

When a Plan Comes Together

Miss D'Mena

Ann-Marie had a plan, one she had been working on for nearly two years. She had played out different scenarios in her head, keeping some parts and discarding others. Central to her scheme was Dominic, her twin brother, and today was their eighteenth birthday. He was by far the easiest of her two targets she had decided, and if she could manipulate him, then the path to her main prize was closer. For years they had fought like cat and dog, but once the idea was in her head, Ann-Marie had subtly changed, becoming more approachable and acting as though she was a concerned sister.

She knew that he was out with his friends that evening celebrating, certain that he would return home worse for wear, or at least she was hoping he would. Ann-Marie had dressed for his return, which in itself was a joke because beneath the silky robe she was wearing, she was naked.

Stumbling through the door, it was late, and Dominic was drunk. He had been expecting everyone to be in bed, asleep, surprised to find his sister still up and about. He was even more surprised to see her wearing a robe; normally it would

have been full pyjama bottoms and a t-shirt top. She was chatty, but fidgeted constantly, seemingly unaware that as the robe slid over her skin it gaped in places and gave him constant views of her thighs, the "V" of her groin, and the ponderous edges of her ample breasts.

His friends mentioned constantly that she was pretty, fit, and sexy, but Dominic had never noticed, at least not until that evening. He wasn't going to admit to anyone, and especially not to her, that he was still to get his end away, but the constant views of her body suddenly had his dick twitching. They were right in what they said, despite her being his older sister by five minutes, as females went, she wasn't bad; in fact, in part, due to his beer goggles, she looked bloody good.

Ann-Marie pretended not to notice her brother's lecherous glances, while Dominic pretended not to look at her as she bared sufficient flesh to tantalise and tease him. It was hard not to miss his hard-on, the bulge in his pants, looking quite enticing as she fluttered her eyelashes in his direction and gave him another view of her cleavage. When she was ready to go upstairs, she made sure that when moving her legs, he

got an unobstructed view of her fanny. It would give him something to think about as he went to sleep, she determined, and that was if he didn't pleasure himself first.

Over the following month, she kept up the pressure. Most evenings they would both be out separately, but Ann-Marie ensured that they would end up at the same venues, or that she would be nearby at the end of an evening, so that they could walk home together, often with her arm through his. Dominic's mates were never going to complain, especially when she turned up with two or three of her companions; they were all attractive and sexy and kept his friends occupied while she teased her brother.

At home and when Dominic was around, she cajoled and flirted, dressing provocatively and often leaving the bathroom or her bedroom door slightly ajar, allowing him to catch glimpses of her partially dressed, or wandering around in her underwear. She knew by now that he was watching, the constant bulge in his pants, a sign that he was interested.

She hadn't said anything, but Ann-Marie knew a pair of her panties had disappeared and she guessed who the likely culprit was. She didn't mind; she was gratified; it meant that he was thinking and fantasising about her as she imagined her brother grasping his cock as he tossed himself off. What she needed to engineer next was a situation, an opportunity to push the envelope a little bit further.

Fortune smiled on her one afternoon several weeks later. She worked behind the cosmetics counter at one of the department stores in town and it was her half-day because of having to work Saturdays. Both her parents would be out at work, Dominic would be at college, and she was looking forward to the house being empty when she arrived home.

When she entered through the back door, silence reigned; kicking off her shoes as she padded into the lounge in her stocking feet. 'Two minutes,' she thought as she stretched out on the couch, just wanting to rest her legs after being on the go all morning but not wanting to crease her uniform. She lay with her eyes closed for a minute, her ears noticing very faint sounds occasionally, but unable to pinpoint where they

emanated from. Suddenly a floorboard above her creaked minutely, a quick rush of fear making her sit upright as she looked up to the ceiling, remembering that her brother's bedroom was directly above the lounge. By rights he should be at college, Ann-Marie wondering if he was skiving. Climbing to her feet, she opened the lounge door as softly and as quietly as she possibly could, and then tiptoed up the stairs, avoiding the ones that creaked.

Creeping along the landing, she could now hear the sounds coming from Dominic's room, noises that could only mean one thing if she were guessing correctly. With the door partly ajar, she peeped down the edge, where the hinges were attached. She couldn't see his upper torso, but what she could see of his lower half was naked, his cock sticking upright, and with her panties wrapped around its length. The sensations started in the pit of her stomach and moved downwards as she watched her brother's fingers tease the plump knob and moan softly.

As he masturbated, she found one hand drifting to her groin, pulling up the front of her skirt and easing inside her panties.

When she stroked her pussy, her legs wobbled; this was the perfect opportunity she thought, all she needed to do was push the door open.

Despite all her planning, it still took a moment to summon the courage, would Dominic scream with rage when she entered? Taking a breath, she eased it open; her brother had his eyes closed, and what he was doing to himself distracted him sufficiently to not notice her standing in his doorway.

'Are those my panties?' She asked quietly.

The look on her brother's face was one of panic, followed by embarrassment, followed by humiliation as his hands tried to hide his cock and her panties wrapped around it.

'Get out, get out of my fucking room,' he bellowed, trying to disguise his shame with indignation and anger. Rather than retreat, Ann-Marie advanced, sitting on the edge of his bed as she stared at what he was still trying to hide.

'I could finish that for you..... far better than doing it yourself with my panties,' she said, her voice low and sultry, the look she gave him implying that her offer was not a joke.

It took Dominic several minutes; surely his sister was kidding. It had to be a joke on her part; she was just waiting for him to move his hands and then she would either laugh or do something harsh to his genitals. She said nothing, continuing to bestow a look of sisterly love and the offer of assistance on him. When he eventually slowly moved his hands, Ann-Marie reached out and unwrapped her panties from around his shaft. The gusset of them was stiff. 'How much spunk had been deposited there?' She wondered, gazing at his now, flaccid member.

After running a finger along its length, she placed her hand beneath it so that it rested in her palm, gently squeezing, and flexing his penis as she felt it start to grow once more. With her manipulation, it seemed to grow exponentially, longer, and thicker than she had imagined; until when it was fully erect, she could have placed two hands around it easily. It was

hard to say which of them was the most aroused. Dominic, whose cock was now being wanked; or Ann-Marie, who found that her nipples were hard, and her pussy was demanding attention.

She slipped a hand into her lap, softly rubbing herself as her excitement increased. Her eyes fluttered and closed for a minute as her other hand continued to toss off her brother. Dominic watched what she was doing and took that as an invitation to give his sister the same relief that she was administering. Ann-Marie's eyes shot open when his fingers reached the top of her inner thigh, inches from her pussy, her arousal suddenly ramping up. She didn't give her permission, but then neither did she refuse, simply removing her hand and giving her brother greater access.

His finger rubbed at her twat, through her panties, the jolt to her system stopping her hand for a moment as a groan escaped her lips. When the panties were pulled to one side and his finger slid into her cunt, Ann-Marie could not stop the whimper she made. The faster she tossed her brother off, the faster his finger speared her pussy, both of them breathing

rapidly as arousal and climaxes beckoned. She had not anticipated that Dominic may attempt to touch her. Her initial plan was to seduce him slowly, one handjob at a time until he succumbed to her will.

Quickly, he had her in the throes of a climax, her body starting to violently shake as cum burst from his cock and covered her hand and his belly, his hips, and thighs quivering. Ann-Marie's hand continued to pump his shaft because Dominic refused to stop fingering her and she refused to be the first to give in.

'Enough!' She pulled away, unable to take any more, and was stunned that her brother had made her orgasm. 'Play your cards right and if I'm feeling generous,' she stammered, immediately heading for her bedroom. She needed to get out of her uniform and change her panties; her constant juices had made them wet.

