

# Ensnaring Her Sister

Miss D'Mena

With trembling fingers, Mark slowly unfastened the buttons of Karen's blouse and exposed the white slip beneath. Her head was down, as though she was watching what he was doing but he knew that she had her eyes tightly shut, whether in anticipation or because she was as nervous as he was. With the buttons undone, he pulled the blouse from her skirt as she unfastened the cuffs and allowed him to ease it from her shoulders before tossing it to one side. He felt her trembling slightly as he pushed the thin silky straps down her arms and allowed the slip to drop to her waist, noticing that she shivered as he glanced down at the white functional bra she wore. There was truly little cleavage to see, her small breasts fully encased by the cotton material were rising and falling rapidly with each breath.

Stepping in close, he removed her glasses, putting them carefully on the coffee table and making sure he left no smudges on the lens, something that would always annoy her. Karen looked different, it was only occasionally that he saw her without glasses, from his memory, he couldn't remember a time when she hadn't worn them. Raising her face towards

his, she still had her eyes shut as though she feared what would happen next, his lips approaching hers and then kissing her. Momentarily, there was no reaction and then slowly she began to return the kiss as their mouths pressed together. He fumbled with her bra, in the films, it looked so easy, but at that moment, it refused to come undone.

'Here, let me,' Karen whispered as her hands reached behind her back and unfastened the garment but still left it in place.

Coming together once more they kissed again as he eased the bra away from her breasts and cast it after the blouse. Cupping the small soft fleshy orb, he felt her excited nipple pushing into the palm of his hand and heard the low growl in her throat as she purred her pleasure. It was as though he had flicked a switch, her hand suddenly sliding between them as she caressed the front of his pants and the thickening shaft beneath. Mark wanted to feel her tit's pushing against his bare chest, as hastily he unbuttoned his shirt, pulled it free and threw it to one side. Her hands were undoing his belt and then as the zip of his pants slid down, she thrust her hand inside and grasped his shaft. It throbbed with an intensity so great

that it was like a dull ache, only satisfied as she pulled the skin-tight.

Mark wanted her so badly, hoping that she was feeling the same as she stepped backed and now looked at him in earnest.

'Get undressed,' she managed, in between quick intakes of breath, beginning to remove her skirt and tights as she kicked her heels across the room.

Mark experienced the strangest of sensations initially, he couldn't remember the last time she had seen him naked, but he did not hesitate as he dropped his pants and shorts to his ankles before removing them along with his socks. As he stood upright once more, his erection pointed towards her and twitched, causing her to gasp, her eyes now riveted on his member. Their eyes devoured each other as he took her in his arms and kissed her passionately; at the same time feeling her belly and mound grinding against his shaft. Suddenly he was at a bit of a loss, he had never expected this to happen; did they do it here in the lounge. It was still warm in the room but

as this was their first encounter, did he simply throw her to the floor or take her on the couch, neither option appealed to him as he suddenly picked her up. She giggled as he carried her up the stairs to her bedroom before thankfully depositing her on the bed and joining her there.

Mark was nineteen, and for some unknown reason, over the last twelve months, he had suddenly developed an attraction towards his mother. He couldn't explain how or why it had started, it just seemed that one day he saw her as his mum and the next, he was looking at her as a woman, He had pushed it from his mind, ridiculing himself for thinking like that, it was unnatural. It wasn't just that he had noticed her legs or her figure, it was the perverse way his mind was conjuring up images of the two of them copulating. He never mentioned it to her or to anyone else for that matter, but over time, he came to realise that his interaction with his mum was changing subtly.

There had been an invite to her sister's birthday bash, she had been excited, he not so much so, but he had made the effort. The event was the normal sort of affair, friends and family

there who they both knew as he bought them drinks before disappearing into the crowd. He had returned to her frequently, replenishing their drinks before disappearing again as he danced and chatted with other women in attendance, speaking with their menfolk and other friends about college and football. As he consumed one drink after another, he began to enjoy himself, feeling a little light-headed as he headed back to Karen, dragging her onto the dance floor as he twirled her around to the music. She was giddy by now and as the evening progressed, they sought each other out, always returning to the floor for one more dance before parting again.

It was towards the end of the evening, the room now dark and hot with sweaty bodies as disco lights flashed across the ceiling and walls. This time it was Karen who had dragged him onto the floor, they were both drunk and as the music suddenly changed to a slower tempo, she had pulled him in close as they gyrated together. Sober, he would have been embarrassed, drunk, it only registered a little too late, unfortunately, that as their hips pushed against each other he had a raging hard-on. There was no way she could miss it and

must have been patently obvious what was pressing against her belly. Karen made no move to extract herself as one slow dance became another, the usual fare at the end of a party. She had said something at one point, but the music was far too loud and when he inquired what she had uttered, Karen had just shaken her head.

At the end of the night, she decided to walk home, 'It will help sober me up,' she told him, and he had joined her as together they had staggered along. She was correct, the cooler air and the walk made him feel better.

With half the journey completed she had suddenly sprung it on him. 'What caused your..... er..... sudden reaction?' She had nodded towards his groin, trying to make light of it and teasing him without her enquiry sounding serious. He had tried to plead ignorance, but she had persisted. There had to be a reason for what she had felt down below she told him.

'Was your old mum turning you on?'

Mark went red in the face, stuttering, and stammering as he tried to get words out, feeling like an idiot as he gabbled.

'I'm so sorry.....too much to drink..... smell of your perfume and with you pressed against me. Forgot myself..... should never have happened..... you just felt..... you know!'

It had made her laugh for a moment and made him feel embarrassed, there was no way he could tell her how far his fantasies had progressed and what he would have really liked to have been doing with her. Karen though seemed to sense the thoughts in his head as she suddenly stopped, grabbed his arm, and spun him around. She seemed a little alarmed as she cautiously asked, 'Mark? We are joking about this, aren't we? I was only kidding when I asked if I was turning you on. Is that what was happening? Me?'

He knew what she was asking but found it impossible to answer as he imperceptibly shrugged his shoulders. Karen was stunned, unable to say anything initially as she tried to take on board the implications of what she was imagining. As



she set off walking again, he had caught her up, but at the same time kept his distance as they completed the rest of the journey in silence.

Indoors she had turned on him again, asking further questions. 'Right, I'm being serious. Was this just tonight..... or longer? I don't want to use the words..... but are you thinking about me in that kind of way?'

He had tried to explain, but how did you put those images into words without making it sound absurdly bizarre. He felt ashamed of the thoughts now, castigating himself for getting drunk and getting too close to her, which was why he was amazed by what happened next.

'You've imagined undressing me?' she had asked, refusing to look him in the face but her words implied it was more an invitation rather than a question.

They had stripped off in front of each other before he lifted and carried her upstairs.

In her bedroom with her figure pressed firmly against his body, he kissed her lips again before working his way down her neck to her chest and then her breasts. They were small and with her age they had started to sag slightly but to Mark, they still appeared perfect and excited him as he took each of her nipples into his warm mouth and ran his tongue around them. They were much longer than he had expected and from Karen's reaction when he nipped them with his teeth, super sensitive. He moved across her stomach and then opened her legs, shifting his position as he knelt between them and rubbed his shaft across her vagina, listening to her moan and gasp as she became aroused.

