

Generations

I'm still not sure how it happened. At eighteen, and having just broken up with my girlfriend, the world felt miserable. Of course, my mother tried to console me, giving me frequent cuddles, and telling me that there were plenty more fish in the sea. It didn't feel like that, it felt as though my life had suddenly come to an end.

Sitting on my bed with a memorable song playing on my record player, tears ran down my face. Perhaps she had heard me sob; perhaps she was just returning clean clothes to my room. I don't know which it was, but the next moment, she was there, holding me tight. Dad was at work, my siblings at school, and I should have been at college, but currently, I couldn't face it, or my ex. She allowed me to cry into her shoulder until I exhausted the tears and then lifted my head as she wiped them from my face and puffy eyes.

I am still at a loss as to why I leant forward and then kissed her. Perhaps it was the warmth of her body, or maybe the smell of her hair and perfume. I'm convinced it was her lips. I stared at them, and they reminded me so much of Alison, my now ex-girlfriend, that I just leaned in and kissed them. Momentarily, they tasted succulent as I ran my tongue across them, and then just as quickly, they were whisked away from me, as mum jerked her head back.

'Jack! What are you doing?'

I was back in reality, my face turning red as I stumbled over an apology.

'I'm so sorry mum. I don't know what came over me. Your lips just looked so appealing that I wanted to kiss them.'

I probably looked even more miserable now than I had previously. What was I thinking? I had just attempted to kiss my mother, in a completely unacceptable way.

Maybe she took pity on me, a mother showing her son some much-needed compassion. All I knew was that second's later, I was kissing her again. I suppose that wasn't completely true; she was kissing me this time; my passion quickly became inflamed. Our mouths twisted against each other, intimate, and frantic. I traced patterns across her lips with my tongue, and she countered, doing the same before it invaded my mouth.

I presumed it would have gone on for longer if it had not been for my hands. My desires were building, my hands, on the move as they began to explore her body. They were on their way to her chest when she broke away.

'You must not do that,' she whispered breathlessly.

She was breathing quickly, her bosom rising and falling rapidly. I don't know why we were whispering; there was no one else in the house to hear us.

Replacing my hands at her waist, I kissed her again as we rolled onto the bed and into a prone position. I never moved them, but down below, the inevitable had happened as I pressed my erection against her mound. Her leg went over my hip, and she pushed back, rubbing herself against it as arousal built in us both. I was tempted to move my hands; that was until she suddenly pulled her face away.

'Stop! Stop!..... Jack, we have to stop.'

She sat up, fluffed her hair, and smoothed her dress before disappearing from my room and leaving me astonished and frustrated.

It was hard to believe what both of us had just done. We had kissed. Not an affectionate kiss, but one of arousal and desire. She had given me an erection, one that I had rubbed against her, and she had responded, pressing herself against it as her body began to become excited. What really shocked me, was that I had been prepared to have sex with her. That had been the uppermost thought in my mind, to undress her, and then to fuck her.

Unsurprisingly, Alison was now the last thing on my mind. At college the following day, I found I could face her without showing any emotions, my thoughts currently centred on my mother.

It wasn't as though we could do anything, even if mum had been so inclined. I was still not sure whether she was or not. I arrived home from college just before my father got home and after my siblings had got in. There was no opportunity before tea and none afterwards. We settled down as a family to watch television, a couple of the older kids going out for an hour or so. Normally, I would have been out myself, or Alison would have been here. But with her now gone, I sat with the family for thirty minutes before disappearing up to my room.

There was an LP on my record player, a better choice this time, which lifted my mood. Trying to get immersed in a book I had to read for college, I didn't hear the door of my room open.

'Are you ok?' My mother asked, stepping inside, and closing the door behind her.

'Yeah, I'm fine.' I sat upright and then got off the bed and stood.

There followed a pregnant silence, both of us waiting for the other to say something.

'About the other day,' she started.

'I want to kiss you again.' I replied, interrupting her.

'Jack! You mustn't be thinking like that.'

'I can't help it, mum. I just want to kiss you again.'

I had moved closer, only inches between our bodies now. She looked at the door and then put her outstretched hand against it, holding it shut as she closed that small distance, and our mouths came together. It was a repeat of our first encounter. I had a boner and was pressing it against her, my hands resting on her buttocks as I squeezed them and pulled her hard against it. As we kissed, she slung her arms around my neck, pushing me backwards until I came up against the door.

I don't know how she managed it, but suddenly a hand was between us and began rubbing at my erection. 'Oh my God, Jack.' I heard her mumble.

Taking that as her consent, my own hand rose to her chest and cupped the small breast I encountered. Sensing the rumble of a moan in her throat as our mouths worked frantically against each other, I gave it a slight squeeze, feeling the flesh inside her bra move beneath my hand.

Thoughts were roaring in and out of my head. Christ! I know this sounds wrong, but I wanted to fuck her, to fuck my mother.

And then we were back to normality as she released me.

'We can't do this. It is so wrong.' She seemed flustered as she tried to get her breathing back under control. 'I only popped to the loo. Your dad will be wondering where I am.' And with that, she pulled me away from the door and disappeared.

Again, I was trying to come to terms with what had just happened. Feeling completely horny, the feel of her breast registered in my mind. The throbbing of my shaft reminded me of how fantastic it had felt as she rubbed me, and how much I had wanted to undress her and consume her body.

There were no future opportunities in the forthcoming days, leaving me feeling slightly frustrated. Why, when the object of my imagination was my mother, was I feeling these remorseless urges? It was Thursday of the following week. As usual, my father was at work and the kids were at school. I had a home study day and was in my bedroom sitting at my desk when mum entered with two coffees.

Placing one on my desk, she took her own and sat on the bed, her skirt riding up a little and giving me glimpses of her inner thighs. As I sipped at my brew, my brain was imagining what lay beyond the parts of her legs that I could see. The vision was erotic, to say the least, crossing my legs to hide the developing bulge. I had nearly finished my drink when she patted the bed next to her.

Taking her empty cup and placing it on my desk, I sat down beside her, so close that our shoulders and hips touched.

'You do realise that what I have let you do is wrong?' She asked.

'I don't care mum. I know it's wrong, but I can't stop thinking about doing more.'

Was that the hint of a smile or a smirk that I saw? I didn't have time to ponder before I was flat on my back, and she was straddling my hips. Her skirt had risen higher this time, and as I looked along the length of my body, I could see her panties pulled tightly against her crotch.

The throbbing of my shaft was painful; just the sight between her legs, and what was hidden by that thin slip of material had my imagination working overtime. I watched as she pulled her blouse from her skirt and began unbuttoning it. Time seemed to pass slowly before she shrugged it off her shoulders and reached behind her back. There was a gasp as her breasts were exposed, one which had escaped from my lips. Sitting upright for a second, my top was dragged over my head with the help of my mum as we looked at each other topless.

Immediately my hands went to her breasts. They were smallish, but perfectly formed and filled my hands; her nipples were erect and a lot darker than her pale skin. Taking each one between my fingers and thumb, I squeezed gently and heard her growl as her eyes closed momentarily.

Her fingers were fumbling at my waistband as I felt the pants pop open and the zip slide down. In short order, my boxers

followed, and then the angels smiled at me as my mother's hand grasped my throbbing cock. It was unbelievable, the eroticism producing an intensity that I had never experienced. For a few moments, I watched spellbound, my mother's hand sliding up and down my shaft as her titties jiggled, and she tossed me off.

I needed to see. She had exposed my genitals and was lavishing them with care and attention. I wanted to do the same as I propped myself up, reached out, and moved the gusset of her panties to one side. What was revealed both surprised and amazed me. Her snatch was hairless; mums pussy was as bald as a coot. Her slit and the start of her lips were visible as I slid a finger beneath her, feeling her labia wrap around my finger and the moisture that seemed to be escaping.

All I did was crook my finger, feeling it slip easily into her pussy as she let out a draw-out moan and shuddered for a moment. When she stopped shaking, she looked down at me intently, a serious look on her face.

