

Gangbanged

Miss D'Mena

The topic started as it normally did with too much to drink and his friends boasting about conquests real and imaginary. Despite what Martin heard, he imagined that most of the bragging was more wishful thinking rather than anything any of them had managed to accomplish. It was also only time he knew before the conversation would invariably turn to his sister Glenda. In reality, she was not his sister, not even his stepsister. Eighteen months older than he was, he had been adopted by her parents as a youngster when Glenda's mother found she could not have any more children due to complications during that first pregnancy.

He had no idea who his real parents were, but his adoptive mum and dad had always treated him as their son, even if his mother could be a bit stand-offish at times.

All of his mates had the hots for Glenda, but that was only because they did not know her or have to live with her. In their eyes, she was a gorgeous creature, blonde-haired, perfect figure and desirable breasts. Each of them wanted to date her or better still, get her into bed, but Martin just didn't

get it. As far as he was concerned, she was the most self-centred, vindictive, prick-teasing bitch he had ever met.

At home and growing up, family life had given him all the normality he could have wished for, but sometimes he got the impression that Glenda was their mother's favourite. She was always given preferential treatment and could get away with anything, able to twist their parents around her little finger. Mum would always believe whatever Glenda told her and it was only his father that tended to take his side. Although, as Martin got older, he realised that his dad was perhaps hen-pecked and dominated by his wife and daughter.

He had tuned out of the conversation, something he always did when the subject turned to his sister. As he caught the odd comment, he decided to have a bit of fun and perhaps make some money on the side.

'Listen, boys, listen. Does anyone fancy a bet? I'm giving good odds.' The noise of their conversation subsided as they all looked in his direction.

'A bet on what?' Bobby asked. Martin knew he would be the one to ask the question.

'Well, as you all seem infatuated with my sister and think you stand a chance. If you get her into bed in the next ten months, I'll give everyone that manages it, fifty pounds.

'If on the other hand, by New Year's Day, you haven't managed it. You give me twenty pounds each. I can't say fairer than that boys.' Simon laughed at his own brilliance.

There was a clamour as each of his mates took the bet, all of them convinced that they could get his sister into the sack in that amount of time and expressing their intentions.

Martin laughed to himself, this was going to be easy money. He caught the warning glance from the landlord as their corner became a little too boisterous, telling his mates to quieten it down as he went and bought the next round.

His friends he knew, had an insurmountable problem.
Glenda!

Mum and dad had never stopped his friends from visiting provided they behaved and didn't get overly rowdy. It was Glenda. The moment they appeared she went out of her way to be provocative and flirtatious. She would change, putting on clothes that displayed more of her body than modesty dictated. She would sit on their laps and wriggle her bottom, knowing full well that she was igniting erections as she blew them kisses, ruffled their hair and seemingly promised them that they had every chance with her.

But at the end of the day, Glenda never gave out, especially not to his friends at least. She was no virgin, having slept with several different partners. She liked to brag about them to Martin, her preference as far as he could see, was for married men. She liked men who would buy her presents but were not a threat because of their wives and families back at home. In that way, she could dump them when she became bored and they went silently, afraid to make a fuss.

Martin wasn't bothered by what she got up to or what his mates thought they were going to get from her. By the time he was eighteen, he just treated her with disdain, knowing that it annoyed the hell out of her because she could never get the better of him. The more she tried to provoke him, the more he ignored her. While mum and dad were around, he was always well mannered and polite, passing comments that he knew his parents would see as brotherly affection and telling Glenda how nice she looked. But alone and especially when she managed to piss him off, he would just call her "The slag".

He'd left school at sixteen and got an apprenticeship as an electrician. One day at college and four days of "on the job" training meant he would be qualified in another twelve months or so and his wage would almost double and give him the freedom he was now looking forward to.

Just lately, Glenda had not been getting her own way as much. That was because Martin had decided to get his own back by targeting their mother. Whenever his parents were around, he went out of his way to be sociable and helpful. He would

pass comments to his mother about a particular dress she wore or tell her how nice she looked when she had her hair done.

He knew that he was a good-looking lad, never having trouble picking up girls, and so when he was alone with his mum, he had started flirting with her and paying her compliments, hopefully becoming the son that she had never managed to have. He had told her one day, that he could see where Glenda got her looks from, watching as his mother preened.

'Two can play this game,' he thought to himself. If he could get his mother on his side, Glenda would have no one to turn to.

Over the Christmas period just gone, his mother had got slightly drunk during the day and he offered to help with the dishes after their meal, drying as she washed. He was tipsy also and only saw it as a bit of fun when he wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, kissed the top of her head and whispered in her ear, 'If only you weren't my mum.'

She had gone crimson and laughed, but what she hadn't done was tell him off.

He was not inclined to do anything else. 'Yes,' she was a good-looking woman who probably looked like her daughter when she was younger, but that was as far as it went, his only motive was to get her on his side and piss Glenda off.

His mother and father owned a holiday home along the coast, situated on a large static caravan site that overlooked the bay. As spring arrived, they would take off every Friday evening and spend the weekend there. He and Glenda when they were kids, would accompany them, but nowadays, they were left to their own devices and allowed to decide whether they went or not.

Martin had been bored one Saturday and had caught the bus across to their holiday home. He wasn't planning on staying over but would just have the day with his parents and then catch the bus back and meet his mates in the pub later that

evening. Dad had nipped out to get some wine when he arrived, his mother sunning herself on one of the loungers out on their decking. Getting himself a cold drink, he sat near her, looking at the old-fashioned swimsuit she wore. Glancing up at him, his mother noticed the look on his face.

'What,' she asked quizzically.

'I'm sorry mum, but don't you think that's a bit fuddy-duddy,' he said, indicating her attire. From the look on her face, it was easy to see she had taken his comment as a criticism.

'You've still got a good figure, good enough to wear a bikini. You should get yourself one,' he said, watching as she went red again.

'Martin, behave! But thank you, that's a nice thing to say,' she said with a giggle, suddenly smiling and preening once more as she realised, he was complimenting her. His father was just returning as Martin inwardly grinned, 'A few more brownie points,' he thought to himself.

He spent the afternoon with them before catching the bus back home, grabbed some fish and chips for tea, and then went upstairs for his bath before going out to meet up with his mates. The bathroom was presently occupied by Glenda and he'd had to wait, lying on his bed until she had finished, and the bathroom was free. He heard the bath empty and then a couple of minutes later, the bathroom door started to open as he got from his bed and grabbed his towel. Perhaps she hadn't heard him come upstairs because as he left his room he was presented with a view of his sister's naked rear end, the towel she was holding only covering her front as she headed for her bedroom.

'Is your bottom getting bigger?' He asked sarcastically, Glenda spinning around suddenly, looking embarrassed and angry as she tried to pull the towel around her. He laughed loudly as he went into the bathroom, hearing her calling after him.

'Fuck off, you prick. Go fuck yourself.'

He knew he would not get away with that as he soaked himself in the bath. He was in no rush and luxuriated in the hot water, his eyes closed as he hummed a tune. He was sure Glenda would be thinking of some way of getting her own back and he didn't have long to wait. He had never bothered locking the bathroom door, ever, and sure enough, within twenty minutes, Glenda appeared as she put the lid down on the loo and produced a nail file and nail polish.

'Is the water getting cooler yet?' She asked with a sarcastic smirk.

It was obvious that she intended to sit there as the water got colder and he needed to get out. Washing his hair and then soaping himself, he lay back and closed his eyes, imagining his last girlfriend and the things they got up to. It had the desired effect as he felt his cock start to thicken. When he was satisfied, he pushed himself upright and climbed from the bath, his sister's eyes locking onto his shaft as the nail polish brush poised in mid-air. Walking past her, he grabbed his towel off the hot rail and began to dry himself but made no move to cover his nudity as she continued to stare at him.

'Would you like a picture?' He finally asked, which seemed to break the spell as she grabbed her bits and pieces and darted from the room.

Martin knew that Glenda would now be out to cause trouble, she did not like anyone getting the better of her and after being caught out by him twice, she would be looking for revenge. With the weekend finished, his mother pulled him to one side after their tea on Monday evening.

'Glenda said that you flashed at her on Saturday,' she began.

'I'm sorry mum,' he interrupted her, 'But it was hardly a flash. I was trying to have my bath when for some reason she came into the bathroom and decided to do her nails there.

'I asked her to hand me a towel, but she refused and eventually, the water got too cold and I had to get out.

Anyway, she's not my type, I prefer my woman older and a little more mature.'

The look he gave his mother left her in no doubt as to what he may mean as she suddenly became embarrassed. 'Don't worry Martin, I'll have a word with her,' she said, beating a hasty exit.

He could have howled, once again Glenda had not got her way, she must be seething he thought, hardly able to contain his laughter. As he made his way up to his room later to get changed, she scowled at him as he passed her bedroom, Martin treating her to a sweet smile in return.

Wednesday, he got a surprise. It was the day he normally arrived home before the others because he had been at college. Having just got in, he heard his mother call down to him.

'Can you come up for a minute Martin?'

Going up to her bedroom he knocked, stunned as he entered to find his mother stood in front of her full-length mirror wearing a gold and black bikini.

'What do you think?' She asked as she swivelled one way and then the other.

All he could do for a moment was gawp, 'You look stunning,' he stammered when he finally managed to find his voice. And she did, she looked incredibly fit. Martin had never realised what a great body his mother had.

'My bottom doesn't look too big?' She asked as she turned and gave him a look at her posterior.

'Honestly, mum, you look gorgeous, good enough to eat,' he replied. And then she suddenly became embarrassed, grabbing a robe and covering herself, but not before he

noticed her eyes staring at his groin and the bulge that was developing there.

