

Incestuous Covid

Part One -- First & Second Lockdowns

Covid-19 started with a feeling of excitement for Ethan and Becky, but little did they know that within a short time, it would begin to feel more like a prison sentence rather than the adventure they had imagined. As more restrictions began to be imposed the two of them found themselves at home, all schools and colleges having been closed and their lectures and coursework being done online. Their father also found himself working from home while their mum was placed on furlough, her job disappearing when all non-essential shops had to shut their doors.

There was an exhilarating feeling on that first Monday morning when for the foreseeable future, they did not have to be up early for college, they didn't even have to get dressed if they didn't feel like it. Their mornings were taken up with online lectures, the two of them, accompanied by their father, sat around the dining table as they tapped away at laptop computers, all three of them wearing headphones so as not to disturb the others. Inside a week, their father had the room to himself, both Ethan and Becky preferring to stay in their bedrooms as they completed the modules set each day.

By the third week, cracks were beginning to appear, there were so many things they had taken for granted, especially their social lives. No longer were they able to visit friends and family, even if they could have done, with everything closed, there was nowhere to go and nothing to do. From the very beginning, they all started to look forward to the once-a-day escape as they were allowed out for exercise, initially going out as a family onto the heath at

the back of their home for a walk. But as the atmosphere at home slowly became toxic, a result of living on top of each other, it was not uncommon for each of them to escape alone for some sought after solitude.

Ethan was nineteen, Becky eighteen, and while their disagreements were brief, they were soon forgotten. The main protagonists were their mother and father, Alan, their dad, working at home, made frequent demands which caused friction with his wife. Normally at his office, he would have a personal assistant who would bring refreshments whenever he requested them, she would also go out for sandwiches if he were having a working lunch and do whatever was needed. This, unfortunately, was how he began to treat his wife who quickly let it be known that she wasn't his skivvy and would not run around after him.

Susan, their mother worked in the retail sector, not as an assistant, but behind the scenes as part of the management team. She was used to giving orders, not taking them and what their father was asking of her was not going down well. She had thought that with the two of them having so much time at home that they could get lots of planned jobs done before the summer was eventually upon them. She was frustrated in her attempts as their dad treated his working day exactly as he would have done in the office, not that she considered he was doing all that much work anyway.

Six weeks in and hostilities had commenced, Ethan and Becky able to hear raised voices once their parents were in bed each night and sarcastic comments punctuating each day.

His father was going out for some exercise and Becky unusually had decided to accompany him, slowly it seemed to Ethan that he and his sister were beginning to choose sides. She had always been a 'daddy's girl,' and so it did not surprise him when she took her father's position in any disagreement. On the other hand, he could appreciate his mother's point of view, dad did not do all that much work each day and if he had managed his time better, he could easily have completed some of the tasks his mother wanted out of the way. And so, it was that Ethan tended to take her side in any discourse which eventually pitted him against his sister.

With the weather beginning to warm up, they used it as an excuse to escape onto the heath more frequently, going out several times each day for their so-called exercise. Although by rights this was against the rules, the location of their home and the open countryside behind them meant that the likelihood of them getting caught was minuscule. Routines were quickly established, Becky frequently accompanying their father while mum and he would go out together. When the four of them did go out as a family they inevitably quickly split, mum and Ethan going in one direction while Becky and her dad went in the opposite.

The longer the lockdown went on the more Ethan started to notice the whispered conversations between his father and sister, their disappearances each week becoming more frequent as time passed. He was going to join them that morning for their constitutional but wanted to get his last bit of coursework finished first. Mum had said she did not feel up to it and they had left before he was finished. It wouldn't take much to catch

them up Ethan decided as he switched off his laptop and cleared his books away.

Outside the day was warm, the heath and accompanying fields quiet with not another soul in sight as he trudged up the slight slope and reached its summit, looking around only to find that his father and sister had disappeared. Continuing to walk in the general direction that they seemed to take each day, Ethan thought he would quickly come across them.

He was enjoying the fresh air and the warmth of the sun on his face when he became aware of the faint sound of voices carried on the slight breeze. Turning three hundred and sixty degree's, Ethan scoured the horizon in all directions, unable to pinpoint the location of the sound which had now disappeared as he continued his stroll, the voices appearing and then fading, mystifying him as to where they could be coming from. Up ahead there was a small copse of trees and bushes as he headed in their general direction, meaning to circle around them before heading towards home. But as he drew closer, he could hear the voices as more and more it sounded like his father and sister.

Ethan didn't know what made him hang back instead of immediately going to join them, wondering why they had stopped. Creeping closer, he peered through one of the bushes, both of them sat on the opposite side of the hollow which the copse surrounded. They seemed deep in conversation as he watched for a couple of minutes before getting ready to move and call out to them both. Perhaps that is what he should have done instead of moving stealthily a little closer, finding himself

shocked when they did something that he would never have expected in a million years.

In astonishment, Ethan watched Becky lean forward and kiss their dad, not the kind of kiss a daughter may perhaps give his cheek, or even a quick peck on his lips. This was a full-on kiss, her lips planted firmly on his as their mouths moved together. The sight had taken his breath away, leaving him feeling furtive as he continued to watch while Becky removed her thin jacket and his father's hand rose to her ample breasts as he fondled her right tit.

What he was watching was repugnant, but at the same time arousing. Did he make himself seen, interrupting what they were doing and saying something, or did he stay hidden? His mind was made up as his father removed his sister's top and Ethan saw that she was braless beneath it, her breasts jutting proudly from her chest as his father leant forwards and took one of her nipples into his mouth. Becky tilted her head backwards, her eyes closed as he moved from nipple to nipple, his hand now between her legs as he rubbed the gusset of her jeans and her fanny beneath the material.

This felt so wrong to Ethan, she was eighteen, his dad was in his forties, but that did not seem to be bothering Becky as his father unfastened her jeans, pulled the zip down and slid his hand inside both her jeans and panties. Her voice got louder and from his vantage point, Ethan could hear her groans as she urged her father onwards, obvious to Ethan now, that his dad was fingering her. When her hand finally stopped him, he rolled onto

his back, Becky unfastening his pants and pushing them down as he raised his hips, and his shaft sprang free.

She immediately wrapped her fingers around his swollen member, tossing him off as it was now his turn to moan. As disgusted as Ethan felt, there was no denying that his own cock found it arousing, a throbbing intensity accompanied the large bulge in the front of his jeans. He was unable to help himself as he rubbed at it, now seeing his sister move, her head hovering over his father's shaft until she lowered it and took his cock into her mouth.

When at last she removed her jeans and mounted their father, straddling his hips, Ethan's shaft was in his hand as he wanked furiously, his arousal quickly reaching fever pitch as he watched Becky bounce up and down on his dad's shaft while he played with her tits. Ethan beat them to it, cum spurting from the swollen head as he heard his sister start to climax, his hand flashing up and down his length as he emptied his sack onto the bush and grass below.

Hastily shoving his cock back into his pants, Ethan set off at a trot, moving in a diagonal direction as he tried to put as much distance as he could between his sister and his father. With his brain working overtime as he ran, Ethan wondered what the hell he did next, did he say something to the both of them or just to his sister, did he tell his mother what he had just witnessed and thus destroy his family, knowing full well that she was liable to kick them both out immediately and call the police.

Flushed and breathless, Ethan arrived back at their house, hanging around outside until he got his breath back and his face cooled. There was no way he could tell his mother, not with the consequences he had just imagined, nor could he say something to his father, he would be far too embarrassed.

He had meant to broach the subject with Becky, but his imagination got in the way. When they returned, Ethan found that he couldn't stop watching her, images of her breasts and what she had done with dad firmly fixed in his mind. He began to wonder what it may be like to fuck her, something that had never entered his head before that morning. For the first time, he began to notice her body, she was slim, her stomach perfectly flat which made her ample breasts look even bigger than they were. Her hips flared and then tapered to a very decent set of legs and there was no denying that she was attractive. Whilst for the rest of that week Ethan had no opportunity to try and follow them, he did wank each night as he imagined her sliding up and down his shaft, his cum spurting each time onto a pair of her panties that he had managed to pilfer.

Over time, Ethan found there was another consequence to what he had witnessed that morning, it was slow to start and seemed to creep up on him without any proper realisation. Currently, though, he had developed an unhealthy obsession with his sister, wondering if he should use his nearly acquired knowledge to perhaps blackmail her into doing something for him.

Further thought told him it was a bad idea, even though he had seen his sister and father at it with his own eyes, he had no concrete proof. If he said something, it would be their words

against his and he was sure that they would come up with some scenario to discredit what he had seen, mum certain to believe his father over him. All Ethan could do for the moment was to bide his time, determined at some point to follow them once more and this time he would capture pictures on his phone which would prove his claims.

Becky immediately went for a shower when she and her father returned, her body hot and sweaty from their sexual encounter. It was not the first time he had fucked her; their liaison having started just after Christmas and a month before lockdown began. In retrospect, it had been she who had initiated that first occasion she remembered as she stood beneath the stream of water from the showerhead above her.

It had happened here in the shower cubicle, the memory still vivid. Mum had been at work and Ethan her brother still at college. She had been on a half-day, bursting for the loo when she arrived home. Dashing upstairs, she had thrown her bag into her bedroom and flown into the bathroom, unaware that her dad was at home and taking a shower. Her knickers had been around her ankles and her skirt around her waist before her brain processed his presence, unable to wait without wetting herself as she plonked her bottom on the seat and pissed. Her father had been so surprised that he'd made no effort to cover himself and they had simply stared at each other as she urinated.

Despite the stream of water cascading down the glass panel, she could see his flaccid cock hanging between his legs, his upper torso covered in soapsuds. The more she stared at his manhood

the greater the tingling sensation between her legs became as she noted the sporadic jerks his shaft made as it started to thicken. Becky had no idea what came over her as their eyes met, but suddenly she was pulling her top over her head and unfastening her bra as she saw her father's eyes open wide as he looked at her tits.

Taking a piece of tissue, she wiped her fanny, the touch increasing the mounting sensations her vagina was experiencing. She stood and flushed the toilet, stepping out of her panties as she moved towards the cubicle, stopping for a second to get rid of her skirt before opening its door and feeling the first spray of water hit her skin. Alan hadn't stopped her as she had entered, neither of them saying a word to the other, the only sound was the splashing of water and the grunt he emitted as she grasped his cock and slid the skin back. She could feel it growing in her hand, becoming solid as he came erect and then she moaned as her father's hand came up and caressed her breast, his fingers tweaking her nipple.

She could hear him panting above the noise of the shower, her hand now tossing him off and his cock rock hard, throbbing against her palm. He had retaliated, her breathing quickening as his other hand went between her legs and she felt a finger trace the lips of her fanny. She had moaned louder as he opened her piss flaps and then the finger had slid inside her cunt, her juices mixing with the water still cascading down their bodies.

