonist during the evening. The game had been a great success in more ways than I could have predicted. Here I was, stretched out, completely naked, while my sister, now the worse for wear, sat opposite me wearing no more than a red thong, which covered very little.

I hadn't planned on any of this happening, but as I gazed at her in admiration, my cock stood proud, jutting into the air.

A Special Christmas Present

Whichever one of them it was, she looked fantastic and had a body to die for. She was staring intently at my erection as she slid nearer to me.

"It would be a shame to waste it," she said as she wriggled out of her panties and straddled my hips.

Her eyes were trying to focus as she looked down from her vantage point. "Jesus, Alister, you're so big. I don't know if I can take all of it; you will be gentle, won't you?"

I had never thought of myself as anything but normal, but it was my grandmother who had said something similar. She told me I was a well-endowed young man, but this was normally accompanied by her bouncing up and down on my shaft.

My cock was throbbing with anticipation as my sister reached down and wrapped her hand firmly around it. My eyes closed, and I breathed out audibly as slowly, she commenced masturbating my protuberance. With one hand, she pulled the skin taut, the fingers of her other hand

encircling and teasing the plump, blood-infused head of my shaft.

I slid my hand between her thighs, my fingers encountering her moist, open pussy lips and spreading her labia wider. I exposed her clitoris and gently rubbed my thumb against it, watching as she shivered and moaned softly with pleasure. I could tell by the look on her face that she was eager to have me inside her, but what my grandmother had taught me was to not be in too much of a rush.

"Make a woman come several times and she will love you forever."

Rolling her off me, I spread her legs and dove between them, the scent of talc and her musk making a heady combination. My mouth made contact with her fanny, my tongue darting inside and savouring her taste. She squirmed against it, at first stroking my head, but then her fingers became entangled in my hair as she pulled me forcefully against her snatch.

Taking her clit between my lips, my tongue flicked and rubbed at it softly. Her hips bucked as her arousal began to peak, and she tried to wriggle away, but I held her firm and continued to explore her passage until her back arched and

she called my name, her climax making her body shake with pleasure.

Debbie raised her head as I got to my knees, looking at me with greater respect, and still, she could not divert her gaze from my twitching shaft. It was hard with desire; the skin pulled tight as the veins stood out along its length. Shuffling nearer, I rubbed its tip against her labia, her eyes fluttering open and shut rapidly.

Slowly, I eased forward, sliding my cock into her tight, wet pussy.

"Shit, shit!" was all she managed to say as, inch by inch, my dick expanded her cunt until finally, my balls pushed up against the crack of her arse. She was breathing deeply, her fanny becoming accustomed to the lump of meat that was filling her insides.

Gently, I rocked back and forwards, my penis sliding in and out of her quim as my hands went to her pert young breasts, the nipples standing proud and sensitive to my fingertips. Applying pressure, her hips started moving in a rhythm with my own as her fanny accepted my cock thrusting into her.

When my impetus increased, so did her vocal repertoire; she cried, moaned, and verbally abused me, telling me in no uncertain terms that I should, "fuck the arse off her."

If nothing else, I do like to oblige, ramming my cock into her with a ferocity that took her by surprise. I watched as she pleaded for me to slow down, and then as she climaxed, her slender young body thrashed beneath me, as I continued to plunge into her cunt.

The heat and exertion had sobered me as I leant forward, taking her teat in my mouth. One by one, I sucked and nibbled at her perfect little cherries. She cried out once more, only this time it was because my cock was exploding inside her, sending spurts of cum deep inside her love passage and triggering her orgasm.

I fucked her until exhaustion made me flop down next to her, both our bodies covered in sweat. Her eyes were closed as I watched her chest continue to rise and fall rapidly; it seemed like an age until she moved, turning on her side and draping her arm and leg across my body.

She whispered dreamily in my ear, "Do you know, Alister/ If you weren't my brother, I could love you."

Internally, I was chuckling to myself; what gran had said was true it seemed, but whichever twin it was, she was going to love me a lot more before I had finished.

I couldn't remember what time we got to bed; I just knew that I was content to climb between the cool sheets and fall instantly asleep. My dreams that night were erotic as the faces and bodies of my family took turns emptying my sack over and inside their various orifices.

Rising late the next morning, I staggered downstairs, my head thumping slightly as I uttered those immortal words, "Never again."

Debbie was already in the kitchen as I came up behind her and wrapped my arms around her waist, before kissing her neck as my hands followed her curves beneath the flimsy dressing gown. "Any time you want to repeat last night, it would be my pleasure."

She spun around, looking livid.

"You fucked Gemma last night, didn't you? The bitch got it, and I didn't; no wonder she kept filling my glass up!"

"SHIT!!" I couldn't have told you which one of the twins I'd shagged; I just presumed it was Debbie, as she was the one that seemed to be initiating the action and getting us all to do things to each other. I would never have guessed that it had been Gemma who had outlasted her and with whom I'd spent several hours having sex.

Just then, Gemma strolled into the kitchen, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Good morning, my darling brother; good morning, Deb's."

It was said in such a way that it was obvious she was gloating at her sister. I'm sure I could see the daggers in Debbie's eyes as she glared at her twin, such was her outrage.

"Right!" she stormed, grabbing my hand.

"You can stay down here, Gemma. Come with me, Alister; I want fucking." With that, she dragged me out of the kitchen and up the stairs, heading for her bedroom.

She stripped off my t-shirt, pushed me onto the bed, and whipped off my pyjama bottoms, leaving me naked.

After discarding her dressing gown, I was treated to the same glorious body that I had previously observed. Only this time it belonged to the other twin. Her head went down to my lap as she took my cock in her mouth, its warmth and her tongue soon bringing it fully erect. Gripping me tightly, she wanked my shaft, thus increasing my arousal.

Dragging her on top of me, I kissed her passionately, my hands caressing her tits before working their way down and between her legs. She was wet, and my fingers easily slid inside her moist twat as I frigged her just as rapidly as she had jerked my cock, hearing her whimper as now it was my turn to send spasms of delight through her body.

Debbie was in no mood for foreplay; insistent on getting my cock inside her. Gripping it firmly, she positioned it against her piss flaps before slamming her body down and impaling herself on my shaft.

"Oh fuck!" she shrieked, as my cock filled her. I don't think she had calculated the extent to which it would stretch her internals as she sat motionless atop me. She looked terrified as I lowered her face to mine, my lips locking onto hers. Slowly, I flexed my hips, sliding my cock gently in and out of her pussy until she became accustomed to its size.

I've got to admit, it did not take her long before she was bouncing up and down on it. Gemma had taken to it straight away, but perhaps that was because, at the time, she had been well and truly sozzled.

I cupped Debbie's breasts. Her nipples stood proud as my fingers excited them further, and I listened to her cries of delight when I pinched them both. Although I was fully aroused, the exertions from the previous night meant that I was able to last longer, and was rewarded as Debbie's head suddenly shot back and she screamed her release.

Giving her just long enough to recover, I turned us over so that I was now on top, my distended cock still inside her fanny. Raising her legs, I fucked her slowly, savouring the feeling each time my manhood plunged into her.

Immersed in screwing my sister, neither of us heard the door open; it was only when my peripheral vision picked up another person in the room that I turned my head. Gemma stood level with the bed, her dressing gown open, as one hand massaged her tits and the other snaked between her legs, rubbing at her fanny.

I've got to say that I'd never realised the arousal that comes with someone watching you fuck; Debbie was too far gone to concern herself with who was there and did not complain

when Gemma walked over to the bed, discarded her gown, and began playing with her sister's tits.

Debbie went crazy at her touch, dragging her head down as they kissed passionately. Gemma climbed onto the bed and straddled her sister's head, her face contorting as Debbie's tongue speared her cunt.

I was amazed, wondering if the two of them had done this before to each other. I watched as Gemma's hands abused her sister's breasts while I built up a head of steam, ramming my cock into Debbie's cunt. And then she was climaxing; trying to cry out, but her mouth was full of pussy, her body thrashing beneath me as her orgasm sent pleasure signals to her brain.

Gemma shivered, her sister's mouth having given her a minor climax as Debbie begged me to stop, her fanny and body too sensitive to continue. There was only one thing I could do -- climbing from one twin, I quickly impaled the other.

