

# FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

*sunburycd*

*Mother, son, daughter and a wedding. What could go wrong?*

Incest/Taboo

4.73

12.1k words

"She's getting married!?" I shot back at Mom when she told me the news. "They've only just started going out."

"I know, I know," she agreed. "It seems sudden but she says she loves him."

To say I was pissed was an understatement. The last few months at home with just my sister and Mom had been nothing short of wonderful and now that was under threat I was feeling especially sorry for myself that things would change.

You see circumstances had conspired to a point where it was assumed by Mom and my sister Bridget that I was gay. I know. That doesn't alone seem like a cause for celebration (not that there's anything wrong with it), but when put into context of the peripheral ramifications, it had been a blessing.

My father had proclaimed 'it' before he decided to leave us and take up with his secretary. In one of his drunken rants, he'd accused my mother of being frigid, my sister of being a slut and me (I guess due to my lack of interest in sport and awkwardness around girls) of being gay.

Mom had been quick to defend us during the ugly scene. Declaring her love for her children no matter their lifestyle even though I knew myself, every one of his assertions had been false.

For starters. Mom definitely wasn't frigid. Just one part of the evidence being, arriving home unexpectedly in the middle of the day months before, I'd found the house quiet. Her car had been in the drive so I knew she was home and walking from living room to kitchen only then heard the noise from the laundry. I called but no one answered and ventured further only to stop before reaching the doorway.

Headphones in her ears explained her lack of response to my call but they weren't what occupied my mother's attention. With the dryer on, even from where I stood the room was welcomingly warm. On the tips of her toes, at first I reasoned she was attempting to climb upon the agitating washing machine but that didn't explain her leggings down mid thigh. With her white cotton panties clinging tightly to her ass, my mother had mounted the corner of the machine and was grinding her groin against the vibrating tub.

In my eighteen years to then I'd never seen anything so bizarrely out of the ordinary nor as overtly sexual. It must only have been seconds I watched; her torso leaning forward to project her ass out towards me all the while keeping what I assumed was her clit on the edge of the white good, her pelvis thrusting back and forth. These were not the actions of a 'frigid' woman.

I don't think I'd ever achieved such a quick erection. A part of me wanting to pull it out. To go to her and aid her satisfaction. To join in on my mother's orgasm when it came. But the sensible part of me told me to get the hell out of there. I'd seen enough already to fuel a thousand masturbation sessions and quietly backed away before my presence was noticed. The perfect crime.

And my sister was certainly not a slut. Only two years between us, we were inseparable as children and thick as thieves as teens. We knew all of the other's secrets and delighted in keeping them from our parents. If she was "sleeping around" as my father had put it, I would've known. My awkwardness with other girls was only matched by hers for boys of her age. Neither of us sharing a kiss with the other sex until we tried it out on each other. For experimentation purposes only of course. We weren't going to admit to each other there was more behind it. Ever.

And me. Well. I was about as gay as a box of hammers. That is to say, not at all. But from the moment my father accused me and left our house, I noticed certain behaviour by my Mom and Bridget change. Without going out of my way to refute my father's assertion, they I think, assumed there to be some truth in the misconception. As days passed we became closer as a unit. They shared more with me and I noticed they weren't as prudent in covering themselves with clothing. Was it them believing I wouldn't be looking at them in a sexual way that they felt less need for modesty? I didn't know. But whatever, I delighted in seeing more boobs in only a bra. In just underwear being worn around the house for longer durations and the odd occasion of my mother with a towel around the waist coming from the shower, breasts exposed as opposed to the traditional wrapping around the bust.

If the only price I paid was being assumed homosexual for the constant near nudity of two beautiful women, (be they family) I was more than willing to comply.

Which brings us to my sisters impending marriage.

She had been seeing the guy for only a couple of months which made a wedding all the more out of the blue and had me wondering if a pregnancy was involved. I put it to my mother subtly but she assured me it wasn't the case. On the contrary, she implied they were in fact saving themselves for the marriage. This caused me to think maybe that was the reason for the haste!

"In a week!" I lamented when Mom told me of the date.

"His family are paying for everything apparently," she went on. "They've booked out a resort in the north of the state."

My mental anguish reflected in my physical state and Mom noticed my slumped shoulders and pouting lip.

"Oh come here Baby," she held out her arms and gestured for me to approach. The action caused her sweater to rise up an inch or so. Just enough to enable a peek of crotch. Her grey leggings tight over the triangular mound of pussy. The very leggings she had worn that fateful day in the laundry. I tried to put it out of my mind as I accepted her embrace but with her arms around me, my own holding firmly on her back, bra strap detectable, the awareness my cock was so close to her was unavoidable.

She's your mother, she's your mother. I told myself, but the months of fantasizing leading up to the contact had me uncontrollably swelling in the most unfortunate region.

"You're going to miss her aren't you?" Mom whispered close to my ear, her breath in my hair before pulling back her head to look me in the eye.

Our groins not touching, if she didn't move she'd be unaware of my problem I reasoned.

"Yeah I guess," I admitted, subtly inching my hips away from her as my cock twitched spontaneously.

"Well I will too!" She confessed. "It'll be a big change for us. No more Mommy sandwiches for one!"

The comment caught me by surprise and bombarded me with nostalgia. Childhood memories of Sunday morning sleep-ins where Bridget and I would climb into Mom's bed and cuddle. Innocently wrapping ourselves around her, front and back in what she laughingly described as a sandwich. An act not repeated for well over a decade and to be brought up now, befuddling.

"Mommy sandwich!" I smiled.

"You don't remember?" She laughed. "You and Bridget used to jump in bed with me and we'd snuggle. So tight!" She added, and as if to emphasize, pulled me closer into her body, wriggling in my arms.

I giggled along with her and for a moment forgot about 'my problem' until it demanded its presence be acknowledged. With her torso to mine she raised a leg and pressed her inner thigh to my side as if to mount me, mimicking the cuddle. A vision of her masturbating with the washing machine came to mind and my cock lost all anonymity, announcing its arousal by poking her in the belly. So sexual had been her initial contact I was actually a little surprised when her demeanour changed dramatically.

The laughing dissolved, replaced by silence and a confused smile. "Oh!" She finally muttered and turning red I grimaced and extracted myself from her hold. For a moment she seemed to be in a battle with her eyes not to look down, but losing, and before I could figure out a way to obscure my erection, her gaze landed on my cock. "OH!" She repeated.

I could've died right there and then. It would've been more preferable than dealing with my embarrassment. Wearing a short t-shirt and loose track pants, there was nowhere for my dick to hide and I quickly turned to head as rapidly from the kitchen as able.

"I just remembered I have to call someone," I lied as I made my way as directly as possible to my room.

"Honey," Mom called as I left and I allowed myself to look back over my shoulder at her, a hand over her mouth clearly covering a silent laugh. "It happens, it's ok!"

My face felt hot from blushing and my shame grew at her mentioning it. "It" didn't just happen! Immature fantasies about her and my sister were just that, fantasy. I'd allowed it to creep into the real world. You didn't just press your dick against your mother! What the hell had I been thinking? Incest only happened in movies and stories on websites.

