

Mum's Accident

MissD'Mena



Amelia sat perfectly still because of the pain emanating from different bits of her body and feared that any movement on her part would only exacerbate her injuries and cause even more damage. Outside her car, the rain continued to hammer down, and even though the engine was now silent, the headlights still illuminated part of the grass verge and the large clump of trees that surrounded her vehicle, steam seeping out from under the bonnet.

The last few moments were a blur; she had been on her way home, the rain so heavy that she was struggling to see out through the windscreen and had not realised until the bend was upon her; stamping on the brake as she twisted the steering wheel. But the car kept travelling straight ahead, veering slightly as it slid, Amelia closing her eyes as the trees came towards her and the wheel was wrenched from her hands.

She remembered spinning and bumping, the loud crunching noises as she hit several obstacles and then the airbag exploding as she was thrown about inside the cabin before the vehicle came to a sudden and abrupt halt, the engine still roaring away because her foot was jammed

against the accelerator. She could not move and had cried out in fear, wondering if the car would go up in flames and she would be burnt alive. But at last, she had calmed herself, enough to realise that she needed to turn off the ignition.

The rumble of thunder exploded overhead, followed by a flash of bright light which lit up the sky and then seconds later, another clap of thunder. Amelia could see the rear lights of another vehicle flash brightly and then moments later someone began speaking to her, but she couldn't understand what they were saying, instead, noticing the sound of sirens in the distance and aware that they seemed to be getting nearer before the road, tree's and the inside of her vehicle were illuminated by blue flashing lights.

Within minutes it seemed as though hundreds of people surrounded her vehicle, just before she passed out. When she awoke, she was in the hospital, her head was thumping, her left leg throbbed, and both her wrists sent sharp pains through her system when she attempted to use them to move.

The day after when she was more able to rationalise what had happened, she learnt that she had a concussion, whiplash, a broken leg, several fractured ribs and had broken one wrist and fractured the other. They had kept her in the hospital for several weeks while they patched her up and kept her under observation, slowly starting down the road to recovery before they eventually let her go home in a wheelchair.

'Hi, mum, ready to go?' Her son Adam waited patiently for the nurse to return with her paperwork and medication.

'I've got my car as near as I can, but I'll have to leave you by the main doors for a moment whilst I bring it around.'

Amelia was extremely glad to be going home, she had never liked hospitals and would feel much better once she was beneath her own roof. Adam wheeled her out, put his arms around her and helped her into his car before putting the chair in the boot. The journey home was only twenty minutes, and he was soon turning into their driveway as Amelia asked where her vehicle was.

'It was a complete write-off, mum,' he told her, 'in fact, you were incredibly lucky the car went into the trees sideways instead of head-on, otherwise, it could have been vastly different,' Amelia noted the anguish in her son's face and voice.

He helped her into the wheelchair and after struggling with the front doorstep, managed to get her indoors.

'I've cleared the dining room and brought the single bed down from the third bedroom. I've also added a small table, it will save you trying to get up and down the stairs and for the moment, you can use the downstairs toilet.'

Amelia beamed proudly at her son, he was only twenty and yet he seemed to have thought of everything to make her life easier.

'Brew, mum?' She nodded her head, later wishing she had said 'No.'

Getting her settled on the couch, he put a blanket over her lower half, brought her a cup of tea and switched on the television.

'I just have to nip out for ten minutes, I'll be back soon,' he said, making sure she was comfortable before he left.

She'd had her cup of tea and tried to get interested in several programs, but her eyes felt heavy and so Amelia closed them for a few minutes. When she came to, she could hear Adam pottering around in the kitchen and was desperate for the loo, calling out to her son to give her a hand in getting there.

That, unfortunately, was the start of a dilemma which only seemed to get worse as the day progressed. With his arm around her waist, he supported her as between them she managed to hobble to the toilet, Adam ushering her inside and closing the door.

Amelia tried to lift her skirt but instantly found that with a cast on one arm and strapping on the other, she did not have the grip or flexibility in either hand to accomplish

something which previously, she would have done without thinking about it, and if she could not lift her skirt, how was she going to lower her panties?

'What do I do?' she thought in desperation, fearful that she may wet herself unless she managed to pee soon and realising, she had no other option.

'Adam?' He was still standing outside, her face going red as she made her request, 'Can you pull my skirt up and then pull my knickers down.' He tried to make fun of it as the door opened.

'What would the neighbours think if they heard you asking that?' It was said with a mischievous grin playing across his face.

Like a true gentleman, he closed his eyes and fumbled around as he lifted her skirt, getting her to clamp it under her arms before pulling her knickers to her ankles and helping her sit down. She felt self-conscious knowing that only a flimsy wooden door separated them, and that stood just outside he would be able to hear her urinate, but that

was nothing to what she had to endure seconds later when she had another request.

She was close to tears as he took some tissue and slid his hand between her legs and then wiped along her slit. It was like she had suddenly been hit with a thousand volts, her body giving a jolt as his hand and tissue met her quim.

'I'm so sorry Adam,' she said tearfully, 'this must be awful for you.'

He told her not to worry, that he did not mind, which was perfectly true. It was not something he could do with his eyes closed and so he'd had to look, deciding that his mother had quite a cute fanny.

Done, he tossed the tissue into the bowl, helped her to her feet and pulled her knickers up and skirt down before helping Amelia back to the couch. As far as she was concerned, from that point onwards, she felt even more shame.

Of course, there were the frequent trips to urinate, each one punctuated by that sudden jolt to her system as he wiped her fanny and then to her ultimate humiliation, she needed the other and Adam had to wipe her bottom.

By the end of the day, there was truly little of his mother's lower half that he hadn't seen and while she was still immensely embarrassed, Adam found himself enjoying it, having to admit, that as lower halves went, his mother was pretty damn good.

Becoming uncomfortable on the couch, Amelia welcomed her bedtime, until once again, she realised that there were a lot of things she couldn't do and getting undressed was one of them. She felt humiliated again as he unfastened her blouse and pulled it from her skirt before easing it down her arms. She felt awful as she saw him glance at her bra and the white flesh of her breasts as he moved around behind her, unfastened it, and then laid it to one side, her bosom now exposed and for some reason, her nipples deciding to become erect.

Next, he unzipped her skirt and slid it over her hips along with her panties, leaving her completely naked as he fetched the nightshirt he had purchased for her. Normally she slept without clothes, but Adam had said it would be more convenient for her if she needed the toilet during the night and that he was going to sleep on the couch.

She was his mother and he had never in his life thought of her as anything but that, but try as he might, at that moment, he could not refrain from glancing at her body as he got the nightshirt on. He admired her smallish but perfectly formed breasts, her tapering waist and slightly rounded belly, the neatly manicured bush, slim hips, and excellent legs, embarrassed, when as he turned away, he realised that he had the beginnings of an erection. Once he was done, Amelia opened her eyes, immediately feeling more comfortable now that she was clothed, but as he helped her onto the bed, she inadvertently caught sight of the simmering bulge forcing out the front of his jeans.

The same routine continued over the next few days and at least while still being embarrassed, she was becoming accustomed to Adam seeing her naked. Amelia was feeling grubby and desperately wanted a shower, she pondered

how to accomplish it without getting her plaster casts wet and posing the question to her son.

'Let me think for a minute,' he said, disappearing into the kitchen. He returned several minutes later with a plastic chair from the garden and a roll of "cling-film" food covering.

'I'll put the chair in the shower cubicle so you can sit, and I'll wrap up all of your casts and strappings with cling film,' he told her.

It sounded easy but was a lot harder than they had anticipated, the main problem had been getting her upstairs. Having finally achieved getting his mum to the bathroom, he undressed her and wrapped the cling film around her casts and dressings before helping her into the cubicle and letting her sit down. She was still conscious of being naked in front of him as he disappeared momentarily, returning minutes later, dressed in a pair of swim shorts.

Amelia couldn't help but giggle as he joined her in the tight space, Adam taking the shower attachment and testing the water temperature before beginning to spray her. He added shampoo, washing her hair before rinsing it several times. As funny as it looked, all was going well until he had to start washing her torso, both of them now soaked. Taking a flannel, Adam soaped it and starting with her shoulders began moving up and down her back. She knew what was coming as his hands moved around to her front, by the time he had finished soaping her breasts and stomach, her nipples were hard and there was a definite tingling between her legs as she tried to control her rapid breathing so that he did not notice.

Rinsing her off he apologised, 'I'm sorry mum, I've tried hard, but I have no control over it.' Adam's face was beetroot as he moved, and she, at last, could see the prevalent bulge in the front of his shorts. Amelia did not know what to do, on the one hand, she felt embarrassed and mortified that her nakedness was arousing her son but on the other hand she also found it quite thrilling that even at forty she could still sexually arouse someone half her age.

He did his best to laugh it off as he soaped up the flannel once more and washed what he could of her legs. But again, she knew what came next and braced herself as he asked her to stand for a moment, his hand going between her legs as he soaped her fanny. He was as quick and gentle as he could be, but she felt her legs turning to jelly and an instant buzz from her genitals as he touched her there. Secretly, she didn't want him to stop, but her breathing was becoming even more ragged and if he continued, she was going to climax.

Eventually the strapping could come off her left wrist although the doctor recommended some support during the day until it got stronger. At least now she could manage to service herself in the toilet but still needed help each morning and evening to get dressed and undressed.

Thankfully, she was more at ease with Adam seeing her naked and finally plucked up the courage to ask him about his constant erections. It was mid-afternoon and upstairs, he was laid next to her on the bed after having just helped her shower and then blow-drying her hair. As usual, whilst he was washing her, his bulge had appeared, something

which had become a bit of a joke between them, Adam referring to it as though it was third person.

'He has a mind of his own,' he told her, 'and he'll disappear if we ignore him.'

'I can't understand why you get an erection when I'm naked' she began, 'I'm your mum, there is nothing sexy about me.'

He tried to make his answer sound casual, more of a joke rather than a fact. 'I suppose that once you're undressed, the knowledge that you are my mum is overshadowed by the fact that you are a good-looking woman and then the obvious happens.'

Amelia looked at him quizzically, 'That's the bit I can't understand, surely you can't find me attractive.'

