

Seducing Mom

Eleanor sat upright abruptly, she was flabbergasted and at a loss for words, instinctively reaching for her wine glass while her brain attempted to process what she had just been told. A lifetime of liberal thinking and open-mindedness had not prepared her for what her son Ryan had just divulged.

Over the years she had been completely open and approachable with her children, both of them able to come to her and discuss any problems or questions they had without her making any kind of personal judgement. As they got older and asked questions, she would answer truthfully, never dodging the subject, no matter how potentially embarrassing their query may be.

Taking a large gulp from her glass, she pondered as to how she should respond to his statement, should she remonstrate with him or try to laugh it off, did she take it seriously or was he in fact, pulling her leg and winding her up and his words were some kind of perverse joke.

It was her own fault that she now faced this dilemma, with the day being as hot as it was, they had started drinking far too early. Ryan at nineteen and Jemma at twenty-two were both old enough she had told them, to take responsibility for their own alcohol consumption.

It was the first full day of their holidays; they had not managed one last year due to work commitments and so this year she had splashed out on a villa in Spain. Unfortunately, she had not listened to her own advice and had drunk more than she should

have done. It was too hot to eat a proper meal and so they had had a light lunch and dinner but because of the heat, the drinks kept flowing.

As the evening drew to a close, they were all tipsy with Jemma finally calling it a day and retiring to her bedroom. Eleanor and Ryan continued out on the patio as the evening cooled, discussing a variety of subjects, often going off at tangents and laughing and joking all the while. He would return to university this autumn, continuing to study law, something he had set his heart on at an early age. And then at some point, the topic turned to his love-life or lack of it.

'Don't you think it's about time you found yourself a girlfriend who lasts more than a few weeks.' His mother had teased.

What she had said was correct, Ryan had been in quite a few relationships, none of which lasted longer than a month, most only lasting a couple of weeks. The problem he had found, was their lack of maturity, more concerned with their friends and being seen in the right places and less interested in the relationship.

'I can't see the situation changing for the foreseeable future,' he responded, 'The type of woman I would like just isn't out there. Tell a lie, they are I suppose, but are just not available.'

Eleanor laughed at the way Ryan responded to her question, he never had been one to give you an easy answer, in short, he would make a perfect lawyer.

'Rubbish,' she shot back at him, 'We live in a town with hundreds of young women, you're trying to tell me that not one of them takes your fancy?' But Ryan just shook his head.

'So, tell me, what is it you are looking for, surely it can't be that hard to find someone?' Perhaps, she thought later, she should not have asked, she was not prying, she was just interested and wanted to see her son happy.

He took a moment, his finger resting against his lips as he gave it some thought, a glint of mischief in his eyes as he spoke. Well, she needs to be in her mid to late thirties or even early forties, slim, but with a nice figure, it shows she has taken care of herself over the years.

'She is incredibly attractive with auburn hair and a great sense of humour. But she has a maturity about her, she is caring and approachable, and as sexy as hell'.

It suddenly struck Eleanor that apart from the 'sexy as hell', he could have been describing her, but she shrugged it off as her vain imagination.

'Surely you've seen someone that you find attractive, though I can see your problem with the age group you're aiming at,'

Eleanor said, suddenly getting a fit of giggles at the thought of her son fancying older women.

Ryan sat calmly watching his mother laughing, the slightest of smiles playing across his lips, 'There have been a few that I've considered and wondered what my chances would be, Carol for one.'

It took Eleanor a moment or two as she tried to put a name and a face together with his description of his perfect woman, and then it hit her, a look of shock on her face, 'Do you mean, my Carol?' By that, she meant one of her friends who was married with two children.

'Then there is Alice, Donna, Amanda, oh and Joanne, we had better not forget Joanne, she is definitely, one hot lady,' Ryan had continued with a chuckle.

Eleanor was stunned, every one of the women he had named was either friends or associated with her. She could understand him having the hots for Joanne, she was thirty-seven but looked like she was thirty and was a fitness instructor at the local gym. Her body was toned to perfection and her chest really was a lot more than a handful, and she supposed most of the men in town lusted after her. The other women though, she just classed them like herself, as middle-aged and whilst they had all been pretty when they were young, the years had caught up with them.

Once she had got over her surprise she was intrigued and sure now that he was intentionally pulling her leg. What else had he never told her, she wondered, all of this being something that her son had kept secret from her and so she decided to humour him as they continued their conversation. They had carried on drinking, Ryan getting from his chair as he topped up their glasses and Eleanor noting that he was slightly unsteady on his feet, she was about to tell him to slow down when she realised she was in no better a state.

'Right,' she laughed, 'If you could have just one of them, which one would it be?' She was sure he was going to pick Joanne, in his position, she would. 'Just wait till we get back and I tell the girls,' she was thinking when he delivered his answer.

Ryan kept his face emotionless, even though he wanted to smirk, he was not as drunk as he appeared and had slowly but surely, brought the conversation around to this point. 'Well, if I could pick only one.....it would have to be my favourite,' he paused for a few seconds watching her lean forward slowly as she anticipated his answer, 'It's the person I think about the most when I imagine the perfect woman.....it has to be.....YOU,' he said, embarrassing her.

And that was why Eleanor was flabbergasted. When finally, she found her voice, it came out sounding slightly high pitched and strangled, 'You fancy me.....you have actually thought of sleeping with me?'

Ryan looked a little flushed 'Who said anything about sleeping, you said if I could 'have' any woman..... then my choice would be you.'

He had got her, she had asked the question, and as she had brought him up to do, he had answered her truthfully. Her mind was in turmoil, how should she act, what should she say? Ryan had more or less said that he wanted to have sex with her. She fumbled for words, stammering and stuttering until the most obvious obstacle sprung from her lips, 'But.....But.....I'm your mother!'

Ryan had waited, fairly sure he knew what she was going to say before she said it. 'But you are also a woman, are you not? Are you a mother first or a woman first?' he asked her.

Eleanor knew he had got her again, those were her own words spoken long ago when she was explaining something to her children, 'I am a woman and a mother' she had said, 'But I will always be a woman first, with dreams and desires, and a mother second.'

It was something Ryan was able to do, he watched, and he listened and then he filed it all away until such time as he needed it to win a debatable point. As her children grew up, Eleanor would impose rules, telling them that if they could put forward a reasonable argument as to why her rules were wrong, then she would acquiesce and change her mind. Jemma had never got the hang of it, preferring to argue the toss and then storm off when she did not get her own way. But Ryan was different, he would

go away and think about it, perhaps an hour later, or even the next day, he would come back to her and put his case, remembering words that she had spoken in the past and forgotten to help him win his argument, and he was good, winning far more than he lost.

'It's wrong' she stammered 'And it's against the law'.

He watched her face closely, 'Have you ever smoked weed mum? Have you ever broken the speed limit?'

He already knew she had, both, 'Are not each of those things against the law, but you still chose to do them.' 'Dad was wrong for you, but you still made that choice, even though gran advised against it.' It had been over ten years since his mother and father had split, a marriage definitely not made in heaven as Ryan still remembered.

Eleanor was flummoxed, no matter what she said, she knew she would never win this argument with him but for the life of her, she could not see an easy escape route.