Dominic was flabbergasted, never in his wildest dreams had he ever imagined that something like that would happen,

completely unexpected, especially with his sister. When he noticed her standing at his bedroom door, he had feared the worst. She was sure to notice he had a pair of her panties and there was no way he could disguise what he was doing; completely naked and lying on top of the bed covers with his cock hard. He'd expected her to shout and abuse him, the threat of telling their parents a conscious option on her part. Instead, two of the things he dreamt about, which had yet to happen suddenly came together at once, he'd had his dick wanked by a female and got to finger a woman.

Anne-Marie stretched out on her bed. 'That, wasn't supposed to have happened.' Tossing her brother off? Yes! Allowing him to frig her, and to orgasm? No! That had never been part of the deal. Her problem was that he had done it extremely well, and the size of his cock had astonished her, unable now to get the image of it out of her head. She was convinced that Dominic was yet to have a girlfriend and had definitely not gotten his end away, but how was that humanly possible with a prick of that size, surely some of the girls had to know?

She changed into fresh clothes, ones which had become her normal, close-fitting and which showed off her figure. After what he had just received, Dominic would not be able to take his eyes off her. She would make him wait for the next occasion, allowing a couple of weeks to pass, and his frustrations to increase sufficiently before relieving him once more.

Their parents were already in bed when they arrived home, her brother putting the television on quietly and taking his place at the end of the couch as he began to watch. Kicking off her shoes, Ann-Marie stretched out along the rest of the couch, her feet resting in her brother's lap. With her face turned as though watching the TV, she moved her feet, imperceptibly, rubbing her brother's cock as she felt it start to come alive.

It took Dominic a while to respond, his hand at first simply stroking her calf. From his position and with his sister's short skirt, it was impossible to miss the panties pulled tightly against her pussy. He was hoping that what came next was a repetition of what she had done in his bedroom. The look she

gave him when she eventually sat upright, his cock raging, told him what she was about to do. He watched as she unbuttoned his pants and slid the zip down. 'Push them down and move up the couch,' she instructed.

Straddling his hips and perching on his knees, Ann-Marie took him in hand, easing the skin up and down his shaft as she tossed him off; Dominic was unable to take his eyes off her tits encased in the tight top and which jiggled slightly as her hand teased his prick. As his arousal and excitement increased, it was just a natural reaction, wanting to feel his cock pressing against her pussy.

She had never given any thought to the fact that nowadays, Dominic may be stronger than her; she was his older sister, always able to push him around, which was why it came as a shock when he suddenly grabbed her buttocks and dragged her forward. She let go of his penis to balance herself, and then to her shock, she found his throbbing erection pressing tightly against her quim.

It was the second time that her brother had unintentionally wrested control from her, with his hot throbbing flesh now pressing against her pussy. Ann-Marie was facing a dilemma, her body over-ruling the sensible options in her head. The correct decision was to have stopped what she was doing, or at the very least to have said 'No,' even if she condescended to continue giving him a handjob. Her fanny was demanding cock, the urgency intense and mounting the longer his shaft pressed against her genitals.

As though in a dream, she dragged her panties to one side, raised her bottom, and pulled his cock beneath her before slowly lowering herself onto it and gasping loudly, nearly to the point of a scream, as it expanded and filled her cunt. There was no way her vagina could stretch any more than it had, she was sure. Dominic's knob, pressed against her cervix. Experimentally, she moved, raising, and lowering her bottom as she used his cock to fuck herself.

As she became accustomed to having a substantial amount of meat in her pussy, her up and down motions increased. With her eyes closed, she tightly gripped the back of the couch,

bouncing in her brother's lap and now able to slide up and down his shaft without fearing he was going to split her.

It wasn't that Dominic didn't know what to do; it was just that he had never had the opportunity to put theory into practice. He had watched enough porn to know that his sister was highly aroused by his pulsing manhood. But his arousal, by her hand tossing him off, had brought him to a point where his ejaculation was going to suddenly happen if he tried to move too soon. He tried to relax, to block out the sensations emanating from his groin, allowing her to do the work and suddenly sensing that now was the perfect time to get a feel of her tits.

Ann-Marie felt his hands slide beneath her top, and then in the next moment, he had popped her breasts from their cups. His fingers rolled her nipples before grabbing a tit in each hand and squeezing. She was growing tired, her climax so close, just another minute, and she would be there. That was when Dominic let go of her udders, grabbed her arse and lifted, his hips rising from the couch as he rammed his cock into her cunt and proceeded to fuck her as fast as he could. It

was more luck than good judgement; his inexperience had him shooting his load after half a dozen thrusts, but fortunately, it was enough to push her over the edge as she moaned loudly, too loudly for his liking, but he had the sense to keep plundering her cunt until finally, she asked him to stop.

Again, this hadn't been part of her planning; it was never meant to happen. But the feel of Dominic's cock in her pussy had ignited a fire in her belly and she knew it was only time before she would require it again.

Alone in her bed afterwards, she went over what she was hoping to achieve, changing elements again because of what had happened with him. He was supposed to become her plaything, hanging on her every word, and continually hoping that she would reward his obedience with an occasional handjob, and, if it were necessary, a grope of her tits until the time and situation was ripe to point him in another direction.

He was inexperienced, not yet with staying power, and needed to work on his confidence and foreplay, but she could mould him. Ann-Marie decided. Under her tutorage, she could have his cock and teach him what he needed to know about satisfying a woman. Her target would not comply or surrender as easily.

Dominic was not the only one who had noticed the change in his sister's demeanour or the way she dressed lately. After years of the two of them squabbling, it was now nice to see her children getting on at last. Cindy, their mother, was not enamoured by the clothes Ann-Marie wore; yes, she was attractive and with a figure that she envied. Unfortunately, the clothes did nothing but attract attention from every passing male, and she wished her daughter would not choose outfits which emphasised her large breasts, small waist, and rounded bottom. She had mentioned it to Warren, her husband, but he had been non-committal, other than to say he would have words with anyone who stepped over the line with his daughter.

What he couldn't say was that he had also noticed her new attire, it was hard to miss her protruding breasts, the long legs exposed beneath short skirts, and the cutest bottom he had seen in a long time. But best of all was when she wore those tight leggings, her camel toe prominently displayed. He would pretend to read his paper, one eye on her groin as he imagined what his daughter's pussy lips were like and try to hide the growing bulge in his pants.

Realising that his thoughts were depraved, he usually took an attitude of unconcern when his wife brought up the subject while in his fantasies as he fell asleep each night, he undressed his daughter before abusing her body and plundering her pussy.

Over the coming months, Ann Marie schooled her brother. She taught him what women required and where they much preferred to be touched. She allowed him to have sex with her, but it was fast becoming a fact that she was often the initiator, finding that she much preferred Dominic shagging her rather than her boyfriend. That wasn't to say they were at it all the time; it was only occasionally when the opportunity

arose, and never when it was that time of the month. When that occurred, he had to make do with a handjob.

He was becoming quite proficient, able to now control the urge to ejaculate the minute he was inside her fanny and able to satisfy her quite easily. Unfortunately, one of the side-effects was his now constant pestering, eager to get into Ann-Marie's knickers or better still, her pussy.

On Saturday night, their parents were in bed and Ann-Marie and her brother had just gotten in. It was obvious what Dominic was after, he had dropped hints all the way home. 'Look! It's not going to happen tonight. I'm on the rag, and so you will have to settle for a wank.'

He would have settled for whatever she offered, the drink and his arousal causing a heady combination as he took to the couch and lowered his trousers, ready.

'Give me a minute,' she said. 'I just need the loo.' Upstairs she got rid of her clothes and climbed into her robe, keeping only

her panties in place. 'Might as well let him have a play with my tits,' she was thinking. Ann Marie wondered if he was ready yet for what she saw as the next part of her scheme. She had planned to have longer with him, but with her period, maybe tonight was as good a time as any to see if the time was yet appropriate.