Adam looked at her surprised, 'Of course, you're attractive! Mum, you're as hot and sexy as hell,' his sudden declaration taking her as much by surprise as it did him and making him clam up as he refused to look at her. The silence

seemed interminable as she steadied herself to ask the question that had been intriguing her.

'Does that mean..... you know..... when it happens..... that you are thinking about..... you know..... that sort of thing?' she stammered all the while as she tried to get the words out, Adam suddenly looked bewildered and then just as quickly embarrassed as he jumped from her bed.

'You're my mum!' he said, as he rushed from her room and downstairs, leaving her alone as she heard the front door slam shut.

What had she done, she hadn't intended to upset him, she just couldn't understand what it was about her that was getting him aroused? He'd said it himself, she was his mother, why would he be thinking thoughts like those. Yes, he'd seen her naked, but when he was younger, she had seen him naked, it hadn't awakened any secret yearnings in her, so why now had it become such an issue.

She was fine at first, she could manage the bathroom upstairs if she needed to pee, but after an hour she was

starting to worry, there was no way she could get downstairs on her own. Thankfully, he returned before her panic set in as she heard the front door open and close and then his footsteps coming upstairs.

'I'm sorry,' he said, sitting on the edge of her bed, 'That was rather childish of me, it's just that you took me by surprise..... Can I ask you something?'

Amelia nodded, wondering what he had on his mind. 'When I'm washing you and touch your breasts..... and down there..... does it feel, you know..... kind of funny?'

Amelia got the gist of what he was asking but before she could answer he continued, 'When I see you naked, it's fairly obvious the effect you're having on me.' He said it with a laugh trying to make light of his question.

'I think, up until now, I put my embarrassing reaction down to you being attractive and naked. I refused to admit that perhaps my thoughts had gone beyond what could be considered appropriate with my mother.

Amelia found she wasn't shocked, if anything, the opposite was true, her heart was pounding, and she was finding it difficult to breathe as sensations flooded her body and mind. She couldn't look at him as she replied, the least she could do was be as truthful as he had.

'When you touch me, I have to concentrate, I have to try and not feel what you're doing to me if you understand what I mean. Thankfully, each time so far, you have finished before you made something happen, but it is always so close and sometimes I haven't wanted you to stop.' Amelia felt completely ashamed, having to admit to her morally corrupt dilemma.

'So, what do we do now, mum?'

'We have to ignore it of course. It's only for a little longer and then I should be able to manage on my own and we can put this behind us.'

He nodded his head before he answered her, 'You're right. Neither of us should be imagining such things, perhaps it will be easier once I don't see you naked anymore.'

He helped her downstairs and onto the couch but for the rest of the day kept his distance, now that the truth was out in the open, each time he was near her, he couldn't stop imagining her naked and the thought of sex would rear its ugly head.

At twenty, he had never been short of girlfriends, his mother continually telling him he was a handsome young man, but then she would, wouldn't she? The thought of what he would like to do with her had never entered his head until her accident, why would it, yes she was attractive and yes he supposed at the time that she had a reasonable figure, but it wasn't until he finally saw her naked that he appreciated how damned sexy she was, and that was the problem, Adam experiencing a mental conflict at seeing her as his mother and also as a woman.

Amelia couldn't even remember the last time she'd had sex, shocked when she realized that she was probably not much

older than Adam. She was twenty and unmarried when she got pregnant, the father quickly doing a disappearing act when he was born and since then, it had been just the two of them. At first, she had been too busy and too tired to even think about another man and by the time she did think about it, she considered herself too old and had gotten used to her monastic lifestyle.

Despite her trying to reject the thoughts that kept invading her mind, some of them took root as she considered their predicament. She may be twice her son's age, but she was betting he was far more experienced than she was, which left her convinced that in any case, she would disappoint him. As bedtime came around, they went through their normal routine only tonight there was a slight difference because as he stood in front of her to button the nightshirt he paused and for the first time, he looked her up and down, 'Has anyone ever told you that you are beautiful?' he said shyly, before fastening it.

Perhaps it was his comment or the thoughts whirling around inside her head as she asked, 'Would it be ok if I slept in my bedroom tonight?'

He helped her upstairs and into bed and was about to go when she put her hand on his arm, 'Would you consider joining me? Nothing inappropriate, it's just if I need the loo, I may be unsteady on my feet..... being half asleep. And you are not going to hear me in your room.'

Adam seemed nervous and hesitant as he went to his bedroom, undressed, and managed to find an old pair of pyjama bottoms that still fit him as he had long ago started sleeping naked. Returning to his mother's room he experienced the strangest of feelings as he climbed into bed next to her. Lying on top of the covers and dressed was one thing, but nearly naked and beneath the covers with her felt abnormal.

They chatted for a while, both of them staying on their respective sides of the bed before putting out the light as they settled down. Adam was soon asleep, but Amelia couldn't get comfortable at first, constantly trying to twist and turn. She was tired, but sleep refused to come, her leg did not hurt but she couldn't move about the same with the cast on her leg.

At last, she dozed off, the image in her head feeling real as she lay naked on her bed, fingers toying with her pussy. When she glanced up, Adam was standing in the doorway watching her, it felt perfectly normal as she continued to arouse herself, feeling no embarrassment from his gaze. As he walked towards her, she could see the substantial bulge in his pants, hoping beyond hope to see it in the flesh. When he leaned over and kissed her, she could taste him, her arousal ratcheting upwards. She watched as he undressed, his cock looking formidable as he joined her on the bed, and then her hand was moved away as his fingers stroked her pussy.

The sensations that suddenly flooded her body brought her wide awake, 'Jesus fucking Christ,' she thought, she was hot, wet, and had never felt as horny as she presently did. Why did that always happen in the best dreams, just as you got to the most exciting part, you woke up, and you could never drop off and return to it.

Amelia sighed aloud and managed to turn over so that she faced her son. At least she was comfortable again for the moment as she unwittingly rested her hand on his chest, the warmth and feel of his bare skin doing nothing to lessen the

frustration she felt. His flesh was smooth and firm, his chest rising and falling slowly as he slept. She found it soothing as well as highly arousing, unaware that her hand had started to stroke him until she encountered the waistband of his pyjama bottoms. She stopped abruptly, realising where it was.

She listened to him breathe, slow and easily, 'Would he ever know?' she wondered. It was her high state of arousal that tempted her, finding herself slipping fingers past the waistband of his pyjama bottoms until she suddenly made contact with his flaccid penis.

Amelia froze, opening her eyes, she could dimly make out his face and features, convinced that he was still sleeping. Something was moving down below, and it wasn't her hand, she stayed still as she felt his shaft start to grow, its girth and length beginning to increase. She could not help herself as she ran several fingers along its length, feeling the slight throbbing as it continued to expand.

'Oh my god.' She was silently repeating the phrase over and over to herself, it had been so long since she had touched a

man's penis that her fanny wasn't moist, it was sopping wet, and she knew she was leaking juices.

As it expanded, she circled her fingers around its plump head, feeling the skin pulled tight and smooth before running them just under its rim and hearing the softest of moans escape Adam's lips. Emboldened that he was still asleep she slipped her hand further down so that she could now grasp his shaft, ecstatic as her hand wrapped around it and she could feel how hard and hot he was.

Amelia's desperation made her throw caution to the wind as she slowly jacked him off, her other hand drifting between her legs as she slid a single finger along her slit, immediately aware of her lubricating juices and the intense pleasure emanating from her fanny despite the difficulty her cast caused.

She was so preoccupied, that she didn't notice until he spoke and made her jump, 'That's not fair,' he said, his voice sleepy and full of arousal.

'Oh my god, I'm sorry Adam; I don't know what came over me.' Amelia's hand was quickly withdrawn from her fanny, but she struggled as she tried to pull her other free from his pyjama bottoms, her fingers still brushing against his plump knob.

There was silence in the room, her face hot and flushed, by now she was far too embarrassed to say anything further. Amelia felt her son move, was he going to leave her alone she wondered. 'It's ok mum, I'm not complaining, it felt rather nice. I just meant that it seemed wrong that you were pleasuring me and struggling to satisfy yourself.' It took her a moment to realise what he meant, the cast on her wrist had been an impediment.

'Will you let me?' he asked, as she felt his hand suddenly rest on her stomach. Her breathing was coming in short, ragged gasps as it slid downwards, over her pubes and curved between her still open legs. She felt Adam's finger slide between her open lips as he gently caressed her fanny, nearly crying when his finger penetrated her pussy and especially when he crooked it inside her quim so that he could massage her passage internally. She couldn't believe what she was allowing him to do. When she had invited him

into her bed, it had been ostensibly for nothing more than to have someone lying next to her after all those years. But when her hand touched his flesh, she had been unable to withstand the demands that her body had begun making.

'It feels so big, Adam,' she whispered as her hand went back to his shaft, stopping for a second as he pushed his pyjama bottoms down, releasing his erection before reinserting his finger into her pussy once more.

'I would so like to make love to you,' he whispered back as they began arousing each other, 'But it may be difficult with the casts..... perhaps this will have to suffice until you have them removed.' The sensations now emanating from her fanny plus his words promising future couplings thrilled her with their intensity.

They made do that night with what they could manage, Adam going down and eating her pussy while she slowly managed to toss him off, delighted when his cum spurted over her hand and his belly.

It was how they had to continue each night until eventually after about eight weeks, the cast had come off her wrist. Amelia was relieved as finally, she had the use of both hands back which meant that when she went to the toilet, she could service herself completely, although it did mean she had to forgo Adam touching her each time.

She soon got used to being able to get around the house on her crutches; Adam, now able to meet up with his friends in town once again.

At the time of her accident, he had taken a week off from university to help look after her but when he'd had to return, a carer would call in three times a day to ensure she was ok, and to help her to the toilet. That, Amelia found, was even more embarrassing. It was bad enough having her son touch her private parts, having someone who she did not know doing it was awful.

In two weeks, the plaster on her leg would come off, something that she was looking forward to as although they now relieved each other frequently with their mutual masturbation, they had as yet to have full sex and she was

now looking forward to the prospect of having her son inside her. That thought alone set her fanny buzzing as she imagined what it finally may be like. To distract her thoughts that afternoon she hobbled up the stairs to her bedroom and applied a little make-up before looking in her wardrobe for something nice to wear.