Gemma grinned at me as I slid my cock into her; she had been determined to have a second go and knew exactly how to put her sister out of action. I had lasted as long as I could; the sight of two naked females in the same bed was too much. Now it was my turn to cry out as spurt after spurt of

semen flooded Gemma's fanny, causing her to climax as she dug her fingers into the sheet and said the weirdest of things.

We were all three up and dressed, but it was too late for breakfast as it now approached midday. The topic of conversation around the kitchen table was obvious, even though at that moment it felt like I was being left without an opinion.

The twins were arguing about whose turn it was to next abuse my body, but I have to admit that at that moment all I wanted to do was rest; I felt drained from satisfying them both, and my legs felt like jelly.

The squabble continued until I banged the table.

"Enough, please. I can't pick either one of you over the other; you are both perfect." Both girls blushed at my soft words.

"Toss a coin, whoever wins gets me tonight and the other one tomorrow night, and so long as you haven't shagged me to death and mom hasn't returned home, then both of you on the third night, watching you two touch each other was a real turn on!"

They readily agreed, with Gemma dashing off to find a coin. She returned and handed it to me to do the honours. Flipping it high, I let it fall to the floor as the girls called out their preferences; a yell of delight came from Debbie as she called "Heads," and the coin settled heads up.

Gemma looked downcast as Debbie paraded around, doing a victory lap.

"Why the face?" I asked, "You'll get your time tomorrow night."

She tried to cheer up but still looked worried. "Yeah, but what if mom comes back tomorrow?"

I chuckled and squeezed her hand, saying, "Take a look outside; we'll be lucky if mom is back before New Year's Eve."

We passed the day playing games and watching some television. The storm seemed to have passed, and outside there were clear blue skies and bright wintery sun. So long as we get several days like this without any more snowfall, parts of the village may become passable again.

That night I retired to bed with Debbie, leaving Gemma still sitting downstairs. What can I say, other than she was a delight to fuck. My tongue in her fanny had brought her first climax, followed closely by her second as I fucked her doggy fashion. I'd had an idea but decided to save it for Gemma the next night.

Sure enough, Gemma was eager for the evening to come around and dragged me to bed early, this time leaving Debbie to watch the TV, but unlike her sister, she did not seem to be as concerned.

Actions & Consequences.

Following Gemma into the bedroom, she had a mischievous smile plastered across her face as I was pushed onto the bed.

"Relax, Alister, I've got a little present for you."

But before she could do anything else, I held my hand up, stopping her in her tracks. An episode from the other evening had popped back into my head, and I needed an answer.

"Gemma, what you said the other night sounded very possessive."

Sitting next to me on the bed, her eyes were downcast and her cheeks reddened. Suddenly, small tears were running down her cheek.

"Sorry," she said, refusing to look at me yet. "It will probably wear off, but at the moment, I do want you all to myself, Alister."

I was stunned. What could I say? This was just fun, albeit very exciting fun; how could my sister feel so strongly about me?

"Gemma, how can you say that? I'm your brother. Truthfully, I love fucking you, and I'm looking forward to doing it again, but we could never have that type of relationship; mom would go ape shit if she ever found out, let alone anyone else."

By now, she was sobbing as she threw herself into my arms. "I'm sorry, Alister; I didn't plan this. To be honest, I never planned on you fucking me; it just happened. I don't expect anything in return; I've just got to work through these feelings, okay?"

I was concerned now; it had already put a bit of a dampener on the proceedings. Did I refuse her and cause more hurt or carry on and make things worse? The decision was made for

me as she stood and dried her eyes before starting to unfasten the buttons on her blouse.

One by one she undid them, but kept the garment closed until the last second when she shrugged it off her shoulders. The half-cup black and red bra pushed her breasts upward and pulled them together, exaggerating her cleavage. The cups only covered the bottom portion of her breasts, leaving her nipples completely exposed.

She turned her back to me as she slid the zip of her skirt down before turning back and allowing it to fall to the floor. I'm convinced my jaw dropped as I sat there open-mouthed. The panties and suspender matched her bra, and I could see that they had a cut-out which exposed her fanny. Coupled with the black stockings she wore, she was to me, sex on legs. My cock agreed as it painfully went straight to full erection and tried to push its way through the front of my pants.

I'm sure I'm like most other males; show me a woman in stockings and suspenders, and my hormones go into overdrive, which is exactly what was happening at that moment. She could love me or not, it didn't matter so long as I got to fuck her.

Slowly she sauntered towards the bed, teasing as she openly displayed her body. Gemma helped me undress before we

came together on the mattress, lying atop me as our lips met and we kissed. I pushed my cock against her mound, feeling her push back against me as my knee went between her legs and she rubbed her cunt against it.

Rolling her, I slid between her legs, my cock teasing her fanny as I rubbed it against her labia, the cut-out in her panties enabling me to impale her without removing any clothing. The feel of her stocking-clad legs wrapping themselves around me was enthralling as I fucked her slowly. I built her arousal and then let it subside, teasing her with my cock as she neared her climax.

Gemma was panting; the look on her face told me she was ready, so I withdrew for a few seconds and ripped the panties from her. She was desperate to have me back inside as she was close, but to her surprise and consequent delight, my cock, instead of penetrating her cunt once more, now impaled her arse. Her eyes went wide as my shaft, well lubricated with her juices, slid up her anus.

She screamed as I fucked her, my hand rubbing at her clit and my fingers slipping into her sodden quim. Her eyes were staring, and her face contorted as she orgasmed, her hips thrashing against my cock buried deep inside her rectum. Her climax seemed to last forever as I withdrew my cock once more, this time to fuck her pussy with intensity.

By the time I eventually filled her cunt with my semen she was a twitching wreck.

We lay side by side, our bodies covered in sweat and juices. "You bastard! You're a fucking bastard. You're telling me I shouldn't love you? Christ, Alister, you fuck a woman like that, of course, she's going to love you!"

Later, we made love again and spent the night together, curled around each other and well satisfied.

Over the next few days, as the village slowly started to clear bit by bit, my sisters and I shared each other's beds as we fucked singularly or together as a group. By the time our mother was able to return, Gemma and I were fucking regularly. Debbie would want an occasional one-on-one, but more or less she was happiest when it was the three of us and she and Gemma were arousing each other. I was beginning to wonder if she had lesbian tendencies, something that was confirmed quite a few months later.

It was February before the snow had finally disappeared and the village returned to some kind of normality. The year progressed, and the weather improved. I would have frequent trips to my grandmother's, and the twins would look for any opportunity at home to get me into bed.

One late Friday afternoon, with the weather mild and the evenings beginning to stay lighter, Gran decided that she would like to take a walk. She'd nipped up to the loo, and I was hanging around aimlessly waiting for her return. She came downstairs already wearing her coat, which I found strange but thought nothing of it.

Grabbing her bag from the kitchen, we went out, locking the door behind us, and arm in arm, we strolled down the lane.

"I thought we could go down to the end of the lane, do a lap of the park, and then come up the adjoining road," she said as we walked along and chatted.

The houses became sporadic as we came to the end of the lane; to the left, it led out across fields and countryside, and to the right, it led into a considerable-sized park. At this end were a children's play area and picnic tables; on the far side it became quite secluded with small sections that offered some privacy. She pointed to the far side, cutting across the middle rather than walking around the edge.

When we reached the other side, she chose a spot that was partially hidden but still allowed her to see right across the park. She sat on one of the benches and seemed to be checking around, making sure no one was in the vicinity. The park was quiet this late in the afternoon, with most

people on their way home from work or already sitting down to tea.

Certain that we were alone, she gave me a wink and a sly smile as she slowly unbuttoned the front of her coat.

"Holy shit!" I muttered the words under my breath as her huge breasts popped free. Beneath the coat, she was topless, her nipples instantly getting hard in the cool breeze.

"Why don't you come and join me?" she said, patting the bench next to her.

I needed no encouragement; my hands instantly playing with her bosom. The bulge in my groin was obvious as she rubbed it gently, teasing constantly with words. One of my hands had drifted to the bottom of her skirt, intending to get to her twat, when unexpectedly, she stopped me.

"No, no, no," she laughed as she pushed my hand away and then unzipped my flies and extracted my erect cock.

"Play with yourself for me," she requested as she began to unbutton the front of her skirt.

"Fuck me!" I exclaimed. Not only was she topless, but she was also knickerless as well.