Looking back, something had subtly changed. Martin did not know what it was, he just sensed that there had been a shift in the family hierarchy. His mother seemed to act differently towards him and even Glenda was presently keeping her distance. That wasn't to say she acted any differently when his friends were there, but it was fun to watch them getting nowhere fast. She had stopped coming to his room for the moment, usually to deliver some snide remark, or because his mates were there and she wanted to tease them, getting them flustered and aroused before disappearing with a satisfied smile on her face. Martin could never remember a time when she tried to take an interest in him, she had always treated him as an interloper, someone who was there to steal her parent's attention and affections.

There were changes afoot, but it was nearly two months later that they came to a head and surprisingly, they did not include Glenda.

His father had caught one of those summer colds and wasn't feeling up to visiting their holiday home this coming weekend. Martin had no idea why he volunteered, at the back of his mind it was to stay in his mother's good books and to get one over on Glenda as usual.

'Let dad stay here mum and I'll come over with you. Just so long as you let me drive,' he offered.

He had been taking lessons but was still to pass his test, the journey with him driving would be good practice. His mother was delighted, she looked forward to the weekends by the coast and the prospect of missing out this week had put her in a bit of a mood. He packed a few things into a holdall and put it to one side, ready for their departure on Friday evening. He'd expected a comment from Glenda, but presently she was pre-occupied with another new fella.

It must be at least five years since he and his mother had been out alone, unaccompanied by either his father or sister. Yes, there were times they were in the house together, but this was

the first time in ages that they were out together. He concentrated on his driving, receiving praise on how well he was doing as his mother chatted gaily throughout their journey. It was only a forty-minute drive, shorter than his driving lessons, but he was still pleased when he pulled up outside the caravan, both of them unscathed. While his mother opened windows, letting fresh air in, he took the cases from the car, putting his mothers in her bedroom and dropping his holdall in his room. It was mid-evening and neither of them wanted to do much, so he accompanied her to the site shop to pick up meals for the weekend and got two bottles of wine which he paid for out of his own money despite her protestations. They spent the rest of the evening watching tv until she retired, kissing his cheek as she said goodnight.

Martin was still feeling fidgety and decided to take a stroll along the beach, the sound of the breaking waves and the slight breeze emptying his mind of all thoughts before he returned, made sure everything was locked up and took to his bed.

The next morning, he was up early, the sound of gulls and the first few people beginning to move around waking him from his sleep. Pulling the curtains back, it promised to be a nice day outside by the look of it as he climbed into a t-shirt and shorts and went to take a shower. He could hear his mum up and about as he dried himself off and once out of the bathroom, he offered to set up the breakfast table while she showered.

With breakfast finished she announced she was going to change before doing a little bit of sunbathing for a few hours. Martin hadn't planned on doing anything much, 'Perhaps he might go and explore,' he thought, changing his mind when his mother appeared in her new bikini. Outside and laying on the loungers, he again couldn't get over how good she looked as she applied oil to her arms, shoulders, midriff and legs. As the day warmed up, he asked if she wanted a glass of wine, fetching the bottle and two glasses as they chatted, and he continued to pay her compliments and make her laugh. This should get him nearly a year's worth of brownie points, he decided as he cast occasional glances in her direction. They

had emptied the first bottle and had made a good start on the second.

Whilst his mother made them some lunch, he nipped to the shop and bought another couple of bottles, at the rate they were going through the first two, they would need replacements. They ate outside, polishing off more drinks before Martin decided he had better ease up, the wine was going to his head, probably because he drank it at the same rate, he drank a pint of beer.

With his bladder complaining, he got up and went to the loo, it was a tiny cubicle inside the van, awkward because the door opened outwards into the corridor and so you had to shuffle around to get in and out of it. As he flushed and came out of the toilet, his mum was waiting, the resulting shuffling back and forth ending up with her pressed tightly against him.

Martin could feel her groin pressed tightly against his own, her breasts pressing firmly against his chest and unable to stop himself as he looked down at his mother's tits. They

bulged from her bikini top as they squashed against him, creating a very enticing cleavage of tanned flesh. He could do nothing to stop it and there was no way she could mistake what was happening down below as his cock began to thicken and expand until there was a raging boner pressing against her belly and mound. What surprised him was that she did not attempt to extricate herself as he glanced downwards again, watching as her breasts rose and fell rapidly. It further increased the throbbing down below as his eyes went to her face. He tried to look her in the eye, but he found himself looking at her lips, her mouth partially open. They looked plump, seductive and enticing, seemingly coming nearer and then stopping short. It was as though he was transfixed as he leant forward and kissed them. He had expected his mother to jerk her head away, so was surprised as her hands came up and cradled his face, her fingers smoothing his hair as she kissed him back, their mouths twisting together as the kiss became erotic.

Martin was several inches taller than she was and with his back pressed firmly against the wall, he opened his legs slightly, sliding down so that they became the same height as his hands

grasped her buttocks and forcibly pulled her mound against his throbbing shaft.

Madge hadn't intended this to happen she kept telling herself as she pressed her fanny harder against her son's erection. She knew she had been hard on him over the years, she'd have been happy to have settled for the one baby, but it was her husband who had wanted a son. She had found it hard to feel the same affection for him that she had for her daughter, but this last year she had grown fonder of him, enticed by his charm. She loved the little compliments he paid her, making her feel like a desirable woman and especially his remark about, 'Older, mature women and if only she wasn't his mother.' It had suddenly awakened something in her, coupled with the look on his face when he had first seen her in a bikini and the effect that it had on him, it had made her wonder if she could ever pluck up the courage to do something about it. She wondered if he'd had this in mind when he had offered to escort her away this weekend and was partly the reason that she decided to pack her new bikini. With their mouths still locked together, she had tried to moan as she felt one hand move from her buttocks, travelling over her hips and waist as

it moved upwards, Madge knowing full well where it was heading.

Martin felt rather than heard the gasp as he pushed her bikini top out of his way and exposed her breasts, his right hand testing the weight and feel of the orb as he placed his hand over it and squeezed, her erect nipple pushing into the palm of his hand. His mother ground her groin harder against his erection, moving it constantly as her tongue explored his mouth.

She was trying to condone her actions, telling herself frequently that at the end of the day, Martin wasn't her son. Admittedly, he aroused her with his youthful looks, and she was preparing herself to cheat on her husband for the first time, by letting her son fuck her. Their arousal quickly became frantic, especially when they both had the same idea, their hands going downwards together as she rubbed at the length of his erection and his fingers traced a route up and down her slit, applying pressure as her vagina started to open and he felt the gusset of her bikini bottoms become damp. Slipping his hand inside them, his fingers encountered the spreading lips of her cunt and the juices oozing from it.

Crooking one finger, he slipped it into her, her mouth breaking away from his as she threw her head back.

'That's right. Finger me, darling.' Madge was hot and ready, grasping his hand as she dragged him into the bedroom. She wanted this to happen before she lost her nerve and saw it for the bad idea it was.

Pulling the bikini top over her head, she pushed the bottoms to the floor, throwing herself onto the bed as she watched him step out of his shorts and she got her first view of his shaft. She nearly wet herself, at this angle it looked so large and she was surprised to see that he was devoid of pubic hair, making his cock look so much bigger.

Before she had a chance to think of anything else, he was between her legs and she felt his knob pushing against her piss-flaps as she let out a howl and his cock slid into her twat. Madge hadn't been sure what to expect, it was not as though she had thought this through or imagined what may happen. All she knew was that they were both highly aroused and she

wondered if it was just going to be a quick fuck before it was all over.

He surprised her by initially being very gentle with her, holding her hands above her head as he bent and kissed her face and mouth until his attention moved downwards. Martin rained kisses all over her breasts, there was a distinct line where her tan finished, and the pale skin of her tits continued. He mused at how much better they would look with an all-over tan, but he wasn't going to complain. For a woman of her age, her breasts still rose proudly from her chest, cherry red nipples centred on each glorious orb. Dipping his head, he took each delicate erect bud into his mouth, swirling his tongue around it and nipping it softly between his teeth as his shaft continued to penetrate her cunt steadily. He withdrew and paused, before thrusting his cock back into her once more, Madge grunting and raising her hips to meet him as her arousal continued to mount. She watched as he knelt upright, looking down at her in admiration as his cock continued to fuck her vagina.

Withdrawing, Martin grasped his shaft, rubbing its head against her fanny, her clit and her anus, building her slowly until she reached a point where she was ready to do anything he wanted just so long as he continued to fuck her and allow her to climax. His hands continued to fondle and knead her fleshy tits, her nipples hard and erect. His mouth was forever in contact with hers, leaving her breathless as their lips moved across each other. And then her wishes were granted as his cock slammed back into her cunt, his impetus ratcheting up several levels as he fucked her with gusto, the sound of wet flesh slapping together, loud in the small bedroom. Madge knew she was shouting and crying, unable to stop herself as she reached her plateau and not so much fell, but leapt over its edge, pleasure soaring through her body as every nerve ending came alive and sent pleasure signals to her brain. She was thrashing and bucking beneath him, using words that she never even used with her husband as her orgasm made her shake. Her mouth hung open, her face red as she stared blindly at Martin, her son continuing to pump his cock into her cunt until he called out and she felt a blast inside her passage as his seed hit the back of her vagina.

She could hear and feel him panting, his cock still twitching occasionally inside her as he supported his weight above her and got his breath back. Madge felt elated, her body slowly recovering as she floated down and started to relax. Carefully, he rolled off her and even though her eyes were closed, she just instinctively knew he was looking at her body. When she did finally open them and looked at him, she felt she had to say something.