When he had lifted her easily, she had wrapped her legs around his waist as she felt her back pressed up against the tiled wall. She felt the head of his shaft against her vagina, long seconds

as she registered it twitch a couple of times, and then he was lowering her slowly, her fanny stretching and expanding as he began to fill her passage until she had his cock buried deep inside her.

Her father had been good, his hips pumping his shaft into her had been constant as he built her arousal to a fever pitch, begging him to make her cum. With her tits squashed against his chest, he had fucked her furiously and then as a finger slid up her arse she had climaxed, both of them crying out as she felt his cock shoot his semen to the back of her vagina.

Of course, afterwards, he had made her promise to say nothing to anyone, she had agreed readily but on the proviso that he would fuck her again whenever she demanded. It wasn't every week, but when she got the urge, her daddy would find time to stick his cock in her cunt.

Ethan was out with his mother, the lockdown about to enter its third month as he wished he could return to college. Over time the country had nearly come to a standstill and he had seen nothing of his friends and especially his girlfriend. People were taking precautions and whilst he and his friends thought they were in no danger; their parents saw it differently and had banned any meetings.

He stopped and knelt for a second, retying the lace of his trainer which had come undone as he looked at his mother who had carried on walking slowly. His attention was drawn to her bottom, encased in tight leggings, it swayed from side to side

each time she took a step. His mother's buttocks were every bit as pert as his sisters and her legs as good if not better, she was slim like Becky although her breasts were considerably smaller, he was thinking to himself, as she turned to find him staring at her and questioning him.

'What? Have I stood in something?'

Ethan shook his head as he stood and caught up with her, suddenly coming out with a comment that surprised both he and his mother.

'Has anyone told you that you have a nice bottom?'

He had immediately gone red as she looked at him and laughed. 'I'm sure you shouldn't be looking at my bottom. But thank you, I'll take it as a compliment.'

It was as though his comment had made their conversation easier, chatting about what they were both missing due to the covid. She asked about his girlfriend and he spoke of his father, there was no way he was going to tell her what he had seen, he was trying to gauge if she had an inkling that in effect his dad was cheating on her. To Ethan's dismay, their walk was over quicker than he had anticipated, their house already on the horizon as they headed back. They had laughed and joked all the way through their journey and as they headed homewards, mum had linked her arm through his. It felt good Ethan realised,

her arm and shoulder pressed tightly against him as he made her laugh once more.

Perhaps because of what he had seen happen between his sister and father, the thought suddenly entered his head as he wondered what it might be like to have sex with his mother. She might be older than him, but she was still a good-looking woman and the more he noticed her, the more he decided that she had a sexy body.

For the rest of that week, he found that the fantasies he'd been having about Becky had now been replaced by his mother, lying in his bed each night, he would close his eyes and imagine her straddling his hips naked as she jerked him off, Becky's panties now replaced with a pair of his mothers, as he filled the gusset with his cream, one spurt after another of hot cum as his body trembled with the secret thrill of his imaginings. His mind became obsessed with the notion of having sex with her, jealous of his sister who had somehow made it happen and wondering if he should ask her advice.

He quickly realised that it was a stupid idea, not only informing her of what he knew but also admitting to her that he wanted to do the same with their mum. It was futile Ethan decided, there was no way he could broach the subject with his mum and surmised that what had happened with his sister, was one of those once in a lifetime opportunities that occurred and that he could wait forever without it ever happening for him.

As summer approached there was talk of lifting the lockdown, schools and colleges would not re-open until September but hopefully, their mother and father would soon return to work. Their mum Susan was the first to return, but only working three days a week so that the store could rotate staff. Their father was returning full time the coming Monday and the atmosphere at home seemed to become friendlier as everyone looked forward to being able to see friends and family again.

During the summer, most days Ethan met up with a couple of friends or with his girlfriend, pubs and cafes were open once more as they took the opportunity to enjoy their freedom, but occasionally, he and Becky would go out for a walk on the heath if all of their friends were already occupied. He still hadn't mentioned the subject to her, wondering if it had been a one-off and would not be repeated now that life was returning to normal, but he had not been able to shrug off the thoughts about his mother, not helped by the fact that he had found a website filled with erotic stories.

Ethan had printed off copies of several different types of story, but they all had one thing in common, incest. Some were "Father-Daughter" others "Sister-Brother" but mostly, they were of the "Mother-Son" type which he would read in bed each night, the tales arousing and adding to his fantasies about his mum. One, in particular, was extremely graphic and he had been so taken by the tale that he had reprinted it, changing the names of the main characters to Susan and Ethan. Each morning, he would hide them under his mattress, not wanting anyone else to read them, especially the one that he had adapted.

Throughout June and July, life in a way returned to what it previously had been, everything was open, people were mixing

and taking holidays, although they were still expected to social distance and wear masks in certain indoor areas. Their father was at work and mum was on one of her days off as they left her washing and ironing, he and Becky deciding to take a stroll across the heath. Ethan's girlfriend was away with her parents and their other friends were presently dispersed. Halfway through the walk, he had just decided to come out with it as he turned to Becky and asked.

'How long have you and dad been fucking?'

She stopped suddenly in her tracks and it was as though she had been struck dumb as turning towards him her face displayed a look of horror and fear. When she finally regained her composure, Ethan could see she was about to try and deny it as he spoke before she could.

'I was trying to catch you both up one day. By the time I arrived, he was shagging you. I watched you both.'

He saw her face turn crimson as she looked guilty, which was then followed by dismay as she asked him. 'You didn't say anything to mum, did you?'

Ethan shook his head, 'I haven't said anything to anyone,' he told her. 'What are you playing at Becky?'

Initially, she had refused to answer, turning away as she carried on walking until eventually, she spotted what she was looking

for, changing direction and taking her brother's hand, she led him from the heath into a field where the grass was longer, and a lone tree provided some shade.

Once seated and away from prying eyes, she made him tell her all that he had seen, continually asking questions as his story unfolded.

'Did it turn you on?' She asked brazenly when he had finally finished, Becky sensing that there were some things her brother was not divulging.

He may as well tell her, Ethan thought as he described how he had watched as she got fucked, his cock out as he jerked himself off. His descriptions had aroused her, with life slowly returning to normal, Becky had been going without, especially now her father had returned to work. She had wondered if her brother would be up for fucking her but did not have an inkling how she could approach the subject with him.

This was the perfect opportunity Becky thought, glancing around to make sure there was no one else out on the heath or in the surrounding fields as she suddenly leant forward and grabbed the back of his head, pulling him closer until his lips met hers.

Ethan could tell she was excited by the way she kissed him; her mouth hungry as her tongue was forced between his lips. When his hand came up and caressed her breast, she made no effort

to stop him, only putting her hand on top of his as she forced him to squeeze the firm orb. He could not believe how easily this was happening, his arousal openly apparent as her hand went to his groin, rubbing sensuously at his cock. When they broke apart, she breathlessly suggested a bit of fun as she glanced around once more.

'No one's about. Why don't you get naked?' Immediately starting to divest herself of her clothing. 'I take it that you would like to fuck me,' she giggled.

There was no way that Ethan was going to miss this opportunity, it may never happen again he was thinking to himself as he stripped off, watching Becky who had a head start and was now nearly naked. With a final cursory glance, she pulled him down on top of her, feeling his erection pushing against her belly and mound as she began to kiss him once more.

Her fantasies, initially, had actually been about Ethan. She was the same age as his girlfriend Mona and had overheard plenty of comments the young woman made about her brother which led Becky to wonder what it may be like to have him fuck her. As was the problem with all fantasies, how did you then take your secret desires to a stage of reality, especially when you had no idea if the other person was indeed interested in you?

Becky enjoyed sex, she'd had a couple of boyfriends, but not enough to satisfy the demands her body seemed to continually make. She knew what happened to girls who put out too easily and the name's they got and so she'd had to deny herself on

many occasions. Ethan, if she could ever persuade him, was the perfect solution, they would be able to fuck whenever the urge took her, which was quite often, and no one would be any the wiser.

He was handsome, and for a brother, was surprisingly good with her. She had friends who continually complained that their brothers were 'Pigs.'

Watching him undress, she could feel her arousal increase as she got her first sight of his penis, her father was reasonably endowed, but at a rough guess, Ethan seemed to be a little larger and she was now filled with anticipation as she dragged him on top of her and felt his manhood pulsing against her mound.

When she released him from their kiss, she whispered in his ear. 'I want you to fuck me, Ethan. I want you to slide that huge cock of yours into my cunt.'

She had opened her legs wide as he knelt between them, her eyes sparkling as he pushed his plump head against her vagina, and she uttered her first groan. And then she had gasped out loud as he forced his cock into her cunt, feeling her passage stretch as he began to fill her until at last, his groin pressed against her own. All she could do at first was stare at him wide-eyed as her fanny became accustomed to the lump of meat jammed inside it.

Ethan started slowly, his shaft sliding in and out of his sister's well-lubricated fanny and her voice going up and down with each thrust. Her tits were as excellent as he remembered, large and firm as he gripped both of them, squeezing and making them bulge before leaning forward and sucking on each of her nipples, Becky uttering a shriek each time he nipped the large teats with his teeth. He was intent on making it last, partly because he had no idea if this would be his only chance to fuck her, building her sensations slowly until as she approached her plateau, he would stop and rub softly at her clit with his thumb until her arousal diminished before starting all over again.

Becky lifted her hips meeting her brother's each time his cock was plunged into her cunt. She was calling him all sorts of awful names, but she couldn't help herself as he pushed her to the brink and then stopped, keeping her finely balanced whilst her body continued to demand that final release. And then his shaft was pumping into her pussy, tipping her over the edge as she arched her back, her body going taut as she climaxed and stars appeared before her eyes, the intense sensations ripping through her.

She was screaming, the pleasure emanating from her cunt refusing to stop, as did her brother who continued to ram his cock into her sodden passage, juices leaking from her and dripping onto the grass beneath her bottom as a second orgasm consumed her and she felt him ejaculate his hot sperm into her vagina.

Becky was fucked, at that moment wanting nothing more than to be allowed to sleep, her eyes were heavy, and her body exhausted as she lay back under the warm sun and snoozed.

She awoke to find Ethan still nestled beside her, one arm under her head and his other hand softly caressing her breasts. Turning to face him, she kissed the tip of his nose.

'Do I take it that this is something that you may want to repeat? She asked with a smile which turned into a grin as he nodded his head. They spent the next thirty minutes lying next to each other, delighting in their nakedness before deciding to get dressed and finally head for home.

There was no point in making plans, far easier to see what each day brought but Becky knew for certain that she had not yet finished with Ethan, hopefully, between him and her father, they would provide all of the sex that her body could desire.

Indoors they reverted to being brother and sister, their mother asking if they'd had a nice walk, but there was something in the way that she looked at Ethan that unsettled him as he went up to his bedroom. He had been laid on his bed for the past hour when he suddenly realised that the sheets and covers had been changed, springing up as he lifted the mattress to check if the pages of stories he had downloaded were still there and giving a sigh of relief when he found them still in situ.