Rummaging in her bag, she suddenly produced a rather large artificial cock; laughing loudly as it wobbled back and forth. Checking the park again, she turned sideways, placing one foot up on the bench and opening her legs wide, exposing her fanny to me as my hand slid up and down my shaft.

She raised the cock to her mouth, her lips sliding over its tip as she moistened it. And then, as I watched fascinated, she placed it between her legs. It took a few attempts, but eventually, I saw it slide inside her quim.

She plunged it in and out of her pussy as she grunted and groaned; at one stage, she lifted her large breasts as she sucked on her nipples. My hand was pumping away at my cock while I watched her display of depravity, until with a roar she climaxed and pissed herself. At the same time, spunk jetted from my cock and mixed with her bodily fluids.

Taking some tissues from her bag, we hurriedly cleaned and made ourselves decent; she grabbed my hand, now in a rush to get home.

"Take me home and fuck me," she begged.

My cock was buried deep inside her cunt as she urged me onwards in her coarse fashion. She had already climaxed once, as I headed towards my release, my shaft pumping rapidly into her love tunnel when suddenly the bedroom door opened, my sister Sandra standing on the threshold of the room.

I couldn't stop; I had been too close. I tried to withdraw, but all that happened was that I covered her fanny and belly with spurts of cum as she rubbed at her clit and climaxed.

"Oh my god, what the fuck are you doing?" Sandra screamed, her hand flying to her mouth.

She sounded disgusted but continued to stare at us as I extracted myself from between Gran's thighs and threw myself down next to her, pulling the covers over the both of us.

There was silence for several long seconds before my sister launched into a tirade, accusing us both of being perverts. That we were depraved and would go to hell, was a given.

Now, my grandmother is a strong character; the women of those times were, and she did not take kindly to being

spoken to like that. In her book, the best defence was to attack, until she bludgeoned you into submission.

"How dare you come in here and speak to me like that; who the hell do you think you are, young lady? I gave you a key so you could let yourself in if you needed to, not so that you could wander around my home. And has nobody ever taught you to knock on a door before entering? What I and your brother do is none of your bloody business; I'm not likely to get pregnant at my age, and all we are doing is having sex, something I bet, you're getting plenty of. Now get out of my room while I get dressed and shut the bloody door behind you."

With that, she threw the covers back and got out of bed, openly displaying her nudity as Sandra turned on her heels and closed the door. Finally, I breathed out; it felt like I had been holding my breath forever.

I watched my grandmother dress. "Stay here," she said as she left the room and descended the stairs.

I could hear raised voices from below and then, finally, the front door slamming. Dressing quickly, I went downstairs to find Gran looking exasperated.

"I don't think she will tell your mother, but I can't be sure." Gran looked a little nervous. "You can always stay here if you want to. I'm sorry, Alister."

I couldn't stay at my grandmother's; questions would be asked. Likewise, it would look strange if she suddenly turned up at my house. All we could do was face the consequences when the time came. Making my way home, I felt sick with apprehension. Had Sandra already informed mom? Was there an inquisition awaiting my return?

At home, everything was normal when I got there, but the tension of waiting for my sister to arrive drove me to my room. For the next week, other than work and mealtimes, I tended to hide in there. Another week followed, and still, she had not arrived. I was beginning to relax; maybe gran had managed to convince her not to say anything.

The twins soon picked up on the fact that something was wrong, as they both congregated in my room one evening.

"What's going on, Alister? Are you in some kind of trouble?"

I explained what had happened, much to their delight. Gemma took it well, reasoning that at least I was keeping it in the family. Debbie, on the other hand, was consumed by fits of laughter.

"We need to be careful," I told them. "Just because Sandra has not turned up here does not mean she won't speak to mom when she is out and about. Gran and I have decided to wait a while, and I think we should do the same until the dust settles."

For the next month and a half, I went without. Debbie seemed unperturbed, but I knew Gemma was missing out on our liaisons. I spoke to Gran several times; she also was missing the sex but thought it prudent enough to stop for the moment.

"If anything is said, it was just a one-off and my fault," she told me, "Basically, just lie through your teeth," she chuckled.

The Confrontation

When it finally happened, it was a bit of an anti-climax. I had finished work and was waiting in town for my bus home when I suddenly felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned to find Sandra standing behind me.

"I think it's about time we spoke," she said. "Come back to the flat and I'll get you a taxi later."

We walked in silence back to her home; James, her boyfriend, would not be back until later, and we had plenty to discuss.

Sitting in her flat I was nervous, remembering what gran had said, and deciding to lie through my teeth if necessary.

"What happened, Alister? How could you ever think that ending up in bed with our grandmother was acceptable?"

Now, I'm not my grandmother, maybe at this point the best course of action was to show a little humility and not take a stance and go on the attack.

"I don't know, Sis; it just happened. We had been out and had a couple of drinks. When we got back, she opened a bottle of wine, and we drank that as well. Maybe Gran was feeling sorry for herself; you realise it's been a while since gramps passed away, and I suppose one thing just led to another."

As I finished, I cast my eyes downward, trying to look somewhat embarrassed.

Sandra had said nothing, but I caught an imperceptible nod of her head every so often.

"So that's been the only occasion?" She asked.

Nodding my head, I certainly wasn't about to divulge that I had been shagging our grandmother since Christmas. Or that to make matters worse, I was also fucking my twin sisters. That would have been like throwing a cat in among the pigeons.

She made me promise that it would not happen again, and I did so willingly, knowing that at the first opportunity, my cock would be back up gran's flue. Satisfied, that she had made her point; just like most women, my sister was curious. What had it been like? Did it not feel funny to have sex with a member of my own family? Was Gran not a bit old for me? Did it not feel disgusting?

"I think you're trying to read too much into what happened, Sandra," I told her. "At the end of the day, it was just sex. We are not talking about love and relationships, or children and weddings. It was purely a sexual act between her and me.

"Her age did not concern me; it was purely a physical thing." I continued. "If I fancy you and you feel the same, then does it matter if we are related? It's just a way of satisfying urges, and so long as we take precautions, who have we hurt?"

There was little more I could say, happy that she seemed to be content with my promises and relieved that nothing would be said to my mother. She had called me a cab, and as we waited, she dropped her bombshell.

"It's why I went to Gran's, to tell her that I'm pregnant."

I was cautious, was this good, or unwelcome news? Her relationship with James was at times a little tempestuous; for months, everything would run smoothly, and then suddenly they'd have a bust-up, and she would be back home.

"Is it what you want?" I asked.

She nodded her head. "I think so."

I wasn't convinced and would have expected a more definitive answer.

"Then I'm pleased for you," I lied.

Getting to my feet, I hugged her and kissed the top of her head; she may be my big sister, but nowadays I am taller than she is by several inches.

The taxi arrived, and I said goodnight, looking forward to getting home. One disaster had been averted; summer was coming, and there were things I wanted to try with both Gran and the twins in the wide-open countryside that surrounded our village.

This Summer was not as intense as the previous one, but there were still spells when the weather was perfect.

We all worked; my mother in an office as a legal secretary, earning a decent amount and Sandra was a hairdresser, but her wage mainly went on the rent and upkeep of the flat.

I worked for an engineering firm on the other side of town; my apprenticeship had just finished, and slowly my wages were beginning to improve. One of the twins was employed as a travel agent, while the other worked in a boutique. We all contributed to the bills and upkeep at home, although mom paid for the bulk of things.

School life had been great, with long summer holidays every year, but now, unless we booked time off, long summer days were spent grafting. There were still evenings and weekends, and I was determined to make the most of those with my sisters.

It was a Wednesday evening; Debbie was already out, and mom was relaxing in front of the TV after our evening meal. As she passed me, I whispered to Gemma, asking if she fancied going for a walk. She could tell from the look on my face what the walk would entail and immediately agreed.

Together, we cut through the back alleyways, soon finding ourselves out in the open fields as we headed to the spot I had in mind. There was a small clump of trees at the end of one of the fields, which would afford us some privacy, and it was there that I was leading my sister.

We had followed the hedgerow, but as we drew closer, I was sure I could hear voices coming from the other side of the trees where, I knew there was a large, secluded hollow. I whispered to Gemma to stay silent as we edged closer, lowering ourselves into a prone position, where we could discreetly see into the hollow without being seen.