Returning to the lounge, she knelt next to him on the couch, her legs beneath her and her thighs clamped firmly together in case he got any ideas. His erection had subsided, and so she spent a few minutes toying with him, watching in amazement as his humble cock turned into this magnificent specimen; something which never failed to astonish her. Grasping his shaft in one hand, she slid the skin down tightly, using the fingers of her other hand to tease his knob and below its rim, hearing Dominic's breathing increase as his eyes gazed at her still-covered tits. 'Go on, you can play with them,' she uttered sultrily, her hand speeding up a little as she tossed her brother off.

It was easy for her to tell when Dominic was getting close by the amount of pre-cum that would seep from the eye of his cock, his hands now squeezing her tits quite roughly and

pulling at her nipples. With one hand, she reached into her robe pocket and extracted her mobile phone, thumbing through it as she opened up the gallery and then the pictures she wanted. At first, Dominic thought she was going to take a picture of his cock until she held it up in front of his face.

'What do you think?' She asked mischievously.

He stared at the picture, a middle-aged woman in bra and panties, and then did a double-take as his eyes flitted to his sisters and then back to the picture. It was his mother, in her bedroom, in just her underwear. It only took seconds for his eyes to take in her notable features; smallish waist, a bit of a tummy, good legs, and with what he could see of them, nice tits, but smaller than Ann-Marie.

His sister flicked to the next picture, Dominic's eyes opening wider because now his mother was topless and his assumption had been correct, she did have good tits. His eyes were glued to the screen, his arousal suddenly escalating as Anne-Marie's hand continued to pump his cock. Watching his mounting

excitement, she could see he had forgotten many of the things she had taught him about restraint and was now too far gone to stop. She was wanking him faster at the same time that she flicked to the next picture.

Dominic shot his load, the first spurt arcing high and out; the second was not quite as forceful, and the third just ran down his cock and over Ann-Marie's hand as she continued to toss him furiously and his body jerked about on the couch. The picture on her phone screen was another of their mother, but this time she was naked. Dominic's eyes were glued to her tits, and bush as his shaft jerked continuously. He couldn't believe what had just happened; he had ejaculated while staring at images of his mother in various stages of undress.

Ann-Marie sniggered to herself, the seed had been planted, and she could see from her brother's face that the pictures of their mother naked had excited him.

'Where did you get them?' He had asked.

It hadn't been difficult; she had seen their mother either partially dressed or naked on many occasions while Dominic had never seen her in that state. The closest he had come was on holiday years ago when she would wear a swimming costume, but at the time he had paid no attention. It had not been hard for Ann-Marie to secretly take the odd picture or two on her phone without her mum ever realising. She would often visit her mother's room or mum would visit hers, neither woman seemingly overly concerned with privacy when undressed.

'Send them to me; send them to me,' he pestered after they had cleaned up and Ann-Marie was about to go to her room. She stopped at the lounge door and looked back. 'Now you have shagged me, have you ever wondered what it may be like to shag mum?'

She smirked at herself as she went upstairs. Ann-Marie was sure that her parting comment would prey on her brother's mind. In her room, she selected one of the pictures and sent it to his mobile, not fully nude, but topless, enough to keep his interest for the moment.

A week later and with her period finished, she was beginning to fancy sex once more. 'Boyfriend or brother?' She wondered. An idea popped into her head; she knew her mother and father were going out on Sunday as it was their anniversary and that she and Dominic would have most of the evening.

'Once they go out to celebrate, we are going to do a little bit of play-acting, she confided to him but refused to go into any details.

Sunday and in her bedroom, her parents shouted 'goodbye' as they left, Ann -Marie pulling the dress over her head. It had come out of the wash bin along with other items her mother had just changed out of, plus a couple of items from her lingerie drawer. Her mum's bra was too small, her tits nearly spilling from the cups, and the dress was very tight across her bosom. She had borrowed a suspender belt along with a pair of stockings and had done her make-up similar to how her mother did.

Standing at the top of the stairs, she called her brother before returning to her room. When Dominic entered, he wondered what his sister was playing at. 'What gives, Ann-Marie?'

'Who's Ann-Marie?' She asked. 'I'm your mother and you will address me as such. Now come in here because there are questions, I need to ask.'

Dominic knew immediately what the game was, hanging his head in pretend shame as he apologised.

'Sit down.' She pointed to the bed and waited for her brother to sit before joining him but kept her distance. 'I know you have been masturbating, which is ok, that is normal at your age. But I have some panties missing, have you been using them.' Dominic nodded his head, trying to look guilty and at the same time, suppress the grin that threatened to split his face.

'Have you been wanking to me, your mother?' She demanded, her brother again, nodding his head.

'I'm going to have to punish you, Dominic, you little pervert. Take your trousers and shorts off.'

As he got rid of his lower clothing, Ann-Maria pulled the dress up, displaying her stockinged legs, and thighs as well as a brief glimpse of her knickers.

She beckoned and bent him over her knee, ensuring that she trapped his rapidly expanding cock between her thighs. The slaps were not hard, just enough to sting and make his butt cheeks red as his shaft jerked between her legs. Finished, she allowed him to stand, his cock now jutting out from his groin and nearly slapping her in the face as he got up.

'Dominic! What is that? Come here to your mother.' She grabbed his shaft and dragged him close, opening her lips and mouth before swallowing his knob and running her tongue over the plump flesh.

'Oh fuck, mum, that is fantastic,' he uttered, the first time a female had given him a blowjob and Dominic, now well and truly into his sister's game.

After sucking his prick and jacking him off, she sat upright, staring at his manhood. 'It seems that my little boy has a problem,' she said, instructing her brother to lay down on the bed. He watched as she struggled to extract herself from the dress, her tits spilling from the undersized bra as she cast the dress to one side and pushed her panties down her legs. His shaft was throbbing, his heart thudding in his chest; it was what every young man fantasied about, an attractive woman in suspenders and stockings who seemed intent on having his cock in her pussy.

With his sister straddling his hips and his shaft buried in her cunt, Dominic was imagining that it was his mother he was having sex with. His hands went to her tits, pulling them fully from the cups as he caressed and massaged the flesh, watching in fascination as her nipples grew longer and harder, before twisting them gently between fingers and thumbs.

'I've dreamt of fucking you mum,' he muttered as Ann-Marie raised herself and sank onto his flesh once more. Their fucking was doing two things; it was reinforcing the image in her brother's mind of him having sex with their mother, and it was relieving the frustration that had built inside her as his cock abused her pussy. Her bouncing became faster until Dominic grabbed her buttocks, lifted his hips, and forcefully shagged the arse off her, Ann-Marie screaming continually until her orgasm left her a shuddering mess, her cunt full of her brother's spunk as he called out repeatedly, 'I'm cumming in you mummy. Your son is filling you with his cream.'

Having full sex with Dominic had never been part of her scheme; it had been for her to offer hand relief only. But now, she found, it had become an integral part of what she was preparing him for, still refusing to admit to herself that she enjoyed her brother fucking her as much as he enjoyed her administrations.

Cindy, their mother, had enough things to think about; she worked full time and had a house to run, and on top of that,

she was concerned at present with her daughter's dress sense and the way that she was currently becoming a little too touchy-feely with both her husband and son. 'I need to have a word with that young lady,' she thought to herself. While Ann-Marie's behaviour wasn't inappropriate yet, it was heading that way rapidly.

She had too much on her plate to notice that suddenly Dominic was following her around like a new puppy as well as continually gazing in her direction. If she had been aware, she may have noticed that he was always staring at her breasts, her legs, and her bottom when she had her back to him. She was more concerned that her son, at eighteen, was yet to have a girlfriend; his sister who was the same age had already gone through a good dozen or so; Cindy under no illusions that Ann-Marie was still a virgin.