'You must never tell anyone what we have just done,' she said, sounding a little scared. 'You must promise.'

Martin nodded his head. As if he was going to tell anyone, what did she think he was going to do, stop people in the street? 'Oh, by the way, did you know I have just fucked my mother?'

'I promise, but there is a condition,' he said. Madge felt a sudden spike of fear in her chest.

'The condition is, that you let me make love to you again.' She curled up against him, the fear gone. He hadn't said sex or used some other crudity, he had said 'Make love to her.' After what she had just experienced, of course, she was going to let him make love to her again.

It was nearly tea-time when they finally got out of bed and put some clothes on.

'How about something to eat and then we can go to the site social club for a few hours. And afterwards, if you are a good girl,' Martin making it patently obvious what he was suggesting. Madge nodded her head vigorously at his plan, giggling like a schoolgirl. This was going to be better than she had anticipated, tonight she would share her body and her bed with her son.

The evening was far better than Martin anticipated. They laughed, drank and even danced, his mother linking arms with him as they strolled back to the caravan, Martin whispering into her ear what he intended to do to her. She

would shriek with laughter, looking at him with shock on her face and then slap his hand, telling him he was a naughty boy. He got the impression that his parents had never been adventurous where sex was concerned, hopefully, he would put that right tonight. Once indoors they went directly to the bedroom, Madge about to undress when Martin stopped her. 'Will you let me undress you?' He asked.

She gave her consent as he slowly undid the buttons of her blouse, finally easing it from her shoulders as he looked at her breasts. Her bra was a bit mumsy, but it did its job, supporting her tits until he reached behind her back and unhooked it. He lowered it and cast it to one side as his hands went to her tits and he caressed the smooth supple flesh, her nipples already erect as he flicked them with his finger. He undid his shirt, throwing it onto the floor as he pulled his mother hard against him, feeling her bosom pressing against his naked chest. Unfastening the button on her skirt, he slid the zip down and eased it over her hips before letting it fall to the floor as she stepped out of it. Quickly he got rid of his pants and undies, his cock springing upright as it was released and he pulled her back to him again, his erection now pushing against her belly.

Madge rubbed her groin against his as she tilted her head back, waiting to be kissed. When his lips met hers, his hands returned to her breasts as he fondled and caressed the warm flesh. She was pleased that he seemed to be obsessed with her tits, they had been her pride and joy when younger and she was delighted that they still seemed to arouse her son. It was obvious to her what Martin was about to do as he moved her across to the bed, opened her legs and slid between her thighs, his head and face inches from her vagina. It was something her husband did occasionally, but she had never understood why anyone would want to do this. Despite her panties, she could feel his hot breath and then his fingers traced patterns over and across her quim as she felt her first drop of juice seep from between her pussy lips.

His mouth nuzzled her cunt through her panties, his tongue making them damp on the outside as her juices made them damp on the inside. And then she felt the cooler air as he pulled them down and eased them from her legs. Bending her knees, he opened her wider and then it was as though she had received an electric shock as she felt his tongue slide across

her cunt. Despite her reticence, Madge found herself loving every second of it as Martin's tongue penetrated her pussy, licking at the moist pink flesh. When he exposed her clitoris and licked it, she shuddered, her climax creeping ever nearer. And when he took it between his lips and applied pressure, sucking and flicking it with his tongue, she orgasmed, juices splashing her sons face as her hips went crazy, jerking this way and that. It took a while for her head to clear and her body to relax. She couldn't remember climaxing like that before, her body feeling like she had been making love for several hours.

Martin was knelt between her thighs, watching as she regained her senses. When he was quite sure she was ready, he leant forward, whispering to her what he would like to do next.

Fearfully, she nodded her head, not sure she was going to enjoy what he requested, but he had given her so much pleasure thus far, it was perhaps mean of her to refuse. She braced herself, flinching a little as she felt his knob come to rest against the puckered entrance of her arse. Martin rubbed the juices from his mother's cunt over the head of his shaft and then up and down its length. Her anus was visible as he

rested his cock against her opening and very slowly and gently, applied pressure with his hips, rewarded as his glistening knob disappeared inside her. Madge not so much screamed as squealed, she wasn't in any pain, it was just that she had never felt anything like it. By the time she had finished, the full length of his cock was inside her arse.

He withdrew slightly and surged forward, repeating the process until he was sodomising her as she gasped for breath, her arousal already soaring again. When he asked her to touch herself, she was so aroused, she just did it.

Normally she would have refused, feeling self-conscious to have someone watch her do something like that. But as his cock continued to be rammed up her back passage, it just seemed the most natural thing in the world as she reached down, inserted several fingers into her cunt, and frigged herself. He must have been waiting she thought, her orgasm imminent when he moved her hand away, pulled his cock from her arse and rammed it into her cunt. He may have been gentle the first time around, but now he fucked her for all he was worth. His groin slamming into hers, his hips a blur as his

cock pounded her cunt. Madge brought her legs up around his waist, trying to drag him deeper inside her twat with each thrust as her body exploded, seeing stars in front of her eyes, her orgasm convulsing her body as she felt her son erupt inside her cunt and she screamed at the ceiling.

The weekend was over sooner than they both realised, Martin, putting their bags into the car as his mother locked up the caravan. It had been the early hours of Sunday morning before they had finally slept, making love again when they eventually woke. On the journey back, they spoke quietly and there were long silences, not because Madge was ashamed of what she had done, but because she knew that the opportunities to repeat what had happened would be few and far between. She couldn't exactly tell her husband not to come to the caravan with her and the chances at home were nearly non-existent. Having now sampled the delights of having sex with her son, she wanted more, and it made her feel sad that presently she could think of no way to make it happen.

Martin could not believe the weekend they had just had, he tried to push the thoughts from his mind, concentrating on

the driving instead. But the sex with his mother had been surprisingly good and he knew he wanted more of her, that one occasion was certainly not going to be enough. He just couldn't see how they could make it happen. Once his father felt better, he and his mum would have their weekends away again and there was no way Martin could suggest that he went instead of his dad. There was only one day when he returned home earlier than the others and even that left no time to get his mother into bed before their arrival back from work. So, despite the fantastic two days they had spent together, both of them were subdued as Martin pulled into the driveway and they went indoors.

Martin was glad to see that father was feeling better and going forward he and his wife returned to their weekends away at the holiday home. When summer finally drew to an end, Martin and his mum had still not found an opportunity to get together once again. He had accompanied them on a couple of occasions when he had been at a loose end, but no matter how he looked for a chance, it had never presented itself.

Glenda watched as the car drew up outside, her mother coming indoors while Martin and her father brought the bags in. She couldn't understand why her brother insisted on going with them sometimes, surely, he should have outgrown it by now. It pissed her off that they had all seemed to enjoy themselves, maybe because she was already in a bad mood. She was currently without a man and lately, there hadn't even been her brother's friends to flirt with and tease, especially when he joined her parents each weekend. Martin's inclusion annoyed her, being used to getting her own way. Growing up her mother had always put her before her brother, buying her the things she asked for and spoiling her. Glenda had got used to it, she liked receiving presents, it was only right that people bought her things if she deigned to spend time with them. But in her late teens, bit by bit it had started to change. Her mother's attitude towards Martin began to soften and Glenda found that circumstances did not go her way as easily. Half of the problem she supposed, was that she wanted him to like her, everyone else liked her, why did he have to be different.

She could not see that her behaviour and attitude in the past towards him, may have a bearing, surely, he should be

delighted to have a sister like her. She hated it when he called her a slag, never thinking that it wasn't because she'd had plenty of affairs, but perhaps because of the way she treated those relationships, always expecting something in return. And now, these last few months had been unbearable. Her mother would have nothing said against her brother, rather, telling her, 'It's about time you grew up Glenda. You're not a child anymore.'

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. Lately, she couldn't seem to annoy Martin, he ignored her completely but knew the right buttons to push to infuriate her. She had been holding her own up until the episode in the bathroom when he had paraded his nakedness in front of her. She had suddenly felt a stirring which disgusted her and her complaint to her mother came to nothing. On top of that, Martin had seen her bare bottom and had not been complimentary. All of it was building inside her and one day soon there would be an eruption and he would be sorry when that happened.

For the present everything continued as it was, the year passed and on New Year's Eve Martin collected his twenty pounds from each of his mates, none of them having got close to Glenda as he had presumed. None of the lads complained, especially as he spent most of it on them, Martin buying the next few rounds.

It was six months since he had slept with his mother and no matter how desperately they had both tried, there had been no opportunity for intercourse since. Despite that, their relationship had changed, she was softer and gentler with him, always looking for those few moments alone when he would hold and kiss her, whispering things into her ear which would get her excited but which he wasn't able to bring to fruition.

As the year continued and just after Martin's twentieth birthday, his father had a heart attack. He was only fifty-seven, but Martin knew that his job as a senior account's manager in a large firm put a lot of stress and pressure on him. He seemed to be doing well, the hospital telling his mother he was well on the road to recovery. Which was why

it came as a shock to them when she received a phone call very early one morning. Apparently, he'd had another massive attack during the night and sadly, they had been unable to resuscitate him. It was a dark time for all of them, the first time, perhaps ever, that they all pulled together, comforting one another over their loss. The funeral and cremation had taken place, but Martin was reticent about returning to his former life, not yet wanting to leave his mother alone with her grief. Of course, it didn't take Glenda long before she had found another new fancy man.

'Life has to go on,' she said happily as she got ready to go out one evening.

Slowly, Martins friends began to call around again, for all of them, it was the first person they all knew well, that had passed away.