Peering down the bank, we immediately withdrew to cover as we exchanged glances. There were two women below, one of whom was our sister Debbie, instantly recognisable with her russet-coloured hair. Crawling forward once more, we peered down at them.

Neither I nor Gemma knew who the other woman was. I was guessing that she was older than Debbie, probably in her late

twenties to early thirties. What I did know, but thought it best not to mention, was that she had a great pair of tits. Her hands and arms were raised above her head; her top was pushed up to reveal her naked tits which our sister was currently mauling while she rained kisses over the erect nipples. The woman was moaning quite loudly, and it was this that had attracted our attention.

We scuttled back momentarily, grins plastered across our faces.

"Do we stay, or do we go?" I asked, knowing immediately from the look on Gemma's face that we were going to stay. We shuffled forward once more, phone cameras poised to capture what was happening below us.

When we returned, the older female's top was off, and her skirt had been pushed up to her waist. Debbie's hand was now between the woman's legs as she rubbed at her fanny, eliciting even louder moans of pleasure. My cock was rigid and throbbing as I ground it into the soft earth beneath me. This woman, whoever she was, had my full attention, and I knew that if given the chance, I would have been down the slope and fucking her in an instant.

Both of us were riveted to the spot as we watched them undress before Debbie turned turtle as their heads

disappeared between each other's thighs and their mouths went to work. fingers delving into fanny's as they brought each other to a resounding climax. Twisting around once more, they scissored each other, grinding their cunts together. The woman then produced what looked like a double-ended dildo which was slid into both quims as they squirmed and roared their releases.

We left them to it as we eased ourselves backwards until we could stand and exit. Gemma's face was a picture, full of lust and desire. Moving sideways, we crossed another field into a meadow, flopping down into the long grass and flowers.

Replaying the footage increased our arousal, and it was not long before we were naked, the sun still high in the sky, warming our bodies. I dragged Gemma on top of me as I cupped and squeezed her breasts, my fingers bringing her nipples erect. She slid her fanny along my already-throbbing cock before raising her torso, fumbling between her thighs as she inserted the tip of my shaft into her cunt.

Lowering herself slowly, we both groaned with pleasure at the sensations created by my cock filling her moist tunnel. We were slow and sensual with our touches and movements as we made love, only later realising that today had been different from the sex we normally had.

My hands caressed her body, memorising every curve and the softness of her skin. Our kisses seemed more

enthusiastic, and our releases, when they came, seemed to lift me higher than ever before. Cradling her tightly in my arms, I thought of Debbie and the other woman and imagined finding Gemma in a similarly compromising position -- jealousy is what I suddenly felt.

The summer had passed in a myriad of pleasurable days that were now, unfortunately, starting to get shorter, and their evenings cooler and darker.

My time during the summer had been spent having sex with my grandmother and my sister. Gran and I got together quite a lot; it was easy because she had her own home and we were away from prying eyes. But it was Gemma I was drawn to frequently; our relationship had developed into more than that of a brother and sister.

We had spoken of it on a few occasions, but Gemma always got embarrassed.

"I'm sorry, Alister. I'm trying, but it doesn't help when you fuck me the way you do."

Now it was my turn to be embarrassed; maybe it was bound to happen.

"Do you realise there has been no one else since last Christmas? Occasionally I see our grandmother, but overall, you have been the only one."

She stared at me, puzzled, not sure what I was trying to say and gave me one of her shy smiles.

"You are becoming quite special to me, Gemma!"

It took her a minute to absorb what I had said before she flung herself at me, our lips coming together as we kissed. There was no denying it; presently, I was infatuated with her. It was only later, when I had the time to think, that I realised I had maybe said the wrong thing. That is what my feelings were I knew -- infatuation -- not love!

I'm still not sure how we managed it, but Gemma and I spent every moment we could together; we made love regularly, even if at times it meant taking risks.

Debbie arrived home one evening while Gemma and I were sitting in my bedroom. She looked pleased with herself and seemed eager to tell us something.

"I know you both haven't seen much of me lately, but I've found someone; I know it may come as a surprise."

She stopped, staring at the grins plastered across our faces. Together, we just blurted it out.

"It's another woman -- we know!" Our sister was stunned.

"How did you find out?"

As one, we grabbed our phones, holding them out to her as we replayed the footage.

"You are both bastards! You've known all this time and never said anything."

She wasn't mad at us; she was just pleased that she had someone to tell about it. Gemma had nipped to get us all a drink while I asked Debbie the woman's name.

"She's called Francis. I know she's older than me, but I love being with her."

I was pleased for my sister; it was about time that she found someone she cared about.

"She looks very attractive," I laughed, "and don't forget, I've seen all of her, but I'd better not let Gemma hear me say that."

Debbie looked at me quizzically. "Why is that? Surely, she can't say anything if you find another woman attractive."

I smiled wistfully. "I think Gemma is in love with me!"

Debbie looked amazed as she stuttered, "She can't be. How do you feel? Oh my god, you're not in love with her, are you?"

"No! I love spending time with her, and I love having sex as much as I do with you. But that is it."

"I knew it was going to happen; it was obvious how she felt about you. What are you going to do?" she asked.

Before I could say anything, Gemma re-entered the room, aware that the conversation had suddenly ceased.

"What?" Her eyes flitted from one of us to the other.

It was Debbie who saved the day. "Alister was just telling me about the fun you two have been having." There was a smirk

plastered across her face. "You need to be very careful; you know."

Before she left the room, she gave me a look that urged caution. "There may be occasions when I need to borrow him, Gemma," she added mischievously, laughing out loud.

The year continued as it drew to a close, with Debbie not yet ready to introduce her girlfriend to everyone. Perhaps she was waiting for the right moment. Gemma and I continued as we had, and presently, life seemed so perfect. Little did I know that there would be more twists and turns in the future.

A Surprise Meeting

In mid-November, my mother received a call from Gran. Her group of friends were planning a festive trip away, and she was going with them. They had booked a hotel for Christmas and New Year, and on Boxing Day, they were going to see a show and then intended to do some shopping in the sales. Gran said she would be back in January, and we were not to worry about her.

I'd arrived back one evening, cold, wet, and miserable; the bus had been late, and the roads were busy, which meant it was thirty minutes later than normal when I got home. As I

entered, I found my mom and Sandra deep in conversation, my stomach lurching and suddenly full of butterflies.

I just caught the tail-end of mom's comment, "I'm going to phone your grandmother" getting up and heading for the telephone.

My pulse was racing as I entered the room -- had Sandra suddenly changed her mind and told our mother what she had witnessed?

Appearing as nonchalantly as I could, I asked, "Hi Sandra, what's wrong?" I could tell by the look on her face that something was amiss.

"James has been cheating on me," she managed before bursting into tears.

Sitting close, I wrapped my arms around her as she cried into my shoulder. I felt sorry for her and relieved for myself.

Our mother quickly returned. "Gran says it is okay. You can stay at her house for the moment."

Originally, the twins had shared a room -- I had my bedroom and mom had hers. The fourth bedroom belonged to Sandra, but bit by bit, after she had moved out, Gemma had taken the room and made it her own. When Sandra infrequently returned, the twins would bunk up together for a couple of nights until she left again. This time, though, it looked like it may be more than a few nights, and I was certain the twins wouldn't wash that.

"You stay here, and I'll go to Grans," I blurted.

Even though Sandra and mom thought I was being helpful, I must admit to having an ulterior motive; we could spend the night in gran's bed fucking.

"Bloody hell," the thoughts kept coming. I could spend all evening fucking her, plus while she was away for Christmas, it meant that Gemma and I could spend several nights together.

"You use my room, Sandra; that way it won't cause any arguments with Debbie and Gemma having to share again."

"Are you sure?" she asked as I nodded my head and received a kiss on my cheek.

And so, it was decided. After tea, I would pack some clothes and go stay with my grandmother.

The only one not entirely delighted was Gemma. "I'm going to miss you," she confided sadly.

That was until I pointed out that Gran normally went to the club every Saturday evening and played 'Bridge' with friends every Wednesday; plus, she was going to be away all over Christmas.

"I don't want her wearing you out; you have to save plenty for me," she whispered excitedly.

Gran was surprised when I arrived; she had been expecting Sandra but instead got me. That's not to say she wasn't delighted, especially when my hand went between her legs and started massaging her fanny.

"Last one upstairs and in bed gets to give a blowjob or eat pussy," I told her and grinned, already beginning to pull my clothes off.