Ryan was in his element now, his words silky smooth as they twisted and embraced his mother.

'Let us imagine a hypothetical situation' He began.

'You are in a room alone and bound to a bed, naked except for stockings and suspenders. A hood covers your face and you may not utter a word upon pain of death.

'You lay there listening, all your senses alive when you hear the door open. Someone enters, a man, a woman. You have no idea. The mattress moves as the person joins you on the bed and then a finger softly caresses your nipples as they become hard and erect, the tiny goosebumps around your areole getting harder as that first sense of arousal begins.'

He paused for effect.

'A mouth kisses your neck, your shoulders and then your breasts, the warm lips suckling your teats.

'The mouth works its way down your body, over your ribs, across your belly, your mound, and then you can feel the hot breath on your vagina as your legs are spread and the person slides between them.'

Ryan stopped for a moment as he watched his mother, his words were arousing, her thighs clamping together and her nipples two prominent protrusions in her one-piece swimsuit.

'Who is this person you wonder, male, female, young, old, black, white?

'What you do know is that your arousal has increased, and then fingers spread your labia and a tongue penetrates your vagina, licking and lapping, teasing your clitoris until eventually, you climax.

He paused again, letting his words sink in.

And then finally you realise that it must be a man as his penis penetrates your vagina. He fucks you slowly and tenderly, all the while making sure your needs and desires are fulfilled, you can feel his cock inside your fanny, your hips rising to meet his as your second climax approaches.

'Your orgasm is astonishing as you writhe beneath him, only he doesn't stop, he keeps on fucking you until you climax a third time and then a fourth as finally, you feel his shaft explode inside you and his hot sperm coats your love passage.'

Eleanor's breathing was ragged, her nipples prominent and her chest rising and falling rapidly, Ryan able to notice the damp patch that had appeared between her legs. He let her digest his words before he continued.

'It is the best sex you have ever had; never before have you been so totally satisfied, or a man considered your needs to such an extent.

'You feel him untying your bonds, waiting to see who he is, desperate to experience making love with him once more. Slowly

he removes your hood and you find yourself staring into the face of..... your Son!

Ryan waited patiently for fully a minute before he spoke again, 'So, what would you do mum?'

Eleanor did not know what to say or do, over the years when she had spoken to her children about sex, these were the words and descriptions she had used, this was how she had explained things to them, creating images and using phrases they would encounter as they got older.

Ryan put his glass down and stood, walking over to his mother and kissing the top of her head, 'It's probably time that I turned in before I get too drunk,' he said as he walked slowly towards the kitchen entrance.

Eleanor was hot and horny, and she wanted to fuck, If Ryan had asked her to join him, at that very moment she would have said 'yes'. Her nipples ached for attention, her quim was wet and open, ready to accept a cock being thrust into it. She stood unsteadily, not because of the drink, but because her body was demanding sex, the idea already in her head that once in her room and naked, the rubber dildo secreted in her suitcase would be put to good use.

Ryan knew that in all probability his mother would be feeling aroused from his words, which was why, once he was in his room, he changed into shorts and t-shirt and shimmied out of

his ground-floor bedroom window and secreted himself amongst the shrubs and bushes. He was fairly confident that he knew what his mother was going to do and so waited patiently.

Her room was next to his on this side of the building and so all he had to do was to watch and wait, hoping that his words would have had the desired effect and that his mum was going to put a show on for him.

It was not a long wait as suddenly his mother's bedroom light came on as she entered, Ryan moved into the shadows so that he could better see into the room, hoping that she would not close the blinds. Thankfully, as the villa did not have any nearby neighbours and also coupled with the fact that Eleanor was in a rush, she left them wide open as she removed her swimsuit.

He got an instant hard-on as he gazed at his mother moving around the room naked, she went to her suitcase and extracted a long pink object. Ryan's pulse increasing as he instantly recognised what it was, one of her toys that she had brought with her. As she lay down on the bed, which was square on to the window, he got a perfect view as she took it in her mouth, moistening its length before then rubbing it against her vagina.

Pushing down the front of his shorts he removed his erection, pulling the skin-tight and teasing its plump head as he watched her slowly ease the pink dildo into her fanny.

Eleanor was trying to think of men she knew, even males on the tv whom she found attractive as she slid the pink cock into her quim, but each time, the vision behind her closed eyes evaporated, to be replaced by an image of her son as he knelt above her, his hard cock pointing skywards as he masturbated and kept her waiting. She cupped and rubbed her small breasts, twisting and pulling at her nipples as she aroused herself, the dildo sliding faster and faster into her cunt, her juices making it slick as she pummelled her genitals.

Outside, Ryan was ready anytime she was, bringing himself to a peak and then letting it subside before increasing his arousal once more. He had been nervous out on the patio around the pool, wondering what his mother's reaction would be when bit by bit he had told her he wanted to have sex with her, but it had gone far better than he could have imagined.

Eleanor was arching her body, her face screwed up in anticipation as her climax approached, she had given up trying not to focus on Ryan, instead, she now embraced the idea as she imagined it was her son sinking his flesh into her as she orgasmed, a blinding light exploding in her head and her body shaking as she gasped and panted, the dildo being rammed into her cunt as hard and fast as she could.

Outside Ryan had ejaculated, his cock twitching and becoming hyper-sensitive as he wanked furiously, several spurts of semen flying from its tip. He'd tried to keep still for several seconds as he pointed his phone at the view through the window, snapping off a couple of photos and horrified when he realised he had forgotten to turn the flash off and it lit up the room. Thankfully,

his mother was too engrossed to notice as he pulled his shorts up and moved back into the shadows.

He waited until he saw her settle and draw a thin sheet over her naked body before turning out the light. Another ten minutes should be ample he thought as he kicked his heels and then made his way quietly around the villa to the side that overlooked the pool and patio. A window on one of the rooms was open as he poked his head inside and whispered 'Pssst.'

Jemma sat up in bed as she watched him climb through her window, totally unconcerned that she was naked. In the dim light of the moon, she asked him how it had gone as he ditched his clothes, Ryan holding up a circled finger and thumb to signify that everything was OK before slipping beneath the thin sheet and joining her.

His hands cupped her tits and squeezed, pushing her nipples nearer to his mouth as his head dipped and he sucked on her teats.

Ryan remembered back to how it had started just over eight months ago, both of them regularly dated other people but none of their relationships ever seemed to last. There had been a few times when something nearly happened between them, but they never quite got it together, that was until one night when she returned home upset, another relationship having bit the dust.

He held her tight until the tears stopped and then got them both a drink from an already opened bottle of wine. Their mum was in bed, hopefully asleep, as they sat and talked quietly to each other, Jemma berating her ex and Ryan commiserating and telling her the bloke must be a jerk for letting someone as gorgeous as her, slip through his fingers. Drinks finished he continued to cuddle her until suddenly he released her and made to get up.

'What is wrong?' she asked, not wanting him to move, she was enjoying his arms around her.

'I'm sorry Jemma,' he said, looking embarrassed and apologetic, 'But I can't carry on holding you, it's affecting me,' his head and eyes indicating his lap.