'Are you sure this is what you want to do, Jack?'

Of course, it was what I wanted to do. Having waited to get to this point, for me at least, there was no turning back. I wanted this more than I wanted life itself.

Sliding from my lap, she stood, reached behind, and unbuttoned and unzipped her skirt, allowing it to fall to the floor. It was

followed by her panties as she stood naked in front of me and allowed me to gaze at her body.

It was no surprise that my pants quickly disappeared, my mother, staring at the erection that jutted upwards from my groin.

'Last chance to change your mind!' I shook my head as she instructed me to move over, and I watched as she lay on my bed, raising her knees and opening her legs wide, before intimating that I should take my position between them.

When my cock entered her pussy, I was convinced I was going to cum there and then. It slid into her with ease, her cunt, first expanding, and then gripping my shaft. Maybe she knew my predicament.

'Stop for a moment. Just relax. We have plenty of time.'

Kneeling upright, I took in her body. She was attractive in a mumsy sort of way, but it was obvious from her face that she wasn't young anymore. Lara, that was her name, was forty-two compared to my eighteen years. The benefit of having smaller breasts, I realised, was that they had not yet started to sag. They formed perfectly round, raised orbs of flesh, on her chest, each topped with a dark areola and even darker nipples which were currently erect. There was a little bit of a mature woman's tummy, but nothing that looked out of place when she was

dressed. And then my gaze alighted on her best assets, her legs, which were presently wrapped around me.

I eased out, and then back in, watching my mother's face change as she enjoyed my first thrusts into her. Leaning forward on outstretched arms, I lowered myself until I could take each of her teats into my mouth. Her first moan sounded tantalising as my tongue flicked across the nipple before I crushed it between my lips.

A little faster, still a slow steady rhythm as her legs pulled me deep with each thrust of my hips. I had fucked Alison often, but it didn't compare to what I was now feeling. It was thoughts like that which filled my head. This woman, moaning and sensually writhing beneath me, was my mother. It created a feeling of eroticism that I had never previously experienced. She uttered crudities as I shagged her, words I never dreamt I would hear her mutter.

As my hips moved faster, the sounds of wet groin slapping against sloppy pussy filled the room. Gripping her hips, I lifted, her buttocks leaving the bed as I rammed my cock into her, hard and fast. Mum's hands were above her head, gripping onto the pillows and headboard as I gave it all I had, watching her face change from one of mounting desire to one of release as she started to wail and convulse. Watching her orgasm was a step too far, my cock jerked rapidly and unleashed a torrent of spunk into her cunt as I fucked her as fast as I could.

With a heart pounding in my chest and lungs that refused to take in enough oxygen, I simply slumped on my back next to her and waited for my body to return to something, akin to normal.

Lara turned on her side and bent her arm so that her hand supported her head. What had led her to have sex with her son, she was wondering? When Jack had suddenly kissed her, she had been shocked, which was why she pulled away and told him, 'No!' But the kiss had been different than her husband's. There was a sense of naughtiness about it, doing something that was wrong on every level. It had excited her, and he had looked so miserable that she hadn't been able to help herself when she kissed him in return.

It still didn't explain why she had done more. One thing had led to another, on the second occasion, when she felt his erection pushing against her; she had found it both complimentary, and also arousing. Her mind kept returning to it until she began to look forward to him doing it again, and it was only when she sensed his excitement that she decided to go the whole hog.

'You do realise that you must never say anything, Jack. We would both be in a world of hurt if anyone ever found out. It must be our secret.'

Of course, I wasn't going to say anything to anyone. It wasn't only because I would be ridiculed, for sleeping with a woman twice my age. But because if I did, and word got out, she may never let it happen again.

I watched as she dressed; there were still jobs she needed to do, but the last forty or fifty minutes had been a distraction almost beyond belief. I had just participated in sex with my mother.

Ostensibly, it was only ever going to be a one-off. But Lara recognised that what they had done had filled her with so much excitement and arousal, that she was already considering if she would do it again. She could tell by the way her son acted afterwards, that he was already at ease with the idea. Was she?

As previously, it was not as though opportunities presented themselves. It was surprising when Jack was indoors, and upstairs, how many times she needed the toilet during the evening. It was only five minutes tops, but in that brief period, his hands would be all over her if she ventured into his room. The trouble was, and she would have to watch out for this, he was starting to take liberties whenever they were alone together. He volunteered often, to dry while she washed the pots. His hands would be fondling her buttocks, and if he could get away with it, her breasts. She both loved and hated his caresses. Lara loved that he wanted to touch her; that her ageing body still sexually excited him. She hated the frustration that followed; his fondling ignited her desires, but there was no way afterwards to dampen the lust that her body experienced.

I could have jumped for joy. My father had just announced that he was taking the younger kids to the cinema that evening. He had asked all of us, but of course, the elder two had friends to meet up with and it wasn't really my type of film. I could see the sparkle in my mother's eyes as she told him that she had things to do and that they should go and enjoy themselves.

Yes, it was taking a risk. What if one of them returned early? But it seemed like it was a risk that both of us were prepared to take. By seven, the house was empty, just me and my mother remaining as we dashed for the stairs.

'Unzip me,' she requested, turning around.

Sliding the zip down to just below her waist, the dress opened to expose the back of her bra, white panties, and something else atop her hips. I had never thought about it, never twigged. Alison wore pantyhose, my mother didn't. As her dress fell to the floor, she stood there in all her glory. The bra disappeared along with her panties, leaving just her suspender belt and tan stockings. This wasn't some fancy lacy affair; it was her everyday attire.

'Yes, or No?' She asked, a smirk plastered across her face.

She already knew the answer; it was what all young men dreamt about, a woman in suspenders and stockings. We had at least a couple of hours, and I didn't want to waste a minute of it. But there were things I wanted to do to her before we got down to actual fucking.

On the bed, I opened her legs and shuffled between her thighs.

She looked concerned for a second. 'I haven't bathed yet.'

I didn't care. As I lay between her open thighs and looked at her pussy bereft of pubic hair, I wanted to taste her, to run my tongue and lips over this opening into paradise. Spreading her labia, I caught the first scent of her musk, the pink internal flesh already moist. There was a tanginess to her, a hint of saltiness on my tongue as it slid over her pussy, and then I poked it further inside her passage until my mouth was clamped against her vagina.

She twisted and wriggled, but I held her firmly. 'Jack? Oh, my fucking god! Oh, Jack!'

My lips encompassed her clitoris as my tongue flicked across it, teasing, nibbling, and sucking at her tiny sensitive bud. At the same time, fingers stroked her ring piece, probing but never actually invading. I was waiting, sensing her body nearing its climax. As her back began to arch and she started to cry out, I rammed a finger up her arse, fingering her back passage as I sucked fervently on her clit.

The surge of Lara's orgasm took her unawares. She had felt it building, but then suddenly, it exploded, sensations coursing through her body as she threw her head back and bellowed.

I kept up my attention to her pussy and clit until she begged me to stop. 'Please..... please! Jack.... to sensitive!'

As she settled back, eyes closed and her bosom still rising and falling rapidly, I rose to my knees, shuffled forwards, and gently

rubbed my raging cock against her pussy lips. She murmured her approval, her hands sliding up and down her body as she touched herself. The time was right, and I needed this as a sudden thrust, rammed my throbbing shaft into her cunt.

That opened her eyes, a look of surprise on her face as I began fucking her. It quickly disappeared to be replaced by desire and lust as I shagged her, my hands abusing her breasts and tweaking her nipples. Mum's hands caressed me, running up my arms and down my chest. She gripped my buttocks, pulling me deeper into her passage, which was already wet with her juices.

I didn't think my cock could become any harder than it was, a rigid length of meat pounding her cunt as she cried out continually.

'Yesss! Oh, Jack..... That's so perfect. Oh, my god! Jack? Jack? Oh, Fuckkk! Yesss!'