As Christmas approached, it would be their first one without his dad, and as much as opportunities were now boundless, Martin was loath to broach the subject with his mother,

wondering if it was something, she wished to put behind her. There were tears on Christmas Day as everyone struggled through it and Martin didn't even bother with the New Year, even though his sister was conspicuous by her absence.

By spring, he was in full-time work and had passed his driving test. His father's car was still in the garage, but Martin preferred to buy one of his own. Although his mother was adamant, she didn't need it, he still gave her money each month towards his upkeep, 'Every little help's,' he told her.

Although Glenda had not been as bad since their father's death, as his mates returned, so did his sister's behaviour. She was presently on a downward spiral, she hated her job as a therapist and beautician and lately, men who were prepared to spend money on her had dried up. Over the last few years, word had got around and although there was still plenty of males out there, all that most of them wanted was a one-night stand and to get into her knickers. She had taken it for granted that her father's car would be hers to use, especially when Martin bought his own and she had ventured farther afield, but it had been nearly two months now and she had still not

managed to attract anyone. Little did she know that things were soon going to get an awful lot worse.

Glenda's first mistake was when she overheard her brother and his friends chatting one evening. They were all laughing, and she had only caught snippets of the conversation, something about Martin betting them that they couldn't get her into bed. She heard fifty pounds mentioned and put two and two together to make five. She would show him she snarled to herself, assuming he had bet each of his friends. He was going to be well out of pocket when she let each of them bed her, it would teach him to discuss her love-life she thought angrily.

As the nicer weather arrived, it was his mother's idea as she caught him alone and approached him one evening.

'It seems a shame not to use the caravan, would you be up for accompanying me this weekend,' she asked.

Martin didn't want to ask the obvious question, at the very least, as her son he would go with her and keep her company. Perhaps she noticed his awkwardness as she continued, 'Maybe it's about time.' She smiled at him, the glint in her eyes conveying a thousand words.

Bags were packed by Friday ready for the journey with Glenda pulling her face that she had not been invited.

'Of course, you can come,' her mother said, 'The more the merrier.' It was just the way she said it Glenda decided, it was as though her mother rather she wasn't there.

They set off Friday evening, the journey taking no time at all once the traffic had died down and Martin finding it an easy drive. The same as last time, his mother opened windows whilst he carried their bags in. He put his holdall into the single room but wondered how much time he may spend in there if things happened as he hoped. Provisions were acquired as well as a decent stock of drinks, it would save another journey later he thought to himself, looking forward to what this weekend may hold.

There was a difference this time from last, after watching an hour or so of television, his mother stood and took his hand, inviting him to her bedroom. They undressed each other, Martin still marvelling at her body as his cock sprung to attention once he was naked. It was only when his mother got down to her underwear that he noticed she had invested in something a little more modern, the uplift bra and tiny panties exciting him as they took to the bed. He allowed her to straddle his hips, the gusset of her panties rubbing against his shaft as she teased him. Unfastening her bra, she held it in place and only gave him occasional glances until he pulled it from her and grabbed both her tits, sending her into fits of laughter until he pulled her down and they kissed. When she removed her panties, Martin got a surprise, her pubic area was devoid of hair.

He ran his hand over the smooth soft flesh, his finger sliding along her slit as he elicited her initial flow of juice which lubricated the digit before it was slid inside her cunt.

Madge was hungry for this to happen again, foreplay could wait for another time she thought as she raised herself, grasped his shaft and lowered herself onto it, sighing loudly as it filled her cunt, and she became reacquainted with his member. Leaning forward, she hoisted herself up and down his cock, her tits and belly wobbling slightly as she aroused both herself and her son. Raising his head, Martin sucked on her nipples, catching each breast one at a time as he squeezed the ample flesh forcefully, making it bulge and the nipple stand proud, nipping it between his teeth. When they both reached a point where they knew their climaxes were imminent, he rolled her and shagged her brutally, Madge wailing and crying as her orgasm took her and she felt her son's cum fill her cunt.

He had been going to return to his room, but his mother stopped him. 'There's no need. Please, stay with me, it will be nice to share my bed with someone once more.'

And so, Martin spent the night with her, curled around his mother's body, his cock pushing against her bottom and his hand holding her breast. He wanted to shag her again the next

morning, but Madge made him wait until they had both showered and breakfasted. She hadn't bother dressing, simply putting a robe over her nudity. Their caravan was at the end of a long cul-de-sac with meant their patio area was mainly secluded. There was no exit to the beach at this end and so it was very rare that someone would pass.

Martin had a gleam in his eye as he faced her across the table, 'I dare you to sunbathe topless,' he said with a devilish smile.

Madge grinned back at him, 'I'll sunbathe nude. If you will,' she dared him.

With the shrubs and bushes that grew around two sides of their patio, Martin knew there no chance of them being seen unless someone purposefully looked. He moved the loungers around slightly, placing them side by side which also gave them better protection against being viewed. It must have been going on for ten o'clock when they went out, both of them wearing robes which they quickly dispensed with, it felt exciting and refreshing to lay there in the nude, the sun

beating down and warming their bodies. They had a good couple of hours like that, the heat making the glasses of wine slide down easier. Madge turned her head sideways. Her sons cock had been nearly permanently hard for the last hour as his eyes devoured her. Feeling brave and wanting to do something he had not yet requested, she sat up and moved down to the end of the loungers before sliding between his open legs.

She stared at his cock, noting the tight skin and prominent veins, pulsing slightly as every so often his shaft would jerk. His knob looked appetising, plump, smooth and shiny, a tiny drop of pre-cum slowly oozing from its tip. Taking it firmly in her hand, she opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around it, Martin moaning loudly as her tongue circled its head and her hand slid up and down his shaft. He knew he would not last long if he continued to allow his mother to suck on his cock. Pushing her away for a moment, he told her to stretch out on the lounge, repositioning himself so that they now lay top to toe. As his mother took his cock back into her mouth, he crooked her leg, his head diving between her thighs as his mouth went to work on her cunt. It wasn't long

before they both desired the same thing, Madge straddling his hips and inserting his cock into her cunt before leaning forward and raising her bottom. Bending his knees, Martin began to ram his cock into her quim, his mother becoming quite vocal as her climax approached and his shaft hammered into her rapidly. As her orgasm began to flood through her body, she went to throw her head back, moaning continuously as she felt her sons cock spurt inside her and he continued to slam it into her cunt. There was a face looking over the shrubs and bushes, a face that was full of shock and disgust. Madge couldn't stop, in the midst of her orgasm, she just had to go with it no matter how much her daughter glared at her.

Glenda had been bored, how dare they go off and leave her alone. The more it festered in her brain, the more she was convinced that her mother had something to hide. She had made her mind up that she was going to drive over there, and then at one point she couldn't be bothered, before changing her mind again at the last minute. She knew there was only parking for one car outside their caravan, so left her father's car in the main car park and walked the last five hundred

years to their home. She was sure she could hear voices coming from the patio area, but the sounds were not of people speaking. A thought popped into her head as to what it sounded like, but she instantly dismissed it. As she reached the shrubs and bushes, she peered over them, confronted by a view of her mother and brother both naked.

Glenda could not believe what she was witnessing, her mother was atop her brother, her tits and rounded belly moved and wobbled as her brothers cock was rammed into her vagina. With each thrust, she could see Martins erection slide from her mother's cunt only to be thrust back seconds later. She had no idea how long they had been at it, long enough she imagined, as she saw her mother start to shake and orgasm, her brothers cock pounding her cunt now. And then her mother was staring at her in dismay but unable to stop what was happening to her.

An almighty row ensued, both Madge and Martin grabbing their robes as Glenda screamed at them.

'How could you? You are old enough to be his mother. What the fuck, you are his fucking mother. It's perverted, you are both perverts. Martin? How can you shag an old woman, look at her!'

The tirade continued as Madge dragged her daughter inside the caravan and slammed the door shut, Glenda continuing to shout at them both. Her language was coarse and foul as she called them every name under the sun and some far worse. It was when she called her mother a whore that Madge slapped her hard.

'Do not ever speak to me like that again young lady. At the end of the day, I am 'YOUR' mother and Martin is not my son as you have frequently told me many times in the past. I suggest that if it is too much of a burden to put up with, then perhaps it would be better if you went home!'

Glenda was incandescent with fury, tears pricking her eyes. How dare her mother take her brother's side. How dare she have sex with Martin, it was just so wrong, it should be her.

That sudden admission to herself had the tears flowing as she stormed from the caravan and headed back to her car.

With Glenda gone, silence prevailed inside the holiday home, Martin had his arms wrapped around his mother who was weeping profusely. He was at a loss as to what to say to her, if it had been left up to him, he would have gone after Glenda, telling her to mind her own business and to the get the fuck out of it if she didn't like it because nothing was going to stop him shagging their mother. Unfortunately, it was not his place to go and say such things. Their weekend had been spoilt and he was under no illusion that there would be no more sex today or tomorrow.

Back at home, Glenda packed bags and suitcases, there was no way she was going to stay here while her mother and brother fucked, she just did not know yet where she was going to go. Early evening, she heard their car pull up outside, her mother and brother must have cut their weekend short, which made Glenda feel pleased that their liaison had been ruined.

Her mother spotted the cases once she was indoors, 'Where are you going to go,' she asked, the concern evident in her voice.

Glenda could not help herself. 'What does it matter to you?' she snapped. 'I can't stay here, so I'm going to use the caravan,' she said defiantly, her hand outstretched.

Madge was stunned, simply throwing her the keys and watching as her daughter took cases out to the car. 'Let her go,' Martin said, 'Give her a week of living on her own, having to pay her own bills and doing everything for herself and she will be back.' He knew his sister too well, she was used to being waited on, and a week alone might do her good.