The next morning, he was up early, the sound of his mother vacuuming downstairs having disturbed him. Becky was still sleeping when he peeped in before making his way downstairs and making himself some breakfast.

'Fancy a walk once you're finished?' His mother called.

Ethan told her he was going for a quick shower and to give him fifteen minutes. Outside, they took a familiar route, up onto the heath and then onwards into the open fields. The day was beginning to warm nicely as he and his mother chatted about nothing in particular, Ethan matching her step for step as she marched along. Crossing the field, they were nearing another part of the town and one of the local parks.

'Let's take a seat for five minutes,' her mother suddenly uttered.

Sat together, she stared off into space, Ethan getting the feeling that she wanted to say something but wasn't quite sure where to start.

'How's Mona? She suddenly enquired.

Ethan told her that his girlfriend was fine and that she was currently away with her parents.

'Everything alright between you two? Are you getting a little bored with her? How have you managed not being able to see her because of the lockdown?

Ethan wondered where his mother was going with the questions, it was not like her to take this much interest in his girlfriend.

'Your sisters becoming very attractive, isn't she? She's growing into a beautiful young woman, don't you think?

Ethan felt a cold sweat break out, had his mother guessed that he and Becky had indulged in intercourse. He answered her questions the best he could but now had a sickly feeling in his stomach as she continued, going off at tangents as she asked more questions.

'You don't fantasise about her, do you, Ethan? You know that wouldn't be right?'

His mouth dropped open, what the hell kind of a question was that. There was only one thing he could do, and that was to lie through his teeth, telling her he did not fantasise about Becky, which in a way was true, he didn't have to dream about it anymore now that they had consummated their relationship. He watched as his mother nodded her head, staring off into the distance again as he waited for her next utterance with bated breath. The silence seemed to go on, Ethan hoping against all odds that his answers had satisfied his mother's sudden curiosity.

'Perhaps you have fantasies about older women? I suppose that's understandable, though I couldn't necessarily see the fascination,' she had suddenly said after a lengthy silence.

Ethan quickly had this nagging feeling that he knew where this was coming from. His mother had changed his bed yesterday, had she come across the stories secreted beneath the mattress, worse still, had she started to read them, he had the sudden premonition that the one that he had altered was the top story on the pile.

He had two choices, he could continue to lie, coming up with any excuses he could quickly think of or he could brazen it out and at the least tell his mother a modicum of truth. Quickly deciding before she could throw more questions at him, he interrupted her.

'Is this to do with the stories you found under my mattress? I take it you read some of it,' he said, trying not to blush and sound as grown-up as he could. He wasn't a child anymore and it wasn't as though he was doing anything wrong by reading erotic stories.

His mother nodded her head, refusing to look at him as he turned sideways on the bench and stared in her direction.

'Yes. I've thought about an older woman. And yes, I've imagined doing things with one, especially if she is attractive and quite sexy. Is there something wrong with that?'

There was another prolonged silence. 'Did you write that story, the one about a mother and a son?' She wanted to know. 'The one where the mother is called Susan and her son is called Ethan.'

He shook his head, trying to explain that he had simply downloaded it, but it was evident by the look on her face that she did not believe him, asking sarcastically if it was a coincidence that the characters in the story had the same names as they did.

'Why, Ethan. Why would you write something like that? I'm your mother. Surely you can't be imagining doing the things to me that I noticed in that story?'

Try as he might, his mother had convinced herself that he was the author of what she had read and no matter what he said to the contrary, she was not going to believe him. He felt like telling her that what he was feeling was no different to what his father and sister were doing but knew that something like that would only make matters worse.

'Alright then, I did write it, and everything thing you read is what I have perhaps dreamt about.' He looked away feeling ashamed,

it wasn't supposed to be like this, she was supposed to understand a young man's fantasies.

His mother had refused to discuss it with him anymore, only saying that it was time they were getting back. At least she hadn't gone off on one Ethan thought, but he wondered if she was going to say something to his father.

He had stayed out of the way over the weekend, spending time out with his friends and arriving back late. His mother had made no further mention and there had been no man to man talk from his dad, Ethan realising that, if that happened, it would be hard to keep a straight face, knowing what his dad had done with his sister.

And then before he knew it, he and Becky were back in college, dad was working full time and his mother had also returned to her job. Although there were still cautious messages broadcast each evening, it felt like the worst was over and that the country was returning to normal.

For a time, he had forgotten about the pages beneath his mattress, suddenly remembering one evening and going in search of them. Much to his surprise, they were no longer there, had his mother thrown them away he wondered, he couldn't understand why when he could simply download them again.

Neither he nor Becky had managed to complete a term time at college before their part of the country was put into a tiered

lockdown again. Their father was currently allowed to work, but once more their mother was furloughed as meetings between friends and relatives started to be banned. It had felt like they had been let out on parole, only to be called back to prison after a short period.

When their father was eventually sent to work from home once more, things soon returned to how they had been the first time around. At least then it had been spring and summer, when it all got too much indoors, they could escape onto the heath and the surrounding countryside. Now it was October, and while they could still go out for exercise, the weather had changed, wet miserable days that did not inspire long walks in the fresh air.

Hostilities had soon broken out, only this time, the arguments were not confined to their parent's bedroom each night, slanging matches taking place in the lounge during the day which meant he and Becky spent more time in their rooms, trying to stay out of the way as much as possible.

Ethan could tell his mother was exasperated as she asked him if he wished to go out. Becky was upstairs in her room and his father was in the dining room working as Ethan nodded his head, it was the first time his mother had asked since their conversation several months earlier. Outside it was cold and miserable as he rugged up and put on some walking boots, it wasn't the weather to be crossing fields in their normal footwear he thought as he went out of the rear of the house, waiting for his mum.

Following her lead, they set off in a slightly different direction than they normally took, heading east in the direction of the next nearest town which was about five miles away. The first three miles were done in nearly complete silence, his mother marching along as he followed in her wake, glancing occasionally at the sky which was beginning to darken, suggesting that a downpour was imminent. They were only about a half-mile from the next town when the rain started, just a drizzle at first but at least his mother was now speaking to him as she gazed upwards and changed direction again.

The drizzle turned to larger drops and then to a steady rainfall until suddenly the heavens opened and it lashed it down, the both of them saturated inside five minutes. She had set off at a trot, Ethan not sure where she was heading to, until he suddenly remembered that her sister, Aunt Janice, had a caravan out this way which she used about six times each year when she came up to visit, letting it out for holidays when it was unoccupied. Situated on a small park on the edge of town, Ethan and his mother were soaked through to the skin by the time they reached it, his mum taking a key from her pocket and letting them in.

Indoors was cold with everything turned off, Ethan going back outside to turn on the gas bottle so that his mum could make them both a hot drink and light the gas fire in the lounge. Going to a storage cupboard in one of the bedrooms, she returned with several large towels.

'Get out of those wet things before you catch your death. The fire will soon warm the lounge up and I'll put our clothes in the dryer.'

Using one to dry his hair and damp skin, Ethan wrapped the other around his waist, aware that he was naked beneath it as he picked up his wet clothes from the floor of the second bedroom and took them through to the kitchen and placed them in the tumble dryer ready. When his mother appeared wearing nothing, but a towel wrapped around her, Ethan had to restrain himself from uttering a word, conscious that something was happening beneath his own towel as he watched her bend and put her clothes into the dryer and switch it on.

Sitting together on the rug in front of the fire with their coffee mugs they began to warm up, his mother casting occasional sideways glances. He could see her in his peripheral vision, making an effort not to turn his head and stare at her and already embarrassed because of his erection which he had managed to disguise under the folds of the towel. Every few minutes he would fidget as his shaft protested the constraint and throbbed incessantly.

His mother wasn't saying very much, her conversation stilted, but every so often he was sure he caught the slightest of shy smiles on her face, but each time he turned his head slightly to glance, she would look away.

'I'm sorry, this is not particularly fair of me, is it? She asked.

Ethan just continued to stare into the flames of the gas fire as he shook his head and mumbled 'No.'

He could feel her staring at him again, sure that his face was going red. The fact that except for a couple of towels they were both naked was driving him to distraction, his mind imagining different scenarios where her towel slipped down or came undone, allowing him a view of her body, even if only briefly. No matter how hard he tried to put the thoughts from his mind, they refused to budge, only increasing the discomfort he felt down below.

Glancing out of the window at the continuing rainfall, he was so distracted by his impediment that it came as a shock when he first felt her fingers touch his skin, his head swivelling suddenly to look at her as she traced patterns across his chest and then running them down his arm before resting her hand on his. His mother's eyes were downcast, as though she was afraid to look at him.

'I read some of the other stories from under your mattress. They are very graphic, aren't they?'

All Ethan could do was nod his head again, presently not trusting his voice.

'The one about me and you. I've read it several times. Have you imagined us doing things like that, even though I don't understand why you would want to? They get up to some very risqué things at times.' She spoke very quietly, her voice barely more than a whisper.

Ethan, at last, found his voice, 'It's been like this ever since I noticed your bottom that day. After that, I began to notice the rest of you. And then it was easier to see you as a woman, rather than my mother. I never meant it to happen. It just did.'

Susan nodded her head as her mind momentarily drifted back over the last couple of weeks and how she had come to her decision. The weather had played its part, better than she could ever have anticipated, she was thinking, as she lifted his hand and placed it high up on her chest where she had tucked in the towel to keep it in place.

'It's your decision as to whether you open it or not,' she said, 'You don't have to if you have changed your mind.'

She had been downstairs alone one afternoon, her husband and daughter out taking their exercise and Ethan upstairs in his bedroom and she was bored. She had remembered the stories she had removed from under her son's mattress a couple of weeks earlier and was going to throw them in the dustbin but for whatever reason, she had popped them in a cupboard, curiosity making her want to read one of them properly before she got rid of them.

Dismissing the one that had her name within it, she started to read some of the others, the first being a "Father and Daughter" story. Repugnant as the idea was, she found the writing titillating and by the time she had finished it, she was feeling slightly aroused. As no one had yet returned or appeared downstairs, she started on a second, this time a "Mother and

Son", becoming engrossed in the tale as her nipples became erect and the first sensations appeared between her legs.

What the pair got up to in the tale was highly erotic, the sex scenes graphically described as she suddenly found herself imagining Ethan's shaft sliding inside her cunt. By the time she had finished, she could feel the dampness in her panties and the urge in her fanny as she decided to hide the stories in another location and read more later. It was a good job she did because her husband and daughter were just walking through the garden and would be indoors shortly.

It was a couple of nights later and she was unable to settle, forever glancing at her bedside clock while her husband snored beside her. Deciding to get up and make herself a drink, the house was quiet as she slipped on a robe and tip-toed downstairs to put the kettle on. At first, she had thought about putting the tv on low but then remembered the stories, retrieving them from her hiding place. Settling down on the couch with her drink, she this time selected a "Brother and Sister" story, quickly becoming engrossed until she realised that her breathing had quickened, and her pulse was racing slightly, suddenly wondering if her son and daughter had played out these characters and had slept with each other.