During a conversation, a few weeks later where her daughter promised to dress a bit more conservatively, she posed the question. 'Is your brother going out with someone, has he a girlfriend, he's never said anything?'

Ann-Marie shrugged her shoulders. 'I haven't seen him with anyone..... and when I've brought the subject up, he just says he is not interested.'

Cindy of course jumped to the wrong conclusion immediately. 'Do you mean he's.....?' Ann-Marie laughed. 'No mum, he's not gay. He's told me he fancies someone and is saving himself, but that there are difficulties. That's all I know. I haven't a clue who she is.' She kept the lie simple to make it believable. Her mother, of course, over-thought her daughter's comments. 'It's not someone older, is it, a married woman, oh my god, what is he getting himself into?'

Ann-Marie continued to plead ignorance; let her mother stew for a week or two before disclosing the next little titbit

When the time came, she played it for all it was worth, finding her mother alone and appearing to be suitably embarrassed as she disclosed what she had suddenly discovered. Both Dominic and her father were out, Ann-Marie going up to her mum's bedroom where Cindy was changing the bed linen.

She pushed the bedroom door nearly shut and lowered her voice. 'I know who Dominic fancies,' she said slowly, her mother stopping for a moment and sitting on the edge of the bed. Sitting close, Ann-Marie continued, making an effort to draw out her information and trying to sound embarrassed and flustered. 'He'd had a bit too much to drink at the weekend and it kind of slipped out.....' She paused long enough for effect, waiting for her mother to interject.

'Well, who is it? An older woman? Is she married?'

Ann-Marie continued to wait, lowering her head, and staring at the floor. 'Yes, she's older and yes she is married.' She could feel her mother's impatience and curiosity now, allowing another long pause. 'It's you, Dominic is fantasising about you. I'm fairly sure he is imagining having sex with you, mum!'

The silence dragged on and on until Ann-Marie begged her mother not to say anything to her brother. 'He'll know I said something. Please don't tell him I told you.' With her news

disclosed, she squeezed her mum's hand before leaving the room. Ann-Marie couldn't have stayed any longer; her face had been about to crack up and now sported a huge grin.

Cindy continued to sit in stunned silence. Her son fancied her. He was fantasising about doing things with her?' Images sprang into her head, and even though her daughter had only assumed sex, her imagination was painting the pictures for her. The more she thought about her son's confession, the more worried she became, why was she not feeling disgusted?

It didn't happen overnight; it took time, many months in fact, but Ann-Marie had been correct in her assumptions. Initially, Cindy had mentally gone through every objection possible as to why such an idea was unacceptably wrong. The trouble was, who could she discuss it with; she certainly couldn't say anything to her husband, imagining just such a conversation. 'Oh, Warren, I've just found out from Ann-Marie that our Dominic wants to shag me!' Such a comment, she was sure, would not go down particularly well. She didn't want to discuss it with her daughter, although a bit more information would have been welcome, and she could not bring herself to

say anything to her son. What if Ann-Marie had got it wrong, how embarrassing would it be to bring something like that up, only for him to deny everything and tell her the assumptions were incorrect.

As in all things where sex was concerned, the brain and the body did not always work hand in hand. Cindy kept mulling over her objections. Dominic was her son! But he was also a quite good-looking young man with needs. She was his mother! But she was also a woman, a woman with sexual desires. She was more than twice his age! And yet for some reason, he was attracted to her both physically and sexually. That one gave her a buzz for the simple reason that her vanity was massaged, a woman of her age, still able to excite someone of her son's age. It was so wrong, it was incestuous; but at the same time, her motherly instincts could not bear to see her son struggling or unhappy.

And so, it went on, her constant thoughts niggling and nibbling away at her brain. She began to notice his eyes constantly following her; the more she noticed his gaze, the more she observed that he was always looking at her breasts,

at her bottom and legs; or that when he sat opposite, he was perhaps trying to look up her skirt.

Ann-Marie had done nothing to dampen what was happening; rather, she had fanned the flames, sending Dominic the naked full frontal shot of their mother and when the opportunity arose, continuing to play-act the part while her brother shagged her.

From the exceedingly small amount that her daughter had said, Cindy made assumptions, her mind creating the perceived happenings, whether those things actually took place, or not. The slightest glance from Dominic in her direction was lecherous, if he stared for too long, she imagined that he was undressing her. The merest hint of a bulge or an adjustment of his genitals, she took to be an erection, and that he was touching himself because he was excited, and she was the cause.

He was not doing most of the things she was imagining, at least not in her presence. Yes, he would glance at her body as

he wondered what it may be like to have sex with her. But mostly he reserved his desire for the pictures and a pair of panties he had removed from the bottom of her underwear drawer as he lay on his bed and masturbated.

Cindy got respite at work, but once home and when her son was around, her mind was full of vivid images of Dominic performing lewd acts with her. The more it occupied her waking moments, the more she began to take her objections, and find reasons why such an act was not as wrong or as immoral as she had first decided.

It went on like this, month after month; until she had near enough talked herself into doing something that she at first thought abhorrent. She had no idea that when she and her husband were out or in bed, her son and daughter were fucking each other. During the night, her sleep was disturbed by dreams, ones in which she and Dominic copulated often, the sensations always exciting as she experienced the occasional wet dream.

Warren told his wife that he would be away on business the following week. He had no idea what had been going on around him or what she was continually thinking. What he did know was that lately, his daughter had stopped wearing the tight clothing that had become her norm. He was missing the views of her panties pulled tight against her quim or the sight of her ample breasts and, if he was lucky, her erect nipples. Although she would still sit in his lap occasionally or snuggle up to him, it was as though she had been warned off. He knew it was wrong and depraved, but from time to time he would take the picture he had of her in a bikini and imagine that she was bouncing on his cock as he wanked, always feeling disgusted afterwards that he could think such thoughts.

With her father away, Ann-Marie suggested an evening out. 'Tomorrow night let's go out for tea, my treat, and then maybe a drink or two afterwards,' both Dominic and her mother agreed. She had no idea if she could make something happen, but this was a perfect opportunity, and her brother was ready.

The evening couldn't have gone better; after a nice meal, they had consumed the first of what turned out to be, far too many drinks. Ann-Marie knew she was drunk, but at least had the sense beforehand to tell her brother to watch his consumption. Cindy was pissed, and in her drunken state, she noticed how often her daughter touched her brother's leg or arm when saying something. From time to time she would ruffle his hair, Cindy deciding that Ann-Marie was flirting with him. Much to her horror, she found herself doing the same thing, continually touching her son's leg, and because she was drunk her hand would wander a little too close to his genitals.

On the walk home, when her daughter took Dominic's arm and snuggled close, Cindy did the same, appearing to be competing with her daughter. She had no idea Ann-Marie was doing this intentionally; too drunk to realise as she jealously allowed her womanly charms to control her actions.

Indoors, Ann-Marie hung around long enough and flirted until she was sure that her mother was desperate for something to happen before announcing that she was going

to bed. She had rehearsed her brother over and over again, different scenarios with different comments and explanations until she was confident that he would be adept enough to be able to get past their mother's defences.

Despite being pissed, Cindy did not refuse when Dominic offered to get them another drink. Putting the TV on low, he sat on the couch and patted the cushion next to him. She sat, far too close to be decent, and at last, because of her inebriated state, found the courage to address her son about what her daughter had told her. 'I believe, you are saving yourself for someone special,' she began. Dominic put his glass down and turned. 'Has Ann-Marie told you?' He asked.

He feigned embarrassment, casting his eyes downwards. 'I can't help it, mum. I'm in love with you. I can't stop thinking of the things I would like to do with you..... You know you are beautiful.'

He looked so sad that Cindy automatically put her arm around his shoulders and held him tightly, their bodies and

faces now close together. When he looked into her face, she surrendered and kissed him, maybe expecting him to pull away now that she had initiated contact. The fact that he kissed her back, not sloppily or roughly, but soft and tenderly, nibbling at her lips and running his tongue over them ignited the fire in her belly, which quickly spread between her legs.