When he arrived home, Adam noticed the effort she had made, amazed at how sexy his mother looked.

'You, look gorgeous,' he told her as he slipped his arms around her waist. It was something that still felt strange to Amelia as it had only happened twice before, watching as his face came closer and then their lips meeting as he kissed her, this time she allowed herself to melt into the embrace, her mouth quickly moving against his as she felt the first stirring of arousal from below, not just from Adam, but also from between her legs.

When their mouths parted, it took her a moment as she caught her breath, her pussy protesting that it desperately wanted sex.

'Do you mind a late meal?' she asked, Adam, giving her a puzzled look. 'I'm not sure how we will manage it, but I want you to take me to bed and make love to me.'

She laughed aloud as he picked her up and somehow managed to carry her up the stairs before lowering her to her feet in her bedroom. He pulled his polo shirt over his head, standing bare-chested as he unbuttoned her blouse, his eyes dancing with delight as he exposed her bra and bosom. She shuffled around so that he could unhook it and allowed it to fall to the floor as she shuffled back, facing her son topless.

His hand went to her breasts as he pulled her tightly against him. Amelia was immediately aware of the bulge pressing against her mound as they kissed once more. He quickly got rid of his lower clothing, standing naked in front of her, his erection jutting from below his belly. She was desperate now to join him as she unzipped her skirt and then allowed Adam to lower her panties. Helping her onto the bed, they lay facing each other as he carefully lifted her left leg and eased it over his hip, Amelia able to feel his throbbing flesh pushing against her pubic mound.

Easing himself down the bed slightly, his shaft sprang between her legs and at last Amelia could feel its knob pushing against her labia. 'Ready?' he asked. She nodded her head as he fumbled between them and opened her pussy, the air thrust from her lungs as she felt his manhood slide inside her passage and her fanny expand to accommodate him until their groins pressed together.

'Ok?' Adam had waited as she became accustomed to having a cock inside her after many years as she nodded her head again.

And then Amelia felt herself consumed as he began to ease back and forward, gently fucking her. His hands came up to her breasts as he massaged the creamy white flesh, her tits still reasonably firm despite her age. When he kissed her this time, Amelia threw herself into it, her arousal quickly increasing as Adam fucked her a little quicker and with more force to each thrust. Her body was alive to the slightest touch, Amelia having forgotten how much she enjoyed sex, which coupled with the thrill and excitement

of doing it with her son, soon had her first climax imminent.

When his fingers twisted and applied pressure to her nipples and his hips speeded up a little more, she orgasmed, throwing her head back as she called his name and arched her back, her body shivering as pulsating sensations ignited from each nerve ending. Her second orgasm had her crying, tears of delight flowing down her cheeks.

She was comfortable and highly aroused, Adam's cock pounding her cunt now, her excitement reaching fever pitch as his climax beckoned. And then as he pushed her over the edge for the third time, she felt his cock judder inside her cunt and the sudden blast as his cum filled her passage. There were no words to describe it, any objections she may have had were dispelled as she soared, her body convulsing and shaking as the pleasure signals from her fanny blasted her brain apart.

They were still in the same position, his flaccid cock still inside her as sleep beckoned. A couple of hours later they awoke, Adam, going downstairs and making them

something to eat before bringing it upstairs and returning to her bed. After they had finished, he cleared everything away and returned, his hands soon teasing her breasts and nipples before they made love once more.

Eventually, her cast came off and she returned to work. Outside of the house they were mother and son, behind closed doors they became lovers, Adam now spending each night in her bed as they tried one position after another, and Amelia always eager to have his cock inside her quim.

Slowly she regained her confidence, buying a new car to replace the old one and making her journeys to work and around town easier.

Winter became spring, another year over with and this coming summer, Adam would finish at university. As time passed, Amelia found it more difficult to see him as her son, nowadays, he was more her partner. After all those barren years, she now had a sex life that she found unbelievable, Adam constantly unable to keep his hands off her. The moment their front door closed, he wanted to undress her, bed being only a secondary consideration as he took her on

the couch, the rug in front of the fire, and even on the dining room table, Amelia feeling like a young woman once more.

Despite her age, Adam encouraged her to try new styles, she'd had her hair cut noticeably shorter and tinted, immediately taking years off her face. There was no way she would get away with the clothes he wore, nevertheless, she picked younger skirts, tops, and dresses, teamed with slightly higher heels; when she looked in her mirror, she was sure she could pass for thirty-four or five. When she poured herself into a pair of tight-fitting jeans, Adam couldn't keep his hands off her arse, Amelia in fits of laughter and slightly embarrassed when he touched and commented in the shop. She even found that men at work started to flirt with her, but she had no interest, she was getting all she wanted at home.

By summer, Adam's schooling was finished, coming out with his degree, and was looking for a job, unfortunately, there was nothing local and he would have to make the decision eventually of either a long commute or moving and getting himself a flat. He was putting the inevitable off, at least wanting to spend a few days of summer with his

mum. He knew that he had a developing problem, ever since they had begun sleeping together, his interest in other females had waned, there were plenty of available young women around town, it was just that he wasn't interested.

At last, he accepted a position in the city, initially, going to try the commute. His mother had a two-week break, and he would start when she returned to work. They spent most of the first week outdoors, visits to the coast and walking in the countryside that surrounded their town. Amelia loved the countryside, or more importantly, she loved what they got up to on their expeditions.

The day was warm as they crossed the fields, heading in the direction of their favourite spot. Away from prying eyes, they held hands, Amelia already excited as she imagined what they would shortly be doing out in the open air. She was dressed for the occasion, trainers, a shortish skirt and a vest top, her unfettered breasts bouncing slightly as they strolled. At the top of the rise, they turned right, away from the worn footpath and headed off into more secluded territory.

Ensconced in the small hollow, they were now out of sight to anyone passing in the distance as they both undressed and laid side by side. Amelia rolled on top of her son and immediately felt his erection pushing against her piss-flaps as she teased his cock by sliding back and forwards.

Adam raised his hands, cupping her tits as he massaged the golden flesh. His mother had spent time in the garden sunbathing topless and now sported a glowing tan. She leant forward so that they dangled above him, her nipples aching as he twisted and rolled them between his fingers and thumbs. She felt his shaft jerk against her pussy as she raised her bottom, pulled it upright and sank onto the throbbing flesh. Her fanny expanded rapidly, a groan escaping her lips as his manhood filled her. She rested momentarily, enjoying the sensation of the cock inside her cunt before raising and lowering herself as she began to fuck him.

The sun warmed her back, her body casting a shadow over Adam as he gripped her buttocks and held her aloft, raising his hips from the ground as he slammed his cock into her cunt. Amelia called out continuously until she lowered her head and they kissed, their mouths grinding against each

other as he continued to shag her. She could feel the sensations building, her climax drawing closer as her pussy expanded and then contracted every few seconds.

Suddenly his hips became a blur as he pounded her, his shaft slamming into her twat ferociously and pushing her over the edge as she climaxed, the sound of her cries reverberating around the hollow and then swallowed by the slight breeze that helped cool them.

Before Amelia had a chance to recover, he had rolled her, shifting his position so that now he laid between her open thighs, his mother feeling his hot breath on her open lips. Adams's fingers spread her, his tongue assaulting the pink wet flesh as he held her hips firmly, the rest of her body writhing as her arousal soared once more. She felt herself grinding her fanny against his mouth, his tongue flicking in and out of her cunt like a miniature prick and then she shrieked as his lips embraced her clit and he sucked on the tiny bud.

She was sure she was going to orgasm again as she pleaded for his shaft, rewarded when she felt it sink into her flesh

once more and then Adam was racing away as he fucked her rapidly, their groins slamming together as he tried to push his cock deeper into her passage. Amelia screamed, her body bucking as she climaxed again, just before she felt her son's shaft juddering inside her and then he was calling her name as he filled her flue with his spunk. He continued to pummel her fanny, prolonging her orgasm until exhausted, he collapsed next to her, his chest heaving, and his eyes closed.

Covered by camouflage netting and hidden by the gorse and wild grass, the camera clicked silently, one picture after another captured as Adam and Amelia undressed. The person peering through the viewfinder was maybe only seventy-five yards away, but the couple were too engrossed to have spotted them. Initially, when the two had appeared, there had been concern that they would continue to walk in this direction, but thankfully they had stopped at the hollow and then much to the photographer's delight, had begun to kiss and fondle before getting naked.

There was a sharp intake of breath when the young man's erection was displayed, another when the woman bared her breasts and cast aside her panties so that her well-

manicured bush and hanging pussy lips were on view. When she mounted the man, the watcher fired off several more shots, this was exactly what they had come out to capture.

They were not the first couple who had used the hollow for sex and hopefully not the last. It was for just such an opportunity that the watcher had already lain for several hours, a concocted story of photographing wildlife ready in case they were ever discovered. As the couple continued to fuck, the woman, older than her companion, bounced up and down on the young man's shaft, the watcher not daring to move despite the mounting arousal down below and the desire to masturbate.

The long lens afforded them an intimate view of the erect cock as it slid inside the woman's cunt. They had planned to relieve themselves with the captured images later, but the urgency from their genitals was now causing discomfort. How they wished they had worn more accessible clothing as their hand snaked down their body and beneath them, massaging the raging flesh.

The watcher would have liked to have been closer, considering the idea for a moment, but it would only take one glance in this direction as they moved, for them to be discovered. The hand was withdrawn swiftly as the woman stood, a half dozen shots taken as she paraded her nudity and her delightful body, her tits bouncing slightly as she twisted and laughed. And then she was back on the ground as the young man knelt upright, his erection continuing to jut up from his groin as the camera clicked again.

Perhaps it was intuition that made them swap out the memory card, placing the digital camera in video mode as it filmed the couple's second sex act. It allowed the watcher two hands, which slowly and carefully adjusted their lower clothing as they exposed themselves and began to masturbate, watching as the woman knelt above her companion and gave him a blowjob, her lips wrapped around his prick as his hips lifted and he fucked her face.

With one hand stroking down below, the stranger's arousal and excitement continued to mount, watching the pornographic scene unfold on the camera's screen. Thankfully, the couple had positioned themselves in a side-on view, the man's cock now sliding into the woman's cunt.

Her intermittent cries were carried on the warm breeze, shrieks of pleasure as she enjoyed a good fucking.