As usual, she cheated. I'd omitted to say 'undressed' and had forgotten that she was a large lady. She got to the stairs ahead of me, blocking my way as she took the stairs two at a

time. Barging into her bedroom, she threw herself onto the bed and pulled the covers over her, still fully dressed.

"I'll take my prize," she giggled, throwing back the covers as she hoisted her skirt and divested herself of her knickers.

Opening her legs wide and raising her knees, she offered me her pink, moist fanny, her labia already opening expectantly. Diving between her thighs, my tongue probed her damp interior as her hips swayed with pleasure. She had taught me well over the preceding months; I knew exactly what she liked, and my tongue soon had her about to climax.

Divesting ourselves of what clothes remained, I spread her thighs once more, only this time it was my cock that went to work. After several minutes of ramming, it into her cunt I withdrew, asking her to turn over and kneel on all fours. Her juices already coated my shaft and had run between the cheeks of her arse and so it was easy to position myself and ease my prick up her rectum.

She roared with delight as I sodomised her, my hand reaching between her legs as I fingered her sodden twat at the same time. I waited until the last second, both of us approaching our climaxes, before whipping it out of her arse, shoving it back into her cunt, and fucking her for all I was worth. My hips shuddered as I ejaculated, several spurts of

hot spunk hitting the back of her love passage as she shrieked ecstatically and orgasmed.

The run-up to Christmas began to follow a familiar pattern. We would fuck some evenings; others, we would spend the night together. Wednesday and Saturday could be taxing as I serviced both Gran and Gemma, occasionally wondering what it might be like to have them both in the same bed.

I helped Gran pack her suitcases, and then Christmas Eve arrived, and I was waving her goodbye as she departed with her friends. I was going home for Christmas, just returning each night to my grandmother's house to sleep, hopefully with Gemma in tow.

A couple of hours had passed, and I was just making sure the house was tidy and looking forward to the next day when I heard the sound of a key in the lock. I thought she had forgotten something and had hurriedly returned, as I called out,

"Hi Gran, what have you missed?"

As it turned out, it wasn't her. I was surprised to see Sandra enter the lounge.

"Sorry," she said, "I just needed to escape for a while."

I had to laugh. "Mum? Debbie? Gemma? They can drive you mad sometimes; I know the feeling," I told her as I went and put the kettle on.

Sandra removed her coat and sat on the couch; her bump was quite prominent now that she was about six months gone. The other thing I noticed was that her pregnancy had made a considerable difference in the size of her breasts.

Carrying the drinks in, I put one on the small table next to her and sat in the armchair opposite. We chatted about nothing really; she was just grateful for the peace and quiet.

"I've never mentioned it because I didn't want to upset you, but what happened with you and James?" I asked.

She looked upset for a moment. "We got to arguing. It was hurtful. He said that he wasn't into fat women and had found someone prettier."

I noticed the tears that slowly traced a pattern down her cheek as she told me.

Putting my cup down, I went and sat next to her, my arm going around her shoulders.

"He's a prick, Sandra; you're not fat; you are pregnant, for God's sake, and you must be one of the most attractive women in the village. I can go and punch his lights out if you like." My indignation made her laugh.

"Do you really think I'm attractive?" she asked.

I told her plainly that, whilst I may be slightly biased, she was stunning. Now I wasn't lying; all three of the girls had gotten their looks from mom, and while the twins were extremely pretty, Sandra was the most beautiful, maybe even attractive enough to have become a model.

Her head was down, and she seemed to be mulling over her thoughts, there was a hesitation in her voice as she asked about the occasion between Gran and myself.

"Did it not feel strange when you both first undressed? Was she not embarrassed about her body? She's a lot older than you, and you have to admit, there is plenty of her."

I chuckled as I explained to her, "You've got to remember we'd had a bit to drink and to be honest, once she was naked,

I found her attractive. She's a good-looking woman; yes, there is a bit more of her, but large can be just as beautiful. Once we got down to it, it never crossed my mind that she was my grandmother, she was just a woman, one who aroused me."

Sandra was giving me that imperceptible nod again, still hesitant about saying what was on her mind. Gently, she ran her hands over her bump as she told me, "Being pregnant isn't too bad; I can put up with most things. What is getting me down at the moment is that I feel as randy as hell and currently can't do anything about it."

She left the sentence hanging in the air as she shyly glanced up at me.

Getting to my feet, I went to the telephone and called my mother.

"Hi, mom, it's Alister. Sandra is here at the moment..... No, she's fine. She's just a little tired and wants some quiet..... I'm going to put her to bed here and let her have a rest. If it gets too late, we'll both see you in the morning..... Okay, bye." I put the phone down and returned to the lounge, Sandra was looking at me questioningly.

"I may be getting this wrong, and I apologise now if I am. You seem to be suggesting something without saying it directly. So, if what I'm guessing is correct, then you have all afternoon to change your mind if you want to. If you're still here come evening, then I'm guessing that you want something to happen."

I gathered the cups up, going into the kitchen to rinse them off and make us another brew. Several minutes passed before I noticed her standing in the doorway. Turning, I rested my back against the worktop as she stepped towards me.

She stopped a foot away, close enough but not too close.

Her voice was a whisper as she told me, "I'll still be here this evening. I know I'm going to sound like a hypocrite, especially after what I said. I'm scared, but I want it to happen."

She stared constantly at the floor as she spoke, fearful of looking at me.

Stepping forward, I closed the gap and lifted her head,

"Close your eyes."

My lips gently met hers as I kissed her softly, but that was all there was to it. I didn't do anything else -- no tongues, no attempts at arousal -- just a pure and simple kiss. At first, she was hesitant, but as the kiss progressed, she responded, her arms going around my neck as she pulled me to her.

"Go and sit down. Nothing more is going to happen yet, not until I'm convinced that you have thought this through."

For the rest of the afternoon. I purposely brought up subjects concerning sex, asking her what she liked and what she had tried. What didn't she like? Were there things she refused to do? I asked her what the sex had been like between her and James and how many other men she had been in bed with.

Initially, I could tell she was embarrassed. Here she was, telling her younger brother what kind of things she liked to do in bed, but as we discussed the subject, her embarrassment wore off. In turn, she asked me questions, and sometimes it was difficult to give her a definitive answer without making it obvious that the sex between me and Gran was more than a one-off.

As teatime approached, I made us a meal and telephoned my mother once more. I wanted to put her mind at ease and make sure that she didn't suddenly decide to come over.

With the meal, I opened a bottle of wine.

"I'm sure one glass won't do you or the baby any harm," I said, pouring a little into her glass. Sandra had relaxed considerably, and to be honest, I was looking forward to what I hoped was going to happen.

For all but the last year of my life, I had never thought of the females in my family in any kind of sexual context; they were who they were. But in the last twelve months, I had bedded my grandmother and both of my twin sisters and now here I was, about to take my pregnant sister to bed and make love to her, perhaps I was what Sandra had first called me, 'a pervert.'

After the meal, I let her relax while I cleared everything away before joining her in the lounge. She had topped up her glass, so I helped myself to another. Again, the conversation turned to sex; only this time I told her of the things I wanted to do to her, and how her body turned me on, pointing out to her the effect it was having on my groin.

Her breathing increased as she looked down at the prominent bulge in the front of my pants, evidence of my desire for her. Resting my hand on her bump, I momentarily felt the slight movement within as I gently caressed it. My

hand moved higher with each sweep as I headed towards her breasts.

I never actually touched them, but the prospect of my caress had her chest rising and falling rapidly. I kissed her, but this time there was passion in the kiss, and she responded in kind, her tongue exploring my lips and mouth as her hands roamed up and down my body.

I could tell where her hands wanted to go, but still unsure of herself, she hesitated. As our lips parted. I got up from the couch and held out my hand.

"Would you like to join me?"

Sisterly Love

Leading her up the stairs and into Gran's room, sure that the old dear wouldn't have minded on this occasion; it was, I would say, all for a worthy cause. Closing the door behind us, I took my sister in my arms. This time as I kissed her, my hands went to her breasts; they were large and heavy, and I heard her grunt with pleasure as I cupped and squeezed them gently.

Stepping back, I slowly started to undo the buttons on the front of her maternity dress. As I reached her bosom, Sandra suddenly had a panic attack.