He was far more aroused than he had expected as from his vantage point he looked down at her body, she was still slim even though over time she had added a bit here and there. Her belly was no longer flat, and her breasts were small. Her mound was prominent and neatly manicured as his gaze settled on the opening lips of her fanny which seemed to be granting him admittance. Pushing the head of his shaft between her labia, he could feel her heat and wetness as in one

fluid movement he pushed forward and slid his throbbing cock into his mother's cunt.

Karen gasped loudly as his shaft entered her quim and her flesh stretched to accommodate the pulsating length of meat. At first, when she had learnt of his desire for her, she had been afraid, surely it was wrong to even contemplate such a thing she had thought. But quickly she had warmed to the idea, having had her own fantasy's recently concerning her son. He was a good-looking teenager and it had been an exceedingly long time since she had indulged in any type of sexual relationship with a man.

Her thoughts faded as he began fucking her, long steady thrusts soon had her body writhing, her mouth opening wide as she sucked in much-needed air and groaned continuously as her arousal neared its plateau.

Leaning over her, Mark kissed and fondled her breasts, constantly whispering remarks of what he wanted to do, how much she excited him and how gorgeous she was. His words

aroused her, she loved his coarseness and the expletives he used to describe his desires. And then Karen lost herself as she climaxed, her hips rising to meet each of his thrusts and the rest of her body going rigid as her orgasm flooded her senses and overpowered her mind. When she opened her eyes again Mark could not disguise the slight smirk on his face; this was what he had dreamt about and the fact that he had made her climax settled his nerves and enhanced his confidence.

With his shaft still twitching inside her fanny, he lay flat on top of her and then rolled them over so that she now straddled his hips, her weight, bearing her down onto his cock, made it feel even bigger. As she became accustomed to it being inside her quim, she raised and lowered herself, his throbbing meat impaling her each time she sank downwards and arousing her quickly again.

Mark's hand went between her legs, seeking the entrance to her fanny before exposing her clit and teasing it as his fingers rubbed its tip softly. His other hand played with her nipples and this time it was her turn to whisper the things she wanted

him to do to her, her coarse language exciting them both as she used words, she never dreamt she would say to her son.

As her excitement increased so did her momentum, bouncing on his shaft until her lungs were at bursting point. He grasped her buttocks, raised his knees, and pounded her fanny, Karen screaming her release with her eyes wide and staring, as his cock exploded inside her and she felt several spurts of hot cum hit the back of her cunt.

When Mark awoke early the next morning, the other side of the bed was empty, and he wondered where his mother was? Last night had been exquisite and he was eager to repeat it but wondered if she had been disappointed or worse still, had come to her senses and regretted what they had done. Downstairs, Karen was far from disappointed, though her mind was presently fighting a mental battle. What she had allowed Mark to do to her was wrong in every sense, the law and morality forbade it. But at the same time, it had been sensual and erotic, the thrill she had experienced as he fucked her had been better than anything she'd had in a long time. Her current dilemma was whether she allowed it to happen

again, the current tingling in her fanny presenting the argument for.

She heard her son coming downstairs and poured a cup of tea for him as he appeared in the kitchen. His tousled hair and cheesy smile told her that he was feeling embarrassed about last night and she wondered if she should say something.

'Regretting it now?' she asked, waiting despondently for the answer she was sure was coming as he seemed to pause for a moment.

'Let's face it,' she was thinking, at thirty-eight, she was close to twenty years his senior and if that wasn't bad enough, she was also his mother.

Her body, whilst not bad for an older woman, still left a considerable amount to be desired. Her breasts had never been large, but at least when she was young, they had been perky, nowadays sadly, they headed southwards. Over the years she had added a little bit of weight to her tummy, hips,

and thighs but overall, she still considered them her best assets when she looked at herself in the mirror. She was pretty enough with her auburn hair and the few freckles on her face but realised it would never be enough to keep her son interested in her for long.

Karen was kept waiting for his answer as he drew closer, standing directly in front of her as his hands loosened the sash of her robe before slipping inside and softly caressing the flesh at her waist. His very touch was like electricity flowing through her as she felt her breathing quicken and the start of that familiar sensation between her legs. Mark's hand moved upwards over her ribcage until she felt him cup her breast and squeeze gently, her nipples reacting automatically to his touch and suddenly becoming hard and erect while the buzz in her fanny reawakened yearnings.

Karen felt like she was eighteen all over again, sex with her husband had always been on a Saturday night and normally after he had arrived home from the pub. For years she had dreamt about a man who would excite and arouse her no

matter what time of day or night and no matter where they were.

As her son's other hand slipped between her legs, she let out a low moan and opened them wider to allow him greater access. Mark's finger found his mother's fanny already wet as he slid the digit between her labia, her juices making it slick as he curled it slightly and penetrated her cunt, beginning to slowly finger her.

Karen's legs were turning to jelly as his finger aroused her. In retaliation, she reached out and pushed down the front of his shorts, exposing his shaft which immediately sprang upwards. Grasping it firmly, she slid his skin up and down as she began masturbating him, ecstatic as his gasps and moans mixed with her own.

Never had the kitchen worktop been cleared as quickly, Mark lifting her and plonking her on it as the robe fell open to expose her milky white flesh. Her head banged against the cupboard behind her as he squatted, opened her legs, and



thrust his mouth against her pussy, his tongue immediately licking the seeping juices before spreading her lips and poking it into her pink moist flesh.

Karen squirmed, pushing utensils out of the way as she tried to lie down, eventually laying between the upper cupboards and the worktop as Mark sucked and licked her cunt. It wasn't ideal or the most comfortable of positions, but she didn't care, especially when he stood, and she felt the tip of his cock pressing against her passage.

The air whooshed from her lungs as he slammed his prick into her, her head banging against the tiled splashback. And then she forgot about the sudden bump as he fucked her rough and readily, his hands mauling her breasts. He squeezed them tightly, making them bulge and her nipples stand proud as he leant over her and sucked on them as though he was a new-born once more.

Karen could not help herself as the words started to flow, egging him on with verbal diarrhoea spewing from her lips.

'Fuck, that's fantastic, keep sucking your mummy's titties. Shit! Your cock feels huge. Fuck me, that's it, fuck me harder, ram your cock up my cunt.'

Her words caused him as much arousal as the sight of her body did, Marks hips thrusting his cock into her passage as fast as he could while his mouth hung open and he tried to get air into his lungs. Karen's eyes started to glaze over as she climaxed, her body writhing and thrashing as the orgasm rushed through her system like a raging torrent. She wasn't even conscious of the fact that her head constantly banged against the wall, the pure pleasure coursing through her system made her oblivious to everything except her son's cum filling her fanny and the demand for the sensations to continue.

'I need to get a shower,' she told him afterwards, laughing as she declined his invitation to accompany her and wash her back. 'At this rate,' she thought, 'I'll be lucky to get dressed today.'