The rapid, furtive, jerking and rubbing of their lower half continued, knowing full well that an eruption was imminent, their eyes closing as they strained for release, the climax coinciding with the screams of the woman who must have orgasmed at the same time.

When the world stopped spinning and their breathing slowed, they rearranged their clothing before glancing at the screen once more. The couple were starting to dress for which the watcher was eternally thankful, desperately needing to piss and stretch their legs after having lain still for so long and breathing easier as the couple disappeared over the brow of the hill, heading back in the direction they had come from.

After relieving their bladder, they played back the recorded footage, the camera capturing all of their final sex act, their faces clearly visible as the watcher delighted at what they had managed to record. Packing up the camera, they headed towards the hollow and the brow of the hill, a head

full of images of the couple naked and the sex that had taken place. Their excitement was already mounting again, looking forward to getting home, stripping off, and then playing back the film and looking at the pictures as they masturbated once more.

They were not the first couple to have been photographed. At home, the photographer had a whole library of pictures and videos that had been captured. Partly due to their fantasies, they had scoured the district, slowly taking note of the areas and places that couples thought were discreet and out of the way enough for them to indulge in outdoor sex. But this couple was different, the person knew that there was an unnatural age difference between them, not only that, but they had also recognised the woman.

Amelia and Adam strolled toward home unaware that their secret had been discovered. They only had a few days left before he started work and her break was over, and they wanted to make the most of the pleasant weather and the chance to make love outdoors. Amelia would have been mortified if she had known but was presently full of the joys of spring and fully sated after having climaxed several times.

She clung to his arm until they reached a point on the edge of town where people began to appear, releasing him as she had no desire for anyone she knew, to voice their suspicions.

Amelia knew that their relationship could not go on indefinitely, at twice his age, a time would come when she would class herself as an old woman while Adam would still be young. She was all right for the moment but could not see him viewing her the same when she was sixty and he was only forty.

'You don't seem to have had a girlfriend recently,' she ventured as they walked towards their home.

'Don't need one mum. Why would I need a girlfriend when I've got you?' he quickly replied.

In Adam's mind, he could see this relationship with his mother carrying on indefinitely, presently infatuated with her, he did not see the age difference. All right, she didn't look as young as he did, but then, with the way she now dressed, she didn't look old. It wasn't that he didn't notice

other women, it was just that he was presently finding that something about her more mature body continually captured his attention.

When she stopped to look in a shop window, Adam stood back, admiring her bottom and her legs, She noticed his reflection in the glass as she turned around and laughingly scolded him. Sideling up to her, he whispered in her ear, Amelia feeling her face flush slightly and the sudden awakening in her fanny as they both dashed for home.

They only made it as far as the stairs, Amelia spinning around as he pinched her bottom. Sitting down on one step, she allowed him to remove her panties, Adam moving lower on the staircase as his head went between her legs. He could still taste his saltiness as his tongue licked at her slit, her labia opening and presenting him with the pink moist flesh within.

She was groaning loudly as he poked his tongue into her fanny and then licked her clit, Amelia placing a hand behind his head as she pulled his mouth tightly against her passage. Adam's cock was throbbing with lust as he reached

down and unfastened his shorts, sliding them down his hips and kicking them away as he came to his knees before moving up a couple of steps and sinking his jutting member into his mother's cunt.

She screeched with delight as he fucked her vigorously. Pulling her vest over her head, Amelia exposed her breasts, her son's hands immediately massaging her fleshy orbs. It wasn't a long session, within minutes they had both climaxed, Adam shooting his seed deep into his mother's pussy. After catching their breath, they retired to the bathroom, showering together before going out for their evening meal.

On reaching home, the photographer immediately locked their bedroom door and downloaded the contents of their camera. Lying on the bed, they went through them one by one, studying the woman's face and feeling the building desire down below as they gazed at the pictures of the couple naked. Ditching their clothes, they lay back, one hand going lower as they massaged their genitals again. Out in the fields, it had been rushed, this time they wanted a slow build-up as they stroked, rubbed, squeezed, and

manipulated their flesh until their release became insistent and imminent

They were trying to look at the pictures displayed on the laptop screen but had difficulty keeping their eyes open as they replayed what they had witnessed in their head. Changing to the video, they managed to watch a little, the rising excitement increasing their arousal. As they gazed at the young man's erection caught sharply in close-up, it added another level of arousal, both the man's cock and the woman's tits and fanny igniting fantasies as they rubbed faster until eventually, they exploded, the covers of their bed damp from the excretions which were released.

The restaurant wasn't anything up-market, just the usual run-of-the-mill. Afterwards, they had retired to a local public house, Adam standing at the bar as he waited to be served.

A young girl sidled up to him, glancing in his direction every few seconds. Turning to look at her, Adam was sure he knew her but was struggling to put a name to her face.

'Sorry, I know you from somewhere, I just can't remember where.'

'Penny. You have probably seen me around at university, same course but the year below you.' She held her hand out politely, Adam taking it and shaking her hand but remembering not to apply too much pressure. They chatted for several minutes until he got served and then headed in the direction of his mother and noticed as the young woman carried drinks over to a table full of other females whom he presumed were her friends.

'Who was that?' his mother asked.

'Just a girl from university; I don't know her that well, I just recognised her face.'

Casually and without appearing interested, Penny glanced in Adam's direction continually. She knew he had dated several girls on his course and that at present was without a girlfriend which was why she had designs on him, wondering if this was his local as she hadn't noticed him in the pub previously.

Adam and Amelia had a couple more drinks before they headed for home; the streets were quiet and nobody would notice or think anything of it as he placed his arm around her shoulders, Amelia cuddling in against him as they walked. After years of doing without, she was surprised that even the slightest touch of her son now had her getting aroused immediately. She glanced around, no one in sight she thought as she pushed him into an alleyway between two shops and kissed him, thrusting her tits into his chest.

'Fuck me,' Amelia said, her breathing coming fast and furious as she rubbed at her son's cock. She broke off to remove her panties before she placed her back against the wall and cocked a leg. Adam's shaft was out in a flash as she raised her dress, and he supported her leg. Squatting slightly, he managed to get his cock into her cunt, his mother whispering sweet nothings in his ear as he fucked her.

Amelia grunted each time his penis was thrust into her flue, his hand fondling her tits through her dress. 'God, this is so exciting,' she was telling him when he made her climax, her

arms around his neck as she clung on for dear life and his manhood pounded her fanny.

Afterwards, she used her panties to wipe her fanny before they continued their journey, Adam describing what he was going to do to her when they got home. She giggled throughout their walk, it didn't matter anymore that she was his mum, he had turned her into a woman full of desire.

Adam's job at the law firm was going well, and he had found out that one of the senior partners lived in the same town as himself. Joanne had offered him a lift each morning, 'No point in using two cars, just use your own when you are going to be out of the office.' She was about his mother's age, but Adam had to admit to himself that for her age, she was a stunner. Although they both dressed in business suits, Joanne somehow managed to make hers look clingy and sexy and he had to concentrate each day on not staring at her and allowing his imagination to run riot.

She dropped him in town each evening as he headed home, always later than his mum because of the length of the

journey. In the dining room, she was just putting their meal on the table. 'Fancy going out for a drink later,' Adam asked.

'Amelia shook her head,' Sorry Luv, it's been a long day. I'm going for a bath after tea and then I'm curling up on the couch, you go out if you want.'

Walking down towards the pub, he never noticed the shadowy figure who was carefully following him at a distance as he traversed the different streets and roads.

'We meet again,' Penny smiled as he stood at the bar. 'Are you following me? We can't keep meeting like this, people will talk.'

Adam laughed and offered to buy her a drink, pointing towards a table, and carrying their glasses over as she settled herself into a comfortable chair. They chatted about their courses, the music they liked and films or programmes they had watched, Penny was easy to get on with and made him laugh frequently with her witty comments. He'd only meant to stay an hour but ended up being there for two before telling the young woman he'd better be getting back.

When eventually they parted company and he headed homewards, he again had company, his shadowy companion following silently at a distance until he reached his house and closed the front door behind him.

The stalker locked their bedroom door and brought up the pictures on their laptop again, lingering on the ones of Adam and his mum fucking, before indexing them onto an external hard drive. It was full of other pictures and video files they had captured of couples, one of their fantasies was to be invited to join them. The new ones had them excited. Knowing the woman's identity, was it possible that the much younger man was her son? The very thought that they had perhaps captured two people who were engaged in an incestuous relationship, excited, and aroused them. The young man's erect cock, and the older woman's tits bouncing as they fucked, all served to start a surge of excitement that filled their mind and body.

Stretching out and closing their eyes, they imagined Adam's cock erect and throbbing, the head plump and shiny with pre-cum and the shaft with its veins standing prominent as

the young man slid his hand up and down the erection and wanked.

The picture changed, this time it was the woman's tits, her nipples hard and protruding from the centre of each orb. Her well-manicured bush and her pussy lips hanging down and partly open with excitement. Stroking faster they strained as their climax teetered on the edge, their face going red as they bucked and twisted, both hands now abusing their flesh until a large release of secretion made their back arch as they shouted at the ceiling.

As the summer slowly dwindled towards autumn, Adam and Amelia kept up their visits to the hollow, unaware that each time they had company. The stalker had quite a collection of them by now, not just here, but also in other locations. They had followed them on many occasions, not always able to capture anything, but once they got used to the couple's routine, they were able to place themselves in plenty of time.

When the weather turned and they were unable to venture out anymore, Adam and Amelia confined their activities to

the bedroom each night. He no longer saw her as his mum, she was more like his girlfriend while she saw her son more as her lover.

The large brown envelope dropped through the letterbox one Saturday morning and sat on the sideboard for several days before Amelia opened it. Her hands trembled as she looked at the pictures which had been enclosed. There was no mistaking the couple, Adam, and herself, or what they were doing, the pictures graphic in their content as she and her son fucked. She felt sick to her stomach as her legs turned to jelly, stuffing the photographs back into the envelope. Adam was currently out, 'Just going for a pint,' he'd told her.

Someone had watched them having sex; from the close-up images, it was hard to tell exactly where they had been photographed. 'Shit!' Whoever this person was, they seemed to know that she and Adam were mother and son and where they lived. Emblazoned across the bottom of one print was the comment, "Real, motherly love."