Joanne could not believe it; her brother was getting aroused just by holding her? She was shocked, but at the same time, she recognised that the germ of a thought, suddenly tangible in her brain was slowly beginning to blossom. In any other place and at any other time, she would have dismissed the thought out of hand as outlandish and disgusting. But the argument with her ex and the few drinks suddenly had her dithering. There was no denying that Ryan was good looking, even if she had never thought of him in those terms before and it was sex, not a relationship, not a commitment, just pure and simple sex.

The more she thought about it, the more the thought began to appeal, what had she got to lose, it wasn't as though he was going to go around bragging about it afterwards she was thinking

just before she threw herself at him, their mouths locking together as he felt her hand go between his legs and stroke the length of his cock.

Ryan could not believe what was happening, whilst he had occasionally imagined his sister naked, that was all it had been. Never in his wildest thoughts had he ever considered that she may actually harbour a similar desire. One of his hands slid under her top and pushed her bra out of the way as he fondled her breasts before slipping under her skirt as it headed for her fanny.

It had not taken them long before they were both naked and lying on the rug in front of the fireplace as Ryan's cock slid into her fanny, making her gasp as he began fucking her. He had kept her entertained for the best part of the next two hours as he fucked her, constantly changing positions and making her climax more times than she had ever done before.

Back in her bedroom in Spain, she watched him slide beneath the sheet, knowing exactly where he was heading as she lay back and opened her legs wider, finally feeling his hot breath on her pussy. She closed her eyes as he went to work on her cunt, pulling her labia wide as his tongue sunk into her soft pink sensitive flesh.

She remembered back to that first occasion and the satisfaction she had achieved that night as Ryan fucked her, he had been so tender and passionate with her, making her orgasm more times than any of her former boyfriends had done. Afterwards, as she lay exhausted in his arms, she had made the decision that any relationships she entered into from now on would have to play

second-fiddle to having sex with Ryan, she knew instinctively that it was her brother who she presently wanted to fuck her.

His tongue pierced her fanny again and again as his index finger stroked the puckered entrance to her arse, something she particularly liked and which he seemed happy to do to her. His lips compressed her clit as he licked and sucked at it, causing her first climax, she tried to be as quiet as possible but was unable to stifle all her cries and gasps as her body shuddered under his attention.

As she began to recover, she felt him shift his position and then the head of his shaft pushed against her wet open cunt. That excitement of anticipation got her every time, the sensation as his cock initially slid into her, her fanny expanding to accept and welcome him and then the thrill as he filled her. Fucking her slowly as she ran her hands over his chest and stomach, Ryan remembered how after that first time, their sexual coupling became a regular occurrence, fucking each other far more than any sex they had with potential partners.

There were of course difficulties, they could not exactly sleep with each other each night or just jump into bed and have sex whenever they wanted, it had to be discreet and taken whenever an opportunity presented itself. It was Jemma who came up with the idea and challenge one evening after they had fucked.

'You know, if you fucked mum, she couldn't really complain if then afterwards you fucked me, it would be a bit hypocritical telling us we couldn't do it if she was getting shagged by you.'

What Jemma said made sense, it was just that up to that point, he had never thought of his mother in that way. Yes, he had often fantasised about fucking many of her friends but had never included her in any of his fantasies.

'Anyway, as good as the idea is, I'd bet that you'd never get our mother into bed,' Jemma had laughed. Ryan had accepted the challenge, telling her he would need time to work out a plan and then to both their good fortunes, their mother had surprised them with the holiday.

Ryan's cock was pounding her fanny as he rammed it into her, her hips rising to meet him on each stroke as she urged him to cum inside her. With a final effort, his hips became a blur, his shaft rubbing at the sensitive upper surface of her cunt as his pubic bone crushed her clit each stroke and causing Jemma to climax, only a hand over her mouth stopping her cries from potentially waking their mother.

It was late when he left her bed, retracing his steps and climbing through his own window and finally getting into his bed, wondering what the morning would bring and hoping that Jemma would play her part if called upon to do so.

He lay for a while thinking back to how, over the few weeks before their holiday, he had developed a strategy and how it had also given him a chance to look at his mum in a different light. She was just as attractive as the women he masturbated about, slim with excellent legs and small breasts which he imagined would

still look pert. He had caught sight of her one-afternoon trying on a bikini as he passed her bedroom and had complimented her, that night, instead of her friends, he had imagined fucking her, his climax intense as he ejaculated.

The next morning Jemma was already in the pool and his mother sat having a coffee when he went out onto the patio. Today she wore that bikini and looked stunning and sexy as he sat and poured himself a cup, his cock reacting to the vision sat opposite. It was several minutes as she glanced around before she leaned forward slightly and whispered to him.

What you said last night, you were pulling my leg?

Ryan gave her his most sincere look, 'I'm sorry mum, I had no intention of embarrassing you, some of it was the drink talking, but what I told you is true.

'I have fantasised about you for quite a while', he lied, 'girlfriends do not last because I have not found one yet that compares to you.

'I find you very sexy and constantly imagine making love to you. I apologise if that upsets you, but I've carried this desire around for the last six months and now it feels good to have it out in the open.'

Eleanor nodded but said nothing, her mind a mass of jumbled thoughts, her dreams last night had been lurid and up until

yesterday evening, she would never have considered such a thought possible. But he had planted a seed in her brain and despite whatever she did or said, it was growing and the more she was around her son the greater her desire was becoming.

'Have you never been attracted to someone more your own age?' She asked, trying to deflect the conversation and her thoughts in a different direction.

It was the point that Ryan had hoped and prayed would eventually be reached. He had never wanted to put his mother in a position where perhaps she suddenly walked in one day and discovered them, 'Only once,' he said, watching as her look brightened.

'Who was it?' she asked eagerly.

'Jemma.'

For a moment, his mother looked stricken, she had coped with learning that her son wanted to sleep with her, but to now find out that he had considered sleeping with his sister left her at a loss. 'Why, why would you ever consider sleeping with your sister?'

He'd had his answer ready forever, he had stood in front of his mirror one evening and practised different ways of saying it, trying to find out which intonation produce the best effect.

'Because she reminds me of a younger version of you,' he said, a hint of sadness in his voice.

Eleanor could not sit there any longer, she wasn't mad at Ryan, she wasn't disgusted with what he had told her, she had to move because if she didn't, she might agree to his request and take him into her bed. She knew her nipples were excited; she knew she was secreting juices which were causing a damp patch in her bikini bottoms and if she did not get into the pool quickly those signs of her arousal and desire would become obvious.

He watched as his mum and sister frolicked in the water before going back indoors and getting a cold drink, which he took to where the loungers were situated on the other side of the pool. He laid down and closed his eyes, he had done all he could for the moment, hopefully, the next stage was up to his sister.

When Eleanor finally left the pool, Jemma followed her, 'How about a glass of wine, but not as much as yesterday, I felt quite hungover this morning,' she lied, as her mother nodded her head.

Jemma returned with two glasses, placing one in front of her mother who immediately emptied half of its contents. 'What's wrong mum, you look quite perturbed?'

Eleanor was not going to tell her all that had unfolded last night but thought that perhaps by saying something, her daughter's reaction would bring her to her senses.