Glenda thought that by denying them the caravan, she would put a stop to their cavorting, but she had reckoned without her brother. Saturday night, he went without again, his mother still too distraught to even think of inviting him into her bed, the row with her daughter had left a sour taste in her mouth. Sunday brought no respite, his mother still not in the

mood no matter what he said or did. On the pretext of going out to see his friends, he decided to drive over to the holiday home and have it out with his sister. She might think that she had the only set of keys even though there were spares held at the site office, but a while back, Martin had got another set cut. The caravan was the ideal place to take a girl, it was private, out of the way and they could spend the night there if they wished without anyone being the wiser.

The door was locked when he arrived and the van empty when he let himself in. Even though the site was quieter as people packed up and headed for home ready for the start of a new week, he parked his car away from the caravan. His father's car was outside which meant that Glenda could not have gone far. Re-locking the door, he took a seat off to one side so that she wouldn't immediately spot him. He heard the key in the lock and watched his sister enter, putting down a couple of shopping bags as she closed the door.

As she turned around, she noticed him, 'What the fuck do you want?' She asked, immediately on the attack.

Martin just gave her his supercilious smile. 'What are you trying to prove Glenda? Tonight, tomorrow night, it doesn't matter which. I will end up in bed with mum again. As you are fond of saying, I'm not her son, which means we are doing nothing wrong.'

He did not have a clue if that was correct or not but guessed that Glenda had no idea either. 'Does mum not deserve to be happy especially after dad's death? If what makes her happy is me shagging her, then long may it continue. She is still a woman with needs and anyway, she is bloody good in bed.'

Glenda's face looked like thunder, she was so mad, trying to get words out but was only able to stammer and splutter, Martin, continued before she could say anything. 'Or is it a case that mum's getting plenty and you're not getting any, is that the problem Glenda? I'm shagging mum and not you!'

Unable to contain herself any longer, she flew at him, arms flailing, and fists clenched as she attacked him. But her brother had grown and was now a young man, he stood taller

and was far stronger than she was. Spinning her around, he wrapped his arms around her pinning her arms to her side and lifted her off the floor. She tried to headbutt him and kick him, but he had her restrained and laughed uproariously which antagonised her more. She wriggled and squirmed until he threw her to the floor and sat on her, holding her hands out to the side so that she could do nothing, both of them panting for breath. And then for no reason that she could fathom, he leaned forward and kissed her.

Glenda wanted her arms free, not so that she could strike out at him, but so that she could wrap them around him. The kiss was everything she had dreamt it might be and it took the wind from her sails. As he pulled away, he stared at her.

'That's it isn't it? Mum's got me and you haven't.' He released her and stood, his parting shot reigniting her fury, 'You don't deserve someone like me. Why don't you go back to trawling the streets?' And then he was gone, the door still open-wide as he disappeared down the road.

Glenda was so angry she could not think straight, Martin had laughed at her and then told her he was going to carry on sleeping with her mother. For a moment, she thought something was going to change as he kissed her, but then he had insulted her and walked away, he must be made to pay. In her haste to retaliate, she did not think the idea through. Glenda decided she was going to throw a party, a party whose main guests would be her brother's friends. And for the lucky person or persons that night of the party, they would be able to go and collect their fifty pounds from her brother.

She texted Bobby, he was the only one she had a number for even though she couldn't remember how she had got it.

'Party at the caravan. Pass it on to the other lads. See you all there. Love Glenda.' She had told him it was for the coming weekend which at least made her feel better for the moment, her brother was going to be in for a shock. By Wednesday, she had already got fed up with being alone and having to fend for herself. The journey to work was an extra quarter of an hour and then she had to make her meal when she got home. The only thing that kept her from returning home was the

fact that she refused to back down yet and the party she had arranged.

Unfortunately, the party did not go exactly as planned, but Glenda was unconcerned. By the time people started to arrive, she had already polished off a bottle of wine. Bobby turned up, but with a girlfriend in tow, as did Harry and Fergus, another two of her brother's mates. Although Chris turned up alone, the fourth member of her brother's friends, he had brought a few other mates with him. The caravan started to fill up, odd couples and groups of lads and girls who Glenda did not know, packed the small space. News had got around about the party, people coming from the local area to help themselves to whatever freebies were on offer. In her drunken state, there were too many for Glenda to count as the crowd spilt onto the patio outside, windows and doors open as the music blared away. As was Glenda's want when faced with a multitude of male admirers, she flirted all evening long, continuing to consume more drink until she was well and truly pissed. By midnight, the congestion was beginning to ease as folk dispersed, the complaints coming in from nearby residents and then a visit from the site security who

turned the music down and moved most of the rest of the crowd off-site.

Glenda found herself in one of the bedrooms, the caravan now silent but for some unfathomable reason, she was naked. Through bleary and un-focusing eyes, she watched a youth enter and begin to undress before he joined her on the bed, his hands mauling her breasts as he sloppily kissed her. Perhaps she should have said 'No,' but any sex was better than no sex and she presumed it was one of Martins friends. He only seemed concerned with his own satisfaction, no attempt being made to arouse her. Glenda was suddenly stunned to find a second pair of hands grabbing at her tits as another body joined them on the bed. She couldn't understand what was happening as they were joined by a third, fourth and fifth youth, all of them naked and grabbing different parts of her body as they groped and abused her tits and cunt. She was about to protest when she was grabbed, her arms and legs held tightly as they spreadeagled her, one of the lads kneeling between her open legs as his cock was forced into her cunt. He wasn't gentle or concerned for her wellbeing as his shaft was pumped into her, and despite her reticence, she hadn't

the sense to object and insist that they leave. Looking around her, cocks were being thrust into her hands as she was forced to stroke them, wanking these lads off as she brought them to full erection.

Glenda had been going to say something, but now her mouth was full, the cock from her left hand forced between her lips and filling her mouth as another shaft was forced between her vacant fingers. If nothing else, at least her climax was drawing closer as the cock in her cunt continued to fuck her brutally. She was nearly there as she felt him cum inside her, wanting to tell him to keep going as his cock was withdrawn, but with her mouth full of a plump knob which she was currently sucking on, the words unable to come out.

Her hands continued to wank the shafts forced into them, male hands squeezing and pulling at her tits and nipples as they were abused. The lad between her thighs was replaced by another as they changed places, another cock being thrust into her cunt and fucking her rapidly as she was pushed over the edge and started to climax. Glenda shook uncontrollably as she orgasmed, her body trying to thrash about, but she was

held firmly. Despite her desire to rest for a moment, the penetration of her cunt continued as the youth between her legs continued to fuck her. The cock in her mouth disappeared, replaced seconds later by a flaccid cock and the instruction to 'Get it hard again.' When she felt spunk spurt into her cunt once more, she hoped for a reprieve. It was not to be as a third youth climbed between her legs. Her cunt was a sloppy mess, but that did not put him off, instead, she felt his throbbing shaft against her anus and then quickly, the long length of meat was inside her arse as she was sodomised. It just wouldn't stop, her back passage stretching each time the cock was thrust into her as someone's fingers were rammed into her twat. The cock in her mouth now hard, was moved away, replaced by a fresh one which she could feel throbbing as it was nearly thrust down her throat. And then her mouth was full of spunk as whoever it was ejaculated inside it.

Glenda tried to look around her, but all she could see was the mass of bodies, hands reaching out to grope her and cocks being thrust at her constantly. She felt cum spurt inside her arse, the perpetrator swiftly replaced by another, his larger shaft being thrust into her twat as he urgently fucked her, one

hand around her throat as another hand slapped her tits back and forth as she cried out. And then she was climaxing, again and again, the constant penetration of her cunt now causing soreness as a combination of drink and orgasms caused her to pass out.

It was late morning when she came to, her cunt and arse were sore, her body covered in a mass of flaky secretions and her mouth tasted like shit. She remembered how she had allowed herself to be used and curled into a ball as she cried. She had no one to blame but herself, so intent on getting back at her brother she had allowed them to nearly rape her. What he had said and called her was true, she came to realise that the name he used about her was appropriate, she really was a slag! When she finally surfaced, her body hurt, none of them had been gentle with her and she hadn't a clue who they were.

The lounge and kitchen looked like a bomb site, empty bottles and cans everywhere, the carpets stained where food had been trodden in and drinks spilt. Glenda burst into tears again, she felt shameful and sorry for herself, regretting the stupid idea. She couldn't go home now, not and leave the caravan in the state it was. She tidied up best she could, but

she ached so much that after a while, she had to lay back down again. She stayed in bed most of the day, keeping the doors locked and the curtains covered. The day became evening and outside she heard people packing up as they headed home. It must have been late evening when she heard voices outside and someone tried the door. She continued to stay in the bed, shaking in fear as she heard male voices moving around outside the caravan.

Monday morning, she phoned work to tell them she felt ill and was not coming in today. After that, she tried to tidy up, but the simple vacuum cleaner was of no use at all, she needed a proper machine. In desperation, she phoned Martin, it was easier to ask for his help, unable to presently face her mother. He was busy but promised to call around after work. Keeping the doors locked and curtains covered, Glenda hid away, she was still sore and not yet ready to face the world. Martin arrived just after five, he had called his mum, telling her he would be late and that he was popping over to see his sister. He was not prepared for the mess when he finally got there, and his sister opened the door.

'Fucking hell Glenda, what has happened?' He asked as he surveyed the room. She was already close to tears as she explained about the party and how it had got out of hand. Despite seeing that she was upset, Martin still had to chuckle.

'Even if you had slept with every one of my mates, it wouldn't have mattered. That was the Christmas before last, I had already won the bet.'