Casting the notion to one side, she picked another "Mother and Son", not noticing that it was the one with characters based on her and Ethan until she began reading. By the time she had read half of it, her nipples ached and the feeling in her vagina was insistent as she slipped one hand inside her robe and allowed her fingers to tease her teats, wanting to continue with the tale

to see what happened next. The sex scene had her fanny open and moist as she put the document to one side and closed her eyes as her other hand slid between her legs.

Susan shivered as her fingers softly rubbed either side of her clitoris, pulling its hood back as she exposed it and rubbed its tip, her first moans escaping her lips as she tried desperately to keep the noise to a minimum. Her other hand opened her robe wide as she cupped and massaged her small breasts, pulling at her nipples as she began to squirm, her arousal kicking in fully as she imagined another pair of hands touching them.

She had slid first one and then a second finger into her cunt, slowly to start with, but then increasing her momentum as she pummelled her fanny, her breathing coming short and fast now as she alternated between her vagina and her clitoris. She was so close as she imagined his cock filling her passage, plunging it in and out as he fucked her, and then she was climaxing, her body going rigid as waves of pleasure swallowed her whole.

When her hand stopped and her breathing began to slow, she tried to reconcile herself to the fact that all through her masturbation, it was her son Ethan that she had imagined fucking her.

She had returned to her bed and instantly fallen asleep but the next morning recollections of the previous night disturbed her thoughts as she found herself constantly watching her son. The more she was around him over the next few days, the greater her urge became to perhaps let him make love to her. She started to

realise what Ethan had perhaps been going through, the fact that he had come from her body jettisoned, as she imagined him towering over her as his cock slid into her fanny.

Having decided that she would offer herself to him, she was at a loss as to when and where. Summer would have made it easy; they were often alone together each day as they took their exercise, but with it now heading towards winter, there was no way she was about to drop her knickers outdoors. Opportunities at home were few and far between, the only time was when her husband and daughter went out for their exercise and she could not guarantee they would be out long enough to consider doing something like that with her son.

And then she had remembered about her sister's caravan, it was a reasonable distance away and she had the spare set of keys, perhaps a walk in that direction on a slightly rainy day would give her the excuse she was looking for.

Susan came back to reality as she felt her towel begin to loosen before falling away. She couldn't bring herself to look at Ethan as she instantly felt the heat of the fire on her bare skin and realised her face was flushed, embarrassed with her body which although she exercised regularly, was showing signs of ageing.

His hand was on her cheek as he turned her head towards him, his face very close to her own now as his lips gently caressed hers. As they parted, she glanced downwards, at some point he had opened his towel and she got her first glimpse of his erection standing proud in his lap. The feeling in the pit of her stomach

moved, those first sensations of arousal in her vagina becoming more dominant as their lips came together once more and his hand cupped her breast.

Ethan could not believe this was happening, his mother was giving her permission for him to actually act out his fantasies and have sex with her. He had spent weeks pondering how he could orchestrate such a situation and lo and behold, she had plunked the opportunity in his lap, there was no way he was not going to take her up on her offer as he tugged gently on her towel and felt it loosen. As it fell away to her waist, he could do nothing at first except gaze at her small perfectly formed breasts, the throbbing in his cock intensifying as he loosened his towel and pushed it away.

Moving closer, he turned her head towards him and then kissed her sweetly, his hand going to her breast as he felt his mother begin to respond and their kiss becoming increasingly arousing as their mouths pressed and moved against each other.

Breaking apart for a moment, he eased her down and removed her towel, lying next to her as he got his first view of her completely naked body and noticing her glance at him shyly as though she was unsure as to whether he would find her body old and unappealing. His mother did not need to worry Ethan was thinking, she was perfect in every way despite being twice his age. He found her smaller breasts cute and loved the way that they still stood upright even when she was laid flat. Running his hand over her breast, he moved it downwards across her flat stomach, his fingers encountering her mound and her well-

manicured dark pubic hair before his hand curved between her legs and his fingers made the first contact with her vagina.

Ethan gasped sharply as his mother's hand wrapped around his shaft, admitting to himself that it felt even better than when his girlfriend or even his sister touched him. As she started to slowly jack him off, he opened her pussy lips and slid a finger inside her cunt, burying it deep before swirling it around inside her passage and making her hips lift from the floor as she groaned loudly.

When she dragged him on top of her and his cock pierced her cunt, Susan forgot that it was her son fucking her and not her husband as her arousal quickly escalated, the butterflies in her stomach banished as she abandoned herself to his continually moving hands. She found herself surprised at how gentle and caring her son was as he slowly fucked her, he certainly seemed to be taken by her breasts, constantly raining kisses on them and making her squirm and moan when his mouth encompassed her nipples and nipped them between his teeth.

Ethan's mouth went back to Susan's as his thrusting increased, his mother's moaning cut off for a moment as their lips ground against each other until as he pulled back, she begged him to make her climax. Gripping her hips as he knelt upright, he pulled her tightly against his groin, his mum opening her legs wider as she tried to get every inch of his cock inside her, her arousal now at fever pitch and knowing her climax was imminent.

And then she was crying out loud as his cock slammed into her cunt furiously, his thrusting frantic as he pushed her over the edge and she began to orgasm, her body thrashing beneath him as she gripped the rug tightly and went rigid, the feel of his cum filling her cunt intensify the sensations she experienced.

The lounge was far too hot Ethan decided, his body covered in sweat as he reached out and turned the gas fire right down. His mother still had her eyes closed and was breathing steadily as if she was dozing or sleeping as he eased himself back down beside her. A glance at his watch told him that they had already been away from home for over two hours now, long enough for them to be on their way back by rights.

Shaking her shoulder gently, he roused her from her slumber, a smile appearing on her face as she finally opened her eyes. It had been a while since she had last had sex, the constant petty arguments at home not conducive to a night of lovemaking once she and her husband were in bed. Ethan had surprised her, the sex leaving her feeling enthralled and satisfied, more akin to the sex that she'd had in her early twenties and newly married.

'We had better make a move mum. They'll be wondering where we have got to,' Ethan said.

With great reluctance, Susan climbed to her feet, unfazed now about her nudity as she went and got their clothes from the dryer. She could happily have stayed there for the rest of the day, definitely having sex with her son again. With that simple acknowledgement, Susan knew that today was only the first of

hopefully, more encounters in the future. She had already climbed into her bra and panties when she decided to ask.

'Not disappointed Ethan?'

Her son's response was to grab hold of her, he had been too busy watching her dress to begin himself, his cock starting to thicken as he pulled her against him, his hand rubbing gently at her fanny through the thin material of her panties.

'What do you think?' he asked a twinkle in his eyes.

Susan could not help but laugh, now content in the knowledge that Ethan found her sexually alluring, and with his actions, ready to fuck her again already.

'Behave, Ethan,' she giggled, pushing his hand away because he was beginning to excite her once more.

'Don't be greedy. There will be other occasions in future.' She promised.

They climbed into their warm dry clothes, the weather outside had stopped raining for the moment as he turned off the fire and his mother made sure everything was clear. Ethan went out and turned the gas bottle off while his mother locked up before setting off in the direction of home. Susan did not intend to mention the caravan to anyone else, it was the perfect venue for

her and Ethan to have sex regularly, she thought to herself, tucking the key safely into an inside pocket.

Becky watched as her mother and brother crossed the garden, heading towards the heath for their daily walk. She knew they would be at least an hour which filled her with glee because presently she was feeling as randy as hell, the ongoing restrictions and weather meant she had not been getting any lately, too wet and cold outdoors and too many people indoors.

She could hear her father in the dining room talking to someone on his laptop and when she had popped her head around the door he had mouthed 'customer call,' to her. Fifteen minutes later and he was still talking which left Becky frustrated as the minutes continued to tick by and brought her mother's arrival back ever closer. On hands and knees, she crawled into the dining room, her father engrossed in the call not noticing her entry as she snuck beneath the table.

As he continued to chat, Becky eased herself nearer until she could reach out and softly rub his cock and balls, making him suddenly jump and trying to disguise his surprise with a cough. Moving closer she slid his zip down and unfastened the button of his pants as she reached inside his briefs, pulled the front down and extracted his flaccid cock. It did not stay soft for long as she stroked him, pushing the skin down and exposing its helmet as she felt it start to thicken and swell in her hand.

Slowly she began to jerk her father off as his cock became fully erect, twitching occasionally in her hand as she aroused him.

There was another disguised cough as she moved her face closer and took his knob into her mouth, sucking at its now plump head and running her tongue under its rim and then up and down his shaft. She had already removed her panties, her fanny open and moist with the excitement of what she was doing as she ran a finger across her clit and eliciting what would have been a groan if her mouth had not been full of cock.

It was surprising how fast his call ended as she continued to jack him off, her father's arousal making his face flushed and starting to affect his speech.

Becky was not interested in lovemaking, what she presently needed was a swift fucking and the sooner the better, her vagina protesting about her lack of sex lately.

Alan closed the lid of his laptop and removed his headphones, his breathing already coming rapidly as his daughter gobbled on his cock. He had to move, she was not the only one who had been going without and with the constant attention his shaft was getting, it would not be long before he exploded in her mouth. Extracting himself, he reached beneath the table and pulled a grinning Becky out as he took a moment to rid himself of his pants and briefs before picking her up and carrying her to the other end of the table and plonking her down.

Pulling her top up, Becky displayed her bosom still encased in a lacy bra as she lay back on the dining room table, lifting her legs and opening them wide as her skirt slipped back to her waist and exposed her naked cunt. Alan rubbed his cock against her

fanny as he reached out and pushed her bra up and out of his way as he looked at his daughters perfectly formed largish breasts. He had always been a tit man, though surprisingly, his wife had a small bosom, he thought to himself as he grabbed his daughter's tits and squeezed forcibly, making them bulge and her erect nipples stand proudly to attention.

In his excitement he was quite brutal with Becky's breasts, mauling them constantly as he leant over her and ran his tongue over her teats, his cock all the while rubbing against her fanny and spreading her juices until without any assistance he slid inside her passage, making her gasp. There was no finesse to their sexual act, all Becky needed was cock and to climax, constantly keeping an eye on the wall clock as her father pumped his shaft into her wet passage.

'Faster daddy, faster. Fuck your little girls pussy and make me come.' Becky simpered, knowing that it turned her father on to be spoken to like that.

It did not take either of them long before Becky was arching her back, her climax escalating as her father filled her pussy with his cum. As her breathing slowed, she glanced at the time again, ten minutes before her mother and brother would normally return, she was thinking when her father surprised her.

Alan was still feeling rampant, his cock still refusing to soften despite his ejaculation. He had lost all track of time, intent only on further satisfaction as he gripped Becky's legs and nearly pushed them above her head as he brought her buttock cheeks

and her anus into view. His cock was still slick with her juices as he manoeuvred his shaft and eased himself forward, watching as first his plump knob and then the rest of his cock disappeared up his daughters rear passage as he began to sodomise her despite Becky's screams.