She very nearly skipped up the stairs, it was as if she was suddenly years younger and the buzz of the sexual encounter with her son had left her still excited.

After a quick shower, and dressed, she decided that she would visit her sister later.

Mark was out with friend's when Karen set off for her sister's home, wondering if she had recovered yet from the previous evening. Belinda had been paralytic when Karen and Mark left the party, and she was betting her sister was suffering this morning.

It was only a short walk, but to Karen, it felt as if she was floating on air, the kind of excitement and thrill you get when a new relationship starts.

Thoughts filled her head as she strolled along, she didn't want to call them fantasies, it somehow made them feel wrong. It

had been a fleeting glance, a one in million chance and a complete accident about six months ago. She had been in her bedroom, the door open wide as she knelt by the side of her bed, putting her undies in a lower drawer.

Mark must not have heard her come upstairs and he did not notice her as he left the bathroom completely naked and walked past her open door. It had been seconds only, but in that short expanse of time, she had noticed how much he had changed over those last few years. He was no longer her little boy; his chest was muscular, and she noticed his buttock muscles flexing as he walked. But it was what she saw jutting from below his stomach that became imprinted on her brain.

It may have been flaccid, but she suddenly found herself wondering what it looked like when it was erect. She had to admit that she was impressed by what she had seen, the only problem being, that she couldn't get the image out of her head.

It had festered there for a week or two, until one evening as she dozed, she found herself imagining it erect. It was only a short, hop, skip, and jump before her imagination had her son towering over her as his cock thrust into her fanny, his hands all over her body as they fucked.

To complete her fall into depravity, she had found herself in bed one night as her imagination ran riot. She hadn't even noticed that her hand was between her legs, playing with her fanny until that final burst of lust brought her fully aware. By then it was too late as she fingered herself to orgasm, her head full of thoughts of her son ramming his cock into her flue.

Of course, she had been disgusted the next morning, but it hadn't lasted long before her dreams came back to torment her once more. It had come as a complete shock to discover that Mark was thinking about her in exactly the same way, and she had initially been reluctant because she knew how wrong it was for both of them to undertake such a relationship.

But the drink had inhibited her morality last night and she had decided that if nothing else, she was going to allow it at least that once.

Arriving at her sister's, she rang the doorbell, Belinda opening the door and looking like death warmed up.

'Good morning, good morning, good morning.' Karen sang out, presently full of the joys of spring.

Belinda grunted and rubbed her temples, telling her sister not to shout as she felt fragile. In the lounge and with a strong cup of coffee, Belinda asked what her sister was so happy about.

Karen just shrugged and smiled, she was dying to tell someone what had taken place between her and Mark, but it wasn't the kind of relationship that you bragged about she was beginning to realise, convinced that her sister would hit the roof if she knew.

'Did you pull last night,' Belinda asked mournfully, 'Did you get some? Is that why you are so chipper this morning?'

Karen just smiled again, the type of smile that said, 'Yes I did. But I'm not telling you whom,' whilst lying through her teeth that nothing had taken place the previous evening. 'You saw me leave with Mark; how could I have pulled?'

Belinda shook her head and rubbed her temples once more, popping a couple of aspirin into her mouth and taking a swig of coffee. 'I don't remember leaving and getting home myself, I certainly don't remember you leaving.'

The two sisters continued to chat until a noise from above attracted Karen's attention.

'It's only his lordship deeming to get out of bed,' Belinda said, pulling a face that hinted at her true feelings on the subject of her husband.

'Things not any better?' Karen asked, her sister looking miserable for a moment and shaking her head.

'I've been asking him to strip and decorate the spare room for the last two months and it's no nearer getting done. Looks like I'll have to do it myself!'

When she eventually left, her sister's husband Jimmy was just stumbling downstairs dressed in a crumpled t-shirt and baggy shorts. He leered at her as he scratched his groin, Karen giving him a look of disdain.

She had never liked Jimmy and had never felt comfortable alone in his presence. As far as Karen was concerned, he was like her ex-husband, a slacker who liked to spend his evenings in the pub. She was certain that if she had ever given him the chance, he would have cheated on Belinda with her. As she walked towards home, she wondered why her sister continued to put up with him, certain that there were other men out there who would treat her better.

Belinda was three years younger than she was, and although they were both adult women, Karen still felt protective towards her. What her sister needed was another man in her



life, someone to show her that not all men were bastards she was thinking as she walked.

She wasn't quite sure how the idea popped into her head, immediately casting it aside, partly because it was ridiculous and partly because of the sudden surge of jealousy that she experienced.

What if her son Mark were to have an affair with Belinda? Jimmy would never suspect him of fucking his wife, the age difference was just too great. Maybe it was what her sister needed, someone to show her what life could be like, but was she ready to relinquish him to another woman already, having only just discovered the pleasures of his lovemaking. The dilemma tormented her as she headed for home.

That evening over their meal, Karen broached the subject. She did not intend to tell him to try and have sex with her sister, but if she could bring them together, perhaps something may happen. She wasn't completely sure that her

son would fancy his aunt, but if nothing happened, then nothing had been lost.

'Would you be up for doing me a favour?' she asked.

Mark smirked as he glanced up at her, 'Go on, what position do you want to try next,' he joked, watching as his mother's face coloured.

'Will you behave?' she laughed, 'there is time for that later.' She was excited that the very thought of making love to her again was already on his mind.

'Belinda needs some help with her spare bedroom and Jimmy is as much use as a chocolate fireguard. I know you have just started your summer break, but would you mind giving up a few days and giving her a hand?'

As it was presently, Mark would have agreed to most things his mother asked of him. He would do whatever if it meant

that he got to fuck her again. 'Yeah, I suppose I can do that. I've nothing on at the moment and most of my friends are away yet.'

His mother promised to phone her sister after their tea and make arrangements.

With Mark up in his room, Karen phoned Belinda and explained, telling her that Mark would come over the following week and give her a hand if she wanted. Belinda readily agreed, doing it alone would turn it into a long job and any help was welcome.

Tuesday morning after his mother had left for work, Mark made his way around to his aunts. He had dressed in his scruffs, not knowing exactly what she wanted doing as he whistled a tune to himself and strolled along. She was up and ready when he got there, dressed in a vest and dungarees with her hair covered by a headscarf. She took him up to the spare bedroom, Mark finding that the bed had already been stripped and turned on its side.

'All these units need dismantling and then I want to paint the skirting and walls. Once it's dry, there are new units to assemble and fit into place,' she explained.

She had brought a collection of screwdrivers and so Mark set to as he dismantled the old units one by one and stacked them to one side for Belinda to take downstairs and stack next to their garage. It took nearly three hours to complete before they were ready to mask up the carpets so that the skirting boards and architraving could be painted.

They stopped for some lunch, Belinda preparing a picnic on the floor as they laughed and talked while sipping at a couple of bottles of cold beer that she had produced.