She had expected him to fumble or to grope her; instead, his hands had touched nowhere inappropriate much to her disappointment, until eventually, Cindy had taken his hand and placed it beneath her top. When her son's hand cupped her breast and softly massaged her flesh, the fire between her legs turned into a raging inferno as she allowed herself to now display outwards signs of her excitement and pleasure as she moaned quite loudly. After fondling her tits, Dominic withdrew his hand, resting it on her upper thigh and moving it under the hem of her skirt. As it advanced upwards, Cindy opened her legs, giving him greater access as it approached her fanny. When his finger slid along her slit, carefully teasing through her panties, she felt the first minor climax, her mouth now frantically working against her son.

Dominic pulled the gusset of her knickers to one side and stroked her flesh, his mum's labia already wet with her juices. As he opened her pussy lips and inserted a finger into her hot wet passage, she was already scrabbling at his groin, rubbing frantically at the huge erection she could feel and anxious to get her hands, on his cock. With their arousal reaching fever pitch, they were nearly ripping the clothes off their bodies, eager to be naked and fuck.

Ann-Marie had not got into bed; she had undressed, put on her robe, and then after a respectable period, she had silently snuck back down the stairs. When she had left the lounge, she had purposefully not closed the door, leaving it ajar enough so that stood in the darkened hallway, she could see what her mother and brother were doing. The sight that greeted her had her pussy instantly aroused and moist.

The couch was opposite the opening, both her mother and brother naked. One of her mum's legs hung off the seating, while the other was held aloft by her brother, knelt between her thighs as his cock visibly slid in and out of her cunt. Ann-Marie's robe fell open, her hand going between her legs as two fingers, one on either side of her clit, rubbed vigorously.

Cindy had spent months and lots of energy denying that something like this could ever happen, and now look, here, she was, naked and with her legs open as her son fucked her pussy. She had been astonished by the size of his cock; even more so when he had slid it carefully into her cunt and started slowly shagging her. When his pace increased, her passage expanding and contracting rapidly, she had allowed the sensations coming from her twat to control her responses, pulling Dominic forward so that they could kiss once more. From her mouth he went to her tits, lavishing them with minute kisses before sucking on her large nipples, nipping them between his teeth and pulling upwards as his mother tried to muffle her screams of appreciation.

Ann-Marie's robe was fully open; fingers from one hand jammed into her cunt; her other hand abusing her tits and pulling at her teats as she frigged herself. Her mother was not even trying to control her cries and screams, now, her body thrashed beneath him as his thrusting got faster. As Cindy seemed to be approaching her climax, Ann-Marie's hand jabbed faster at her pussy, juice splattering down her thighs

and dripping onto the carpet. She was so close, pacing herself as she waited for her mum to achieve her climax.

And then her mother was screeching and bucking, her back arching as she pleaded with Dominic to 'fuck my cunt, shoot your cum in your mummy's pussy,' and to ram his big cock deep inside her and fuck her hard. Ann-Marie's legs turned to jelly, shivers running up and down her spine as she tried to stay quiet and still pound her cunt, her orgasm exploding as she squirted and left a large wet patch on the hall carpet.

She heard her brother suggest the bedroom, Ann-Marie scampering up the stairs, into her room and diving into bed where she pretended to be asleep. When they passed, she let out a snore and a snort before opening her eyes and listening closely. She hadn't heard her mother's bedroom door close as she got from her bed, padded softly along the landing, and stopped outside it. The door was still ajar, enough for her to see into the room, but not enough to see what was happening on the bed. When she heard her mother moan, she pushed it, gently, delighted to now be able to see Dominic's head firmly clamped between her mum's thighs as he licked her vagina

Ann-Marie had brought her phone and spent a moment switching off the camera flash before aiming it at the bed and clicking the button several times as she took one picture after another. In normal circumstances, it would have been too dark, but they had failed to close the curtains and the moonlight streaming through the window lit the room sufficiently to capture several shots of her mother and brother. Returning quietly to her room, she checked what she now had. She felt no jealousy; this had been her aim all along, for Dominic to fuck their mum. With that now complete, her way was open; she knew that the way she had dressed to entice her brother had also attracted the attention of her main target, her father, and what Ann-Marie wanted more than anything, was for daddy to fuck her.

When Warren returned, he had no idea that his wife had now been fucked several times by his son. That night had not been a one-off. Cindy found the following morning that she was not distraught, disgusted, or repentant about what she had done; she was excited and aroused. Dominic's cock had taken her to heights she had forgotten about, and she couldn't wait

to have him again. There were, of course, several benefits for her husband, with her newfound lease of life; Warren found that his wife's desire for sex had suddenly increased and that his daughter was back to wearing her provocative clothes.

Ann-Marie, this time, wasn't doing it for her brother's benefit; it was for her father's. Her mother had committed a cardinal sin, no reason now why her daddy shouldn't also, and she was determined that eventually, it would be with her.

Dominic couldn't wait to tell her, going into graphic detail as he described what he and their mother had done. She, of course, did not disclose that she had watched them or had taken pictures of them fucking. Her brother was too excitable, liable to let something slip; and the evidence she now had may come in useful if the right occasion arose.

Again, there was no immediate change in the family's routine, when their parents were out, or if they retired early, Ann-Marie and Dominic would fuck. When her daughter and husband were out of the house, Cindy would join her son in

his bed as she allowed him to service her. For all except Ann-Marie, it was working perfectly, but she was starting to feel the desperation as months passed, there had been no perfect opportunity yet with her father and her flirting was now getting to the point of being obvious and happening even when her mother was in the house.

When he announced he had a couple of days the following week, where he was going to be working from home, Ann-Marie decided that this was her chance and took a lieu day owed to her. Her mother had gone earlier, and Dominic had just left. She was sitting at the dining table eating her breakfast when her father came down in a short robe. It was obvious that he was naked beneath it, which was why she had donned her own robe and was equally as naked as her dad.

'Are you not at work today?' He asked. She shook her head. 'It's ok. I won't get in your way or disturb you.'

They chatted as they ate, Ann-Marie's robe, continually gaping and flashing views of her body, her father noticing and

trying not to make it obvious. He was waiting for her to finish and move because his daughter was giving him an erection, and if he stood, it would quickly be apparent. She knew what was happening, which was why she loitered, giving him sultry looks and flirting. When at last he had to make a move, he surreptitiously adjusted himself, tightened his robe and took his dishes to the kitchen, swiftly followed by Ann-Marie as she deposited them in the sink and stood extremely close to her father so that as he glanced downwards, he could see the tops of her breasts and cleavage.

'I'm just going for a quick shower, daddy.' She paused for a moment, allowing her robe to gape again. 'Why don't you join me..... you could wash my back?'

Warren did not know where to look or what to say, Ann-Marie was giving him a smouldering look and it was obvious what her invitation was offering. Before he could say or do anything, she had moved in for the kill.

'I know you keep watching me, daddy, wouldn't you like to see all that I have. You must know that I want you, would you not like to make love to me, daddy.' As if to emphasise her last comment, Ann-Marie's hand slid inside his robe and carefully stroked his semi, which instantly started its growth once more. She was gripping his erection now, applying enough pressure and movement as she felt it jerking in her hand.

'I've been saving myself for you daddy,' a blatant lie, imperceptibly beginning to jack him off, 'I've wanted you to touch me.'

Warren, like most men, now found that his brain was controlled by his dick as his hand slid inside his daughter's robe and he got his first feel of her breasts, fuller and rounder than his wife. Her gentle stroking got firmer before speeding up, properly wanking him now as he looked down, opened her robe, and stared at her naked body. He should have objected, as a parent; he should have stopped her, telling his daughter that what she was proposing was wrong. But with his prick in her hand and the offer of sex, he was distracted enough, allowing her to open his robe, stand on tiptoes and

kiss him, feeling her tits push against his chest as his throbbing manhood pressed against her mound.