When she explained what had happened after the party, his attitude changed, and his immediate reaction was to ask if it was his friends that had done that to her. She shook her head.

'No. I don't know who they were. But by then I was pissed and couldn't have stopped it anyway.' She couldn't tell him that she hadn't tried to fight them off or even said 'No.'

As the tears came and despite the animosity that they had felt towards each other over the years, Martin went to put his arm around her shoulders, Glenda flinching and moving away, unable to have him or any other man near her at the moment.

'You've got to call the Police,' Martin said. But Glenda point blank refused, it had been her own fault, she had brought it on herself and had then allowed the youths to use her.

'I can't do anything this evening,' he told her, 'But tomorrow I'll hire a carpet and furniture cleaner and come and help get everything cleaned up before mum decides to come and visit.' She didn't want him to go, petrified in case the gang of lads turned up once more. He promised to return after he'd had his evening meal, 'If I don't go home, mum will be worried.'

She returned to her solitary confinement, making herself a little something to eat and watching tv, but she was on edge, jumping and feeling scared each time she heard a noise outside. She thought Martin would have returned by now, becoming more fearful as evening drew in and it started to get dark. Perhaps he had been having her on and did not intend to come back, it was what she deserved as she felt the tears come once more, sure that he had deserted her.

It must have been just before eleven o'clock that she heard a tapping on the door and her brothers whispered voice. Glenda couldn't stop shaking as she opened it slightly, peering out into the darkness.

'It's ok, it's only me. A few of the lads have come with me. They are dotted around, and we will keep an eye out for an hour or so,' he told her.

All of his mates were there, they had all lusted after Glenda for so long and despite never getting anywhere with her, they were not going to leave her alone now. They only knew what Martin had told them, which was that she was having trouble with a group of young males.

The site was quiet, most of the permanent resident lived down the other end, this part normally reserved for weekenders and holidays guests. It was nearly midnight when he heard the sound of whispered voices. He motioned to his mates, fanning out as they sought the location of the sound. From his vantage point, Martin could make out four lads

heading in their direction, with the look of it, her presumed their destination was his mother's holiday home. As they got closer, he guessed they were about eighteen or nineteen, the lad leading them, taller than the rest and perhaps a little older. Martin and his friends stayed hidden as the youths approached, circling the caravan as though looking for open windows. The leader quietly ascended the decking, carefully trying the door handle before turning back to his friends, startled to find Martin stood behind the group.

'What the fuck do you want?' Martin asked.

With odds of four to one, the youth was cocky until suddenly Martin's friends appeared out of the gloom, the odds no longer in his favour. Like startled rabbits, the group were running, each darting in different directions, But Martin and his friends had been ready for that, each of the youths quickly brought to ground as fists and feet flew in, leaving them in a crumpled heap before being forcibly marched back. The taller lad was still cocky as they gathered back at the van.

'We weren't fucking doing anything pal. Just mistook which one we were looking for.'

Martin called Glenda out, watching as she cautiously opened the door and came down the steps towards them. It was the taller lad she recognised at first, sure he was the one that had initially joined her on the bed. As she approached the first youth, he leered at her, remembering her naked and with his cock inside her. The smirk on his face disappeared as she suddenly drew her leg back and lashed out, her foot landing squarely on his balls as he doubled over and vomited.

'What the fuck!' The tall lad shouted. 'I'll have the fucking cops on you!'

He glared at her as she approached, swung her arm back and smashed her fist directly into his nose, blood now gushing from it as his hands went to his face as his head slumped., only to receive her foot, as she kicked him in the nuts as well.

Martin handed her his phone, 'Call security,' he said. 'We'll make sure these tossers are handed over to the police.'

Glenda did not want the police involved, it would quickly come out that she had not objected sufficiently, but she called the security to come and collect the youths. The lads were no longer cocky when several burly security guards turned up, taking each of the youths by the arm as they marched them down the site.

'It's ok Miss. They won't be back, not once we have had a word with them.'

Glenda was too afraid to stay alone now, asking Martin to stay with her.

'Come back home with me, I'll explain everything to mum without telling her the truth,' he promised.

They all hung around outside while she packed up her stuff, her brother locking the caravan up when she had finished.

'You drive dad's car home and Bobby will come with you. I and the other lads will follow you in our cars.' Back in town, his friends were dropped off, Martin thanking each of them and all of them getting a goodnight kiss from Glenda, but this time, not one that promised anything else. He followed her until they reached home, parking both cars on the driveway before quietly opening the front door.

The house was in darkness as they entered, Martin sending his sister up to her room. He was just heading for his bedroom when his mother's door opened and she poked her head out, giving him a quizzical look. Tiptoeing towards her, he whispered in her ear.

'Glenda's home, there has been some trouble, but I'll tell you about it in the morning.' He was just about to turn when his mother grabbed his arm.

'I've been missing you,' she whispered back, pulling him into her bedroom and quietly closed her door.

With his back to it, she pressed herself against him, the satin robe falling open and displaying her nakedness beneath. She had maintained a week of abstinence and she was suddenly missing her son's cock, taking his hand as he kissed her and placing it on her breast.

'I want..... you to..... fuck me,' she managed breathlessly as his mouth and lips were pressed against her own, both hands now supporting her tits as he fondled and caressed the smooth weighty flesh.

'You keep showing me these beauties and I'll definitely keep fucking you,' he laughed, making her groan as one hand left her breast and slid between her leg's, rubbing softly at her fanny as her lips started to open and her juices lubricated his finger. Within seconds his cock was free as Madge unfastened his pants and pushed everything to the floor before grasping his shaft firmly as she began to toss him off, his cock hard and

throbbing as her hand slid his skin back and forth, her other hand teasing his plump shiny knob as she rubbed his pre-cum into the firm purple head. He had just been about to kiss her once more when she dropped to her knee's opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around his cock, her head bobbing back and forward as she gave him a blowjob, her tongue curling around his shaft as she continued to toss him off.

Getting rid of his t-shirt, he leant back against the door, his hips pushing forward as his mother continued to suck on his shaft. As his arousal dramatically increased, he found himself trying to fuck her face, his mother gagging every so often as his cock touched the back of her throat. If he didn't stop her now, he was going to cum in her mouth, he thought, something that had never yet happened. As her head moved backwards, he managed to withdraw, pulling her to her feet as he gripped her thighs and hoisted her. Swivelling, he placed her back against the wall and lifted her higher, her legs automatically going around his waist as he supported her weight, his hands under her buttocks. Lifting her a little

higher, she cleared his shaft as he felt his knob rub against her piss flaps and her anus.

Madge's hand slipped between them as she fumbled his cock into position, Martin lowering her onto it as she felt its length slowly slide inside her wet fanny and at the same time, trying to suppress the gasps and moans that were escaping her lips.

'That feels so fucking good baby,' she murmured, her words exciting him. When for years he had never so much as heard his mother say "Bloody", it was very erotic to hear her using crudity's to describe what he was doing to her.

'That's it, my little boy, you slide that big cock of yours up my cunt. Oh God, yeah, that's right, fuck it, fuck your mummy's pussy.'

Martin did not need to be asked twice as he shagged his mother, hoping that the sound of her back, bumping against the wall did not reverberate into the other rooms. Madge kissed him constantly, her temperature rising as his cock

continued to impale her, but she noticed his gaze constantly going to her tits which bounced with each thrust.

If nothing else, he was in love with his mother's breasts. Yes, they sagged a little, but that did not detract from the fact that he would love to slide his shaft between them, tit-fucking her before ejaculating on her face.

Noticing his eyes move once more, she placed her hands beneath her bust, pushing her tits upwards and making them bulge, her erect nipples now closer to her son's mouth as his head leant forward and he took each one between his lips. With one hand around his neck, Madge pushed her breasts into her son's face, his cock now ploughing her cunt rapidly as both of them neared their climax. As she started to orgasm and juice dripped from her cunt, she'd had to contain herself, aware that her daughter was only a couple of doors away and that if she made as much noise as she normally did, Glenda would hear her. As his mother pushed her groin and twat against him, Martin ejaculated, his hot cum shooting up her passage as he rammed his shaft into her faster, the feeling ecstatic as he felt her juices soak his shaft and bollocks.

Once his legs felt steady, Martin carried her across to the bed, his flaccid cock still buried deep in his mother's quim as she giggled at his waddling movement. Tucking one leg beneath his waist and the other over his hip, they lay facing each other, her vaginal muscles squeezing his shaft periodically as slowly she brought it back to life, delighting as she felt it growing inside her, bit by bit, filling her cunt once more. After missing out for the last few days, there was no way that Martin was leaving her yet, who knew when he might get the next opportunity, he thought as his cock began to slide back and forth in her cunt once more. He loved this position; he could reach every part of her body and watch her changing expressions as he shagged her.

It was late and his mother was sleeping by the time he made his way to his bedroom. 'No point in causing trouble already,' he thought, aware that his sister's views on him having sex with their mother would not have changed.

True to his word, he spoke to Glenda just before they both went off to work, promising that he would hire a cleaning

machine and that they could go over to the caravan that evening. He drove her over after tea, but after a couple of hours of work, it became apparent that they were not going to get it all done in one evening. Such a mess had been caused that Martin reckoned it would take at least three if not four visits to get the caravan back to the neat and pristine state that their mother always kept it.

It was the first time he and Glenda had ever been out together, and Martin was surprised when they got through four hours without an angry word or sarcastic remark between them. Back home and with his sister up in her room, he explained to his mother that there had been a gang of lads hanging around the caravan over several nights and that it had spooked Glenda.