Her head went back, turning from side to side as she groaned with pleasure. I watched her blonde hair whip one way and then the other, her tongue racing back and forth across her lips. Her hands balled into fists, gripping the bed sheets as her body orgasmed. I used every ounce of energy I possessed, fucking her furiously until the sight and sound of her thrashing body sent me over the edge, spurt after spurt of cum filling her pussy and then mixed, with her flowing juices.

I was spent. As much as I would have loved to fuck my mother a second time, my body was exhausted, and my testicles were empty. It felt like a different kind of sex, fulfilling, and yet wanton

and abandoned. It was illicit sex, taboo sex; it was sex with my mother, and I was hooked.

When I finally found the energy to move, turning onto my side so that I could look at her body, she continued to lay there, totally unabashed; naked, and with her legs still open wide, displaying to me, everything that made her a desirable woman.

And then, sadly, it was time to clean ourselves up and get dressed. It had been over two hours and we were pushing our luck. Mum went and ran a bath, she needed to wash away the scent of sex lest my father became suspicious. Finished, we changed over quickly, and I used her remnants, lying in the still warm water as I imagined her body resting here moments earlier. The warmth and the visions in my head soon revived my penis; it grew and thickened as I closed my eyes and stroked.

I had forgotten to lock the door, aware that I was being watched as I peered cautiously.

My mother was watching me, and I could tell that what I was doing was arousing her. 'Do you like watching me wanking myself?'

Lara would have liked to do much more, but she settled for kneeling at the side of the bath and rolling up her sleeve.

I watched fascinated as she moved my hand and gripped my cock, easing the skin up and down as she began to toss me off.

All the while, she spoke softly and quietly, describing the things she wanted to do with me and the things she wanted me to do to her. All I can say is that my mother has a very vivid and suggestive mind full of lecherous thoughts.

I could feel that building urge, sliding down more into the bath, and raising my hips. Her hand flew up and down my cock, its head, plump and swollen. I needed it, I yearned for it, her words painting pictures in my mind, and then that impending explosion, spurts of cum ejected from my one-eyed monster as my stomach and thighs quivered and my sack contracted, forcing the remaining spunk to dribble over her hand and down my cock.

She rinsed her hand in the water, dried it quickly, and was gone with a sly smile of satisfaction.

We took the opportunities when we could. It wasn't often, maybe a couple of times a month if we were lucky enough. There was nothing either of us could do about it, that was the way it was, and I was grateful for the times that we managed.

At twenty-three, with college having ended, and in full-time employment, I could afford a place of my own, and anyway, it was about time that I left home and stood on my own two feet. It was nothing special, a one-bedroom flat that I rented. But there was an upside to it, as I found out.

It meant my mother could visit, and she did, often. At home, she continued to be a wife and a mother, but the times, she visited me, she arrived as my lover.

It was seven-thirty, tea was finished, and the pots were washed and tidied away. I wasn't expecting anyone, which was why I was surprised when my doorbell buzzed.

I opened it to find my sister standing outside. 'Hi, Sam. What's wrong?'

I presumed something was wrong because she had never visited before; this was the first time.

'Can I come in?'

'Of course, you can.' I stood aside and let her enter.

It took her a while to get started, and then it gushed out all at once. 'Can I move in with you? They are driving me mad at home. It's time I left anyway, but I can't afford a place of my own yet. I will help with the rent, and I'm tidy. You will hardly know I'm here. Mum and dad will be happier as well if they know I'm living with my big brother.'

She finished by fluttering her eyelashes at me. I don't know where Samantha got her looks from, certainly not mum or dad.

My mother was kind of attractive, but nothing compared to my sister. Sam was a real stunner.

I tried to say no nicely. I wasn't being unkind; it was just that the flat was not designed for two people. It was, but not for two who happened to be brother and sister. The other reason, of course, was that Sam's presence would put a huge dampener on my ability to bed my mother here.

I tried to explain the problems, minus our mother, of course, that would not have been wise. If nothing else, Sam was persistent.

'I could sleep on the couch, or we could get a camp bed. I promise not to hog the bathroom and I'll do most of the cooking.'

She continued with her list of measures which would ensure that we lived happily and comfortably together. In desperation, I fell back on our parents. 'Have you discussed this with mum and dad?'

She shook her head. 'Well, that's the first thing. Tell them what you propose. If they are happy with the idea and say yes..... then, you can move in.'

I imagined that my mother would definitely say 'No,' for no other reason than it would curtail the amount of sex that she was currently getting. It's surprising how much she visited.

Nearly a week passed before I was blessed with a visit from my mother one evening. The door was barely closed before she was in my arms as we kissed. Lips only parted long enough to remove clothes as we headed for my bedroom. Tonight, it looked as if she was taking control as I found myself on my back with her straddling my hips. Her hand swiftly brought my burgeoning cock to full erection, while I delighted her by twisting and pulling at her nipples.

Kneeling upright, she pulled my cock between her legs and positioned it against her pussy before lowering herself and gasping as it filled her cunt, sitting immobile for a moment as she savoured my meat, filling her passage.

'I tried. But I was outvoted. Your dad thinks it's a great idea. He has a camp bed in the shed that Samantha can use.'

If it hadn't been for the fact that I had not had any since her last visit, I'm sure my penis would have dwindled at that point. 'Shit.' It looked like my idea had backfired and my sister would be moving in with me.

'I'm sure we can work something out,' mum mumbled as she began to raise and lower herself, my cock expanding her pussy with each downward movement.

'Sod it,' I thought. 'First things first.'

My hands cupped her breasts, fondling the firm flesh that she dangled above me. With hands roving over my body, she stooped forward, her lips meeting mine as we kissed, tongues entwined. When she broke away, she had a request. In all the time we had been fucking, it was something I had never tried with her, unsure how she would react.

She rolled from me, grabbed a pillow, and placed it under her buttocks as she settled down. I moved between her thighs and looked at her open pussy, already wet with her juices, and that tantalising puckered entrance to her arse. My cock was already slick as I inserted a finger into her pussy, allowed it to become covered in her juices, and then spread the lubricant around her ring piece. It took very little effort, and I watched fascinated, as my knob disappeared up her shitter.

Inch by inch it disappeared; my mother groaning loudly as I stretched her rear entrance. And then I began fucking her arse, her hand going to her pussy and clit as she at first, gently teased herself. The faster I thrust into her, the quicker her hand became, rubbing frantically at her clit as her arousal built rapidly.

As her climax approached, I expected her to want my prick in her fanny, but no, she was content with where it was as she asked me to cum up her arse, her hand moving so fast across her clit, that it became a blur as I emptied the contents of my sack into her back passage.

It was nearly two weeks later that Samantha moved into my flat. There were concessions that I had to make, of course. Nowadays, I slept naked, and if I felt like it, I wandered around my flat naked. That, ceased at once, as did sex here with my mother, at least for the time being. We tried the camp bed in the lounge, but it took up too much room and looked untidy. This was why I rearranged my bedroom and placed it under the window and next to the radiator; at least that way, it would keep my sister warm.

I had to go out and buy sleep attire, getting used to sleeping in a t-shirt and pyjama bottoms once more. Samantha wore something similar, sleep bottoms, and a top, waltzing around the lounge each evening in nothing but those. At first, having her there was a novelty, several weeks passed as we settled in with each other. She was as good as her word, helping to keep the flat tidy and doing her share of the cooking.

But as she became accustomed to living here, trivial things began to change. Sleep bottom's turned into sleep shorts. Now, Samantha has a figure which matches her stunning looks, and although she is my sister, I've got to say that the sight of her long legs, disappearing into those tiny shorts, is very distracting.