"Can we turn the light out, and then you turn around Alister while I undress and get into bed?" I got the distinct feeling that she was ashamed of her body.

I turned around and flicked the light switch, the room suddenly plunged into darkness. It felt a little disorienting trying to stare at objects I could not see, so I closed my eyes. My ears picked up every sound; Sandra's heavy, nervous breathing and the rustle of material as her dress fell to the floor. Next was the sound of elastic contracting as she removed her bra, closely followed by what I presume were her panties.

Hearing the bed creak and the covers move, I asked if it was okay to turn around.

"Yes, it is, but leave the light off, please."

I quickly undressed and felt my way over to the bed, but having no idea which side she was on, I had to do everything by touch. Slipping beneath the sheets, I moved towards her and felt that first thrill as my bare skin touched hers.

Lying on my side, my hand gently traced a pattern along her thigh and as far as her hip before resting there. At least now I knew that she was on her side facing me. I'd never thought about it before, but how was I supposed to grind my erection against her fanny when I couldn't get near her for her belly?

She must have sensed my predicament as she rolled over, turning her back to me,

"Cuddle in behind me," she whispered. "That way you can touch every inch."

She was correct; with my throbbing member jammed against her buttocks, it was easy to reach over and fondle her breasts. I tested one, cupping it in my hand, and was surprised at the weight, assuming it was full of milk. Squeezing softly, my fingers teased her nipples and brought them erect as I allowed her to lead me in what she liked.

I soon had her whimpering with the attention her tits were getting. Sandra rolled onto her back as I kissed her once more, my cock now pushing against her thigh. Her hand moved, squeezing between us, and then my body experienced something akin to an electric shock as she encountered my shaft and traced a pattern along its length.

Sliding down and away from that probing hand, I kissed her neck and worked my way to her breasts, sucking and toying with each nipple in turn. Sandra's whimpers had now turned into full-blown moans as she cupped her tits, offering them to me.

Fascinated by her bump, I kissed its entire surface, my hands marvelling at the taut skin and its smooth, silky feel, until finally, I slipped between her warm thighs. The smell of her was intoxicating as my tongue began to probe her fanny; the slightest amount of pressure applied to her clitoris was immediately accompanied by her husky encouragement.

She was wet, the sensitive flesh hot against my tongue as I tasted her sweetness. Probing deeply, I licked and lavished kisses on her pussy, alternating by sucking her sensitive clit.

And then much to my delight she was climaxing, there was no thrashing about, only her hips rising as she pushed her fanny into my face. I wanted to feel myself inside her, even if it was only for a moment as I knelt between her thighs and rubbed my cock against her now very wet quim.

I fucked her in the missionary position until she found the weight of her belly uncomfortable.

"Lie behind me again," she said as she rolled on her side,

I did as she requested, entering her from behind as my hands fondled her tits and teased her clitoris.

Now normally, when I brought Gran or Gemma to their peak, I would be fucking them furiously but was afraid of causing Sandra pain or of hurting her and so held back as she finally climaxed again.

I held her close until her breathing slowed, "It's okay," she said, "You won't break me."

She slid from the bed and went across to the window, opening the curtains wide so that moonlight lit the room. She turned and came back to bed, pushing the covers down so that she could straddle my hips and lower herself onto my still erect cock.

Gazing up at her, I suddenly realised how beautiful my sister was. Even with her belly full of new life, her breasts still managed to stand proud despite their increased size and I considered her perfection. I watched, as from her vantage point, she looked me over, her hands sliding across my muscled torso and arms.

In the deep shadows, it was hard to fathom what she was thinking from her facial expressions, but I sensed that perhaps at this moment, she was seeing me less as a brother and maybe more as a lover.

Taking the weight on her arms, she commenced sliding up and down my shaft. What I could see of her face was contorted, as she encountered more intense pleasure with each insertion. Her breasts bounced in front of my face, my hands rising to cup and fondle them as her impetus increased, until finally, she was thrusting herself down onto my cock and crying out each time it impaled her. And then her head went back, and she wailed, her orgasm shaking her body as my cock filled her cunt with my hot creamy spunk.

Sandra had curled around me, her head on my chest as she slept soundly, even though my eyes were open, my mind had receded to other places as a plethora of feelings and sensations plagued me. I must have dozed off, for I was woken by the weak daylight filtering into the room. It was still cool, but I could hear the radiator click and thump slightly as it started to warm up.

Sliding the covers back slightly, I gazed at my sisters' body, marvelling at her curves and the softness of her skin. I was so engrossed, that I had failed to notice as her eyes opened, watching me, looking at her.

"What are you thinking?" she asked, her hand reaching up to stroke my cheek. I shook my head, not ready to admit or talk about the things on my mind.

"Would you like a cup of tea?" I asked and slipped from the bed as she nodded.

It felt natural to parade my nudity in front of her, but I suddenly felt a little self-conscious as her eyes constantly followed and appraised me. Returning five minutes later, I placed a cup on either side of the bed before joining her beneath the covers once more.

Now it was Sandra's turn to leave the bed.

"I need the loo," she said as she raised herself and I found my gaze following her as she moved about the room.

Last night she had been embarrassed, but now it seemed she was content to let me look at her. She stopped in the doorway, looking back at me, a slight smile playing across her face,

"Somethings bothering you, I can tell."

I smiled back, "Honestly Sandra, I'm fine, nothing is bothering me, now go to the loo before you wet yourself and anyway, Merry Christmas!"

To be honest, what I had told her was true, nothing was bothering me, but something was different. My mind replayed the previous night, looking for anything that may have been out of the ordinary, but there was nothing. Sleeping with one of my sisters was not exactly something out of the ordinary, I had already slept with two of them, plus my grandmother, and last night felt no different from any of my other encounters. So, what was this strange feeling I was experiencing, and why now.

Sandra returned, noticing that I was still distracted. Sitting cross-legged on the bed, her bulge prominent in front of her, she asked, "Do you regret what happened?"

I shook my head, "No, not at all. I enjoyed making love to you, but something was different, and I don't know what it was."

She laughed gaily.

"Well, I suppose you haven't been to bed with too many women who are this fat."

She ran her hands over the bump, and involuntarily, my own hand reached out and did the same.

"Come on, we had better make a move or mom will wonder where we have got to. You go and get your shower first," I told her.

Washed and dressed, we were putting our coats on and were just about to leave when she stopped me.

"Alister, if it never happens again, you won't be disappointed, will you?"

There was a feeling in the pit of my stomach, something I had never experienced before. My mouth told her that there would be no problem, but my face lied and told her the truth.

Christmas day had been great fun and I enjoyed myself. I thought of Gemma, she had tried to get me alone all day, mostly unsuccessfully. I had managed to give her a Christmas kiss and a quick grope, but there were far too many people in the house for us to do anything more. She had been a little peeved when I left, she had asked our mother if she could walk back with me but had been told no, as it was far too late.

It was only a fifteen- or twenty-minute walk to grans, but as I entered the house, I suddenly felt lonely, as though something was missing. The house was quiet, and I found myself wishing that someone were there. It was a pity that Gemma had not been allowed to accompany me, but not completely unexpected.

Pouring myself a drink, I settled down and turned on the TV, I couldn't get interested in the programme as thoughts of my sister kept popping into my head, strangely, it was Sandra and not Gemma that I imagined.

Lost in thought, I nearly missed the tapping on the lounge window. Going to open the door, I was betting Gemma had somehow managed to sneak out. She had been greatly disappointed when mom had forbade it.

Imagine my surprise when I opened the door to find Sandra standing on the doorstep[, perhaps my face spoke volumes as I ushered her inside.

"I thought perhaps you may be missing me," she said, giving me a shy mischievous smile, which melted my heart.

Sadly, at the same time, I felt guilty, with all that had happened between Gemma and me, this suddenly felt like I was cheating on her.

The sister from the previous evening had been hesitant, embarrassed, and shy about me seeing her. Tonight she was the opposite, not waiting for me to make the first move as she pushed herself against me, raising her face and waiting to be kissed.

I couldn't help myself. Taking her in my arms, we kissed passionately. Initially, I felt disappointed that it had not been Gemma, but it felt natural for Sandra to be here, as though we fitted together perfectly.

We spent the night making love several times before I walked her back home in the early hours of the morning, waiting while she went indoors before retracing my steps, If I was lucky, I may get a couple of hours of sleep before I made the journey again to spend Boxing Day with my family.