I slammed the door behind me and leaned back against the wood. My closet mirror faced me and mocked my humiliation by clearly reflecting the tent in my pants. For a moment I was impressed with how it looked, a rigid pole, my full length promoted, my mother now fully knowledgeable of my size. Oh God, the thought of it. I felt sick. I wondered how I could ever face her again?

Unfortunately it would be sooner than expected.

Shortly after and beginning a gaming session, my cock, thankfully returned to its less angry state, I heard my sister yell for me to come into the living room. Having not heard her return home, her voice startled me and my heart raced as I thought of seeing Mom.

Avoiding eye contact with our mother I waited for whatever Bridget had to say before I could slink back to my refuge.

"So it's set," Bridget explained. "Next Saturday at a place called Hidden Valley. You and Mom can drive up together the night before, we've basically booked out the entire resort for the weekend. Nathaniel's parents are totally loaded!"

'Nathaniel' I sniggered to myself. Even his name was douchey I thought. That was probably a bit rough. I'd only met the guy once and he'd come across as kind of ok. But it was all too quick for my liking and I had to say something.

"You've only just stated going out!" I finally spoke up, my feelings conveyed pretty well in my whiny voice I presumed.

Bridget cocked her head and frowned. "Oh baby brother," she sighed genuinely concerned. "Are you going to miss me?"

The remembrance of my mother saying similar words not long before came to mind and I prayed she wouldn't suggest a hug or worse still, a sister sandwich!

"He already confessed as much to me," Mom took it upon herself to answer for me and I glanced across to see her smiling at me. Immediately I felt myself blush and looked back to my sister who spoke again.

"We'll see each other heaps before then. You both have to come dress shopping with me," she began. "My God, can you believe I don't even have a dress yet? Aiden I need you to help me choose, you have great fashion sense."

That was something else I'd noticed since my father declared me gay. My sister asking my opinion on clothing. She must have had it in her mind gay guys have style in their veins. It didn't bother me. Visiting clothing stores as she tried on various outfits and modelled for me wasn't the worst way to spend my free time.

"And you're both coming on my hens night!"

That statement brought me back from my daydream.

"What?" I inquired.

"My hens!" She bluntly replied.

"Me? But isn't that only for the bridesmaids and girls?"

Bridget shook her head and seemed shocked at my question. "Um it's for the brides friends," she explained "And you've been my best friend all my life Aiden, why wouldn't you be there?"

"But don't you get a stripper or something like that?" I proposed.

"Oh and you'd be so upset by that!" She laughed, hinting at my sexuality. "Or maybe you could do it for us!" She quickly added, I assumed in jest. "I know my friends would love that!"

It was another of the fringe benefits of being supposed gay. Bridget's girlfriends were so accommodating of my presence. 'You're so lucky to have a gay brother,' I would often hear. 'We can

be so relaxed around you Aiden,' they would say as unladylike seating positions were taken up, panties on display without the lecherous eyes of a 'hetero' guy perving.

"Well I couldn't, I wouldn't..." I tried to voice.

"Relax little brother," Bridget saved me. "I'm only joking. But seriously," she looked at Mom. "Tomorrow we go shopping!"

Mom jumped up excitedly taking her daughter by the hand. "Let's make a list!" She suggested before dragging Bridget back to the kitchen. "Are you coming Aiden, you can help."

I began to feel moody about how much I'd miss having both of them at home and excused myself to my room and the company of my xbox, admiring my sister's ass beside my Mom's as they headed off. I'll miss that perfect peach, I thought and doubted I'd ever see her half naked again.

\* \* \*

Come Sunday I was done pouting. I sat beside my mother as she sipped from a champagne flute in a bridal store. Two of my sister's friends were with us having their bridesmaid dresses fitted and I'd already delighted in catching glimpses of both in their underwear.

Bridget re-emerged from the change room in her third choice of dress and without a lie, it took my breath away.

"Oh Honey," Mom seemed to agree. "That's the one."

She turned for us in the long slinky silk and lace wedding gown, her arms bare, her golden hair pulled up off her neck and I thought she looked like a princess.

"What do you think Aiden, do you like it?" My sister asked me, her eyes piercing my heart.

"Well I'd marry you!" I honestly admitted and drew laughs from the women around me.

Seemingly pleased with my approval, Bridget agreed with Mom it was 'the one' and immediately looked past us to another area of the store. "Ooh lingerie! That's next."

I saw what she chose but regretfully didn't see it modelled. My mother however seemed inspired by the selection of dainty underwear and with me holding her glass, filed through the bras, panties and other lingerie before asking my opinion on some items for herself. Was this how other eighteen year old males were spending their Sunday afternoons? I asked myself as Mom held a red lace bodysuit up against her body and asked, 'yes or no?' We'd not spoken of the erection incident and I wondered if she wasn't trying to coax another out of me as I nodded to everything she tried.

\* \* \*

Bridget wore a plastic tiara and I could see her pink panties up her short denim skirt as she sat on a chair in the middle of the dance floor. A private function, our party were the only patrons in the members area of the nightclub and the twenty women present were making the noise of twice that number. Twenty women and two men I might add. Apart from myself, a fireman approached my blushing sister and began a dance number before her. To the hollers of my sister's friends and a couple of our relations, he proceeded to remove his uniform until he was down to a thong. Now for a moment there I thought things would get uncomfortable. I'd seen porn where a male stripper receives blowjobs from all the women present and looking around, the scene wasn't dissimilar.

Thankfully he remained partially clothed apart from one moment where it seemed he flashed my sister behind a well placed towel but she closed her eyes quickly whilst hysterically laughing. I noticed her eyes divert to me when they again opened but I was sure it meant nothing.

Mom got about as drunk as I'd seen her in years. Pulling me to the dance floor on numerous occasions. Although not drinking myself, it wasn't hard to share her happiness and we even got about as close to a 'Mommy sandwich' as we'd been since childhood when Bridget and I had our arms around her when singing one of our favourite songs.

Come one a.m. everyone was heading home. Being a weeknight there were few people on the street and every footstep and drunken laugh echoed around the parking lot as Mom and Bridget stumbled towards the car. I opened the back door for them to fall in and Bridget stopped, holding onto the doorframe.

"I have to pee!" She proclaimed.

I looked back at the club, the doors to the building fastened shut behind us as the last patrons to leave.

"Why didn't you go in the bar?" I questioned, feeling all of a sudden the only adult in the scene.

"Sorry Dad," my sister giggled sarcastically. "I didn't need to go then."

"Well you'll just have to wait until we get home," I explained. "They've locked up."

"Screw that," she mumbled, pushing herself off the doorframe and walking to the rear of the car. "I'll never make it!"

For a moment I believed she'd keep walking around the back and off down the street to find a convenience but I looked on amazed as she stopped and squatted before me. Her skirt already being extremely short, it didn't take much for it to rise above her hips and before I even debated as to whether I should be watching, she had tugged aside her pink thong and a stream of pee surged forth from her obviously hairless pussy.

