

The Awakening.

By PhoenixKiwi

It all started by accident! My name is Bill (short for William) and I have just turned 15. I have a sister, Anne who is nearly 14, and a brother Tom (short for Thomas) who is 12 & ½. There are 14 months between me and Anne and another 14 between her and Tom, our parents worked to a definite family planning. They are in their mid 30's I guess but I have never really thought about their ages and there is nothing outstanding about either of them, just normal everyday loving Mom and Dad. We live in an older Villa type house with four bedrooms, two on each side of a hallway, so we all have our own area of privacy. Mom and Dad have a double bedroom at the end of the hall on one side and I have the room opposite, the bathroom is between Anne's room and mine, and there is a small box-room between Mom and Dad's and Tom. There are a couple of stairs down to a lower level where the kitchen, small dining room and large lounge are. Our house is on quite a large section with lots of fruit trees and shrubs scattered around, a good-sized plot of vegetable garden and lots of flowerbeds. A double garage at the roadside and a small swimming pool amongst the trees in the back complete the make-up of our home and you should now have a good picture of our home life.

I can remember the day it all started as clearly as if it was just yesterday. It was a Saturday morning in early spring and the day had dawned beautifully. The sun was bright in a cloudless sky, the trees and shrubs all had their new growth and the birds and bees were active - all in all, a great spring morning and I loved it, as, to me, the best part of the day was early morning and I was usually out of bed long before my brother and sister. Today was no exception and there would be no movement from them for at least 2 more hours. Dad was in the lounge with his breakfast catching up on the news on TV, Mom was sitting at the breakfast bar, a small table that folded out from under a bench, drinking coffee and reading the paper and I was sitting halfway down the back steps having my toast and coffee in the fresh air. The only sounds to be heard were the twittering of the birds and the faint sounds of the TV and I was completely at peace.

When I had finished off my 2 pieces of toast I decided that another one would definitely be in order so I climbed to my feet to go inside and make it, but, when I turned to go up the steps, I got a shock. My eyes were on a level with mom's seat and I could clearly see up under her dressing gown. She was sitting rubbing, with one hand, her right foot as she rested it on her left knee and resting her chin on her other hand which was propped on the table, not aware of the view she was giving me. I was looking in out of bright sunshine into a darker area, shaded by the table, and at first I thought I was seeing her black panties but then I realised that what I could actually see was a patch of dense black hair. Mom was only wearing her nightie under her dressing gown and it had ridden quite far up her thighs and was providing no cover under her gaping gown.

I was struck dumb and couldn't believe what I was seeing. When I was young, female privates were very secret and concealed things and most of us, as horny teenagers, had only a very vague idea of what they looked like. I had only just begun to get interested in what occurred between the sexes and, despite having had the big "Birds and Bees" talk from Dad, and having received some vague



instruction in what passed for Sex Ed. Classes in those days, I still didn't have much idea as to exactly what was involved. I was riveted to the sight at the top of her thighs and I couldn't drag my eyes from it, Real Live Pussy! My imagination suddenly went into overdrive and if Mom hadn't suddenly moved her hand from her foot, indicating that she was about to look up, I would have continued looking forever. I woke suddenly from my trance and began to move up the steps as if nothing had happened, avoiding Mom's gaze when she looked at me.

"More Toast? Say, are you all right, Billie? You look a bit flushed. That sun's not too hot or are you possibly coming down with something?" Mom looked me over with some concern as I went to some pains to put her mind at rest. I was, by then, putting a slice of bread into the toaster and, from the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of her look down my body till she registered that I had an erection pushing out the front of my shorts. I couldn't help myself from blushing even more as I was highly embarrassed whenever this happened to me, seemingly without me being able to do anything to prevent it. I saw Mom then look down at her lap and turn very red-faced, herself, and quickly lower her foot, close her knees and flip her gown over them. She had obviously realised what a display she had been making and, because of my erection, she knew that I had probably seen.

Mom opened her mouth as if to say something but, thinking better of it, kept silent and got to her feet, and tousling my hair in passing, said,

"I'd better go and get dressed. Can't sit around in my nightwear all day, someone may come in and get a very embarrassing sight. Enjoy your toast, sweetie." And she gave me a peck on the cheek and headed off up the hall.

I settled at the table she had vacated and munched my toast, thinking about what had just occurred. I had never really registered Mom as a woman before, she was just, well, Mom, always there with help and love, to wash and feed us, run round after us, pander to us all - in general just your everyday loving mother. Suddenly, because of one careless moment, my perception of her had altered dramatically, and I now saw her as being a possibly available target for my dirty desires. One short glimpse of hair at the base of her tummy, and, to be truthful, that's all that I really registered, had changed her into a very desirable female and I wanted more, I didn't know precisely what, but I needed something.

My cock was still erect and I decided to do something about it, having discovered the pleasures of rubbing it long ago and recently commenced squirting out sticky white fluid, increasing the pleasurable sensation. I knew, from classes, that this was semen and needed to be planted in a woman to combine with her seed to create a baby but I was not too sure how. When I first started to squirt it out I used to badly stain my bed-sheets and I worried what Mom would think, while doing the laundry so I very quickly worked out to filch a towel and use it to soak it up my messes. I would head to my bedroom and dig out my towel, all crispy and smelly by now, and relieve myself, as it would be a long day if I was stuck with my cock uncomfortably poking out the front of my shorts.

As I was about to enter my room I heard Mom call from hers',



“Is that you, Billie? What are you up to?” I went over to her door, which was ajar a little, and pushed it open but didn’t go in. Mom was almost dressed sitting at her dressing table, brushing her hair, and she was wearing her slippers, a skirt and, wonder of wonders, just her bra on her top, obviously intending to complete her makeup before she put on her blouse, lying on the bed next to her.

“I thought I might read a few pages of my book before I go outside.” I said, needing an excuse to be in my room at that time of the day, “It’s right at an exciting stage and I can’t wait to find out what happens.”

“That’s OK then. I just thought that I might have been right earlier and you weren’t feeling well. You look a bit flushed again, come over here and let me see if you’ve got a fever.” I went over to her, a bit reluctantly, not knowing quite where to look, and after she had laid her hand on my forehead she went on,

“Hmm.. That feels completely normal. Why are you so red then? You’re not embarrassed about seeing your Mom in her underwear are you? Surely not! It’s just a bra after all, and a very plain and ordinary one at that.”

“Course I’m not. Why would I be embarrassed? You’re my Mom after all.” I was lying my teeth out as, even though her bra was an everyday white cotton one that almost completely hid her breasts, in my eyes it was fantastic. Bare pussy and breasts partly poking out of her bra, what a day, and it had hardly started.

“That’s OK then. You must have seen me or your sister, or maybe even a girlfriend, wearing one before. Give us a quick kiss and go and have your lie-down then.” Mom tilted her head, to let me kiss her, and smiled up at me. I gave her a quick buss on her lips and took a last brief peep at the creamy white flesh that bulged out of the top of each bra cup and headed for my room and much needed relief. I jerked myself off to a very forceful orgasm, fantasising about kissing and sucking Mom’s tits and playing with her pussy. I had just finished when Mom tapped on my door, in passing, and called out,

“How’s the book? Don’t spend too much time in there or get up to any mischief, will you.” And I heard her depart down the hall, knocking on both Tom and Anne’s doors and telling them it was time they were up if they wanted breakfast. I was nervous of whether she had heard me playing with myself and promising myself to take more care in the future.

I had tried for years to get a look at Anne’s body and to examine, in close-up, her hidden charms but she guarded her modesty with a devotion that bordered on fanaticism. I had never even managed to get a glimpse of her in her undies, let alone see bare skin, and this was despite my having offered her bribes, tried to blackmail her and, as a last resort, offered to exchange access rights, her to my body in return for being allowed to check hers out. Not a whisker – she just wouldn’t budge and I had finally given up on the direct approach and decided to try and peep on her while she was at her toiletry, but she always shut her bedroom door securely and snibbed the lock on the bathroom, foiling the old ‘Burst in by Mistake’ ruse.



I had almost given up on her when I noticed that there was a tiny 3-cornered rip in her window-blind, apparently it had faded and perished badly from old age, and I figured that this might give me my big chance if I could just get a lucky break. Anne went to bed about an hour earlier than me, and while this in itself was not a problem, the fact that it was normally reasonably early and she that was heading off while it was still quite light, was. I couldn't peep through her window if it was not dark enough, because of the season, to conceal me, so I needed to wait for winter or hope that she would be allowed to stay up late.

It was now some months after my first view of Mom and I had religiously trailed behind her trying to get further peeps. When she was gardening I would volunteer to help her and I would watch her backside in either her shorts or her skirt, if she drove us anywhere I always rode in the front to look at her legs and thighs when her skirt invariably rode up, I always positioned myself opposite her in the lounge when watching TV so as I could look up her skirt if she relaxed her legs, in other words I tried to give myself every possibility of seeing any further exposures. I think Mom was aware of my attention and was amused by it, but she was always very careful when I was around. I did manage to get a further couple of glimpses of her in her bra, once in quite a brief sexy one, as I had got in the habit of tapping on her door in passing, if I knew she was in there, and just poking my head round to say hello, increasingly often not waiting for her to say it was OK to enter. Why she didn't put a stop to my doing this I had no idea but, as I said, I think she found the whole scene amusing and decided to let me carry on to see how much I dared do.

Mom always bathed on Sunday and Wednesday evenings and showered on the other nights and I also began another habit of tapping on the door as I went up or down the hall and asking if she wanted her back washed. On night I did this as I was heading for my room and got the expected customary response,

“That's sweet of you to offer, but no thanks, I'm ok.”

But tonight turned out to be a bit different, as, while lying reading I heard firstly a curse, 'Damn and Blast. Why did I do that.' And then there was silence until I heard a tap on the shared wall and Mom call out,

“Billie. Billie. Are you still there? Can you come to the bathroom door please?” I went to the door and when there I called out,

“I'm here. What did you want, Mom?”

“I was trying to wipe some shampoo out of my eyes and I dropped my damned towel in the bath and it's soaked. Could you get me another one from the hot-water cupboard, please?” I fetched one and pushed the door open an inch or two and extended my arm in holding the towel, expecting her to take it from me.

“I'm still in the bath. Could you bring it in to me please? It's OK, I'm covered up and my modesty will be preserved.” She laughed as she said this and when I entered, somewhat nervously, I saw that she was sitting hunched forward, with her arms wrapped round her knees hugging them to her chest. The whole front of her was hidden and it was a reasonably innocent sight. Still very exciting to me though,



being this close to complete nudity, even if I couldn't see anything.

“Oh, thanks very much, sweetie. Could you just drop it on the chair beside me here, thanks.” I got even closer to her naked flesh when I followed her directions, and I was literally trembling with suppressed emotions.

“You deserve a reward for going to so much trouble for your old Mom. You keep saying you want to wash my back, so, since you're already in here, I suppose you can go ahead. That's only if you want to, that is.”

Did I want to? DID I WANT TO? Of course I wanted to so I dropped to my knees at the head of the bath and took up the sponge and cake of soap. Mom hadn't moved, still clutching her knees and concealing herself from me, and when I placed the soapy sponge on her shoulders with my trembling hand, she giggled and said,

“Relax. There's no need to be nervous, I'm not fragile and I won't break. In fact looking at the size of me, I probably wouldn't break if a piano fell on me. I've got to loose some weight.”

“Loose weight? Why would you want to do that? You're not fat, just comfortable. I don't know why women kid themselves that men like skinny birds – they don't.” I meant what I said, I would be very surprised if Mom was more than 6 or 7 pounds over her recommended weight and she looked real good.

It wasn't so much being frightened to touch her that was causing my trembling, rather it was the thought of someone coming up the front and catching us, but then I realised that the door was wide open making it look all innocent, which in Mom's view it probably was. I was also finding that touching Mom's bare skin, even though it was only her back and shoulders, was extremely arousing and the sight of such an expanse of warm pink skin available to me added to my excitement. When I realised that I could make out, through the bath-water, the top of the split in her backside it all got to be too much arousal and without laying a finger on myself I began to climax, shaking and squirming as the front of my underwear was filled with my semen. I had to bite down hard to stop myself from groaning or crying out and I don't think Mom realised what had happened to me, but I wouldn't be surprised if she did know.

“That was lovely and really gentle, pet. It was so good I might have to think about letting you do it again some time. Now, could you close the door when you leave, Please.” I climbed uncomfortably to my feet and, as I turned to leave, Mom picked up the discarded sponge with one hand, just allowing her bare breast to peep out and give me a glimpse of it and it's brown/pink tip. I needed urgently to return to my bedroom and change out of my wet and sticky, and rapidly cooling, underpants.

Chapter 2

Over the next few weeks nothing further happened between Mom and I but I did actually get very lucky and also learn something about women through my sister. What happened was that it was well into autumn and we would soon be closing down our pool for the winter and Anne decided that she and her friend, Mary-Anne,



would have a weekend together and get in a last couple of swims. On the Saturday I left them alone to their own devices but in the evening I teased them mercilessly and chased them round the house trying to tickle them. I tried to get Tom to join in but he was too busy practising his guitar for some competition that he was entered in the next day, and, anyway, he was still very uncomfortable in the company of girls. I was copping the odd quick touch of breast as we wrestled and rolled around and I think they were both enjoying the fun and games, and surprisingly even Anne wasn't complaining. There was nothing too serious going on, just a bit of kid's play of 'Grab Arse' and I noticed that they were both getting as good as they were giving, and I felt both their hands on my bum and dangerously close to my groin on more than one occasion.

When we were all finally sent to bed I was quite disappointed and I think the two girls felt much the same. Next afternoon, while I was reading in my room, I heard lots of giggling coming from Anne's room and then they finally exited to the pool, so I decided to join them. The parents and Tom were away to his concert? And that meant that we were left to amuse and look after ourselves, and 'Behave and do NOT get into mischief' was the last order we received prior to their departure.

When I arrived at the pool and dived into join them, ignoring their mock screams and protests, I found out what all the merriment was about, Mary-Anne apparently hated her own swim suit and had borrowed one from Anne. It was a bit too large for her and they had made it fit by tying the straps very short around her neck, and this meant that it rode a lot higher on her chest than it was supposed to and looked somewhat strange. Mary-Anne was embarrassed about being caught seen by me dressed like this but I reassured her that if had fitted correctly she would look absolutely marvellous in it, and, to be diplomatic, I also told my sister how great she looked as well, and I truly meant it, as she now filled out her suit extremely nicely and her figure was a lot fuller and a lot more feminine than the last time I had bothered to pay any notice.

We carried on from where we had left off last night with me trying to duck them and them attempting to do it to me, and every now and then I would dive under and throw one of them high up and out of the water. There was lots of screaming and laughing and I hoped that the neighbours weren't too worried about what was going on. Finally Anne decided that she had enough and swam to the edge of the pool and lifted herself out saying,

"I'm starting to get cold. I'm going to get dressed and make some tea and sandwiches. Are you coming Mary?" She stood, snapping her suit down over her butt cheeks, with her forefingers, as woman do, and headed inside when Mary-Anne replied,

"I might just have a few more minutes. It's the last swim of this year, after all. I'll be in shortly for the tea, though."

Anne looked a bit put out that her friend had chosen to remain with me rather than accompany her and we skylarked for a few more minutes before Mary-Anne swam to the edge and hoisted herself out and spun around to finish up sitting on the walkway round the pool with her legs dangling in the water. I dove down and



swam after her, under-water, and came up directly in front of her and rested my folded arms on her thighs and floated there talking with her. To my extreme gratification I discovered that the swimsuit was much too large for Mary-Anne and the crutch of it had slipped to one side, leaving her pussy completely exposed. I had an instant erection, despite the cold water, a dry mouth and I became totally incoherent. I knew I was babbling nonsense to her but I didn't want to stop and maybe give her to think and possibly become aware of what a wonderful sight she was providing me and cover it up. After letting me rave on for a couple of minutes, flicking my eyes from her pussy to her face, she said,

“Well? What do you think of it? Why don't you concentrate on it and have a good look? I made certain my back is facing the house so Anne can't see, if that's what's worrying you.” And she spread her legs further apart to give me a better view. This was my first lesson about the fairer sex – females are just as horny, in most cases, as males and sometimes more so and are often less shy and more willing to experiment. She knew, all the time, what I was looking at and it wouldn't surprise me to learn that she had pulled the cloth aside herself, while I was swimming under water, to show off her charms.

This was my first close up view of a real live pussy, in fact it was my first real view of any pussy, as I hadn't really been able to see Mom' properly. I could see two folds of flesh shaped like lips that bulged out quite prominently and were separated by a split between them. They were closed tightly and I couldn't see in between them but I could make out a wee hard knob sort of thing at the top end of the split and there was a very fine scattering of fair coloured hair fanning out from the top of her split and disappearing up her tummy under the swimsuit.

“You can touch it if you want. Rub the wee lump at the top, I like that and it gets me excited. Be careful though, it's all still pretty new to me as well.” Mary-Anne was not shy in letting me experiment and wanted to do some of her own. “Have you got a hard on, and can I see it and would you let me touch it as well?”

My sense of fair play, and the thought that she might go inside if I didn't agree, encouraged me to get out and sit beside her where I lowered the front of my suit as far as I could, while staying seated, and my cock stood up proudly to her admiring gaze. May-Anne lowered her hand and ran her finger up and down the full length of my cock pulling away quickly when it twitched and she apologised for hurting me.

“You didn't hurt me, it just got excited at someone else touching it, you can hold it and touch it all you want.” When she wrapped her hand around it I placed my hand on her cunt and slid my finger up and down, pushing it gently in between the lips, and giving her wee nubbin a rub, in passing, as she asked. The whole area down there was starting to feel wet (and not from swimming) and slippery and when my fingers slid a bit lower I got another surprise when I discovered a hole that seemed to invite my finger to enter. I was a bit nervous about pushing it in but when I tried she squeezed my cock harder and groaned out ‘That feels lovely’ and I knew I was on the right track.

We were both starting to get quite intense about what we were doing and I could have killed Anne when she opened the window and called to us, causing us to pull



apart,

“Are you two coming in? The tea’s brewed and I’ve made sandwiches. What have you been up to out there all this time, anyway?” I swore quietly and getting to my feet yelled back that we were on our way inside and that we had been talking.

“Bugger! I was just starting to enjoy that when your damned sister poked her nose in. There won’t be another chance to get together now either.” Mary-Anne had been enjoying our play and investigation just as much as me. “I’ll need to give myself a climax tonight after that. Do you masturbate very often? I’d have loved to see you doing it and let you see me. I wish I was staying another night.”

I was flabbergasted at her frankness and extremely excited at the thought of seeing her playing with herself, I didn’t even know that girls did that sort of thing, but I had a pretty good idea how, now. I decided that since she was being so honest with me I would be straight up with her in return,

“I jack-off most nights and sometimes even more than once during the day. What about you?”

“Yeah, I do it most days as well. It’s such a great feeling and I sleep so well afterwards.” Mary-Anne was a bit flushed with embarrassment but not overly so.

“Does Anne do it also?” I had just asked the question when Anne opened the door for us, a bit grumpy, and she took so long stirring us up for being so slow to come in that I didn’t get an answer. We had our tea and sandwiches and they both disappeared into Anne’s room to get dry and changed and they didn’t emerge again until the others came home.

Dad had arranged to drive her home and Anne was going along for the ride. Tom had disappeared into his room, I don’t think he did too well in his competition, and before leaving Mary-Anne went over and gave Mom a hug and kiss and then, to my great surprise, came and gave me the same. My first kiss from a person outside my family and it felt very nice and I would have like to receive a lot more. When she let go of me and turned away to leave, I felt her slip something into my pocket and after they had gone I discovered that it was a note.

‘Thank you for such a lovely experience.
It’s a pity that we couldn’t finish.
Maybe we could go to a movie or something together
Phone me on 327 5578
And, yes she does almost as much as you.’

The last line had me confused for a second or two but I realised that she was answering my earlier question and I was shocked at her reply as I had suddenly discovered that Anne was also now a woman and a sexual object, and that there were two of them in my home – I was growing up and becoming aware very rapidly.

I began watching my sister as closely as my mother in the hope of getting a peak at her as well but, sadly, she continued to be very careful and keep herself hidden



from prying eyes. There was once, when Mom was taking us somewhere, that I think I got a quick glimpse of her white panties as her dress rode up when she was getting into the car. I wasn't sure whether this was what I had seen but it was food for my masturbatory fantasies for some time.

Things just continued along with nothing exciting happening, Mom kept turning down my offers to wash her back and I didn't get to see her in an undressed state, despite my regular 'Knock & Enters', and Anne still kept herself hidden from me. I was not making much progress in my attempts to improve my sex life, if that's what I was doing, and I hadn't even worked up enough nerve to phone Mary-Anne. Suddenly another major event occurred and it happened because I managed to bunk of the last class at school and get an early ride home.

I found no sign of Mom in the lower end of the house and guessed that she was probably in her room, so I went up the hall, quietly but not actually sneaking, and gave a quick knock on the parents bedroom door and just walked in. I had finally cracked it as Mom looked up in some surprise, seeing me home this early, and she was sitting on the edge of their double bed in just her panties, bra and stockings that she was sliding off. She quickly got over her shock and pretended that nothing untoward was happening,

"You're home early, Sweetie. Sneak away did you? Do you want to sit and tell me about your day?" Mom continued to slide her stocking down her leg as I nodded my agreement to her query.

"You'd better close the door then, just in case Anne and Tom come home, and then come over and sit here." She patted the bed next to her.

I got the idea that Mom didn't mind me seeing her in her undress but she didn't want anybody else to, it looked as if the 'privileges' she extended to me didn't apply to either my brother or my sister, and I found that this small shared intimacy very stimulating. Mom was wearing silky, pink toned underwear of the loose-legged type with a matching bra that seemed to lift her breasts up and together, giving her a pronounced cleavage. From where I was sitting, chatting, I could look down on the top of her breasts and I was surprised at how large and soft looking they appeared to be and I could see faint blue veins just under the delicate white skin of them. They were a very delicate and exotic sight and I wished that I could see them without their covering and support and that I was able to touch and fondle them.