What caused me, even more, consternation, was that Sam liked to chat before going to sleep. She would sit on my bed, legs akimbo, and with those tiny shorts pulled tight against her pussy, emphasising her cameltoe. I had to climb into bed, for no other reason, than to hide my burgeoning erection. Why was my body acting like this? Maybe, because I was currently going without. I could hardly visit home to bed my mother, no more

than she could visit here at the moment for sex. I was in a new relationship, but with Sam living with me, sex in my flat was out of bounds, and as Jenny still lived with her parents, her home was a no-go as well.

I suppose, thinking about it, mishaps were going to happen eventually. We had managed for months, developing an unspoken routine as we both worked, and then returned to this microcosm we called home. It was in the run-up to our first Christmas living together. We had both been invited home for the big day, but there were friends and work parties to distract us until then.

I was late getting in, just time for a quick shower and a change of clothes before I would be on my way again. I thought Sam would have been long gone, knowing that she was also out that evening. I barged into the bedroom, undressing as I went, and then came to an abrupt stop. Samantha was still there getting ready, and my sudden intrusion had caught her naked except for a tiny pair of panties.

What was perturbing, was that she didn't bat an eyelid, not making any attempt to cover herself.

'It's ok. I won't be much longer. Are you going for your shower?'

It was more of a croak rather than an affirmative answer. Did I continue to undress, or tuck my tail between my legs and scuttle off to the bathroom?

'What the hell!' I thought, 'this is my flat at the end of the day.'

Continuing to undress down to my boxers, I noticed Sam watching me in the mirror as she finished off her make-up.

In the shower, with the stream of water cleansing my body, my mind played over what I had walked in on. Samantha really was gorgeous, her body lithe, with a lovely pair of tits. She was larger than mum, but with her age, they still looked firm and jaunty as she moved around the room. Honestly, even though I had been shagging our mother, I had never thought of Sam in that way. But with that view of her firmly lodged in my head, and the force of the spray hitting my cock, the inevitable happened.

That was bad enough, my sister giving me a boner, but worse was to come. I was just soaping myself, my shaft slowly subsiding, when the bathroom door opened and in, she walked. It wasn't as though she stood at the door; no, she came all the way in.

'Do I look ok?' She asked, giving me a twirl.

The turquoise party dress was short and fitted her snugly, leaving very little to the imagination.

'You look beautiful,' was all I could manage to say, so shocked at her entrance, that I forgot to cover myself. It was only when I

noticed where her eyes were looking that I thought about it, and by then it was too late.

'Have a great evening,' she shouted as she disappeared and closed the door behind her.

I know I, certainly did; the evening was full of laughter, loud music, and plenty of drinks. It must have been nearly one in the morning when I staggered towards home, the cold crispy air doing its best to sober me up. I was about two minutes away when a taxi pulled up level with me, and my sister piled out of it.

'It's ok, you can drop me here,' she slurred, throwing money at the driver. With the look and sound of it, she was in no better condition than I was as we supported each other over the last few hundred yards.

I felt better for the walk, although I knew I was still slightly pissed. Sam hung onto my arm, unsteady on her feet as she teetered on her heels until she decided to remove them and walk barefoot the final distance. I managed to get the key in the lock, opened the door, and pushed her in front of me. We had the stairs to navigate and if I were behind her, I could catch her if she decided to fall.

We made it unscathed, leaving the lounge in darkness as we headed for the bedroom. I was about to leave, allowing Sam a chance to undress and get into her nightwear. 'Don't go. Stay!'

She said, sprawling across my bed. I hung up my jacket, got rid of my tie, and joined her, staring up at the ceiling, which was partially illuminated by the bedside lamp.

Samantha turned on her side and gazed at me with bleary eyes. 'What?' I asked as I replicated her position so that we now faced each other.

She hiccupped but continued to say nothing. Somehow, at that moment, she seemed to look sad.

'What's the matter, Sam?' I asked, feeling slightly concerned.

She shook her head. 'It's strange, and I know I'm being stupid. It feels weird, I know I'm not supposed to fancy you..... you're my brother. But I do!'

Whoa! Her declaration left me speechless and flabbergasted. Was this the alcohol talking? Perhaps my silence was what caused the single tear that suddenly appeared. I reached out and wiped it away, meaning to give her a hug and nothing more. Perhaps she read it wrong; perhaps I gave off the wrong signals, whichever it was, in the next moment, we were kissing.

I'm not saying that she was kissing me; I was as actively involved in it as she was. I'm going to blame my reaction on several factors; the first was my enforced abstinence; the second was the alcohol, and lastly, my sister's hot body being forced against

me. The inevitable was always going to happen in those circumstances.

It was different from kissing Jenny; it was different from kissing my mum. It surprised me, a kiss is a kiss, right? But I suppose that there is so much more that goes into it. Sam's hands were all over me and then heading in a southerly direction as I found my expanding bulge beneath the palm of her hand.

I was just as guilty, my hands caressing and fondling first her buttocks, and then heading upwards as I got my first feel of her tits. There was no bra beneath her dress, just the thin material separating my hand and her naked flesh. That unsurprisingly did not last for long. As the kiss finished, Sam rolled onto her back, grabbed the hem of her dress, and within seconds, was turning back towards me in nothing but the tiniest pair of panties I had seen.

'Take your clothes off! I want you.' It took me a little longer, but not by much, before I was facing her again, totally naked, my now throbbing erection jutting away from my body. As our kiss resumed, my hand was swiftly inserted into her knickers, discovering the stubble of her pubic region, and then curving between her opening legs and sliding along her protruding pussy lips.

Sam was wet, my finger encountering her juices immediately. Her labia parted, and the digit slid home, eliciting a long-drawn-out moan from her as our mouths parted for a moment. I teased

her, fingering her slowly and crooked it inside her so that I could gently massage her "G" spot.

She wasn't idle; her hand gripped my cock tightly, easing the skin up and down slowly and teasing constantly as she wanked my shaft. Foreplay as such was unnecessary; we had both reached a point where there was no turning back; both of us committed to the act we were about to perform. Samantha's panties quickly disappeared, and then she was pulling me atop her as she opened her legs wide.

Please, Jack. I want you to fuck me. I want to feel you inside me.'

I didn't even have to fumble or position my shaft; the angle had been fortunate and correct; my cock, sliding into my sister's extremely wet passage with ease. There was another drawn-out moan as her fanny expanded and my throbbing manhood filled her. I was in no rush, I wanted this to last. After going without, this was too good an opportunity to miss, and I wanted the time to take in Sam's gorgeous body. Teasingly, I slowed, keeping her waiting while I thrust occasionally, slowly, and gently.

Compared to our mother, Samantha's tits were large; they flattened slightly, but she had the same dark areola and nipples that my mother had. Leaning forward, I took each teat in turn, into my mouth and sucked, licking, and kissing the swollen bud. She arched her chest upwards, forcing her tits into my face as I began to shag her a little faster. Her eyes fluttered continuously, her mouth opening and closing as she licked her lips and breathed quickly.

'Jesus, Jack. Your cock feels so good. Even better than I imagined, or fantasised.'

With my hands now abusing her breasts, I speeded up once more, our groins banging together, but without the force of my hips behind it yet. Sam was starting to squirm, her hands gripping mine one moment, the next playing with her tits as she twisted her nipples. She was close, I was close; her eyes told me what she desired as I began fucking her rapidly, her cunt expanding and contracting every few seconds.

'Jack? Jack! Please, please..... Oh my god. Oh fuck.'

Sam was writhing beneath me, her tits bouncing back and forth as I slammed into her pussy as hard as I could. As she climaxed, I was only seconds away, the pressure building, and then that sense of explosive relief as my cock jerked inside my sister and released a stream of cum into her cunt.

Afterwards, and I mean the early hours of the morning after we had recovered, and then indulged again, we talked. I was putting two and two together, not necessarily coming up with the correct answer.

'Is this why you wanted to move in with me?' I had to ask.

She shook her head. 'Surprisingly, no. It is since we have lived together. I know it is not long in the grand scheme of things, but it just feels so comfortable with you. The thought had never entered my head until I watched you undress last night. When I walked into the bathroom and saw you naked, I just knew I wanted you; it was all I could think about all evening.'