Mom's presence had almost gone unnoticed until she brushed past my shoulder to approach my urinating sister.

"Well if she's going, I'm going!" Mom declared, and with her back to me, took hold of the waist of her black wet-look leggings and tugged them down her legs.

Her white ass came into stark view as it dropped lower to the ground and a hiss of urine flowed from between her cheeks.

Was I dreaming?

My sister leaned back on one hand while the other held aside her underwear. Her knees well parted, her stream shot out at least a metre between them, splashing and puddling beside the rear wheel.

She'd put more thought into it. Mom however was having to awkwardly spread her legs wider as she peed to prevent her flow splashing her legs, finally figuring out if she stood up and pushed out her ass, her piss shot out directly behind her, whilst still seemingly unconcerned it displayed her asshole and pussy to her son in all its glory.

I was on the verge of fainting; blood leaving my head to fill my growing cock as I took in my mother and sister pissing before me. My jeans dark and tight, I was sure my hard-on would go unnoticed by my family as surely they'd be disgusted I was finding pleasure in their entirely natural undertaking.

But was it natural? A mother and daughter openly displaying their sex in front of me? Regardless of their view on my sexuality, this was nothing short of primal, obscene yet beautiful all at once.

"Ugh," my sister moaned as her flow decreased and receded back to a dribble. A couple of squirts to fully empty her bladder. "That's better." Her eyes strayed across mine as she stood and a look of satisfaction covered her face.

Mom wiggled her butt to allow the last drops to fall from her pussy as she too concluded her toilet break and with nothing to wipe, pulled her pants back up over her ass. I struggled to stay composed. Did that signify the end? The grand finale to my year or so of incestuous desire. Going out with a bang so to speak of the nudity I'd had hints of and the overt sexuality I secretly desired? If it was, then I couldn't complain. I'd just seen my mother's anus. Her pussy, streaming pee. My sister, with legs spread. A waxed vagina splayed for my perusal, gushing a jet of urine in my direction as if an offering. I could die happy I supposed.

\* \* \*

"Why did they choose a place so far out of town?" I glanced at Mom as I turned into the Hidden Valley resort and down the long tree lined driveway.

"Nathaniel's family own some part of it," Mom explained. "They're really quite wealthy."

We'd met up with Bridget's fiancée a couple of times during the week and although he was taking my sister away from me, I had to admit it was hard to hate him. He seemed like a genuinely nice guy which made it all the more frustrating.

As organized, we texted Bridget when we reached reception and she came to greet us, dealing with our booking for us.

"There was a problem," she admitted as she came back from the desk and took Mom's bag. "With having the same surname, they thought you guys were together. They've put you in the same room!"

"Oh," Mom exclaimed. "That's probably not too much of a problem."

To me it sounded like the plot of an erotic story, be it an incestuous one. Mother and son forced to share a room in a hotel. I dismissed it with a simple question as we headed towards the room.

"There's two beds though right?"

Bridget laughed. "Yeah of course!"

We opened the door to the suite and all eyes fell on the solo queen sized mattress in the centre of the room.

"Oh!" Bridget offered. "I guess I can go back and see if they've got another. They said they were all booked out though."

"Oh it's not important," Mom replied. "It's only two nights. We can share can't we Baby?"

Taking my arm, she hugged me into her breast and I reflected that the hotel probably had cots for such situations but kept the thought to myself. The idea of sleeping in the same bed as my mother all of a sudden becoming particularly enticing.

"I think you can trust him Mom!" Bridget giggled and I self consciously chuckled along. If only she knew what I was thinking?

"But can I be trusted?" Mom jokingly laughed, hugging me tighter before taking her bag from Bridget and entering the room.

A bowl of fruit was awaiting us, full of grapes, kiwi's and bananas and a bottle of chilled wine beside. When we'd unpacked with the aid of Bridget and settled, Mom was quick to partake and even offered me a drink as well. All three of us with a glass of wine and toasting to Bridget's impending marriage out on the deck looking out on the countryside, I again had a tinge of sadness but kept it to myself to not dampen my sister's mood.

A quick rehearsal of the wedding was held later in the afternoon where Mom and I finally got to meet Nathaniel's family, those that would soon be our family and I did learn a few new things. Again, they seemed nice, if maybe a little too conservative. But an overheard conversation with the grooms mother seemed to confirm a suspicion my mother and I had about the haste of the marriage. My talent for eavesdropping paid off when she mentioned to whom I supposed was an Aunt of the family's tradition of abstinence before marriage. Things began to make sense.

My sister whom my father had labeled a slut for no particular reason was just horny. I guessed Nathaniel was in the same boat. They were marrying just so they could have sex. It made me sadder for Bridget. They weren't values our side of the family embraced. She was living her life by someone else's rules. It wasn't right. But who was I to intervene?

\* \* \*

"Left side of the bed or right?" Mom asked as she came out of the bathroom wrapped in a white bath robe. Her hair was still partially wet from the shower, her head tilted as if to remove water from her ear.

"Oh, um I don't mind!" I replied as I looked back at my phone yet watched her from the corner of my eye turn back the covers on the right side.

"The shower's free," she offered as she began applying cream to her legs.

I felt like staying and watching but knew I'd likely get another erection so quickly headed to the bathroom before it was too late.

Her panties were right there on the sink! I stood there looking at them, thinking it curious what with the rest of her clothing left over the edge of the bathtub. Do I? I asked myself and quickly submitted, picking them up and lifting them to my face. I had the chance to take in one long draught of the scent of my mother's pussy when the door dramatically opened.

My hands were quicker to move than she was to enter but as her eyes fell upon me I was still holding her underwear.

"Sorry, I remembered I left my things in here," she explained her sudden intrusion, reaching for her clothes on the bath before dropping her eyes to my hand holding out her panties. "Thank you Darling," she sighed as her hand touched mine lightly during the transfer.



What if she'd come in a minute later? Unannounced. Would she have found me with my cock out? Masturbating with her blue cotton panties glued to my mouth and nose? Most definitely yes. I'd dodged a bullet. Or had I? Was it a knowing smile she threw me as she left the bathroom? Had she left them there for this very reason? All of a sudden my earlier delusion I was living some incestuous erotic short story didn't seem so delusional.

I tried the cold shower but it did little to abate my growing desire. If I'd been smart I would've jerked off there and then. Put a temporary end to my incestuous horniness.

I was thankful I didn't.

Mom was sitting up reading in bed when I came out of the bathroom. I hadn't brought pyjamas, not imagining I'd be sleeping with someone else, let alone my mother, so entered the room wearing only my boxer shorts. When I saw what she was wearing, I wished I had more on.

Her breasts literally bulged out from behind the light pink lace at her chest. With her eyes cast downwards I was able to inconspicuously ogle her beauty, her bare neck, her cleavage. I circled the bed and quickly dove beneath the sheets before my cock again let me down and gave away my teenage lust.

"Oh, are we going to bed already?" Mom glanced across, the sheets pulled up to my neck. "I suppose we should get a good nights sleep. Big day and all tomorrow."