Mom was fully aware of where I was looking and she made no comment or effort to cover them up and I thought that I could make out a faint smile on her face, I think she was quite proud of her breasts and enjoyed people admiring them. She had removed one stocking by now and began to take off the other one, from the leg further away from me, by sliding it down her thigh to her knee and then lifting her leg, and, leaning slightly back, sliding it down the rest of her leg and over and off her foot. When she leaned back the front of her panties came into my sight and I could clearly see the outline of her large triangle of black hair that was only partly concealed by the thin almost transparent cloth. Lifting her leg also had the effect of pulling the crotch of her panties tight and moulding to her pussy, and, now that I



knew what to look for, I could clearly picture the large lips under the clinging nickers. Naturally I developed a hard-on and it was very obvious, pushing out the front of my pants as it was, and I saw Mom look down at it and then look at her own front, observing what I was seeing.

“I suppose I shouldn’t be letting you see me in my underwear but as you’ve already seen part of me bare, when you washed my back, I suppose it can’t do any harm. The undies do cover me, after all, and I wouldn’t be surprised if my bare back isn’t all that you’ve had a peep of, Hmmm?”

Mom looked at me, quizzically, and I wondered if she had registered me looking under her nightie, that morning so long ago, but I tried to look innocent and pretend I had no idea what she was referring to.

She stood up to stand in front of me and slowly turned right round, giving me a view of both her front and back. When she was facing me again she asked,

“I want you to tell me the truth. Do you think I’m too fat and overweight?” Mom looked to be waiting anxiously for my response, and when I assured her that her body was just perfect, she went on, “What about my tummy?” patting it with the flat of her hand, “Don’t you think it’s far too big and ugly?”

“Nah, the small bulge in the front of your nickers is very sexy.”

She then turned and grabbed her bum, clutching and squeezing a buttock in each hand, and said, “Well what about my big bum? Surely I need to take a bit of fat off these?” Taking my life in my hands I leant forward and gripped one cheek and gave it a squeeze myself and then replied,

“It feels pretty good to me. Why would you alter something that’s just right? I don’t know what your worrying about.”

Mom preened a bit and once again spun slowly in front of me, saying as she did so,

“Thank you, Gallant Sir. How nice that you appreciate me. I thought my old, fat body would repel somebody young like you.”

“Don’t be silly, Mom. You know you’re not old or fat and, far from repelling me, I love the sight of you. You’ve got great breasts and a lovely bum and I wish I could see more of them.” I was getting more self-confident and cheekier as I got older and I figured there was nothing like promoting my cause.

Mom giggled and blushed a little before replying,

“Chance would be a fine thing! You’ve already seen more of me than is probably good for you! It’s a bit scandalous, this, parading in front of my son in my underwear and if anybody found out they’d be shocked. Now get out of here while I get changed into something to fix tea in.”

And, without waiting for me to leave, she unfastened her bra and let it fall, giving me a brief but clear view of her unfettered breasts in all their wondrous glory.



My next naughty adventure occurred about ten days later. Dad had taken Tom to his music lesson and he and Anne had gone to the library to swap their books and wait for Tom. Mom and I were home by ourselves, a very occasional occurrence, and she decided to have her bath while it was quiet. I waited till she was in the bath and tapped on the door with my usual offer and was astounded when she replied,

“OK. Why not? I enjoyed it the last time. Come on in.” and she was hunched forward as before when I entered. She looked over her shoulder as I came in and went on,

“You’ll have to take your shirt off. It’s got long sleeves and you’ll get wet, otherwise.” I did as she asked and knelt at the head of the bath again and picked up the sponge.

“Where’s the soap, Mom? I’ve got the sponge but can’t see it?”

“Oops.” Mom went red, “Its down here on the bottom. I’d better not let you fish for it, never know what you might find!” she unfolded one arm, freeing up the breast that it was concealing, and fumbled round under her bent knees, finally holding it out to me triumphantly. “Here it is! Oh! It looks as if I was wasting my time trying to hide them from you.” And she didn’t try to cover up her bare breast again, just concentrated on keeping her lower parts out of my sight.

This gave me an idea and when I had washed about half of what I could get at, I carefully dropped the soap down her back and, seemingly without thought, I reached down and felt around as if trying to locate it. I kept ‘accidentally’ knocking it away from my searching fingers, giving me more opportunity to feel her bum. Mom was giggling and wriggling round trying to escape my invading fingers and she complained,

“What are you doing down there? You shouldn’t be touching your mother like that! Get your soap and get out of there! If you don’t stop that in the next couple of hours I’m going to get upset.” And she giggled even more.

Protecting her breasts from my sight seemed to have gone by the board in all the play and they now floated on the water in full view, in full large glory with large pink tips capped by darker coloured nipples. I was desperate to get a feel of them but I didn’t want to risk upsetting her and loosing my present rights, so I did nothing. When I was finished doing her back I risked asking if she wanted anything else doing, since I was already here and more than willing.

Mom went silent and I thought I had really put my foot in my mouth, but then she replied,

“Well, I suppose you’ve seen all of me above my waist so there’s no reason you shouldn’t wash there. You can do my sides and front to water level if you want, but not an inch further.”



I carried on with a lot of enthusiasm eventually finishing her sides, neck and upper chest, and then even holding her arms and washing right down to her finger-tips. Eventually all that was left unwashed and above water were her breasts and I approached them somewhat warily, not sure how to handle them, and paused, too uncertain to go ahead.

“Just cup them in your hand and wash them gently. You won’t hurt me and I know you’ve been dying to cop a feel of them. I like to have them handled so you won’t offend or upset me.” She looked at me and grinned, trying to give me some confidence.

I did as she directed and got a wondrous surprise, they didn’t feel anything like I had imagined. They were heavier and softer, sort of warmer and harder to contain than I thought and I was more surprised and impressed when her nipples began to grow and harden under my touch and gentle washing. Finally I was completely finished and had no more excuse to carry on so I placed the sponge back in the holder and sat back on my heels.

“Finished? That’s a pity! I was really enjoying your ministrations, so gentle and sweet. I hope you’ll want to do this again for me – it was ever so wonderful.” Mom really looked and sounded as if she had enjoyed my work and that there definitely would be other occasions.

“ Now get out of here and let me finish. You’ve seen all of me you’re going to, and I’ve probably granted you too much freedom already.” She waited till I was on my feet and went out, reluctantly, and, closing the door behind me, I headed for my bedroom to relieve myself, the need being most urgent.

Chapter 3

A week or so after this episode I finally concluded that I wouldn’t summon up the nerve to phone Mary-Anne and if I wanted to make any progress with her I needed to approach her in some other way. I decided to try writing her a letter and getting Anne to deliver it for me, so, ‘striking while the iron was hot’ (and before I lost my nerve) I sat down and penned my request.

‘Mary-Anne,
I’m sorry not to have phoned you but when it came down to it I was frightened that you were kidding me and would just laugh when I called.
Pretty stupid, eh? I’m inexperienced and insecure and I will understand if you turn me down. Just do it nicely though, please.
If you did want to go out with me let me know and we could go to a movie or bowling or something. I’d really like to be with you anywhere.
Love
Bill.’

When I was sure that Anne was in her room and I could talk to her on her own, I knocked on her door and went in, pushing the door closed behind me. She was lying on her bed, reading some love magazine or other, and she looked up and said,



“What do you want, Creep?” for some reason she had been somewhat hostile to me since Mary-Anne’s visit.

“I was wondering if you could give this note to Mary-Anne at school for me?” I tried my best to put a ‘grateful in advance’ look on my face.

“Why should I do that for you? What’s in it? No, don’t tell me. I bet you want to ask her out but are too frightened to phone her, right?” I didn’t bother to reply, I knew she could see that she had hit the nail on the head by the look on my face.

“Give it here then. I know why you want to see her. I think it was absolutely disgusting what you did to her at the pool. You should be ashamed of yourself for what you did to her. Taking advantage of an innocent girl like that. You should apologise to her and then stay away from her.” It was painfully obvious that the two of them had been talking and I didn’t think that Mary-Anne had given her the whole story, and when she went on,

“I told her that she should tell either her parents or ours what you had done.” I was sure of it.

“It was just as much her doing as it was mine. She seemed just as keen to touch me as I was her and I’m pretty sure that she uncovered herself deliberately.” I was making sure that Anne knew it wasn’t down to just me and I was fairly pissed that she could think that of me.

“Don’t give me that! She would have told me if that was true. We tell each other everything.” I couldn’t believe that Anne would take her word before mine and I was so angry that I lashed out, verbally,

“Yeah, I know that. You even told her how often you play with yourself. Like – every day. If you feel that badly about me then don’t bother. Stick the note up your arse.” Anne knew straight away how angry I was, as I never used bad language in front of the family, and, when I turned to leave her she quickly stopped me,

“Don’t go. I really didn’t think that you would do anything bad to her and I guessed what had probably happened. I was a bit jealous of her getting an experience like that before me. I’m sorry and I will deliver your note. She didn’t really say that about me, did she?”

“I’m afraid to say that she did. I did ask her first, though. Anyway, if you wanted to find out something or experiment, why didn’t you ask?” I threw in the last bit sort of as a casual remark in passing.

“The bitch – I never thought she would blab out our secrets. And don’t be so silly, you’re my brother, after all!” Anne didn’t look too convinced at her denial and I turned and left, saying as I went out,

“Thanks for the note, and what difference would being your brother make? I wouldn’t be telling anyone and I don’t suppose you would either?” and I closed the door softly behind me leaving her to consider what I had said.



A couple of days later Anne knocked on my door and came in when I grunted OK.

“I gave her the note and she said that she would love to go out with you. Anytime will be OK – just phone her and let her know when. She seemed very pleased to get asked.”

“Thanks very much, Anne. I really appreciate that. I was too nervous to phone her – stupid eh?” I was waiting for her to leave but she went on,

“No, I don’t think you’re stupid at all. It’s quite frightening to have to ask for something you’re very uncertain about.” She paused as if uncertain how to go on and I could see that she wanted something,

“Do you want to ask me something? Just ask away – you know anything between us will stay between us. I’m not like Mary-Anne – I don’t blab out secret stuff.”

“You remember how the other day you said I shouldn’t worry about us being brother and sister?” When I nodded that I did, she went on, “You’ve got to promise me that if I ask you something you won’t laugh at me or ever, ever tell anyone. I’d just die if you did.”

I could see that she was very serious and I decided that the least I could do was treat her request in the same manner,

“Come on, Anne. You know you don’t have to ask that. You’re my sister, for God’s sake, and you know I wouldn’t do anything to hurt you. Now just ask me what you want to.”

“OK. Now remember what you promised - I’ve been dying to see a man’s thing for ages and to learn exactly how men masturbate. Would you let me see yours? There! I’ve asked. I suppose you think I’m disgusting and terrible now, - just a slut.” I couldn’t help myself and I laughed a little and she instantly cried out,

“Oh. You promised you wouldn’t laugh at me. You bastard.” And she turned to leave and I quickly stopped her, saying,

“I’m not laughing at your request. I’m laughing at you being so nervous. I’m just as keen as you are to see the opposite sex jacking off. I’ll show you mine if you’ll show me yours? We’ll have to be careful though.”

A relieved smile came over her face and she appeared to breath a sigh of relief before suggesting,

“We must be able to get together sometime. What about tomorrow night? I was going with Mom and Dad for a meal when they take Tom to his music – I’ll claim too much homework and stay home. What do you think?”

I agreed eagerly and she slipped out leaving me with my imagination working overtime fantasising about tomorrow night.



When I got home, first, from school next day I tapped on Moms' room as usual and this time I got lucky. Mom was getting ready for their meal out and was sitting in front of her dressing table putting her make up on. I sat beside her, on the bed, to talk to her.

“Are you sure that you don't want to come with us all for a meal? It's not too late to change you mind, you know.”

When I confirmed that I really didn't want to go we just chatted in general as she finished putting her face on and brushing and pinning up her hair. I watched as she got up and went to her wardrobe and selected a dress and held it in front of her, asking,

“What about this? Think it will look all right? And that I won't look too fat in it?” Mom really seemed to have a thing about her weight and once again I reassured her,

“It will look great and, as I've told you before, you're nothing like being too fat. You're just right.”

“Thanks for that, sweetie. For being such a good son I'll let you choose which underwear I wear tonight.”

She opened her drawer and asked me to choose a set for her. This was the first time I had been in there and I was a bit surprised at how many and how different they all were, a mixture of all colours imaginable and many different types of material.

I fumbled through them, finding it a very exciting task, and the sensual feel of them in my fingers and the thoughts of what they concealed soon had the predictable result and I was sporting a hard-on. I finally chose a thin, lacy and almost transparent set of black briefs and bra and held them out to Mom and saw that she was standing, looking at my erection with an amused look on her face, as she took them from me.

“I might have known you'd choose them. All men seem to love black underwear. It must be the naughty aspect of the colour, it being the opposite to virginal white, that gets you all excited.” She began to unbutton her blouse and I waited for her to ask me to leave and, when she didn't, I remained and watched her remove it. When she began unsnapping the clasp of her bra I was sure that, now, she would definitely make me go but, once again, she said nothing, just slipped out of it, baring her breasts to my eager view. She cupped a breast in each hand and rubbed and massaged them gently, as she said,

“Oh, it feels so good to have them free. I wish I was still young enough to go bra-less all the time. But they'd soon be banging against my knees if I tried that nowadays.” She continued to rub them as I watched and thought that they were still holding up pretty impressively for her age and I suddenly blurted out,



“Could I touch them again for a bit. I’ve almost thought about nothing else except how wonderful they felt in the bath and I’ve been dying to try again. Please! I could massage them for you.”

Mom thought for just an instant then moved closer and released them to just swing there awaiting my touch and I soon had them cupped in my hands, wondering yet again at the softness and smoothness of them. I don’t know why, it just occurred to me out of the blue, but suddenly I let go of one breast and held the other one with both hands and leant forward and ran my tongue over the nipple before sucking it between my lips (I wonder if is something that remains in the subconscious from breast feeding as a baby?). It puckered up and then seemed to swell and harden almost instantly, just like my cock seemed to do all the time and Mom let out a long sigh.

“I knew it wasn’t a good idea to let you get in the habit of coming into my bedroom. I was sure that it would lead to mischief and I was right. Now you’d better let go so as I can carry on getting dressed.” I did as she directed and watched, with some sadness, as she draped the straps of her fresh bra over her shoulder and then bend at the waist to lower her breasts into the cups before snapping the fastener. She unfastened her skirt and dropped it to the floor and stepped out of it, finishing up in just her black bra and white cotton nickers and looking extremely sexy and arousing.

I got a great view of her panty-covered bum and a hint of her pussy pouting down at the top of her thighs, when she bent over to pick up her discarded skirt. I thought I might have finally got lucky enough to watch her remove her panties in front of me but it was to my great disgust that I heard her order,

“Now, you had better get out of here, young man. You’ve already seen a lot more of me than is good for you. Only your father has seen more than you and if you think I’m going to take my panties off in front of you, you’re sadly mistaken. Now go!” Mom just stood there unmoving, making sure that I knew she was definite about what she had said and to make sure that I closed her door after me.

“I don’t think that’s very fair, getting me to chose something and then not letting me see it being worn.” I made sure that she heard this as I walked out and it wasn’t long after I had settled on my bed that I heard a gentle knock and Mom walked in.

“I heard what you said and decided that maybe I was being a bit hasty and unfair. You’re just changing into a man and are naturally inquisitive about the opposite sex and want to see the differences. I suppose I’ve been a bit naughty letting you see what you already have but it doesn’t appear to have done either of us any harm. You’ve seen me in just my undies before and you did choose them, so here you are. They’re not much different from a bikini after all.” She stood straight and proud, extended her arms and slowly did a twirl for me.

What a sight, the panties and bra were very brief and designed, presumably, to be seen and to arouse rather than conceal. The bra didn’t so much ‘hold and support’ more sort of ‘uplifted’ and half of each nipple showed below the bulging orbs of flesh and the panties were very brief, with a thin line of pubic hair showing above the waist of them, very tight, clinging to her and moulding closely enough to show



each lip of her pussy and the split between them, and very, very thin, allowing the dense patch of pubic hair to be easily distinguished.

The were really nothing like a bikini, the fact that I knew they were underwear and not swimwear didn't help, and I had another instant erection that pushed out the front of my sweat pants and Mom looked at this and said, as she turned to leave,

“Well, I hope you enjoyed that. It seems to have had a very definite effect on you and I am sure that I have done the wrong thing – still too late now, I suppose. Well I'd better go and get dressed before any of the others catches me like this. I'd better close your door for you, it looks a if you'll be needing some privacy!” She smirked as she said this and giggled as she left, doing just as she said she would, closing the bedroom door behind her.

I was going to lower my pants and do as she had alluded, jerk myself off, but then I thought how it would be if Alice and I managed to get together as she had suggested. My ejaculation would be that much more powerful and copious if it was my first for the day, rather than the second, so I decided to hold off and wait for later. I stayed in my room, doing homework, coming out when I heard them nearly ready to leave, going down to the lounge to say goodbye. I feigned surprise when I saw that Anne didn't appear to be going with them,

“It looks like you're about to leave. Where's Anne? I thought she was going with you?” and after being told she was remaining home to do a large load of homework, I went on,

“Hmm.. Didn't think she was that dedicated. Must be pretty important for her to miss a meal out. Oh well, have a good night and don't be late. You know what you're all like when you don't get a good nights sleep.” And I laughed at my own joke as Dad and Tom walked out the front door.

“OK See you later, fix yourselves something to eat and we won't be late. And just you leave your sister alone, she won't want you pestering her if she's got all that work to do.” And Mom gave me a quick peck on the cheek as she followed Dad and Tom out the door, turning to wink at me and say,

“Hope you enjoyed yourself before, and I must say that I feel quite naughty, wearing underwear like this, and going out with one of my sons.” She smiled as she disappeared into the darkness.

I watched TV in the lounge for about 10 minutes to make sure they were well on their way and wouldn't return for something left behind before going up the front and knocking on Anne's door.

“Come in.” she replied to my knock, her voice trembling a little in nervous anticipation. “I wondered if you'd come or whether you'd change your mind.”

“There was no chance of that happening. I thought it was likely that you would be too scared to go through with it but it looks like we're both more determined than the other thought.”



“I have been really excited since we talked yesterday and I had to play with myself as soon as you left and I had a huge climax. Must have been anticipation, I guess.” Anne’s voice was almost a whisper as she revealed this to me and she was blushing as she told me, “I’ve been excited nearly all the time since, too.”

“How do you want to do this?” I asked and when she suggested that we should sit at opposite ends of her bed, facing each other, I went to the foot of the bed and, after dropping and stepping out of my jeans, I sat, cross-legged, facing her in just my underpants, socks and tee shirt. Anne was also sitting cross-legged facing me with the hem of her skirt carefully pulled over her knees keeping everything concealed.

“Now what?” I was a bit disconcerted as Anne could see my seriously hard cock tenting the front of my shorts well out and I could see nothing of her. She licked her lips, still very timid and nervous and slowly pulled the hem of her dress up over her knees and slowly, ever so slowly slid it higher and higher, revealing an ever-increasing expanse of soft, white inner thigh flesh to my eager gaze. My mouth had dried and I was riveted to the sight and I doubt if I could have looked away even if Dad had come raging into the room, and when her nickers finally came into view I had to swallow a couple of times to get rid of the lump in my throat.

It was immediately obvious that Anne had been telling the truth about her almost constant arousal as there was a very large wet patch in the crotch of her panties. The cotton was so wet that it had become almost diaphanous and her pussy was almost completely revealed to my excited gaze. I licked my very dry lips and kept staring and Anne looked down at herself and blushed bright scarlet and buried her face in her hands.

“Don’t be so embarrassed and silly. It’s no different from my condition. All it means is that you are very excited, the same as my hard on shows. Look!” I pulled the waistband of my shorts down and let my cock free to stand up erect, hard against my belly. I went on, “Look how excited I am, I don’t think it’s ever been this hard before, and see how I also get wet when I get really excited, see how it oozes out of the tip of my cock.”

There was a definite drip slowly coming from my cock and she took her hands away so as she could get a good look at it. Slowly she came back to normal and her face cooled down and when I suggested,

“If you have a look at your pussy you will see how the moisture seeps from it in much the same way and it looks much like mine.” I was guessing about this but it seemed sort of logical and it was calming her down. I didn’t want any problems putting a stop to the action at that stage. Anne reached down and pulled the gusset of her nicker aside and bared her pussy to view, much the same way that Mary-Anne’s had been, but in a very different state. Where Mary-Anne’s had been bare and tightly closed, Anne’s had a thick sprinkling of black hairs spread over lips, which appears to my ‘experienced’ eye, seemed to be swollen and spread apart, in comparison. I could see some pink fleshy folds inside and, at the top of her split, her nubbin was larger and stood out a whole lot more and, this time, I could also



see the hole into which I had inserted my finger when I was playing with Mary-Anne.

My reaction and fascination with her pussy had calmed her right down and she was keen to move on a bit further and suggested,

“Shell we masturbate at the same time and watch each other for extra excitement? Lets take our underwear off so we can see better.” Anne lifted her butt from the bed and slid her panties down her legs and then wriggled and got them right off as I did the same with my underwear. She was about to throw them aside when I stopped her,

“Can I have them here to use to catch my semen in when I spurt it out? It will make a bit of a mess otherwise.” She handed them over and I sat them down beside me, ready. Anne’s dress had fallen down covering her when she leaned forward to hand her nickers to me, and, when I looked at her covered crotch, she quickly pulled her dress right up to her waist, more than giving me a clear view.