'You do realise I have a girlfriend,' I told her.

'Yeah, I know. I can't understand why you have never brought her back here. I can always disappear if you want some time alone.' Sam giggled, and I knew what she meant by time alone.

I didn't know either. It was as though I had been treating Sam as though she was still my little sister, rather than a grown woman.

'Well, I'm not the only one. You have never brought anybody back, Sam. Surely there is a boyfriend, I presume?'

She shook her head. 'Hopefully, I won't need one for the moment,' she said, with a sly smile.

When she curled up against me and fell asleep, I took it that she would not be using the camp bed that night. As it was, I eventually dismantled it because it wasn't being used; my sister shared my bed every night.

We both congregated at our parents on Christmas morning, along with our siblings. It felt strange standing in my old bedroom, which wasn't mine anymore. With my departure, one of my younger brothers had moved into it. I suppose I was lost in a world of my own, the noise and laughter seeping up from below.

'Merry Christmas.' The voice of my mother came from behind me as she sidled into the room. Her hands were behind her back, hiding something as she pushed the door shut with her bottom. She smiled secretly as she moved closer before producing a sprig of mistletoe with a flourish.

'I've missed you,' she whispered.

Until that moment, I hadn't realised how much I had missed her. Standing on tiptoes, she held the sprig above us as we kissed. I wanted to do so much more, but with the family downstairs, it was impossible. Nevertheless, my hand went to her breast. I had missed her small boobs.

'I'll sort something out.' I assured her. 'I'm missing you badly.'

I had an idea, whether it would work or not, was another matter.

A couple of days later, I dropped it into conversation while Sam and I were in the flat.

'Jenny's coming around tomorrow afternoon. You don't mind disappearing for a couple of hours, do you, Sam?'

She happily agreed, saying that she was meeting up with friends anyway. She seemed completely unconcerned that I was going to be having sex with another woman. No reason for her to be jealous; she was getting plenty at the moment. When I had a minute alone, I phoned my mother.

'Tomorrow afternoon. Can you get away for a couple of hours?'

With the prospect of us fucking again at last, of course, she was going to be able. We set a time. Samantha should be out by then, and if not, mum was just popping in to say hello.

As it was, she arrived about fifteen minutes after my sister had left. When I opened the door, I had to do a double take. It was not often that I saw my mother wearing make-up, but today, she had put on her war paint and dressed up. With the door closed, we fell into each other's arms, my hands immediately on the move as I became reacquainted with her slender figure. Her dress buttoned up the front, and I'm guessing that she had undone the lower buttons once she had left home because the bottom of the dress opened nearly to her groin.

With her hand already rubbing at my growing erection, it felt only fair to reciprocate, my hand going between her legs to find that her panties had an open crotch and that I immediately had access to her pussy. My fingers opened her and then delved

inside her moist passage, her juices already flowing, and her fanny wet.

'I've missed you,' she purred. 'My pussy has definitely missed you. What I need most, is a good fucking.'

That was an understatement; it was what we both needed. I enjoyed my sister, but mum was the one I drooled over.

My hands unfastened the rest of the buttons, nervous energy making them shake. I have no idea who bought them for her; whether she had bought them herself, or god forbid, my father had bought them, at that moment I was too intrigued to ask. She was wearing matching lingerie, red panties, edged in black lace and with an open crotch; a red suspender belt, which held up her dark stockings; and a matching half-cup bra which supported her breasts; leaving the top half of her boobs and her nipples completely free.

If she had worn these for my father in the past, then I was jealous, the lucky bastard!

Perhaps she could read my mind. 'These are my present to you. I've brought a change with me. I don't want your dad getting ideas or suspicious.'

Eager to get my mother into bed, you could say I swept her off her feet. Picking her up, I carried her into the bedroom, only letting her down long enough to dispose of the dress. Stripping

quickly, I joined her, but today, my mother had other ideas as I was pushed onto my back, and she straddled my hips.

Lara had guessed that her lingerie would excite her son. It had been a last-minute purchase when out shopping for presents; she was somewhat embarrassed when she told the young shop assistant what she was looking for. She still found it hard to understand why he found her attractive, but she wasn't going to question his lust for her, especially at that moment, as she gripped his throbbing manhood. The outer skin felt soft and hot to the touch, but beneath that smooth surface, it was rigid. She pulled the skin down as far as it would stretch, using her other hand to squeeze and stroke the blood-infused shiny knob, and listened to him groan when her fingers gently ran beneath its rim.

It jerked in her hand as she eased the skin up its length and then down again, Jack trying to raise his hips, despite her sitting on them, as she tossed him off. She had a sudden urge, something her husband enjoyed, but one she had not yet performed on her son. Lara slid farther down the bed until her head was level with his crotch. He was watching her as she bent, pushing her hair back so that he could see as she opened her mouth and swallowed his knob.

'God! I had missed her.' I was thinking as I watched her head lower and more of my cock disappear into her mouth. It was hot and moist inside, her tongue swirling around my helmet and shaft as she bobbed up and down, giving me a blowjob.

'Turn.... Around!' I managed to gasp, the pressure in my cock and testicles building.

Mum withdrew my penis, gave me an evil smile, and quickly turned around as we adjusted our position on the bed so that she could resume chomping on my manhood while my head disappeared between her thighs.

'Is this a competition?' She giggled as my shaft went back into her mouth and her hand glided faster up and down my cock.

If it was, I was presently losing, using all my willpower to disengage my mind from what my lower region was presently experiencing. The smell of new panties mixed with her natural aroma as I spread her lips and inserted my tongue into her now wet centre, tasting her juices once more. I needed to get on a more level footing; sucking on her clit as my hand slipped through the leg hole and found her anus. I tickled it several times, hearing her grunt as my finger went across the puckered entrance.

Her panties were becoming sodden, which was why I pulled them down and gave myself greater access to her holes. A quick fingering of her flue, and then my mouth was clamped against it once more as my tongue penetrated her cunt. The finger, now covered in her lubricant, returned to her arse, stroking seductively before being pushed inside her. I heard the muffled squeal as I licked her out and fingered her arse, her hand increasing in speed in retaliation.

I don't think either of us had any intention of starting our few hours together in this manner, but having issued her challenge, we were both determined to win. With a finger in her pussy, one up her arse, and my tongue flicking at her clit. I was gaining the upper hand, slowly.

That was until she went for it, her hand flying up and down my shaft, as she wanked me; her mouth still firmly encompassing my knob. I put everything I had into fingering both her holes, my teeth nibbling at her clitoris as she began to shudder. And then my face was flooded by her juices as she climaxed. I had won, or so I thought, just as the pressure in my loins exploded and I filled her mouth with my cum. She took it all, swallowing and licking until she had consumed all of the spunk I had ejected.

It felt magnificent, neither Jenny, Samantha, or any of my previous girlfriends had ever given me a blowjob to completion, allowing me to shoot my cream into their mouths and down their throats. It had taken my mother to satisfy one of my secret desires.

Time ticked by as we recovered, and she brought me up to date with news and gossip. But it wasn't long before my desire to make love to her again returned. The lingerie was very nice, but I wanted to feel her naked flesh pressing against me.

Once they were disposed of, I pulled her against me, feeling her small breasts and erect nipples pressing into my chest as we kissed. My cock was on the move, growing in length and thickening as I became aroused once more.

'I do have a name, and you can use it, you know.'

It was something I had never done since we had commenced our liaison. It seemed incongruous to be calling her "mum" while I was fucking her, and yet it felt strange to my lips to use her proper name.

I tried it out for size. 'You know you are beautiful, Lara.' Maybe I could become accustomed to using it, but presently, it felt awkward.

She laughed heartily. 'I'm far from beautiful, but I'm glad you think so.'

Her lips met mine again, our mouths working together as I pushed my erection against her mound, and she pushed back. My leg slipped between hers so that she could rub her wet pussy against my thigh; both of us aroused once more as I forced a hand between us and fondled her breasts.