"Yeah," I agreed. "I am pretty tired."

Thinking she was reaching for the light, I was surprised when Mom pulled back the sheets and rose up out of bed.

"I should probably have a wee," she remarked as I watched her from behind head back to the bathroom. What I'd assumed she was wearing, a long nightie; wasn't that at all. I guessed it would be called a playsuit, an all in one satin romper, the shorts hugging her buttocks tightly, lace edging.

Was she serious? I thought. She was in bed with her son and she was essentially wearing lingerie. The door closed behind her and I immediately pictured her having to undress to pee. Lowering the string straps from her shoulders and dropping the satin below her breasts, over her hips.

My timing was impeccable as in my mind I saw her sitting down on the toilet and in reality, the sound of her urine hitting the water came loud and clear from inside the bathroom. Fuck. That did it. I dropped a hand to my steadily growing cock and allowed myself some pleasure. Jerking off to the sound of my mom pissing. Recalling her urinating in the parking lot beside my sister. I threw back the sheet to look at my erection poking out of the fly of my shorts. Had I ever looked so hard? I all of a sudden regretted not fapping in the shower, my desperate need to cum overpowering.

The toilet flushed and I hid away my excitement before Mom returned. A quick glance at her playsuit from the front showed me the satin clinging to her pussy, the shadow of pubic hair visible through the material. An involuntary twitch from my erection laying against my stomach caused the sheet to lift and I noticed my mother's eyes divert momentarily to the area before switching off the light and climbing back in beside me.

The bed was large but I could still feel the depression her body caused in the mattress, the heat from her skin.

"I know what you're thinking!" Mom whispered after a moments silence between us.

I swallowed loudly and felt my face redden, thankful the room was in partial darkness.

"Wh..What?" I stammered. "I'm not, I mean, I wouldn't," I quickly followed up.

She turned on her side to face me and her hand reached across to land on my bare chest. There was no doubt she'd feel my heart racing, I could hear it for God's sake.

"What are you talking about?" She sighed but went on before I needed to answer. "I mean I know you're stressing about the wedding."

"Oh," I breathed.

"You're thinking we're going to lose her aren't you?"

"Ah, yeah," I whispered, relieved she wasn't talking about my hard-on and its reason for being in that state.

"Don't worry Honey," Mom attempted to soothe me. "She'll always be your sister. Think that we're gaining family, not losing any."

Her hand felt so soft on my skin. The slight movement of her fingertips on my pectoral giving me goosebumps.

"Your heart's racing," she whispered as I closed my eyes and relaxed under her touch and I thought of her words as I attempted to calm my mind.

Maybe she was right. I'd still see Bridget often I was sure. And another thought entered my head. Perhaps their marriage wouldn't last. And with that admittedly selfish proposal swirling around inside me, I drifted away.

It was possibly Mom's snoring that stirred me but it was the location of her hand that woke me. Definitely asleep, my mother's fingers that had caressed me to slumber were laying across my penis. Flaccid, I was caught beneath the dead weight of her palm. My mother's hand was on cock. Just the words in my mind had me swelling. A sudden pulse of blood and her hand lifted with my dick. Oh no, I thought. If she wakes she'll think I placed it there. Again I involuntarily twitched. My erection steadily growing to its fullest potential. She'll think me a creep. A pervert. I needed to remove it but at the same time, it felt so good. The first time someone had ever touched me there. And it was my mother.

I moved my hips slightly and gasped as my erection ground against her small hand, the feeling indescribable. Her snoring stopped and I immediately rolled towards her to allow her hand to fall from me as she woke. Breathing loudly to feign sleep I watched through squinted eyes as she lifted her head slightly as if recalling where in fact she was. The sheet was down below my waist and I wondered if in the light provided by the moon shining through the drapes she could see my cock?

I guiltily hoped she could.

"Are you awake?" The almost imperceptibly quiet question came from her lips.

I didn't respond. I couldn't let her know I had felt her hand on me. How had it ended up there in the first place? Had she done it on purpose? Had I done it in my sleep? It was all too embarrassing to face and I kept up the act of unconsciousness.

"Aiden?" She again whispered, slightly louder than before as if testing me. Still no response. What happened then convinced me I was perhaps dreaming.

Her body moved beside me and for a moment I thought she was rising again, possibly to visit the bathroom, but she in fact only turned. With her rear to me, I relaxed somewhat knowing she couldn't see my cock or my twitching eyelids but it wasn't over. Inch by slow inch I felt her weight shifting. Her body moving towards me. It was the touch of her foot on my leg first of all and then the moment I would never have thought possible; the softness of her buttocks against my erection.

She knew I was hard! She must have seen it. Seen it projecting from my boxer shorts. A pillar of love, the solid flesh of her son there for the taking. To press herself against, comfortable in the knowledge it was done behind the veil of sleep.

Further she moved. Her ass pushing hard against my erection, her back up against my chest. I bent my legs and shifted in my 'sleep,' lifting an arm up over her body and completing the spoon by placing a hand upon her breast. A stifled breath expelled from her lungs as I ground my cock harder between her satin covered buttocks.

My face in her hair as she moved her head back onto my pillow, I felt her hand atop mine on her boob, gently manipulating my fingers to squeeze her through the lace, her nipple hard to the touch. And then as I moved my hips over and again against her ass, she coaxed my hand lower. Ever so slowly she guided me down across her belly until the warmth beneath my palm increased and I was upon her pubic mound. Her legs parted to allow my fingers access and then pressed tightly together, trapping my hand between her thighs, against her wet vulva.

I increased my grinding between her ass cheeks as I wriggled my fingers against what I imagined was her clit. "Oh Mom," I finally acknowledged I was awake, breathing behind her ear.

"Shhh," she whispered in reply. "Hush Baby...you're...sleeping," she managed between gasps as I fingered her in rhythm with my hips dry humping her ass.

I understood. How could we admit what we were doing? It was incest. We hadn't discussed it beforehand. Perhaps madly, if it was done under the confines of sleep, was it legitimate? Plausible deniability. If a tree fell in the forest and all that. Fuck it. However she wanted to do this, I was in. I never uttered another word as I felt my pre-cum coating the satin at the top of her buttocks.

Between her legs was increasingly wetter, both her hands clamped down on mine and pressed me harder into her pussy. I slid my cock from the head all the way to my balls between her cheeks, the bed creaking with the action. Cupping her cunt, my middle finger pushed hard into the gusset of her playsuit, her breathing stopped altogether and her hands prevented mine from moving on her clit. She began shuddering in her climax and I knew it was my cue as well to cum. We do it together; we do it quickly; and we never speak a word! It was an unspoken moment of connection between us. Mother and son joined in almost anonymous incestuous orgasm.