Mark found himself enjoying her company, she wasn't like an adult, more like a mischievous teenager at times. As he took a five-minute break, he sat with his back propped against the mattress, watching his aunts bottom which was stuck up in the air as she knelt on all fours and painted the skirting board.

She had quite a delicious derriere he decided, blushing slightly when she suddenly looked back over her shoulder and noticed where his eyes were fixated.

'Are you looking at my bum?' she asked with a mischievous laugh.

'Well, you shouldn't keep wiggling it,' came his retort. 'It tends to attract one's attention.'

Belinda grinned as she resumed painting, she would take compliments anytime they came her way. She was enjoying Mark being here, finding it refreshing to have someone young in the house, not only that but also the fact that he was a good-looking young man and if she had been ten years younger, she would perhaps have made a play for him.

She had gone to get another couple of drinks, Mark concentrating on getting a clean line with his paintbrush

when a hand suddenly gripped his buttock and squeezed, causing him to jump and the brush to wander.

'Certainly nice and firm,' Belinda cackled, handing him another bottle of beer.

By late afternoon, that stage of the painting had been done.

'Let it dry overnight and I'll be back tomorrow, and we can do the walls,' he told her.

That evening his mother enquired how the day had gone, Mark explaining how much they had got done. 'I'll go around tomorrow and help her paint the walls.'

Later, as he wasn't going out, they had got changed into their nightwear and curled up together on the couch as they watched tv. Karen's head was in his lap as he stroked her hair, her eyes closed as she dozed, and her robe had slid open slightly. It was obvious that she was naked beneath it, Marks

hand slipping beneath its folds as he gently massaged her breasts.

His erection jerked sporadically against the side of her face, Karen murmuring in her sleep as he excited her nipples. Moving imperceptibly, he opened her gown wider as his other hand slid down her body to her mound, his fingers lingering in the small tufts of manicured pubic hair. When his hand slid between her legs and touched her fanny, she murmured louder, her legs moving as unconsciously she opened them a little more.

He gave her a moment, letting her settle again before he began softly stroking her slit.

Karen took a deep breath, a low moan issuing forth as she moved her head, grinding her face against his erection. It had taken little for her juices to start flowing, his finger now slick with it as her fanny opened and he delved deeper, slipping it inside her and slowly starting to frig his mother.

She was breathing quickly now, her moans, near enough constant until suddenly her eyes opened. Her body felt highly aroused, the finger in her cunt exciting her as she felt her sons shaft jerk against her face. Adjusting her head, she raised an arm and fumbled as she extracted his cock through the fly hole, its helmet slick and shiny with pre-cum.

The sight of it, erect and pulsing in her hand, caused her impulsively to pull it down, open her lips and swallow his knob. Swirling her tongue around it, she eased more of his shaft into the warmth of her mouth until its tip nearly touched the back of her throat and made her gag a little, drool oozing from between her lips as her head bobbed back and forwards.

It was now Marks turn to groan, his eyes closed as his finger continued to impale his mother's cunt, the urge in his sack and cock escalating as she massaged his balls at the same time.

Twisting her nipples, his fingers were creating slopping noises, her fanny wet through with her juices as she raised and



lowered her hips, her climax so close. The excitement and sensations controlling her body and mind had her sucking feverously at his cock, her hand pumping up and down frantically.

Mark knew he could last no longer, his fingers fucking her fanny as fast as his arm and wrist would flex.

Karen tipped over the edge, her climax taking her by the scruff of the neck and shaking her, intent now on making her son cum imminently. She was rewarded as he let out a bellow, salty tasting semen spurting into her mouth to be instantly swallowed as she sucked on his shaft, draining all the cream that his testicles expelled as her orgasm made her want to scream, her hips bouncing from the cushions as his fingers continued to fuck her.

When at last both of them were able to breathe and open their eyes, Karen found it hard to miss the look of adoration spread across Mark's face. Easing herself into a sitting position, she

turned towards him, her hand tracing patterns across his chest and down to his navel.

'I think I can find you something to eat while you recover,' she giggled, turning off the tv and taking his hand, leading her son upstairs to her bedroom.

Mark arose the same time as his mother the next morning having never managed to get to his own room. After eating her pussy and then making love again, they had fallen asleep in each other's arms, Karen, completely enamoured at finding a naked body still laid next to her as she came awake.

He gave it another hour after she left for work, giving his aunt a chance to get up and dress before he arrived.

Belinda looked different that morning, yes, she was still dressed in old clothes, but while yesterday had been baggy dungarees, today was a tight "V" necked t-shirt and a pair of black leggings that fit her a little too snugly, her naked midriff fully on show.

'What next?' she asked.

'Well, we had better get some large dustsheets down if we are going to paint the walls,' he suggested.

Once they were in position, he helped her drop the bed down to help hold them in place and also to give them somewhere to sit, other than the floor. 'Better put a sheet over it as well,' he pointed out to his aunt.

With everything ready, they set too, Belinda rolling the walls while Mark painted in the edges around the ceiling and skirting. They made better time than they had anticipated, most of the walls being given a first coat long before lunchtime.

Belinda had again prepared lunch for them and together they sat crossed legged on the bed, talking, and munching on sandwiches, all washed down with bottles of beer. Mark only

had the one, but his aunt was soon on her third bottle and starting to sound giddy.

She asked lots of questions, especially about girlfriends. Who he was dating at the moment, how many he'd had? What type of girls did he fancy, blond-haired people or brunettes? Mark didn't mind the questions, he had nothing to hide, so long as the subject of his mother was not introduced into the conversation.

Mark had presumed that while he was cutting in on one wall, Belinda would start rollercoasting the wall opposite. He was quickly proven wrong as no matter where he moved to, his aunt would follow, only content when she was next to him. The downside of this was that he was soon covered in splatters as she enthusiastically applied the paint.

When Belinda noticed, she couldn't stop laughing, that was until she started shrieking as he chased her around the room with his brush. She had eventually ended up with a splodge of

paint neatly imprinted on her leggings and perfectly centred over one butt cheek.

Now it was his turn to dodge as she chased after him with the roller, catching him on the cheek as he tried to wrestle it from her and the both of them collapsing in a heap on the bed.

Mark was on his back, Belinda spread above him as they panted and laughed, and then he noticed something in her eyes. They seemed to look at each other for ages, both of them with a slight smile, as though they were both waiting for something to happen. Suddenly he raised his head and gave her a quick kiss on her lips, it wasn't even a proper kiss, more or less a quick peck before his face coloured.

Belinda did not say anything, nor did she seem surprised, she just continued to stare into his face for a little longer and then lowered her head as her lips met his and she kissed him properly.

The painting was forgotten for a moment, the kiss all-consuming as one hand held the back of her head, his other hand resting on the bare skin of her back. Their faces and mouths moved against each other, Belinda's tongue beginning to explore his mouth as his hand slid from her back and cupped a buttock, pulling her tightly against him.

Belinda was conscious of something hard down below beginning to press against her, Mark conscious of her ample bosom pressing tightly against his chest.

Maybe more would have happened if not for the sound of the front door opening and closing downstairs, the two of them immediately disentangling themselves as Belinda picked up the roller and moved towards one of the walls.