“I’ll start and you can follow. Is that OK?” and when she nodded her head I wrapped my hand around my cock and began to slide it up and down, reasonably slowly at first. I watched her hand go down to her own privates and she began to slide the top part of both her fore and second fingers back and forth between the lips of her pussy in time with my manipulations. As I slowly sped up and squeezed tighter so she rubbed harder and began rubbing her nubbin with her thumb. Eventually our needs differed and we began to work to our own personal rhythms, Anne leaning back and getting increasingly aroused until she began to jam fingers deep in herself until she had three of them pumping vigorously in and out and it seemed as if the only two things important in her life at that point was her oncoming orgasm and mine, which was almost there as well.

Finally Anne reached her climax and I slowed my movements as I watched her, shaking and groaning, very red in colour, and appearing quite desperate to savour every instant of pure overwhelming pleasure. It was quite a dramatic show to watch and I felt quite jealous that it appeared so much more intense than my own. When she had regained control she concentrated on watching me and I went back to attaining my own relief. It wasn’t long in coming and I began to eject large spurts of semen with great force and I grabbed Anne’s panties and held them to catch my spendings.

“That was incredible. Is it always like that? So much of it and so much force. It must feel strange when it squirts like that inside a woman, I wonder how it really feels, but I can’t see how something that big can fit in there.” She wriggled her finger in her opening to demonstrate how small it was. “What shall we do now?”

“I’d love to see you completely naked. I bet your breasts are really pretty.” I had no sooner spoken than she was on her feet, pulling her dress over her head and quickly removing her bra to stand, fully exposed to my admiring view. I was right, her breasts were quite small but they were exquisitely shaped and pointed up, like a snub nose, with very pink little nipples, they were very different to Mom’s but they were just as enticing and inviting. She was actually preening as I looked her over carefully and seemed to have completely lost that sense of modesty that had



ruled her life up to now.

“Why don’t we just lie on your bed and talk and maybe do it again later before the others come home?” Anne seemed to think that my suggestion was a good one and said in her turn,

“That’s a great idea. I’m hungry though. Should I go down to the kitchen and bring us something to munch on?” and when I nodded she turned to go without putting anything on and I watched in total admiration as her tight little buttocks bounced up and down, cheekily, as she wriggled her bum walking out the door.

Chapter 4

It wasn’t long before Anne returned, bringing with her a container of milk, a bag of potato crisps and a couple of bananas, and she climbed back onto the bed and sat, cross-legged again, opposite me with her booty between us.

“God! I would never have guessed how exciting it could be to walk about the house stark naked. I can’t believe what a change has happened in just a short time. This was the only easy food I could find without having to fix something. Will it do?”

I grabbed the carton of milk as I nodded and opened it as she ripped the crisps open, biting the cellophane between her teeth. I took a deep gulp and passed over the milk swapping it for a handful of crisps and began to crunch them, as I looked her over carefully. I hadn’t really realised how attractive my sister was and I now discovered that her face was pretty, appealing and sensual, with sparkling eyes, high cheekbones and a wide, full-lipped mouth with turned up corners. Her neck wasn’t particularly long but it was thin and graceful and drew my eyes down to her breasts, which I adored, as I said before, and on down to her tummy, a young woman’s -flat and firm and with a deep indentation for a navel. Her dark pubic hair was quite profuse and topped a pussy that, because of the way her legs were spread, was open and sowing the inner folds, very pink and fresh looking. I could feel myself becoming slowly erect and by the time I had followed her legs down to her toes I was completely hard again.

Anne’s eyes were not inactive as I checked her out and she was looking me over just as carefully. I was pleased that my body was up to being looked at and when her eyes lifted to meet mine I gave her a wide grin.

“What? What? Am I looking a bit funny or something? Tell me!”

“No, nothing. I was just thinking that 24 hours ago you wouldn’t even have let me have a glimpse of your underwear – let alone anything else. Now look at us. I can see right inside your pussy!” Once again I gave her a self-satisfied smile and she returned it.

“Well, you’re no better! Look at the state of your dick and you’ve been eating with your mouth open as you leered at me. You’ve dropped crumbs all over yourself!” I looked down and saw that there were a few bits of crisp on my chest and Anne



licked her fingertip and bent over and patted them off me and then put her finger in her mouth and slowly sucked it clean, looking deep into my eyes as she did so.

I was not sure why but I found her action very exciting and I couldn't take my gaze from hers as she raised the milk carton to her mouth and tilted it. She gulped most of the milk but some overflowed and ran down her chin and dripped onto her chest and breast. She put down the milk and just sat there making no move to wipe herself and I leaned forward and extended my tongue to lick her clean. Some of the milk had run down as far as her nipple and I started by sucking as much of her breast into my mouth as I could and flicking my tongue over her nipple, which caused it to immediately stiffen and swell. I wondered if this felt anything like feeding a baby and, as it was obviously exciting Anne, did woman get sexually aroused while breast-feeding. I don't know where this thought appeared from and it quickly disappeared as I released her breast and slowly lapped up the rest of the trail of milk up her chest, up her throat and then cleaned the last of it off her chin, finishing up with my tongue right beside the corner of her mouth.

As my tongue had slid over her skin, Anne hadn't moved but a slight shiver had seemed to go right through her body and, when my tongue paused by her lips, she was looking deep into my eyes from our very close proximity and she seemed to be in a state of wonderment. I thought, 'What the hell?' and went on slipping my extended tongue slowly across her closed lips and, when I heard her sort of sigh deep in her throat, did it again and this time she parted her lips then opened her mouth a little. I stopped licking and probed gently with my tongue and was astounded when she allowed me to enter her mouth. This was the first time I had ever kissed anyone other than my mother or my aunts, and, even though Anne was my sister, it was highly arousing, sister or not.

Anne seemed to be as deeply involved in the kiss as I was and she dropped the rest of the bag of chips aside, wrapped her arms round me and lowered herself backwards and we finished up lying flat, with me resting on top of her naked torso. Her breasts were crushed against my chest and I could feel her small nipples hardening and digging into me, we were both sucking hard at each other as our excitement grew. I began to slide my hands over as much of her body as I could get at and Anne offered no protest, just clutching my head in both hands, preventing me from pulling away. The way I was angled to her, lying face down with my erection pressed into her duvet, allowed me access to her body from about the waist down and I tentatively ran my hand lower and lower down her tummy until my fingers encountered the beginnings of her bush of hair. I was sure that she would stop me exploring any further but she made no effort to prevent me and when I had combed my fingers down as far as the beginning of her pussy, I felt her clitoris (as I have since found out it is called) to be erect and swollen.

As I gently rubbed on this small firm nubbin Anne opened her thighs to allow me more freedom and I copied her earlier actions and began to slide a couple of fingers back and forth, pushing them in between her lips. Anne was getting quite frantic, sucking at me even more desperately and digging her fingers into my back as she groaned and moaned. I could feel that her pussy was getting very wet and swelling open as I played with it. I dared to slide my fingers even further and slid them over her bum-hole and along the groove separating her buttocks and she



seemed to respond to this as well. My sister had changed, literally overnight, into a very sexually responsive woman who could be highly aroused by even someone as inexperienced as myself and I guessed that almost anything I could do would be OK with her. When I slid my fingers back I pressed on her tightly puckered anus and sort of rolled my finger round as if attempting to push it in and she groaned even louder and pulled her face from mine.

Anne was in quite a state by now with her head thrown back, her eyes squeezed tightly shut in a face that was all red and sweaty and her mouth wide open, panting desperately for air. When I thrust two fingers into her and, at the same time, began to rub at her clitoris with my thumb (I'm inexperienced but I learn quickly), it all became too much and she reached her orgasm, crying out loudly and bucking under me as her pussy clamped down on my fingers and her thighs gripping my hand tightly to prevent me removing it. Feeling and seeing Anne in her throes was too much for me as well and I began to orgasm with her, ejaculating directly onto her duvet, without my cock having actually been touched and, after a few moments to calm down, I rolled off her and lay beside her, resting.

“God! What have you done to me? I never knew anything could possibly feel like that. I thought my pussy was on fire and I was going to explode. I think you had better go – I don't think I could stop you doing anything you wanted to me. Wait on, what about you – I'm being pretty selfish – do you need me to help you come as well?” Anne lifted herself on one elbow to look at me in some concern.

“No I already came and squirted a big wet mess on your duvet. I suppose we had better clean it up before everybody gets home.” Anne looked at it and, grinning, said,

“It will be OK. I'll just put a new cover on and slip this one into the wash – Mom will be none the wiser.” She sat up and went on, “Now I think you had better go to your own room as it must be getting late. It's a good thing that you were on top of me because, if I'd been on top, I would have raped you, I was so excited. What an orgasm – jerking off is never going to be the same.” She pulled me to her and kissed me again before pushing me off her bed and I walked slowly, backwards, from her room watching, with regret, her dropping her nightie over her head and covering up that lovely body.

I was tucked up in bed, reading, when the family arrived home and I presumed that Anne was the same when I heard Mom tap on her door and speak briefly with her before she tapped on mine and stuck her head round the edge of it.

“We're home, and you missed out on a good meal. I hope you let Anne get her homework done and weren't fighting with her or annoying her. Oh well, I suppose I had better go to bed myself - take this dress off and get out of your black underwear.” She smirked having successfully reminded me of what she was wearing and fired a parting shot at me as she retired, closing my door behind her, “I hope you're behaving yourself there and not doing anything you shouldn't be.”

‘Oh Mom’ I thought, ‘if you only knew how much homework Anne did tonight and how impossible it would be for me to be getting up to ‘mischief’ at present’ and I



drifted off to sleep, failing to even switch off my bedside lamp.

Nothing much happened over the next two days until I went to meet Mary-Anne at the movie theatre. I had phoned her before school on the morning after my adventure with Anne and she had eagerly agreed to go out with me and we quickly arranged a time and place. Neither Mom nor Anne seemed to be very relaxed round me when anyone else was present and I hoped that this didn't mean a change for the worse in their attitude towards me. Neither of my visits to Mom in her bedroom was rewarding as she was fully dressed on both occasions, and while she wasn't negative towards me neither was she very receptive and I made no advance in my campaign with her. I noticed that Anne was not quite so guarded and protective of her modesty when in my presence and I even got a couple of quick shots up her skirt, one of them of her nickers, when she was sitting opposite me watching TV, so it looked hopeful if we ever managed to get together, alone, again.

The nights were getting chillier and when I met Mary-Anne outside the theatre she was wearing a coat and I had on a heavy jacket, hardly clothing to incite passion, but I was looking forward to spending some time with her anyway. I bought tickets and did the correct thing and bought cokes and a large container of popcorn before we went in and found seats. The theatre might as well have been completely empty for all the patrons it had and we had no trouble locating two seats far from anyone else. The theatre was warm so we both took our outer coats off and draped them over the seat backs in front of us and I saw that Mary-Anne was wearing a short skirt and a sweater. The movie started almost as soon as we settled and Mary-Anne slid down in her seat and lifted her knees and rested them on the back of the seat in front. I slipped one arm round her and tugged her towards me, encouraging her to rest her head on my shoulder, and lowered my hand down to rest gently on her breast. I placed the popcorn container on her lap and we both munched from it. contentedly, sipped our cokes and tried to get interested in the movie. I slowly increased my contact with her breast and when she did not object I unfastened a couple of buttons on her sweater and slid my hand under it and placed my hand over her bra. Mary-Anne seemed to be enjoying our contact as much as me so I went ahead and worked my fingers under it and onto bare flesh. Though she was smaller than Anne her breast seemed to be a lot larger and her nipple was also more prominent and she wiggled contentedly as I squeezed and handled her breast and pinched the nipple, gently.

Now that I was an experienced kisser I decided to try it on Mary-Anne and I half turned in my seat and bent down and put my lips to hers, and found that she also knew about kissing as she opened her mouth straight away and slid her tongue into mine. We stayed locked together for a long time and I knew the inside of her mouth and the feel of her tongue very intimately before we came up for air, both panting a bit. I was getting very confident of my power over her and I started to unbutton more of her sweater and when it was almost completely open I went to trying to open her bra with no success, Mary-Anne finally lost patience with my fumbling and pushed my hands aside to undo a small clip between the cups and let her breasts fall free. I could see them in the flickering light from the screen and they were adorable, bigger than Anne's, smaller than Mom's and just as perky as Anne's, with very hard, prominent nipples. I loved them and lowered my head to



take one of them into my mouth as I played with the other with one hand. Mary-Anne loved it but she was also looking around nervously to see if anyone was watching until she realised that everybody else there was probably doing much the same as us.

Mary-Anne was slumped down in her seat with her knees up against the seat in front, and with her skirt over her knees the undersides of her thighs were bare but hidden by the hanging folds of skirt. I reached down with my free hand and placed it on the underside of her leg close to her knee. When she didn't recoil or try to push me away I slowly slid it down her nylon-covered thigh, working my way slowly towards her pussy, and I was very gratified to feel her knees move further apart to allow me easier access. The intimate sensation of feeling my hand slide off her stocking and onto bare thigh was highly erotic and I paused to slide my hand back and forth a few times before proceeding onwards, fingers under a suspender and I finally encountered the leg of her panties. They were made from a very smooth satiny feeling material and the leg was quite loose, easily allowing me to slide my hand under it and press on till I felt the lips of her pussy. Mary-Anne had slid even lower allowing her to spread her knees as wide apart as she could, pushing her bum right to the very front edge of the seat, and when I began to play with her cunt I felt it unfold and open up to my invading fingers and then become hot and moist.

“Do you want me to take my nickers off?” she whispered and when I nodded she lifted her bum and slid them free before lowering herself back down and indicating that I should finish sliding them up to her knees to remove them. Before putting them in my pocket I sniffed them and the odour of her aroused pussy made my erection even harder. Mary-Anne appeared to have lost all of her inhibitions and she bent one knee over the arm of the seat next to her, leaving herself completely spread open and available, so I went back to masturbating her, intending to bring her to a climax. Playing with her clitoris and thrusting fingers inside her seemed to make her open up even wider and, eventually, I was shoving all four fingers as far and as hard into her as I could and then withdrawing them slowly to do it again. It was getting very wet and messy down there and I was making very ‘squishy’ noises as I fingered her, still playing with her tits with my other hand and kissing her again.

Mary-Anne was not idle as I toyed with her and had unzipped my jeans and worked my erection out to hold and fondle it, slowly heading me towards an orgasm as her own excitement grew. Suddenly she brought her legs back together, dropped her feet to the floor and holding my hand still between her thighs with her pussy clamped shut on my fingers keeping the deeply thrust into her depths, she hunched forward on her seat. She kept her grip on my cock and pulled my head hard to her and kissed me, frantically, sucking and moaning into my mouth as she shook her way through her climax.

When she was calm again she released her thighs to allow me to get my hand back and then she went back to jerking me off. I was sort of thrusting my hips up at her to allow her to rub me easier and, as I quickly approached my own orgasm, I managed to groan to her in a whisper,

“Shit, I'm nearly there. Slow down a bit and I'll get my handkerchief for you. We'll



have a hell of a mess otherwise.” Mary-Anne ignored me, continuing to rub and grip me tightly, and muttered,

“We won’t need that. Just go with it.” And then she shocked me absolutely by lowering her head and taking the head and the top part of my cock into her mouth. I had heard vague whispers about being ‘sucked off’ but I thought it was all bullshit, and it seemed as if Mary-Anne had heard the same stories and believed them. The feel of her hot wet mouth enclosing my cock and of her tongue licking the tip of it, was too much and I started to cum, trying to pull away from her but she clung to me with her hands, keeping me in her mouth as she swallowed my ejaculations desperately. Only a little of it flowed from between her lips and ran down on to her hands, which she wiped on the underneath of the seat, when I had finished and was sitting back, a bit shell-shocked at what had just occurred.

We both sat quietly, fully occupied with our own thoughts before Mary-Anne began to put her clothing back in order, first fastening her bra and buttoning her sweater, then wriggling around to get her skirt back as it should be and finally reaching under it to move her stockings and suspender belt back into place. She then leant over and, with her lips close to my ear, whispered to me,

“God, that was great. My first orgasm from someone else and my first blowjob, and I enjoyed that more than I thought I would. You had me really, really excited and you should feel how wet the back of my suspender belt is – fluid must have just poured out of my pussy and down the crack in my bum to get soaked up like that there. Now can I have my nickers back, otherwise my skirt will get wet next?”

“Nope! I want to keep them as a reminder of our first date. I will dry you with them though.” And I pulled them from my pocket and reaching down, I wiped her carefully between her legs and down her crack, making sure to probe the cloth deep into her cunt and back and forth between her lips. I also took the opportunity to reach under her butt to feel her suspender belt and she was correct, it felt very definitely wet.

“That should feel better. You were soaked down there. I didn’t realise that woman got like that. See how damp your nickers are now?” I dangled them in front of her to show her and she felt them and replied,

“They’re disgusting. And I know why you want them and I think it’s awful.”

“You’re right. And I can see me using them a lot to help me jerk off, sniffing the odour of your sweet pussy and fondling my cock with them. You should feel flattered that you can do that to me without even being there.” I grinned at her and she buried her face in my chest in pretended embarrassment.

We watched the rest of the movie, not having the faintest idea of what it was about and Dad was waiting outside to give us a lift home when we came out. I walked her to her door and, out of Dad’s sight, gave her a long goodnight kiss and a quick grope under her skirt, pulling away in a hurry when the hall light came on, one of her parents letting us know that they knew we were outside. I arranged for another date and made noises about her becoming my regular girl before letting her go



inside. When I was back in the car Dad kidded me,

“You look like a cat with the cream. Have a really good night, did you. I hope you behaved yourself – I can remember what I was like at your age.” And he laughed as we arrived home.

Mom was settled in the lounge, involved in some old movie or other, and I gave her a quick kiss goodnight and nodded to her enquiry if I had enjoyed myself, then I thanked Dad for the ride and headed off to my room. Anne’s door was slightly ajar and she called to me as I passed so I pushed it open and went in, almost closing it after me. She was in bed and lifted herself on one elbow, the sheet falling from her leaving one breast visible in the droop of her nightie, Anne looked down at herself to where I was staring and made no effort to cover herself, just asked,

“ Did you have a good date? I suppose you did terrible things with her?” Anne looked enquiringly at me and I didn’t answer, just held up Mary-Anne’s panties to her view. I moved over closer to her and, still without saying a word, draped them over her face and slowly slid them off, smirking as I did so.

Anne could easily smell the odour of her friends’ arousal and feel the dampness of the satiny material, making it obvious what we had been up to.

“You Bastard,” she whispered, “I hope you’ve kept something back for me. You don’t think that the other night was the end of it, do you?” she looked anxious rather than angry, and when I risked bending down and giving her a deep kiss and a quick squeeze of her breast through the arm-hole of her nightie, she looked up at me and smiled in satisfaction as I whispered back to her, before departing,

“You never have to worry. I’ll always have enough for you. Anything and anywhere you want – just ask.”

Chapter 5

The next day was Saturday and we spent a lot of the time together as a family, with no privacy for any mischief, but it was an enjoyable and restful day and we all ended up together in the lounge watching TV after a pizza dinner. Sunday looked like being more of the same, with Mom making all of us attend Church as a family, the first time in ages, and we returned home to a roast dinner, a long time forgotten tradition. Dad spent the afternoon nested in his armchair with the Sunday papers, Tom was in his room listening to music, Anne and Mom went visiting and I crashed out and read in my bedroom. After tea Tom wanted to attend a concert and he managed to talk Dad into taking him and Anne decided to go as well, when Mom declined her invitation, and naturally I stayed home as well, as I usually did for these ‘family activities’.

When the other three had departed, Mom convinced me to play Gin Rummy with her and after she had beaten me easily four games in a row, we called it off, and Mom announced she was going for a bath.

“Could you be bothered to wash my back for me?” she asked, quite sure of my



answer. She got up and headed to her bedroom to get ready and I followed her.

Mom sat at her dresser and unpinned her hair and then began to clean off her make-up, still in place from church and visiting, and I asked her,

“Could I brush your hair while you get that gunk off?” and Mom passed me her hairbrush, replying,

“God yes. I haven’t had my hair brushed for me in years. I used to love it.” And I slowly ran the brush in slow strokes through her medium length hair as mom wiped her face with cleanser and paper tissues. She allowed me to keep brushing long after she was finished and sat there with her head back and her eyes closed, obviously enjoying every second of it. The way she was leaning back gave me a clear view down the bust of her dress and the sight of her breasts, nestling in her bra, was very arousing, and even though I had seen them in all their bare glory the forbidden peeking aspect of seeing them like this caused a twitching feeling in my belly and commenced my cock to start to harden.

Eventually I put the brush down and rested my hands on her shoulders, beside her neck, and began to massage outwards, sliding my hands under the material of her dress. Mom allowed this to continue for a few minutes before sitting forward, moving away from me, and muttering that she had better get ready for the bath.

“Could I be your ladies maid?” I asked, “You’ll never find a better or more loving one. You deserve to be waited on, the way you look after us all.” Mom hardly paused for thought before nodding and getting slowly to her feet, to stand in front of me.

I knelt before her and lifted one foot then the other to remove her slippers and then stood and moved behind her to unbutton the buttons down the back of her dress.

“Lift your arms up.” I directed and then lifted her dress off, up over her head to lay it on her bed. I reached my arms round her and unfastened her bra and slid that off as well leaving her standing in her stockinged feet, a half-slip and, presumably, her panties. Her bra had left a faint red mark round her back and sides where it had been gripping her and I massaged this area as I slowly turned us around, ending up facing the dressing table mirror, with me behind her. I kept gently rubbing her and finished up with my hands flat on her thorax directly under her breasts and with my chin on her shoulder, face against the side of hers, looking at us in the mirror.