'We are just going to pop across each evening,' he told her, 'Just to make sure everything's ok. We informed security and they caught the lads. I don't think they will be back in a hurry.'

Each evening over the next three days, he drove his sister across and found that with her present temperament, he enjoyed spending the time with her. Friday evening, they finished early.

'Do you fancy a drink when we get back?' He asked her. Although she said 'Yes,' it wasn't with the same enthusiasm that he had expected.

Returning home, he parked his car up and let their mother know that they were just popping down to the pub. After the last four days of Glenda being nice, he had jokingly held his arm out for her to link and was concerned when she shied away, not wanting to get too close to him.

They only stayed for an hour, just long enough to say 'Thanks' again to a couple of his friends before they headed for home, Martin again noticing that his sister tended to keep her distance from him. Their mum was already in bed when they got home, Martin asking Glenda to join him in the kitchen as

he pulled a chair out from one side of the table for her and then moved around and sat opposite.

'If there is a problem. You need to tell me. I can't help if I don't know. Is this something to do with what happened?' He watched as she nodded her head, staring down at the table and refusing to make eye contact.

'I know we have never got on in the past, but if there is something I can do to help, you only have to ask.' His hand reached out and rested on her for a second.

Glenda could feel the tears prick her eyes. She was still saying nothing and still refusing to look at him.

Anyway, I'm going to bed,' Martin said as he got up from the table and told her goodnight.

She sat for a while longer feeling thoroughly miserable. Despite them having been mortal enemies when she had

needed help, he had come to her rescue, no questions asked. Even now he was covering for her so that her mother did not find out and create a fuss. At one point in the past, she had wondered if she fancied him, but her normal behaviour towards Martin had driven a wedge between them. It was only now, that she began to realise what a complete idiot and a bitch she had been, but now it was too late, presently she wanted no man near her.

They had resumed their weekends away, Martin and his mother. Glenda had been invited, but the caravan was the last place she wanted to be at the moment. She was under no illusions as to what they were probably getting up to when they were alone having heard her brother going to her mother's room when they both thought she was asleep.

For several months, she had not left the house other than to go to work. Her brother had invited her out numerous times with him, but she was still reluctant to be alone with anyone, even Martin. Eventually, as her confidence began to return, she allowed him to persuade her, but he only ever took her to places that she felt comfortable.

Madge was concerned, whatever had taken place involving her daughter had changed her, no longer did she hear disagreements between Glenda and Martin, and she was proud of her son, he at least was making a special effort to involve his sister with his friends. She watched as the two of them would go out together on occasional evenings although Martin always had his sister home early. It was why she had told her son after a weekend away, that 'She didn't mind.' He had questioned her, asking what she didn't mind about, but that was all she would say.

As autumn approached, visits to their caravan began to dwindle. Their mother had booked a weekend away with some of her friends and pulled her son to one side after tea that evening.

'Why don't you and Glenda go and use the caravan one last time before it's too late,' she suggested. 'I'm going to be away until Monday and it will do her good to get out of the house.'

When their mother had left on Friday, Martin asked his sister that evening if she fancied going to the caravan for the weekend. Although she had agreed to accompany him, she had looked petrified, making him promise not to leave her alone.

They had driven over on the Saturday morning, the site far quieter now as the season came to an end and the weather threatened to change. During the day she had been fine, Martin taking her out for a stroll around the site and keeping her amused with his stupid antics and stories which made her laugh. It was as the day wore on and evening approached that Glenda began to get nervous. He couldn't persuade her to go out to the club that evening, so they had watched tv before deciding to retire. Martin was sound asleep when he realised that someone was shaking his shoulder.

'I'm sure I heard voices,' Glenda whispered to him as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes.

Jumping from his bed, he left the lights off as he asked where she thought it had come from. Moving the curtains as little as possible, he looked out, trying to scan the area. Unable to see anything, he moved from room to room doing the same but still there appeared to be no one about. He was just about to tell her it was all alright when a movement caught his eye. It was too dark to see properly but he was sure he had seen something move. Keeping perfectly still, he continued to stare out into the darkness, waiting patiently in case his eyes were playing tricks. And then he saw them, the tall lad and one other, stood in the shadows of another caravan and off to one side of their own. Martin continued to watch them until he was certain there were only the two of them. Motioning his sister over, he told her to keep an eye on them as he pulled on a t-shirt and jeans and laced up his trainers.

'I'm going to go out of a window on the opposite side,' he said to Glenda, 'Once I'm outside, call security.'

She hadn't wanted him to go but he insisted, telling her to lock the window behind him and keep all the doors locked.

Outside and keeping to the shadows, Martin worked his way from van to van until he was now behind the two youths. He and Glenda had driven over in his father car and he wondered if that was what had attracted them as he moved nearer to their position. By now he was no more than eight feet away, hearing the two youths whispering to each other as he took another couple of steps closer. As Martin spoke, he rushed forward, his words startling the two lads who turned towards him. He had already decided on the bigger lad, put him down, and the fight would go out of the other.

His fist lashed out, striking the youth directly in the face and hopefully breaking his nose for a second time. As the lad staggered back, Martin kicked him in the nuts for good measure, turning to face the other youth. As the lad turned to run, Martin got a right cross in just as security pulled up outside their caravan.

'They were trying to break into our caravan,' Martin lied. 'They tried it a couple of months ago when my sister was here and now, they have come back for a second attempt.'

The lads protested, but as the police arrived and seemed to know the two of them, security backed up his story, Martin looking on satisfied as both youths were arrested.

The area was clear, the police and security having departed with Martin promising to attend the station the next day to give a full statement. Back indoors, they had two options, either pack up and head home, or.....

Glenda chose the second option which was to share her brother's bed that night. Martin had not brought any pyjama's but made do with an old pair of shorts and a t-shirt as he climbed into bed next to his sister. It had taken a while, but she finally relented and allowed him to place an arm around her shoulders as he held her close and protectively next to him. She had soon been asleep, her head resting against his shoulder as she breathed softly. Due to the adrenalin still circulating in his system, Martin was finding it difficult to settle as he stared at the ceiling. He had closed his eyes, but sleep would not come. He was wide awake and would have preferred to get up, but with Glenda finally asleep he was loath to disturb her. She snorted and turned in her sleep, her

hand resting on his chest as she swung her leg on top of his hips and groin. The closeness and heat of her body disturbed him, Martin, able to feel her breasts pushing against his side and chest. Closing his eyes, he tried to ignore his burgeoning erection as his cock grew thicker, pushing against Glenda's inner thigh. He felt embarrassed, despite the fact he was having sex with his mother, the thought of doing something similar with his sister had never occurred to him, their animosity towards each other had always been enough to keep thoughts of that nature at bay.

Gently, he tried to move her leg as she murmured in her sleep, Martin lying perfectly still in case he woke her. There was nothing for it, he would have to leave her as she was until she moved of her own accord.

As Glenda stirred, she suddenly realised that someone was in bed with her and panicked for a second before remembering it was her brother. Her hand rested on his chest and she gently stroked it as she also remembered how he had protected her once again. It was only after she had moved her hand back and forward several times that she became conscious of

something solid pushing against her inner thigh, nearly jumping when it suddenly twitched and she realised what it was. She did not know what to do, was he awake or was he sleeping. He had not moved but his breathing sounded too fast for someone soundly asleep.

'Are you awake?' She asked, her voice so low and shaky that it was nearly impossible to hear. There had been silence for nearly thirty seconds before he answered her.

'Would you like me to move my leg?' She asked, aware that her question implied that she could feel his erection. She felt him shake his head as he just murmured what sounded like 'No.' Glenda had to ask, unable to help herself as hesitantly she said, 'Do you need the bathroom or am I causing that?'

'I don't need the loo,' was all he replied, still lying perfectly still.

'Turn on your side and face me, please,' Glenda whispered, the words out of her mouth before she had even realised, she had said them out loud.

She felt him move, her leg still over his hip as he turned on his side to face her. It was too dark to see him properly and she sensed more than saw his face.

'Will you do something for me?' She asked awkwardly, not even sure if she wanted to ask him the question.

She got no sense of what he may be thinking as she plucked up the courage and asked, 'Will you kiss me again like you did last time?'

There was a silence that seemed to last forever and then she felt his head move and his lips brushed hers. The kiss started slowly but soon became hot, there was no one restraining her hands and arms this time as she wrapped them around her brother, pulling his face and lips harder against her own as their mouths pressed together.

Throughout the kiss, Martin did not attempt to do anything else until she finally took his hand and placed it on her breast, after that he needed no further urging as his hand moved, finding the loose leg of her shorts and sliding beneath the thin material as his finger traced the line of her quim, Glenda moaned loudly as he opened her labia and allowed her juices to lubricate his finger before slipping it into her cunt and fingering her. As his finger explored her internals he seemed to know exactly where to touch to elicit the greatest sensations, her hips and groin soon moving as she ground her twat against his hand and fingers. Her top was under her chin, her breasts exposed as Martin's mouth moved from her lips to her nipples, sucking and flicking at them with the tip of his tongue.

Glenda's slid her hand down the front of his shorts, grasping his shaft which was now fully erect and feeling larger than the semi ridged member she had witnessed when he had got out of the bath and exposed his nakedness to her.