'It's looking well,' Jimmy said, popping his head around the door and chuckling when he spotted the splatters of paint on Mark. 'She never could hit the target,' he chided, 'I just popped in to drop some stuff off. See you later.'

When the front door banged shut, they both breathed a huge sigh of relief. 'I'm sorry about that,' Belinda said, looking embarrassed, 'I don't know what came over me?'

'I know what nearly came all over me,' Mark muttered, averting his eyes as she caught his words. 'It's ok Belinda, I'm not complaining.'

By late afternoon, the painting was finished as Belinda stood back and admired their work. 'It looks a lot better already. Thank you, Mark.'

'Let it dry again overnight and we will get the new furniture in tomorrow,' he told her.

Belinda looked down at the floor, suddenly appearing shy, 'You don't have to bother if you don't want to. I'll manage on my own.'

'We've come this far, be a shame not to finish it together,' he told her, 'I'll see you in the morning.'

Again, that evening, there had been questions from his mother, Mark doing his best to evade them. Karen knew that something had happened, her son was being evasive and looked a little flustered at times. She felt that pang of jealousy again, but at least for the moment, she was the only one getting his full attention.

That night in bed, she straddled his hips, his cock deep inside her flue as she slowly rocked back and forwards. The feeling was divine, Karen getting plenty of sex at the moment and making up for the years of lost time. Mark's hand cupped her breast, teasing her nipples as she rode him until he reached further and pulled her head down, the slow lingering kiss arousing her as much as the cock in her fanny was doing.

'Wow, what was all that about?' she asked when he finally released her, her body now buzzing with anticipation.



Mark shrugged, 'I just wanted you to realise how much I fancy you,' he began.

Karen interrupted him. 'It's ok you know. I get that there are going to be other women, girlfriends, and the like. I know I can't have you forever, we can never have that kind of open relationship. So long as I get to have you sometimes, I'm happy enough.'

She felt guilty, she had lied. Really, she didn't want to share him, she wanted him all to herself, but that was just an old woman being silly.

His knees came up as his hips began to spear his cock into her fanny, Karen supporting herself on outstretched arms, her mouth hanging open and her eyes glazing as he fucked her. And then she was floating, her orgasm capturing the essence of their coupling and leaving her in no doubt that despite what she felt for him as his mother, another kind of love was slowly taking its place.

It was another night that she got to share her bed with him, Karen knowing that she could easily become accustomed to that.

His mother had departed for work again when Mark set off for his aunts. Today, he was the one with a troubled mind, all too well aware that what he and his mother were doing was wrong. The episode yesterday with Belinda had been exciting, she was different from his mother, considering that they were sisters. His mother could be reserved, while her sister was outgoing, perhaps a bit too much so at times. Mum was slim with small breasts while Belinda was all curves with a heaving bosom. It was only over the last couple of days that he had really paid attention to her. She was three years younger than his mum, but that kiss yesterday had aroused him and if it hadn't been for the unfortunate return of his uncle, he would have fucked his aunt.

Belinda had dressed differently again that morning, it was looking to be a warm day and he found her dressed in shorts that were cut so high that it was very nearly possible to see the

cheeks of her arse and a vest top that was so loose that it was impossible not to catch glimpses of her unfettered breasts.

Mark felt uncomfortable for the simple reason that there was no way of disguising the constant bulge in his pants. His aunt never mentioned it, as together, they assembled new bedroom units, but he did catch her frequent glances in the direction of his groin. By twelve-thirty they were done, Belinda again producing a spot of lunch and ample bottles of beer, Mark wondering if she intended to get him drunk.

Belinda gazed around the room, it looked completely different and new, and she was chuffed with what they had accomplished.

'It's only right that I give you something for all your arduous work.' Belinda spoke very quietly.

Mark was about to refuse, not realising that she had moved ever closer to him. From the way she was looking up at him, he suddenly got the impression that she wasn't implying a

monetary reward and then nearly jumped as her hand caressed the front of his pants as she got her first feel of his bulge.

His hand was quickly beneath her top as their mouths pushed against each other, caressing, and fondling the weighty orb and Belinda's nipple pressing against the palm of his hand. She was breathing raggedly as he felt the front of his pants come undone and then her hand delving inside his clothing as she grasped his length of meat, a guttural moan rising in her throat.

Belinda had dressed to be undressed, she was only wearing the two garments, the vest top, and the shorts. Beneath them, there was no underwear and within seconds she was naked as she waited for her nephew to catch up before dragging him across to the bed.

'I want you, Mark. No, fuck that, I'm gagging for you. I want you to fuck me,' she whispered in a deep and husky voice.

With the look of it, she was not presently inclined towards foreplay as she lay back and raised her knees, opening her legs wide as she offered him her fanny. 'It's hot and it's wet and it's waiting for you,' she muttered as he climbed between her thighs.

As his shaft slid into her cunt, Belinda arched her back and tossed her head. 'Oh fuck, that feels so good,' she purred as his first few slow and deliberate thrusts got her full attention.

Mark was enthralled as he watched her tits bounce back and forth each time he plunged his cock into her, his aunt groaning and trying to open her legs even wider. His cock nestled deep within her as he ground his pelvis against hers and then leant forward, his tongue licking at her nipples before sucking each teat as he brought them erect.

Her body was magnificent for someone only a few years younger than his mother, Mark building up a head of steam as his hips rammed his cock into her cunt, Belinda raising her hips as she squirmed and wriggled, trying to get as much flesh

inside her as possible. Kneeling upright, he slowed, nearly to a stop as he teased her, his thumb finding her clit and gently caressing it.

Belinda urged, and then pleaded with him, begging her nephew to make her cum. 'Please Mark, I need it, I need your cock. I want you to make me cum, I want you to fill my cunt with your spunk.'

He continued to tease, raising the tempo, and then slowing, building up her arousal until he had her teetering on the edge. And then he fucked her, putting every ounce of energy into it as his shaft plundered her pussy and Belinda exploded. Cries of pleasure cascaded from one end as juices poured from the other, his aunt thrashing and writhing beneath him as her orgasm sent her body into shock. Her face and neck were red, her eyes unseeing as she tried to breathe, her body still in the throes of her climax and her nephew refusing to cease his momentum until her eyes closed and she slumped into oblivion.

One arm was beneath her neck holding her close, his other hand softly exploring her body when Belinda opened her eyes. 'Jesus,' she thought to herself, trying to remember the last time that sex had felt that good. And then, of course, the guilt kicked in, what would her sister say if she ever found out that she had just had sex with her nephew.

As if he was able to read her mind, Mark reassured her. 'It's all right Belinda, no one's going to say anything to mum, or hopefully to Uncle Jimmy. I presume this is going to be our secret?'

She curled in against him, enjoying the feel of his arms around her, as well as his wandering hands which were already eliciting sensations of another arousal.

She knelt on all fours for him as he took her from behind, doggy fashion, his cock seeming to fill her more as his balls slapped against her buttocks with each penetration. Her breasts hung down, two elongated bags of fun swinging back and forwards until his hands moved beneath her chest and

cupped them, squeezing, and pulling at her nipples as her excitement ratcheted upwards.