'Holy fucking shit!' No one had ever fucked her arse previously Becky thought for a moment as her father's cock filled her shitter, but she quickly became accustomed to the sensations as he continued to plough her arse, the excitement evident on his face.

'Play with yourself. Touch your fanny for me,' Alan urged her as Becky's hand went between her legs and she started to rub at her clit.

With her fingers now pumping into her cunt rapidly, she grimaced, her climax catching her by surprise as she went rigid, gaping her cunt so that her father could see her pink wet internals as she felt and heard him grunt, a second helping of spunk this time forced up her arse.

Alan and Becky were both dressed and going about their normal routines when Susan and Ethan eventually reached home, Becky wondering where they had been for nearly three hours and why they were dry when she was sure she had heard it pouring down. She found herself intrigued about their lengthy disappearance and cornered her brother later on that day.

'Where did you and mum get to. Both of you seemed to be gone for hours. She asked him.

Ethan had thought about it on the way back, knowing full well that Becky would have noticed how long they had been gone. He had his excuse to hand, not yet ready to divulge to his sister that he'd had sex with their mother.

'We walked over to the next town and then it decided to throw it down. We sheltered for what seemed ages before it finally stopped and we set off back,' he said smoothly, no hint of the lie he was telling.

He was happy that she accepted the explanation without any further questioning, his mind trying to figure out how he and his mother could disappear each day for that amount of time without Becky or his father becoming suspicious.

Over the course of the next week, they only managed it on one other occasion, Becky again taking advantage of their absence to once more get herself fucked by her father. Ideally, she wanted sex with her brother again, but there was no chance at home because her mother and father presently never seemed to go out together and when Ethan did go out, he was always accompanied by their mother.

One consequence of every one of them getting sex that week was that the tensions between their parents seemed to diminish. Their father offered to do some jobs and even mum managed not

to nag and accepted supplying him with brews when he was working, with good grace.

At the end of October, Ethan had his twentieth birthday, there was no point in planning anything as the country was going back towards a full lockdown again. With the sex that each couple were managing, the atmosphere during November and on the run-up to Christmas had greatly improved, their parents going out one weekend just before it came into place to grab as much shopping and presents as they could before everything closed down once more.

Normally they would have friends and family over during Christmas, but this year would be different even though there was an amnesty for a few days over the festive period. This year it would just be the four of them and they had decided that while they would put a tree and decorations up, it would be less than they normally did.

Mum and dad would be at least a couple of hours Becky had decided as she watched them drive away. They were going to the larger town about ten miles away which would give her all the time she needed as she headed for Ethan's bedroom. Although she'd had a couple of good fucking's that week, there was no way she was going to miss the opportunity of having her brother shag her while their parents were away.

Becky had never been shy about coming forward as she bounded into Ethan's room and leapt onto his bed. He was currently listening to music and never managed to get a word out before she was stroking his cock through his pants and doing her best to rip them off him.

'Come on, get undressed,' she urged him as she began to disrobe.

Becky was naked and laid-back waiting as Ethan finished getting naked. Like his sister, he knew his parents would be a good while and was in no rush as he climbed back onto the bed and slid between his sister's thighs, an eager expression on her face when she realised what he intended to do. Closing her eyes and relaxing, she felt his hot breath on her inner thighs and her fanny as Ethan's face moved closer to her vagina, her body shuddering as his fingers touched her labia and traced a line down her slit.

'Oh God, it feels so good,' she mumbled as his fingers opened her vagina and his tongue made its first contact, slipping over her pink moist interior as he licked the sensitive flesh. Becky shuddered and jerk when his tongue penetrated her cunt, lapping at her juices as she pressed her vagina tightly against his mouth. Her fanny was buzzing with the attention it was receiving, Becky crying out loud when he exposed her clitoris and sucked on it gently, his tongue flicking out and teasing the ultra-sensitive bud.

She could not stop herself panting, her body tensing and relaxing as Ethan brought her closer to her climax despite her pleading with him to fuck her. With a finger in her fanny and his tongue still lapping away, Becky's orgasm exploded as he sank a single digit into her anus, frigging both orifices as his mouth continued to pleasure her. Despite thrashing about the bed, he kept up his administrations as she floated serenely, waves of

pleasure coursing through her body and her juices splashing her brothers face.

Swapping places, Becky straddled Ethan's hips, his cock now buried deep inside her pussy as she rocked back and forwards, slowly exciting and arousing the both of them. She was beguiled by the way her brother kept looking at her, his eyes constantly moving up and down her body until finally his hands moved upwards and cupped her breasts.

Ethan keenly watched his sister as she sat atop his lap, in truth she looked like a younger version of his mother, only with bigger tits as she raised and lowered herself on his shaft. Her breasts bounced with each movement, Becky beginning to move up and down faster as her excitement intensified. His cock was throbbing inside her passage as Ethan hoisted her, ramming his shaft into her cunt rapidly as his own climax drew close.

Becky leant over him on outstretched arms, her mouth open and head hanging down as she tried to breathe, her orgasm overcoming her as pleasure signals overloaded her brain. She could not stop her body shaking and convulsing as one orgasm was overtaken by another, Ethan continuing to pound her cunt until at last she felt his cock jerk rapidly inside her passage and then the blast of hot cum as he emptied his sack inside her cunt.

Of the two, Becky was the most content, normally all she managed with her father were quickies here and there, neither of them as yet managing to find time for a proper encounter. Alan seemed perfectly happy with that, not once having alluded

that he would like longer with her and the chance to make love to her properly, it was as though he thrived on the thrill and excitement of their fast and furious shagging.

As she lay side by side with her brother, she decided that there was something to be said for Ethan's slower approach, the sex with him today had been exhilarating and in a way, Becky felt jealous of his girlfriend who got that kind of shag at regular intervals. It wasn't that she did not enjoy her daddy fucking her when her body demanded it, that kind of wham-bam sex was perfect, it was just that up until now, no one had ever taken the time to make love to her and prolong her climaxes until she was crying for release. She wished that there were opportunities each day for him to take her to bed, but with Christmas on the horizon, she knew their coupling would be few and far between.

As the family moved into December, at least life at home had found some kind of relative normality for the moment. Arguments had diminished as they all began to get into the upcoming festive mood which was also helped by the fact that at least twice a week, Ethan and his mother would use the opportunity to walk over to the caravan and have sex while Becky and her father would use the two's absence to fuck. Such was the dramatic change in circumstances that Alan and Susan had actually managed sex with each other on several occasions.

Although neither of them made any comment, Alan had to admit that sex with his wife did not presently leave him as fulfilled as the sex that he had with his daughter. He looked forward to their time alone and the thrill of that secretive fast exhilarating sex,

always wondering in the back of his mind if they would get caught, which only added to the excitement.

Susan on the other hand while enjoying the excitement of what she was doing with her son, appreciated his style of lovemaking. Quickies were fine when that was all she wanted, Ethan never at a loss to dream up new ideas of how to excite her. But what she most looked forward to, was the opportunities when he would take the time to slowly build her arousal, allowing it to subside before building it once more. On those occasions, it seemed as though Ethan was never content until he had made her climax at least two or three times, leaving her completely fulfilled and exhausted. She was reaching a stage where she much preferred to have sex with her son rather than with her husband.

The week before Christmas, Alan announced he would have to pop into his office to pick some items up and would be gone for a couple of hours. Becky was nipping to see a friend even though she shouldn't by rights and had quietly slipped from the house.

Ethan and his mum had presumed that Becky had gone with Alan as he wrapped his arms around her waist, standing behind her and grinding his erection against her bottom as she swivelled her hips and teased him. Moving his hands upwards, he massaged her breasts through the material of her shirt before slowly unfastening the buttons one by one and then sliding his hand inside as he pulled her left tit from its cup and gave it a gentle squeeze.

Spinning around, Susan's hand went to his groin as she ran it up and down his expanding length, immediately excited and aroused at the prospect of getting fucked. With the knowledge that her husband would be away for a while and hoping that her daughter would accompany him as had become her routine, Susan had dressed that morning in a way that she hoped would both excite and arouse her son.

Taking his hand, she led him into the lounge and sat him in the centre of the couch before ever so slowly, she began to raise her skirt. Ethan watched enthralled as his mother's skirt rose higher until at last, his face broke into a grin. He had presumed she was wearing tights, but the height of her skirt now allowed him to see the top of her stockings and the straps of a suspender belt. The tiny panties she wore covered very little of her fanny and it was obvious to him as she opened her legs, told him to push his pants and briefs down and straddled his lap, that she had shaved off her pubic hair.

Susan's skirt was nearly around her waist as she eased herself forward and felt her son's throbbing erection pushing against her pussy as she moved her hips imperceptibly and teasingly jerked his shaft with her vagina. Removing her already open shirt, she reached behind her and unclipped her bra, tossing it to one side as Ethan's hands immediately went to her breasts and twisted her nipples. She loved the way he adored her small tits, although she'd had to warn him a couple of times when he had copped a feel whilst the other were in the house.

With his hand and fingers massaging her fanny, Susan leant forwards, tantalisingly placing her breasts close to her son's

mouth. He duly obliged as his face shot forward and one by one, he sucked and teased her teats, his tongue swirling around her areola as he kept them erect.

Ethan did not attempt to remove her panties, simply pulling the gusset to one side as his mother raised her bottom and then sank onto his shaft, gasping loudly as she felt her innards stretch to accommodate his cock. From the way his hands kept stroking her nylon clad legs and lingering where the stockings finished and her bare flesh began, Susan knew that her son was delighted with her choice of lingerie as she slowly began to bounce on his shaft and her excitement grew.

Becky had only nipped around to her friends to pick up on some ideas for the coursework they had to complete. She got the feeling that Sandy's parents were not keen for her to be there and so after half an hour, she headed for home.

Coming over the heath, she let herself in by the backdoor and removed her boots. She could hear noises coming from the lounge and the more she listened the more she was coming to the conclusion that whoever was in there was having sex. Her first thought was that perhaps it was her father and mother, her inquisitiveness getting the better of her as she stealthily moved from the kitchen to the dining room, heading towards the partially open door and a view into the main room.

Standing behind the door, she peered through the small gap where the hinges held it to the casing, amazed at the scene she witnessed as presently, she could only see her brothers face. She

presumed that her mother must be out and that Ethan's girlfriend had turned up, her brother making the most of his opportunity after not seeing a lot of her over the last ten months. Becky chanced her luck and peeped around the door, astounded as she realised that the female riding her brothers cock was non-other than her topless mother.

Becky was held spellbound as she watched her mum slide up and down Ethan's shaft, moaning continually as his hands played with her tits before pulling her head towards him as they kissed passionately. She was flooded by sudden emotions, the first was a sudden spiralling of arousal, her fanny aching as she slid the zip down on her jeans and slid a hand inside her panties and ran it over her vagina. The next was a flash of jealousy, she wished that Ethan were fucking her and not their mother, and then came a sudden urge to join them, swapping places with her mother and giving her a chance to watch her son and daughter shag.