Amelia couldn't stop shaking, the fear palpable as she suddenly thought of the consequences of what they had been doing. What did this person want, there had been no note to accompany the pictures and the postmark gave her no information other than it had been posted in the next town.

The sound of the door opening startled her as Adam entered the lounge. He was immediately concerned by his mother's expression and her pale complexion, even more so when he went to kiss her, and she pushed him away. Amelia shoved the envelope in his direction, Adam opening it and extracting its contents. His face went as pale as his mother's as he stared at the two of them, frozen in the picture as they fucked.

"When did these come?' he immediately asked.

'Over the weekend. I've just got around to opening it. The letter is addressed to me and whoever it is, knows our address. Someone knows what we are doing.' Her voice sounded strangled, and Adam noticed she was close to tears.

'Not necessarily,' he countered. 'It doesn't automatically mean they know that we are mother and son, only that they have seen us having sex. Was there a note? What do they want?'

Amelia shook her head, there was nothing she could tell him, she was as puzzled as he was. 'No, no note, has anyone approached you or said anything?' she asked, 'And look at the comment, it means this person knows we are related.'

Adam shook his head, 'Other than work, the only time I've been out without you was the other night when I popped for a pint and the only person I talked to, was that young woman I know from university.'

'Perhaps we need to stop. What if someone sends these to the police, do you know what will happen, Adam?'

Adam knew what would happen if their relationship was disclosed, but that thought was overridden by his desperate desire to continue having sex with his mother. 'Look mum, it's that time of year when we are not going to be gadding about in the countryside..... and no one can see what we get

up to behind closed doors. This could just be some kind of sick joke.'

At the end of the evening, it took him quite a bit of persuasion for Amelia to let him share her bed as usual. She was unresponsive at first, the photos had scared the hell out of her, but as Adam's fingers worked their magic on her fanny and her arousal started to build, Amelia found herself reciprocating. Straddling his hips, she gripped his throbbing erection, dragged it beneath her and tentatively lowered herself onto it, immediately exhaling and feeling her passage expand as his cock filled it. His hands instantly went to her tits, despite them being nothing special, Adam was obsessed with her breasts she realised.

She started slowly, teasing as she ground her pussy against the base of his shaft. Leaning forwards, her tits hung down, swinging slowly over his face as Adam's head continually bobbed up to lick at her erect nipples. Amelia marvelled at the rigidity of his manhood jerking inside her cunt as the look of adoration and lust spread across his face. Despite the pleasure she was currently experiencing, she couldn't rid herself of the fear that someone knew that she was having sex with her son. Her thoughts were pushed to one

side as Adam gripped her buttocks and lifted, slamming his hips upwards as Amelia suddenly found herself being shagged ferociously.

With the pounding she was receiving, she had no option other than to go with the ever-growing arousal which was quickly heading towards her climax as she moaned and grunted loudly. And then she was screaming her release, her body shuddering and jerking as her orgasm flooded her son's groin with juices.

Later, and lying side by side, she revisited one of Adam's previous comments. 'Maybe it would be better if you got yourself a girlfriend. It's unnatural for someone of your age not to be dating by now, you know how people like to talk.' It wasn't something that Adam had considered, why did he need someone else when he was getting plenty of sex with his mum.

'You need to find someone my love, it will stop any suspicious gossip.'

Several days passed before one morning as they were out at work, another envelope dropped through the letterbox. They found it when they got home, only this time it was addressed to Adam.

Inside the package, several photographs showed him naked and with his cock erect. One had been enlarged, so that all you could see was his aroused manhood, and printed across the bottom of it, the caption, "Looking forward to seeing this up close."

Amelia was back to her indecision, worrying that whoever this person was, eventually they were going to disclose what she and Adam were doing to the authorities. 'Why oh why couldn't they make some kind of demand, at least then she would know where they stood,' she was thinking.

The following day, another envelope, this time addressed to Amelia again. She knew what it contained before she opened it, more pictures. This time they were only of her, naked and with close-ups of her breasts. The caption across the bottom of one read, "Would dearly love to fuck you and suck on your delightful nipples."

'This is ridiculous,' she told her son. 'What does this person want?'

They were at a loss, was this one person or two, a single individual could not fuck both of them. As it was, there were no further packages over the coming weeks, Adam trying to convince his mother that whoever had been doing it had perhaps got bored.

In a way, it had slightly spoilt what they had. Not the fact that they couldn't continue, but more the fact that someone else knew the truth.

Weeks went by without anything more, to the extent that it didn't seem to weigh as heavily on his mother's mind. But what neither of them realised was that when they went out, either singly or together, more often than not there was someone following at a safe distance and discreetly taking more photographs.

Christmas was nearly upon them, and they had not received any more envelopes, both Adam and Amelia having put it to the back of their minds, even discussing whether come the following summer they could find more secluded spots farther afield and away from the town. They still went out for meals and visits to the pub together and when Adam went alone, he invariably met up with Penny. He had decided a while back that if it wasn't for the ongoing relationship with his mother, he may have asked her out. She was pretty and funny, and he had got quite used to being in her company. She had asked at one stage if he had a girlfriend, but Adam had avoided a full explanation, just telling her he was involved at the moment but that it was complicated.

The twentieth of December was the law firm's Christmas party night, a function room had been booked at a hotel and as it was being held in the city where he worked, those that lived a distance away had booked rooms so that they could drink and enjoy themselves. Joanne was also going, and Adam had offered to drive her there, but she had been unsure whether she was staying over or not.

In a way, it was strange that he knew extraordinarily little about her. Other than the place she picked him up and dropped him off, he had no idea exactly where she lived. He had no clue if she was married or single, though he presumed she was because of the ring on the finger of her left hand, or if she had a family. Although they chatted each morning and evening, she never discussed anything about her private life.

When later she appeared at the party, Adam did a double-take. She looked absolutely stunning, the white dress she was wearing clinging to every inch of her figure. It plunged enough at the front to give a clear view of her ample cleavage without appearing slutty and was split at the rear nearly up to her arse. Even though he judged she was about the same age as his mother, tonight she only looked a few years older than himself as he tried not to stare but had to admit that she was distracting him.

With no need to drive home, Adam let his hair down and enjoyed himself, surprised that though he circulated, it was always Joanne that he ended up with on the dancefloor. After several drinks and with the heat of the room, their last dance had brought them closer together and he'd got

another waft of her perfume which seemed to send his head into a spin and ignite an urgent desire in his loins.

When at the end of the night she declared that she had changed her mind and was now going to stay over, Adam sensed that maybe this had been her ploy all along, especially when she asked coyly, 'You wouldn't mind a roommate for one night?'

He had reached the point where there was now no way he was going to refuse her request, especially as when the room door closed, she had pulled him into a clinch. Her kiss was slow and sensual to start with, building in tempo until her tongue invaded his mouth as her breasts were pushed against his chest. Adam had no control as his cock expanded rapidly, his bulge now pressing against her mound as she rubbed herself against it.

Breaking apart, she turned, 'Unzip me.' Adam slid the zip down, admiring the bare skin of her back that he exposed. Wriggling out of it, Joanna allowed it to fall to the floor and then bent at the waist as she picked it up giving him a

perfect view of her arse and the thin white thong which disappeared between her butt cheeks.

'Your turn,' she said, turning around and displaying her semi-naked body. Adam could not move his eyes away from her tits, the smooth rounded flesh nestled comfortably in the white bra she wore. Hastily he undressed, his jacket flying in one direction and his shirt in the other, before kicking off his shoes and socks and then dropping his trousers and shorts. He faced Joanne naked as she reached behind her back and unclipped the bra, allowing it to fall away and exposing her breasts before pushing the panties from her hips and stepping out of them.

They came together once more, Adam's cock looking predatory as it swung left and right, as though trying to sniff out her fanny. And then those gorgeous mammaries were squashed against him, the erect nipples digging into his chest as his jerking shaft was thrust against her mound. Perhaps it was his mother that had altered his perception, but presently he knew that there was certainly something to be said for the bodies of older women.

Unlike his mum, Joanne's stomach was still flat and her tits, while twice the size of his mother's, still jutted proudly from her chest without any discernible droop or sag. Their lips came together again, mouths twisting one way and then the other, bodies grinding against the other person as their arousal and lust escalated. Adam wanted to fuck her desperately, Joanne, desperate to be fucked. He forced her backwards, guiding her to the bed before they collapsed onto it together. There was no foreplay, no slow build-up, at that moment all that either of them wanted to do was shag.

She opened her legs wide and dragged him on top, fumbling between them as she grabbed his cock and directed it to the raging centre of her being. Adam slammed down and forward, his shaft parting her piss-flaps and expanding her cunt as he rammed home, Joanne squealing with delight as his cock filled her hot wet pussy.

There was no finesse, no tenderness or consideration, it was purely a need by both of them to reach an immediate release; those other aspects could be achieved later. Adam

ravaged Joanne's pussy, his hands pulling, twisting, and squeezing at her tits as she dug her nails into his buttocks and dragged him deeper with each thrust.

He may be half her age, but he certainly knew how to please a woman Joanne was thinking. When she had spotted him at work, she had known immediately that she was going to have him. It had been easy to offer him a lift, especially as they lived in the same town. Although at work there was a dress code, Joanne purposely made sure that what she wore accentuated her body and knew that Adam would surreptitiously look at her legs and chest.

It wouldn't have been proper for a woman of her age just to come straight out and ask to be dated by him, but she knew that come the office Christmas party, an opportunity would present itself.

Her arousal was reaching its culmination, 'Faster Adam. Oh my God yes. Yes, Yes, I'm nearly there.'

His thrusting increased, his cock expanding her cunt every couple of seconds as she began to spiral out of control. And

then her climax burst upon her as she arched her back and strained, her face flushed as the veins on her neck stood proud. As the sensations consumed her body, she felt his cock jerk inside her passage and then he was joining her vocally as several spurts of cum hit the back of her pussy.

Laying side by side their chests pumped up and down as they dragged air into their lungs, neither of them yet capable of speech. 'Jesus,' Adam was thinking, 'Joanne was every bit as good in bed as his mother.' That sudden thought awakened a sudden sadness with the realisation that he had just cheated on her by having sex with another woman. Luckily, before he could become melancholic, Joanne had moved and straddled his thighs as she teased his cock back to life.