'Ryan was a little drunk last night and divulged some things that perhaps he shouldn't, did you know he had a crush on you at one point and that he fantasied about you?'

It took all of Jemma's self-control not to smile or laugh, trying to make her face look a little shocked, she knew all about her brother's fantasies, he had told and shown her exactly what he had dreamt about doing to her and she was loving every second of it.

'I had no idea,' Jemma said, 'What did he want to do with me?' she asked innocently.

'He wanted to go to bed with you and have sex' Eleanor whispered, waiting for her daughter to explode, 'Don't say anything, you'll embarrass him, it was only a fleeting thing.'

Jemma was struggling, 'Like hell, he had grown out of it,' she thought, not if the fucking he had given her last night was anything to go by. She wanted to laugh out loud, and it was hard keeping her face straight as she turned to glance in Ryan's direction while she controlled herself. 'Hmm, in the past I might have screamed blue murder, but Ryan has turned into a very handsome young man.'

'I know most of my friends would like to get to know him better if you know what I mean. And I would bet if truth be told, quite a few of your friends would not kick him out of bed.

'Thinking about it nowadays, I might just have taken him up on his offer,' Jemma confessed.

Eleanor was shocked, she had expected her daughter to have been totally opposed to the idea, it had shaken her to realise that Jemma would entertain the notion of having sex with her brother.

They had lunch together but kept the drinks today, to a single glass of wine and then Eleanor exchanged places on the lounge whilst Ryan and Jemma enjoyed themselves in the pool. She watched as they raced end to end before diving and swimming between each other's open legs, her daughter seemingly inciting her brother, as he swam face up and went between Jemma's legs, his face and mouth literally inches from her daughter's genitals and leaving Eleanor suddenly feeling jealous.

Finally, she had joined them in the water as the day got hotter, Ryan taking his chance as Jemma went to the loo. Eleanor watched as her son dived beneath the surface and like a shark, circled her before darting between her open legs and surfacing behind her.

She turned to face him, finding him only inches away as they just stood there looking at each other. Eleanor felt self-conscious

being so close to him and leant backwards, intending to back-stroke away but he caught her legs as they came up and opening her thighs he stepped between them supporting her weight in the water with his hands on her bottom.

'You must let me go, Ryan, this is wrong,' she was trying to say when her genitals came into contact with his and her body screamed with desire. Releasing her he swam to the other end of the pool where the water was slightly deeper. Eleanor swam towards him, she needed to explain but found that while Ryan could put his feet on the bottom and keep his head above water, she was having to tread water and keep her hand on the side.

He put his hands on her hips to help her and instinctively her legs went around his waist and her arms around his neck.

She was trying to explain why it was wrong but their close proximity, their bodies pressed tightly together was distracting her. Again, she could feel his penis as he started to get an erection.

'We.....shouldn't.....do.....thissss' she tried to say but was interrupted as his lips touched hers and she capitulated, their mouths locked together as she thrust her pelvis against the hardness she could feel down below.

If it were not for the fact that her daughter could return shortly, she would have let Ryan fuck her there and then. His tongue was exploring her mouth while she pressed her breasts against

his chest when a comment brought her to her senses, 'MUM!... Put him down, you don't know where he has been.'

Eleanor immediately disentangled herself, her face red with embarrassment as she climbed from the pool, went over to the table and poured herself another large glass of wine. Ryan nodded to Jemma to go over and speak to their mother while he got out and gave them some space by flopping onto one of the loungers.

Jemma went and joined her mother, pouring herself a glass of wine, 'Sorry, seems I picked the wrong moment to return' she said apologetically, 'I would suggest that I'm not the only one that Ryan has his sights set on,' she giggled.

Eleanor seemed close to tears as she drank more, 'What have I done Jemma? He kissed me and I kissed him back, Jesus Christ, I wanted him, how perverted is that?'

Jemma didn't have the words that Ryan had, he could charm the birds from the tree's while she tended to be abrupt and clash with people head-on when things were not going as she wanted, and her frustrations quickly took control. 'Bloody hell mum, if you want him, tell him, the world isn't going to stop just because you let your son shag you.

'If I were in your position, I'd have him in bed by now,'

Eleanor looked up horrified at her daughter's comment. 'What would people say?' She began, but Jemma's frustrations were getting the better of her now, 'For God's sake mother, people aren't going to say anything if you don't bloody tell them.....I've been fucking Ryan for the last few months without anyone including you knowing, it's not something we go and broadcast.'

Jemma stopped abruptly, 'Shit!' Her rampant mouth had got the better of her she realised as she clammed up, her mother staring at her in horror. 'Jemma, how could you, he's your brother.'

Never one to give up without a fight, Jemma just ploughed on, 'Because he is bloody good in bed, something you'd find out if you stopped pussy-footing around for one moment. You know you want him, so stop trying to deny it and just go ahead and shag him,' this was flung at her mother as she stormed off leaving Eleanor in tears.

Seeing the argument develop, Ryan came around to the patio just as Jemma rose and flounced off towards the villa, 'Oh-oh' he was thinking, what he had just seen was usually a sign that things were not going well, Jemma never ever got the hang of when to keep her mouth shut.

'How could you Ryan, Jemma's just told me you and she have been sleeping with each other, do you know how wrong that is?' She flung at him as she also stormed off inside leaving Ryan rubbing his temples, 'Bloody women, can't live with them, can't live without them,' he thought as he poured himself a drink.

There was no meal that evening, Ryan the only one who sufficed by making himself a sandwich. Both Eleanor and Jemma had taken to their rooms and he saw nothing of them for the rest of the evening until at a little after midnight when he crept out and tapped at his sister's bedroom window.

Eleanor had not been able to settle, she had tried to sleep but woke constantly as she dreamed of Ryan fucking her or worse still, she dreamed of Ryan fucking Jemma. It must have been going on for two o'clock that she got from her bed and very quietly opened her bedroom door before going to the kitchen and getting a glass of ice-cold water from the fridge. It was a balmy night as she unlocked and opened the villa door, going out onto the patio, which was in complete darkness, the ornamental lights having switched off at this early hour of the morning.

Like a moth to a flame, she was drawn to the very dim illumination and the open window that was her daughter's bedroom. She moved slowly towards it, becoming conscious of the sound of voices as she got closer. Staying out of the tiny pool of light, she moved around so that she could see into the room, her hand going to her mouth and her other hand nearly letting go of the glass as she saw her son and daughter, both naked and engrossed in a sexual act.

She wanted to turn and run but her legs refused to move, unsteadily she moved away and put the glass carefully on a table but was instantly drawn back to the window.

Jemma lay on her back, her legs open wide and her knee's slightly drawn up as Ryan knelt between her thighs, supporting himself on his outstretched arms as his hips slowly moved back and forwards and he fucked his sister. Eleanor could hear her daughter moaning with pleasure as her hands gripped her brother's buttocks, pulling him deeper into her quim with each stroke.

He stopped and knelt upright for a moment, his cock still buried deep within Jemma as he reached out and fondled her tit's, squeezing them until her erect nipples stood upright. Eleanor was conscious that her daughter's breasts were far larger than her own as Ryan leant forward and took each nipple in turn into his mouth, Jemma purring as he sucked and licked them.