With Christmas and Boxing Day over, all of them returned to their jobs, except for Sandra, who was now on maternity leave. I was off for the week because my firm closed over the Christmas period. Needless to say, the two of us spent the next few days together -- not in bed, but just being together.

We went out for walks, my sister waddling along beside me. We went shopping and did the things that most couples do.

Unfortunately, tensions were building within the family. Even though we had spent the day together, Sandra decided to return to Gran's that evening. Unfortunately, Gemma also decided to visit. She had arrived just as I was finishing my tea, immediately all over me and making it obvious what she wanted. I won't say I was hesitant; I was just cautious, which was a good thing because thirty minutes later, Sandra arrived.

The two women made small talk as the evening passed, sometimes watching TV, and other times the three of us chatting together. Eventually, it grew late; Gemma had work in the morning but was determined she would not leave before Sandra did. Now, if this had been a one-off, it may not have been too bad, but it happened for the next four evenings.

Sandra was getting plenty; each afternoon she would entice me into bed, where I would give her body my full attention. She was correct when she said her pregnancy was making her randy.

Each evening, one of them would arrive, closely followed by the other; both would spend the evening staring daggers at one another.

It came to a head on New Year's Eve. As a family, we had gone into town to celebrate. Sensing that there was a storm brewing, I made sure I did not drink too much, feeling that I would need to be sober at some point. On the plus side, it was the first time Debbie introduced us to her significant other half. Francis was a very nice lady, and we all liked her immediately.

I noticed Gemma sinking her drinks and was well on her way to being inebriated. Sandra had to be careful being pregnant, but even she was getting a little tipsy. There had been several spats between them during the evening, with my mother becoming concerned that there was a problem.

When the evening came to an end, we returned to our home, devouring a few more drinks before my mother retired. Debbie was staying with Francis at her flat, and around one o'clock, a taxi whisked them away. With the way Sandra and Gemma were both behaving, I didn't dare take the chance of something erupting with mom upstairs, so I called a taxi to drop me off at Gran's.

An Uneasy Silence

The taxi dropped us outside my grandmother's; annoyingly, both of my sisters had insisted that they accompany me. Once indoors, they went at it, hell for leather, each assuring the other that there was a legitimate reason for them being here.

It was Gemma who landed the first blow, metaphorically speaking; she knew things that Sandra didn't, which gave her an edge, and her sozzled brain was going to use it.

Her face suddenly broke into a grimace as she snarled at her older sister,

"You're fucking sleeping with him, aren't you?" Sandra was taken aback, glancing in my direction accusingly.

My younger sister could not restrain herself. "Jesus Alister, are there any of us you haven't fucked, or have you been through us all, including mom?"

Sandra spluttered as she tried to come to terms with Gemma's accusation; she turned in my direction, and I could see tears in her eyes.

"It's not true, is it, Alister?" she asked, but before I could answer, Gemma could see that she had victory in sight and interrupted.

"He's been fucking me since last Christmas, as well as Gran, and just for good measure, he's also been fucking Debbie in a threesome with me."

Sandra looked stricken. Her eyes darted between me and Gemma before finally storming from the house. Gemma looked pleased with herself as she advanced on me, trying to wrap her arms around my neck.

I pushed her away. I was angry, and she got the brunt of it.

"Go home, Gemma; you're pissed!" She tried to come onto me again, telling me how she loved me, but she had gone too far.

"Who the fuck do you think you are? I don't love you, and I'll sleep with whoever I feel like. I'm your brother, not your lover, and you don't own me. Now fuck off; I don't want to be around you."

With that, I pushed her out of the house and slammed the door in her face.

I slept very little that night, and when I arose the next morning, I knew I couldn't go home. I hung around the house all day, ignoring the phone when it rang several times. Eventually, I had to answer it; mom was on the other end, wondering where I was. I made up an excuse about not feeling well and told her I would see her later.

That "later," was nearly a week hence. Gran had returned to find me subdued and unresponsive, unable to even tempt me into her bed. I spoke to mom at the end of that next week, explaining that for the moment, with all the girls at home, I couldn't return yet. She wanted to know what had taken place, but I refused to enlighten her about what had happened between her children.

As I sat in my room one night, I made a decision; I needed to move out of my grandparents and find a place of my own. I'd enjoyed the sex with her, but now everything had changed, and I needed to distance myself from them.

It took until the end of February but finally, I managed to secure a small flat. It wasn't all that far from where mom worked, and I popped into her office one day to let her know I was moving. Taking a few days off work, I asked her to collect all my stuff together, pop it in a taxi, and send it around to my grandmothers; in that way, I would not have to meet up with my sisters.

I knew my mother was unhappy with the circumstances, especially now that Sandra's baby had been born, but I was old enough to stand on my own two feet, and she realised that there was not a lot she could do about it. I made her promise not to tell my sisters where I was, content to start my new life without any interference on their part.

By Easter, I had gotten used to my independence, the flat was a reasonable rent, and I was earning good money -- enough that I was considering taking driving lessons and buying myself a car. Mum would pop around a couple of times a week after work, and often I would make tea for both of us. She was happy that I was doing alright but still sad that her only son had finally flown the coop.

It was shortly after Easter; I had been out with a few friends from work and had just gotten back when the doorbell rang. Surely it couldn't be my mother at this time, I thought, going to open the door, and being gobsmacked to find Debbie standing on my doorstep.

"Are you not going to invite me in?" she asked, giving me one of her grins.

"Did mom tell you?" I asked, slightly annoyed, but she shook her head. It seemed she had seen our mother leave one evening and had put two and two together.

"What's going on, Alister? Why this self-imposed exile? Has it something to do with New Year's Eve?"

Explaining what had taken place, Debbie laughed loudly all the way through.

"My, you have been a busy boy, haven't you? Are you sure you haven't dabbled with mom?" She gave me an evil wink as she asked.

"None of it's your fault, Alister; it's not like you set out to seduce any of us. From what I know and what you have said, if anything, it was the other way around."

I'm sure she was right. The problem is anything that involves sex and relationships has the potential to go wrong. Put that into the context of those actions within your own family, and it was a recipe for disaster.

She brought me up to date with the happenings at home; my niece had been called Amelia and was doing well. Things between Gemma and Sandra were getting back to normal,

eventually, but it had been awkward for a while. Also, Debbie's relationship was going from strength to strength.

"I think you and I had it about right, Alister. We used each other when we needed to. It was great, and there were no strings attached, but Gemma came to see you as hers."

Debbie stayed for about an hour before it was time for her to leave. As she got her coat on, she broached the subject.

She was close, only inches from me. "I enjoyed what we had, Alister. I know that my tendencies are towards other women, but occasionally, I need some of the-other. I'd rather not involve a third party; could I still call on you if I need to?"

I'd never seen my sister look bashful. Wrapping my arms around her, I kissed the top of her head.

"You're my sister Deb's; if you need me, I'll always be here for you." Letting her out, I waved her goodnight and watched as she walked up the street. For the first time in a while, I felt lonely again.

I threw myself into my work; there was plenty of overtime going begging, which left just the weekends to fill. I still had

my old friends and had made new ones at work, but I still stayed clear of members of the opposite sex.

Mum arrived at my flat unexpectedly one evening.

"It's been quite a while since you've seen your grandmother, she wants you to pop around on Saturday."

I promised that I would go and see her; she hadn't been to blame but had suffered along with everyone else.

I turned up on Saturday morning, with my grandmother opening the door and directing me into the lounge.

As I entered, I stopped. Sitting on the couch were Sandra and Gemma.

Spinning around, I tried to leave, but Gran was blocking my exit. "Sit down; you need to speak to your sisters," she said sternly.

When I took a seat, she left us to it; an awkward silence ensued until Sandra decided to speak.

"How did it all happen, Alister?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"It started the year we were snowed in; Gran and I had drunk too much, and one thing led to another. You may not realise it, but she has a healthy appetite for sex. We had fun together; we weren't hurting anyone, and so it just carried on whenever either of us had the need.

"Then mom ended up getting snowed in for Christmas, leaving me, Gemma, and Debbie home alone. We had all had too much to drink again, and I let something slip; the next thing you know, we are all rolling around half-naked."