'A little slower this time lover,' she said, 'that was fantastic, but this time I want to savour your cock inside me.'

When he was hard once more, Joanne raised her bottom, slid across his hips, and lowered herself onto his erect shaft. 'The essence of youth,' she thought to herself, Adam, already recovered and eager to go again as he grabbed and

dragged her down so that he could kiss her succulent mouth and massage her firm breasts. Twirling her nipples between figure and thumb, Adam listened to her growl, a husky sexy sound full of arousal which excited him.

His fingers traced patterns across her thighs, moving closer to her fanny with each sweep of his hands as he raised his head and watched his cock sink into her cunt, each time she lowered herself. Stroking her pussy lips, Adam pushed the hood back from her clit and gently and teasingly ran a single finger across its tip, Joanne coming to a stop for a second and shivering.

She loved that Adam's hands were constantly on the move, stroking and minutely caressing various parts of her body and eliciting excitement and arousal. He seemed to sense when her climax drew nearer, holding her aloft as he raised his hips and pounded her cunt until she could take no more, supporting herself on wobbly outstretched arms, she closed her eyes and allowed the orgasm to consume her.

'Holy fuck, was he ever going to slow or stop?' Joanne was ready to collapse, she had already climaxed twice, and she

could feel a third about to burst as Adam continued to pump his shaft into her. This time as she orgasmed, she felt his release, barely able to open her eyes to see the look of adulation on his face.

He must have fallen asleep because when Adam awoke, the opposite side of the bed was empty. He had not stirred when Joanne had left and like any young man, his first thoughts were that perhaps he had not managed to satisfy her. He washed and dressed before going down to check out. It was only a short walk to the car park, not really concentrating as her disappearance played on his mind, but then to his surprise and delight, there she was, patiently waiting by his car.

'I thought it best that we didn't leave your room together or that I came down to reception, there may have been too many questions, and you know what they are like at work for gossip.'

Her head swivelled as she checked the car park, making sure no one was around before stepping in close and kissing

him. 'And now, I would like you to drive me home if you don't mind.'

Adam wanted to ask during their return journey but just couldn't pluck up the courage. Despite what he had with his mother, he knew they could never have a full relationship, Joanne he had already decided would fit the bill perfectly. The reason he hadn't asked her out was that he was still unsure as to whether she was married or not and presently did not want to pry, happy to wait until she disclosed her status.

It was frustrating when he dropped her in town despite offering to drive her to her door. He had been hoping to discover where she lived but realised it must wait for another day. 'See you in the morning,' were her parting words, accompanied by a peck on his cheek as she stood by the kerb and waved as he pulled away.

He had already made the decision not to say anything to his mother, the photographs had unsettled her enough, if he told her he had slept with another woman last night, he

could easily see her telling him that their relationship was at an end.

It was all questions when he arrived home. Last night was the first time Amelia had slept alone since her accident and since she and her son had made love. For years she had never thought about it, but now, she had become accustomed to someone being next to her and if truth be told, she felt a little jealous that he was out enjoying himself while she was at home alone, that, and the knowledge that there would be other females at his Christmas do.

The festivities passed without anything untoward, on Christmas day they had their main meal and then watched the usual rubbish on the television. Boxing day was cold and brisk, the two of them going for a short walk before returning, banking up the fire and settling down together again on the couch. They both had a week off from work, and with truly little to do, they occupied their time between going out occasionally and fucking all over the house. One day, in particular, they never even bothered to dress, spending most of it naked as Adam fucked her on the couch, on the floor in front of the fire, and after their meal, once the table had been cleared, on top of it; having to grip

her tightly because she kept sliding away from him as he pounded her fanny.

With the week over, they both returned to work, Joanne picking Adam up on Monday morning. Once in the car, she leaned across, 'Good morning lover,' she said, kissing his cheek.

'I need to ask,' he started, looking slightly flustered as he tried to get his words out. 'Was that a one-off or do I get a second chance? It's just that I presumed you were married,' indicating the ring on her wedding finger.

'Ah! Was married, now separated and..... well..... eager to repeat what we did,' she finished with a sexually satisfied look.

Amelia had left Adam in bed, it had been a late night, or rather, early morning and he was still asleep as she set off for the shops. As she pulled into the car park and found a space, the vehicle following her pulled into the next row along. She grabbed a trolley, got out her list and entered the store. She was about halfway around when she thought she

heard someone call her name. Looking one way and then the other, she didn't notice anyone until a hand tapped her shoulder.

Swinging around, she stared at the woman who had accosted her before exclaiming in surprise, 'Nikki? Oh my God..... How long has it been?'

The two women hugged and then grinned at each other. 'It must be nearly twenty years,' Nikki replied, 'You haven't changed a bit.'

Amelia laughed, 'Rubbish, I've got old, unfortunately.'

They both finished their shopping, packed their cars with their bags and then returned to the café section to catch up with what had happened in their lives. Amelia had given a quick rundown, omitting the part where she was sleeping with her son. 'So still single, just me and Adam and happy like that. Who needs men to mess up your life?' she finished. 'What about you?'

'Married and divorced,' Nikki told her. 'We moved away when I got married and everything was ok for several years. I have a son and daughter, the oldest is probably about the same age as your son, but then for me, things changed.'

Amelia waited to hear what had gone wrong, Nikki looking slightly embarrassed before continuing.

'Things hadn't felt right for a while, to be fair, I'd had my doubts even before I got married. Eventually, I had to admit it to myself and Paul, my ex..... I much prefer women. That's not to say I dislike men, there are times when I need a cock as much as any other woman,' she lowered her voice and her face coloured slightly, 'But in the grand scheme of things, I tend to find that it's other women who attract me.'

Amelia sat back in amazement; she'd had no inkling at all when they were young. As children, they had been neighbours and best friends. They had gone to the same schools right up until the point of their late teens when they began to go their separate ways. As teenagers, they had kissed each other, but it had been more for effect and to

shock other people rather than a desire on her part, as she wondered if, at the time, Nikki had enjoyed it.

'Tell you what, next weekend, come over to mine.' Nikki found a scrap of paper in her bag and scribbled down the address and her telephone number. 'We can have a proper chinwag and then we can go out or I can cook. Better still, stay over, we can make a day of it.'

The two women hugged again before parting, Amelia promising to phone and confirm. She wasn't paying any attention as she left the car park, not noticing that the vehicle which had followed her in was now following her out.

Back home, Adam was up and about, giving her a hand to bring in the shopping. 'You have been a while today; you should have woken me.' His mother explained about meeting an old friend and the invitation to visit and stay over the following weekend.

'That's a great idea mum, go and enjoy yourself.'

During the week, Amelia telephoned Nikki and confirmed she would be over on Saturday at about lunchtime. Adam had been out a couple of times, on each occasion, meeting up in the pub with Penny. After having fucked Joanne, the sense that he was doing something wrong by seeing this young woman while bedding his mother had diminished, it had been her idea and proposal, at the time they were receiving the photographs, that he gets himself a girlfriend.

When his mother left on Saturday morning, he wandered into town, popping his head into the pub just to see if she was about. It was still empty inside at this early hour except for the diehard drinkers and so Adam decided on a short walk. He was strolling through the small shopping centre when he heard someone call his name. Turning around, he encountered Penny, looking pretty as a picture and grinning at him. 'You're looking for me aren't you,' she said giggling all the while, I can just tell that you're looking for me.'

When he finally stopped laughing, Adam admitted to the truth. 'I am actually. I'm at a bit of a loose end and so I thought I'd see if you were in the pub.'

Penny gave him a pretend look of indignation, 'So, I'm a loose end, am I?'

Suitably admonished, he invited her for a drink. In the pub, she explained why she was in town early. 'Mum's busy with her friends today, so I thought I'd disappear out of the way.'

With it still being early in the year, the day was bright but slightly chilly, both of them rugged up against the cold. They had one drink before Adam made a suggestion, 'I know it's not ideal..... but do you fancy a trip to the seaside. I can nip home and get my car and we can have a run-out?' There was no way that Penny was going to refuse, this was the first time he had properly asked her out despite their constant meetings.

The walk to his home was short, Penny tucking her arm through his. 'You don't mind?' Adam shook his head and laughed, 'It's not as though you have propositioned me yet.'

What a strange thing to say she was thinking, wondering if it was an invitation to do just that.

The journey to the coast wasn't long, only about thirty minutes. The wind blowing off the sea was gustier and colder than it had been in town. Having strolled along the front, they darted into one of the many arcades, spending their loose change while they got warm. 'Not the best idea,' Adam said. Penny wasn't bothered, she was simply happy to be out and about with him.

'I'm not trying to be forward, but my mum's away this weekend and our house is empty. We can go back there if you want and grab a meal and then go out tonight if that's ok?' Penny wasn't bothered where they went so long as she got to spend time with him and if his house was empty, well who knew what might happen later.

Amelia arrived at one o'clock to find a light lunch and an open bottle of wine. 'I thought we could have some lunch and a few drinks and then catch up with what we have both done for the last few years,' Nikki said as she poured the

first glasses of wine. 'Later I thought we could pop to a restaurant I know and then back here for a nightcap.

It all sounded excellent to Amelia, once Adam was born, days like this had gone by the by and she was looking forward to becoming re-acquainted with Nikki. A tour of the house was the first thing on the agenda as they chatted about what they had done in their twenties, Nikki's wedding and Amelia getting pregnant. They discussed the jobs they had with Amelia disclosing that her son was in his first year as a solicitor. Nikki's daughter was still at college while her son lived and worked abroad.

'This is her bedroom, though I will probably get in trouble for coming in here.' Amelia poked her head around the door, the bedroom was not a lot different to Adam's, but what caught her attention was the cameras and lens's stood on top of a set of drawers at one end.

The sight touched a nerve for her, but it had been a while since any more pictures had arrived and she guessed that most homes had one or two cameras knocking around.

There was no reason at all why Nikki's daughter would be photographing her and Adam.

Over lunch, Amelia had truly little to tell of her later life, for years as her son grew up, it had just been her and Adam. She told of the accident and how her son had helped nurse her back to health but omitted anything further, there was no way she could tell anyone, not even her friend that she and Adam were indulging in a sexual relationship. Throughout the meal and their reminiscing, the wine continued to flow, Nikki replacing the empty bottle with a full one.