It hadn't taken long before my cock was in Lara's cunt as I towered over her, amazed as mum's mature body responded to my thrusts while I fucked her. Her pussy by now was a sloppy mess, but it mattered little, this was where my shaft belonged. I would have liked to have taken forever shagging her, but time was at a premium for both of us; we only had a couple of hours, three at the most.

As my hips got faster, mum's language got coarser, urging me to fuck her pussy; at least I had become accustomed to it by now. And then I was ploughing her fanny, pumping into her hot wet passage as fast as I could, and rewarded as she arched her back and screamed at the ceiling, my cock this time, planting my seed where it belonged.

Although we would have liked to continue, our time was up. Together we took a quick shower, dressed, and then she helped me remake the bed. I was quite lucky; my mother had only been gone ten minutes before Sam returned. Having been successful on this occasion, it was a request I would make use of again in the future.

'Did you have a good time?' She gave me a look that indicated she was meaning the sexual side of things.

'Yes, I did, thanks. You know you can ask for the same bit of time and space, Sam. I won't mind.'

Samantha smiled and nodded. She did not need to make a similar request; there was no boyfriend in the background; she had what she always wanted, her brother. She felt no jealousy about him having a girlfriend, the ones in the past, and probably, the ones in the future, so long as they were no more than that. She realised that she couldn't have Jack exclusively, so was happy to let him have his occasional forays with other women.

We spent the rest of the day together, and of course, shared the same bed that evening. 'Hmmm! That's strange. What perfume does Jenny wear? It somehow smells familiar.' Samantha asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. I did not have a clue which one my girlfriend used, no more than I knew which one my mother used, and that was what Sam was picking up.

'I would have thought it was a more mature woman's perfume, not a young person's.'

'Mental note, I must change the sheets and pillowcases tomorrow.' I thought.

Time passed, and during the coming year, I used the excuse of Jenny, several times, so that my mother and I could have sex in my flat. Samantha never did ask for herself, but I thought nothing of it.

By the time of my twenty-sixth birthday, we had moved. We had good jobs, earning decent money, and so when Sam suggested that we buy a house together, I went along with her idea. Jenny had disappeared long ago. I suppose the lack of opportunities to have sex led to the downfall of our relationship, but I was unconcerned. She had not been replaced, nowadays I was getting plenty at home with my sister, and when I required a change, my mother was waiting in the wings.

Mum was now fifty, and dad was nearly six years older. I never asked, only presuming that they were still at it from time to time. It was possible to notice that her body had aged, but I was still enamoured by it, liking nothing better than to gaze at her when she was naked.

I suppose Sam and I settled into an unspoken relationship. She never spoke of boyfriends, never seemed to go out with men, and never requested time alone. In our new home, even though it was three-bedroomed, we only ever used one. It continued like that for the next four years, I suppose in a way, we became a couple, at least, behind closed doors, we were.

Martin was my younger brother and the only one still based at home when dad passed away. He was only in his late fifties when a heart attack took him. For a week after his death, mum came to stay with us, and Sam had to relocate to one of the other bedrooms. Martin was away at university but would be home for the funeral. The other two of my siblings, another brother, and a sister, were both married with new families of their own by then.

It felt awkward. I had become used to sleeping with Samantha. Now with my mum in the house, and despite the sad occasion, I had the urge to fuck her. The funeral passed without a hitch and my mother finally returned home. Now I know this sounds awful, but I was already imagining, that with my youngest brother away, mum would be alone, and the opportunity was there, after a respectable period, of course, to use her house for sex, often.

During the funeral, Samantha had sat next to our mother, and I noticed the frequently puzzled looks, aimed in my direction. She said nothing on the day, and I forgot all about it.

It was later, after our mum had returned home, that she brought up the subject.

'You don't have to tell me, Jack. But I have noticed a few strange coincidences. Several times after Jenny's visit, there is still a lingering smell of her perfume on the pillows, which reminded me of something that I couldn't quite put my finger on. I always thought it was a strange scent for a young woman to wear. That day at dad's funeral when I sat next to mum. She was wearing the same perfume.'

'Perhaps it was just a coincidence.' I uttered, knowing where she was going with this.

'If it had just been that I may have thought so. But often when I disappeared for you, I would call in at mum and dad's on the way home. It is surprising that every time Jenny is here, mum is out when I call in.'

'She does have a life of her own,' I countered. Sam was getting too close now.

'Hmmm!' She paused for a moment before asking the question I knew was coming.

'We have been sleeping together for years now..... and you seem quite happy to have sex with me, your sister. So, I'm wondering..... who else you may have slept with..... Have you also been sleeping with mum, Jack?'

Maybe I just looked guilty. Perhaps I didn't immediately issue a denial. Whichever it was, my sister took my lack of an answer to confirm her question.

'How long has it been going on for?' She asked.

'Since I was eighteen.'

'Twelve years!' How the hell did you both manage it, Jack, without anyone finding out.' Samantha seemed genuinely astonished.

'With great difficulty at times.' I told her truthfully.

'Has Jenny actually been coming here? Or has it been our mother all this time?'

'I haven't been dating Jenny for years. The only person I have a relationship with nowadays, other than occasionally with mum, is you.'

With the truth out in the open, I expected Sam to go mad. I was quite shocked when she didn't.

'Does mum know about me and you?' She asked. I shook my head.

'Let's keep it that way. I'm sure she wouldn't approve, despite her doing the same.'

There were, of course, more questions. And then, just like most women, she wanted to know the details of what we had done. What was I supposed to tell her? Mum and I had done exactly the same things, that Sam and I did. In bed that night, she wanted me to describe them to her, getting hot under the collar in the process.

'Jesus! I would never have guessed that our mother was like that.' Sam was clearly becoming aroused as I described one of my liaisons with our mother.

'Mum is not shy in bed, Sam. Rather, she is a bit of an animal where sex is concerned. It is probably where you get it from.'

I received a playful punch on the arm, and then her hand was on the move beneath the covers as she took a hold of my rampant cock. 'Would you like to anally abuse me as well?'

Never one to refuse an offer, I allowed Sam carte blanche, watching as she squatted over me, pulled my shaft upright and began rubbing it against her rear entrance. She was far too dry as yet, even though her pussy was starting to moisten.

'Hand moisturiser,' I suggested, reaching across to her side of the bed, and grabbing a tub of it. She massaged it into my cock, and I returned the favour by spreading it around her puckered entrance. When she squatted this time, the cream had the desired effect as the head of my cock disappeared up her arse.

I was considerate and gentle, knowing that this was the first time she had ever attempted anal sex. The changing looks on her face painted a picture; the first grimace faded and was replaced by one of surprise as I eased a couple of inches of cock up her shitter. As more was inserted, the surprised look turned to one of disbelief; that something was going up, rather than coming down.

At last, Sam opened her eyes and looked at me with astonishment. 'Fucking hell, Jack. It certainly feels different.'

Comfortable with my shaft up her back passage, she moved tentatively at first. Flexing her knees, Sam raised and lowered herself as my cock fucked her arse. When I inserted a couple of fingers into her cunt and slowly frigged her, her features changed once more.

'Christ! It feels like two cocks are shagging me.'

I continued to finger her, using my thumb to gently rub her clitoris as it became obvious her arousal was mounting. Sam was panting raggedly, her eyes glazing over, and her tits bouncing rhythmically as she moved up and down faster on my cock. One hand moved in time with her, fingers sliding in and out of her cunt as my other hand went to her nipples, teasing them erect and then twisting.

And then, before I realised it, she was climaxing, shaking uncontrollably as juices flooded from her fanny, coating my hand, and stomach below. Slowly, Sam raised herself, my penis sliding from her anus and lying along my stomach as she changed position so that her pussy now rested atop it.