I allowed myself one moment of conscious affection for her as I began emptying myself on her back, pressing my lips to the side of her neck. A long kiss as jet after jet of cum sprayed my stomach, the sheets and her sleepwear, only breaking my lock when I was drained, the last of my semen milked by her clenching buttocks. For minutes we stayed in position until finally the pressure of her hands on mine relaxed. I took it as a sign and slowly allowed my hand to fall from between her saturated thighs. What to do? I asked myself. If she wanted deniability, I'd allow it. I'd give her anything she wanted. I relaxed my hold on her, my legs no longer pressed hard against hers and resuming the charade of tossing in my sleep, casually rolled again onto my back.

For a moment she lay beside me before as silently as possible as if not to wake me, slid out of bed and padded her way to the bathroom. Through slitted eyelids lest she turn to look, I spied the rear of her playsuit as the light came on in the bathroom and saw the evidence of our love, her back streaked, saturated with cum.

Minutes passed and I used the time to clean up the mattress with my shorts as best I could, swapping them for a clean pair in the process and making it back under the sheet before the door of the bathroom once again opened. She wore one of the provided robes and just as quietly as she had left returned to the bed wrapped securely. There would be no repeat performance.

\* \* \*

I must have slept. I didn't think it would be possible. From the moment she lay back next to me, my cock had hardened and I allowed it to remain so as I ran the event over and over in my head. For a time I knew she lay awake beside me. I wanted to speak to her. To confess my love and beg to do more but I knew it had to be on her terms. It took more than an hour but gentle snoring told me she had truly fallen back to sleep and it must not have been long after I as well joined her as the next thing I knew, sun was filling the room.

It was uncomfortable but not unpleasant. If not for the fact we woke in different clothing; if there wasn't crusty evidence on the sheet; if there wasn't her satin sleepwear soaking in the sink, it could be said it had never happened. But we both knew different. Neither of us spoke of it. I can't really describe the feeling. Like trying not to laugh. Like being desperate to tell a secret. Like holding your breath. I felt if she gave me the nod I'd burst. I'd never stop kissing her, never stop telling her I loved her. Small talk filled our morning until we were scheduled for lunch with Bridget and the other guests and then we were back to normal. Mother and son back to our old relationship as if nothing had happened but I wondered if she was looking forward to tonight as much as I was?

Bridget was sharing a suite with her two bridesmaids and at lunch it was decided that Mom would get herself ready then join them in Bridget's room to help the bride prepare. I felt a little left out and I was disappointed Bridget hadn't included me in her pre-wedding procedure. It was understandable I guessed. Being a supposed gay little brother only got me so many privileges I figured.

\* \* \*

As was becoming customary, Mom showered first. I didn't know if she was teasing me as she left the clothing she would be wearing to the wedding on the bed, a new dress she had bought especially and some of the underwear I'd been present when purchased. The shower running in the background I picked up the panties and ran my fingers over the silky material. An intricate lace pattern adorned the front, the cream colored nylon see-through as I pressed my hand to the full back brief. I imagined her bottom behind the material. The crack of her ass through the fabric. The ass I'd cum on.

There was a matching bra and most interestingly, garter belt with thigh high stockings. She might leave these on when we fuck, I told myself and my cock responded accordingly. The shower stopping brought me back into the real world and told me not to get ahead of myself. "If it happens, it happens," I whispered to the empty room.

Again disappointment and I should have seen it coming. When I got out of the bathroom post shower, Mom was fully dressed. Applying makeup in the mirror, she looked in my direction.

"Well don't you look handsome," she complimented me as I struggled with my tie.

I hated wearing a suit. That I was wearing it for my sister's wedding made it even worse.

"I'll help you with that Honey," Mom offered, seeing my incompetence. "If you help me with my problem."

"What's your problem?"

She rose from before the mirror and walked towards me, letting me take her in completely for the first time. She looked stunning. A mid-thigh length orange dress hugged her body but it was then I noticed she wasn't completely dressed. Shoe-less, she was yet to put on her stockings.

Mom stopped before me, raising her hands to my collar and undoing the damage I'd done with the tie.

"Well it's a little uncomfortable," she whispered. I watched her mouth move with each word. Her full lips painted red and again the desire to kiss her was overwhelming. "It's my stockings."

"Oh?" I replied, more than a little interested at her confession.

"They're not stay-ups you see," she purred. "That's why I bought the garter belt."

"Right," I sighed. Her fingers touched my neck and I got goosebumps. My cock began pulsing at what she was saying.

"Well I put them on when you were in the shower but the latch is so fiddly and they kept falling down."

"Ok," I was shaking.

"You wouldn't be able to attach them for me would you Honey?" She asked, tightening and straightening my tie.

Was she kidding?

"Of course I will," I blurted out possibly too eager, but her sly smile told me it was just what she wanted to hear.

Running her hands from my collar across my shoulders and down my arms she squeezed my biceps. "There, you're done," she smiled. "Now me."

Sitting back on the bed, Mom reached for a stocking and rolled it onto her hand. Lifting a leg with pointed toe she slid it over her foot and just watching the action had me hardening. As opposed to a week before, I felt no shame in her noticing. In fact, I willed my cock erect. Begging for her eyes to alight on my excitement.

When pulled most of the way up her leg, she repeated with the other before rising and looking into my face. "It's over to you now mister," she smiled as before my eyes Mom casually took hold of the hem of her dress and lifted it up over her hips.

Dropping to my knees I couldn't help gasping as her panties came into view. The panties I'd held not long before, even more attractive now they were where they belonged. In their rightful place, inches from my face, snugly hugging the pussy of a goddess.

The straps of the garter belt lay beneath her underwear and with trembling hands I took hold and affixed them one by one from the front, delighting in touching the soft milky white skin of her upper thighs.

"You're doing such a good job," Mom complimented me and turned for me to take care of the rear.

Her ass was a ripe peach ready for the tasting. It took everything to not press my lips to her buttocks or more enticingly, the dark shadow of her ass crack. Attaching the last of the clasps, she turned and I looked back up into her eyes. A hand reached down and stroked through my hair, remaining on my head, a gentle force pulling me ever so slightly into her groin. I was going to do it. I was going to kiss my mother between her legs.

And then the door to our room burst open.

Mom and I both turned to see Bridget blow in like a tornado. Her eyes darting from Mom, quickly pulling down her dress, to me rising up off my knees. I expected shocked questions as to what she'd walked in on but her initial focus was personal.

"I'm freaking out!" She admitted. "Mom, we need to talk."

Mom was quick to comfort my sister, bringing her into the room and sitting her down whilst still a little rattled at her sudden appearance and being sprung, I hung back and observed. She looked beautiful. Well what I could see of her. Her blonde hair was done up in a messy bun with braiding and looked to have taken hours. Her makeup was immaculate with smokey eyeshadow and a tan rouging on her cheeks. To me, she looked like a supermodel. Wearing one of the resort's white robes, I could see she was yet to put on her dress but with her legs crossed on the bed I noticed she had on the stay-up stockings from the bridal store and no doubt the rest of her lingerie.

"Relax Honey," Mom attempted to console her. "You're just nervous, it's natural, it's a stressful day."

"It's not just the wedding," Bridget looked in my direction momentarily and back at our mother, lowering her voice somewhat. "Despite what Dad said Mom, I'm not a slut."