Ethan grabbed his mother's buttocks, holding her steady as his cock was thrust into her cunt again and again, getting faster all the while as he watched her face change. Susan's climax was close as she stared at him with blank eyes, her mouth hanging open as she gasped for breath and then she involuntarily shuddered as she began to orgasm, Ethan's cock now pounding her fanny as fast as his hips would allow.

It was as she screeched her release that he spotted a movement in the dining room and then a head popped slightly around the door, his sister watching them and from the way she was shaking, she was fingering herself. The sudden realisation that

he and his mother were putting on a show added impetus to his thrusts, his cock sinking deeper and faster into his mother's cunt as she continued to cry out and he ejaculated spurts of cum up her flue, pushing her into another climax as he fucked her until he was exhausted.

Susan had collapsed on top of him, her breasts pushed tightly against his chest and his slowly softening cock still inside her fanny. His shaft and bollocks were wet with her juices as he held her against him, his brain in a whirl as he noticed Becky had disappeared. He could hear nothing and wondered where she was, scared that now they were done, his mum may make a beeline for the kitchen.

Thankfully, when she did finally move, she grabbed her shirt and bra and told him she was going for a shower and to change some of her clothes, Ethan knowing the items that she meant. The moment she was out of the room, he pulled his pants up and went into the dining room and then into the kitchen but there was no sign of his sister which left him wondering if she had somehow snuck out again.

Becky arrived back a short time later and other than a quick smirk, she said nothing of what she had witnessed to her brother. With their parents downstairs watching tv, Ethan, upstairs in his room, knew it was only time before Becky put in an appearance. As usual, there was no knock on his door as she came bounding in, her excitement palpable as she took a flying leap and landed on his bed.

'Tell me, tell me, tell me. Come on, I want all the gossip. How did it happen?'

Ethan saw no point in holding anything back, taking great pride as he described all the things that had taken place between him and his mother, Becky continually interrupting as they swapped anecdotes and their impressions of having sex with their parents. It was during their discussion that she let slip that her initial fantasies had been about Ethan, he was the one that she had originally wanted to have sex with.

'So, what happens now then?' Ethan had asked, Becky shrugging her shoulders.

'I suppose we just carry on as we have been doing. Although it would be nice if you could manage to find a little more time for me,' she suggested shyly.

Their talk had left both of them feeling aroused and with their parents still engrossed downstairs, it was too good an opportunity to miss as they began to tease the other. Whilst they knew sex was out of the question, nevertheless that did not stop Becky from pulling the front of his shorts down as she played with his cock and brought him erect before taking his shaft into her mouth. Not to be outdone, Ethan soon had her out of her knickers as he pulled away for a second and swivelled around on his bed so that they now laid top to toe.

With his plump knob back between her lips, he raised her skirt and ran a finger along her slit, eliciting a grunt from Becky, her mouth presently full. His nostrils picked up the scent of her sex as he shuffled closer, opening her piss flaps wide as he extended his tongue and licked all of the pink moist flesh. She released him momentarily, the sensations he was causing her meant she had to pause for a second and take a breath, her arousal already flooding through her body.

As Ethan sucked licked and teased Becky's cunt and especially her clitoris, it became a competition between them, both doing their utmost to make the other climax. As she ran her tongue around his knob, her hand flew up and down his shaft, wanking him furiously but having to stop every so often, especially when he inserted fingers into her cunt and more so when he added to that by pushing his thumb up her anus.

Her fanny sounded sloppy as he rammed fingers into it, her climax close now with Becky doing her best to reign it in but swiftly losing the battle as he frigged her faster and she began to orgasm. Her hand was becoming exhausted but putting in a final effort, she was rewarded as she heard her brother moan and suddenly found her mouth full of his salty cum, his shaft twitching and jerking in her hand. It wasn't something she had ever done, but in the throes of her climax, she simply swallowed, the taste not as unpleasant as she may have imagined.

Covering their modesty, they lay together, chests heaving as they regained their composure, chatting about the impending festivities and how this year would be different from those of the past. Although there was nothing to stop them from seeing

family their parents had decided that this year as a one-off, they would be prudent and safe, limiting who may visit them over the Christmas period.

It was only later that Ethan remembered a well-known phrase, 'The best-laid plans of mice and men.'

Incestuous Covid

Part Two -- Third Lockdown & Release from captivity

Christmas that year was certainly one to remember but not for the reasons that any of them would normally have expected. Two days before the day itself, Ethan received a text from Mona his girlfriend, it had been nearly a year and, despite a short period during the summer, they had seen very little of each other. While he and his sister were at the local college, Sandy had gone off to university and during the first part of lockdown, she had initially been stuck in her rooms before being sent back to her home to study and hear lectures online.

The message was short and sweet as she explained that she wanted them to break up. In other circumstances, Ethan might have felt hurt, but times were not normal and coupled with the fact that he was currently having sex with his mother and sister, he had to admit to actually not feeling overly bothered. Perhaps, he decided, their relationship had run its course and it was better to part now than to prolong something that was slowly dying. Messaging her back, he agreed and wished her well for

the future, no point in being mean, far better to part as friends he decided.

The whole family made the most of Christmas day, sitting down mid-afternoon for their normal festive lunch and a few drinks, both Ethan and Becky now old enough to partake. Later their mother and father settled down in front of the tv, watching the same programs and films that seemed to be shown every year, but which left Ethan and Becky bored to tears as they decided they would go for a stroll.

Out on the heath, it was cold, the wind gusting every so often as they walked in the direction of the copse where Ethan had first come across his father and sister having sex.

'How are you and mum managing?' Becky asked. She knew how difficult it was for her and their father to find opportunities to have sex and imagining that it must be the same for Ethan.

Even though he had divulged to his sister most of what had happened between him and their mother, he had never mentioned the caravan. He found that he could not contain himself as he gloated.

'Aunt Janice has a holiday home on the edge of the next town and mum has a spare key,' he said with a grin.

Becky was immediately jealous, such a setup would be perfect and would enable her and her father to disappear whenever the

need arose instead of trying to find a time when her brother and mother were out.

'Where does she keep the key,' she asked slyly.

But Ethan was unable to help, he had no idea where she hid the key, just producing it each time that they decided they wanted to be alone and have sex.

They were both beginning to feel the chill and as much as the both of them would have liked to have indulged in intercourse, outside today was definitely not the place to even consider getting even partially naked as they turned towards home and made their way back to the house.

Boxing day was the same as Christmas day and followed a similar routine, it was only later that it managed to turn into a shambolic catastrophe, much of the blame placed firmly on his sister's shoulders as the main instigator.

At some point during the evening and upstairs in Ethan's bedroom, he had introduced Becky to the website where he had found the erotic stories. After reading one tale together, she'd wanted to continue, taking herself off to her bedroom and opening her laptop. She was still reading several hours later when she heard her parents come to bed, engrossed in the story as she teased her fanny beneath the covers.

It must have been after one o'clock in the morning and Becky of course, after so much eroticism, wanted to get herself fucked.

Common sense should have told her that Ethan would present a far easier opportunity but for some unknown reason she had quietly left her bedroom and tip-toed along the landing to her parent's room. Opening their door as gently as she could, she slipped through into the darkened room, both her mum and dad sound asleep as she went down on all fours and crawled to her father's side of the bed.

Sliding her hand beneath the covers she found he slept naked as her fingers moved across his thigh to his groin and encountering his flaccid cock. Gently she eased his foreskin back and softly rubbed his knob. At first, he continued to sleep, but his body and especially his penis soon responded to her constant stroking as she felt it start to thicken and expand.

With his cock now hard and erect, she wrapped her hand around it, wanking him slow and carefully as he began to mumble and moan softly in his sleep. As Alan's arousal continued to increase his eyes suddenly shot open, taking a moment to realise that his shaft was throbbing and that he was being masturbated. His first thought was that it was his wife Susan, but he quickly recognised that she was still breathing deeply and had her back to him, whoever was gripping his shaft was on the opposite side of the bed. He was taken by surprise as Becky's head popped up into view, a grin spread across her face as she placed a finger on his lips and removed her hand from his cock.

Silently and with gestures, she motioned him to follow her as she crawled back across the floor and opening the door softly again, disappeared. As carefully as he could, he slid out of the bed, taking care not to disturb his wife as he grabbed his robe

and exited their bedroom. Placing one foot in front of the other, he felt his way along the landing and headed downstairs, presuming that was where his daughter had gone.

Becky was waiting for him in the lounge and had turned on the ornamental gas fire so that it would take the chill off the room. She was naked and looked sexily alluring in the light that the flames cast across the living room.

'Hello daddy, your little girl needs fucking desperately. She cupped her breasts, lifting one so that she could lick her own nipple. 'Becky needs your big cock daddy. I need you to shag me.'

She lay back on the rug in front of the fire, propping herself up on her elbows as she extended one hand, opened her legs wide and slipped a finger into her cunt.

Chuckling his robe onto the couch, he joined her on the floor, his cock jutting from his groin and bouncing with excitement as he advanced on his daughter. Becky was already moist, enabling him easily to slide into her fanny, for once taking it slowly as her arousal started to mount. The house was deathly quiet, both of them knowing that they would have to keep their noises to a minimum. Leaning over his daughter, Alan's mouth went to her breasts, finding himself excited as usual with their size, something large and firm to grip onto when he shagged her forcefully.

He'd had to clamp his mouth over hers when she achieved her first climax, Becky's body bucking beneath him as he pounded her fanny, her hips rising to meet his every stroke. Alan had slid from her cunt and made her change position so that she was now on all fours as he took her from behind, doggy fashion. It was his favourite, able to slip from her fanny and then slide his cock up her arse, alternating between his daughters two orifices as she headed towards another climax, one that he would join her in this time as his cock demanded release.

He had just built up a head of steam his hips ramming his cock into his daughters cunt and Becky moaning far too loudly when the lounge door opened suddenly, and the room was flooded with light as the switch was turned on. He looked up in dismay, unable to stop as he ejaculated inside her vagina, Becky screeching her release as she ground her buttocks against his shaft as she orgasmed.

Susan stood staring at them, her hand covering her mouth in horror as she watched her husband and daughter copulate. Her immediate feeling was revulsion, Alans naked older body knelt behind her young daughter's pale flesh as he continued to pound her pussy, a look of utter fear on his face mixed with the pleasure of his ejaculation.

She had suddenly been disturbed from her sleep, turning over and realising that her husband wasn't there as she presumed, he must have just gone to the loo. She had been in the process of dozing off again and he still hadn't returned which she found strange and brought her fully awake once more. Perhaps he

couldn't settle and had gone to make a drink she thought, deciding that now she was awake, she would join him.

Susan slid from their bed and slipped on a robe, the room cool now in the early hours of the morning as she shivered slightly, surprised to find that their bedroom door wasn't closed properly when she reached it. Not wanting to put any lights on, she felt her way along the landing and carefully descended the stairs, her ears picking up very faint sounds coming from the lounge as she wondered if the tv was on but then dismissed the idea as the sounds became recognisable and she entered the lounge.