“God! You’re beautiful and you’ve got great tits.” I turned my hands and cupped them and flicked my thumbs on her nipples, causing them to swell and harden before our gaze, “And they’re so responsive too. Look at the way your nipples react to just a little bit of touching. You love it when anyone pays attention to them, don’t you?” and I pinched and tugged on them gently as she reddened and nodded.

I kissed the side of her neck as I released her breasts and turned her to face me, and then kissed her again, this time on the mouth, and, when she showed no signs of being repelled by my actions, I extended just the tip of my tongue and ran it



back and forth across her lips. I was surprised and overjoyed when Mom slipped her tongue out, in return, and just brushed it against mine before pulling back and looking deep into my eyes, saying nothing but asking a lot with her enquiring look.

I went back to my knees saying,

“Lets get these stockings off now.” And I lifted the hem of her slip to her waist and went on, “Hold this there, please.” And Mom did as I directed. Her stockings ended about halfway up her thighs leaving a strip of bare leg, very white and soft looking, between the top of them and the bottom of her nicker legs. Her panties were pale green, loose-legged and clinging to her, I think they were satin but they were very smooth, soft and delicate whatever the material and I thought that I could make out a wet spot between the tops of her thighs. I slid a couple of fingers of both hands under the stocking top on one leg, slowly drew it down to her foot and then grasped her calf in one hand to lift her foot from the floor and completely remove the stocking with the other. This separated the tops of her thighs as well and I got a clearer look at her panty-covered pussy, the cloth clinging that much tighter to her, and I could now easily see that there was a wet area and it was quite large, Mom was definitely excited and so was I, my cock was hard and uncomfortable in the confines of my pants.

I repeated my actions on her other leg and she was left, still holding her slip up, in just her nickers, and there were red circles showing round her thighs where the stocking tops had been. I began to rub these reddened areas, cupping my hands round each thigh in turn and then I leant down and kissed each of the fading marks. From this close I could easily smell Mom’s womanly odour and I couldn’t resist throwing my arms round the top of her legs and pulling her towards me as I buried my face in the junction of her thighs. The smell was overpoweringly exciting and I had a full raging erection that was so hard it hurt and was actually throbbing. I thought I might come in my pants but Mom was plainly a bit shocked as she released her slip and reached down to grab my head and pull me back and away from her.

“Don’t do that, Billie. I’m still your mother after all, and that’s going way too far over the top. Letting you see me like this is bad enough – without anything more. Now let me go and I’ll have my bath.” I released my arms, pulled back and out from under her slip and then reached up, grabbed the elastic waist of her slip and pulled it down and off then Mom grabbed a light gown, pulled it on without tying it, and headed to the bathroom, with me in tow.

“I don’t know whether this is a good idea.” She said as she began to fill the bath with me sitting on the seat of the toilet, situated at the end of the bath and behind the door. When she had the bath filled to her satisfaction she sprinkled some bath salts in and then glanced at me, seemed about to say something before changing her mind, and, with a shrug, slipped her wrap off and hung it up. In just her panties she moved to the side of the bath and turned half away from me and slid her nickers down and off. The way she was standing, and I figure it was deliberately calculated, didn’t let me see either a full view of her front or her back but I did get a fine shot of both profiles. Her butt was glorious, neither too big nor too small and it looked to be firm rather than hard and muscly, her front profile accentuated her



lovely breast and I could just see the ends of the tuft of pubic hair poking out from under her slightly bulging tummy.

I couldn't help but draw in my breath in a gasp as I gazed upon her and she smiled at me as she flipped her panties aside with her foot and then lifted one leg over the side of the bath. In this posture it was impossible to keep herself hidden and the spread legs gave me a glimpse, from behind, of her cunt bulging down and of her bum opening up and spreading a little. She soon lifted her other foot in and lowered herself down into the hot water with a sigh of relief.

"Oh that feels good. I love the way hot water relaxes and soothes me. How about washing my back now?" she held out the sponge and soap and I knelt behind her as Mom leaned forward to give me easy reach to her back. I rubbed the soapy sponge in slow circles over her shoulders and back until I had covered the whole expanse two or three times, and then I soaked up hot water in the sponge and squeezed it out to flow over her and rinse her off. Mom stayed leaning forward for a long while, just enjoying my ministrations, until finally she lay back and rested her head on the end of the bath and invited me to do the same to her front,

"You have no idea how much pleasure that gives me. Would you do my front as well please?" and she looked like she might purr when I began to work soap into the sponge. Mom no longer seemed to care about keeping her lower parts concealed and she just let her arms lie by her sides as she relaxed again and closed her eyes. I couldn't see her actual cunt as the soapy water prevented a clear view and her legs were still closed but I could easily make out the expanse of dark pubic hair and see how it rose quite high on her tummy, a dark and dense bush.

By the time I had finished her front she was panting softly through a partially opened mouth and her nipples were distinctly swollen and hard. I noted that her legs had spread as far apart as the confines of the bath would allow and I cursed that the soapy water was not clear enough to allow me to have a good view. Mom finally sort of shook her head and came back to full reality and slowly sat up, looked at me and smiled in pure gratitude.

"You have the most wonderful touch. If you only knew what your touch did to me! You could have really taken advantage of me. I was only a fraction away from doing something that would have embarrassed both of us. I didn't think I could get so close by being massaged only." I soon realised that Mom was talking about her reaching an orgasm, like Anne and May-Anne, and I felt very proud of myself and very manly.

"You've earned a reward." Mom went on, "I know you've been wanting to see me completely naked, so..., would you like to finish washing me, all over?" I nodded eagerly, not prepared to try to speak, and she climbed gingerly to her feet and turned her back to me. "Start on this side and make sure you wash everywhere." She leant forward and rested her head on her arms, folded against the wall, and I began to sponge her carefully, working it between her buttocks and washing her crack and anus very carefully before doing each cheek and then down each leg. When she felt that I was finished she looked over her shoulder at me and asked,



“That feels like I’m clean. Now this is what you’ve been waiting for and trying so hard to see. Are you ready?” and when I nodded she turned and stood facing me. I was enthralled, her tummy bulged a little and from about halfway between her belly button and the junction of her thighs a thick patch of dark, almost black, hair narrowed till it reached the top of her pussy. A very tidy upside down triangle, that she had to trim regularly to keep it looking like that, and the hair, because it was dripping wet, lay in straight lengths running to a point where the split between her lips began. I could see that her lips were a lot larger and softer looking than those of Anne or Mary-Anne and were open a bit more as well, giving just a hint of the pink inner lips.

“Are you just going to stare at it all night or are you going to wash and clean me?” Mom had been watching me stare at her and I don’t think she was pissed at me, just amused. She braced herself with one hand on my head as I well and truly soaped her tummy and pubic hair with the sponge and when I lifted one foot to rest it on the edge of the bath I had an even better view of her cunt, which, because of the spreading wider of her legs, splayed even further open giving me a better view of her inner lips, the size and softness of her outer lips and of the pronounced size of her clitoris. She was a whole lot different down there than any of the other ones that I had seen and she looked a lot more like an available target than I previously thought.

I carefully washed the full length of each leg, paying special intention to each foot, washing carefully between the toes and making sure to get in behind her knee. I finished her other leg and foot, leaving just her pussy to be done, I had saved the best till last (I was really quite nervous about it). I slid the freshly soaped sponge back and forth washing the outer parts before pressing it in between the lips an beginning to wash there, causing them to unfold completely and reveal everything to me and allowing me to get at her whole cunt. I soaped and washed and dribbled clean water over her whole private area and she finally groaned, helplessly, and seemed to have a minor orgasm, no-where near as powerful as Anne or Mary-Anne had experienced.

I helped my mother to step out of the bath and wrapped her in a bath towel, off the heated rack, and, after pulling out the plug, proceeded to dry her off and then to sprinkle Talcum Powder all over her, leaving her silky soft and smooth and as clean as a whistle. I led her, stark naked, to her bedroom and after enquiring, I hung her dress back in her closet and pulled a light cotton nightie from her drawer, lowering it down over her head and letting it drape down her body to mid-thigh. I threw back the covers on her bed and encouraged her to sit down on the edge.

“I feel good all over, but very guilty. Fancy letting my own son do all that to me and to make me to have an orgasm as well. I feel ashamed and disgusted with myself. And look at the state of you – Mother and son feeling like this about each other. It not natural.” Mom was looking directly at my erection, and we were both blushing. “I suppose we need to do something about that as well.”

“You don’t have to do anything – I can fix it by myself. But I would love it and be ever so grateful if you’d let me do something to you?” I was very nervous about what I was about to request and wondered what sort of deviate she would think I



was. When she demanded that I carry on and ask away, that she wouldn't be shocked at anything I could ask, I went on.

"Mom could I taste and lick you down there?" I blurted this out in a rush and quickly went on, "I don't know where this idea came from but I do know that I really want to." I waited with my head down for the axe to fall and for Mom to call me degenerate or worse.

"You don't have to be ashamed about wanting oral sex. Nearly everybody has or is does do it and it's a natural part of lovemaking. You're far too young to be doing it yet and especially not with your mother but after how you just made me feel, how can I refuse you?" And Mom reclined flat on her back and lifted her knees up towards her chest and spread them wide, dragging her nightie up out of the way. I crawled onto the bed and knelt between her feet and lowered my face into her pussy.

The first thing that struck me was the return of the strong odour, even so soon after a bath, and I learnt how the body responds to sexual overtures. The wetness of the whole area also confirmed that I wasn't the only one finding this highly exciting. Tentatively I pressed my lips to her cunt and when I didn't find it repugnant I went a step further and stuck out my tongue and ran it the full length of her lips. The taste is almost impossible to describe - sort of bitter, sort of salty, sort of bland and tasteless but I loved it. Soon I was giving it all I had and my tongue was dipping deep in between her lips and lapping everything it could reach. Her clitoris was getting some attention as well, every so often being licked and sucked but mostly being rubbed and caressed by my fingers. Mom was very excited and gasping loudly as she squeezed and clutched her breasts through her nightie and when I finally shoved my tongue into her hole she practically screamed and launched into her orgasm. I felt a couple of small squirts of piss come from her pussy and jet into my mouth but I just gulped them down, uncaringly, and kept sucking, licking and thrusting as she screamed and shook her way to her climax's completion. I hoped nobody was passing by as they would not have been able to miss hearing Mom and, even if the rest of the family had arrived home, stopping would not have been an option.

Mom finally ceased and calmed down and I left her momentarily to duck into the bathroom to pick up her nickers and wrap just in case they did arrive home earlier than we expected. When I re-entered her bedroom Mom was sitting up, her nightie still up round her waist exposing her cunt to my sight, and she patted the bed, indicating she wanted me to sit beside her.

"Are you sure that you have never done that before? Do you know that you made me squirt? I've only ever managed that a couple of times before. You're a natural at this and you are going to get all that you can handle when girls find out about you. It still doesn't make it right that we did it - mother and son. It's incest and we could go to jail for doing it." Mom was having a hard job looking contrite in the condition that she was in.

"Well I'm not worried and you shouldn't be either. Who are you going to tell? I'm certainly not telling anyone. I thought you were peeing yourself with excitement.



Was that different?”

“It certainly is. It’s just like you do except not so much. Now what are we going to do about that?” Mom looked at the bulge my cock was making in my pants. “I can’t send you away in that state. Would you like me to return the favour and suck you off?” I gulped and nodded eagerly, fumbling with my zip and then standing to drop my pants and shorts round my ankles and sitting down again.

Mom leant over and wrapped her hands round the base of my cock and took the head of it into her mouth, sucking hard and then lapping at it with her tongue. She slowly lowered her head further and sucked more of it in, releasing one hand to reach down and gently cup my balls and squeeze then softly. I had been erect and excited for so long I only lasted for seconds before beginning to come. I warned Mom of the impending explosion in her mouth but she seemed happy to hang in there and swallow much of it, the rest just dripping out, down her chin and onto her hands and my groin. When it was all over, Mom sat up and said,

“God! You needed that. I didn’t think you were ever going to finish. I’d forgotten exactly how much horny teenagers ejaculate.” She giggled, taking any sting or criticism out of her words. “Now we’d better get cleaned up before Dad and the others get home.”

I was still holding her nickers and wrap so I dropped the wrap and reached out and patted the rest of my cum from her face with the nickers. I cleaned her hands and any that had fallen on me and then I turned and flipped up her nightie and wiped up any remaining juices from her pubes and pussy. When I was finished I stood, pulled up my pants, pulled her nightie into place and then pulled the bed-covers over her and bent to retrieve her wrap.

“I’ll just hang your wrap up and I’ll keep these as a reminder of something great and momentous happening in my life. Thank you so very much Mom.” And I bent down to kiss her, this time not hesitating to thrust my tongue deep into her mouth and to toy with hers for a few seconds before ending it, she saying,

“It’s me that should be thanking you, I think. Now get out of here before we get carried away again. Goodnight.”

I exited, hanging her wrap behind the door and bearing my trophy to my bedroom.

Chapter 6

I awoke next morning and decided not to go to school and when the tap came on my door to get me up, I called out that I was feeling ill and not going in today. I stayed under the covers until well after I heard Anne and Tom leave, about ½ hour behind Dad. Mom was pattering round the kitchen when I walked in, wearing shorts and a tee shirt, and she had not yet changed out of her dressing gown.

“You don’t look too ill to me.” She greeted me, “What’s the story with the day off?”

“Yes, well, Good Morning to you as well.” I replied, somewhat sarcastically, “I just



felt a bit tired and washed out and thought 'To hell with it'. That's all there is to it."

Mom buttered a couple of slices of toast and sliced some tomato on to them and placed them in front of me with a cup of coffee, she must have dropped them in the toaster when she heard me coming down stairs.

"Well, I suppose that it might be for the best." She went on, "I think we need to have a talk about what's happening between us. It's an absolutely beautiful day outside. How do you feel about we clean up the kitchen and then make up a picnic and head off and find somewhere for lunch, just the two of us? It's been such a long time since we did anything together by ourselves." And then she realised what she had just said, in light of last evening's happenings, and reddened in total embarrassment when I laughed. "Well you know what I mean. What do you think? We could have a talk then."

"Sounds good to me. A lot better than being at school, anyway. Let's get the dishes done and get organised then. I'll do them while you make up the lunch."

We got stuck in and in about twenty minutes Mom had a basket packed and I had washed, dried and put away all the mornings' dishes and we both headed to our rooms to get suitably dressed. I was soon ready to go and expected to have to wait on Mom but was pleasantly surprised to find, when I tapped on her door, that she was just buttoning up her vest and was also ready. Mom scooped up her sunglasses and her sun lotion and, after she had made sure that I had mine, we collected the basket and headed off in her car, a small but quick Japanese compact.

When we were clear of the city streets and headed down a country road Mom began,

"I'm very worried about what I have done to you and what you think of me now. If you think I'm a shameless slut, I probably deserve it."

"Don't be silly. Why would I think that? You're my mother and I love and respect you. Are you that worried about what we've done? Why? We've hurt no-one." I turned to face her and saw that she definitely looked upset, and I also noticed that her light blue tennis skirt had slid well above her knees.

"What we did together is something that no self-respecting mother would allow. And I'm still a very happily married woman who loves her husband dearly. It's incest and unforgivable. I'm not fit to be a mother."

Mom was slowly getting herself wound up and I could see that we would have a crying fit here, if I wasn't careful.

"Look, pull in that rest area and let's talk about this properly." Mom did as I asked and parked as far off the road as possible and switched off the motor.

"Now, turn and face me and have a very good look at me. Does it look like I've been harmed or am upset at all over anything that's happened between us? Be honest with yourself. Don't let 'what's normal or proper' influence your answer – just your



true feelings.” Mom was beginning to calm and could see her debating with herself.

“Well...I suppose if I am really honest I would have to say that I’ve enjoyed our little interludes but what about your Dad?”

“Look Mom, it seems to me that you enjoyed yourself, I definitely enjoyed myself and no-one was hurt – definitely not Dad, how could it do him any harm if he doesn’t know about it. From where I am sitting we all win.” I could see that I was slowly but surely winning her over and when she went on,

“Yes but what if he was to find out?” I knew that ‘it was in the bag’.

“How’s he ever going to find out? I certainly not going to tell him and I wouldn’t think that you would either. So where’s the harm?”

“Well I suppose that if you look at it like that, there’s no harm done. It is very exciting and arousing – I think it’s the forbidden aspect and the risk that make it so good.” Mom was now totally at ease and she had justified her actions by getting rid of the guilt.

“Look at it this way, Mom. You taught me to feed, to crawl and walk, to dress myself, to talk, to read – in fact you have taught me just about everything. Now you’re teaching me about sex and the female body. That doesn’t seem as if it could be too bad or wrong to me.” Sometimes I surprise myself with the logic of my arguments and Mom was nodding her head by now, almost convinced that it was actually her duty to have shown me what she had.

“Now lets move on and find a nice spot on the river for our picnic.” I leant over and gave her a quick kiss just to show her I still loved her.

We drove off again and with the movement Mom’s skirt had ridden even higher and I could see almost her whole thighs, right up to her nickers. She caught me peeping and said ‘Naughty’ but made no effort to pull her hem down and the lesson, that women liked being looked at and admired, was slowly sinking in.

It was one of those absolutely fabulous Autumn days, cold first thing but changing into a hot still day, better even than at the peak of summer. I was eventually forced to slide off my sweater and Mom decided that she needed to do the same, when she saw how much more comfortable I suddenly became. She pulled over again a wriggled out of her vest, leaving her in a flowery blouse that matched her skirt, delightfully. She looked very sexy and pretty sitting behind the wheel and, when I told her so, she blushed a little and protested that she was just a frumpy housewife. I was fully aware by now that her protestations and down putting of herself was just fishing for compliments, and I did as she wanted and continued to praise her.

Eventually we reached the local river and followed it’s wandering course until we found a way down to the bank with an area suitable to park the car and set off on foot to find a suitable area to settle down in privacy. We didn’t have to go far, me carrying the basket and Mom her bag and the car rug from the back seat, as there was nobody about, it being a school day, and a small, sunny, tree surrounded



glade overlooking the river seemed like a fabulous place to picnic.

Mom spread the rug and sat down, saying,

“Well, I’m going to soak up some sun before lunch. What an absolutely magnificent day.” She folded her vest and laid back, face towards the sun, and unbuttoned the top three or four buttons of her blouse and looked as if she didn’t intend moving for sometime.

I lay down beside her but it didn’t take me too long to get bored and I sat up and fumbled through Mom’s bag for her sun block and, after slapping some on my legs, informed her that I would give her legs a protective coat as well. I slid down the rug and, after having removed her sandals, started at her feet and worked my way up her legs to the hem of her skirt which I flipped up round her waist, leaving her bare, except for her nickers, from waist to toes. Mom went to protest but decided it was a waste of time and just lay back and pretended to ignore me when I returned to my lotion, rubbing it right up to the leg openings of her panties. Mom was wearing white cotton bikini briefs and they looked quite sweet and innocent and very erotic.

Putting the bottle of block aside I lay down and propped myself up on one elbow and began to slowly run my forefinger down a path, starting at Mom’s belly button and continuing, in a straight line, down her tummy, over her nickers and down the middle of her pussy almost to her bum-hole. I watched with interest as a shiver seemed to follow my finger and I repeated my action another couple of times and noted that mom’s thighs were slowly spreading further apart and I thought I could see a damp spot appearing at the crotch of her panties. I stopped going right up to her navel and just concentrated on rubbing up and down the split between her cunt lips, pushing the cotton gusset further and further in. She was definitely generating a lot of fluid by now and her nickers had gone from damp to quite wet and her hips were rising slightly, pushing her pussy back against my invading finger.

It was then that I stopped what I was doing and ordered her to roll over onto her tummy.

“Why did you stop doing that? You must have seen how excited I was? I wasn’t far from a climax. Please keep going.” Mom was almost whining as she pleaded with me but I just repeated my order and she finally did as I asked.

I lifted the back of her skirt to waist level as well and began to fondle and stroke her buttocks through her cotton panties and, after a couple of minutes, I grabbed the waistband and pulled her nickers down and over her cheeks and left them knotted up at the top of her thighs. I lowered my face and began to kiss and nibble at her cheeks and then began to suck and lick them. (I didn’t know where I was getting these ideas from, I hadn’t even read about them – but Mom certainly didn’t seem to object).

Mom had her face buried in her folded arms and I could hear her moaning softly as her bum cheeks clenched and relaxed, rhythmically. She was still very much aroused and, when I ran my tongue right down the split in her bum till I brushed



over her tightly puckered arsehole, she actually cried out and lifted her bum in the air, trying to force my tongue deeper.

“Roll back over again.” Mom did as I asked, this time without protest, and I went on, “Open your blouse all the way and your bra as well?”

As Mom fumbled her buttons undone and then pulled her breasts free of her bra, I pulled her panties down and off, leaving her completely exposed and available. Both her arms and her legs were flung wide apart and her cunt was wide open, with swollen lips, an erect obvious clitoris and wet inner lips almost erect looking. While her breasts slumped a little to her sides, with her nipples very extended and hardened, they looked wonderful, white and swollen looking as well. She looked totally wanton and eager for sex.

“Mom, I know you’re probably not keen, but would you consider teaching me how to have proper sex? I really want and need to make love with you. I won’t turn sulky or anything if you really feel you can’t. I know it’s a lot to ask.” I was using my best pleading voice and trying to make a case that would relieve Mom from any guilt feelings and make her think that it was the right thing to do. I waited, virtually not breathing, as she appeared to consider her answer, and I didn’t stop fingering her pussy and keeping her aroused.

“The way that you’re carry on makes me think that you need teaching about sex about as much as a shark need teaching to swim. From the things that you’ve done to me I think you know more about sex than I do. Where are you getting it all from?” Mom really did look amazed at my apparent skill, but no more than I was.

“I don’t really know, Mom. I just make it up as I go along. If I think I would like it happening to me I just do it and see what happens. Maybe I’m just a natural with sex like Tom is with music.” I laughed as I replied and Mom giggled as well.