Mom furrowed her brow and I as well was confused as to what she was talking about. "What's that got to do with anything?" She asked.

"You know, the wedding night!" Bridget elaborated. "Nathaniel's been going on about it. His brothers have even been ribbing me. Mom, I've never even touched a guy...down there."

Again Bridget looked in my direction, well at my groin, to emphasize her point.

"Oh," Mom replied, following her daughter's eyes to my crotch. "OH!"

"My bridesmaids, some friends they are! They think I'm going to blow it. That I'll freeze up like some frigid ice queen." The moment she said it, Bridget must have recalled our father's slight against Mom and quickly made amends. "I mean, no offence Mom."

"None taken," Mom replied, a coy look on her face.

Fuck Dad had done a number on all of us. I wondered if he knew his words had caused so much angst, then realized it was probably his aim. If only Bridget knew as much about Mom as I did. She wouldn't be so quick to label her frigid.

"Bridget it's no big deal," Mom added. "You're making too much of it." Her eyes scoured the room before alighting on the bowl of fruit for some reason. "Look I can help you out with a few things if you'd like, give you some pointers."

I had no idea what she was suggesting but things were definitely taking an interesting turn.

Until the wheels fell off.

"Honey," Mom looked in my direction. "Could you give us a moment, we shouldn't be long."

I looked to the door to outside and then the bathroom, choosing the latter I took one last look at my sister's worried expression and excused myself solemnly. There was no way I was going to completely miss what was happening. Leaving the door open a crack, I couldn't see the goings on but I could hear them. Mom had lowered her voice but was still decipherable and I was left to picture what she was in fact doing.

"We'll use this," she whispered and my sister nervously laughed. What the hell was going on out there?

"Ok, we'll just imagine he's already hard," Mom's words had me standing to attention. "Put your hand around it like this and see, you just move up and down."

No, seriously. What the hell was going on out there?

"But how hard should I hold it?" Bridget whispered. "What if it hurts him?"

I heard Mom laugh.

"I don't think you need to worry about that," she replied. "Now he's going to expect you to go down on him."

"I'm not putting my mouth around that," Bridget responded.

"Well how else are you going to learn?" Mom quickly retorted, showing frustration.

It was easily the most bizarre conversation I'd ever overheard. The fact it was my mother and sister, adding to the strangeness. I was desperate to see what they were doing, to help if necessary but I dared not intrude on my mother's impromptu sex education lesson should I embarrass Bridget. I was left to pressing an ear to the door and a hand on my cock.

"This is stupid," Bridget finally stated after a moments silence.

"Yeah you're right," Mom agreed and in turn was quiet for a time. "There is another option."

"What?" My sister asked and I also was eager to hear her idea.

"Well there's..."

I cocked my head thinking I'd not heard something, listening for the faintest word.

"But he's my brother," Bridget whispered even quieter than previous.

There was silence in the suite as I strained to hear. And then.

"Aiden," my mother called and I pushed against the door immediately, almost falling into the room. Mom and Bridget had remained seated beside each other, the only addition, a banana between my mother's legs, standing to attention in place of a cock. It explained a great deal as to what they'd been doing and Mom casually tossed it aside when she noticed my eyes staring at her crotch.

"Honey, Bridget needs your help!" Mom began as my sister bit her lip expectantly. "Now you can say no if you're not comfortable..."

"I'll do it!" I quickly replied. Not wasting another moment.

"Oh," Mom smiled. "That was quick. You don't even know what we're asking."

"I'll do anything," I looked at Bridget. "I'll do whatever it takes to make you happy Bridge."

Bridget placed two hands over her heart and cocked her head smiling. "Oh Aiden; bless," she sighed.

"Just tell me what to do Mom."

Like a professional, Mom commanded me stand before the two of them and then looked up into my eyes.

"Your sister's a bit nervous about her wedding night Honey," she began. "She needs some practice when it comes to...well, handling a man."

Bridget quickly broke in, seemingly enthusiastic now she wasn't practicing on a banana. "I've never had sex Aiden, I don't know the first thing."

"I know," I admitted. "I never believed Dad."

"Do you think you'd be able to get hard?" She asked, looking me in the eyes.

"Oh I don't think he'll have a problem with that!" Mom sniggered, obviously referring to our late night adventure. "Now let's get on with this, we don't have much time."

I could feel myself swelling as Mom encouraged my sister to undo my fly and reach in to pull out my cock. Her small cold hand shaking as it wrapped around me and extricated her prize from its confines. The women's reaction was surprising.

"Oh God," they sighed in unison.

Now I'd seen enough porn in my time to know I had a good looking dick. Not to boast...well, to boast, I would be considered larger than average but it was its flawless smooth skin I was most proud of and had been longing for another to admire. It just so happened the first to see it were my mother and sister. And I couldn't have been happier.

"Um," Mom stumbled over her words as she struggled to take her eyes from me. "God Aiden, I had no idea," she admitted as she seemed to lose her concentration.

"It's beautiful," my sister praised as from semi erect I hardened before their eyes.

"Um as you can see Bridget," Mom tried to focus. "Your brother is circumcised. Do you know if Nathaniel is?"



My sister shook her head. "I have no idea."

"Well there's not much difference, only a thin layer of skin and when they're hard like this," she reached out and ran her hand up the side of my cock which caused it to twitch. "They all look the same."

"Um, Mom should I get undressed?" I offered. "It might make things easier."

She nodded back blankly, my sister joining her as I noticed she'd allowed her robe to fall from her shoulder revealing the white lace strapless bustier she wore.

I took only seconds and I was naked before them. My mother and sister with vacant almost trancelike stares as they took in my body. My strong thighs; defined chest and shaved balls, heavy with anticipation.

"Ok," Mom spoke, trying to get back on track. "Jump down here between us Sweetheart," she patted the bed and I followed her lead, leaning back on my elbows, my cock vertical.

"Now just as you did with the banana Honey," Mom coaxed Bridget and immediately my sister's hand was again around my cock. For someone who had never touched a penis before, her hand moved expertly; her grip just able to circle my girth as she moved from base to head and back.

"That's right Bridget," Mom praised her. "Here let me show you something."

Taking over, my mother joined in as Bridget's hand sat at the base reluctant to leave me.

"If you twist your wrist as you rise and lower, he'll enjoy it more," Mom looked back to me. "How does that feel Darling?"

I could barely respond as I looked upon my mom and sister taking it in turns to jerk me off. "It, it feels wonderful," I managed.

Bridget tried the twist technique and had it mastered as I noticed pre-cum leaking from the eye. It was obvious to the women and Mom pointed it out to my sister.

"That's his pre-cum Bridget, try it," Mom proposed.

"What?" My sister questioned.

"Taste it Darling, go on," Mom prodded.

Bridget allowed her index finger to slide over my swollen head, collecting the clear fluid and raising it to her lips, her tongue tentatively tasting. "Mmm, it's sweet!" She exclaimed, approving of the flavour.