When he picked her up easily in his arms, Ann-Marie giggled like a little girl. 'Oh daddy, you are so strong.' She saw him glance at the "V" between her legs, now devoid of pubic hair. On the off chance that today would be the day, she had shaved her mound and vagina last night to enforce the image of the part she was playing. She wasn't his little girl anymore; she and Dominic were nearly nineteen, and she was a young woman. But if her play-acting excited her father, then she was happy to perform as she had with her brother.

'Perhaps we can shower later,' he muttered, heading straight for his bedroom before setting her down and sliding the robe from her shoulders. Ann-Marie waited as he removed his robe, glancing down at his erection before taking his hand and leading him to the bed. Lying in its centre, she raised and opened her legs. 'Fuck me, daddy, fuck your little girl.' She watched as he shuffled between her thighs and then finally, felt his knob pressing against her pussy lips.

She needed no foreplay; her fanny was already moist, and to be honest, she just wanted this first time to be over with. They could indulge themselves later, and, in the future, once she had ensnared him and had her father under her spell. As his cock forced her piss-flaps open and expanded her passage, Ann-Marie closed her eyes and groaned, there she had done it; her daddy was fucking her. He was far gentler with her than she imagined, but that would change with time she knew, once he got used to shagging her.

His hands massaged her breasts, his mouth latching onto her teats as he sucked, and licked the hardened buds, his thrusting increasing as Ann-Marie's arousal escalated. He was not as big as her brother, but his cock felt thicker, her pussy accepting him eagerly as he rammed his shaft into her passage. Her climax was swiftly approaching, and yet her father seemed consummately in control; no sign as yet that he was going to shoot his load. She wanted his cum, but she was going to reach her plateau long before him as his hips speeded up, his cock punishing her cunt now as he fucked her vigorously.

She arched her back, straining every sinew in her body as her orgasm shook her, the veins standing proud on her neck as her face and chest went red. Ann-Marie bucked and shook, screaming her release as her daddy continued to pound her cunt, his endurance making the sensations of her climax last indefinitely.

Ann-Marie waited for her breathing to slow down, her eyes closed, and her body still recovering from the aftermath of her first orgasm. She felt her father move and then the warmth of his breath on her wet pussy. It was the anticipation, she had allowed a couple of boyfriends to do it, but it was something Dominic had never attempted.

Warren was far too immersed in what he was doing to consider the implications of having sex with his daughter, the smell of her pussy catching his nostrils. He took a moment as he looked at her genitals, no growth to hide her puffy lips or the pink wet flesh within, her clit poking shyly from beneath its hood. His tongue deftly flicked out, a bitter-sweet taste as it slid across her opening. Ann-Marie groaned loudly as her

hips and bottom lifted from the bed, her pussy seeking his mouth and tongue.

This time, a shriek, his mouth now rigidly attached to her cunt as his tongue slid in and out of her flue and he tasted her properly. Grabbing each leg just above the knee, Warren forced them wider, Ann-Marie feeling as if she was doing the splits. It had the effect of opening her fanny wide, his mouth licking, and sucking while swallowing the juices that poured from her.

She was thrashing about on the bed, her tits bouncing as she twisted one way and then the other, straining and moaning continuously as her daddy sucked on her clit, with her legs splayed and held open; it was only her upper torso she could move. Pushing herself up onto her elbows for a moment, she watched his head between her legs, his eyes glancing up at her mischievously. She knew another climax was coming, but with no ability to fight against it, she slumped back down and waited for that moment when her body would rejoice in the sensations overpowering her brain.

She thought she had a little longer; that was until he released her legs, removed his tongue, and then jammed one finger into her cunt and another up her arse before reattaching his mouth to her twat and sucking urgently on her clitoris. Ann-Marie exploded and squirted simultaneously, her body going so rigid she thought her bones were going to break. She screamed over and over again, the orgasm far beyond anything she had experienced previously, desperately trying to stay conscious, her body jerking rapidly as though she was having a fit.

Ann-Marie was floating, but at least she was not experiencing any further arousing inputs as she slowly came to her senses. Her father was laid next to her, casually looking up and down at his daughter's young lithe body. 'Oh daddy, that, was fantastic,' she simpered. It was what Ann-Marie had always wanted, sure that her father would satisfy her more than any boyfriend had so far done. As she watched he moved closer to her, lifted his body, and slid her lower leg beneath his waist before pulling her other leg over his hip.

Ann-Marie's vagina was now open again, able to feel her father's knob teasing her labia and pussy as he moved slightly. His head moved forwards, their lips meeting, the kiss sweet and tantalising, and then suddenly and unexpectedly, he rammed his erect cock into her cunt. The air whooshed from her lungs as her passage rapidly expanded to accommodate his shaft. Ann-Marie cried out with delight as he ignited fresh desires, her arousal immediately beginning to climb. Now, this was what she wanted; he wasn't gentle this time, his cock thudding into her cunt rapidly as he built up a head of steam. He abused her breasts, slapping her tits and biting at her nipples as he fucked her faster and harder. His bollocks slammed against her buttocks with each thrust; in this position, he seemed to be able to penetrate her deeper.

His hands were everywhere, pawing at her body. Ann-Marie responded as her nails raked his back and shoulders, biting at his lips as they kissed. As he pushed her over the edge, she glared at him wide-eyed. 'Cum in me, daddy. Shoot your fucking spunk up my cunt, shag me, shag me hard until I can't walk.' She felt the blast as his cock jerked inside her quim; her daddy was filling her with his seed.

The structure of their family had changed subtly. At first, it was unnoticeable, and continued like that month after month; but after a while, beneath the surface, tensions simmered. Dominic was fucking his mother at every opportunity, Cindy, now having more sex with her son than she was with her husband. Warren looked for any chance to have sex with his daughter, Ann-Marie offering to give out every time he was within fucking distance of her. He like, Cindy, was enjoying more sex with his daughter than he was with his wife.

Dominic wasn't bothered either way; his mum gave out whenever he wanted to fuck her, initiating sex more often than he did, and his sister still insisted that he shag her whenever she demanded. At first, Ann Marie was chuffed that her plan had come to fruition, but slowly and over time, jealousy raised its ugly head, and she was the one who became disillusioned. Her mother was fucking her brother, so why couldn't her daddy spend more time with her, why couldn't he share her bed at night instead of her mother's.

The problem was that there had not been a part two to her plan or even an alternate; she had achieved all that she had initially dreamt up. Starting work on another plan, she tried to work out how she could have her mother catch her and her father together or how he could catch his wife and son fucking.

The first plan had been concocted over time, but now she was just winging it; Ann-Marie thinking it would have been easy. But both parents made life difficult, only allowing sex to happen when there was no chance of discovery.

The twins had just celebrated their twentieth birthday and Dominic was on his summer break. Ann-Marie decided that a few days away from work may be appropriate as the weather promised to be nice and they would have the chance to fuck. They were looking forward to sex outdoors in the garden, but twitching curtains in neighbouring houses scuppered that idea. After an hour of sunbathing and with both of them feeling randy, they retired indoors, going upstairs to Ann-Marie's bedroom. They had made love once and Dominic was

now between her thighs, his tongue slurping at her hairless pussy.

It was something she had introduced him to, and since then, he'd had plenty of practice licking their mother out. When he sucked on her clit, Ann-Marie felt her body come alive again as her arousal started to soar. Grabbing a handful of his hair, she pulled Dominic's mouth tighter against her fanny as she rotated her hips, grinding her genitals against his face. His hands snaked up to her tits, massaging the ample orbs and tweaking her nipples, causing her to moan loudly. She was ready for his cock again, urging him to slide up her body and let her have it.