Eleanor had come outside in just a light-weight cotton dressing gown which had come open as she stood there watching her children. Unconsciously, her hand went to her breasts as she teased her nipples, making the sensations emanating from her fanny, increase in ferocity as her other hand slipped between her legs and slowly rubbed at her clitoris.

Inside, Ryan had withdrawn as Jemma changed position and Eleanor got her first sight of his cock as it jutted skywards from his groin looking shiny and enormous as it twitched up and down. Jemma was now on all fours as she watched Ryan push his cock down and position it before he eased forward and Eleanor distinctly heard her daughter say 'That's it, Ryan, oh my god yes! Oh god, fuck my arse.'

She had not realised her own fingers had moved until she heard the squelching noises coming from her fanny, looking down to see drops of juice dripping from her cunt. She tried to control her breathing as she watched her son reach under Jemma's body and cup both her udders, squashing them as her daughter cried out delightedly, 'That's it, play with my tit's, I love you doing that while you fuck my shitter.'

It was like watching a porn film Eleanor realised, only the actors were her son and daughter and for a moment she wished she had brought her dildo with her as she swapped hands, giving the other hand a rest.

She could tell her daughter was getting close as she demanded Ryan fuck her cunt again, and she wasn't the only one, Eleanor's legs felt weak and shaky as she continued to pummel her fanny, her mouth hanging open as she gasped and panted and then her eyes bulged and she orgasmed just as she heard Jemma screech, Ryan ramming his cock into her as his head went backwards and he shot his cum inside her, Eleanor presumed.

It was as though her legs refused to support her as she slumped to the ground, conscious that a pool of her juices had formed where her fanny pressed against the cement tiles. Her body would not stop shaking as she made a decision, she was going to have her son, she was going to let him fuck her and Jemma was just going to have to go without until her desires had been sated.

The next morning both Jemma and Ryan saw a change in their mother, something neither of them had ever seen before. Their first realisation coming as she appeared by the pool, gone was her normal one-piece swimsuit and even her mumsy bikini, instead what she wore concentrated Ryan's attention immediately, the two tiny triangles of her top, just about managed to cover her nipples. Her bottoms cut extremely high up the hip and being nothing but a thong at the rear, making it look from the back that she was completely naked below.

Ryan had no control as his cock immediately got an erection, his mother sideling over and standing very close to him as she ran her hand gently up and down his length, 'Nice to see that you appreciate my outfit,' she purred as she then walked down the steps and into the water.

Jemma glared at her mother, she knew exactly what she was doing, Ryan was bug-eyed, especially as after a few moments their mother got from the pool, the minuscule white bikini she was wearing, now nearly transparent. Her nipples and pubic mound were quite plainly on show, as she made a beeline back towards her son and whispered something to him.

Jemma tried to attract Ryan's attention but so far, he had eyes only for his mother as he made his way across to one of the loungers. He lay back sunning himself until a few minutes later, Eleanor moved in his direction, the bulge in the front of his swim shorts was evident as she opened her legs and shuffled down either side of the lounge before sitting on his groin, his cock pressing firmly against her fanny.

Jemma was disgusted, if she did not know better, she would have suspected that Ryan and their mother were actually having sex out here in the open the way she was moving her hips. What Jemma did not know was that her mother was actually considering it. She felt that she had been played for a fool and that while Ryan perhaps did fantasise about her, she was betting that it was Jemma that had put him up to it.

When she finally had her son where she wanted him, excitable and ready for sex, she climbed to her feet and left him lying there with a large bulge in his shorts, sashaying her bottom as she walked around the pool and sat at one of the tables before helping herself to a glass of wine from the bottle she had brought out with her.

Jemma was sat near enough to hear her mother mutter in her direction, 'I hope you enjoyed the fucking you got last night because it's going to be the last you get for a good while. I'm going to show you what a proper woman can do.'

Unfortunately, Eleanor was still thinking of Jemma as her daughter and not as a grown woman who knew exactly how to get her way with men, 'So mum want's a battle, does she? Well, let us see who Ryan chooses,' she was thinking as she gave her mother a supercilious smile.

The rest of that day saw battle commence, Jemma in one respect having an advantage as she was younger, her body tight and firm and she had entertained her brother for the last six months but Eleanor had become Ryan's fantasy and he had worked hard to get this far, yes he had seen her naked, but as yet he hadn't

fucked her and his mother knew that was a strong point in her favour.

Her children had only ever known her as a mother and housewife even though she held down a full-time job. They had never known her as a young woman, a woman of Jemma's age, who enjoyed sex and was never particular when and where she got it. She knew how to entice men and satisfy them, men's brains, she quickly learnt, were controlled by their dicks, and presently, she had control of her son's dick, assured that he was desperate to fuck her.

The two women circled each other all day looking for an advantage, but Jemma knew she was going to lose that first battle, that much was evident as after their evening meal, Eleanor with a few drinks inside her, openly invited Ryan to her room, pointedly looking at Jemma as if to say, 'You know what's going to happen.'

She had changed out of her bikini and instead, she now wore a dress, despite the heat she had put on stockings and a thin suspender belt but other than that, she was naked beneath her dress anticipating that at first, it would be enough to drive Ryan wild, while she had the other items ready as they entered her bedroom.

'You may need these,' she said, handing him several cotton belts from other dresses and a thin silk scarf, 'Will you unzip me?' she asked, turning her back to him.

Ryan could see immediately as he pulled the zip down that his mother was bra-less, he could not help himself as she ran a finger down her spine, making her shiver in anticipation. As the zip reached the bottom of its travel, he realised that either her panties were minute or that she was not wearing any. He was gobsmacked as the dress fell to the floor and she turned around, his cock painfully erect as she stepped closer, pushed her breasts against his chest and kissed him.

When she stepped back, she took the silk scarf from him and wrapped it around her eyes, 'You'll have to help me onto the bed,' she told him, 'I wondered if this was perhaps one of your fantasies?'

Just the sight of his mother naked and blindfolded had Ryan's hands itching to touch her but he restrained himself as he helped her onto the bed and bound both of her wrists to the bed head, leaving her now defenceless and at his mercy. His cocked ached and throbbed incessantly and he knew he would have to relax and take things slowly otherwise he was just going to cum all over her.

There was a chair in the corner and he went and brought it over, putting it next to the bed so that he could sit but still reach out and touch his mother, before undressing and sitting in the chair and looking around the room to see what implements he could use to excite her.

To Eleanor, it seemed like several minutes had passed and he still hadn't touched her, even though she knew it was her son,

the anticipation was making her ache, the thoughts of what he was going to do to her already making her fanny wet and open, ready to accept his cock.

And then something touched her right nipple, it wasn't his finger or hand, it was both soft and sharp at the same time and rolled across her nipple several times as her tiny bud sprang to life, increasing in size nearly three-fold as it rose from the centre of her breast, nearly a half-inch in length. She tried to arch her back as the sensations exploded in her chest and she wanted her other nipple to be touched the same, but his story had said: 'She could not speak on pain of death.'

While she didn't say a word, she could not stop the loud guttural moan that escaped her lips, loud enough that she knew Jemma would hear it in her bedroom, Eleanor's thoughts interrupted as the same treatment was metered out to her other nipple, and she let forth an even louder cry of pleasure.