Sliding back and forward, she used her pussy to toss my cock off as my arousal also started to increase. It did not take long before it was inside her vagina, my hips rising and falling as I rammed it into her, the pressure in my groin reaching a point where ejaculation was becoming imminent. It was tough, and a close-run thing, but I managed to hold off until my sister orgasmed once more and then filled her flue with my semen.

Later, we had a conversation that perhaps both of us would have always avoided. It was Samantha who initiated it, asking the most obvious of questions.

'Have you got a girlfriend? Other than our mum, it seems, you have never brought anyone home, and you have never mentioned any other females.'

Shaking my head, I had to admit to her observations. 'No, I haven't. I don't even bother going looking for one now. It's kind of like, you're my girlfriend. What about you Sam? You never mention anyone.'

She rolled on top of me, resting her head on my chest. There was a pause, one of Sam's pauses, which meant she had something important to say or ask.

'I have the person I want. You! I have always wanted you, ever since I was a teenager. I don't even mind if you want to continue fucking mum. So long as you always come home to me.'

I suppose it didn't come as a surprise, we had lived together for nigh on seven years, and acted no differently than most other couples.

Even her next utterance didn't come as a complete shock. I had suspected it, for a while now.

'You know I love you, Jack.'

'Secretly, I felt no different than Sam did. It was just that I'd never dared to tell her until tonight. 'I love you too, Samantha. For quite a while now. I just thought you may run a mile if I told you.'

She squeezed me, and then her head popped up as she gave me this shy smile. Samantha was silent for several minutes, which I took to mean the end of our chat; although, I was excited because it meant I could continue to sleep with my sister and mother.

'I want a baby!'

She certainly had my attention now. Yes, I enjoyed the sex with her. Yes, I thought of her as my partner, my other half. But surely, things would be said if Sam got pregnant. How would we explain that away when people started asking questions? It was a conundrum. I wanted to tell her it was a bad idea, but whichever words I chose would sound like a rejection.

'I've thought it through,' she continued. 'I go out often with friends, and there is nothing to say I didn't have a one-night stand. Our child would always have to call you Uncle Jack, or we could move to somewhere that no one knows us. But I really want to be a mum, and I want it to be with you.'

The most I would commit to at that moment was to say I would give it serious thought. What my sister was asking for, would be life changing.

For the next week or so, I mulled Samantha's request over in my head. It was a gigantic step for us to take, and while I knew my sister may have planned for most contingencies, it would only take one small mistake for everything to go wrong. She didn't

push the matter, leaving me to think it over without her pestering.

A month later, I had given her my answer after we had indulged that night. Against my better judgement, I said yes. It wasn't as though it happened immediately, but within six months of my sister coming off the pill, she was pregnant.

We told no one, but as time passed, it became obvious, when her belly began to swell. Sam was at work, and I had a day off. I had taken it because it would be my last chance for the present. Martin would finish university this summer and return home for the moment, so I could not continue nipping around to my mother's every time I wanted to fuck her.

It was less than thirty minutes after I arrived before we were in bed. At fifty-four, I could notice the difference in her body from that first time when she had allowed me to shag her. She was still in great shape, and still attractive, but her face showed the passage of time, as did her hands, neck, and the top of her chest.

'Do you know how Samantha managed to get herself pregnant, or who the father might be?' My mother asked innocuously.

I tried to get away with mumbling an incoherent reply as my hand idly played with her breast, twisting, and teasing her nipple. But she persisted, stopping my hand until she got a clear answer. It was at that moment that she asked the most obvious of questions, I suppose.

'Is it yours Jack?

My first instinct, just like most men, was to deny it. Before I could, my mother continued.

'For years now, I have never heard either of you mention anyone else, no girlfriends or boyfriends. Unless, of course, you are both that way inclined, and even then, I would expect to have met a partner by now. And then I got to thinking..... If for all these years you have been more than content to have sex with me, is there any reason why you wouldn't be as comfortable, having sex with your sister?'

She paused for a second before asking for a second time. 'Are you the father, Jack?'

I knew better than to try and lie to my mother, she seemed to instinctively know when I wasn't telling the truth.

I nodded my head and looked embarrassed. What had my life turned into? One of my younger brothers and youngest sister were both married to normal partners; here I was, fucking my mother and having got my other sister pregnant.

My answer seemed to satisfy her for the moment as her hand began to massage my re-emerging erection, sliding the skin taut as she seductively tossed me off. My hand was allowed to

continue fondling her breasts and teasing her nipples as our mouths came together.

I allowed my building arousal to mask the surprise that I was feeling. My mother had just learnt that I had got my sister pregnant and had not had an explosive tantrum. I had expected one on both counts; that I was having sex with Sam, and that she was up the duff.

With the way she was pressing and rubbing her body against me, it was obvious she was ripe. When my hand went between her legs, and slowly, at first, began caressing and massaging her pussy, she rolled onto her back, opened her legs wide and closed her eyes as she relaxed, and enjoyed the mounting sensations as I fingered her. Her hand idly played with my cock, enough to keep it erect, but without bringing me too close to a release. When her pussy reached the point where it was sloppy and noisy, I slid between her legs and allowed my now throbbing shaft to slide inside her wet passage.

As I thrust forcibly into her cunt, I realised that the sensation of fucking my mother had never diminished, each time felt like the first; and although I would soon be the father of a child borne by my sister, I could never give my mother up.

My hands went to her breast as I grasped the small orbs, pulling and massaging the soft flesh as I continued to fuck her. The sloppiness of her pussy spread her juices around my groin; the noise of wet flesh slapping together, sounded loud in the room.

Mum arched her back just as I reached my peak; the sudden explosive release of pressure as my cock began pumping semen into her pussy; making it even sloppier than it had been as I shagged her frantically.

I was home before Sam returned from work, and while she said nothing, I suspected that she knew I had spent time at our mother's. She seemed content with that aspect of our relationship, happy to share me with mum, and in the knowledge that she and I would share the same bed each night.

Little did I know, that over the following months, plans were being made behind my back. At the time, I was oblivious, and it was only later, as the birth of our child approached, that I was included in the plans that had been made.

I received a call at work from my mother, requesting me to drop in on my way home. I must admit to feeling a little unsettled, wondering if she was alright; but arrived to find my sister there also, which came as a surprise. Our mother seemed fine, and so I wondered why we had been summoned.

'It's only a couple of weeks away from Sam giving birth, so she and I think it is about time we brought you up to date with our plans.'

'What plans?' I had to ask.

'Martin is back home and working now. So, Samantha and I have talked about this, and we have made a decision. I am going to sell the house. The mortgage is paid off, so I'll come out of it with a decent amount. Shelly and Rodger, both have homes of their own, and so, I'm going to give Martin the deposit to find a place of his own.'

I was still puzzled as to where this was going as my mother continued.

'You and Sam are going to sell your house, and with the bulk of the money from mine, we are going to buy something bigger, and away from this town. We won't move too far; close enough for you both to get to work, but where people don't know us as such, and I'm going to come and live with you.'

'Okay,' I was thinking. 'That takes care of the baby side, but what about the sexual side of things?'

'We all know by now that you are sleeping with both of us. So, Sam and I have decided that it is just as easy for you to share us in one house, as it is in two. It also means I will be there to babysit, or when Samantha returns to work.'

To say I was in shock, was an understatement. My mother and sister; both under the same roof again, but this time with a difference, I was fucking the two of them.

Although they seemed to calmly accept the plan as a working solution, it scared the hell out of me, could I happily have sex with either of them, knowing the other person could hear and know what was going on?

As it was, and without my full consent, I was more or less bullied into it. It would not be immediately, both properties needed to sell, and we had to find a new home. But by the time our baby was born, and Sam was coming to the end of her maternity leave, the three of us were ensconced in a new home where no one seemed to know us. My mother reverted to her maiden name, and as Samantha and I had the same surname, our neighbours and people who got to know us, just presumed we were married.

We were both driving a similar distance to work, and our mother, looked after our daughter Emily, while we were out.