And then they got onto her friend's discovery. 'Did you have an inkling beforehand that you may be that way inclined?' Amelia asked. 'I'm just thinking back to when we used to kiss each other to shock people, did you know then?'

'No, not really. I kind of knew that boys were not as important to me as they were to the other girls. It was only later, after I was married, that I suddenly realised that I much preferred women. As for when we used to kiss, it was mainly a bit of fun, but it did cause me confusion for a while

because I couldn't fathom why I fancied you. You were gorgeous and I would much rather have gone out with you than some of the lads we did go with.'

Amelia noticed her friend seemed to be embarrassed by her admission, dropping her eyes, and not looking at her. The wine had gone to her head, that, and of course, over the last six months, Adam had opened her eyes to things she had never thought possible. Which was probably why she did not feel shocked or surprised at the sudden tingling emanating from her fanny. She said nothing as their conversation continued, but the more she drank, the more she saw Nikki not only as an old friend but also as an extremely attractive woman.

Thankfully, they had stopped their consumption, her friend taking five minutes as she phoned the restaurant and booked a table for two. 'Do you want to take a shower and freshen up before we go out?' She asked.

It was a good idea, Amelia hadn't brought a change of clothes, but a cool shower would help sober her up. Drying herself afterwards, a knock came at the door as she wrapped

a towel around her torso. 'It's only fresh towels,' Nikki said hanging them over the towel rail. 'Have you got enough?'

Amelia nodded as she gathered up her clothes and was about to head to the bedroom she had been allocated for that evening.

'Don't go, sit, and talk to me. I have missed you over the years.' Completely unabashed, Nikki began to disrobe, Amelia not knowing where to look at first as she put the loo seat lid down and sat. She remembered feeling like this when Adam had first gazed at her naked, her eyes lifting slightly as she looked at her friend who was now completely nude. There was no denying Nikki had a great body, unlike her own, it had not seemed to age.

'Stop comparing,' her friend laughed. 'I've been able to afford to have work done to keep me looking like this.'

She seemed completely at ease with Amelia staring at her, comfortable in her own body; but it was Amelia who was struggling, not able to understand why she was suddenly feeling aroused and blaming it on the alcohol. When Nikki had finished and dried off, they went to separate rooms and

dressed, just finishing as they heard the sound of the taxi horn outside.

They were like teenagers all over again, both slightly drunk and wobbling on their stilettos as they rushed downstairs, giggling all the while as they grabbed their coats and went out to the waiting vehicle.

Adam and Penny had purchased fish and chips on the journey home, intending to warm them up when they got to his house and then have them for their tea. Indoors with their meal in the oven on low, he asked if she wanted a drink.

'Tea, coffee, wine, or beer. Or would you like something stronger?' They settled on a beer each, both drinking straight from the bottle as he gave her a tour of his home.

'Well, I never, the first visit and you're already showing me your bedroom..... are you trying to tell me something?' Penny laughed uproariously as she watched him blush.

Back downstairs, for a change, instead of using the dining table they sat in the lounge with their plates on their knees, watching the end of some program on the television. Finished, Penny helped him clear everything away and wash their plates before returning to the lounge. 'Do you want to go down to the pub a little later?' Adam asked.

Penny thought about it for a moment, it was getting colder outside, and she was nice and warm indoors. 'Have you any cards or board games, I'd rather stay in..... if that's ok?'

Adam pointed to a bureau, 'I'm sure there are some in there, but they haven't been used in years.'

Penny went through what there was and then screeched with delight. 'Oh my god, I haven't seen this for years,' she said, pulling the box for the game "Twister" from the bottom of the pile. Adam laughed, he and his mum hadn't played that since he was a kid, with his smaller size and flexible frame, he normally won but from time to time, he would allow his mother a victory.

He got them more drinks as Penny laid the game out, she was like a kid who had just opened the best present ever. Over the next hour, the lounge was filled with laughter, the more they drank, the more hilarious the game became. It had never entered Adam's head as a child, but during most games, it was surprising how many times parts of their bodies were pressed against each other. He made a mental note to suggest to his mother that perhaps they try playing this game naked. The thought was suddenly interrupted as Penny spun the dial and moved, her groin now literally inches from his face.

They managed another move before they collapsed on top of each other, their faces close enough that he could feel her breath on his. There was silence for a moment as they did no more than stare into the eyes of each other, perhaps waiting for the other person to make the first move. Penny's head lifted enough as her lips met his and her eyes closed. It was only a quick kiss before her head went back down and her eyes opened, waiting to see what Adam would do.

'Oh my God, he is delicious,' she was thinking as their mouths pressed against each other again and his hand caressed her face.

She tasted divine Adam decided, still undecided as to whether he should keep his hands where they were or if he should touch her, allowing Penny to decide as the kiss continued. When they both came up for air, it seemed she had already made her decision, 'As I already know where your room is, it would be a shame not to use it.' Adam helped her to her feet and then taking her hand, led her towards his bedroom again. He had cheated on his mother with Joanne, one more female wasn't going to make a difference now he was thinking.

Amelia and Nikki both had a whale of a time. After an expensive and extravagant meal, Nikki's treat, they had gone on a pub crawl, both of them, now well and truly pissed. At the end of the night, rather than get a taxi, they decided to stagger home, it was only a short walk, though not the best in high heel shoes so they removed them and walked partway barefoot. As they passed a row of shops and takeaways, a group of young lads called out advances and comments to the two attractive women, Nikki stopping Amelia for a moment and grinning, 'Should we?'

Completely sozzled, Amelia felt no inhibitions as she nodded and then grabbed Nikki's head before snogging her friend, a cheer going up from the lads followed by clapping as both women bowed and laughed. Surprisingly, in her present state, Amelia had enjoyed it and was wondering if on their way home there would be an excuse to do it again.

Unfortunately, there wasn't as both women nearly fell through Nikki's front door. Despite being pissed, it did not stop them from downing another glass of wine and taking a second upstairs with them. Just like they had done years earlier, they sat cross-legged on Nikki's bed, talking animatedly while laughing and giggling constantly. Amelia had brought pyjamas with her, but at that moment, they did not matter, she had already seen her friend naked and in her current alcoholic fog she didn't give a damn as she began to strip off.

Stark-bollock, she stretched out, her shoulders and head propped up against the pillows. Nikki was looking at her body, her tongue unconsciously and sensually licking her lips before doing the same, Amelia feeling a familiar tingle as she watched her friend get undressed. Whether she could have made the first move, even pissed, she doubted it, but

as it was, Nikki had already decided that Amelia was ripe for the plucking as she moved in close, her breasts pressing tightly against her friends as they kissed again.

Penny had allowed Adam to undress her and then had done the same for him, her eyes staring with anticipation as she dropped his pants, and his cock sprang free. Naked, they had adjourned to the bed, their mouths constantly meeting as they kissed, only this time his hands were never still as he caressed and massaged her gorgeous tits before one hand slid over her mound and between her legs. When he penetrated her fanny with his finger, she swore, loudly, which was followed by a drawn-out groan as he began to frig her pussy. When his lips moved from her mouth to her nipples, Penny began purring, her chest rising and falling swiftly as her arousal and excitement increased.

Her hand fumbled until she found his rock-hard meat, forcing the skin down and then slowly raising it before her fingers encircled his plump knob, teasing him before starting to toss him off. Penny had no wish for any preamble, this was what she had been waiting for as she dragged Adam on top of her. She was not getting away that easily he had decided, sliding down the bed until he could

open her legs wider and pop his head between her thighs. Penny tried to twist her hips, his mouth, now firmly attached to her cunt, was sending sensations to her brain that signalled an imminent climax. Adam alternated between sucking on her pussy lips, flicking his tongue in and out of her flue and then running it back and forth over her clit. The tiny bud so sensitive that she found herself screaming as she tried to move his mouth away, but he held her firmly, sucking at it gently and leaving her with no option other than to let her orgasm consume her.

Amelia had never wondered what it may be like for another woman to lavish kisses all over her breasts or to slide fingers inside her pussy. Previously, she wouldn't even have considered it, but what she was doing with her son had opened her eyes, she did not consider herself a lesbian, but that wasn't to say that she could not enjoy sex with a woman as much as she did with a man. And enjoying it she certainly was, Nikki seemed to know exactly where to touch and kiss to elicit the greatest sensations possible.

When her friend withdrew her fingers and moved, Amelia took the chance to breathe again, slowly, with deep breaths. It wasn't a scream, nor a moan, she howled as Nikki's tongue

ran along her open pussy lips before slipping inside and tantalisingly licking her moist, no! wet hot flesh. Her body shuddered, more a spasm that Amelia was unable to stop or control as that ever-moving tongue ignited nerve endings, juices pouring from her fanny as the orgasm which ensued, had her bouncing off the mattress.

Adam's cock was deeply embedded in Penny's cunt, his hips pumping the hardened length of meat up her passage as fast as was humanly possible as she screamed, cursed, and then urged him on, her third climax already building faster than she could control. His hands gripped her tits like a set of reins as he rode her, her cherry-red nipples, hard and elongated from being twisted and sucked. Her cunt was a sloppy mess, the quilt beneath her bottom had gone from damp to wet as her juices continued to seep from her quim and run down the crack of her arse. Penny had never been fucked like this, she hadn't been a virgin for a long time, but she could never remember having sex in the past that left her feeling as drained and exhausted as she did presently. The thoughts flitted away as Adam pushed her over the edge once more, she tried to lift her head to watch his cock pounding her cunt, but it took too much effort, so she just closed her eyes, lowered her head, and enjoyed what was

happening to her as his cock jerked and she felt him fill her passage with his seed.

Amelia was half sat, half laid, her legs akimbo and supporting herself with one arm stretched behind her back. Nikki had taken up a similar position, both of them seemingly joined together by the double-headed rubber dildo that their other hands were sliding in and out of their pussies. When Nikki pulled, the artificial cock slid into her quim and out of Amelia's, who then repeated the action, dragging it back into her own fanny and out of her friends. It was like a two-person sawing motion, the rubber cock penetrating one twat and then the other. What she was doing had gone past the point where her thoughts or indecision may have influenced her, Amelia deciding that once her body reached a certain point of arousal, it didn't matter who was doing the pleasuring, male or female, just so long as she reached her climax. Staring desperately, into each other's eyes, it was obvious that Nikki was on the cusp of her orgasm, Amelia only seconds behind her as both women's gazes went blank and their bodies shook, crying out in unison as juices flooded from their gaping cunts.