His cock slid easily into her wet cunt, aided by the juices already there from their previous encounter as he teased, whipping his shaft out continuously and rubbing it against her pussy and clit. Lulled into a false sense of security, Ann-Marie was not ready for him suddenly ramming his cock home and fucking her as though possessed. She heard herself screaming, over and over again, her body writhing as he hauled her to the summit and crashed her over the edge; her

orgasm spinning out of control as she abused him coarsely, spitting the words out as she graphically told him what he could do to her twat.

'What in God's name are you fucking doing. Christ! is this what you two have been doing?'

The voice shrieked at them, shocking them both out of their sexual reverie, as Dominic looked over his shoulder and Ann-Marie slid her head sideways to peer past him. Stood in the doorway was their mother, scowling at the naked pair, Dominic's quickly disappearing erection still inside his sister's pussy.

Cindy was mad, but she couldn't direct her anger at her son because she had been doing no different than her daughter. Ann-Marie wasn't the only one fucking with her brother. She received a torrent of abuse from her mother; the names she was called were unprintable. Cindy was out of control, furious at what she had witnessed. Part of it was disgust at what her daughter was doing, despite doing it herself; the rest was

jealousy; no one wants to find out that a partner is having sex with someone else.

Ann-Marie did well to keep her mouth shut; she refused to look ashamed but decided that the ammunition she had may be better used at another time once her mother had calmed down.

'Dominic, get to your room, and for fucks sake..... put some clothes on. And you..... you little slut..... you can pack your bags!'

Ann-Marie's stared at her mother defiantly. 'Fuck you..... we'll see what daddy has to say about that.' The two women glared at each other, for the moment, at an impasse.

Warren came home to a war zone, his wife telling him immediately that she had caught their children in bed together and that they were having sex. 'It's Ann-Marie's fault,' she declared. 'I've told her about dressing provocatively and

the way she fawns over you and Dominic, he's easily led astray. I've told her to get out, but she's refusing to go.'

'Where is she supposed to go?' He asked. He knew straight away that he had a problem. There was no way he could back his wife up, not when he had been sleeping with his daughter. He was stuck in a tricky situation, but, unlike his wife, was not overly bothered that Ann-Marie had slept with her brother.

'You need to go and tell her she has to leave,' Cindy said vehemently.

'I'll go and speak to her.' Warren called, making his way upstairs.

In her room, Ann-Marie wrapped her arms around his neck the moment he entered. 'I'm sorry daddy. It just happened. It was hot outside, and we had a few drinks and one thing led to another.' She blatantly lied without a shred of embarrassment. What could her father say about what had happened, nothing, he was just as guilty as her brother.

'Listen, stay out of her way until she calms down, and then I'll talk her round,' Warren promised. He would need a few minutes before returning downstairs for his cock to subside, his daughter's closeness and the way she pressed her breasts and groin against him had instantly ignited his arousal.

For the rest of that week, Cindy took time off work, keeping her son and daughter apart. It didn't help that Dominic was constantly around, sunbathing in the garden in only shorts and she couldn't do anything about it. When she went out to speak to him, he would tease, the look on his face indicating he would like nothing more than to fuck her, his lewd intentions enforced by the considerable erection he always seemed to have and which he openly manhandled when they were alone together.

Each evening at the meal table there were tensions, their food eaten in stony silence. Cindy would not let her son be anywhere near her, at the moment; it was far too dangerous. The same went for Warren, as much as he was missing his daughter; it wasn't worth the risk to be caught in flagrante

delicto, and with their mother's beady eye following every move, the twins were also going without.

She introduced a routine for her two children, out each morning to work or college and then straight home each night, after their evening meals, either downstairs accompanied by their parents or in their own rooms with no visits to any other bedroom. All of this had also caused problems with her marriage; she couldn't understand why Warren hadn't backed her up, seeing him as weak.

All he wanted was a quiet life; well, a little more than that, he wanted his daughter again. He couldn't remember when he and Cindy had last made love, the stony silence continuing once they were in their bedroom. It was as though they both got the same thoughts at the same time, the two of them realising that weeks, perhaps months had passed without them having sex. Cindy was the first one to wonder, did her husband have another woman, was that why he showed little interest in what their children had done. Warren wondered the same, was his wife having an affair, is that why she had gone over the top when she had found Ann-Marie and

Dominic in bed, those things happened, and while it was wrong, it was nothing that couldn't be solved.

Cindy went out a couple of times a week with friends and her husband wondered if she was lying and was actually meeting someone else. Warren occasionally had to work late, or he may be away on business; was he taking another woman with him, his wife wondered?

The only person who knew the whole truth was their daughter, the instigator of all their problems. Ann-Marie was the only one who knew that brother was fucking sister as well as fucking their mother, and that sister was allowing their father to shag her.

Nearly two months had passed, with it being a miserable summer, trapped indoors, and all four of them going without sex.

Her mother had still not deigned to speak to her civilly. Ann-Marie was at the end of her tether; annoyed with being treated

like a child when she was now twenty. Her father was working late, and so at the dinner table that evening, she made her announcement. 'I'm going out tonight..... and I might just come home pissed.'

'You will not young lady.'

Turning to her brother, 'Dominic, fuck off to your room for ten minutes. I want a word with mum.' He had been about to argue, but the look on his sister's face told him he needed to be out of the way and clear of the fallout which was about to happen.

'And I won't have you using language like that in this house.'

Ann-Marie scowled at her mother. 'Dominic has been fucking me since he was eighteen..... longer than he has been fucking you!'

Cindy only looked panicked for a second before her brain told her to deny everything and get angry.

'That's preposterous. You're acting like a child now with your blatantly false accusations and lies.' Ann-Marie let her mother rant until she had exhausted herself, waiting patiently as she fiddled with her phone.

'Finished? Good. I watched him shag you on the couch the night we all went out and got drunk. I was still awake when you retired to your bedroom and he fucked you again' She held up her phone for her mother to see, flicking through one picture after another. 'Who was the first person he came and told afterwards? Me. Who taught him what to do and how to satisfy you? Me. Who knew that it has been going on all this time and has said nothing to dad? Me.'

Cindy was stunned, there was nothing she could say, denials were pointless, and the pictures told their own story. Her mouth hung open, her eyes starting to tear up, and she was struggling to breathe, while her daughter continued to speak.

'Whose idea do you think it was? Mine! It was my idea that you and Dominic ended up in bed together and please don't try and deny that you haven't enjoyed it. He's reported back to me every time he's shagged you and told me what you have both done.'

Cindy was in tears. 'But why..... why would you do that?'

'Because I wanted daddy..... and I got him! For as long as you and Dominic have been fucking, Daddy has been shagging me and I love him.' Ann-Marie finished triumphantly, leaving her mother speechless and in shock as she got up from the table, grabbed her coat and went out.

She had been in the pub just over an hour when Dominic appeared. 'What the fuck did you do? I just had to get out because world war three is taking place at home.'

'I told her the truth Dom; you might as well know now. While you have been fucking mum, dad has been fucking me.'

He stared at her incredulously before breaking into a grin. 'Is that what all this has been about? You wanted to sleep with dad and so you engineered a situation where mum slept with me?'

Ann-Marie nodded. 'Sorry, it seemed like a clever idea at the time.'

Her brother laughed uproariously, just like his sister, he thought. 'Tell you what, let's get pissed and then go home and I'll shag you. If they throw us out, they throw us out, we will manage somehow.' He indicated to the bartender and ordered more drinks.

It was late when they arrived home, both of them worse for wear. Their parents were upstairs, and they supposed they could have fucked. Instead, they simply went up to their own

rooms and got into bed, both asleep by the time their heads hit the pillows.