One of his hands moved between her legs, parting her lips as he rubbed either side of her clit and then inserted a finger into her cunt. As his cock withdrew, the finger was inserted and then visa-versa, making it feel to Belinda that she was being double fucked. Her second climax was approaching quickly, she didn't know how, but this young man was making her feel sexier and more alive than she ever had done.

Her second orgasm burst inside her when he did something that she had never experienced before and was not expecting. She had been so close, stood on the edge of the precipice when suddenly she felt his thumb being thrust into her anus. The sensation and thrill that it had sent through her body, not so much pushed, as threw her over the edge, Belinda screaming her release as she sobbed and bellowed all at once, guttural nonsense flowing from her lips as she shook.



They had showered quickly together and now dressed more demurely than she had been the first thing that morning, they sat in the lounge, finishing their coffee's.

'Does this mean that you might visit your aunt a little more often?' she asked slowly, unsure whether this had been a one-off.

Putting his cup down, he edged nearer to his aunt, his eye on the clock and reckoning that his uncle would be home in the next fifteen to twenty minutes.

Holding her face gently, he kissed her softly, allowing their lips to linger for a few long moments. 'When you consider it is safe for me to be here, phone. If not, you could always visit our house.'

Belinda's heart beat a little faster at the prospect of a repeat performance, better still, many repeat performances, as she nodded her head.

On his way home, it was Mark's turn to suddenly feel ashamed. The sex with his aunt had been fantastic, equally as good, or maybe slightly better than the sex he was currently having with his mum. But he was consumed by guilt at the thought that he had cheated on her as well as his uncle Jimmy.

How would he have felt if he had suddenly discovered that one of his girlfriends in the past had slept with someone else? Despite what his mother had said about other women, he could not dismiss the feeling, sure she had meant girlfriends and not her sister.

That evening, Karen noticed that her son was withdrawn. Something had happened she concluded, but she couldn't just come out and ask directly.

'You're quiet tonight, she started, 'everything ok? How did it go at Belinda's?'

Mark wouldn't be drawn. 'Yeah, everything's fine. The rooms finished and she is incredibly happy with it. She thanked me for helping.'

Karen backed off, allowing him his thoughts even though the silence was unnerving at times she found. She would visit her sister this weekend and see if she could get anything out of her.

Saturday, knowing that Jimmy would either be in the pub or at football, she made her way around to Belinda's. She found her sister in a similar mood to her son, as though she didn't know what to say to Karen. Normally Belinda was exuberant, but today she seemed slightly withdrawn.

'Jimmy still a pain in the arse?' she asked, Belinda just shrugging her shoulders and pulling a face. 'Maybe it's time you found another fella. Perhaps have an affair, plenty of good-looking young men out there.'

Her sister went bright red and refused to answer or look in Karen's direction. She knew for certain now that something had happened, convinced that her sister had slept with her son and feeling as if she had just been kicked in the stomach. Karen had no one to blame but herself, it had been her idea, she had wanted something to happen between them as a way of hopefully getting rid of Jimmy. Suddenly, she felt sick, consumed by anger and jealousy, she wanted to slap Belinda and rant at her for cheating with her son.

Cutting the visit short, she walked home slowly, trying to rationalise her feelings. She was acting ridiculously, as though her son was actually her partner and she had found him out. She was his mother, not his eighteen-year-old girlfriend, her sister was doing no different than she was, neither of them should be sleeping with Mark.

Back at home, it was her turn to be withdrawn, finding herself being offhanded with her son when he got in.

Mark couldn't understand what had come over his mother, rather than staying in the evening, he went out, it was obvious he wasn't going to get any tonight.

Jimmy was in the pub, loud as usual. Mark had a pint with him before deciding to leave early, he would pop around to his aunts on the way home.

Belinda opened the door in silky pyjamas, her nipples prominent against the lightweight material. 'Hello! What are you doing here?' she asked, her face suddenly lit by a delighted smile as she invited him in.

In the kitchen, Mark asked her, 'Has mum been around here, it's just that she has been off with me all day.'

Belinda looked guilty for a moment. 'That could be my fault. She popped around just after dinner but didn't stay long. She was suggesting I look for a young fella..... it was like she knew!'

Mark refused to believe it, there was no way that his mother knew that he and Belinda had been shagging.

'It will be something and nothing,' he told her as he wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her in tight and feeling her breasts pushing against him. He would have loved to undress her and run his hands over her tits, but Jimmy could return anytime soon.

By the following day, his mother had thawed, more like her normal self as she apologised to her son but did not really explain what had come over her. 'Sorry about yesterday, Mark, I was just feeling out of sorts.

For Mark, it was the best summer break he had ever had. During the day he would go around to his aunt Belinda's as they fucked at her house or occasionally with the weather being nice, in the open countryside that surrounded one side of the town. He would be home by late afternoon and prepare a meal for his mother, Karen enjoying someone waiting on her for once, and then they would settle down for the evening,

watching tv interspersed with sex before retiring to their bedroom.

Occasionally and just like he was doing with his aunt, he would suggest a walk on a nice evening, Karen now looking forward to having sex, out in the open air.

The overgrown path led away from the normal route as it twisted its way in amongst the tree's which were darker and cooler than the open fields. Karen was wearing one of her old dresses, a simple floral-patterned design with buttons completely up the front. She loved this dress for no other reason than she could go naked beneath it, and it took only seconds to unbutton and give Mark full access to her body.

That evening, she had her back against a tree, one leg up on a fallen branch. The dress was wide open as Mark, with his shorts around his ankles, thrust his cock up into her fanny. Her groans mingled with the sound of birds and animals scattered around this small wood.

His mouth nuzzled her breasts, his hands cupping each one and making what there was, bulge, as he sucked fervently at her nipples. Karen could have climaxed just by him doing that alone, her arousal reaching fever pitch as his cock proceeded to impale her cunt, nearly lifting her from her feet with each enthusiastic thrust.

She held his head tightly against her breasts, her breathing rapid and her eyes feeling lazy despite trying to scan the local area to make sure they were alone. 'That's it, fuck me. God, I love your cock inside my cunt. Shit! Mark, you're going to make me cum. Oh fuck, oh yes, yes, yesss!'

Karen wailed as his pounding increased, his pelvis smashing into her groin as his cock seemed to fill her in a continuous fluid motion until he called her name and grunted. His semen burst inside her fanny and sent her orgasm into overdrive, her body shaking and wobbling as she tried to stay upright, her son's strong hands supporting her. 'Oh my God, this is the best ever,' she remembered thinking and then surrendered herself to the sensations that flooded her body with pleasure.



Unfortunately, as with all good things, the summer ended, and his college lectures resumed. While the sex with his mother continued unabated, sex with his aunt slowed considerably. The weather outdoors was not conducive to al fresco sex and while her husband went out to the pub most evenings, there was no guarantee that he would not return early and catch them. His only opportunity was occasionally on a Saturday afternoon if Jimmy went to the football, but then he had his mother enquiring where he was going to, and Mark felt bad that he was lying to her.