“Well, I’ve gone this far so it would be a bit hypocritical if I wouldn’t complete the whole lesson. At least I’m not doing it our bed or our home.” Mom smiled tentatively at me and writhed under the continuing action of my fingers. “Why don’t you take your clothes off and we’ll see how we get on.”

I sat up to strip off my shorts, underwear and shirt and, while I was doing this, Mom removed her blouse and bra, finishing up with just her skirt bunched up around her waist. I was naked with an erection that I felt I could possibly push through a wall, the prospect of full proper sex had me more excited than I ever had been before.

“You’ll have to tell me exactly what to do, Mom. I’ve never even tried to do it before.” I was keen, willing, capable and lost. The actual dynamics of sexual intercourse were beyond my zone of knowledge at that time.

“The first thing you need to know is that unless you get your partner aroused and ready for sex, she will not get any pleasure from it and probably neither will you, she’ll be so unhappy. You already know more than enough about ‘Foreplay’ (that’s getting her aroused) and I’m already wound right up, so we’ll skip that bit. When both of us are fully aroused and the man is fully erect, as you surely are, he pushes



his cock as far in the woman's vagina as he can and then slowly thrusts it in and out until he climaxes, hopefully at about the same time as his partner. Do you understand?" Mom was blushing a bit but she was trying her best to keep it fairly clinical, which must have been difficult under the circumstances.

"I think I follow what you are saying. Do you think we should try and you can tell me what you want and whether I'm doing it right or wrong."

Mom nodded in reply and she pulled her feet up towards her bum and spread her knees wide apart, this spreading the lips on her pussy wide apart and ready to receive my cock.

"If you kneel between my legs and put the head of your cock at my opening, then gently lower yourself down to lie on top of me and push it into me at the same time, then I'm sure that nature will show you what else to do." Mom looked keen to have me inside her and she watched eagerly until I was situated as she instructed. I was having trouble getting the head of my cock right where it needed to be and keeping it there, so, finally, Mom reached down and clasped it in both hands and held it at her opening and told me to use both arms to lower myself down.

The exquisite feeling as my cock slowly sank into her hot, slippery insides, with her inner muscles seeming to grip and suck me in, was so much better than I had ever imagined, and I knew immediately that it wouldn't take long to begin spurting. I was correct and I only managed to thrust in and out about four times before I desperately needed to ram my cock fully home and keep it in there as I emptied myself deep inside her. I clutched Mom desperately as I orgasmed and when it was all over I felt terrible about how quickly it had all happened, knowing that Mom had received little or no pleasure in our coupling. When I felt back in control I pulled away from her and rolled off her, she had been cuddling me close and petting me as I calmed down, and apologised to her.

"I'm sorry that it was all over so quick, Mom. I guess I'm not very good at it. Do you want me to help you get off in some other way?"

"Don't be sorry, darling. I knew that the first time would be just for you. You're young and you'll be hard again in no time and the second time will be for both of us. Now just lie there and relax until you're ready again." Mom kissed me tenderly and I buried my face in her neck and we lay there in the sunshine, almost asleep. As I was half dozing I realised that for the first time Mom had referred to me as 'Darling' when we were having some sort of sexual happening, and this made me feel very, very proud and eager to please her.

It was very relaxing, lying there in the sunshine, with me flat on my back and Mom on her side propped up on one elbow, looking lovingly down on me. I was idly playing with her breast and pinching her nipple as I thought over how great the sex we'd had was and imagining the next round, and Mom was fondling my soft cock and balls and sort of eyeing it in eager anticipation. It wasn't long before my cock, as Mom had predicted, began to come back to life, slowly getting harder until it was again fully erect and ready for action. Mom's hand was wrapped round the shaft, looking very girlish, slowly moving up and down keeping me on edge and



finally she said,

“Well, it looks like you’re ready and willing for another encounter. This time it’s for both of us and I’ll do all the work. You just lie there and enjoy it.” With that, Mom knelt up and lifted one knee over my legs and moved up my body till her crotch was directly above mine. She sat back on her heels and reached down and wrapped both hands around my cock, stood it up from where it had been lying, hard against my belly, and rubbed up and down a couple of times, squeezing hard as she did so. She licked her lips and looking down at me said,

“God! This feels good. You’re going to give a lot of randy woman a whole lot of pleasure with this, as you get older and more experienced. Just remember that at the moment it belongs to me and I get anything that’s going.” Mom had a very funny look in her eye and I began to think, firstly, that she was at least as eager to continue with our little interludes as I was and, secondly, that woman got as much enjoyment from sex as men did.

Mom sat back up, rubbed the head of my cock back and forth along the wide-open lips of her cunt and then held it, now wet with her juices, at her opening and slowly lowered her body down, impaling herself fully on me. I watched my cock slowly disappear deep inside her with a certain amount of disbelief, and when I looked up to her face I saw a look of absolute pleasure and lust and she had her eyes squeezed tightly shut to fully savour the feeling. When my cock was fully in her she paused and just rested there, enjoying the feeling for a short time, then slowly beginning to lift up, almost letting my cock pull right out, and then lowering herself back down again. She continued with this, gradually quickening up, and I began to pick up the rhythm and raise my pelvis, pressing back at her as she came down on me. Mom was clutching her breasts tightly and pinching and pulling at her nipples and she was slowly turning a brighter and brighter red from her upper chest to her hairline. Her skirt had fallen down blocking the view of my cock slipping in and out of her pussy, so I reached out and, with one hand, held it clear as I played with her clitoris and wide open lips with the other. It was extremely wet and slippery down there and her movements were generating frothy foam of our mixed fluids where we joined, and my whole crotch was also noticeably wet from what had seeped out of her.

Mom was very definitely heading towards a climax, she was sweating profusely, groaning loudly and had her eyes shut tightly and her head tilted back as she slammed herself down on me as hard as she could. I was amazed that her nipples and breasts were so tough as it seemed as if she was trying to pull them right off her chest, and it must have been painful to treat them like that.

Suddenly she screamed loudly, giving me a bit of a shock, and let go of her breasts and dug her fingers into my shoulders, as she pushed herself down, forcing my cock as far in as was possible and held herself in place.

Her cunt clamped tight on my cock and I could feel contractions rippling through her insides as she shook and groaned her way through her orgasm. I began to climax as well, when I felt Mom begin hers, and while this one was not as desperate as the one I had earlier, it was a lot more pleasurable because of the fact I was enjoying it at the same time as Mom.



When it was all over we fell apart and lay there desperately sucking in air trying to calm down. After a few minutes Mom sat up and bent over and kissed me, asking,

“Well? Was that not a whole lot more satisfying? I said you would be a lot better the next time. You just gave me one hell of a climax. It was just wonderful.” Mom kissed me again and gave me as good a hug as she could, considering I was still flat on my back, and went on,

“Now let’s have our picnic and then, I suppose, we had better head home.” Mom turned and pulled the basket to her and opened it and began to unpack it as I sat up. I opened the half bottle of wine and we drank it and consumed the tasty tit-bits that Mom had packed, sitting cross-legged, opposite each other. I watched with interest as our mixed fluids seeped slowly from between her cunt lips and soaked into the rug beneath her, and Mom, seeing my staring at her, looked down and grinned, wryly, and said,

“For something that is so great, fucking is really a very wet, messy and sticky business. It’s all right for you men, a quick wash and dry and you’re as good as new, but us woman have got to wait till everything you pumped into us comes out by itself.” She smiled at me to take away the sting from her words and then, after packing the remains of our meal back into the basket, she stood up and began to get dressed, bending down to pick up her panties and stepping into them with first one foot then the other.

The picture of her bending over with her breasts dangling down and her lovely body showing her curves to full advantage, then standing back up and sliding her white panties up her legs to slowly cover her pussy then her bush of hair, before wriggling her bum and sort of walking in place to get her nickers fitting comfortably was too much for me and despite having orgasmed twice already I began to get another erection. I had managed to climb up as far as my knees when this erotic view caused me to pause and just stare and I leant forward, wrapped my arms round her thighs and pushed my face into her cotton covered crotch.

“Don’t get yourself all worked up. We haven’t got time for another bout of lovemaking like the last. You’ll just have to wait till you get home to the privacy of your bedroom and deal with it yourself.” Mom laughed and pulled me away from her and tugged me to my feet. “Now get dressed and let’s go home. We’ve used up more time than you think and I need to get dinner on.”

Reluctantly I climbed back into my clothes, not taking my eyes off her as she covered up her lovely body, and then shouldered the basket as Mom bent over and picked up the rug, saying with a giggle, before heading off to the car,

“I suppose that I had better rinse this out or the car will smell like a cat-house.”

When we reached the car Mom found her keys in her bag and unlocked the hatchback and we put the basket and rug in and I heard her swear, ‘Damn’ under her breath, before she handed me the keys and said,



“Let yourself in. I’ll only be a minute.”

“What’s wrong? Is something wrong? Can I help?” I asked, somewhat concerned as to what the problem might be.

“No. It’s OK. I just need to pee and I should have gone before we left. There were plenty of trees and bushes there. You jump in and I’ll just go round my side of the car.” Mom walked round to the driver’s side and dropped her bag on the ground and reached under her skirt and skinned her nickers down to her knees. I followed her with the intention of watching.

“What are you doing? Let me have some privacy? Please.”

“Why can’t I watch? I’ve never seen a woman piddling before. How could it hurt you? Please let me watch.” I pleaded my case trying to sound as if my life depended on it. Mom sighed and squatted down saying,

“You’re not going to see much anyway.” And she was right as her skirt draped over her knees blocking my view completely.

“Please pull your skirt up and let me see. Please.” Mom sighed again and did as I asked but because her legs were still close together I could still not see very well and when I looked at her panties round her knees she cocked her eyebrows, resignedly, and pushed them lower and spread her thighs further apart without my asking.

I watched the strong yellow stream hiss from between her lips and I was hard again, exactly the reaction that Mom had probably feared, and, after she had wiped herself with a couple of tissues she retrieved from her purse, I grabbed her under her arms and lifted her to her feet before she could tug her panties back into place. I carried her to the rear of the hatchback and bent down and freed her feet from her panties and unzipped and dropped my pants, releasing my erection and pressing it against her.

“I knew this would happen if I let you watch. Come on then, let’s get it over and done with then.” She sounded pissed off but she still seemed to quickly get into the spirit and clasped her arms round my neck and lifted her legs and wrapped them round my waist as I held her up against the tail-door and pushed my cock into her. It didn’t take long for both of us to reach our orgasms, not nearly as intense as the previous one’s, and it was a good thing that it was so quick as, holding Mom up while bending at the knees to withdraw my cock and then thrusting it back in by standing up again, was not easy. She wasn’t a big woman but even the weight of her, partly resting on my erection, was not terribly easy to support while fucking. When it was over Mom relaxed her legs and lowered them to the ground, taking her weight again, and we stood there hugging each other and kissing passionately before separating, Mom bending to retrieve her by now grubby white panties.

“Look at the state of these. They’re filthy – did you stand on them? I suppose I’ve got to wear something.” And she put them on with a shudder of dislike as she went



on, “Put your damn pants on, again, and this time keep them on. God, I’m going to leak everywhere and probably mess up my car seat.” She didn’t sound too happy and she grabbed up her bag and pulled out her box of tissues, stuffing a handful of them down the front of her panties, presumably to sop up anything that leaked out of her.

When we were nearly home I stretched down and flipped my mother’s skirt up, clearing my sight of her crotch.

“What do you think you’re doing? We’re almost home. Behave yourself.”

“I’m just having a last quick look at my favourite place in the whole world.” Mom laughed in delight and I gave her pussy a quick squeeze before flipping her skirt back down, as we turned into our driveway.

Chapter 7

When we went inside Mom looked at the kitchen clock and exclaimed,

“Bloody Hell! Look at the time. Anne will be home soon and I haven’t even got dinner on. Could you peel some spuds for me while I grab a quick shower?” when I nodded my agreement, she dropped the car rug in the laundry and headed off upstairs and I dragged some potatoes from the cupboard and was standing at the sink when Anne walked in and looked around. She spotted the picnic basket on the bench where I’d left it and opened the lid and had a quick peer inside before coming over beside me.

“What a surprise to see you doing that. I didn’t think you even knew what a veg-peeler was, let alone know how to use one. And what’s the story with the picnic basket? And where’s Mom?” I kept on with what I was doing as I replied to her questions,

“There’s a lot you don’t know about me and what I can or can’t do. Mom and I went for a picnic lunch and now she’s upstairs having a shower. Anything else you think you might need to know?”

“Hmm...A shower at this time of the day? And – no, that just about covers it. Keep up the good work.” Anne gave me a peck on the cheek and a slap on the bum as she left the kitchen and headed for her bedroom, after hanging her coat up in the laundry.

Mom returned to the kitchen when I had finished with the spuds and emptied out the picnic basket, and took over.

“Thanks, Pet. I’m alright now, that was a great help – you’d better get changed before dinner if you’re going to.” Mom began to bustle around efficiently and I could see that I was no longer needed, so I headed for my room as well. I decided to have a piss as I passed the bathroom and I was just about to close the door when Anne pushed it open and followed me in. She had seen my cock before, so I stood in front of the toilet had flipped it out to begin when she asked,



“Err...Could I hold it for you while you pee? I’ve often wondered what it must be like to be able to piddle standing up like that.” Anne moved close beside me as I agreed and warned her,

“Yes, of course you can if you want, but don’t be surprised if you cause me to stop half way through.” And she reached down to hold my cock in her hand, and I began to jet out a strong stream as my cock began to slowly harden, causing the flow to slow to a dribble.

“What’s wrong? Why have you stopped?” Anne asked, a bit anxiously.

“Men can’t piss with an erection – and you’ve certainly given me one of them.”

“What do we do to stop that, then?” Anne was looking down at my cock with a funny look in her eye, and I told her,

“Well, if happens to me when I’m by myself, I either try to think of something other than girls until it goes soft again, or I rub it till I cum and then I can piss.” Anne began to rub her hand back and forth, quickly building up my excitement – especially in view of the risks involved, what with Mom in the kitchen and Dad and Tom being due home anytime, and in what seemed like no time at all I began to spurt out my seed, for the fourth time that day. There was not very much of it at all and Anne managed to catch it all in her hands and, when I was finished, she let go of my cock and turned to wipe her hands while I finished pissing.

“There wasn’t a lot like last time.” She stated, definitely, “I’m a bit suspicious. Day off school, picnic in countryside, car rug in laundry for washing, early shower and last, but definitely not least, there’s these.” She opened the laundry basket and held up a pair of Mom’s nickers. “I discovered these when I had a piddle earlier. Look at the state of them. They’re covered in dirty marks and even worse, the crotch of them is soaked. You and Mom haven’t been up to anything, have you?” Anne looked most suspicious.

“Don’t be silly. What would I be doing with Mom? She’s our mother, for God’s sake.” I decided to brazen it out but Anne didn’t look convinced and went on,

“I’ve been noticing the way you look at her lately, and it’s definitely not a mother/son look. Tell the truth, you do fancy her, don’t you?” she looked directly into my eyes and I knew that a straight lie wouldn’t do so I replied with a question,

“Well, she is a good looking and well built woman, so I suppose I sort of do. Dad’s a good looking man so I suppose you sort of fancy him, but I bet you wouldn’t do anything about it. It’s the same thing.” She sort of looked satisfied but definitely not fully convinced and I knew that I would have to be extra careful when she was near.

“We had better get out of here before somebody catches us. How about a quick kiss before we go?” without waiting for her to agree I grabbed her and pulled her into my arms and locked my lips on hers and thrust my tongue deep inside her



mouth. Anne made no protest and wrapped her arms round my neck and returned my kiss as I grabbed the back of her dress and dragged it up to be able to shove my hand down the back of her panties and push it between her legs onto her pussy. It was hot and moist and she writhed and pressed against my hand before pulling her face away from mine, saying,

“You don’t know how much I’ve wanted you to touch me there but we’d better stop before someone comes. I wonder if you could sneak into my room when everyone’s asleep and we could help each other jerk off. I never lock my door so if you want to come, just wake me if I’m asleep.”

Anne moved away from me and I was forced to reluctantly remove my hand from her panties and she was about to leave when I begged her,

“How about a quick flash to remind me of what I’ve been missing. You’ve just seen mine.” Her face went scarlet but she lifted the front of her dress and dragged her nickers down to mid thigh and pushed her pelvis forward to open her pussy to my view. I pushed my finger between her lips and slid it along and back and then removed it saying,

“Thanks. You really do have a fantastic looking cunt. The next time we get together I’m going to taste you and lick you down there till you’re almost crying with excitement. Leave your window open a bit, tonight – it’ll be a lot less risky coming through there.” And I stuck my finger in my mouth and made a great production of sucking it and licking it clean. Anne watched this with her eyes wide open in wonderment, until she returned to reality with a start and, dragging her nickers back up and dropping her skirt, she fled from the bathroom, still blushing brightly.

I gave her a few minutes start and then spent the rest of the time before dinner in my room. Anne had trouble meeting my gaze when we were together at the table and each time I saw her look at me, I licked my lips causing her to look away in some confusion. I enjoyed teasing her like this and making it a bit uncomfortable for her but she definitely got her own back later in the evening. All of us, except Tom who, as usual, was doing something relating to music in his room, were watching a program on TV in the lounge and, when it was finished, Anne volunteered to go and make a cup of tea. I was the only one seated in a position that allowed a view through the door into the next room and the little bitch knew this, and, when she was out of everybody’s line of sight except mine, she stopped, skinned her panties down and off, then bent over pointing her backside at me and flipped the back of her dress up, giving me a clear view of her bare buttocks, her tightly puckered anus and her pouting pussy lips. She swung her bum back and forth a couple of times before standing up, turning and sticking her tongue out at me and then carrying on to the kitchen, dangling her nickers in one hand.

I carefully eased my erection into a less obvious position and, saying I was going to help carry the cups, followed her to the kitchen and pushed the door to behind me. She had the kettle on and was standing waiting for it to boil and she looked at me, smiling smugly, as much as to say ‘Your turn, what now, smart-arse?’ but she still looked surprised when I grabbed her and lifted her onto the bench.



“You’re a brazen hussy, flashing yourself like that. I bet you haven’t even put your nickers back on, have you?” I lifted her dress and saw that I was right, she was naked under her dress and she sort of squealed quietly when I pulled her knees apart and said,

“I’m going to have a quick taste and give you a preview of what’s coming later tonight.” And I bent down and ran my tongue the full length of her exposed pussy a couple of times and then stuck it inside of her as far as I could before standing up and lifting her back down to the floor, where she just stood, motionless, with a shocked expression on her face.

“Now we’d better get the tea into Mom and Dad before they start to wonder where we are.” And I watched as Anne poured water over the tea bags in the cups, acting a bit like a robot, her mind very obviously elsewhere. She picked up two cups and went to head back to the lounge leaving me to bring the other two before I stopped her by suggesting,

“Maybe you had better shove your panties further into your pocket before you go in there. If Mom or Dad see them hanging out your pocket like that, they might ask awkward questions.” She hurriedly put one cup down and fixed the problem before proceeding.

Sitting in the lounge with my parents knowing that my sister was panty-less across from me, was highly erotic and arousing and I knew that I would have to visit her bedroom later that night. My erection was becoming harder and I was surprised that I was being so affected after all that had occurred during the day. When I looked across at Anne she was looking back at me over the lip of her cup and she had her knees just far enough apart to look accidental, but giving me a clear view of the inside of her legs almost to their junction. She was deliberately and calculatedly teasing me right under the noses of our parents and I marvelled at how much we had both changed in such a short time, before licking my lips again and making her look away.

Anne headed for bed first, giving both Mom and Dad a quick kiss and just saying ‘goodnight’ to me and I decided to follow soon after. I went first to Dad and gave him a bit of a hug before going to Mom to kiss her. I was faced so as to block Dad’s view and as I leant over to kiss her I slipped my hand on her leg and slid it up to give her crotch a quick grope and squeeze, making Mom flinch a little and blush faintly as she shoed me off to bed.

My alarm buzzed me awake at about 2.00 am and I eased out through my window and crept along to Anne’s room and slid her window up and open and slipped in and over to her bed. She was sound asleep and I rested my hand lightly over her mouth and whispered softly in her ear to wake her. She snapped awake, her eyes wide open, from the sudden burst of adrenaline but she calmed as quickly when she saw it was me.

“I didn’t think you were coming and I gave up waiting and went to sleep about 1 o’clock. What took you so long?” She lifted her bed covers and went on, “Climb in and tell me in here.”



I was only in a tee shirt and my undershorts and the cold was starting to bite so I joined her with some relief and pulled the duvet right over both our heads.

“That’s better – it’s freezing out there.” I shoved my hands under her nightie and placed them on the bare skin of her tummy, above her panties, and she squealed as she tried to escape the chill of them, “Shhh. Don’t wake the oldies or we’re in real deep shit. I’m so late because I didn’t want to risk them waking and hearing me moving about.” Anne wrapped her arms round my neck and plastered her mouth against mine, rolling onto me as she did so, finishing up lying on top, with her legs between mine and her breasts flattened against my chest. I could feel my crotch pressing hard against hers and I knew she would be able to feel my cock hardening as our kiss got more and more passionate and frantic. I had removed my hands from her tummy, dragged the back of her nightie up, allowing me to grab a buttock in each hand with my fingers digging deep and forcing her nickers into the gap between them, and pulled her tightly to me to allow me hump my erection against her.

“I’d really love to feel your cock inside me.” Anne said, “But I don’t suppose that we should do that. Imagine if you got me pregnant. Let’s get naked and bring each other off with our hands.”

“I’ve got something a whole lot better than that in store for you. I told and showed you what I’m going to do, in the kitchen earlier.” Anne seemed shocked and replied,

“You didn’t really mean that did you? I thought you were teasing me. How can you bear to put your mouth down there? It must be yucky.” she was definitely taken aback.