Ann-Marie lay back, raised her knees, and opened her legs wide, rejoicing as the cock expanded her cunt and sent the first exciting sensations to her brain. His shaft fucked her slowly and tantalisingly, in, out, stop, start, her features changing constantly as the throbbing lump of meat teased her pussy.

When he leaned forward, his face coming closer, she raised her head, meeting his lips and the sweet taste of him before thrusting her tongue into his mouth as their lips ground against each other. From her lips, he moved to her breasts, his mouth encompassing each nipple in turn as he sucked, licked, and nipped them with his teeth.

As he returned to a full kneeling position, he glanced sideways for a second. Ann-Marie turned her head to look. Dominic was between her mother's thighs and for a few moments, she watched his cock slowly pound her mom's cunt. The sight of

her brother and mother having sex next to her and daddy was thrilling in its intensity.

Her mother turned her head and winked with a smile before she was distracted as her son suddenly lavished kisses over her tits and nipples. Neither of them was expecting what happened next, it was the first time, as father and son swapped over, Dominic now shagging his sister while Ann-Marie watched her daddy's cock abusing her mummy's pussy.

It would not be long, already able to sense that her excitement was escalating and that her climax was near. It felt so perverted and erotic, being shagged by the two men and watching her mother receive the same attention. Teetering on the edge, Ann-Marie called out for her daddy, Warren and Dominic swapping again.

Cindy reached out, took her daughter's hand, and squeezed, watching intently as Ann-Marie's tits bounced back and forth. That was enough for her, Dominic's cock pummelling her cunt as fast as he could ram it in there as her orgasm swept

her away, mouth open, and head thrown back. She heard her daughter's screams; they had near enough orgasmed together, two wet sloppy cunts now full of hot cream.

It had taken a few weeks for hostilities to cease. Cindy and Warren each blamed the other. It was Ann-Marie who eventually put them straight.

'You are both as bad as each other. You've both committed adultery and incest at the same time. But neither I nor Dominic are complaining; we both love what we are doing; we both love you to bits, so why can't it continue as it has been?'

It wasn't immediate and concessions were made on both sides, each of them getting a say in how they wanted things to be. It was decided that, when applicable, Warren could sleep with his daughter, spending the night in her bed. When that happened, Dominic would spend the night in his mother's bed and when their parents wanted sex, brother and sister would be free to sleep together.

It worked perfectly, surprising how swapping partners several times a week improved everybody's sex life.

There had also been an added benefit Ann-Marie had found, the second time the four of them had shared the same bed. It had been an experience, finding herself highly aroused as she watched her mother get fucked. Besides what her brother was doing to her mum, Ann-Marie found herself wondering what it would be like to touch her mother's breasts, to run her hands over her body, to perhaps kiss her. The very thought of doing those things with her added to the eroticism she experienced as her father fucked her and her mother watched.

When an opportunity arose a couple of weeks later, her dad and brother having gone to watch a football game, she cornered her mother in her parent's bedroom. Ann-Marie started haltingly, not sure what to say because she had never experienced a feeling like this before and had no desire to spoil what they now had.

'Is it unnatural to find another woman attractive?' She asked, sounding unsure of herself, and puzzled.

Cindy sat her daughter down. 'When you say, attractive, how do you mean? Attractive as in, good looking, or attractive as in sexy..... arousing..... desirable?'

'The latter,' Ann-Marie replied, feeling a little embarrassed that she had brought the subject up.

'I'm presuming that by another woman, you're referring to me. Do I make you feel funny....? down below?' she asked

Ann-Marie nodded her head; her mother seemed to know exactly what she was asking. But it still startled her when she moved closer, put a hand behind her head, and pulled Ann-Marie's face towards her. When their lips met, it was like a surge of electricity, her nipples hardening immediately; the

sensation between her legs, not so much an itch, more, a demand for it to be touched and explored.

She closed her eyes; the kiss was sublime, in a way, no different than being kissed by her father or brother, only more electrifying and sensual. When it finally stopped and her mother drew back, Ann-Marie's heart was thudding in her chest, and she was having difficulty catching her breath. Her mother gave her a look which was one of amusement mixed with sensuality. 'That kind of funny?' She asked.

Before Ann-Marie could speak her mother reached out, staring her constantly in the face as she began to unfasten the buttons on her daughter's top. Ann-Marie couldn't look away as she felt her shirt loosen and then a hand slid inside, fingers tantalisingly stroking the flesh of her upper breast. It was as though someone had snuck up behind her and slapped the back of her head, her mum continuing to stare at her with the slightest hint of a sexy smile playing across her lips.

Suddenly, the fingers delved into the cup, located Ann-Marie's nipple, and gently squeezed and twisted it. She visibly jumped, her eyes closing for a second as a husky growl forced its way out and the conduit between her nipple and pussy was flooded with sensations.

Her mother was grinning now. 'That kind of funny?' She asked, finishing with a drawn-out laugh.

Cindy could easily see her daughter's chest rising and falling swiftly as she withdrew her hand, pulled her top over her head, and then reached behind her back as she unhooked her bra and cast it to one side before taking Ann-Marie's hand and placing it on her naked tit.

Ann-Marie had touched her own breasts before, but this felt different, cupping the smaller orb, and feeling the stiffened teat digging into her palm. It was like an experiment as she caressed and fondled it, saving the nipple until last as she rolled it between her finger and thumb. This time it was her mother's turn to let out a growl of appreciation, her hand

returning to her daughter's breast as the two women slowly aroused each other. She had waited in anticipation for the moment when her mother's hand rested on her knee; Ann-Marie was now more or less panting. It moved slowly, teasing all the while as it glided beneath the hem of her skirt, up and up it came, upper thigh and then around to her inner thigh.

The pressure was building, her mother's hand inching closer, and then as several fingers softly stroked her pussy she exploded, eyes glazing over, mouth hanging open as Ann-Marie clamped her thighs together and shook violently. 'Oh fuck, fuck, mum? Mum? Mummy?' The orgasm was blinding, waves of pleasure washing over her until at last, it started to diminish, and she could hear her mother girlishly giggling.

'Oh, I see, you meant that kind of funny. Cindy continued to chuckle.

It hadn't taken either woman long to become naked; the rest of the afternoon was spent indulging themselves. Tits were caressed, fondled, and abused; nipples sucked pulled and

twisted. Tongues explored pussies, slurping, and licking as they tasted each other, lips seeking each other's clitoris and lavishing the tiny buds with loving attention.

Fingers delved deeply into each other's cunts as they frigged, swapping as they suddenly found the urge to rub their cunt's against each other. One climax followed another, sharing orgasms; the bed damp from sweat and the secretions pouring from between their legs, a mass of entangled sheets and covers, pillows, thrown to the floor. And when finally, they had sated their lust, they lay side by side, chests heaving and as yet unable to speak.

Cindy raised her head and stared at her daughter before rolling on her side to face her. Ann-Marie giggled; her mum's hair was a mess, damp and looked like a bird's nest, all entangled.

'I would appreciate it if you said nothing about this to your father or brother. Let's just keep this between me and you.....

our secret. If they find out, they will expect us to perform for them and I'd rather it was just something we had.'

Ann-Marie was all for that. Her plan originally had been a way of hopefully getting her daddy into her bed. By bringing her mother and brother together, it left the way clear for her final assault, neither of them was able to say anything because they were already doing wrong. And it had worked; she had finally achieved her fantasy of her father fucking her.

What she had never counted on, was developing a fascination with her mother. Their encounter had exceeded all expectations, a kind of sex that felt different than that of her father or brother, and something that she presently did not want to share.

Although she did not know it then, there was another surprise to come in the future, but that was nearly six months away yet. It wasn't only Ann-Marie who was surprised; it came as much as a shock to Cindy when both women eventually found themselves pregnant at the same time.

But that perhaps, 'was a story for the future,' Ann-Marie later thought, when the event finally happened.

THE END