Karen had gone around to her sisters, Mark currently out with friends. She had told him she was popping round there, which had put the kybosh on his plans because he knew his uncle was at football this week.

Belinda wanted to tell her sister that there was someone else, she just didn't dare tell her that it was Mark.

'So, how long have you been seeing him?' Karen asked.

'All through the summer,' her sister replied, 'Fucking hell sis, he excites me, and the sex is out of this world.'

'And what about Jimmy?'

Belinda mulled the question over. 'I don't know at the moment. As far as I'm aware, he has no idea.'

'Is this serious?' Karen asked, aware that they were probably talking about her son and that her sister could no more have a proper relationship with him than she could.

'If Jimmy found out, would this new fella stand by you?'

Belinda made a funny wobbling motion with her head; how could she say yes or no without more questions which may reveal the identity of her lover.

'Worst case scenario, you could always come and stay with me and Mark,' Karen told her sister, the mixed look of delight and

despair confirming what she had suspected, Mark and Belinda were having sex.

Karen took a deep breath; it was now or never she supposed. 'If Jimmy found out. Or if you've decided you have had enough of him, you are welcome to come and live with me. There is a condition though.'

Belinda waited, wondering what her sister was alluding to.

'You have to share him.'

Belinda looked completely puzzled for a moment, her face telling Karen that she didn't have a clue what was being asked of her.

'You have to share Mark, I'm not prepared to go without him, not even for you!'

Belinda's mouth dropped open, a look of dread spreading across her features. 'Her sister knew..... Karen knew that it was her son that she had been seeing and sleeping with.'

And then suddenly her words made sense as she stared wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

'You're sleeping with Mark?' she asked incredulously. Karen nodded her head.

'But..... but..... you're his mum!'

'And you're his aunt,' Karen replied. 'But it hasn't seemed to stop either of us jumping into bed with him.'

Belinda sat for several minutes, gobsmacked. 'How long have you known?' she asked.

'Since I asked him to help you with the decorating. I just knew that you wouldn't be able to resist him, and I wanted you to see that you could do far better than Jimmy.'

Belinda was stunned, just sitting there and not knowing what to say. Her sister had set this up, she had conspired to have her sleep with her son.

'I think you had better go, Karen. It's time you went home, I want to be alone.'

Karen stood and picked up her coat, 'I meant what I said. Your welcome in my home, but I won't give Mark up and I'll fight you tooth and nail if you try to take him away from me.'

She closed the door quietly behind her as she headed for home, Belinda sitting with her head in her hands as she sobbed.

She phoned Karen up on Monday evening just after tea having had no chance to try and contact Mark to let him know that his mother knew. She had their home phone number, but he had never given her his mobile number, all through the summer there had been no need.

Her sister invited her around, telling her son that Belinda was visiting and to take himself out if he did not want to listen to two gossiping women.

Karen opened a bottle of wine, both women getting themselves comfortable as she waited to see what her sister had to say.

'How long has it been going on?' Belinda asked.

'Since your Birthday party.'

'So, he was already sleeping with you when he began sleeping with me?'

Karen nodded her head and tried to suppress the smirk.

'And you set it up with the intention of me and him having..... sex?'

Karen sat forward, twirling her wine glass. 'How does it compare, being with Mark as opposed to Jimmy? Is he happy to do whatever you ask? And what's it like when you make love, which one would you prefer to be with?'

Belinda nodded her head, what her sister was saying made sense.

'It's up to you sis, you can keep this going as long as you can. But eventually, someone is going to put two and two together, or Jimmy's going to catch you at it. If it were me, I'd be getting shut now.'

They parted on good terms; Belinda would still have to make the final decision, but Karen told her that she would discuss the situation with her son. 'I'm sure he won't complain,' she laughed. 'Would you at the prospect of having two women to bed whenever you wanted?'

That evening, Mark wondered if his birthday had suddenly come around again. When he arrived home his mother had changed, now wearing clothes that he couldn't remember seeing before.

Her blouse appeared to be made of silk, white and gossamer thin, her dark nipples visible through the translucent material. It was teamed with a dark grey knee-length skirt that was split, giving views high up her legs as she moved. 'Were they tights or stockings?' he wondered; the lower parts of her legs encased in black leather boots.

He soon found out as his hand slid inside the overlap, his fingers tracing the nylon up to its top and then bare flesh and the straps of her suspender belt. He was immediately excited



and aroused, wanting nothing more than to take his mother to bed and fuck her, Karen made him wait, allowing him to watch her move around the house but only touch her infrequently.

Marks arousal soared, impatient to undress her and slide his cock into her cunt as the persistent throbbing from down below became quite painful. His mother teased her nipples, not allowing him to touch them as they became erect and made two prominent bumps in the front of her blouse.

He had reached a stage where if she was not careful, he was going to rape her, his lust having reached a fever pitch as she continued to tease. Placing a booted foot up on one of the chairs, Karen adjusted her stocking, Mark getting a clear view between her legs as his eyes registered that she was not wearing panties and had shaved her pubes off. He was close to drooling, his eyes out on stalks, and his brain considering nothing more than this seductively clad woman parading herself in front of him.

'I know you have been seeing someone else,' Karen suddenly said. 'Now do I continue to allow you to do that, or does it mean you are growing bored and have lost interest in fucking me?'

This had been the reason for her choice of clothing, to reinforce the image of her as a still attractive, highly sexually, desirable mature woman.

'Perhaps it's about time I found myself another man, someone to have a proper relationship with, someone who could become your step-father.

The words were on his lips as he was about to try and deny her accusation, but his mother interrupted before he could say anything.

'Please don't try and deny it Mark, don't lie to me. I know who you have been sleeping with.'

Suddenly, sex was the last thing on his mind as his erection wilted. 'There was no way she could know,' he was thinking, 'could she?' He had been careful, he had never seen his aunt of an evening, only during the day when his mother had been at work. There was no way Belinda had said something, did this mean that is Uncle Jimmy knew, a shiver ran down his spine.

He sat motionless on the couch, his face frozen with an expression of surprise and fear as his mother approached him and pushed him backwards, opening her skirt wide as she straddled his legs and then sat in his lap facing him, the split exposing her fanny as it rubbed against his presently flaccid cock.

'I know you have been fucking my sister, I know that it's your Aunty Belinda that you have been having sex with.'

Karen kept up the pretence of indignation in her voice, loving the power that she presently had over her son. In the past, she had wanted him and would have done whatever he requested, now, she could clearly see that he wanted her just as badly.

'I have a proposal. What would you say if Belinda came and lived here for a while? Could you manage both of us under the same roof? Would you mind if we shared you?'

It took aeons for her words to make sense in his head and then his face suddenly brightened, 'Belinda, living here? And you wouldn't mind?'

Karen grinned back at her son, 'If that is what it takes?' Her hand slid into his groin, gently persuading his cock to return to its previous erect state.