I rolled us over so that Anne was now lying on her back and I moved down the bed and knelt up with my face above the junction of her thighs. I was working blind as we were both still under the covers and, in that enclosed space, the odour of her arousal and excitement was almost overpowering. I worked her panties off, saying as I placed them in her hand,

“You’d better hang on to these, you might want to use them to muffle any loud noises, so as not to wake anyone.” I shoved an arm under each of her knees and lifted her legs up and placed them on my shoulders and lowered my face down.

“Brace yourself, here it comes.” And I put my wide-open mouth over her whole pussy and sucked as hard as I could, feeling Anne suddenly tremble in shocked excitement, before poking my tongue out as far as I could and licking furiously along the full length of her suddenly wide open pussy. I pulled my head back a little and pulled the covering flap of skin back to clear her clitoris and then flicked my tongue back and forth across it, a few times, before nipping it between my lips and then sucking on it and working it with my tongue again.

While I was doing this I worked two fingers deep inside her and wriggled them about until I could feel her fluids flowing freely and really soaking the whole area. I pulled my fingers from her vagina and stretched up and placed them at the lips of



her mouth, and, without me saying anything, she opened her mouth wide, sucked my fingers in and proceeded to lick them clean and nurse furiously on them. It was a very erotic action reminding me of Mary-Anne sucking my cock until I orgasmed, and the sensations that I was getting from Anne's attention to my fingers were almost enough to cause me to reach an early climax. I extracted them from the suction of her mouth and she seemed very reluctant to lose them as I said to her, before returning to her cunt,

"Now you know what you taste like and it's not offensive at all, is it?"

I began to lick at her pussy again, re-inserting my fingers, and I could hear her beginning to groan with pure pleasure and arousal. I paused long enough to whisper,

"Use your nickers to keep yourself from making too loud a noise!" before carrying on. I began to finger her bum hole with my other hand and while I didn't actually get my finger inside there, just the pressure of my pressing caused her even more excitement. I didn't know this when I was doing it but Anne told me later and she said that this was the final thing that made her climax. It was funny to feel Anne in the full throes of orgasm but not hearing her make virtually any noise, as had occurred with the other climaxes I had been party to. She was silently convulsing and thrusting herself against the pressure of my caressing tongue and mouth and, when I felt a strong spurt of fluid come out of her cunt, I thought she had pissed in my mouth, except it didn't taste sour or bitter as I thought it would.

When Anne was still I slid myself up until I was lying on top of her and able to kiss her and hug her to me. We were still completely under the bedcovers but she still whispered softly when she moved her lips close to my ear,

"Oh, thank you, thank you, my lovely brother. I never knew anything could be that wonderful. Now what shall we do about you? By the feel of that thing pressed against my tummy we need to do something."

"I would love to have proper sex with you but we can't. Would you mind if I rubbed it against you until I come? That would be a bit like the real thing."

"Of course you can. After what you did for me you can do anything to me that you want."

I slid my shorts down to mid thigh and moved around until I was nestled between her thighs with my cock lying along the split between her pussy lips and then I slowly began to slide it back and forth. It felt wonderful and the squeezing of my cock, caused by our bodies being pressed so closely together, was almost as if it was buried inside a tightly claspng cunt. I must have been dripping lots of fluid from my cock as the whole area where we were 'joined' was becoming very wet and slippery and it was easy to slide my erection back and forth against her. Anne seemed to be really enjoying our sexual embrace and she had her legs wrapped round my hips and was pulling me hard to her, her fingers were digging into my back and she seemed to be trying to suck my tongue from my mouth.

My orgasm arrived and I ejaculated my seed against her lower belly as I jerked and



writhed my cock against her, spreading it over both of us. When it had ended and I was spurting no longer, Anne pulled the duvet down from over our heads and turned on her bedside light. I rolled off her and whispered my thanks to her as she lifted the covers and pulled her nightie up to see the results of our activities. In a move that I found very sensual and loving, Anne reached down and smeared my spendings around on her belly with the first two fingers of her hand, and then she slipped those fingers into her mouth and licked and sucked my cum from them.

“You taste different from me, not better or worse, just different. Was that all right for you? You seemed to be enjoying it and you certainly shot out a lot. It’s all quite messy isn’t it?”

“Mary-Anne didn’t seem to mind the taste of it either.” That sort of slipped out without me meaning to say it, so to divert her, I quickly went on, “It was great – I feel just as wonderful as you probably did. Do you want me to sneak and get a wash-cloth from the bathroom?”

“No it can just dry there until my shower in the morning. Now what did you mean ‘Mary-Anne didn’t mind the taste either’? When did she taste you?” Anne didn’t sound too thrilled at being second after her friend, and I hoped that she would never find out that Mom had also been ahead of her. I decided that I had better be honest in my reply in case they ever compared notes, being so close,

“She sucked me off in the movies and she swallowed nearly everything I squirted out. I don’t know how she managed, but she did.” I waited for Anne’s response.

“She what? You mean she put your cock in her mouth? And she sucked on it? God! How could she do that and swallow it all as well?” Anne sounded amazed, not exactly offended or sickened at the thought, just surprised. “How did it feel? Did you like it? Will you let her do it again?”

“It felt great. Didn’t it feel great when I licked your cunt? I suppose it felt much like that, and yes, I definitely would let her, or anyone else, do that to me. Anywhere, anytime.” I laughed softly as I said this to her.

“I’m going to try that next time. If she can do it then so can I.” Anne sat up and bent down to look closely at my soft cock and she nursed it in her hand, lowered her lips to kiss it and ran her tongue over the head, before sitting back up and saying,

“That didn’t seem too bad. Now you had better sneak back to your own bed or we won’t get any sleep at all, tonight.”

Chapter 8.

I didn’t leap out of bed with great enthusiasm next morning and, by the time I arrived in the kitchen for breakfast, Dad had already left and Anne and Tom were almost ready to depart as well. Mom was occupied at the bench and Tom had disappeared for a last quick visit to the bathroom before leaving as Anne went into the laundry to put on her coat so I followed her. She turned to me and smiled widely and whispered softly.



“Good Morning, Lover. Thank you for last night, I just wish we could stay in bed for the whole day. When can we get together again? Tonight?”

I wrapped my arms round her and pulled her to me as I backed up against the closed door and kissed her, thrusting deep into her mouth. I pulled the back of her skirt up, shoved both hands under the waistband of her nickers and clutched her bum cheeks pulling her hard against my cock.

I relaxed my hug and, without removing my hands from under her nickers, I slid one round her body and fingered her pussy as I whispered in her ear,

“We had better cool it at home. I’ve got a plan so just follow my lead at dinner tonight. You’ll have to make do with this in the meantime. Sorry.”

Anne’s pussy was already very moist and I had no trouble thrusting a couple of fingers inside her and wriggling them around.

“You’ve been playing with yourself already. You are turning into a right little hot-arse, aren’t you? I bet you’ll have to go to the toilet and beat off during the day, won’t you?”

I felt the door pushing against my back indicting that either Tom or Mom wanted in and I quickly pulled my hand from her cunt and moved away from the door as Anne, blushing brightly, made sure that her skirt was back in place before anyone entered.

“Are you ready yet, Anne? We’ll miss our bus if you don’t get a move on.” It was only Tom trying to hurry her up.

“I’m just putting my coat on. I’ll only be a minute.” Anne replied, quickly shrugging it on, and she gave me another quick peck as she squeezed my crotch and whispered, as she walked out, “You bastard! You’ll pay for this.”

I followed Anne into the kitchen and sat down to my cereal as Anne and Tom left and Mom made toast for me. When I had finished my cereal Mom brought over a plate of toast and coffee and cleared the table and began washing the dishes as I ate. When I had finished I picked up my plate and mug and moved to stand behind Mom and reach round her body to place them in the sink, then I slipped my hands in the opening of her robe, one above the tie and one below. I cupped a breast in one hand and spread the other over her belly and pulled her hard back against me, as I kissed and licked the side of her throat before whispering in her ear,

“I’ve got a free period first up and if you will drive me to school we’d have plenty of time?” I could feel her nipple hardening in my grasp and I slid my other hand lower until I could feel the heat of her pussy through the material of her nightie and her panties.

“Plenty of time for what?” Mom was playing the innocent.

“Don’t play hard to get! Turn round.” I ordered, releasing my hold to turn her in my



arms to face me and then I kissed her as I undid the tie of her robe and, when it opened, I hugged her tightly to let her feel my desire for her.

Mom made no protest and wrapped her arms round my neck and carried on the kiss as, lifting her with my arms wrapped under her bum, I carried her to stand her at the end of the table where I had eaten my breakfast. I reached up under her nightie and slid her panties down and off and then lifted her to sit on the end of the table and sat back down on my dining- chair. I moved my chair in close to the table, lifted her legs to place her thighs on my shoulders and lowered my face to put my open mouth completely over her pussy. Mom groaned in pleasure and shifted forward to assist me and when I began to lick her cunt, running my tongue back and forth along the full length of her wide open lips, she cried out and lowered herself till she was lying flat on her back on the table top.

By the time I thrust my tongue deep inside her vagina she was groaning almost continuously, rolling her head round with her eyes almost squeezed shut and I think she was completely unaware of where she was or of anything else but what was sexually happening to her. When I began to suck her clitoris, now quite erect and prominent, and thrusting a couple of fingers inside her to replace my tongue, which was now flickering and teasing her clitoris, I suddenly caught a flicker of movement in the doorway behind Mom's head. I looked up and got a terrible shock when I saw Beth, Mom's best friend and next-door neighbour, standing in the doorway to the lounge watching us with her mouth wide open in surprise.

I was about to pull away from Mom when Beth smiled and placed a finger over her lips to indicate that I should remain silent. Mom and Beth did a lot of activities together and often got together in the morning, after husbands and kids had left, for coffee and gossip. Because we were so engrossed in our activities we had obviously not heard her call out when she came in the front door and Beth, hearing noises in the kitchen, just came through to be greeted by a sight that she had definitely not expected. Beth grinned widely again and winked at me and mouthed silently,

“Don't stop for me. Can I watch?”

I had unfastened my trousers and I now stood up and allowed them to fall down round my ankles as I nodded my OK to Beth and flipped Mom's nightie right up and over her head and face, making sure that her view was completely shut off. I found, to my surprise, that the thought of someone watching me was a heck of a turn-on and I had no hesitation in lowering my underwear to allow my cock to stand up proud and ready. Just a few days had changed me radically and my innocence had gone forever.

Looking into Beth's eyes I placed the head of my erection at the entrance of Mom's vagina and slowly pushed it in until it was buried as deep as possible and our pubic hair was mingling. Beth had one hand under her dressing gown and was obviously playing with her cunt as she looked on, red faced and droopy eyed, highly aroused. Her mouth was open and she was running her tongue round her lips and when her gaze met mine I mouthed to her,



“Let me see!” Beth surely knew what I wanted because, as I thrust in and out of Mom, she untied her gown, dragged her nightie up to waist level and let me see her hand moving vigorously in the crutch of her panties.

I was leaning forward, fondling and squeezing Mom’s breasts with both hands and pinching her erect nipples as I fucked her harder and quicker, causing her to clutch desperately at the sides of the table top, trying to hold herself in place against the force of my movements, and her groaning and gasping was getting louder and louder, even from under the cover of her nightie. I looked at Beth and, with quick jerks of my head, I indicated that she should lower her panties and let me see her. She pushed them down to mid-thigh and I saw, to my surprise that her pubes were bare, she had removed all her pubic hair and I thought it was extremely sexy to see her cunt in all it’s glory.

Beth had three fingers shoved deep inside and was fucking herself wildly and, from the wetness of her fingers and the tops of her thighs, she was plainly very excited and closing in on a climax. Mom was also almost at her orgasm, she was beginning to shake and shudder and suddenly she cried out and lifted her body clear of the table and began to sob and gasp loudly and wrap her legs round me to try to pull me deeper. When she stopped shaking and relaxed a little I pulled my cock out of her and, after a couple of quick shoves sliding it back and forth along her wet, wide open cunt, I began to cum myself, ejaculating far up her body. The excitement that came from Beth’s watching caused me to send the first spurt almost to Mom’s face and the remaining spurts covered her breasts and tummy with my seed. Beth reached her climax as she watched me spurting and she was biting hard on her lip to stop herself crying out as she shook her way through her orgasm, clinging desperately to the doorway to stop herself sliding to the floor.

Mom was starting to come back to normality and was moving as if to sit up and uncover her face so Beth dragged her panties back up, mouthed her thanks to me and crept silently away, leaving me to vow that I would pay her a visit sometime when I knew she would be home alone.

“Don’t move for a minute, Mom.” I ordered and I bent down and picked up her nickers and wiped my mess from her body and dried off my cock before helping her to sit up.

“God! What you seem to be able to do to me. I had the weirdest feeling while you were making love to me. I felt as if someone was watching us, but I suppose that it was guilt feelings that caused that. I had better go and get some clothes on to run you to school.”

“Just go in your nightie and dressing gown – you won’t be getting out of the car and there won’t be anybody to see you at school. We’d better get moving, that took longer than I thought.” I was pulling my pants up as I spoke and Mom was sliding off the table.

“I can’t do that – I haven’t even got panties on.”

“You’ll be OK. The thought of you being almost naked will be very exciting. Now



come on.” I grabbed my bag in one hand and tugged her to the door with the other, protesting but following all the same.

As we reversed out of the garage I looked over at Beth’s house and spotted her watching out the kitchen window. We grinned widely at each other and I stuck out my tongue, my back to my mother, and wriggled it suggestively at her and was rewarded by an even wider smile and her opening her mouth and running her tongue round her lips. I knew that any approach to Beth would be well received.

Mom’s dressing gown had fallen apart, one flap on each side of her legs, and her nightie that normally fell to knee level had risen halfway up her thighs. I slid a bit closer to Mom and placed my hand on her leg and slid it up, taking the hem of her nightie with it, until I reached the junction of her thighs and could feel her pussy against the side of my invading fingers.

“Don’t do that. Are you still not satisfied? God, how much do you need? Someone might see. Now don’t.” Mom didn’t seem too eager to have me finger her out in the open.

“No-one can see us in the car. You know how much I love your pussy and need to play with it. I’ll stop in plenty of time before school.” I carried on fingering her and by the time we were nearing the school she was excited again and had her legs as far apart as she could get them in the confines of the car and when I removed my hand and pulled her nightie down she sighed with disappointment and said,

“That’s not fair. You’ve got me all wound up and now you’re going to leave me. I’ll probably have to masturbate when I get home.”

I leant over and kissed her goodbye and replied,

“Thanks for the lift Mom. I hope it was worth the trouble of having to drive me in, you seemed to enjoy yourself. I’m sure that you’ll manage to ‘unwind’ when you get home. See you tonight.” I climbed out and headed for class.

I was a little bit later getting home and Anne and Tom had already arrived before me. I had seen Tom going over to visit his friend and Mom was alone in the kitchen, meaning that Anne was up the front somewhere, so I took the chance to give Mom a quick hug and grope as I whispered to her,

“Hope you manage to fix up your problem when you got home this morning.” Mom mad no reply but blushed a little as she shrugged me off.

‘Don’t! Anne could come in any time and it would be devastating if anyone saw us together.’ It seemed that Beth hadn’t popped over to tell Mom of her voyeurism that morning and I certainly wasn’t going to tell her.

I released her and headed upstairs, noting that the bathroom door was close and Anne’s door was wide open and her room was empty. I tried the bathroom door-handle and found, to my amazement, that it wasn’t locked so I went in. Anne was sitting on the toilet with her panties round her ankles and her dress draped over



her knees, completely blocking my view.

“What are you doing? Mom’s home and she could come in anytime. There’s no need to ask what you want.” Anne seemed outraged but she didn’t actually order me to leave.

“She’s fixing dinner and she’ll be busy for ages. You watched me piss the other day and now it’s my turn.” I lifted her dress and went on, “Spread your legs so I can see.” Anne was red with embarrassment but she did as I asked and spread her knees apart and allowed me to kneel in front of the toilet and watch closely as she pissed.

Her piddling was different to Mom’s as the stream was a lot thinner and jetted out with more force, presumably Anne’s pussy was a lot tighter because she had not borne any children yet, and her lips spread open wider giving a better view of her inner lips. When her piss finally dribbled away to nothing she wiped herself dry with a wad of toilet paper and then, before closing her legs, she asked,

“Seen all you want? Can I get up now?” and when I nodded and climbed back to my feet, she pulled up her panties, stood as well and straightened her dress.

“Thanks. You’ve got a very attractive cunt and I would love to examine it for longer – but I suppose I’d better go. Don’t forget, follow my lead at dinner.” I went to my room and carried on with my homework until I was called to dinner.

About halfway through the meal I began,

“Mom, Dad, I need to ask you something. Some friends of mine are going on a hike, with the hiking club, in the national park this weekend and are going to stay in the hikers hut or spend the night there in tents. Would it be all right if I went with them? There’s a bus drops us off at the start on Saturday morning and picks us up late Sunday afternoon. What do you think – would it be OK?”

“That sounds great. Would you take me with you? Please. I won’t be a nuisance or hold you up.” Anne quickly picked up on where I was heading.

“I suppose it sounds all right. What do you think, Dear?” Mom was agreeable now it rested on Dad.

“I don’t see any reason why not. What about your sister? Will you take her with you? I suppose there’s less chance of you getting in trouble if she’s there to keep an eye on you.” Dad had given his OK as well.

“That’s great. I’ve been looking forward to this since I heard about it the other day. I suppose you can come, Anne, as long as you promise not to lead me astray.” I laughed and reluctantly agreed to take her with me.

After dinner Anne and I sat at the table and made a list of what we would need to take with us.



“I know you’ve got a plan. What is it?” Anne asked very quietly.

“We’ll start off up the track and head off to an area that I know and spend the night on our own in the tent. I haven’t actually told any of the hiking club that we are going with them – so they won’t miss us.” I smirked at the cunning of my plan and waited for her admiring response.

“That doesn’t sound too correct to me. Do you think we should be on our own? You could do anything to me.” Anne looked quite serious about her reply and I could feel my chin drop in surprise. “That got you going didn’t it. Sounds absolutely great.”

We both went to bed thinking about our forthcoming trip in eager anticipation.

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“You’ll be OK. The thought of you being almost naked will be very exciting. Now come on.” I grabbed my bag in one hand and tugged her to the door with the other, protesting, but following all the same.

As we reversed out of the garage I looked over at Beth’s house and spotted her watching out the kitchen window. We grinned widely at each other and I stuck out my tongue, my back to my mother, and wriggled it suggestively at her and was rewarded by an even wider smile and her opening her mouth and running her tongue round her lips. I knew that any approach to Beth would be well received.

Mom’s dressing gown had fallen apart, one flap on each side of her legs, and her nightie that normally fell to knee level had risen halfway up her thighs. I slid a bit closer to Mom and placed my hand on her leg and slid it up, taking the hem of her nightie with it, until I reached the junction of her thighs and could feel her pussy against the side of my invading fingers.

“Don’t do that. Are you still not satisfied? God, how much do you need? Someone might see. Now don’t.” Mom didn’t seem too eager to have me finger her out in the open.

“No-one can see us in the car. You know how much I love your pussy and need to play with it. I’ll stop in plenty of time before school.” I carried on fingering her and by the time we were nearing the school she was excited again and had her legs as far apart as she could get them in the confines of the car and when I removed my hand and pulled her nightie down she sighed with disappointment and said,

“That’s not fair. You’ve got me all wound up and now you’re going to leave me. I’ll probably have to masturbate when I get home.”



I leant over and kissed her goodbye and replied,

“Thanks for the lift Mom. I hope it was worth the trouble of having to drive me in, you seemed to enjoy yourself. I’m sure that you’ll manage to ‘unwind’ when you get home. See you tonight.” I climbed out and headed for class.

I was a little bit later getting home and Anne and Tom had already arrived before me. I had seen Tom going over to visit his friend and Mom was alone in the kitchen, meaning that Anne was up the front somewhere, so I took the chance to give Mom a quick hug and grope as I whispered to her,

“Hope you manage to fix up your problem when you got home this morning.” Mom mad no reply but blushed a little as she shrugged me off.

‘Don’t! Anne could come in any time and it would be devastating if anyone saw us together.’ It seemed that Beth hadn’t popped over to tell Mom of her voyeurism that morning and I certainly wasn’t going to tell her.

I released her and headed upstairs, noting that the bathroom door was close and Anne’s door was wide open and her room was empty. I tried the bathroom door-handle and found, to my amazement, that it wasn’t locked so I went in. Anne was sitting on the toilet with her panties round her ankles and her dress draped over her knees, completely blocking my view.

“What are you doing? Mom’s home and she could come in anytime. There’s no need to ask what you want.” Anne seemed outraged but she didn’t actually order me to leave.

“She’s fixing dinner and she’ll be busy for ages. You watched me piss the other day and now it’s my turn.” I lifted her dress and went on, “Spread your legs so I can see.” Anne was red with embarrassment but she did as I asked and spread her knees apart and allowed me to kneel in front of the toilet and watch closely as she pissed.

Her piddling was different to Mom’s as the stream was a lot thinner and jetted out with more force, presumably Anne’s pussy was a lot tighter because she had not borne any children yet, and her lips spread open wider giving a better view of her inner lips. When her piss finally dribbled away to nothing she wiped herself dry with a wad of toilet paper and then, before closing her legs, she asked,

“Seen all you want? Can I get up now?” and when I nodded and climbed back to my feet, she pulled up her panties, stood as well and straightened her dress.

“Thanks. You’ve got a very attractive cunt and I would love to examine it for longer – but I suppose I’d better go. Don’t forget, follow my lead at dinner.” I went to my room and carried on with my homework until I was called to dinner.