They broke apart long enough to remove their sleepwear before coming back together, Glenda resuming her position. It appealed to her that laid side by side, she could watch him as he hopefully fucked her, and fucking was what she most desired at that moment as she felt his cock continually rub against her quim as they kissed, and his hands return to fondling and caressing her breasts. Her breath was suddenly taken away as she felt the head of his shaft force her fanny open and then the tip of his cock was inside her. He seemed to pause for several seconds, as though making sure that this was what she wanted and then with a smooth fluid motion, he slid his complete length into her vagina. Glenda arched her back, crushing her mound into his groin and forcing her breasts against his chest as those first sensations of his penetration made her shudder. She found her brother was a tease, his kisses sweet as he gently and slowly fucked her, raising her arousal gradually. As she felt her climax draw nearer, he would stop, simply stroking her body as he nuzzled her breasts until he felt her relax and would then commence fucking her steadily once more.

Just as he had with their mother, he'd brought her to a place where she would have said and done anything if it meant he allowed her to climax. Glenda was begging him as his cock was plunged into her cunt, his thrusts gaining momentum as he shagged her frantically, this time allowing her to delight in the sensations and convulsions as he took her over the edge and her orgasm consumed her.

She remembered thinking for a split second, that she had been with men who would have finished long before now, who once they ejaculated would be climbing off her. But Martin just kept going, his cock thudding into her cunt over and over again as her first orgasm turned into a second and she finally felt his dam burst as he filled her passage with his cream. Even that did not slow him down as he continued to fuck her until after what seemed an eternity, he began to slow and then ease to a stop completely.

'Shit!' She understood now why her mother had refused to give him up, if she had only got half as much as that, she would have refused to give him up as well. The thought that

perhaps this could have happened so long ago if not for her behaviour left her feeling chastised.

She must have fallen into a deep sleep because when she next opened her eyes, daylight was streaming through the lightweight curtains. Martin was still asleep as Glenda turned on her side and pulled the covers lower so that she could gaze at him. It was impossible not to run her hands across his chest, the feel of his skin and the muscles beneath igniting a devilment in her as she pushed the covers lower and gazed at his cock.

Although flaccid, it still looked tantalising as she ran one finger along its length and then gently squeezed its plump helmet. His cock twitched, jerking up off his stomach before resting flat again. She did it a second time, easing the skin back and running her finger under the sensitive rim of his knob. There was a swifter reaction this time as fascinated, she watched his shaft start to thicken and lengthen until it no longer lay flat on his belly. It had risen high enough that Glenda was able to get her hand around it, pulling the skin down as she admired the hard throbbing length of meat in

her hand. She began to wank him off, listening to his murmurings and sighs of pleasure as her brother's breathing increased. It was too good to miss as she carefully changed her position so that her fingers could play with her fanny. She spread her lips and rubbed, exciting herself as her other hand continued up and down her brother's shaft, his moans and groans increasing in volume. With her fingers buried deep inside her quim, she could not contain herself as both hands started to move faster, her arousal already at fever pitch.

Glenda had not even noticed that Martin had woken until he pulled her on top of him and fumbled his cock into her cunt. Pulling her head down, he kissed her while at the same time grabbing her buttocks and hoisting her as he began to ram his shaft into her now, very wet fanny. She had already been close, his shaft causing squelching noises each time he thrust it into her as she started to orgasm, the sensation accelerating as he jammed a finger up her arse at the same time and fingered her back passage while fucking her.

After their showers, Martin joining her in the cramped cubicle much to her delight, they had breakfast. The day outside

wasn't the best but she was quite happy to join him on another stroll, her arm linked through his as they walked along. The day and the site seemed so much better and brighter as he kept her amused, his warm smile every so often making her heart beat faster. She had shared the night and a bed with him, and for the first time, she did not want anything in return, he had already given her plenty and all she required was for him to continue giving her his attention.

She joined him when he drove down to the police station, staying outside in the car as he went in and made his statement, coming back out with a smirk on his face. 'Don't worry,' he told her, 'They won't be bothering us again.'

'Let's go back to the caravan and pack up.' Glenda said to her brother.

He turned to look at her, wondering if something was wrong until she whispered in his ear, a grin erupting across his face as he nodded enthusiastically. Packing quickly, they did a quick tidy round and put new sheets on the bed before piling

everything into the car and heading for home. The journey took no time at all before Martin pulled the car into the driveway and let them both into the house. Bringing the bags in, they put food and clothes away and then sat down in the kitchen to a spot of lunch that Glenda had prepared. Their mother would not be back until the Monday morning which left them the rest of the day and all night to amuse themselves. With their meal digested, Glenda excused herself as she headed for her bedroom, telling her brother she would call him when she was ready.

He picked up and read the newspaper while he waited, wondering exactly what she was deciding to wear for him. That was what she had whispered to him, her desire to return home so that she could dress properly and apply her make-up, wanting to appear sexy for him before they made love once more. Martin was looking forward to it because despite having seen her naked, he had been too engrossed in fucking her to look at his sister properly.

It seemed to take her a while before she called, Martin taking the stairs two at a time. When he opened her bedroom door,

he was astonished. It was like looking at his mother, only twenty years younger. It was the same blond hair, the same splendid breasts and the same slim figure, the only difference he could see was that his sister's stomach was flatter than his mothers. For the moment he was held spellbound, his thoughts, as crazy as it seemed, superimposed his mother's face onto the body and underwear his sister was wearing. She stood resplendent in a bra whose cups were cut so low, that he could see her areola poking over the top and only just contained her nipples. Her panties were minuscule with a slit at her vagina. From what little they covered, he had to assume she had shaved her pubes because there were none on display and she definitely had some this morning.

Around her hips was a suspender belt which was attached to stockings, the whole ensemble in black making her look as sexy as hell. Standing with hands-on-hips, she slightly splayed her legs and tossed her hair before starting to giggle as her eyes alighted on his groin. Martin's pants strained as they tried to contain the bulge, his cock struggling to be free as he gazed at his sister, the only thought in his head now was to fuck her. He was like a panther stalking its prey as she backed towards

her bed, giggling all the while. Getting rid of his shirt, he unfastened his pants, nearly falling over as he tried to remove them and still advance on her, Glenda now laughing uproariously. Naked, he pounced on her, lifting and throwing her onto the bed as he spread her legs and placed his mouth over the slit in her panties, his tongue poking through it as he flicked it at her cunt.

'Oh God,' she thought, how could she have been against him for so long. Glenda had been sure that Martin disliked her as much as she begrudged his intrusion into her family, and yet here he was, making love to her. That's what it was, it wasn't just sex, performed rapidly and crudely, the way he touched her, the way he kissed her, this was what making love was all about. She forgot about her thoughts as his tongue brought the sensations in her pussy alive, one hand clasping the back of his head as she pulled his mouth tighter against her quim. Her other hand had extracted her left breast from its cup, massaging and rubbing at her ample flesh, her fingers playing with its nipple. When his lips alighted on her clit, compressing it gently before his tongue slid over it and he sucked, she felt herself on the cusp of her climax.

He inserted several fingers into her cunt, softly frigging her as his mouth continued its assault on her genitals, her first climax taking her by surprise as his thumb slid up her rectum. Her body had a mind of its own, twisting and bouncing on the bed as waves of pleasure flooded her senses, Glenda ripping her other breast from its cup as she squeezed both tits forcefully and pulled at her nipples. When the sensations finally begin to ebb, she took her first deep breath, the air expelled from her lungs with a gasp as his shaft suddenly filled her cunt. She had no idea how long he fucked her, she remembered her next orgasm, but after that, one seemed to blend into another, her body continually shaking and going rigid as he made her cum again and again. When he finally cried out and she felt him ejaculate inside her, it was as though their two bodies had become one.

It was Monday morning when they finally left the bed, both of them having to get up for work, unfortunately. Throughout the day, Glenda could not get the memories out of head, frequently feeling aroused as she remembered what her brother had done to her. By the time she arrived home that

evening, her mother was back, and she found it difficult to get her brother alone. Martin was going out later and it was the first time that Madge had heard her daughter ask if she could go with him. There was something different about them she decided, something that had never been there before.

Madge was stood at her bedroom window in the darkened room as she watched the two of them returning, Glenda with her arm linked through her brothers, laughing at something he must have said. She felt a momentary pang of jealousy, watching as her daughter flirted with her son and wondered if something had happened while she had been away. She heard Martin come up to his room, Glenda must still be downstairs. Taking her opportunity, she went down, her daughter sat at the dining table with a brew. Sitting opposite, she felt she had to say something.

'I'm glad your back home, but you know I won't give him up,' Madge said.

Glenda looked at her shamefaced, 'I know mum, you don't have to. But.....you may have to share him.

Madge knew her suspicions had been correct. She had long suspected that part of her daughter's atrocious behaviour was because secretly, she wanted her brother to like her, or perhaps more than like her, which was why she had told Martin that 'She didn't mind.' Sitting for nearly the next hour, they discussed their feelings, each speaking forthrightly about the young man upstairs who had somehow changed their lives.

It started as an occasional thing but soon developed into something regular as Glenda joined him when he went out most evenings. At first, they had to get used to the strange looks, people curious about their relationship. The ones who embraced it the most and the easiest were his friends, they found it hilarious that Martin, who had detested his sister with a vengeance, was now dating her. Even more amusing was the fact that after all of them had tried so hard, he was the one that got her into bed. They seemed to revel in this knowledge

and Martin sometimes wondered if those friends who had sisters, had maybe considered this themselves in the past.

After much research, he considered the law was an ass. Even though his mum was not his biological parent, because she had brought him up as her son, what they did frequently, broke the law. Martin wasn't bothered about that. They would have to catch them at it. On the other hand, it appeared that he was perfectly free to date his 'sister?' He was free to have a sexual relationship with her, he was even free to marry her if he so wished.

Marriage wasn't on the cards yet, but who knew in the future as their relationship blossomed. To some, they had to explain his adoption as it wasn't common knowledge, but eventually, as people accepted it, they were no different from any other young couple in the town.