The shouts and screams had woken Ethan, his first thoughts were that someone was being murdered as he threw on shorts and a t-shirt and raced downstairs to be confronted by the sight of his mother kicking and slapping his naked father and sister while screaming at them both at the top of her voice.

'You fucking perverted bastard. How could you? Fucking your own bastard daughter.' Each remark was punctuated as either her fist or foot lashed out.

Bitch! Fucking slut! Can't even keep your legs closed at home.' Susan's temper was up as she lashed out at her husband and daughter.

It seemed to be the fact that they had been surprised and that they were both naked as the main reason they were not fighting back as Susan continued to pile into them, Ethan eventually

grabbing hold of her and pulling her off with great difficulty, surprised at how strong she was in her present mood.

'I want you out. I want you both out. Get out of my fucking house,' She screamed as Ethan dragged her across the lounge, his father taking the chance to grab his robe and cover his modesty while Becky just stood brazenly, her nakedness adding to her defiance now that she was on her feet.

Susan wrestled herself free, but Ethan moved in front of her, blocking her passage towards his father and sister.

'I want them out of this house,' she snarled at her son her hand extended as she pointed at Alan and Becky. 'Fucking bastards!' was her final comment as she turned on her heels and raced back up the stairs, the slamming of her bedroom door reverberating throughout the house.

Now it was Ethan's turn, 'What the fuck were you two thinking of. I know it's been going on for a while, but what made you think you could get away with fucking each other when mum and I were in the house.'

No answer came, his father continuing to sit on the couch, his head buried in his hands as the realisation hit him while Becky just stared at her brother looking stunned. The thrill and excitement of what they had been doing had expunged any thoughts that there may be consequences if they were ever caught, they had always thought they could get away with it

forever so long as they used a bit of caution. Unfortunately, they had cast caution to the wind and now there would be a price to pay for their stupidity.

'You had better use the spare room dad, I can't see mum letting you back into the bedroom tonight.' Ethan watched as his father stood, suddenly looking older than his years and with his face full of humiliation as he passed Ethan, heading upstairs.

Ethan sat for a while longer with his still naked sister who now seemed unconcerned about her nudity as he asked what she had been thinking. The trouble was as Becky admitted, she hadn't thought, especially about any consequences should she and her father ever get caught. From the look on her face now that their parents had disappeared, Ethan knew that what had been said that night would not be the end of it. Becky was too much like her mother, and their mother had a secret, a secret that his sister knew all about having witnessed him and Susan fucking. He just knew that come the morning, Becky was going to use that knowledge, even though he pleaded with her to say nothing for the moment.

'She called me a slut and a bitch,' she said vehemently. 'Huh, she can talk. She has been doing exactly the same with you as dad and I have done. She had better watch out in the morning.'

He finally got Becky to go up to her room as he switched off the fire and made his way upstairs. He tried his mother's room door, but it was locked, and he had no wish to cause any more commotion tonight by calling out, no matter how quietly.

It was late the next morning before any of them appeared downstairs, Ethan being the first and hoping to have a word with his mother before Becky was up and about. Unfortunately, his sister was the next downstairs, closely followed by his mother who refused to speak to her daughter as she made herself some breakfast. When his father finally appeared, he said nothing, keeping his head down and nodding at Becky and Ethan. Susan looked up from her breakfast as she snarled at him.

'I meant what I said last night. I want you out of this house and take that slag with you.'

Ethan knew his mother had gone too far, but before he could say anything, Becky was on her feet.

'You call me a slag again and I'm going to ram my fist down your throat,' she spat at her mother. 'And if you want to talk about slags, try having a look in the mirror. Go on, try and deny that you have been letting Ethan fuck you. I watched you both shagging on the couch, you even tarted yourself up and put stockings on for him.'

Ethan watched the colour drain from his mother's face before he glared at his sister, who was glaring at her mother, who in turn was glaring at her husband who was currently glaring at Ethan, silence now having fallen in the room.

Becky couldn't let it drop, feeling that she now had the upper hand, 'I'm not going anywhere, and neither is dad. If you don't like it, why don't you fuck off?'

His mother looked stricken and his father angry as he stormed from the room and back upstairs, doors slamming as he moved about. Becky made herself some breakfast, having now said her piece she plonked herself down opposite their mother defiantly, daring her to say something more.

So much for "Peace and Goodwill to all men" Ethan thought, Christmas at their house had suddenly become a battleground, no thanks to Becky, although he conveniently forgot that he was may have been equally to blame, he was the one after all who had pursued his mother.

With the truth out in the open, battle lines had been drawn, his father and Becky on one side, Ethan and his mother on the other. If it had just been his father, he may eventually have come through it by keeping his head down and taking the flak, but with his sister involved, Ethan just knew that there would be more upset to come. They saw nothing of their parents for the rest of that day, their father going out walking alone while their mother never ventured from her room. Ethan had gone up several times, trying the door handle on each occasion, but it was always locked and despite tapping on her door and calling her name, she refused to speak to him or let him in.

By the time a couple of days had passed whilst Susan and Alan moved around the house, they refused to speak or even

recognise each other, Becky and Ethan feeling like they were living with two complete strangers.

Despite him speaking with his sister and asking her to refrain from causing any more trouble, she refused to let the matter drop, exacerbating the problem as New Year's Eve approached.

His mother was in the dining room, his father in the lounge watching tv when Becky appeared. The top she wore was far too tight and it was obvious that she was wearing no bra beneath it as her nipples made two prominent bulges in the thin material. Her skirt only just managed to cover her butt cheeks and there was no way she could move or sit without displaying the minuscule panties she wore.

It was obvious that Becky's display was put on for her mother's benefit as she flirted outrageously with her father, sitting in his lap and squirming about. She constantly pushed her breasts against him, and she could easily see that Alan was getting excited despite the proximity of his wife. Perhaps Susan should have walked in and demanded that they stop, but her anger clouded her judgement just as Ethan returned from a late evening stroll on the heath. He took one look at his mother fuming and glanced into the lounge, surprised at what his sister was doing with their father.

What astonished him was what happened next, his mother standing and taking his hand as she dragged him through into the lounge.

'We are going to bed,' she announced to no one in particular as she carried on dragging him towards the stairs.

Surely, she was kidding Ethan was thinking to himself, expecting his mother to leave him at his bedroom door and carry on to her bedroom, but apparently, she wasn't as she dragged him inside her bedroom and locked the door behind them.

'If that's the way it's going to be, so be it,' she said as she began to pull his jumper over his head.

His hands immediately went under her sweater, sliding over her skin and heading for her breasts as he cupped the small orbs through her lacy bra and began massaging them, his mother's throaty growl exciting him.

Down below, his father's emotions had gone from arousal to anger and betrayal as he watched his wife and son disappear, knowing exactly what Susan intended to do. His emotions changed once more, this time to revenge and retaliation as he suggested to Becky that they also went to bed and making it plainly obvious that he was not suggesting sleep. She grinned inwardly, if what her mother wanted was a battle, that was fine with Becky, determined to win at any cost. As far as she was concerned, the quicker her parents accepted the fact that they were sleeping with their children the better, the family could get back to some kind of normality and Becky could drop into the conversation that she and Ethan were also having sex.

She couldn't understand their problem, because, at the end of the day, that's all it was, it was sex. Yes, a time would come when she and Ethan found partners of their own and then families, until then why not just enjoy the thrill and excitement that their incestuous relationships brought.

Becky followed her father upstairs, her eyes sparkling at the prospect of getting herself fucked, her body always eager to indulge. Once inside the bedroom, she pulled her top over her head and dropped her skirt to the floor, her father eager to get naked as he disposed of his clothing and his erect cock bouncing as he chased his daughter around the bedroom as she giggled loudly.

Farther along the landing, Ethan and Susan were also both now naked as he lifted his mother and carried her to the bed, laying her gently in its centre before joining her and pulling her on top of him as they kissed passionately. Susan determined to enjoy having her son fuck her despite the noises coming from the spare room, given the choice, she now knew who she preferred to make love with, Ethan satisfying her more than her husband ever had done. She had made her mind up, one way or another, she wanted Alan out of her life and if Becky followed, so be it.

Susan raised her bottom, leaning forward on outstretched arms as Ethan pushed his shaft upright and she lowered herself, his cock stretching her cunt as it impaled her and causing her to gasp, which it did each time he fucked her. She loved the feeling of his throbbing manhood buried deep inside her and used her vaginal muscles to squeeze him tightly as his hands came upwards and cupped her small breasts.

Perhaps it was pure coincidence that Becky assumed the same position as she straddled her father's hips, his erection buried inside her moist passage as she raised and lowered her bottom, his shaft rubbing against each sensitive nerve inside her vagina. Leaning forward, her large breasts hung over his face, his head and mouth leaving the pillow as he took each nipple between his lips and compressed it, his tongue swirling over her engorged erect teats.

Becky was enjoying herself, all thoughts that she was encouraging Alan to cheat on his wife dismissed as her arousal slowly built. This was what it should be like she had decided, no more skulking about, trying to get an hour here and there if they were lucky, she should be able to come to her daddy whenever she wanted and be allowed to let him fuck her.

Her climax was imminent, her continual motion of sliding up and down his shaft bringing her orgasm ever closer. When he lifted her buttocks, jammed a finger up her arse and forcibly shagged her, Becky abandoned herself to the sensations coursing through her body and climaxed, throwing her head back as she howled her release and juices ran from her cunt, covering her daddy's cock and balls.

Susan never even heard the noise, having swapped positions, Ethan towered over her as his cock plunged into her wet fanny. She brought her legs up, wrapping them around his buttocks as with each thrust, she dragged him deeper into her cunt, their groins slapping together as he increased his momentum. Her moans of pleasure mixed with his grunts of exertion as he fucked

her hard and fast, her climax welling up inside her like a dam ready to burst as from somewhere he found another burst of speed, Susan screaming as he pushed her over the edge, and she orgasmed. Her body shook uncontrollably as she arched her back, forcing her cunt harder against his thrusting cock and her tits towards him as an offering.

The sex continued into the early hours, perhaps each couple trying to outdo the other until eventually, they fell into an exhausted sleep, the house finally quiet. Ethan spent what was left of that night in his mother's bed, as did Becky who spent the remainder sleeping with her father.

On New Year's Day, Susan was up early, packing some food into a large bag as she and Ethan went to the caravan, his mother cooking them a meal there and then ending up spending the night together in its main bedroom.

Throughout January things only seemed to get worse, most days, Ethan and his mother would go over to the caravan, not returning until late, it wasn't ideal, having to cram in his studies whenever he could. Slowly, they were evolving into two couples who unfortunately shared the one residence, more cracks appearing as the month passed.

There had been no sexual activity between Ethan and his sister since it had all blown up, the both of them taking sides and the thought of coming together being seen as conspiring with the enemy. It was a shame he thought because he had quite looked forward to fucking her after their previous liaisons.