The two couples slept soundly; naked bodies wrapped around each other. At one house, Adam and Penny awoke without any recriminations, the sex had been great although he did consider that it was only fair that he told his mother what he had done. At the other house, Amelia awoke with a thumping head and turned to gaze at the partly uncovered, naked body of her friend. The sex had been exhilarating and erotic, it was just the thought that it had been with another woman and not a man.

Was it something she could contemplate now that she was sober, she wondered, staring at Nikki's breast and erect nipples? She was so distracted by her thoughts that it wasn't until her friend's hand suddenly stroked her slit, that she realised that Nikki had woken.

'Oh well, in for a penny, in for a pound,' she thought, the simple touch immediately igniting her sexual desires.

Amelia and Adam both had the same intentions when she eventually reached home, and that was to tell the other person what they had done. Both felt slightly guilty about their adultery, wondering if it would affect their

relationship. Sensibly they supposed, they did what most people would, and said nothing.

As several months passed, Adam was the one who began to feel the effects of the hectic life that he was leading. His mother visited Nikki frequently, staying over several times each month. When she did, Penny would stay at his, her and Adam becoming quite close. There was also Joanne; the law firm kept an apartment for their wealthier clients and as a senior partner, she had use of it, as and when. It was surprising how many times each month, Adam had to work late. He and Joanne used the opportunity to fuck without raising the suspicions of their work colleagues. Added to all of this, was the fact that each evening, unless his mother was with her friend, they would share the same bed and make love.

With the onset of summer, Amelia had taken a week off work and announced that she was staying over at Nikki's. Joanne was away on holiday and so Adam had taken a few days off, asking Penny if she wanted to join him while his mother was away. Both couples indulged themselves, especially Amelia. Nikki had a huge rear garden, the far end of which was a section of trees which separated it from the

fields and countryside beyond. It was the perfect spot for sunbathing, especially in the nude as she developed an all-over tan. It was also the perfect spot to appease her appetite for alfresco sex, she and her friend having sex often, fucking to their heart's content.

They were not the only ones, with his mother away, Adam took the chance to introduce Penny to many of the secluded areas in the fields which surrounded the town as they too indulged in outdoor sex. He hadn't forgotten about being photographed, but after so long without anything further, he would give his surroundings a cursory glance before he and Penny got naked and shagged.

It must have been the height of summer and both Adam and his mum had returned to their daily toil. That evening when they returned home, two envelopes were sitting on the mat behind the front door, one addressed to each of them. Amelia eyed hers with dismay. 'What now? We haven't been out together, or at least not like that since last summer, there has been nothing for this person to catch us doing.'

Tearing her envelope open, she extracted the contents and stared at them. It was a couple, out in the open air and both of them were naked. One was definitely Adam; the other was not herself, it was a younger woman, but the pictures did not disclose the face. Amelia found that she wasn't shocked and only a little jealous, after all, hadn't she been doing the same. 'I'm presuming that this is Penny,' she said, handing the photographs to her son.

Adam felt embarrassed as he nodded his head, wondering now what was in the envelope addressed to him. Tearing it open, he pulled out several pictures, a look of astonishment spreading across his face. His mother was naked, her legs open wide as someone performed cunnilingus on her, what was obvious from the picture, was that the other person was not a man, it was a woman. He felt two different emotions at the same time, shock, that his mum was having sex with another woman, and arousal at the thought of her performing with another female. With the second's person's head buried between Amelia's thighs, it was impossible to tell who it was, but Adam just presumed it was her old friend.

Now it was his mother's turn to look embarrassed when he showed her. 'Nikki?' he asked, Amelia, nodding her head this time.

'I didn't know you were that way inclined mum,' he added, and just like her had felt a sudden surge of jealousy.

Their evening meal was postponed for several hours as they both discussed and related what had taken place over the preceding months.

'We need to let them know, not about anything else..... That doesn't concern them, but we need to tell them about these pictures, these involve them.' Adam may not have said anything to anybody, but his mum was insistent.

After their evening meal, Amelia made Adam telephone Penny while she phoned her friend Nikki. Arrangements were made; she was going to pop over to her friends the following evening; unfortunately, Penny was away and not back until the weekend, so his conversation with her would have to wait until then.

Amelia's day at work was distracting, unable to get rid of the knowledge that someone seemed to be constantly watching her and Adam. After their meal that evening, she had a request, 'Will you come with me Adam, it involves you just as much at the moment and then you can invite Penny here at the weekend so that I can meet her.'

Of course, Adam was going to go with her, if his mum was having sex with this mystery woman, he wanted to meet her, his imagination already creating scenarios where he was in bed with both of them, it was every young man's fantasy. Amelia drove them to her friend's house, Nikki living across the other side of town. Pressing the doorbell, they waited as the door opened, 'Hi Nikki, this is my son Adam.'

He stood frozen to the spot, his mouth open and catching flies as he stared at the woman who had opened the door. 'Joanne?' Amelia turned and looked at her son, 'You know her?'

'Come in, come in, I'll explain in a second,' Nikki said, ushering them inside.

Sat in her lounge, Amelia asked. 'Do you two know each other?' Nikki laughed, 'It appears we do, I like to keep my work life and private life separate, so at the firm, I have always used my middle name and kept my maiden name. Nicola Joanne Dunston, my married name was Thompson, but I dropped that when we separated. So, you know me as Nikki, Amelia, while Adam knows me as Joanne, I'm one of his bosses.'

The two women laughed at the coincidence, but in Adam's case, he was just relieved that so far, she had not mentioned the fact that he had been sleeping with her. 'So, this was the woman his mother was having sex with,' he was thinking, unsurprisingly, feeling no jealousy now because he was doing the same and the possibilities that had quickly sprung to mind kept him silent for the moment.

'Now, what's this about?' Nikki asked.

Amelia handed over the two envelopes, her friend extracting the pictures and examining them. 'Ah, I see. When did this start?'

Amelia explained that they had been going on for a while. 'They always include me and Adam and are always in compromising positions. I thought it only correct that I let you know because it looks like they were taken in your garden, probably from among the trees at the far end.'

At first, Adam thought his mum was going to disclose their secret, letting out a slow breath as she omitted the fact that the other photographs showed her and him fucking. 'Well, neither of you are breaking any laws as such, though I suppose you could be charged with lewdness,' Nikki gave a knowing smile in Adam's direction. 'You could take them to the police, but sadly, unless you know who is doing this, there is not a lot they can do.'

'Would you leave them with me, I have someone who will ask around discreetly and see if we can discover anything. Don't worry Amelia, if anything happens, we will sue!'

Feeling better Amelia excused herself as she went to the toilet, Nikki, or Joanne, taking her chance. 'Are you going to tell her Adam?' She asked.

'Not yet,' he had decided.

'Does it bother you? I think not from the look on your face, I would say it excites you more than anything else. There is no reason it should affect us if you don't want it to, though from those pictures it appears I have competition.' Nikki laughed and moved in close, her lips meeting his until the sound of his mum coming downstairs interrupted them.

Amelia was looking forward to meeting Penny, those first pangs of jealousy having gone. Adam had convinced her that no matter what, she was the one that he would climb into bed with each night. It had to happen eventually she supposed, it was only time she had known before he found someone closer to his own age, but he insisted that there was no way he was going to give his mother up, Penny would have to go before he relinquished what the two of them had.

Saturday, Penny came to their house in the late afternoon, Amelia recognising her as the young woman in the pub ages ago. When she was told about the pictures, she appeared to be completely unconcerned that she and Adam had been photographed. 'It's probably just some sicko getting their kicks. I'm not worried about it; they will probably stop when they get bored and if we just ignore them. We shouldn't let it stop us.' Amelia noticed the look she gave her son.

By the end of the evening when she left, Amelia had taken a liking to the young woman and no longer saw her as a threat, she was charming, witty, and forthright and it was obvious that she adored her son.

'I approve,' she told Adam when they were ensconced in her bed, his hands already beginning to wander. 'I wonder if Nikki has made any progress yet?'

Nikki was sitting up in bed when her daughter entered, the laptop resting on her lap. 'Everything ok baby?' she asked, the young girl nodding her head as she joined her mother, glancing at the screen, and becoming engrossed in what she

was watching. When it finished, she stood and unashamedly began to undress until she was as naked as Nikki was. 'Do you think they are ready yet mum?'

'Not quite, I think a little bit longer Penny. Did I tell you that your brother is coming home?'

Nikki, Joanne, whatever people wanted to call her, was not truly a lesbian, more bisexual, or as her daughter often joked, a pervert. When he had come of age, she had introduced her son Tommy to sex and the delights of his mother's body. After his initiation, it was only time before she set her sights on her daughter Penny. When Nikki had fucked both of them, she had instigated the occasion when her son fucked her daughter under her tutorage. When her husband started to become suspicious, she decided that the best way to rid herself of him was to declare that she was a lesbian. Since then, the three of them had indulged in whatever perversion took their fancy until Tommy's work took him abroad.

Nikki loved photographing people, especially people having sex. She couldn't believe her luck one day when she

recognised the woman whom she had caught fucking outdoors but didn't recognise the younger man. It was her daughter Penny who had put a name to his face when she had seen the pictures.

'That's Adam, he was in the pub with his mum, the woman in the picture.'

Nikki was delighted, another family doing exactly the same as she was with her offspring, Amelia, and Adam indulging in incest. Between her and her daughter, they had caught her friend and her son on many occasions, building up a library of pictures and videos. They would make a perfect addition to her family she had decided, especially after she had experienced his ability in bed and seduced her friend, trying to work out the permutations they would make possible.

The photographs were insurance, against the time when she divulged to Amelia what was going on and what she proposed. She shut the laptop lid and placed it to one side when Penny cupped her breast and placed her lips around the swiftly hardening nipple. 'You know I love that baby,'

she muttered, and then gasped as her daughter's fingers spread her pussy and slid inside her cunt.