Marks hands simultaneously went to her tits, he had been dying to get his hands on them as he firstly pinched her nipples and then began unfastening the buttons of her blouse.

With her blouse open and her skirt pushed far enough up so that he had access to her fanny, she had managed to extract his erection from his pants, his cock sticking upright and

swollen as it thrummed in her hand. She raised her buttocks as he slid forwards, his shaft directly beneath her fanny as she lowered herself, her labia parting and that initial sensation as his cock entered her cunt taking her breath away.

She pulled his head forward to kiss her teats as she began rocking slowly, his shaft, now covered in her slippery juices, sliding into and out of her pussy with ease. It jerked constantly inside her, Mark asking questions as she fucked him.

'Why would Belinda be coming to live here?'

'Perhaps she's had enough of Jimmy, or perhaps like me, she just loves your cock up her cunt.'

Karen rested her hands on the back of the couch, giving her more leverage as she raised her buttocks higher and then dropped like a stone onto his cock, enraptured each time her groin slammed against his and his shaft filled her pussy.

'And you are quite happy for me to fuck her while she is here?' Karen nodded, trying to conserve what oxygen her body was getting as her impetus increased.

'You don't have to worry you know. I'll always make sure you get more than your fair share of me and you fucking.' He emphasised his point by thrusting his hips upwards each time she dropped onto his cock.

Mark waited until he had her balanced on the edge, her climax so close she could have touched it. He asked the question as his hips began slamming his cock into her, Karen at her weakest point as her orgasm began to consume her.

'Do you think we might have to get a king-size bed? It might be tight on room with three of us in it.

'Oh God,' she thought, waves of pleasure coursing through her body as she climaxed, 'I may even consider that if he keeps fucking me like this.' And then she dismissed the thought and allowed her orgasm to take over her body,

wailing and thrashing about above him as she felt that familiar excitement as he unloaded his sack inside her flue.

It hadn't been immediately, it had taken time, nearly two months passing before Belinda became a permanent fixture in their home, just as Christmas was approaching. There had been no fraternising between her and Mark during that period, all to allay any suspicions that Jimmy may have had about his wife seeing someone else.

She and Karen had frequent meetings as plans were made and decisions hammered out as to how they would share Mark.

'You know, he asked me a question,' Karen said, 'and he waited until I was cumming before he asked it.'

Belinda of course was inquisitive, wanting to know what was said. 'Well..... what was the question?'

Karen grinned, it was something that she had never considered or given a thought to, she was not that way inclined she considered. But Mark had put the idea in her head and from time to time it would resurface.

'Come on Karen, I'm waiting!'

'He wanted to know if perhaps I should get a bigger bed because there may not be enough room for the three of us.'

'The randy little bugger. He actually asked that?' Belinda laughed, just like her sister, she had never considered it, but with the idea now planted in her head, her mind conjured up images of Mark fucking them as they lay side by side.

'Well, I'll be.....!' was all she said for the moment.

It had worked well enough; he had shared his mother's bed one night and then the following night he spent in the spare room which had now become Belinda's bedroom. Luckily,



Marks bedroom separated the other two, and although the noise carried a little, neither woman took it too badly when he was fucking the other.

Christmas Eve had been Belinda's turn, Christmas day night he would spend in his mother's bed. Both she and Karen had drunk far too much on the day, Mark knowing when he had reached his limit and changing to soft drinks instead.

His aunt had retired early, he and his mum eventually staggering up to her bedroom. Karen had dressed for him, her underwear all in white. Once out of her blouse and skirt, she gave him a drunken twirl, displaying the white stockings, basque and panties that she wore. The damp microscopic material of her thong was quickly removed, Karen laying supine on the bed with her eyes closed as her son's mouth clamped tightly against her fanny.

Spreading her lips, he breathed in the fragrant aroma of perfume and musk, her pink moist internals contracting as he gently blew against them. And then his mother groaned

loudly as his tongue made contact with her clitoris, licking, and teasing the small bud, before pursing his lips and sucking on it.

The volume of Karan's voice increased, her body delighting in the pleasure that her son's mouth was eliciting. She was oblivious to her surroundings, caught up in the moment as her arousal increased.

For a moment, she imagined that Mark had moved without her realising, her son having just pulled her left breast from its cup and was showering her nipple with kisses. With a shock, she suddenly realised that his tongue was still licking and slurping at her fanny. Opening her eyes and squinting, she could see him peering at her, his eyes full of excitement as she quickly comprehended that they had been joined by another body.

Belinda's face appeared in front of hers and then the view was blocked as the face moved closer and her sister kissed her.

Never before in her life had Karen been kissed by another woman and in normal circumstances, she would have objected vehemently. But with too much alcohol in her system and her body already aroused, she found herself gripping her sister's head and pulling her mouth tighter against her own.

Their tongues entwined, the kiss became highly erotic as her hand eventually found Belinda's tits, massaging the soft malleable flesh, and getting an understanding of why her son would be attracted to them. Karen twisted her sister's nipples, Belinda trying to groan, and the sound muffled as their mouths continued to work against each other.

His mouth had moved from her fanny, and she felt Mark positioning himself between her legs as her sister spoke aloud.

'Go on, Fuck your mum. I want to watch your cock slide into her cunt. She's desperate for you, that's it ram it up her.'

The air whooshed from Karen's lungs as his shaft filled her passage, slow at first, and then with increasing urgency as he fucked her.

She twisted and turned, her son's cock now pounding her fanny vigorously as she felt her sister move and opened her eyes to find Belinda straddling her face, her moist and open pussy, inches from her mouth. It would have been rude not to, she quickly decided as she raised her head and clamped her lips against it, again, getting her first smell and taste of another woman's juices as she jammed her tongue into Belinda's flue.

Karen kept her eyes closed, her arousal now at the point of no return, Mark's cock hammering her fanny as he also approached his release. She sucked and licked at her sister's cunt with a hunger, hearing Belinda scream as juices flooded Karen's face and mouth. And then she was climaxing, chasing clouds and stars and her body feeling heavenly as he ejaculated inside her and her orgasm made her soar higher.

It took them a while to recover, but the excitement plastered across the faces of her sister and her son was evident. Eventually, as Belinda took her place on the bed and opened her legs, Karen watched in fascination as her son's cock sank into her sister's cunt.

She wanted to know what it felt like, straddling Belinda's face while facing her son. His hands reached out, playing with her tits and nipples as her own hands rested on her sister's boobs. She could not get over how sensual it felt to touch another woman's breasts and then her sister's tongue was penetrating her cunt making her shake and cry out. When Belinda sucked on her clit, Karen wanted to grind her fanny against her mouth, but her sister pushed her upwards, struggling to breathe.

As she sat above that gorgeous mouth doing delicious things to her pussy, random thoughts floated in and out of Karen's mind. One was the fact that she was sure that Belinda must have done this before, she seemed to know exactly where to suck and lick to illicit the greatest pleasure, the other was the previous comment of her son's.

It was her final thought as she began to climax again, her body trembling as she screamed.

'He had been right. They were going to need a bigger bed.'

THE END