By February there was the promise of a light at the end of the tunnel, vaccinations had started taking place although none of the family would receive theirs until later in the year due to their ages. Towards the end of the month, their father announced that he was moving out. He had found himself a flat to rent in town and was moving in within the next week or two, Becky announcing that she would be staying there mostly but would be returning home whenever she needed.

Ethan was going to miss them both, especially his sister and told her so on one of the rare occasions that they managed to get time together. His father was back at work and the talk was that schools and colleges would be reopening at the beginning of March. His mother had gone across to the caravan, with them using it so much lately it could do with a bit of a tidy before there were potentially visitors using it once more.

Alone at last, neither Becky nor Ethan felt any animosity towards the other, they had all gambled, taking a chance with whatever, they were doing. Unfortunately, the gamble hadn't paid off, in a way they had all lost.

'I think they are both being hypocrites,' Becky began, 'They both knew what they were doing when this started, no one forced them into having sex with me and you. But now, it's like they both want to blame the other when really, they are equally to blame.' Ethan nodded his head, surprisingly, he had to agree with his sister.

'I honestly thought that they may see reason but perhaps there was already something wrong with their relationship. I really hoped that they could carry on loving each other and then when they wanted, dad and I could have sex and you and mum could have sex. In that way, it would add some excitement to their marriage.'

Ethan thought his sister's idea was a little too simplistic, it may have worked for him and Becky, but mum and dad had been married and both now felt that they had been cheated on.

'Anyway, enough about our parents, what happens will happen,' she said as she sidled closer to her brother.

'We could always retire to yours or my bedroom while mum's away.' Becky fluttered her eyelashes at him making it perfectly obvious what she was implying.

Ethan had missed her and was not going to turn down this chance, it was the one thing that neither of their parents knew anything about and he was sure that if it ever came to light it would only cause more trouble than the family was presently going through.

Naked and laying on his sister's bed, he watched her undress, marvelling all the while at how fit she looked as he tantalisingly stroked his erection, Becky becoming excited as she saw him touching himself. She was naked in a trice as she flung herself onto the bed, eager to get at her brothers cock but Ethan teased

her, keeping her hands away from his shaft as he continued to slowly masturbate.

Grabbing her hands and arms, he held them by her side as he forced her legs open and squirmed between her thighs, Becky putting up only a modicum of resistance as his face came level with her fanny and she felt his breath as he blew on her opening labia and making her shiver in anticipation. She cried with delight as his tongue slid across her cunt and then nearly screamed as it penetrated her passage lapping at her moist pink flesh.

Becky marvelled at his ability to arouse her so quickly, seeming to know exactly where and how to touch her to elicit the maximum sensation. She ground her fanny hard against his mouth, waiting for the moment when he would move from her passage to her clit and push her ever nearer to her precipice.

With his sister's juices spread across his mouth and face, her aromatic musk added to his increasing desire to fuck her, but Ethan was determined to make her climax before his cock was allowed entry into her warm vaginal embrace. The same trick worked equally as well with her mother he was thinking as he let go of her hands and inserted a finger into her cunt and with his other hand, forced his thumb up her arse. Jiggling both together, his tongue continued to lick at her pussy, his lips sucking on her clitoris as Becky started to orgasm, her upper body thrashing about the bed while her lower half was held firm by his arms.

Becky's breathing started to slow, her eyes still closed, when she felt the tip of her brother's shaft rubbing against her pussy lips. She was in the process of lifting her head and about to open her eyes when he rammed his cock into her passage, his complete length filling her at once as both her eyes and mouth shot open, a growl flying from her lips in surprise as she felt her cunt expand. And then he was fucking her, lifting her to heights before lowering her slowly and lifting her again. He seemed insatiable, the pounding of his shaft a constant in her shrinking universe as the sensation in her fanny grew and she knew that if she did not stop him, he was going to make her climax again.

She begged him to wait until he was nearer, but Ethan paid no heed as he continued to shag his sister, determined that if this were the last time that they had intercourse, he would leave her with something to remember him by. Becky strained, her muscles taut as she orgasmed and she felt her juices leaking from her, she was trying to breathe, but all she could manage was short gasps as Ethan continued to fuck her ferociously her climax sweeping her away and leaving her feeling light-headed. Her orgasm turned into a second, her head thrown back as she cried her love for him and howled at the ceiling, and then she felt his cock explode inside her, his hot cum filling her cunt as he continued to fuck her until oblivion beckoned.

Becky felt someone shaking her shoulder.

'Beck's, Becky. We had better get dressed. Mum could be back anytime soon.'

She roused herself, wishing she could have continued sleeping as she got dressed. As far as she was concerned, it mattered very little to her if their mother found out that she and Ethan were having sex, it couldn't cause more damage than had already been done.

As March began and Becky had her nineteenth birthday their father moved the rest of his things out of the house and into his new flat. Ethan and his sister would return to college in a few days and the house would feel empty and strange without her and his dad.

Returning home from college in the middle of March, he had soon become accustomed to their new arrangements. His mother was still at work, although shops would not reopen for another three weeks, there was plenty of work and procedures to put in place ready and so Ethan started preparing tea for when she got home. He didn't find it a chore, just something to make her life easier but knowing full well, that it was not something his father would have thought of doing.

When Susan arrived home, she was in the process of taking her coat off when she noticed Ethan keep glancing in her direction, knowing instinctively that her uniform of a white shirt, black skirt and dark tights with heels would be turning him on.

'Is it anything that will spoil?' she asked as she ran her hands over her breasts and down to her hips, she had a special surprise for him, something that her son never failed to appreciate, they

weren't tights that she was wearing, having purposefully put stockings on that morning.

Ethan ran into the kitchen, turned the oven down low and turned off the pans, returning as his mother dashed for the stairs, giggling like a schoolgirl and impeded by her heels. He caught her halfway up, nipping her bottom and spinning her around as she sat on one of the steps, Ethan leaning forward as they kissed passionately.

From his vantage point, several steps lower, as Susan opened her legs, grinning mischievously he was able to see her inner thighs and the tops of her stockings, her milky white skin above having an immediate effect on his cock as it started to thicken and grow, his mother sounding like a young girl as she pointed out the obvious to him.

'Have you got something in your pocket or are you pleased to see me?' she giggled uproariously, pointing at the prominent bulge in the front of his pants.

Ethan was scrabbling at the buttons of her shirt, all fingers and thumbs as he tried to unfasten them until his mother stopped him and undid them slowly as she tantalised him with the occasional view of her bosom. Pulling it from her skirt, she opened it for him and then popped each breast from the cups of her bra, her nipples hard and elongated with her increasing arousal.

She was not missing her husband, Ethan made her feel as she had done when she first got married, sex important and to be indulged in at any opportunity. As his face approached her breasts, she closed her eyes and sighed, feeling his lips brush across her nipples and then the warmth of his mouth as he sucked on each teat.

Pushing her skirt up, he ran his hands along her inner thigh, savouring the touch of her flesh as he reached the stocking tops, his thumbs and fingers inches from her fanny as his mother's chest rose and fell rapidly. It was the slightest of touches, the back of one single finger which touched the silkiness of her panties and traced the line of her slit, Susan shivering and trembling as he ignited fireworks in her fanny.

It took Ethan seconds to remove her panties, followed by his pants and briefs, his cock bobbing in front of her as he moved down a couple of steps and grabbed her legs, opening them wide as he perched her bottom on the edge of the stair and slammed his cock into her cunt, Susan's eyes opening wide as her passage expanded. There was no holding back for him, he could fuck her slowly when they eventually reached their bedroom, at the moment all he was concerned about was shagging her as fast and furiously as he could.

Susan loved his cock pounding her fanny, 'This is what sex should be like,' she was thinking as her arousal began to escalate. She adored his rough and ready approach, sex at its most basic and knowing full well that after this, he would take her to bed and make love to her. Supporting herself with her elbows on the step above, she pushed her cunt towards her son

each time he thrust into her, the gasps and cries of pleasure coming thick and fast as they both neared their climax. As he usually did, Ethan watched his mother's face, timing it to perfection so that as she started to orgasm, he filled her cunt with his cream, his forward momentum increasing until eventually, they both collapsed exhausted.

With their current ardour sated, they adjourned to the bedroom, their tea tonight would be a little overdone, but it did not concern them as they undressed each other and came together on the bed. Ethan kissed her gently, still marvelling after all that had happened, at how attractive and sexy his mother was as she pressed her slim body against him, his cock already stirring once more as he felt it rub against her well-manicured bush. Twisting onto his back, he pulled her on top of him, Susan straddling his hips as her fanny pressed against his rapidly expanding flesh.

Ethan favoured her in this position, able to lie back and gaze at her beautiful body, especially her small breasts which he adored. Susan loved the fact that her son was enamoured by her small bosom, something she had always been conscious of, but grateful as she got older because as yet, they showed no sign of starting to sag. His hands were of course caressing her tits, something that she was getting used to as he would take any opportunity to feel them, stood at the kitchen sink, putting out the washing, she would suddenly find his arms wrapping around her and his hands cupping her breasts as he instantly ignited a longing between her legs.

Easing herself up, Susan paused for a second before sliding back down her son's shaft, intense pleasure emanating from her fanny

as his throbbing flesh expanded her passage and her vaginal muscles gripped him tightly. Her arousal continued to increase slowly as she moved up and down on his shaft until as her climax approached, he gripped her by the buttocks, holding her aloft as his cock slammed into her pussy and forcing her over the edge. On arms that were reaching weariness, her tits hung over Ethan's face as his mouth came up to her nipples, his shaft continuing to fuck her rapidly until at last, exhausted, she collapsed on top of him.

Throughout March and into April, he became the man of the house, he and his mother sharing the same bed each night as they indulged in whatever sex they desired. From comments his sister made, it seemed it was no different as dad's flat, both of them mucking in to do whatever was needed and sharing the same bed each night as they fucked each other's brains out.

At weekends, Ethan would go and visit his father and sister, Becky normally popping back home a couple of times each week besides him also seeing her at college. As they went into April life outside was slowly beginning to return to some kind of normality despite the obvious precautions still in place. Their mother was back to working full time and as Easter approached with the warmer weather, he knew that with the break from college, he and Becky would be able to find plenty of time to come together and have sex.

Despite his sister impetuosity, he had tried to instil in her the need to be cautious and keep their ongoing relationship a secret. There had been a slight improvement over the last couple of weeks, his mother and sister at last managing to exchange a

few words, but Ethan just knew that if she found out that he and Becky were shagging, she would take it as a second betrayal, and he would lose her.

Ethan considered that all four of them had been lucky, neither their parents nor he and Becky had caught the virus and been ill, but nevertheless, Covid had destroyed their family. His mother had already spoken about divorce and he knew that at some point in the future, the house would have to be sold. It had seemed so much fun at the beginning, little did any of them realise the destruction the pandemic would wreak on their family.

He did not know what the future may hold, for the present he was content to share his mother's life and body until such time as things may change.