Five years down the line, their solution seemed to be working perfectly. There were no raised eyebrows; no one questioned that we were a married couple who had a mother-in-law living with them. It is surprising what people presume, and the world takes for granted.

Sex with both of them had simply fallen into place. At first, we divided the week up, and I slept with them on alternate nights with one day off to rest my weary bones. But by the time mum was approaching her sixties, sex with her was a little less frequent.

It was the occasion of my brother Martin's wedding. Now twenty-seven, he had taken his time choosing the right woman to marry. They had lived together for four years, and already had a child. He was the last of my siblings to tie the knot and we had all been invited to his wedding.

Samantha was back to her svelte self, looking gorgeous in her wedding outfit. My mother, despite her age, looked equally as appetising in the twin set, she had chosen. The skirt, while a little shorter than what may be considered correct for a sixty-year-old, nevertheless, showed off her perfect pins, and the blouse she paired the ensemble with, showed just the correct amount of cleavage.

On the day of the ceremony, and, with both of them dressed and waiting to leave, I would have been hard pushed to decide which of them I would have loved to fuck first, they were both equally delectable.

The day went the way of most weddings, and by early evening, we were all three of us, well on the way to being pissed. It was at that point that I stopped drinking, purely because both my mother and sister were becoming frisky, and in their current states, it was only time before they did something that would attract attention.

Samantha was the first one I had to fight off. Thankfully, we had not brought our daughter, who insisted on calling me daddy. We had tried to teach her to say, Uncle Jack, but she was having none of it; so, it was decided that a babysitter may be more

appropriate. It is surprising what a five-year-old might decide to come out with.

All day long, Sam had been touchy-feely; the more she drank, the more she flirted with me. When the music started, she dragged me onto the dance floor, and the way she was gyrating against me was leading to some surprising expressions.

Our mother was no better, but at least she confined it to when we were away from prying eyes. Outside, and after catching five minutes without the loud music, she suddenly appeared. Dragging me down the side of the building, I suddenly found myself in a clink as we kissed, her hand rubbing frantically at my hardening cock as I massaged the breast, on which she had placed my hand.

'I want you to fuck me when we get home.' She purred huskily.

That was going to cause a dilemma because my sister was constantly expressing the same desire each time I was in her presence.

The taxi journey home was a nightmare. In the darkness of the rear seat, two hands were caressing each of my thighs and constantly delving into my groin. They must have noticed and been able to feel the other's hand; but it did not seem to curtail what they were doing, which was to tease me incessantly and left me with a painful throbbing erection in my pants.

At last, we were home; the babysitter had departed, and I was left with a sleeping child and two sozzled, giggling women. Leaving them in a whispered conversation, I went and checked on our daughter, and then walked into mine and Sam's bedroom. The sound of the two of them was coming closer as they mounted the stairs, before, to my surprise, they both appeared in the room.

They were both still sniggering away as they began to undress, and I realised what was about to happen.

As a young man, and just like possibly everyone else, I had fantasised about having sex with two women. But that was all it had been, a fantasy. With the look of it, that was what was about to happen, but in my case, the two women would be my mother and sister. I watched in fascination as they undressed. First, their wedding outfits, followed by the sexy lingerie both wore, until at last, they stood, if a little unsteadily, naked, in front of me.

I may have been nervous, but I was no fool. This may be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, and I was not going to miss it, thankful now that I had curtailed my consumption. No sooner was I naked than my mother pounced, pushing me backwards onto the bed as she straddled my hips.

Within seconds, my cock was inside her cunt as I watched her slithering up and down my appendage. The view of her was suddenly blocked as Sam's face appeared in front of mine, and

we kissed, our mouths pressed together and our tongues invading the others.

The sensations in my groin mounted slowly as mum did all the work, raising and lowering her bottom, and impaling herself on my throbbing erection. Sam's face disappeared, to be quickly replaced by a shaven pussy as she straddled my head. Pulling her piss-flaps apart, occasional droplets of her juices landed on my face before I clamped my mouth against her cunt and thrust my tongue into her.

It took great determination to try and last. Mum was moaning and grunting, as was my sister, especially when I began sucking at her clit and raised my hands to play with her tits and nipples. I could feel my ejaculation drawing closer but was saved as my mother's juices suddenly flood my groin as she came to a stop, grinding her pussy against my groin as she climaxed. Samantha followed in quick succession; my face showered with her cum as she orgasmed.

After a short respite during which my arousal subsided, it was all change. This time Sam bounced up and down on my cock as I was presented with my mum's pussy to lick and suck on.

Lying on your back while two gorgeous women abuse you is all well and good, but I wanted to fuck. The suction of my mouth, with my tongue poking into her cunt soon had her heading towards another climax. When I jammed a finger up her arse and frigged her back passage, my mother went wild, and at one point I thought she was going to suffocate me. Juices poured from her

as she orgasmed, flooding my nose and mouth; her pussy jammed violently against my face before she toppled sideways as the sensations slowly started to subside.

In a flash, I had rolled Sam, now between her legs and towering over her as I smashed her cunt. She bucked beneath me, screaming, and shouting at me to abuse her even more. I watched my mother slowly touch herself, aroused by what was taking place between her son and daughter. And then my world exploded; my voice added to the crescendo of noise as I shouted my release and filled her cunt with my cream.

It took me a while to recover, and by the early hours of the morning, I was exhausted. But I had satisfied both women, and my sack was completely drained. It would take a miracle if I could get it up for the next twenty-four hours.

Years passed, and my life was content with our constant routine. To the outside world, we were a family no different to themselves, but behind closed doors, or away on holiday, we continued to enjoy our secret.

Our mother passed away, just before my forty-sixth birthday; she was seventy, and right up to the end, I continued to fuck her. In fact, she died peacefully in her own bed, after a night of sex and with me sleeping next to her.

Sam and I continued in our roles as husband and wife, gracefully growing old together.

My cock slid slowly into her pussy, at first, a startled gasp, followed by a groan of pleasure and then contentment. Resting for a moment, I allowed her to enjoy the feeling of my shaft filling her cunt, and then slowly moved, imperceptible at first, and then a little quicker as I began fucking her. The reasonable-sized tits jutted upright from her chest, only flattening slightly at first, and then more as my hands squeezed and fondled them, paying particular attention to her large nipples.

Her legs wrapped around me as my hips increased speed again, my cock plundering her passage as her juices flowed and she cried out in delight.

She was struggling to keep her eyes open, her head rolling from side to side while her tongue continually moistened her lips as she panted and gasped. Her vaginal muscles were strong, clamping onto my cock with each thrust, trying to hold me in place before I disappointed it and withdrew, ready for another plunge into her cunt.

She seemed so young and fragile, but the sex with her was every bit as good as it was with my sister and had been with my mother.

'Fuck me, Daddy. Fuck my pussy and make me cum.'

This was the last of Emily's many eighteenth-birthday presents. Sam and I had kept up the pretence as long as we could. But

eventually, as our daughter grew, there was always the possibility that a time would come when she put two and two together and realised that her parents were brother and sister.

She presented us with the facts on the day itself. My brothers and other sister had not helped, of course, constantly commenting on my and Sam's true relationship.

Emily had been unconcerned and to the point when she had told us both what she wanted. Sam was more shocked than I was, but over the proceeding weeks, she had come to terms with our daughter's request. Like mother like daughter, I presumed.

And so here I am, my cock plunging into my daughter's young pussy as she writhes beneath me. I watch her tits bounce back and forth, the lust, written all over her face as she glares at me intently.

'Harder daddy. Fuck me harder. Oh god, yes, yes, yessssss!'

Her back arched, head thrown back as she climaxed, and I pumped my semen into her cunt, fucking her as fast and hard as I could.

Afterwards, and as we recovered, I wondered about the future. A threesome with my sister and mother had become our norm; would it now be replaced by a threesome with my sister and daughter?

What was the possibility that after tonight, I may have already started breeding the next generation of our family because we had taken no precautions?