Mom, not to miss out, squeezed the length of my cock; milking out a sample for herself and brought it to her mouth to enjoy.

"Now you can also spit on it Bridget," Mom continued the lesson. "It works as a lubricant and men also like the look."

Hovering her face over my cock as my sister continued masturbating me, Mom drooled a trail of saliva down onto the head of my penis, Bridget allowing it to coat my length before adding to it with her own mouthful.

"That's right Honey," Mom complimented Bridget. "Now reach down with your other hand and cup your brothers balls. Feel the weight?"

"God they're so heavy," Bridget mused.

"That's a great sign, it means he's turned on," Mom smiled. "Like when we get wet!" She added.

We watched my sister masturbating me for a moment longer before Mom again gave directions. "You're doing so well Honey, you should try kissing him as you do it."

I rose back up to a seated position in expectation and Bridget and I couldn't help smiling as we looked in each other's eyes.

"What's so funny?" Mom asked confused.

Bridget turned to Mom. "Well we probably don't need to practice this one," she grinned. "We've actually done it before."

Mom didn't seem too rattled upon hearing the news her children had shared a kiss and in fact looked proud as Bridget turned back to me and closed her eyes as our lips met.

Her mouth was familiar but with her hand upon my cock, an entirely different experience to the last time we made out. I ran a hand over her back and up to her neck as her tongue and saliva filled my mouth, her hand slowly beating below. Mom's leg was so close to mine and I placed my other hand upon her thigh, feeling the transition of stocking to skin.

"Ok guys," Mom broke in and Bridget and I ceased our kiss, a thin trail of saliva connecting us as we parted. "I can see you've mastered masturbating a man, you'll now have to give him oral," she proposed. "I'll show you how it's done and then you can have a go, ok?"

Bridget nodded and watched intently. I noticed her robe had fallen all the way to her waist and was now only loosely tied over her hips. For the first time I could see her matching white underwear, the lace top stay-ups. With Mom's hand replacing Bridget's on my cock and her face turning to me, I think I became even harder.

"You're ok with this Aiden?" Mom asked. "You don't mind if Mommy sucks you off, just to show your sister how it's done?"

This time I couldn't speak, managing only to shake my head to show my consent as I again lay back on my elbows. Grinning, Mom climbed up on the bed and onto all fours, her ass within touching distance as she moved her mouth to the head of my cock and kissed. The first lips to touch my dick were my Mom's. How many guys get to say that I wondered? Her mouth wrapped around the head as she jerked the base and I felt her tongue swirling around me. Bridget looked on intently, the skin around her neck and chest flushed. Further Mom took me into her mouth until I felt the back of her throat and gagging she pulled off in a trail of saliva.

"Oh goodness," she apologized, slurping up the drool from my cock. "It's been a while."

"I'll do it," Bridget proclaimed, reaching for my cock and almost wrenching it from Mom's grasp. Her mouth was smaller than Mom's but was just as welcoming, her cheeks sucking in as her lips and tongue worked their magic. I placed a hand on my mother's rear to show my affection and she looked back smiling to show her consent. I took it as approval to go further and with my sister's mouth around my penis, I took hold of the hem of Mom's dress and lifted it over her ass.

The panties I'd admired earlier as she stood looked even better as they now stretched taut over her buttocks. Running my hand over her cheeks I slid it down between her legs and pressed hard against the saturated gusset. It was all too much stimulation and I suddenly found myself fighting the urge to cum.

"Oh shit stop Bridge," I blurted out, tugging my cock from her mouth and grasp.

She looked offended, concerned, but Mom was quick to reassure her.

"It's ok Honey, I think your brother was just about to cum is all," she turned to me. "Is that right Aiden?"

I nodded, my cock pulsing as I dared not move until the sensation lessened.

"But I need to see that too!" Bridget declared. "I don't want there to be any surprises."

"We'll get to that Darling," Mom assured her as she rose and unzipped her dress. "But you need to learn some sexual positions first."

Feeling comfortable I wasn't about to prematurely ejaculate, I admired Mom undressing. She looked beautiful in her lingerie and I saw the benefit of wearing her panties over the garter as she slid them down her legs, the stockings staying on. Her pussy came into view, richly covered with pubic hair yet manicured into a perfect triangle. I could see her inner thighs were damp and dew glistened on the hair above her labia.

"Come on," Mom reached out to Bridget and assisted her off the bed. The robe she wore remained behind and I was left alone to admire my beauties beside each other. "Let's get those panties off shall we?" Mom added.

Mom took hold of my sister's tiny white thong but Bridget completed the job, dropping it down her stockinged legs and leaving it on the floor. That she was smoothly waxed was no surprise, having seen as much in the nightclub parking lot. But now in the light of day standing next to my mother, both panty less, I could give it, them, the praise they deserved.

"This is a good lesson for you too Aiden," Mom observed. "Seeing the difference in vaginas. Come on, touch us." Mom looked at Bridget. "It's not all about pleasing your husband Honey, he should be willing to give you satisfaction as well."

Mom took hold of my raised hand and placed it palm upwards between her legs and doing the same with Bridget, I cupped each woman's pussy simultaneously. Heat and moisture greeting me at once.

Hirsute and bald in my hands, I would never be able to declare my preference as my middle fingers teased both women's entrance.

"That's right Aiden," Mom responded to the probing. "You can enter. Just go easy with your sister."

As one I allowed my fingers to slid effortlessly inside them, curling as I pressed my hand harder against their clits. Bridget's legs bowed slightly and I looked up to see her eyes closed.

Mom took hold of my hand and pulled me into her and I took the opportunity to slide in another finger which she seemed to enjoy.

"Oh fuck yes Baby," she moaned and Bridget's eyes opened to watch our mother in her ecstasy.

Using my hand as her personal toy, Mom swayed her hips on me, juice freely flowing from her as she fucked my fingers. In turn I eased another finger inside Bridget's tight hole and had her dropping down onto my hand, using my limb as her personal living stool.

With her spare hand my mother raised it to her breast and manipulated a nipple through her bra before sliding beneath and squeezing the entire boob. Her eyes drifted across to Bridget who was actively grinding with her hips against my hand.

"It's ok to cu..." Mom gasped. "You might...oh God...you might cum Honey," she finally managed to get out. "You might cum before him, but that's ok!" She sighed and I felt the walls of my mother's vagina clasp against my finger. Her body began shuddering and the amount of fluid dripping from her upon my hand increased as she undoubtably came. The second time I had masturbated my mother to orgasm.

"Oh God," she collapsed down onto the bed beside me, my hand released from her pussy, drenched. All pretext this was merely a sex education lesson was lost as her mouth sought out my own and what I'd longed for for months came to be. With her tongue between my lips, saliva freely flowing into my mouth we confirmed our love to each other before she turned her head to look up to Bridget.

"Are you going to cum Honey?" Mom probed, her cheek against my own.

"I..I don't know," Bridget admitted, her hips swaying, my fingers deep inside her. "I think I need more penetration."

Mom seized on the comment. "You should try your brother's cock then Darling. You need to know what it feels like to have a man inside you. Come on, let me show you some positions."