About halfway through the meal I began,

“Mom, Dad, I need to ask you something. Some friends of mine are going on a hike,



with the hiking club, in the national park this weekend and are going to stay in the hikers hut or spend the night there in tents. Would it be all right if I went with them? There's a bus drops us off at the start on Saturday morning and picks us up late Sunday afternoon. What do you think – would it be OK?"

"That sounds great. Would you take me with you? Please. I won't be a nuisance or hold you up." Anne quickly picked up on where I was heading.

"I suppose it sounds all right. What do you think, Dear?" Mom was agreeable now it rested on Dad.

"I don't see any reason why not. What about your sister? Will you take her with you? I suppose there's less chance of you getting in trouble if she's there to keep an eye on you." Dad had given his OK as well.

"That's great. I've been looking forward to this since I heard about it the other day. I suppose you can come, Anne, as long as you promise not to lead me astray." I laughed and reluctantly agreed to take her with me.

After dinner Anne and I sat at the table and made a list of what we would need to take with us.

"I know you've got a plan. What is it?" Anne asked very quietly.

"We'll start off up the track and head off to an area that I know and spend the night on our own in the tent. I haven't actually told any of the hiking club that we are going with them – so they won't miss us." I smirked at the cunning of my plan and waited for her admiring response.

"That doesn't sound too correct to me. Do you think we should be on our own? You could do anything to me." Anne looked quite serious about her reply and I could feel my chin drop in surprise. "That got you going didn't it. Sounds absolutely great."

We both went to bed thinking about our forthcoming trip in eager anticipation

Chapter 9.

Nothing happened next day, just a couple of quick kisses and gropes with both Mom and Anne and I was actually quite pleased to have the break, all this sudden activity was making me decidedly weary. On the Friday evening Anne and I sorted out our gear for our overnighter on the trail, food for about 4 meals (even though we only intended having one and breakfast), sleeping bags, small tent, spare clothes, axe, first aid kit – the list went on and pretty soon we had a couple of quite full packs, I would have hated to have to pack for a week in the "Wilderness". Anne was getting very excited about our adventure and I guessed that she wouldn't get much sleep that night.

It was reasonably early when we bid our parents good night and retired to our respective bedrooms, me having extracted a promise from Anne that she wouldn't



come visiting, and it was only just dark when I leaned on my windowsill and looked out over a narrow strip of lawn and into the neighbours bedroom. Suddenly the light came on and Beth walked in and she looked directly into my eyes before I could turn the light off and fade into the background. She smiled and blew me a kiss before moving back a little and beginning to take her clothes off without making any effort to pull her blinds or drapes.

Beth must have shifted into this room only recently as I had never seen her there before at night, only during the day, tidying and what-have-you. She stood directly in the middle of the room and slowly and sexily unbuttoned the front of her blouse and then slowly removed it and cast it aside. My attention was definitely concentrated on the scene she was presenting and I was sporting an erection that would certainly need some relief if Beth carried on. She appeared to have every intention of doing so and she began to sway side to side as she unfastened her skirt and wriggled it down over her hips and let it slide to the floor, stepped free of it and slowly spun round giving me an completely erotic show of her in a small uplift bra and a thin lacy waist high petticoat.

When she was facing me again she made 'come hither' gestures with her hands that I took to be asking me to stand and let her watch me as well. When I did what I guessed she wanted, she clapped her hands to show her approval and then began to slide her petticoat off, pausing every now and then to entreat me, by mouthing words to me, to join her and take off my clothes. I slid my tee shirt up and over my head as Beth finished taking off her slip and we faced each other, me bare to the waist with just shorts and underwear on, and her in thigh-highs, panties and bra. If her underwear was any briefer it would be non-existent and the top part of her nipples peeped cheekily above the bra cups and I thought I could distinguish the top of her slit above the band of her nickers. I could see damn near every detail of her body over the fifteen odd feet that separated us and with her light on it almost felt as if I could reach out and fondle her.

Beth turned her back to me, unfastened and removed her bra and then swung back to face me with her breasts covered by her hands. She smiled at me and then moved her hands to cup her breasts and offer them to me, running her tongue round her lips as she did so. I also stuck out my tongue and made licking motions as I removed my shorts, watching her slip her panties off. Beth backed to her bed, not taking her eyes from me as I slid my undies off and let my cock stand erect, and when she felt it up against her thighs she sat down and lifted one heel onto the bed edge and began to slide her stocking off. The way she was sitting gave me a clear view of her shaven pussy and the pink/red inner lips were poking well clear off the widespread outer lips and even at this distance the whole area looked wet and swollen. I began to stroke my cock as she then lifted her other leg, without lowering the first one, and removed that stocking as well.

Beth had not even glanced away from me and now she lowered one hand to play with her cunt, and I began to get closer to my climax as she used her other hand to fondle and squeeze her tits and nipples. Suddenly she sat up and slid her finger across her neck as she looked sideways at her closed door. I automatically knew that this was a message to turn out my light and I quickly did so as her door opened and her husband walked in. I knew that he had not registered my light as



he never even looked in my direction. George, Beth's husband, walked over to her and bent down and kissed her then cupped one of her breasts in his hand as he seemed to be whispering something to her. She nodded eagerly, reached down and unfastened the tie on his pyjama bottoms, then stood and pushed him down onto the bed that she had just vacated. Beth moved back onto the bed, straddled his feet and then bent her body down to begin licking George's erection.

My cock was throbbing by this time and I was squeezing it firmly to stop it erupting, knowing that if I did climax I would not be able to enjoy the action that Beth was taking so much trouble to make sure I could observe so clearly. She was regularly flicking her hair clear of her face so as not to obscure my view and she was now kneeling up quite high with her knees wide enough apart to allow me to clearly make out how wet and swollen her pussy was. George was holding desperately to the headboard of the bed and I could tell how wound up he was by the way the veins on his arms stood out. Beth was now sucking the whole of his cock in her mouth and was slowly bobbing her head up and down and I could just imagine the sensations that he was feeling.

Suddenly George released his hold on the headboard and gripped Beth's head in both hands and held her head firmly pressed into his groin and I could tell by the way his whole body stiffened and lifted up from the bed that he was ejaculating deep into Beth's throat. Finally he slumped back down onto the bed and his hands fell from Beth's head allowing her to lift her face clear and I could see that she was gulping air desperately trying to get her breath back. Soon she sat up and swung round till she was sitting on the edge of the bed where she bent down and kissed her husband long and deeply before picking up his PJ pants and sliding them back on for him. Beth then encouraged George to sit up and I guessed that she was sending him off to his bed and I was proved right when he stood, obviously thanked her and wished her goodnight and gave her a quick peck goodnight before departing and closing her door behind himself.

It was only a few seconds before Beth was back on her back with her knees up and widespread and, with one hand, she was indicating that I should turn my light on as she thrust desperately at her cunt with the other. She obviously wanted to see me cum as she reached her own orgasm and, as I was only too willing to participate in her fantasy, whatever it was, I flicked on the light and stood right in front of my now lighted window and began to wank myself as I watched her do the same.

After about four or five strokes I was ready to climax and I thrust my pelvis forward, making my cock stand out further from my belly, and mouthed to Beth that 'I was cumming' and I began to spout my discharge. The first spurt burst out of me and splashed onto the window and this was followed by a further four or five in reducing strength before I was completely spent. I had continued to watch Beth watching me and even through the intense sensations of my own climax I had seen her having her own orgasm and it appeared to be at least as overpowering as my own. Her whole body had lifted clear of the bed and she was only supported by her feet and head as she thrust two or three fingers far into herself and clutched desperately at her breasts. Beth was bright red from just below her tits to the top of her head and even though she was shaking and shivering she still managed to



watch me the whole time. I was slumped weakly against the window by the time she had dropped back to her bed, exhausted, and we both just stayed there, unmoving, looking at each other for what seemed like a long time but was in reality only about 30 seconds.

Finally Beth stood, moved to the window, blew me a kiss and mouthed goodnight before she pulled her curtains. I got a cloth and wiped my window and then, following her example, I crawled into bed and slept like I was dead until Anne woke me by banging on my door next morning. After a cooked breakfast Mom ran us down to the bus depot and about 8.30 we left on an hours ride to the forestry car park. The bus was not very full so Anne and I had no trouble getting seated in the back seat and, when no one else joined us, we had a small secluded area all to ourselves. The mornings were quite cold at this time of the year so we were both dressed warmly, preventing us taking too many liberties but we did manage to kiss and cuddle for the whole trip and, hopefully, anyone that noticed us would have taken us for boyfriend/girlfriend or newly-weds.

There were only a couple of other small parties setting off when we arrived at the kick-off area and it looked as if we might not be disturbed at the site that I had selected. I registered our route and destination and once we had filled our water bottles we set out uphill on the common starting track and we soon warmed up from our exertions. After about 40 minutes we reached the junction that I had been told about and, after we turned, the going got a lot easier as we were heading slightly down hill now and after about another $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour we reached a small stream and we headed upstream until we reached a dense patch of what looked like impenetrable brush. Following the instructions that I had received we went over to the cliff face and forced a way through and the going quickly became easier and after about 10 minute of hard slog we burst out of the brush into a small, completely enclosed clearing.

A narrow, sandy beach separated the stream from a low bank that fell away from a grassy clearing stretching right up to the cliff face. The look on Anne's face made our hard slog worthwhile and she was clearly delighted with the pretty, secluded spot that I had led her to.

"What do you think? Should we settle in here? I had better warn you though, if it rains heavily we could be in a bit of trouble and might have some fun getting out of here."

"It's absolutely beautiful. How ever did you know about this place? It almost look's as we are the first to come here. Let's get set up and then relax." Anne was captivated and it looked as if we were definitely staying right here.

Under the cliff face there was a deep alcove that was almost a cave and would be more than large enough for us to sleep in rather than the tent. I suggested this to Anne, pointing out that we could have a campfire during the night if we used this as our shelter. She readily agreed and suggested that we could hang the tent up to block off one half of the opening and after we had done this we had quite a cosy little cave. I had some surprises for Anne buried in my pack and I brought out the first of them, a blow-up double air mattress. While I enjoyed 'roughing it' I couldn't



see the point of making it any more uncomfortable than necessary. Anne was enraptured and helped me to inflate it and then opened our sleeping bags right out and zipped them together, making one large bag, and lay them on top of our bed – it looked very comfortable.

While Ane was organising the rest of our campsite I found a large piece of log and angled it across the end of our ‘cave’ opening as a backblock for our campfire to serve as a reflector to send the heat inside and it would also slowly burn and help keep the fire going. Once we had a heap of firewood handy and everything else stowed away we were ready to relax and just laze around. The sun was high by now, it being early afternoon, and even though it was getting close to winter the fact that we were in a small enclosed area, free from any cold breeze, meant that it was quite hot in the direct sunshine.

“I think I might soak up this last lot of sunshine. It’s too good to miss.” Anne began to remove her heavy clothing and I decided that her idea was for me as well and also took off my winterish outer clothes.

“I didn’t bring a swimsuit so I’ll have to make do with my underwear. I’m sure you won’t mind.” Anne was down to her panties and bra and she went to her pack and removed her towel, spread it in the sunshine and lay, face down on it. She made a marvellously sexy picture in her white panties and bra and the front of my underpants was soon poking out as my cock hardened and came to full attention.

I went and got my towel and spread it where I could lie and look along the full length of my sisters’ semi-naked body. Anne was fully aware of what I was doing, and why, and she looked over her shoulder at me and smiled (or should I say smirked) as she opened her legs just enough to let me see the crotch of her nickers. The shape of her pussy was clearly outlined but the cotton was heavy enough to keep it hidden from my view.

Soon Anne seemed to be snoozing with her head resting on her folded arms and, after leaving her in peace for a couple of hours, I finally couldn’t resist the temptation any longer and stretched out a hand and began to tickle the sole of her foot. Nothing happened for a few seconds and then she twitched and pulled her foot away from my fingers, opening her thighs a bit wider and stretching the crotch of her panties tighter and pulling the cloth partially between the lips of her pussy. She didn’t appear to have woken and I moved closer and recommenced tickling but this time when she pulled her foot away she lifted her head and seeing what I was doing, she laughed and kicked gently at me in protest.

I dodged her kick and leapt on her back and began tickling her in earnest, taking the opportunity to unfasten the clip on the back of her bra as I did so. Anne had always been very susceptible to tickling and she was laughing, almost hysterically, and wriggling desperately under my torture.

“Stop! Stop! I’ll piddle myself if you don’t stop!” Anne had laughed herself into total submission and had stopped fighting back.

“I’d like to see that.” I replied, as I rolled off her and lay on my back, on the grass,



beside her.

Anne knelt up, ignoring the fact that her bra fell off, baring her delightful breasts to my gaze, and looking down at me, said,
“Are you serious? You really want to see me pee in my pants? You don’t think that’s a little bit sick?”

“It probably is but it’s something I’ve often thought about in the past. It would be a very forbidden and sexy sight to see.” I looked into her eyes as I replied trying to reassure her that I was serious.

Anne quickly straddled my stomach and sat down with her knees on my arms preventing me from struggling. With her thighs spread so far apart her panties were really stretched trying to hide her charms and I could see some dark hairs poking out through the leg holes and each lip was very clearly defined.

“Well I hope you were serious. Ask and you shall receive.” Anne’s face was quite scarlet and her nipples were sticking out, hard and erect and indicating that she was quite decidedly aroused.

I wasn’t quite sure of her intentions but I suddenly felt a hot wet sensation on my chest and when I looked down it was to see her panties bulging as her yellow piss seeped through, turning them diaphanous. The feel of her hot urine running over my bare chest was extremely erotic and I could feel my cock getting very hard as I watched, totally enthralled. Anne had her head back and her eyes half closed as she let herself relax and enjoy the sensation of her bladder emptying and the pee was now pouring from her and flowing through her nickers as if they didn’t exist, the wet cotton now didn’t hide her cunt at all and I could see through them that her lips were gaping open.

Finally the flow ceased and Anne rolled off me onto her towel and hid her face in her arms.

“I’m sorry! I shouldn’t have done that. I feel absolutely ashamed. God knows what you must think of me.” Anne sounded completely mortified as she mumbled this out.

“I loved it. Look at what you’ve done to me. I could shove this thing through a wall, it’s so hard. That was about the sexiest sight I’ve ever seen. And I did ask for it!” I moved over to her and bent down and kissed the side of her neck and when she turned her head to face me I shifted my mouth to hers and we kissed long and passionately as I reached down and rubbed my hand over her wet panties, stroking her bum and pussy.

Anne pulled away from me and climbed to her feet and headed down to the stream, saying,

“I’d better get cleaned up before the sun disappears and it starts to cool down.” She stopped at the water’s edge and pushed her soaking nickers down and stepped out of them and waded into the middle of the flow, turning to face me and



she went on, “are you coming to join me – you’ll smell like a toilet if you don’t and your not sleeping with me like that.”

I had intended going in and washing but the thought of that cold water didn’t thrill me so I was putting it off as long as possible but with that directive I was forced to head down to join her. Anne was standing with her feet apart, crouching down a little and splashing water onto her pussy with a cupped hand and washing her nether regions. It was a very stimulating sight and my cock was still standing erect as I removed my shorts and entered the water to join her, my erection waving side-to-side bravely.

The shock of the cold water almost took my breath away and I couldn’t imagine what it felt like to Anne having to splash it onto her hot pussy. By the time the water reached mid-thigh height my cock had shrivelled almost to non-existence and I sympathised with how it felt, wishing that I could also disappear from this invading cold. Anne was laughing at the look on my face and she bent down and cupped water in her two hands and threw it onto me, continuing to do this and keep me away from her. I was forced to retreat and she quickly escaped from the stream and returned to her towel and sat down and began to dry her lower half as she watched me stand shivering and splashing water onto my chest and sides to get clean.

It was great to be able to leave the water feeling clean and as I returned to my towel Anne laughed and said,

“That’ll teach you to tickle me. The look on your face when you stepped in was priceless. If you only knew how much it cost me to pretend that it wasn’t freezing! Do you think your little friend will rejoin us today?” and she giggled again as she looked down at my tiny member, still hiding from the big cold world.

I couldn’t stay angry with her and I joined her in her amusement also laughing at my discomfort. “Well this whole trip will be wasted if he does decide to sulk until he gets home. But I’ll bet that if he warms up he’ll show himself again.”

I moved up till I was sitting beside her and I put my arm round her and pulled her to me and kissed her again. I looked down at her body and saw that her nipples were puckered up and hard as wee marbles and I remarked on this to her, “I see your nipples react exactly opposite to my dick. Yours’ get hard and stand up while mine gets’ soft and hides. Wonder why this difference?” I bent down and ran my tongue over them and she shivered in pleasure. I licked my way down her body until I was looking directly at her wide-open pussy between her wide spread thighs. “If you only knew how much enjoyment this thing gave me watching you pissing.” I lowered my lips and gave it a good lick before pulling away and sitting up, ignoring the look of disappointment on her face, and saying,

“We’d better get some clothes on and light a fire before it gets dark. The sun will be below the level of the cliff in just a few minutes and it will get cold real quick after that. It might be a good idea to get our meal ready as well.”

We had both packed track-suits and when we had these on over clean underwear



and tee shirts we felt a lot warmer and while I got the fire started Anne got ready to heat some food. We had only brought one pot and so we were going to dine on a tin of beans and sausages mixed with a tin of potatoes, and while it didn't sound too delectable I knew that we were so hungry it would seem like a gourmet feast.

When the fire was going to my satisfaction I went to my pack while Anne placed the pot for our food to heat slowly and I retrieved the bottle of wine that I had hidden earlier. The sun had gone and it was darkening quickly as the air cooled dramatically, so I pulled our mattress and sleeping bags closer to the fire and I sat, my back to the wall, with the bags round me and I invited Anne to sit beside me and cuddle up to keep warm.

Luckily the bottle of wine was cheap and had a screw top as I hadn't given a thought to a corkscrew and we sat, cuddling and groping, looking into the fire and sipping directly from the bottle as we watched the flames flicker and warm our food. It was a great way to spend some quality time together before we retired to our bed and the adventure that awaited both of us.

Chapter 10.

We were almost half way through the wine when our food was hot enough to eat and the sun was well down behind the cliff. The air was rapidly getting colder and darkness was not too far away as we ate our hotch-potch meal that tasted just wonderful, much better than it sounded. Whether this was because we were out in the fresh air or because of all our exercise (or both) made little difference to us and there was none left over when we finished. While Anne rinsed the dishes I stoked up the fire and we settled back together to cuddle and finish up the rest of the wine.

Darkness set in rapidly and soon the only light was from the flickering flames and it was very peaceful sitting there with just each other for company. Even in the evening chill it was quite cosy with the sleeping bags round us to keep warm and pretty soon I was whispering sweet nothings in Anne's ear, more as an excuse to get really close to her and when I began to kiss and lick her ear and throat she was soon shivering with suppressed excitement. I had one arm round her shoulders holding us close and the other was holding the wine bottle which we were both sipping directly from. I handed the bottle to Anne and slipped my hand under the front of her tee shirt and slid it up her tummy to her bare breasts. Her nipples were hard and erect, whether from the cold or the excitement I didn't know, and she made contented noises deep in her throat when I began to stroke her breasts and pinch and flick her nipples with my fingers.

We began to kiss with much hard sucking and tongue thrusting, not at all like brother-sister pecks and we were both gasping for breath when we finally pulled apart. Anne lifted the bottle to her mouth and took a large mouthful and then lowered her face back to mine and locked her mouth to mine again. When she began to dribble wine from her mouth into mine the eroticism of this action was almost too much for me and I nearly came just from her doing that. We spent some time doing this - swapping wine from mouth to mouth and back again and I am sure that Anne felt as I did - there could not be a clearer way of demonstrating how we felt about each other. The intimacy of sharing like this meant that we



could not get much closer.

When the wine was finally finished I was feeling completely mellow and as happy and contented as I had ever been and, from the look on her face and the way she was relaxed, Anne was in the same state. We had held each other close while consuming the wine and neither of us had been hesitant in fondling and caressing the other and I was more aroused and erect than I ever had been before, the smell of the odour from Anne's excitement serving to get me completely and utterly in a state of desperation.

"Are you ready for bed yet?" I asked, "I know it's still early but it's getting cool and we'll be awake early when the sun comes up."

"You don't have to convince me. I'm as eager to get to bed as you are. I'm so horny that I'm almost dying with anticipation. Feel my nipples and see how wet I am." Anne's voice seemed to be shaking with eager nervousness.

I kept her cuddled to me with one arm wrapped round her and I cupped one of her breasts with the other and felt her nipple. She was definitely not exaggerating – her nipple was swollen and hard as a little pebble and she sucked in her breath when I gave it a gentle squeeze with my forefinger and thumb. When I moved my hand down, pushed it in under her tracksuit pants and panties to between her legs she was also showing her arousal there as well, the lips of her pussy felt swollen and puffy and her vagina seemed to be open and hot and the whole area was very wet and slippery.

"Come on then, let's bank up the fire and climb into our sleeping bags. You join them together again and I'll throw some wood on the fire and stack some more handy."

I soon had the fire built up and in the light from the higher flames I watched Anne zip the two sleeping bags together and spread them out ready. When I moved over to her we finished up kneeling on the bedding facing each other. She looked beautiful and totally desirable and I couldn't resist leaning forward and, wrapping my arms round her, pulling her into a kiss that I meant only to show my love for her. We stayed joined like this for a long time, savouring the feel and closeness until finally pulling apart and looking at each other in wonderment.

"You know Anne, I really do love you and I'm not just saying that because I want to have sex with you." I truly meant what I said and went on, "You do know that we don't have to do anything if your don't want to or are not sure. We could just sleep together and hold each other if that's all you want. I really wouldn't mind."