Ryan was fascinated, whilst his mother's breasts were not as large as his sisters, they were what he called a cute size, just enough to fill each of his hands, but her nipples were impressive, never before had he seen nipples grow so long and with the way she moved her upper torso about as he ran the hairbrush over them, they must be extremely sensitive.

Leaning forward and still careful not to touch her with his hands, he took each of her nipples between his lips, his tongue flicking at each bud as he then licked ever decreasing circles before nipping each teat between his teeth. He had just learnt

something about his mother as she arched her back and squeezed her thighs tightly together, her body shaking against her bonds as she climaxed 'Fuck, oh fuck, oh my god' she gasped as juices managed to leak from her and she saw stars in front of her eyes, her nipples as he had guessed were fantastically sensitive.

Slowly she breathed again, her body relaxing as her orgasm subsided, still waiting desperately for Ryan to fuck her. She heard movement and then silence once more until she felt something snake around her ankle as her leg was pulled sideways, presumably as he tied it to the bottom of the bed. Her other ankle followed in quick succession so that now she was bound spread-eagled, her thighs affording her fanny no protection.

Something touched her swollen labia and she thought for a moment that Ryan had joined her on the bed, but this was not his cock, there was no heat and it was smooth to the touch.

As it slid up and down along her moist open slit, she knew what it was, it was her dildo, but how had Ryan known where to find it, the sudden thrilling and exciting realisation that he must have watched her using it on herself bringing her second climax ever closer.

She was so wet that it was extremely easy for Ryan to lubricate the rubber cock with his mother's fluids before he placed its tip against her expectant cunt and slowly eased it into her. 'Fucking hell, yes, give me more Ryan, push it right in.' Eleanor had

forgotten she was not allowed to speak as she struggled against her binding, trying to get more of the pink shaft inside her.

He fucked her hard and fast with it as Eleanor heard someone screaming, only later realising that it was her as her eyes rolled back into her head, her body went taut and she had the most earth-shattering orgasm she had ever had, her only thought, was that Jemma had been right, her son certainly knew how to satisfy a woman.

When she finally came to her senses, her head seemed lower but there was now something under her hips, arching her back and raising her off the mattress. At last, she felt him climb onto the bed, kneeling between her thighs as his hands pulled her buttocks apart and then felt the plump head of his cock push against her puckered anal opening.

'Holy fuck, what was he doing to her?' She wondered for a split second but knew immediately as she felt her rectum expanding as his cock penetrated it and he began sodomising her. It had been many years since someone had done this to her and she had forgotten how erotic it felt especially as he now used his fingers to rub either side of her exposed clit before teasing it with his thumb.

His constant attention of her twat soon had her ripe again as another climax had her body twisting beneath him, her language something that a son should never hear from his mother as she told him graphically what she thought and wanted him to do to her.

As she surfaced once more, his cock was still up to her arse, only now she could feel something pushing against her cunt and then the dildo slid inside her once more. 'Oh god, please, please god, oh my fuck!' The words ran through her brain and out of her mouth as she felt like she was suddenly being fucked by two cocks, one slid in the other slid out, a constant rubbing against her nerve ends sending her pleasure centre into overload as she climaxed again and pissed herself, juices and fluid uncontrollably flowing from her before she passed out.

When she came to, she was sat in the chair, the sheets of the bed had been wet through and Ryan had stripped them and flipped the mattress. The straps and the blindfold had been removed, and only a bedside lamp illuminated the room. He lifted her easily from the chair, placing her on one side of the bed before joining her as they lay facing each other. He raised his hips, dragging her bottom leg beneath him before wrapping her other over his hip.

She could feel his hot hard shaft now, gasping, as at last, it slid into her fanny, making her internal flesh expand. Ryan gazed at her as his hand gently fondled her breasts, 'Do you know you have the cutest tit's I have ever seen?' He whispered as he tweaked her nipples once more, his manhood constantly easing in and out of her twat as he aroused her slowly and carefully.

Eleanor could see something in his eyes, something more than desire or satisfaction, something that was whispered so quietly, that she strained to hear his words, seconds before he kissed her, 'I love you, Eleanor.'

When at last their climax came, it was different, no less intense as she dug her fingers into his arms and shoulders, every muscle taut as she felt his semen fill her vagina, but it was a different sort of orgasm, the type you have with someone you love. Their bodies were pressed tightly together, and Eleanor never wanted to let him go, she wanted to stay like this forever, his flesh melded to hers, his cock inside her body permanently as they became one.

Ryan was gone when she awoke the next morning, Eleanor presuming he had returned to his own room and so thought no more about it other than she wished he had stayed, that would have been the perfect end to a perfect night.

For Jemma on the other hand, the night had been far from perfect. From her room, she could hear her mother clearly enjoying herself which made her jealous and she had tried burying her head under her pillow but that had not helped, 'It's not bloody fair, I had him first and now she wants him,' she thought, forgetting that all of this had been her idea.

She had sneaked from her room umpteen times during the night, going to peer through Ryan's window, but on each occasion, his bed was empty, which only incensed Jemma all the more, 'Not only has she pinched him off me, but she gets to sleep with him all night,' the very thing that she desired and which had prompted the current situation.

When she saw her mother already out on the terrace, she took her chance as she went and knocked at her brother's door, receiving no answer, she opened it and peered in, surprised to find that his bed had not been slept in. Quickly she went to her mother's room and opened the door, but again there was no sign of her brother.

Taking some breakfast out with her, she sulkily asked her mother where he was, 'He's in his room,' Eleanor replied.

'No, he's not, and he's not in your room either,' Jemma shot back. It was not that Eleanor disbelieved her as she got up and went for a look, she just wanted to confirm it herself.

Eleanor was not unduly worried, presuming he had just gone for an early morning walk and would be back shortly. After last night's performance, she was convinced that he would be as eager as she was to repeat once more.

As lunchtime arrived and then passed and Ryan had still not returned, both women felt slightly anxious, but he was eighteen and considered an adult and so there was no point in raising any alarm yet. By dinner that evening, both of them were becoming frantic, Jemma having been out and walked the local lanes and paths to see if she could catch sight of him but to no avail.

It was actually evening when he finally returned, both women nearly throwing themselves at him, only for him to distance himself from them.

'Something happened last night,' he began 'that made me realise that what we have all done has to stop.

'I've thought about it all day and cannot see a way where people do not get hurt, so I have decided to end it all. We must go back to how we should be, just a normal family.'

Without any further explanation, he stood and went indoors leaving Jemma glaring at her mother, 'What did you say or do last night?' She demanded, 'Why couldn't you just stay out of it, everything was alright as it was.'

Eleanor was already blaming herself and did not need her daughter's vitriol.

'Perhaps none of this would have happened if you had managed to keep your knickers on and your legs closed,' she spat back at her.

'I'm under no illusions that most of this was probably you're doing, was it your idea that he seduce me, that way you could fuck him without me being able to protest, you really have turned into a slut,' she roared at her daughter, tears spilling down her cheeks as she rushed indoors.