Mom encouraged Bridget to lay on her back and spread her legs then looked up at the clock. "Now ordinarily Bridget, your partner would go down on you."

"There's time!" Bridget quickly replied and Mom looked at me frantically nodding.

"Oh ok," Mom conceded. "I'll show you how it's done Aiden," she smiled at me then looked down at Bridget. "Then you can see how it feels when a man does it."

Mom dropped down between my sister's thighs and placed a hand on her pussy, separating her lips and revealing the pink inside.

"You see here Honey," she looked back at me. "That's the clitoris. That's where you should concentrate."

I took hold of my cock and gently stroked as I watched Mom kiss and then lick my sister's clit. She had her writhing and then compounded the pleasure by entering her with two fingers. For a moment I felt a third wheel before Mom looked back. "Actually Honey, why don't you let your sister get more experience sucking you whilst I do this."

I responded with little more than a nod as I climbed aboard the bed and Bridget welcomed my attendance with an open mouth. Her small breasts had popped from the top of her bustier and I pressed my hand to her soft skin, caressing her hard pink nipples.

Mom increased the rate she stabbed my sister and my cock popping from her mouth, Bridget screamed out as she signalled her impending orgasm. "Oh fuck Mommy, I'm cumming!"

Mom pulled her face from my sister's pussy and looked up to me. "Quickly Aiden, down here with me."

Lunging forward I placed a hand on Bridget's thigh to keep her legs spread and put my mouth before her cunt in time for her climax. Mom pulled her fingers out of Bridget with a splash and waved her hand back and forth over her clit as my sister squirted. I took it in the eyes, the mouth. Mom's cheek pressed to mine as we drank in Bridget's cum splashing our faces. We kissed under her flow, her makeup ruined by pussy juice, our mouths sharing the delights.

Bridget sat up on her elbows as her orgasm subsided and looked at us between her legs before lunging forward and joining the kiss. My mother with her tongue poking out as Bridget licked the surface; licked her mouth; licked her face; before plunging her cum flavoured tongue between my lips.

"What are these positions you were talking about?" Bridget panted to Mom.

\* \* \*

It seemed to pass in a daze. I would fuck my mother first whilst Bridget looked on, usually masturbating or Mom eating her pussy until I was on the verge of cumming. The brief respite of pulling out enough to regain stamina before I repeated the position on my sister. We fucked in missionary, Mom explaining the names as we went; they knelt before me as we fucked doggy; my cock back and forth between the two as they kissed the way mother and daughter rarely did.

"Don't marry him!" I begged her as she rode me cowgirl, naked save for her stockings. Mom had been about to sit on my face but stopped when Bridget was confronted with the plea. We were less than an hour from the wedding, soon they'd come looking, it was my last chance and I threw it out there. For a moment Bridget looked bemused before seeming to debate the thought. "He can't love you more than we do," I added. "I'll marry you if it's a wedding you want."

Again she smiled and looked to Mom, not pausing her slow bucking on my erection. "I have to don't I?" She asked. "I can't pull out now."

"Oh Baby, you shouldn't feel pressured to wed," Mom offered. "If you're having doubts."

Bridget abandoned the smile and looked me in the eye before dropping forward, her breasts on my chest. "Prove you love me Aiden," she whispered into my mouth.

I thought I already had. What more did I have to do to show my affection for her, my love?

"I'll do anything," I pledged.

"Cum in me!"

"What?"

"Cum inside me little brother," she panted. "Fuck a baby into me, breed me. Make me your wife."

I glanced at Mom, nodding her approval as she masturbated before turning back to my sister. "Of course I will."

Bridget turned her attention to Mom as well. "I want you to watch, to witness. I want you right there to see it Mom."

Mom looked on the verge of another orgasm and blankly nodded. "Anything you want my angel."

With that Bridget slid off my cock and mounted our mother in a sixty nine position. I immediately climbed between my sister's legs and pressed my dick between mouth and pussy, my balls on my mother's face. Bridget's head was lost between Mom's legs, her face deep in cunt. Spreading my sister's ass cheeks I marvelled at how pretty her anus looked and it dawned on me we hadn't yet tried anal. That'll come, I told myself before pushing my cock between my mother's open lips.

With her chin pressed hard against Bridget's bald sex, I slid my dick deep into Mom's mouth, her hands holding my thighs, guiding me inside her. She wrapped her legs around Bridget's head and I wondered if any family had ever been this close before? I pulled out of Mom's throat slick with saliva and pressed my head to Bridget's awaiting vagina, Mom's hand rubbing me against her daughter's clitoris before stuffing me inside.

"Fuck her Aiden," Mom commanded. "Fuck your sister good. Fuck her for me, fuck her for the family."

I needed no further prompting. Falling forward I hugged Bridget's back as I thrust inside her. The slapping of my pelvis against her ass echoing around the room. The muffled moans of Bridget sighing as Mom came on her face. My hands slid over their bodies, up into Bridget's hair without care it would destroy the hairdo. I found Mom's ass beneath Bridget's head and squeezed, my finger dabbing on her puckered wet asshole. I lifted off and again spread Bridget's ass to watch my cock slide in and out of her pink as Mom allowed her daughter's head to be freed from its pussy prison.

She turned, resting her cheek on Mom's pubic bone and with closed eyes again begged me to cum inside her.

"Cum in her," Mom repeated between licking my balls. "Let me see you cum Baby."

And with Bridget squeezing her pussy around me, I let loose.

A torrent of semen surged from me and into my sister's vagina. Gushing cum as deep as possible. Into her uterus.

"God I can feel it," Bridget admitted. "I can feel your cum Aiden."

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," I yelled with each jet, with each thrust as my balls emptied.

With only one or two spurts left I pulled from Bridget and Mom took over, directing my cock into her mouth where she greedily ate my jizz, adding to the river of sperm overflowing from my sister's cunt and falling upon her face.

Cupping her pussy to stem the flow, Bridget climbed off and joined Mom at my cock, sucking and kissing my still erect penis between their mouths.

"I mean it you know," I stated, running my hand over Bridget's hair, the other on Mom's eyeshadow streaked cheek. "From this day forward, for as long as us three live. I consider myself married to both of you."

Smiling; joyous; proud to be my wives, they kissed and just as the clock struck three p.m. there was a knock at the door and we heard Nathaniel yelling for his fiancée.

\* \* \*

It was uncomfortable for a number of hours. After some shouting it was discovered Nathaniel had previously slept with one of the bridesmaids anyway so any guilt Bridget may have had, quickly evaporated. We managed to leave the resort without running into too many of the other guests and on the road we allowed ourselves to feel pretty good about the whole matter. I felt elated. I had secured my sister's presence in my life and had betrothed myself to not one but two women. The two women I loved most in the world.

It took the entire journey and pulling up in the driveway of our home before Bridget leaned forward between the two front seats and looked at me, a confused expression on her face.

"So hang on Aiden. Does this mean you actually aren't gay?" She questioned.

Mom and I just laughed.

The End.

Thank you for reading.