"Don't be so silly. I love you deeply as well and I do want and need to feel you inside me. I couldn't imagine anybody that I would rather lose my virginity with. Now come on, let's get into bed and make love. If I don't get fucked soon I will go mad." I hadn't heard Anne use language like this before and it turned me on even more if that was possible.

I watched as Anne removed first her track top then her tee shirt finishing up



kneeling facing me, bare to the waist.

“Come on. Get your clothes off as well. You don’t expect me to do a strip tease for you, do you?” She sat back on her heels, seemingly not intending to take of any more till I got started as well.

I began to get undressed and Anne went back to removing her clothing as well and pretty soon we were both in just our underpants. We climbed into the double sleeping bag and just lay here side by side, neither of us sure how to begin until Anne finally broke the silence by saying.

“Well? Aren’t you at least gong to kiss me?”

I turned onto my side and lowered my face to hers and we began to kiss softly and gently, both of us trying to show our total devotion to the other, but soon we were pressed hard together, probing and fondling with our tongues and Anne was pulling me on top of her. We finished up with me lying on top of her, she had her legs wide apart and wrapped round mine, her naked breasts were crushed against my bare chest and I could feel her nipples digging into me. My cock, at it’s fullest and desperately trying to force it’s way from the confines of my underwear, was pressed hard against Anne’s tummy that was still covered by her panties. I couldn’t stop myself from slowly moving, as we kissed, and rubbing my cock against her and I was beginning to come dangerously close to unloading myself into the material of my underwear.

Pulling my mouth from her I asked Anne,

“Are you sure about this? There’s no way back once we’ve done it and I’d better warn you that I’m not sure I could stop once we have started.”

“I don’t think I’ve ever been more sure of anything in my whole life. If you don’t make love to me soon I’m gong to die. Please!”

I moved further down under the covers until I was able to grasp the band of her panties and slide them down her legs and pull them clear of her feet. I moved back up and wriggled out of my own underpants and then I moved back close to her and after kissing her again I whispered in her ear,

“You appear to be ready. Look, you can see how your panties are soaked and you can smell your excitement.” I held her panties to her nose, allowing her to smell the scent of her pussy. “You are definitely aroused and prepared.”

Anne breathed in deeply and blushed at the evidence of her state, then she pushed my hand away and replied,

“Come on let’s do it. I need to feel and experience everything. Please.”

I stretched out and pulled my pack towards me and Anne asked what I was doing. I replied,



“I’m just getting a contraceptive. I bought some at the service station a few days ago. We can’t risk getting you pregnant.”

“It’s all right. I’ve been on the pill since right after the first time we masturbated together. I knew that that I would have to have proper sex, if not with you then with someone else. We’re quite safe.”

I stopped my search and rolled back on top of Anne and went back to kissing and fondling her. Soon we were in such a state that we couldn’t wait any longer and I lifted myself and reached down and placed the head of my cock at her opening, there was a large amount fluid seeping from my cock and this, mixed with the moisture that Anne was exuding, suggested that it would be easy to thrust it into her.

“Are you ready and sure? This might hurt a bit.”

Anne didn’t answer, she just pulled me hard to her forcing my cock to penetrate her virgin cunt. She groaned as I entered her but it was with pleasure not pain and she wrapped her legs tightly around me and kept me deep inside her. Anne was obviously enjoying her first feeling of cock and meant to retain it as long as possible until she was finally forced to release me a little and allow me to commence slowly thrusting in and out of her. She soon found the rhythm and we began to fuck in earnest, me slamming into her and her shoving herself back at me, both of us sweating and groaning. I couldn’t see Anne clearly in the flickering flame-light but I could feel the excitement building in her and she was almost screaming as she got closer and closer to her climax.

Unfortunately, feeling the rise of her excitement caused a similar reaction in me and I knew that, despite anything that I could do, I would reach my own peak and my ejaculation would soon be spurting deep inside my beloved sister.

“I’m so sorry Anne, I can’t hold off any longer.” And I erupted, clinging desperately to her and shoving my cock as hard and deep as I possibly could. Luckily Anne was so close to her own climax that when she felt me let go she came as well and we were both lost in our own little world of pure pleasure. When we both came back to earth we just lay there, clinging to each other, my cock slowly softening inside her as we enjoyed the aftermath of our lovemaking.

“Oh God! If I knew that sex was that good I’d have been doing it years ago. That was the single greatest thing that has ever happened to me. Did you enjoy it as much as me? How soon can we do it again?” Anne was totally enjoying the throes of after-sex and I knew that we had created a very sexual being (possibly an insatiable monster – I wish).

Chapter 11.

I was too exhausted to reply to her and I just wrapped my arms round her and held her tightly as my body relaxed. Anne also subsided into silence and just lay there in my arms and I felt her body soften as she began to doze in the security of my embrace and I allowed myself to sink into sleep with her.



Sometime later I awoke feeling chilled and saw that our fire was almost out and that the cold of the night was forcing its way into our cosy nook. I managed to free myself from Anne without waking her and I threw a couple of large chunks of firewood onto the embers. I took advantage of being up to take a piss and, while it was cold, it felt good to be standing naked, sending my stream into the darkness, looking up into the sheer wonderment of the millions of stars that were visible out here in the wilderness in the clear crisp night air, away from the pollution and reflected light of city life. When I was finished I crawled back under the covers, pulled them up and over both of us and snuggled up to my sister and went back to sleep.

We must have been extremely tired, or maybe it was the fresh air, as we both slept until the first rays of the morning sunrise forced their way into our cave. I think Anne may have stirred first and it was her movements that woke me and when I opened my eyes it was to look into hers at very close range.

“Good Morning, Sweetheart. Did you sleep as well as me. I feel wonderful this morning. Totally on top of the world.” Anne smiled and dipped her face to give me a quick peck, obviously not troubled or regretful of our lovemaking the previous evening.

“Morning Beautiful. Yep, I slept great as well. I woke up during the night and threw some more wood on the fire and had a pee, but other than that I didn’t move all night.”

“Oh, I wish you hadn’t mentioned peeing. I’ve been lying here trying to convince myself I don’t really need to go but now I’ll have to and it looks a bit chilly out there.” Anne gave a bit of a shiver as she said this and I felt her tensing up prior to climbing out of our joined bags.

“Ha Ha. I don’t need to go since I went during the night. Throw some more wood on while you’re up. We’re away home this morning so it doesn’t matter if you piss close to our camp – I did.”

With a bit of a groan Anne climbed up and went over to the woodpile and picked up an armful that she then dropped on the still glowing coals. She presented me with a wonderful sight as she bent over, bare-arse naked, with her pussy bulging out at the junction of her thighs and her breasts dangling down free from any restraint. My morning hard on suddenly became a serious erection.

Anne moved a couple of feet away from the fire towards the stream and went to squat down when I protested.

“Don’t face that way. I can’t see. Turn towards me.”

“God! You’re grubby. I can’t believe your fascination with me piddling. Are all men like you?” Anne protested a little as she turned to face me, blushing, but she did crouch down in such a way to let me see clearly. She didn’t protest when I asked her to spread her feet, just did as I asked and then began to pee. There were a few



short spurts at first before her stream became strong, hissing from her open pussy and splashing onto the sand. She pissed for a long time, obviously needing it badly, and all the while she looked into my eyes as I peered first at her cunt then into her eyes. When Anne finally dribbled to a halt she stood up, shivered a little and then made her way back to our bed where she fumbled round and found her panties from yesterday and then carefully dried her pussy before hopping back in beside me.

“Well? Did you enjoy watching me? I don’t know! It doesn’t seem all that fascinating to me and certainly not exciting.”

“What do you think?” I grasped her hand and guided it down to my aroused penis. “It was just a little tiddler before you started.”

Anne giggled and said, “Hmmm. I suppose we had better do something about that. It must be very uncomfortable. Do you have any suggestions?”

“Why don’t you move up and sit on my face and I can eat my favourite breakfast.” I smiled leeringly at her

“Yuck! You can’t want to do that. I haven’t washed since last night and I must be a bit yucky down there.”

“Don’t be silly. That’s all you and me. How could that be repulsive? Now get up here.” I grabbed her by her shoulders and encouraged her to move up my body until she lifted one leg over my chest and, kneeling, lowered herself until her cunt was within reach of my mouth. Eagerly I opened wide and enclosed as much of her lips as I could manage, and then, as I sucked hard, I ran my tongue hard along her split forcing in between her lips as far as I could.

Anne shivered, not from the cold this time, and, as I continued to lick and suck, I could see, looking up her naked body, her growing excitement. Her nipples were hard and erect and she was reddening from chest level upwards. I couldn’t see her face because she had her head thrust back but I could easily hear her breath coming in pants. Having her cunt licked obviously aroused her greatly and when I began to run my forefinger over her arsehole and press gently as if trying to enter her there, she quickly orgasmed, excreting even more fluid from her vagina which I happily licked up.

When she calmed down she quickly slid off me and began to kiss me gratefully.

“What about you? Do you want me to suck you off?” I think Anne would have done anything for me by now and when I said that I was going to fuck her, long and hard, she rolled onto her back, spreading her legs wide and pulling me on top of her.

“I hoped you might want to do that. I would really like you to shove your cock as far and as hard into me as you can.” Anne reached down and grabbed my erection and guided the head to her opening, encouraging me to enter into her wet pussy.

I was only too happy to do as she asked and I rammed my cock deep inside her and



then paused, savouring the feel of her gripping me firmly in her almost virgin cunt. Anne reached up and wrapped her arms round my neck and pulled me down to lie on top of her as she kissed and sucked on my tongue. Finally I could bear it no longer and I had to begin fucking her with long, slow, hard strokes gradually speeding up until I was slamming into her as hard and as quickly as I could manage.

Anne was also getting into it and had wrapped her legs round my back, trying to hold me deep inside her, as she also got more and more excited.

When I could take no more I groaned out that I was going to come and rammed myself as deep in her pussy as I could, and began to spurt my seed inside her. Anne climaxed with me and we clung desperately to each other as we shuddered and shook through our mutual pleasure.

We lay there silently, cuddling and kissing and enjoying the after effects of our orgasms. We must have both dozed off together and when we woke the sun was well up and the day was beginning to warm and it was almost encouraging us to get up and start the day.

“Well I suppose one of us has to make a move and it doesn’t look like you have any intention of getting up.” Anne crawled out and stood up fumbling for her towel and tee shirt, which she pulled on before she hobbled her way over the stones to the stream.

My beautiful sister pulled her shirt off and dropped it on the shore, with her towel, and wandered naked out into the stream to calf level, where she bent and cupped water in her hands and splashed it over her face, repeating her actions a couple more times before she stood up straight and shouted out that it felt wonderful. Anne then crouched down and scooped water with one hand onto her pussy and sort of scrubbed it, a very erotic sight that made my cock twitch in interest.

When she finished and stood up straight again there was no pretence of the water being warm this time and she couldn’t stop herself from shivering and I looked on with great interest as the cheeks of her bum jiggled. When she got out she quickly grabbed her towel and scrubbed herself dry and pulled her tee shirt back on before making her way back to the fire where she warmed herself before going to her pack and sorting out fresh panties and her shorts.

“Don’t put them on yet unless you’re really cold. I love to watch your bare bum and pussy and we’ll be going back soon.” I entreated her, trying to look pitiful and deserving. It must have worked as Anne dropped her clothing back on top of her pack and went to the fire to put the coffee pot on to brew.

I decided I had better get mobile and copied her actions going down to the stream. The water was as cold as I thought and when I had washed my privates they shrivelled up to almost nothing. When I got back to Anne in just my tee shirt she took one look at me and giggled.

“I was going to demand that you should only wear your tee shirt, sauce for the goose and gander and all that, but it hardly seems worthwhile – does it? What happened to that large angry beast? When did it turn into that friendly little thing?”



Her giggle turned to an outright laugh when she saw the mortified look on my face and after I got over my initial embarrassment I saw the funny side of it and laughed along with her.

We made breakfast of a mug of coffee and a couple of high energy bars each and then began to pack up our camp and bury our rubbish. When we were finished it was with a lot of reluctance that we decided to get dressed and head off and when Anne picked up her panties to put them on I took them from her hand and knelt before her. I lifted one of her feet and put it through the leg of her panties and then did the same with the other one. I slowly slid them up her legs and when they were about knee level I lent forward and pushed my face into her groin and licked her cunt and tried to nibble on her clitoris with my lips.

Anne groaned when I did this and, holding my head in place with both hands, said

“I knew you were going to do that! God! You could do that to me forever. I love it but you’d better stop or we’ll never get back for the bus home.”

Regretfully I figured she was correct and I pulled away from her and slid her panties right up, covering her pretty pussy, and climbed back to my feet and put on my own gear prior to shouldering my pack and setting off after a final check of the area.

It was a long hot tramp back to the park headquarters where we planned on catching our bus home and we were both pleased and thankful when it came into view. The first thing we planned on doing was obtaining the longest coldest drink in the café and the seeing if we could promote some hot water and privacy for a wash or shower. To our great surprise the first thing to greet us was our mother and she smiled at the look on our faces.

“Not expecting to see me? I was home by myself and decided to come and get you so I packed a picnic lunch and drove over. I knew what time the bus was leaving and figured that you wouldn’t be hard to find.” Mom hugged and kissed both of us and enquired how our tramp and night out was.

To our great pleasure we discovered that Mom had packed 2 large coolers of drink and after slurping down copious quantities we felt better and we sat at a picnic table under the trees and ate Mom’s lunch and told her about our walk and our nite under the stars, leaving out a few of the minor details.

Mom’s car was a small Japanese two-door saloon and was a bit of a squeeze for the 2 packs and the three of us. Anne was the smallest so she inherited the back seat with the packs and she finished up cramped in the corner behind me. Mom and I were quite comfortable in the front and we set off for home, a couple of hours away.

The day was hot and the sun was beating down and it wasn’t long before Anne was snoring softly in her corner. She might just as well sleep, as, because of the way she was jammed in, she couldn’t see anything except out of the rear side-window opposite her. Mom looked at me and grinned at the sound of Anne’s snores and



whispered

“It must have been a tough couple of days. Didn’t you get much sleep last night?”

“No. We both slept like logs. I think it’s all the exercise and fresh air with the sunshine finishing her off. She’s better off asleep the way she’s jammed in there.” I looked over at Mom as I replied and, for the first time that day, realised just how great she looked. She was wearing a light sundress with a low-scooped neck and a hemline that was a couple of inches above her knees and she looked cool and fresh and beautiful in the sunshine. I looked down at her legs and saw that her dress, because of the movements required in driving, had slipped halfway up her thighs and, from her faint smile, I guessed that she had noticed me looking and enjoyed my scrutiny.

I hitched over in my seat a little closer to Mom and lowered my left hand down onto her leg just above her knee. Mom weakly pushed at my hand and protested in a whisper that Anne might see us.

“Don’t be silly.” I whispered back. “She’s out like a light and anyway even if she wakes she still won’t be able to see anything the way she’s crammed in there.”

Sensually, (I hoped), I slid my hand up her thigh, sweeping the hem of her dress before it, until I reached the top of her leg when I removed my hand to flip her dress even higher, exposing her panties to my view. Mom was wearing light blue bikini panties and they were light enough to show her pubic hair and to hint at the size and shape of her pussy. I returned my hand to cover her crotch and squeezed her cunt noting that she felt damp there already. When I inserted my fingers into the leg opening of her panties Mom spread her legs a little to allow me access and shook her head at me in feigned disapproval but made no effort to stop me.

I slid my fingers back and forth between the lips of her pussy a few times and then began to rub gently on her clitoris. I knew from previous encounters that she enjoyed this and I soon felt her cunt beginning to open up and to change from damp to wet. Removing my hand from the leg opening I slid it under the elastic waistband and pushed it down until I was back on her pussy. Mom now had her legs spread as wide as the enclosed space would allow and I could easily reach far enough to be able to penetrate her with a couple of fingers while keeping pressure on the rest of her cunt with the palm of my hand.

Slowly I began to ram my fingers in and out of her vagina by moving my whole hand and, in this way, I also managed to rub her clitoris and her open cunt lips with the palm of my hand. Mom’s crotch was starting to get very warm and the moisture leaking from her was making my hand very wet and when I looked up at her face she had her eyes scrunched up and she was biting her bottom lip, probably trying not to groan out loud in pleasure and excitement. After just a few moments of this Mom was starting to writhe in her seat and trying to push her pussy back against my hand and I knew that she was not terribly far from climaxing, which, considering the fact that she was driving, would probably not be the wisest thing, so I reluctantly removed my hand. Mom looked gratefully over at me as she pulled her panties back into place and lowered her dress and then she muttered,



“Thanks, Sweetheart. I don’t think I could have stopped you.”

A gas station hove into sight and Mom pulled up to a pump and fumbled a \$20 bill from her bag and handed it to me asking me to fill the car while she used the rest room. It seemed to be a long time before she returned and I had filled up with gas, paid for it and was cleaning the windows when she got back. A couple of miles down the road Mom, looking quite flushed, passed me a folded note and I unfolded it to read:

‘You Devil.
You can do anything with me.
I had to masturbate in the toilet.
I was absolutely soaked and aroused.
You’ll pay for doing that to me. “

Grinning at her I ran my hand up her thigh again and was surprised to discover that she was not now wearing her panties. Mom smirked at my surprised reaction and, when I lifted her dress to make sure, I found that she was indeed bare down there. There was a small piece of material poking out from between her pussy lips and it seemed that Mom had pushed her panties inside herself to soak up her juices. God! That excited me and even the thought of it was nearly sending me over the top.

I was unable to resist and gripping the small piece of cloth between my fingers I slowly began to pull it from inside her. Mom resisted and clamped her legs closed and tried to push me away but her endeavours were pretty ineffectual, hampered as she was by the need to concentrate on driving, and I continued to pull them from her. She gave in to the inevitable and opened her legs enough to let me free them and when I held them up they were drenched and the odour of excited pussy spread through the car. Mom quickly wound down her side window and watched as I brought her panties to my face and sniffed deeply in satisfaction.

Moving her panties around in my grasp I finally found what I was looking for, the crotch, and staring into her eyes I brought it to my mouth and began to suck and chew on it. Mom blushed brightly, and her gaze kept returning to watch me as I noticed with interest that her legs spread wide apart, she was getting aroused again.

Spluttering noises from the back set indicated that Anne was waking up so I pushed Mom’s panties into her purse and took a last look at her cunt as she pulled her dress back down. I guessed that Mom would be worried about the smell of arousal that was present but I knew that Anne would be more inclined to worry that it was coming from her, that is, if she noticed it at all. We were getting nearer to home and Mom suggested that she would shout ice creams if we wanted and consuming them filled in the last section of the trip.

Anne declared her intention of having a long hot bath first thing and I claimed first go at the bathroom to grab a shower while her bath filled. It felt great to be clean again and I exited the bathroom, still wet and wrapped in a towel, to allow Anne in to her bath. I was standing naked in my bedroom drying off, listening to the



splashing from the bathroom, when my door opened and Mom came in and, without saying a word, grabbed my hand and pulled me into her bedroom. She wrapped her arms round my neck and began to kiss me passionately as she turned and pushed the door closed by backing up against it.

Keeping me held tightly to her with one arm she began to drag her dress up to waist level with the other hand as she continued to suck and chew on my tongue. Pausing her kissing only long enough to mumble something about dying if I didn't fuck her soon she reached down and placed the head of my highly excited cock at her opening and urged me to enter her standing up. She lifted a leg and wrapped it partly round me and indicated that I should hold it in place with one hand while we fucked and then she pulled my other hand onto her breast, encouraging me to squeeze and fondle it roughly through her bra and dress.

With Mom's arms once again holding me hard against her I was shoving my cock as hard into her as I could, and, while it was an exciting way to have sex, it was also very tiring and I knew I wouldn't last long. I hoped that Anne wouldn't hear the noise of us slamming against the door but I was too close to my orgasm to stop and by the way that Mom was groaning and shivering I knew that she was also close to her climax. I decided to do something different and I shifted my head so as my lips were close to my mother's ear and I began to talk dirty to her in a whisper.

"How does it feel to have your son fucking you? Slamming his hard cock into the hot cunt that gave birth to him? Does it get you really hot thinking how bad that is and how Dad would feel if he only knew? Would you like to be sucking on his cock as I fuck you with mine? Or maybe licking Anne's pussy at the same time?" By the way that Mom was clinging to me and groaning, my words were definitely exciting her and when I whispered again,

"I'm just about ready to pump my seed into your womb." She bit my shoulder and said

"Do it! I'm ready too. Give me it all." And I felt her cunt clamp down on me as she began to shake and shudder in my arms and I ejaculated the first spurt deep inside her. Mom's orgasm seemed to last right through mine as I spurted about five times in ever diminishing amounts and when it was all over I was almost ready to collapse to the floor but Mom hugged me to her, kissing and caressing me, while whispering her love and pleasure to me.

My cock finally returned to its normal state and fell from mom's pussy and she encouraged me to release her leg to allow her to stand properly.

"Thanks Pet. I really needed that after what you did to me all the way home. Now you'd better slip back to your room before Anne finishes and catches us. Thanks again - you're a truly great fuck, especially for someone your age. Some girl's to be really happy soon."

I left Mom to straighten herself up and crossed the hall, naked, to my room and to my relief I heard Anne still in the bathroom. While Mom was a great sex partner I didn't want to mess up my pitch with my sister as I knew that as we practised we



would get better and better until our sex would be overpowering. There was also the next-door neighbour to consider and I decided that I might pay her a sneak visit next morning on my way to school, possibly (and hopefully) my visit necessitating my playing hooky for the rest of the day.

Dry and dressed I sat on the side of my bed and contemplated all that had happened to me in such a short time and the possibilities for the future, all that fucking and sucking and experimenting. I would be only a faded reflection of my former self if this kept up and that was without considering all the rest of the pussy that was out there and that I now knew was available and eager. It is true, women are just as horny and hot as men and once you realise that nothing is ever quite the same ever again.

The End.