Both of them made attempts that night to speak to Ryan but each attempt found his blinds closed and his bedroom door

locked. As dawn broke on what should be the fifth day of their break it found both women exhausted from a lack of sleep and wishing they could immediately return home.

Because they were tired, Eleanor and Jemma slept late the next morning, Ryan already outside and having breakfast when Jemma surfaced and went out to the terrace, making a beeline for her brother the moment she saw him.

'What's going on Ryan, what did mum do?' she asked, so determined was she to have her brother's affections return, that she had even considered coming off the pill and getting pregnant by him, all she needed were a couple of occasions.

He pushed his chair away from the table, creating a space where she could not easily reach him as he told her, ' I suddenly realised something the other night, the fact is, I'm in love with you and that can only ever lead to problems.'

Jemma was ecstatic, she'd had suspicions over the last six months that her feelings for Ryan were intensifying but had put it down to the fact that he satisfied her with their lovemaking. She was assuming that he was picking her over her mother and so was astonished when he was adamant that they could not continue.

Eleanor had come outside whilst they were talking but had kept her distance, unsure whether Jemma was receiving good or bad news. She was still blaming herself, convinced that something

had gone terribly wrong, but for the life of her, she could not think what it could be.

She watched as her son arose from his seat and headed in her direction, pulling up a chair, he again kept his distance and told her something remarkably similar to what he had just told his sister. Eleanor was confused, he just told her he was falling in love with her but that they could never sleep together again, the mixed messages making no sense to her.

Ryan stood and brought another chair nearer to the table as he beckoned Jemma to join them, waiting for her to sit down before he spoke. 'I've told you both something and now I will try and explain my decision.

'Jemma, I am falling in love with you', he stopped momentarily as he saw the look on his mother's face but continued before she could say anything.

'The trouble is, I am also in love with you, mum', now it was Jemma's turn to look confused and about to say something.

He held a hand up to stop either of them speaking, 'Jemma, you are a younger version of mum, I imagine that when she was young, she was exactly like you, brash, confident, sure of herself and unable to take peoples advice, always sure that she was correct, I suspect that's why her marriage to dad was doomed'.

He could see that Jemma was about to object but 'hushed' her.

'Eleanor', he purposefully used her name, 'You are a slightly older version of Jemma and I suspect in a few years and with perhaps a family of her own, she will become you.'

'You see, to me, you are both the same person, the person I am in love with, unfortunately, you inhabit two different bodies. My problem is, how do I love one of you and hurt the other or even both of you, and so that is why I have decided to let you both find someone who can love you properly'.

Their voices rose to a crescendo once he had finished as they both tried talking at once, but no matter what they said, Ryan would not change his mind, getting up from the table, he told them he was going out, 'It's probably best if, for the next few days, I stay out of the way until we all become accustomed to my decision,' and with that, he left them sat out by the pool.

True to his word, over the next two days, he arose early and disappeared, not returning until late and leaving the two women alone. It was Jemma who was the first to offer the 'olive branch' to what had been a dismal and antagonistic few days, she was close to tears as she spoke, 'I can't be without him mum, I need him, what we are doing is wrong, but he makes me feel normal when I am with him, I need to feel his arms around me, he makes me feel safe.'

Eleanor knew exactly how her daughter was feeling, even though she had only experienced her son on a single occasion, nevertheless, he was like a drug and already she was addicted.

It was the seventh day of their fourteen-night stay when she approached Jemma with an idea, one which her daughter was reticent about at first, but determined that if it would return Ryan to them then she was prepared to give it a try, at least once.

As usual, it was late when Ryan returned to find the two women still sat around the pool having a glass of wine and chatting amicably with each other, 'Please, come and join us' his mother insisted, pouring him a glass of wine. He never noticed that it tasted slightly different or that his glass was continually topped up from a different bottle as he suddenly realised that he was drunk.

He couldn't remember going to bed, but when his eyes opened the next morning and he tried to move, he found he was naked and that his arms and legs were bound to the bed, exactly the same as his mother had been. He called out in protest, trying to get himself free as Eleanor and Jemma entered the room and sat, one on either side of the bed.

'It seems that if you are refusing to service us, then we are going to have to take matters into our own hands and perhaps use a little bit of gentle persuasion,' his mother told him as he tried to get his befuddled brain working.

He tried to rationalise his predicament, 'You're hardly going to succeed if I refuse to co-operate,' he muttered, making another attempt to get free.

Jemma propped his head up with pillows before both women moved to the bottom of his bed where they stood and gazed at him for a moment, during which time his mother seemed excited and Jemma looked nervous.

He only realised that both women were dressed in a similar manner of blouses and short skirts as Eleanor moved behind her daughter. As he watched, his mother's hands came around Jemma's front and ever so slowly, began unfastening the buttons of her blouse. He could see Jemma shaking but she stoically remained still as Eleanor's hands worked their way down, pulling the blouse from Jemma's skirt and unfastening the last button.

One hand slipped inside the blouse and it was plain to see that it cupped Jemma's left breast and manipulated the flesh, his sister's nervousness beginning to diminish as the hand slipped inside her bra and brought her nipple erect, a gasp of surprise and pleasure slipping from her lips.

Eleanor had only ever done this a couple of times before but still remembered how erotic and thrilling the sensations had been when she touched another woman's flesh. Withdrawing her hand, she slipped the blouse from her daughter's shoulders and cast it to one side before cupping both her daughter's breasts and squeezing firmly.

Despite his bold statement, there was nothing Ryan could do as his cock slowly started to stiffen while he watched them. He had thought of closing his eyes to deny them what they were trying

to achieve, but once his hormones kicked in, he was loath to miss one minute of their show. The hands disappeared for a second and then his sister's bra fell to the floor, exposing her naked tits jutting proudly from her chest.

The hands returned, this time fondling the smooth unblemished flesh, twisting and arousing the nipples as Jemma closed her eyes and moaned softly, before they moved over her ribcage to her slim waist, Ryan watching as they slid down over her hips and her outer thighs until they reached the hem of her skirt. Slowly, they commenced their return journey, only this time they brought the bottom of his sister's skirt with them inching it up her lower body until finally, he could see her tiny panties and the bottom of her belly.

Eleanor paused for a second, stroking the silky-smooth skin before her right hand slid inside the flimsy material. Ryan could see Jemma's legs quivering as it inched downwards, over her mound and between her partially opened legs, her groans of pleasure constant now and his cock rigidly pointing skywards as he waited expectantly.

Jemma felt the finger slide along the length of her slit, her juices already leaking and lubricating the finger as her fanny lips opened, 'Oh fuck!' She gasped involuntarily as it flicked at her clitoris before sinking deeply into her flesh. Jemma's arms went out as she supported herself, gripping the bottom of the bed as her legs turned to jelly and the finger explored her internals, slowly massaging each sensitive spot until she was on the cusp of her orgasm.

Her eyes were fixated on her brother's distended cock which twitched and bobbed constantly as he watched what his mother was doing to his sister, 'Go and fuck him Jemma' her mother said softly from behind her as she shot forward like a greyhound from its trap. Straddling Ryan's hips she grasped his swollen member, cocked a leg as she positioned it against her wet open fanny, and plunged downwards, a shrill cry resounding around the room as his cock filled her cunt.