Gemma had said nothing so far, but now she spoke up,

"It was that silly game of Debbie's, and you ended up naked. We were all getting aroused; it was obvious that you were, and suddenly I thought it was a shame to waste it. What I wasn't planning on was how intense it felt when you made love to me.

"I know I was to blame, but I couldn't get enough of you," she continued.

"You made me feel special, more so than others had done, and even though you were my brother, I started falling for you. The more we did it, the more I wanted you to myself. I knew that you were still doing it with Gran sometimes, but I was infatuated with you."

At least she hadn't said that she was in love with me.

"That was where the problems started," I said.

"You and Debbie knew about Gran, but she did not know about the two of you. And then you caught us, Sandra."

Gemma butted in. "You told us about that and Sandra's reaction. So how did you end up in bed with him?" she asked, turning to her sister.

Sandra looked embarrassed. "I saw him naked, and he was gorgeous. I couldn't get him out of my head. I wanted him, and then when he made love to me, it was the same as what you experienced, Gemma -- I couldn't get enough of him, and I wanted more.

"So, what do we do now?" Gemma asked, "I don't suppose we could go back to how it was?"

I shook my head vehemently. "Sorry, but NO! Our feelings were getting out of hand; even I began to think I was falling in love." My eyes rested on Sandra for a split second.

"Perhaps it's best that we make this break for the moment and look for other people."

With that, I rose from the chair and said, "Leave it a while, and let's give each other some space. I love the both of you; you're my sisters, but perhaps it should stay like that."

Making my way home, I realised how much I missed both of them, but my feelings for Gemma had changed. Yes, she still excited me sexually, but that is all it was. We had been apart since the beginning of the year, and my infatuation with her had worn off.

Would I still have bedded her? Of course, I would. She looked delectable, and we'd had great times in the past. But now it was another that I desired, and with the way I felt, it was better that she remained ignorant of those feelings.

My company had taken on new premises a couple of hundred miles away, and I was one of several workers asked to go and assist in setting it up. If I accepted, it would mean living away, though they had said we would probably be

back by Christmas. I decided to say yes; six months away would help clear my head.

Summer passed in a flash. We were a group of guys working far from home and doing what guys do best: getting pissed and chatting up the local women. The work was hard and manual, with a lot of heavy lifting, and as a consequence, I'd filled out and begun catching the eye of the local lasses. I'd already taken a couple of them out -- nothing serious, just a quick fumble and a bit of fun.

We were all in the pub one evening. I had my back to the door, chatting with the barmaid, when I heard my workmates commenting on someone who had just entered. From what they said, it sounded like she was something exceptional, so I idly turned to see who had piqued their interest.

The woman staring at me was beautiful. Dressed in a tight top and even tighter pants, she displayed her curves as she moved towards me on heels that must have been six inches high. My colleagues all stood mesmerised as she made her way to my side and kissed me, not on the cheek but on the lips, in full view of everyone.

"Hello, Alister."

The words came out slowly and quietly. I was stunned, having forgotten how Sandra could look when she wanted to. She had regained her figure, and the clothes she wore emphasised every bit of it. Everyone wanted to know who she was, but after the way she had kissed me, I couldn't really introduce her as my sister, so I just said she was a friend from home.

I bought her a drink and directed her to a quieter part of the pub where we could have some privacy.

"What are you doing here, Sandra? That was a bit of an entrance, wasn't it?"

She gave me that mischievous smile of hers,

"There is something we need to discuss. I assume that you are falling in love with me; I saw the look on your face at Gran's."

Before I could say anything, she continued.

"Do you still feel like that? I'm hoping you do because I feel the same. I want us to be together, Alister. I don't care what it takes and how we manage it, but I'm convinced that's what you want as well."

"We need to get out of here," I told her, There was no way I was discussing this in a pub full of strangers, but where to go?

I couldn't exactly take her back to my digs; any of my workmates could end up back there.

She rose from the table. "I'm booked into a hotel; we can go back to my room," she said, making more of a statement of fact, than a suggestion.

Once outside, she put her arm through mine as we walked along together, neither of us saying anything. I'll be honest; I didn't know what to do. What she had said was true, and even though I was so far away from her, she had never been far from my thoughts. I was in love with her.

Without Further Ado

It was just your run-of-the-mill sort of hotel, and no one batted an eyelid as she took me up to her room and opened the door as I followed her inside.

On a side table were a bottle of wine and two glasses.

"Are you planning on getting me drunk?" I joked.

She looked at me seriously. "If I have to. Now get undressed."

Without any further comment, she eased her sweater up and over her head. My eyes immediately took in her breast, held firmly in the cups of her bra before that too was discarded. Her tits now hung free, her nipples becoming erect under my gaze; they were still quite full but proudly jutted from her chest.

"Come on, Alister, it didn't normally take this long for you to get naked! Anyways, I'm going to need some help getting out of these pants."

Quickly, I divested myself of my clothing, with Sandra giving me a wry smile as my released cock stood to attention. Grasping me firmly, she moved back towards the bed, pulling me with her. She released me momentarily while I extracted her from the trousers and her panties, before grabbing me again as she slid across the bed, opened her legs wide, and pulled me between her thighs.

My cock sank deeply into her fanny, my hands going automatically to her firm, plump breasts as I kneaded her flesh. It was like being home once again.

Sandra's hands gripped my buttocks, pulling me firmly inside her, and with each thrust, she called out ecstatically. We were both highly aroused and quickly attained our releases as she climaxed, my twitching member filling her cunt with semen.

Once that initial desire was out of the way, we made love again, this time slowly and sensually as she straddled my hips and slid down my shaft. Her imperceptible movement soon had me fully erect again. She leaned forward, so that her tits hung over my face, her erect nipples urging me to take them in my mouth. With my tongue swirling over her erect teats, I squeezed each orb in turn, sucking and nibbling at the extended buds as her hips rose and fell, my sister, sliding up and down my cock.

Feeling her juices begin to seep around my cock and balls, I gripped her arse, holding her aloft as I began to ram my cock into her. Each deep thrust was accompanied by her cry of pleasure and coarse words urging me to "fuck her harder."

And fuck her harder, I did, our groins slamming together with unmatched ferocity as our animalistic tendencies took

over and we fucked for all we were worth. I was rewarded as for a second time I watched her orgasm, calling for me to "cum inside her."

Curled together afterwards, I felt happy and content, I didn't care what anyone thought of us; what we had just done felt like the most natural thing in the world. Turning on her side towards me, Sandra finally spoke; "I want us to be together, Alister."

There was little that we could do presently. It would be just over a month before this contract finished, and by then it would be Christmas.

I would return to my flat and hopefully spend the festivities with my family.

"Start looking for somewhere for us to live. If mom says anything, just tell her that it is a little crowded at home and that we are looking for somewhere so that we can share the costs. It will sound feasible then."

I'd imagined this scenario, never thinking that one day it might happen. "Pick one of the other towns. If anybody says anything, just tell them that reasonably priced property is hard to find. I have saved a large enough deposit for a house,

so don't bother with flats. Look for somewhere that will be our home."

The look on her face was priceless, and my reward was to make love to her again.

I arrived home a couple of days before Christmas and unpacked my belongings. Within the hour, Sandra had arrived.

"There are a couple of houses I've seen. They are far enough away that we will be anonymous, but still close enough that mom and grandma can visit."

Christmas that year was a little more awkward than I had anticipated, but Sandra knew what was taking place. My grandmother had needs, as did Debbie and Gemma. Once I had satisfied them, my oldest sister got exclusive rights to my body.

She never complained, accepting that these were not "other women," they were family.

After the New Year, we looked at properties and finally decided on one. It wasn't immediate; it takes time to buy a

house, but by February, my sister and I had moved in and become a couple.

And so here I am, living as though I am a married man. Most of my time is spent with my sister, Sandra, but she knows that she will never own me exclusively. Yes, I still romp with my grandmother, and yes, from time to time I bed Gemma. It is only occasionally that Debbie calls in a favour. She has moved into a house with Francis, and we have visited them a few times.

There are still a couple of challenges, but as of yet, the opportunity or circumstances have never arisen. I love my sister dearly, but there is still this desire to sample Francis's delights. The other person is someone who I would have never considered, but as she got a little older, I did wonder.

The world is my oyster, with no chance of ever being bored. Luckily, I get to have sex with both young and old women. What I need now is someone in the middle. It is a conundrum; does Glenda, my mom, take after her daughters and her mother?

THE END