Oblivious to what was going on around her, Jemma bounced up and down on her brother's shaft as it increased her arousal. She felt her mother's hands cup her tits once more as the fingers twisted and pulled at her nipples, 'That's right baby, fuck him, but don't make him cum yet, keep him waiting.' Jemma was close now, the constant feeling of his cock rubbing against the insides of her pussy was pushing her towards her climax which took her by surprise as suddenly a finger was shoved up her arse.

She was gasping for breath and unable to stop herself from shaking, every nerve in her body was on fire and she saw stars in front of her eyes as she flooded Ryan's groin with her juices and orgasmed, her mother whispering crudity's in her ear. At last, she sat slumped on his cock as her body started to regain some sense of normality and her heartbeat slowed.

Eleanor stood by the side of the bed, both her children watching as she slowly unbuttoned the front of her blouse and cast it aside, quickly followed by her bra. Jemma was amazed at the size of her mother's nipples which were by now erect with arousal and anticipation, she had been afraid and to be honest,

slightly repulsed when her mum had suggested it, but now, sat on her brother's hips with his cock buried deep in her fanny, the sight of her mother's nipples and breasts had her hand instinctively reaching out to touch her.

As her daughter's hand began its exploratory journey over and around her small tit's she unfastened and unzipped her skirt, letting it fall to the floor as her hand went inside her panties and she touched herself. Jemma finding it highly erotic as her mother fingered herself and groaned with pleasure as she rubbed at the erect and sensitive nipples, her eyes closing as she tilted her head to one side and enjoyed the exquisite pleasure.

Finally, she discarded her panties and climbed onto the bed, joining her son and daughter as she straddled Ryan's face and then lowering herself until she felt her fanny touch his mouth, his tongue immediately licking at her slit. Ryan could smell her perfume and her sex, her juices already flowing as she had watched her daughter fuck her son. He heard her cry out as his tongue pierced her cunt and he raised his head to get it deeper inside her.

The sight of Ryan licking her mother's cunt soon had Jemma becoming aroused again, especially as her mum reached out and fondled her tit's once more, 'Slowly Jemma, keep him nice and hard,' she prompted as Jemma once more started sliding up and down his shaft.

Never, before her mother's suggestion, had Jemma considered what it may be like to touch or be touched by another woman,

she knew she was not gay, she adored a man's cock inside her and so the thought had never entered her head. Together with Ryan, they had watched porn films, sometimes one man pleasuring two women who would touch each other, but even that had never given her an inkling that she may enjoy the prospect of another woman's body.

Leaning forward and supporting herself on one outstretched arm, she tentatively reached out and slid the index finger of her other hand along her mother's slit as she continued to slide up and down Ryan's cock, watching as her mother's eyes sprang open in surprise and then filled with desire. Eleanor raised herself from her son's mouth momentarily as her daughter's fingers explored her by now plump labia and then slipped inside her.

The look on her mother's face spurred Jemma onwards, never before had she seen that look of desire and arousal on a woman's face as she began to ram her fingers into her mother's cunt, Eleanor looking slack-jawed, her eyes unseeing as she suddenly climaxed and a flood of juices soaked her sons face. Jemma kept up the pressure as her mother twitched and shook, swearing out loudly as she lowered herself to her son's face once more and experienced both his tongue and her daughter's fingers inside her twat.

It was too much for Jemma and definitely too much for Ryan, despite his bonds, he rammed his cock into his sister while his tongue licked at anything that came within range as it moved between her arse, fanny and clit. And then his cock exploded as

large globules of cum spurted from its head causing Jemma to climax once more.

Jemma and Eleanor lay one on either side of him as they rested before his mother turned on her side, resting her head on her crooked elbow, 'Jemma and I have decided to share you' she began 'So you can either comply, or you may find yourself waking up each day, tied to the bed' she finished with a smirk.

Now it was Jemma who turned to face him, 'I get to have you one night and then the next night its mum's turn, and if you're a very good boy, we might let you join us on the third night.'

The look she gave her mother speaking volumes, having now been touched by another woman, she was determined that it would happen again, with or without her brother.

With a mischievous look at each other and giggling like two schoolgirls, they slid down the bed and then Ryan felt two sets of lips and two tongues as they began at the base of his shaft, working their way upwards as he became hard again until they met at its tip and then a warm mouth enveloped it's by now, plump head. He raised his head to peer along his body, watching as Jemma's head bobbed up and down as she sucked at his cock, his mother's hand pulling the skin-tight as she tossed him off and cradled his sack.

They kept him aroused, Eleanor swapping places with Jemma as she took her turn at sucking his manhood while his sister

aroused her mother's nipples once more before sinking several fingers into her gaping gash and frigging her. Eleanor was hot and ripe as Jemma urged her, 'Your turn mum, fuck him, tell me what it feels like to have your sons' cock inside her cunt.'

His mother straddled his hips, lowering herself onto his hard-throbbing flesh as she cried out, Jemma kneeling behind her as she twisted her mother's nipples and helped her move up and down on Ryan's shaft. It did not take either of them long before he had jetted hot cream into his mother's pussy or before she had screamed blue murder as she climaxed, the finger up her arse courtesy of her daughter.

It was late afternoon when all three, thoroughly sated collapsed in a heap and Ryan was released, he was knackered, wondering if his cock would ever work again while both women felt slightly tender and raw. They couldn't be bothered getting dressed, simply bringing some food and wine into the wreckage that was a bedroom and then slightly later, all three fell asleep, their bodies entwined and with Jemma getting her wish at last, as she curled up and slept next to her brother.

When he awoke the next morning, he carefully disentangled himself from the two women sprawled across the bed, gazing lovingly at their naked bodies as he pulled on a pair of shorts and quietly left the bedroom. Making himself a brew, he wandered out onto the terrace and pulled up a chair as he sat and contemplated what had taken place the previous day. Was he going to stick to the former dictum he wondered, a satisfied smile quickly cracking his face, 'Was he hell as like'?

What could any young man of his age wish for, two beautiful women, one young and one mature, happy to satisfy his needs either singularly or together, though, satisfying two women at once was a bloody sight harder than he had expected, you didn't get much time to recover before one of them was on you again!

The rest of their holiday was the best he could ever remember as they explored each other's bodies, now it was out in the open, there was no need for sneaking about or even limiting their activities to evenings and nights. They spent most of the time naked, copulating whenever the urge took them and his mother and Jemma happy to share him, though the threesomes seemed to take place more often than he had anticipated.

The times he managed to get a rest where he found, still draining, it appeared that Jemma had suddenly discovered an appetite for female flesh and she and Eleanor would try to give him a break as they performed with each other, the trouble was it was so arousing that invariably, he ended up joining in.

As they flew home at the end of their break Ryan wondered what the future would hold, another couple of months and he would be going off to University, it was near enough that he could come home some weekends or his mum and sister could drive over.

With his newfound confidence, he also wondered if some of the mature women around town, in particular, some of his mother's friends may be open to some extracurricular sex. He reclined his seat and closed his eyes as he planned for the future, suddenly feeling a hand on his thigh as his mother whispered to him,

'What's this 'mile high club' I've heard people talk about?' A mischievous smile on her face.